



SALUTATIONS TO SAGE KRISHNA DVAIPAYANA VYASA

# **SHIVA SHAKTI PURANA**

A GLIMPSE INTO THE WORLD OF GODS

By *Tejaswini*

# **SHIVASHAKTIPURANAM**

*A complete compilation of events as extracted from  
ShivaPuraanam, VishnuPuraanam, and Devi Bhagavatam*

*by*

*Narayanalakshmi*

# VOLUME ONE

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## INTRODUCTION

### DEVA LOKA - THE WORLD OF GODS!



### MARTYA LOKA-THE WORLD OF MORTALS!

The mortal world of humans is ruled by the immortal world of Gods!

We- the mortals, have no direct access to the world of Gods as we are limited by our cellular bodies made up of five elements. Gods don't have such physical limitations.

They are eternal!

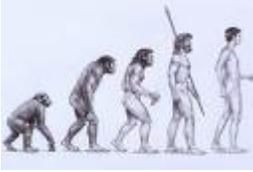
Who are these Gods who seem to control our lives? Why are we created by them? Why do we exist as mortals and why are they immortal?

So many questions like these have no answers.

We can have a glimpse of the God world only through the words of the Sages who had the visions of the 'God world' in their contemplative states and have translated them in a language intelligible to us.

With neither hunger nor cellular bodies, how would the Gods live? We wonder!

What sort of rules prevail in the God world, where a single wrong thought can push one down to the lowest states of existences?



We the mortals are imprisoned here by these bodies caught in the evolutionary cycle and have to survive somehow just to reproduce and die whether we want it or not. We have no access to the ‘nectar of immortality’! Apart from the fact that these Gods have ‘Non-decaying physical attires’ that do not undergo change; there is not much difference between them and us. Though in principle mortals and immortals can be termed as the manifestations of the same Para Brahman; yet in the ‘Vyavahaarika sense’ [the regular perceptions of life stories], Gods are all different individuals with different personalities and different aspirations. Not all have the same powers; not all are well versed in all Learning; not all are perfect in character; not all are realized souls. Like us they also are moved by emotions. There is a fight for supremacy in their world also! The virus of ego and selfishness causes untold damages there also.



SURYA DEVA

CHANDRA

BRIHASPATI

LORD YAMA

INDRA

The only difference between us and them is the structure of the physical bodies. Our bodies are made up of five elements; their bodies are made up of ‘light like’ substance. [The word – ‘DEVA’ arises from the root letter –‘DIV’ which means ‘Light’]



These Gods are said to survive on ‘Sacrifices’ -‘Yajnas’! So the ancient royal personages performed many ‘Sacrifices’ and offered the ‘results or fruits of the Yajnas’ to these Gods and pleased them. The Gods in turn bestowed on them boons and whatever other favors the mortal souls desired in return.



THE HOLY TRINITY

The Trinities which rule the three worlds of mortals and immortals and nether worlds, survive on their own powers and excel other Gods by their superior Knowledge and uniqueness. Their spouses – the embodied ‘power-forms’ - empower their spouses with the unique powers so they can retain their supremacy. The ‘God world’ exists in another dimension, where we can not enter with our space-ships but maybe with different physical attires, which of course is permissible only by the whims and fancies of Gods. They alone have the power to take any mortal to their worlds. We already know of the story of King Trishanku, who tried to enter the heavens with his mortal attire and was thrown out by Gods. And Sage Visvaamitra the compassionate Sage created a new ‘upside down heaven’ for the King who had acquired a ‘Chaandaala [low-caste]’ body by a curse!



The Sages with the ‘power of penance’ are in a level higher than the Gods because of their acquisition of ‘Higher Knowledge’ and ‘Higher Powers’ through rigorous penance. Since we can’t perform such rigorous penance in these ages of weak physical structures, the only way left for us is to please these Gods with hymns and get what we want. Whether we like it or not the Gods are our rulers.



Whether the Gods can know in an instant all that happens everywhere in our world, may be a question for doubt. Actually they need not bother much about any mortal being in this Universe. As the mortals are action-bound, their very actions decide their fate and a God may just ignore this world and its inhabitants. May be by telepathically invoking them, our thoughts may disturb their minds and they may help us. Maybe if we love them like our fathers and mothers they may respond to us with compassion. But surely by just holding on to the stone statues and performing meaningless rituals and self-tortures, there is no chance of catching their attention. If mortals just eke out ‘animal like existences’ without even an iota of ‘Knowledge’, these Gods may ignore their existence as we ignore the happenings of an ‘ant-world’ in the ant-hill!



Do Gods really exist? If I and you can exist, why can't they exist too!

In these days, when Science is capable of seeing beyond space and time, we cannot expect a God-world to float in the clouds above our heads. However Science discoveries admit the existence of higher dimensions which we have no means of accessing with our present technology. Our God-world might be one such existing in another dimension. Maybe these so-called Gods already have mastered the 'Truths of Science' of which we have started to get a glimpse only for the past 200 years in the 'million year evolutionary existence'! If Gods are indeed great Scientists and Devaloka and Martayaloka etc are all just their 'virtual game-worlds', we do not have the means of finding out. We are part of their game! We are the virtual characters of their video game! We have a chance of escaping from our mortal existence only by pleasing these Gods or acquiring Knowledge equal to them or more than them. Knowledge is a treasure that is not unattainable to any level of existence.



What is the God-world like?

In the god-world there is no religion, no cult, and no election-madness. Each God is created with an embodied power to perform a particular function. Shiva can never become a Vishnu, and Brahma cannot become an Indra and so on. Each God is a different individual. As in this world, I cannot become 'you'; 'you' cannot become anyone else, Gods also as different individual beings cannot interchange personalities.



In this world, you can call Hari and Hara as a single Godhead and make a statue of Harihara with two faces and put a break to the senseless cult fights committed here in the names of these Gods.



However in the real world of theirs they are separate individuals!



And we also cannot call ourselves Shiva and Krishna and dress up like them and parade as Gods. Which God is so stupid and mindless to covet this dirty stinking human attire and live here? What value does our puny diamonds and gold mean to these Gods who can create them at will? If we study the original 'Puranas', we will know that the Gods usually enter the Earth-existence as a punishment for some wrong act of theirs or come here to perform penance. As per the 'Time-scale' in both the worlds, our time is of a very short duration compared to their time. They can perform penance here for thousands of years and return to Devaloka in a fraction of a second of their world time-scale.



Even if a compassionate God like Naaraayana or Kumara want to enter this existence to enlighten us with Knowledge, they will act only as remote controllers of the brain here. They may fully experience the Earth life from birth to death or partially connect to a mortal brain or telepathically guide their devotees from their abodes. But they may not budge out of their comfortable seats even for a second! You can call their descent down to the Earth as descent to a brain here. The Gods who descend down here usually attain self-realization by the time they cross their childhood and live on Earth without identifying with the mortal structures like we do. Even if they realize their own true identities of Godhood, they never reveal the secret of their original identities to any one. They live like us, suffer like us and in the end leave us with the hope that we can rise higher in life whatever our life-circumstances are! They enact an ideal drama of mortal existence for our sake to inspire us. A descended God does not exhibit cheap magic tricks, nor does he aspire for the fame and wealth of this world. Mostly he will live like a recluse unattached to any person or object of this world. He will never in the least bother about any sensuous pleasures of this world.

Think! With countless 'apsaras' waiting to serve at the command of a simple glance, and a unique 'bliss giving spouse' waiting for him to wake up within a few seconds of his divine dream, why would he waste his time in this 'mortal manifestation' for acquiring cheap pleasures and wealth when he knows the illusory nature of objects here? He will only try his best to enlighten as many humans as possible in very few years of his Earth life and return home quickly after the duty is over. He never proclaims that 'he is a God' and collect crowds to worship him! Why should He care for the acclaims of the mortal world, like a human desiring the applause of chimpanzees!

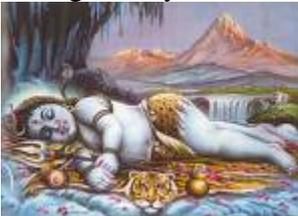
An educated man who may enter the colonies of tribal people to teach them some lessons on civilization does not proclaim to them that 'he is God' and try to accumulate their type of wealth which may be just some worthless animal bones or weird shaped stones! As long as one is after name and fame and wealth here, he indeed a worst mortal even if he can do enough magic tricks and advertises them as miracles and gets worshipped as a God. Actually Science has more magic in its lab than we can ever imagine. But these sincere truth seekers accused as the villains of religion do not proclaim themselves to be Gods. They already are on to the vague truth that this world might be a virtual world created by some super-scientists. Maybe these scientists on Earth may one day find a way to cross over to higher dimensions and meet our Gods and have an intelligent discussion with them as to how this world was created! Maybe they will join hands with Gods to create better worlds! But as of now, we still are groping in darkness. Our creators are very elusive!



The only records we have now of 'God world events' are from the words of Sage Vyaasa! Whatever he narrated to his disciples was in a verbal form. Those narratives have changed hands many a times and have reached us in a highly deteriorated form. Many portions have been deleted, many new things have been added, and we do not actually have perfect records of the true events of Devaloka.



What compilation is given here in this book is from a research conducted by browsing through many ancient dilapidated buried old records here and there.



The visions of these God worlds were at first given to Sage Vyaasa by 'Baala-Shiva' or a 'Child-Shiva'! This child was actually an unknown character mentioned in a very minute corner of Shiva Purana.



When Shiva was performing penance in the terrible mountain forests after the disappearance of 'His spouse Daakshayini', he once suffered acute pain of passion and sweat drops formed on his forehead. As the drops fell on the ground a child came into existence. Shiva walked away disgusted by the screams of the unwanted child. The 'Earth Mother' – 'Bhooma Devi' appeared there and with Shiva's permission fed milk to the child and took care of him. He was named 'Bhouma' being the adopted son of 'Bhooma Devi'! He became an ardent adorer of his Creator and wandered in those forests attired as Shiva himself. By serving Shiva in those forests, he pleased Shiva and Shiva blessed him with the 'Highest Knowledge' even unattainable to any Great Gods like Naaraayana or Brahma! He came to know all that his father knew. He even had the vision of all the events of Devaloka. This 'vision of God-world-events', by the command of Shiva, he transferred to Sage Vyaasa. Later Bhouma performed penance under the guidance of his Father and attained higher worlds!



The printed texts of Puranas are only half the story of what happened in Devaloka! Like our lives go on event after event, their life also continues with diverse events in their eternal life. Like Earth life is our world, Devaloka is their world. The emotions and sufferings and joys are as true for them as for us. They are also duty bound like us. They also have dreams, desires and aspirations. They also are moved by emotions like us. The only difference is that their world is more sophisticated, more glamorous, more controlled than ours. They do not have surviving problems. They are not beset by hunger or disease. Their bodies are not made of liver, heart and kidneys. They need not worry about diabetes and cancer. They have eternal time and eternal pleasures at hand. Their sexual pleasures are no away equal to ours. As we cannot compare 'human-mating' to 'animal-sex', we the mortal ones cannot fathom the sex-pleasures of the immortals. The female bodies of God-world are made not of cells and blood but with blissful atoms. The females there are created for enjoyments only. The higher the status of God - he gets the higher type of bliss-spouse and his bliss rate is higher! Actually there are not strict ethical rules there for men and women. In God-world - 'Maituna' - or 'Coupling' is done for pleasure and not for reproduction. There is no gene transformation. The Creation of a new being is possible only by the power inherent in any God. Not all are capable of creating new beings. Brahma can create lower beings like us; that too he manages only to give embodiment to the already existing Vaasanaas. Shiva can create any type of being out of anything. Naaraayana does not bother to create anything; but he is supposed to have created the divine damsel Urvashi from the thigh-portion of his. Kubera can create any ordinary divine damsel for the denizens of heaven and has accumulated a lot of wealth from his talent of creating apsaras made as per specifications. Rishis have the power to fill their spouses with unique bliss qualities and keep them as their own treasured properties. Lower Gods who do not have creative powers try to get access to these spouses of Sages and become victims of the wrath of the Sages. Except the Trinities - Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva - all other Gods are just various posts for functioning in Devaloka. Any mortal from any world can get these posts by the command of a Trinity or

by performing the appropriate penance. That is why you find Indra and other Gods fearing the mortals who perform penance.

Apsaras, the ordinary female inhabitants of the heaven are usually unsurpassed in beauty and they excel in all forms of arts like dance or music. They usually are in the service of higher Gods and cater to their needs. They never can attain the status of devoted wives; unless they follow the example of Menakaa who performed enough penance to become the loyal wife of Sage Visvaamitra and was later raised to the status of a Sage-wife! The reason that they easily fall in love with royal personages of this mortal world is because of the love and affection of a loyal husband they get here in this world unlike Devaloka where they are used just as enjoyment props! Though they cannot experience the same exotic pleasure as they get in Devaloka, they revel in the pleasure of the honest love experienced here by mortals.

Devaloka events are important to us, of course not for any merit or miraculous benefit we may gain thereof, but because the mortal world of ours reflects the emotions and events of Devaloka like a mirror. The happenings in Devaloka affect our lives like a shadow cast upon us. If Goddess Sarasvati is in a subdued position there, our Knowledge acquirement suffers here. If the mother sentiment of Uma Devi is on the ascent there, here the same emotion reigns. If fights and wars become the regular events in Devaloka, we will do the same here too. Since their five minutes almost equal to many hundred years of this Earth time, our events continue for generations to balance their one event. If love-failures occur there, we get the same results in our life stories for quite a long time. In that way, the Devaloka events are important to us. If Gods smile, there is a hope that we will smile too!



This work is an offering at the feet of Tripura Devi, the Highest Principle above all Gods and humans. Except for borrowing the simple words of the English language as a tool to express the events of Deva Loka, there is nothing written here out of sheer imagination and there is no attempt to infiltrate any personal opinion or idea.

The events depicted here are based on Sage Vyaasa's works and are factual to the utmost. It is an honest attempt to build a bridge to link up the Earth to the heavens. Hither to unknown episodes of Puranas have been painstakingly obtained from the bowels of Himalayas and are in no way works of imagination. Many years have been spent in giving a chronological arrangement to all the scattered versions of the God world events. The events of Devaloka are as true as our world life-stories. If our life stories are just Creations of our own minds, then of course the God World events are also Creations of their own minds. Both worlds are illusory from the level of Para Brahman; but yet true! As Adi Shankara explains in his works -the events of the world are true in the 'Vyavahaarika' sense! What we perceive is our world. We have to live accordingly as long as we are bound by forms and names.

An absorption into the God-story is said to be one particular method of contemplation on a personal God.



It is sincerely hoped that the rendering of the divine incidents mentioned here lead the readers to a higher state of existence and make them the receptacles of the blessings of the Trinities – Brahma Vishnu and Maheshwara and their beloved spouses!!!  
OM OM OM SALUTATIONS!

# SHIVA



SALUTATIONS!

O Shiva!

O Lord of Gowri, the fair damsel of the hills!

You are the Cause of Creation, Maintenance and Destruction.

You know everything.

Your fame is endless.

You are the Controller of Maaya!

You are the Support of Maaya!

Your Form is beyond the Mind.

Your Form is Enlightenment itself.

You are Taintless.

SALUTATIONS.

You are higher than Prakriti.

You are Quiescent.

You are the Supreme Purusha.

You are the Creator of All and You fill it Inside and Outside.

You are Self in me

You are beyond 'Comprehension'.

You are Auspiciousness itself.

SALUTATIONS.

You have created everything without any other support.

The Worlds move around You like iron filings around magnet.



SALUTATIONS.

SALUTATIONS TO FATHER SHIVA.

SALUTATIONS TO MOTHER SHIVAA.

SALUTATIONS TO THE SON GANESHA.

SALUTATIONS TO THE SON KAARTIKEYA.

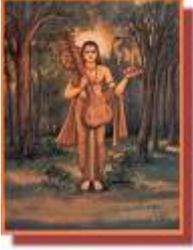
SALUTATIONS TO THE DAUGHTER AISHWARYAA.

SALUTATIONS TO LORD NAARAAAYANA.

SALUTATIONS TO SAGE BHAIRAVA.

SALUTATIONS TO ALL THE GODS AND GODDESSES.

SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS.



### NAARADA

Brahma is the Creator. His son was Naarada.

Once, Naarada wanted to perform penance. He contemplated on the Self, settling himself in a cave in the deep Himalayan region, on the bank of River Ganga.

Indra, the King of Gods felt worried about his position. He decided to take action. He thought of KAAMADEVA, the God of Passion. He requested him to create disturbance in the mind of Sage Naarada.



### KAAMA DEVA.

God of Passion.

He was also known as Madana, Maara, Manmatha, etc.

He was the most beautiful of all Gods.

He was addicted to wine and women.

No maiden could resist his charm.

He could create romantic worlds of extreme charm.

He could create disturbances in the minds of greatest Sages.

He could provoke the sense organs of anybody.

He could create passion and love in anybody.

He was proud of his own power.

Naarada was no challenge to him.

He reached the place of penance.



He entered the impregnable forest.

The terrifying forest changed into a garden of exotic beauty.

Flowers blossomed everywhere. Beautiful scents filled the quarters.

Bees hovered all around, kissing the tender lips of the smiling flowers.

Birds of different varieties provided a melodious orchestra.

Spring was in the air. Winds blew tenderly filling every mind with burning passion.

But, the Sage was undisturbed.

Kaama felt defeated. Then, he remembered.

That was the region, SHIVA had performed penance once.

He was burnt by the third eye of SHIVA.

He had become alive after his spouse 'Rati' prayed to SHIVA.

SHIVA had ordained that the forest would never be touched by Kaama's power.

Madana returned to Indra, crestfallen.



### **SHAMBHU-MAAYA**

SHIVA's Maaya; his illusory power! Nobody can stand against his Maaya. Naarada succumbed to it. He completed the penance and went to the Heavens. Indra saluted him with reverence. Indra praised the Sage and complemented him about his dispassion. Naarada was drunk in his own self-praise. He felt great. He had done what SHIVA had done. He had conquered Kaama. He was equal to SHIVA. He felt like meeting his equal. He went to SHIVA-LOKA.



He saluted SHIVA. He narrated his tale of penance. He described in detail, his feat of conquering the Passion-God. His eyes shone with pride. He looked at SHIVA, as if he were his equal. SHIVA's face lighted up with a charming smile. Mischief gleamed in his lotus-like eyes. He spoke with reverence. "O wise One, You are indeed great. You have excelled me in dispassion. Please be kind, and don't narrate this great tale of dispassion to anybody else. Especially to HARI! You are dear to him; whoever is a devotee of HARI is also dear to me. So better not repeat this to anybody else. Keep the greatness of character to yourself. Please act per my advice."



SHIVA's advice fell on deaf ears. Naarada was deluded. He went to his Father BRAHMA and narrated his tale of dispassion. BRAHMA understood the vanity of his son. He also, advised him to keep the story to himself. Naarada disregarded his advice.



He went to VISHNU-LOKA. He repeated the tale to VISHNU.  
VISHNU meditated on SHIVA for a few moments.  
He understood what SHIVA's intention was. 'Naarada needed a lesson.'  
VISHNU praised Naarada for the greatness of his character.  
Naarada gave a gracious smile and left after saluting VISHNU.  
VISHNU smiled.



A beautiful city arose to meet Naarada on his journey.  
A city occupying many hundred of miles in its measure; filled with wonders;  
more beautiful than Indra's city.  
Pretty damsels and handsome men wandered about engaged in love-sports.  
Poverty was unknown. Life was just enjoyments of various kinds.  
This charming city was ruled by King SHEELA-NIDHI.  
He had a pretty daughter of marriageable age.  
When Naarada entered the city, the city was celebrating the Svayam-vara of the princess.  
The Sage was taken to the palace by some renowned members of the city.  
Naarada felt elated. He gloated in his mind about his own greatness.  
He entered the palace as if he was SHIVA himself gracing the king.  
He was duly worshipped by the king. The king introduced his daughter to him.  
The young maiden saluted the Sage and stood in front of the Sage with bent head.  
The king asked him about his daughter's future.



Naarada raised his eye towards the princess.  
After all, who was he! The great form of dispassion; equal to SHIVA!  
A sight of a girl is not going to affect him. He had conquered Kaama, hadn't he?!  
He looked at the princess.  
Million lightning stuck him at once.  
His mind was lost to the world.  
He couldn't take his eyes away from her.  
What a face! Like a full-moon just risen!  
What shyness! Like the quarters at the evening time!  
What a beauty! Those pot-like breasts heaved in excitement.  
Naarada was burning in an unknown fire.  
He wanted nothing in the world except, to have her in his possession as soon as possible.



What was her name?

SREEMATHI!

Yes! She was as beautiful as MAHALAKSHMI!

She deserved a husband as great as himself.

What was the king saying?

Oh, he was asking about the future of the girl.

Little did the king know that he was talking to his great son-in-law of the future.

Naarada came down to Earth from the lofty heights of his great being.

Naarada spoke:

“O King! You do not know the fortune of this pretty daughter of yours. Her husband is the Lord of all; a person equal to SHIVA himself in dispassion. He is a conqueror of KAAMA himself. Nobody equals him in greatness.” The king was overjoyed. Naarada took leave of him.



Naarada was worried.

‘How to possess that pretty damsel’?

SVAYAM -VARA!

Even if he attended the Svayam-vara, what chances are there for him?

With so many royal personages around, there was no hope of even getting a side-glance from her.

He has to get a handsome body; and, who is more handsome than VISHNU!

Divine damsels hovered around him, intoxicated by his charms!

Even AISHVARYA DEVI, the pretty young daughter of ISHVARA, was charmed by Him.

Better request NAARAAYANA to give him his form and oblige his great devotee.

Naarada went to VISHNU-LOKA.



Naarada met VISHNU in his private chambers.

He did not notice the little red form buried inside the coils of the giant snake.

He explained his problem to VISHNU.

After all VISHNU was a friend; a close friend.

‘Maybe once he was his beloved master, but now they both were equal.

NO, NO! He was another SHIVA now.

VISHNU was bound to oblige him’.

Naarada asked for the ‘form of VISHNU’.

VISHNU was most obliging.

After all, what were friends for!

If the friend is sick, shouldn't he be cured at any cost!



Naarada's joy knew no bounds. He couldn't believe it.  
He had the face of HARI now; face of his dearest friend.  
How handsome he looked now!  
The girl will be surely his...; no doubt about it at all.  
But, why had NAARAAAYANA laughed aloud, after he gave 'his form' to him?  
His friend was always like this.  
Always laughing for no reason...!  
And his silly niece too...; the little daughter of DURGA...  
She had not stopped laughing till he had hurried off; her hair flying...; her ear rings fluttering...; her reddish hue turning redder..! She had held on to the neck of her uncle and laughed till tears filled her eyes.



[TAIJASAA - the essence of all goodness and beauty can only be represented as a never fading red rose].

Naarada never could know that the whole prank was her idea.  
And, her uncle had done just what she had told.  
Prank...? Played on Naarada? What happened actually?  
When Naarada asked for the face of VISHNU, he had addressed VISHNU as HARI and that too, in a derogatory tone. AISHVARYA, who was messing around with ADI-SHESHA's endless coils, heard Naarada's speech. She was enraged. 'How dare this fool address her dear uncle disrespectfully like this!' she thought, and decided 'This arrogant fool needed a lesson; a lesson he won't forget soon..!'  
NAARAAAYANA had obliged her secret request and Naarada had VISHNU'S face.  
To him, it appeared as NAARAAAYANA'S face. But to others he was 'monkey faced'.  
SHIVA's daughter had played her trick on him. After all, HARI means a monkey also! Does it not?  
So Naarada had got what he wanted...a 'Hari's face'.  
And LAKSHMI was not there to control the little imp! She was getting ready for the SVAYAM-VARA at the palace of SHEELA-NIDHI, in the guise of his daughter SREEMATI.  
Naarada hurried out of VAIKUNTA; He shouldn't be late for the SVAYAM-VARA.



AISHVARYA'S laughter still echoed in all the quarters.  
NARAAAYANA was looking with love-lorn eyes at the beautiful girl.  
TAIJASAA was now a budding beauty; her fresh youthful charms excited any on-looker to extreme heights of passion. Unaware of her own feminine charms, the little girl still played all over the heavens like a five year old child. NAARAAAYANA had to try hard to control his own passion and treat her like a child.  
Moreover the red beauty was extremely attached to her mother and it was hard to lure her away from the shadow of the maternal care which guarded the innocent girl from all wicked eyes. No one, not even Naaraayana dared the angry glance of the Supreme Queen of the heavens.  
Even now, as the little girl sat on his lap laughing uncontrollably, NAARAAAYANA felt like tightening his embrace around the youthful body and shower kisses all over her and absorb all her redness into his person!  
But, she was not aware of his plight at all! She was just a child; love or lust had no place in her world! Her laughter reddened the white waves splashing all around the snaky seat.



The SVAYAMVARA- HALL was overflowing with the gems of the Kshatriya clan.  
Brave, handsome men awaited their chance to get the glimpse of that pretty damsel SREEMATI.  
Wasn't she a beauty ....? As beautiful as MAHALAKSHMI!  
Or, was she MAHALAKSHMI herself?



Naarada entered the hall!  
He never understood why all the people he met on the way smiled!  
'Maybe they were enamored by his handsome person!  
A second NAARAYANA in the Universe!  
As handsome as VISHNU and, as dispassionate as SHIVA!  
He should be now known as SHIVA-NAARAAYANA!  
He was now a person to be worshipped by one and all as the GREATEST!  
He looked all around.



In the Heavens, VISHNU was pleading with the little girl to save his devotee's honor.  
He produced many a toy from the deep depths of his Milk-Ocean and promised her a trip to  
GANDHARVA-LOKA, the magical world. She, at last agreed reluctantly.  
Naarada changed into his original form, in the SVAYAMVARA-HALL!  
All others saw him as the Sage only; except Divinities and Rishis.  
But, he thought he looked like VISHNU.



Naarada was waiting.  
Two Brahmins approached him; two subordinates of the RUDRA clan.  
They started passing uncouth remarks at the Sage.  
They laughed at his monkey face; made vulgar remarks; laughed aloud, commenting on his person.  
Naarada was sweating. His face was red with embarrassment.  
He did not understand why they addressed him as a monkey. He was confused!



SREEMATI entered the hall.  
She was a devotee of NAARAYANA.  
She adored His form in her heart.  
She had accepted Him as her LORD in her mind.  
Nobody knew her infatuation for VISHNU.  
How could she aspire for the company of the Greatest God?  
She sighed in frustration.  
She was disgusted with the whole thing.  
A 'SVAYAMVARA' indeed!  
She looked at the princes assembled there.  
She was led by her maid towards the assemblage.  
The golden garland in her hand trembled.  
Where was her beloved LORD?  
What foolishness? Why would He come here?  
Tears filled her large eyes.



Suddenly she saw some bluish form passing by through her tear screen.  
She for a moment thought that her LORD was there.  
No, that was some creature from some other world, with the body of her LORD and the face of a monkey.  
'Oof!' - She walked away in disgust. 'What to do?' - She was wondering.  
She passed all the kings without even glancing at them.  
Their faces darkened as she passed them.  
Thy bent their heads, with all their dreams shattered.  
They were now eager to know, which lucky man would get her!



SREEMATI'S eyes lit up suddenly.  
'Who was that handsome young man standing at the far end of the hall?  
Her own NAARAYANA! He had heard her heart's call! Her love was true!'  
She hurried towards that lovely Prince.  
As she garlanded his blue-hued neck, He embraced her with extreme love.  
She disappeared into His 'HEART'. He disappeared from the world.  
The crowd never saw the Prince.  
They saw SREEMATI disappearing; confusion was everywhere!  
King SHEELANIDHI closed his eyes in panic.



He saw his daughter seated in the company of LORD NAARAYANA.  
Tears of bliss flowed from his eyes.



Naarada was returning home. He was frustrated.  
His body was burning in passion.  
His unfulfilled desire was turning into rage.  
'Desire- insatiate' changes into anger, leading to delusion and destruction.  
He searched for an outlet.  
The two Brahmins were still following him, commenting about his character.  
They were displaying a mirror and held it in front of him.  
He saw a monkey-face glaring at him from the mirror.  
He felt cheated. His face reddened with anger.  
The two Brahmins were still standing there laughing aloud.  
His voice rose in a curse. "May thou both become demons."  
They did not seem to care.  
The two RUDRAS returned to their abode at SHIVALOKA.



VAIKUNTA, the abode of Lord VISHNU.  
VISHNU was lying on his serpent bed.  
LAKSHMI was not there. She never gave Him company nowadays. His niece was also not there. Maybe she will be looting Indra's garden with her gang. She had been commenting that, Indra had made some derogatory remarks about her baby-sitter, LORD BHAIRAVA. Now Indra had it! With his garden in ruins, he would come to him to complain. This had become a routine! DEVALOKA could not stand the naughtiness of this little imp! She was becoming a menace. He must talk to his sister about her. It would give him a chance to meet the girl of his hearts and fill her beautiful form in his eyes. Now – here was Naarada....'  
VISHNU looked at the enraged Sage and flashed an innocent smile at him.  
Words flowed from Naarada's mouth like a hot stream.  
VISHNU listened patiently.



“You HARI, ..How dare you do this to me?  
You wicked fellow...! Cheat..! Deluder..!  
You can't stand something good happening to others. Isn't it so?  
No wonder, a deadly poison came out of your penance, when you people desired  
the nectar which was actually 'the Knowledge of the bliss from women'.



If SHIVA had not taken the poison and swallowed it, the whole world would have been destroyed.  
And, you cheated all the demons; fed them wine instead of nectar.



As MOHINI, you enjoyed the company of all Gods.  
And, you went behind all the divine beauties that appeared there.  
You are the most fallen God ever, if I know!  
Nobody dares to control your wicked exploits.  
But, still 'I' am there! I will punish you! You will suffer the consequences of your own actions!  
Here is my curse....! Fie on you..!  
Live on the Earth as a man. May monkeys become your friends.  
May you be separated from your spouse. May you experience the pangs of separation.”



VISHNU accepted his curse calmly.  
'As SHIVA wills' – he thought; 'SHIVA knows best'.  
A life on Earth may divert him from the endless problems he had to face daily in the Heavens.  
Was he not experiencing separation from his wife even now!  
LAKSHMI had not much regards for his romantic nature.  
She was always serious and seemed to be absorbed in higher thoughts.



He liked to sing, dance and play around! That is why he liked his niece. What a fun-loving girl she was! Time flew when she was there. She was next to SHIVA in dancing. Singing – she never could master. For, she could never be stationed at one place for more than a fraction of a second! What harm? Her voice was so soft, that her very laughter was like a song.

His thoughts suddenly stopped with a jolt.

Some soft tender form fell on his back. Two red creepers entwined his neck.

Little red mouth was whispering.

“Indra.....his friends. ....they are chasing”

Her little breasts heaved fast increasing his infatuation.

Her fruit-like lips were trembling. ‘Oh....when his mouth would taste them!’

No time to lose! He heard some angry voices.

Naarada was gone.

He lifted the little girl in his strong hands and embracing her like a treasure, vanished along with her.



ADI-SHESHA looked at the disappearing forms.

He sighed! His heart ached!

He was not only the Serpent-Brother of VISHNU, but also the Second RUDRA.

He was a Giant and guarded the heavens with his terrifying form.

For long he had been absorbed in penance.



Women never disturbed him.

But now, this little TAIJASAA, the lovely daughter of UMA was piercing his stone-like heart with her innocent looks. He had been always her personal guardian and looked after her as ordered by the Queen. But recently he knew something was changing within him. The little baby whom he caressed and cuddled all these days with affection was causing untold sufferings to him nowadays with her youthful beauty. Her every playful touch sent innumerable shocks all over his giant form. He felt like embracing her lovely form in his countless coils and burying her within himself like a coveted gem.

‘AH LOVE! Why do you play games with Great Gods also? BHAIRAVA in love!

What more wonder can be there?’

Bhairava sighed heavily!

The waves around him turned into steam!



Naarada was burning in the fire of guilt.

After he returned from VISHNU-LOKA, he had gone off to a cave of his own and started contemplating on the SELF. He wanted to annihilate his passion in the fire of his penance. And his mind cleared; Delusion disappeared. He understood his foolishness and felt horrible.

Oh! What a fool he had been! An idiot. .an absolute idiot!

To think that he was equal to SHIVA and NAARAYANA! How arrogantly had he behaved!

To think that he had conquered passion, and fall into the pits of damnation at the sight of a girl!

And, he had boasted in front of SHIVA about his dispassion; in front of the GOD who had burnt KAAMA in an instant! What would Shiva have felt! Why did he not burn him also! Too compassionate he was!

And, NAARAYANA; his favorite God! He did not cut this fool's neck for coveting LAKSHMI! He was also too kind.

Naarada wanted the Earth below him to crack and swallow him.

Tears of regret fell on his person, bathing him and purifying him of all his sinful actions.

Like a child running towards a father -

Like a calf running towards its mother -

Like a beloved rushing towards her lover-

Like a river speeding towards ocean –

Naarada rushed to NARAYANA!

Vishnu's 'lotus -feet' were bathed by the tears of his beloved devotee.

Choked sounds of apology were pouring out of the mouth of Naarada.

Vishnu's strong arms lifted the crying form up.

Naarada was tightly embraced by his grandfather. Vishnu's eyes became moist.

His broad chest was bathed by tears - his devotee's, and his own too!

Yes! God cries in bliss when His wayward children turn towards Him.

There is no bliss like getting back a lost sheep!



UNION! UNION OF JEEVAATMAN and PARAMAATMAN!

Who is happier?

Who gets more bliss?

When a raindrop falls into the ocean, what is left?

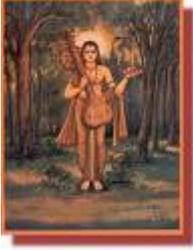
When the wave falls back into the ocean, what is left?

When JEEVA merges into THE SUPREME, what is left?

BLISS, BLISS, BLISS alone is there!

SUPREME SILENCE!

GOD and the devotee were ONE!



Naarada started amending his mistakes. He first met the two subordinate RUDRAS, who had tried to correct him. He apologized profusely for his misconduct. The curse could not be taken back; but could be modified. He ordained that both will take birth through the 'Veerya' (virility) of a Sage. They will become demons, but they will be great devotees of SHIVA. They will have extreme self-control. They will rule all the worlds. And, getting killed by SHIVA himself, they will return to their abodes.



Naarada decided to propitiate SHIVA.  
He visited many shrines of SHIVA.  
He contemplated on the many forms of SHIVA and was graced by many Supreme Visions of SHIVA.  
He spent his time in discussing about the greatness of SHIVA with other adorers of SHIVA.  
At last he visited KASHI, the City of Knowledge.  
His whole being was now filled with SHIVA.  
He wanted to know more about SHIVA.  
He went to BRAHMALOKA.  
He put forth many questions to his father.



“Who is SHIVA?  
Is He with form or without form? How did He get His form?  
How does He play in the world? How does He remain above all? How does He get pleased?  
What do we get by worshipping SHIVA?  
How does He take the form of NAARAAYANA and others?  
How did Uma manifest?  
Why did He marry her?  
What is His life like?”



What was there before everything..?  
What was there, when, 'there', 'here', were not there?  
What was it like, when 'now' and 'then' were not there?  
What was there?  
NOTHING!  
No Sun, No Moon, No Stars, No Light...  
Darkness was there!  
No Fire; No Wind; No Earth; No water; No day; No night...  
No Nature; No manifestation of anything!  
Emptiness, without Light!  
No Past; No Present; No Future!  
No Sound; No Smell; No Sight; No Taste; No Touch!  
No Quarters!  
What was there?  
NOTHING!  
Only Darkness existed!  
Darkness, so dark, that a needle could pierce it!  
If Darkness alone was there -  
If Darkness alone existed -  
What supported the existence of darkness?

ॐ तत् सत्

EXISTENCE ALONE WAS THERE.  
[SAT EVA AASEET].  
SAT alone WAS!  
SAT alone is!  
SAT alone WILL BE!  
SAT means neither Existence, nor Non-Existence.  
SAT is beyond SAT and ASAT!  
Confusing?  
Because,  
SAT is beyond the grasp of the words.  
Mind cannot even imagine such a state.  
SAT cannot be perceived by the senses.  
SAT is Brahman.  
SAT is without form.  
SAT is without color.  
SAT is not thin or thick.  
SAT is not long or short.  
SAT does not grow.  
SAT does not deteriorate.  
SAT has no name.  
VEDAS become silent when they reach Its Presence.  
THAT is Truth, Endless, Conscious, and Blissful.  
THAT is SUPREME.  
THAT cannot be measured.  
THAT is without any other support.

THAT is changeless.  
THAT is shapeless.  
THAT is NIRGUNA, without characteristics of any kind.  
THAT is ONE.  
THAT is all pervading.  
THAT is without any sort of disturbance.  
THAT is without any problem.  
THAT has no Beginning; No End.  
THAT was aware of ITSELF; No Second Object was there.  
THAT WAS ALONE.



THAT WAS ALONE.  
THAT had a Disturbance.  
WHY? HOW?  
Nobody Knows.  
THAT ALONE KNOWS.

If you become THAT; if you reach that Supreme State and know that you are SAT -there is no secondary person to reveal this fact. When you reach that state and ask the question, 'Why did you get disturbed?' – Nobody is there to answer, because –you alone are there.

No questions arise; No answer is there.

THAT WANTED TO BECOME TWO!

WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY?

NO ANSWER! NO ANSWER! NO ANSWER! NO ANSWER!

A salt doll went to measure the ocean;

It never found the answer.

A rain drop wanted to measure the depth of the ocean; it never found the answer.

The stream of the river wanted to reach the end of the ocean; it never did.

When you reach the Greatest 'I' to ask the question - 'HOW DID YOU BECOME 'I' AND 'YOU'? – there is no one to answer you, because 'YOU' are 'I'.

Nobody is there to ask the question. Nobody is there to answer.

ONE BECAME MANY.

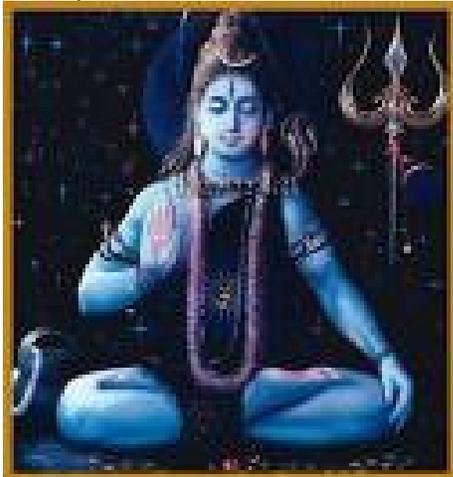


FROM THE FORMLESS- A FORM AROSE.  
THAT FORM was THE FIRST.  
THAT has all the auspicious characters.  
THAT has all Knowledge.  
THAT is SHE.

SHE is EVERYTHING.  
SHE is All the Forms.  
SHE is the CAUSE of one and all.  
SHE sees everything.  
SHE is before anything.  
SHE is adored by one and all.  
She has all the virtues.  
SHE bestows anything.  
SHE is PERFECT.  
SHE is PERFECTION.  
SHE makes everything perfect.



ISHVARI.  
SHE was ISHVARI.  
SHE was THE SUPREME QUEEN.  
When SHE arose - THE FORMLESS SUPREMITY vanished.  
When Form is there, Formless is not there.  
When FORMLESS is there, FORM is not there.  
Either THIS or THAT!  
Either THAT or THIS!  
THIS asks THAT -“Why did THIS come out of THAT?” - THAT appears! THIS vanishes!  
Nobody answers; because- THAT alone is there. THIS is not there.



ISHVARI! THE BEST AMONG RULERS!  
SHE is the FORMLESS.  
From HER arose ISHVARA.  
From HER arose SADASHIVA.  
SADASHIVA is ever auspicious.

HE WAS ALONE.



ISHVARA

HE is the SUPREME PURUSHA.

HE is SHIV A.

HE has none above HIM. HE is the SUPREME RULER.

HIS FORM:

Matted Locks; Ganga waters piercing His thick locks to escape the imprisonment; a crescent moon hanging crookedly and holding on to the locks for fear of falling; two lotus-like large eyes; one more eye placed horizontally at the centre of the forehead; face shining like the Sun; four more faces facing all directions; a beautiful, pleasant, all -knowing smile; has ten arms; holds a Trident or TRISHOOLA; his form is camphor white in hue; very very white; whitened by the ashes covering His form; a white luster like million Suns congregated in one place.

So white... So lustrous.. so hot ..so big....

Nobody can actually see him. His form is beyond the sight of any person.

Only SHAKTI can see HIM in HIS Complete Form.



Why is SHIVA covered with ashes always?

Shiva is the embodied form of VAIRAAGYA, Dispassion.

He sees all the objects around him as ashes.

The burning fire of dispassion in him turns everything around him into ashes.

That is why he remains buried in the deepest caves of the snowy Himalayan Mountains



HE WAS ALONE. FROM HIM SHE AROSE.  
SHE IS INDEPENDENT. SHE IS ALL POWERFUL.  
SHE IS PRADHANA; PRAKRITI; MAAYA; AUSPICIOUS; SUPREME.  
SHE IS SHAKTI; AMBIKA.  
SHE IS QUEEN OF ALL CREATIONS.  
SHE IS MOTHER OF ONE AND ALL.  
SHE IS ETERNAL.  
SHE IS THE FIRST CAUSE.  
SHE HAS EIGHT ARMS.  
SHE HAS AN EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL FACE.  
HER FACE HAS THE SHINE OF THOUSAND MOONS.  
SHE IS ADORNED BY VARIOUS ORNAMENTS.  
HER GAITS ARE VARIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL.  
SHE HOLDS VARIOUS WEAPONS IN HER HANDS.  
HER ELONGATED EYES ARE LIKE FULLY BLOWN LOTUSES.  
HER FORM SHINES WITH A LUSTER BEYOND THE COMPREHENSION OF THE MIND.  
SHE HOLDS EVERYTHING IN HER WOMB.  
SHE IS ONE. SHE IS MANY.



SHIVA came out of SHAKTI.  
SHAKTI came out of SHIVA.  
WHO was the FIRST?  
No one knows.



SHIVA and SHAKTI arose in space.  
That space was called SHIVALOKA.  
That was also known as KASHI.  
KASHI is the space filled with the luster of Knowledge.  
KASHA means something which can hold something.  
KASHI means some space which holds SHIVA and SHAKTI.  
KASHI which holds SHIVA and SHAKTI is KAASHIKA.  
This KASHI is above all mental spaces.  
KASHI is the place where SHIVA and SHAKTI unite.  
KASHI is not disturbed by the cessation of worlds.  
KASHI is not affected by –SHRISHTI [Creation], STHITI [Existence], LAYA [Dissolution].  
KASHI is known as AVIMUKTA –never devoid of SHIVA and SHAKTI.  
SHIVA called it AANANDA VANA –the FOREST of BLISS.  
ETERNAL BLISS IS THERE. ETERNAL UNION IS THERE.



**AANANDA VANA! THE FOREST OF BLISS!**

AANANDA reigned there.

Sometime in TIME, SHAKTI, for a fraction of a second separated her form from His embrace. SHE raised her lotus-like eyes towards SHIVA's face. They both could hear some disturbances outside.

Creations...Innumerable Creations...had risen out of their union.

Somebody had to take care of these Creations; somebody who could block the crowd coming up with utmost charm of his own and who would also be adept in making use of cunning devices; someone who could appear more beautiful and handsome than SHIVA- the Lord of Beauty- the SUNDARESHVARA; somebody who could take charge of everything when they were busy in union; somebody who stood guard at the gates of SHIVALOKA; somebody who was capable of making people forget SHIVA with a show of his own greatness; somebody who will take away all the responsibilities from their hands; somebody who will be the next King – the next ISHVARA!



SHIVA and SHAKTI churned their minds. Waves of responsibilities rose one after another {RAJAS}; from the deep depths of the dark ocean {TAMAS} arose a gem of Supreme Shine {SATVA}. He was NAARAYANA.



SHIVA poured nectar into the tenth limb of SHAKTI.  
A lustrous form stood before them.  
He was extremely beautiful.  
A supreme calmness adored His face.  
Saatvic luster emanated from all over His form.  
He was like the ocean of majesty.  
His lotus-like eyes were filled with extreme compassion.  
He was unparalleled, incomparable.  
His form shone with blue luster of INDRA NEELA MANI.  
A golden luster surrounded His form.  
He was adorned with a pair of supremely lustrous coverings over his beautiful form.  
He had two strong arms.  
He was undefeatable.  
He was NAARAYANA.



NAARAYANA spoke:  
“O Lord! Give me names; allot me my duties”.  
He saluted SHIVA.  
SHIVA spoke:  
You will be known as VISHNU, as you pervade everything.  
You will have countless names. Perform penance”.  
SHIVA smiled graciously at VISHNU; VISHNU, His own Creation; the most Supreme Form!  
VISHNU deserved the best of spouses, next only to SHAKTI.  
VISHNU deserved a daughter produced out of His own ‘VEERYA’.  
His daughter would be honored to have this great person as LORD!  
He sighed. VEDAS appeared. VISHNU absorbed them.  
He saluted SHIVA. SHIVA vanished.



VISHNU was left alone.

He performed penance – for twelve thousand years.

SHIVA did not appear before him. VISHNU did not know what to do.

He prayed silently to SHIVA. Shiva heard his call.

VAANI came out of SHIVA.



VAANI, THE GODDESS OF SPEECH!

VAANI appeared in front of VISHNU.

SHE instructed him to perform more penance. VISHNU acted accordingly.

He performed more severe penance.

He understood the principle of SUPREME BRAHMAN. He was surprised by the Knowledge.

He was tired and sweat formed over the body. Waters flowed all over from his 'being'.

All the empty places were filled with waters. They were the waters of CREATION.

They were the waters of the UNMANIFESTED BRAHMAN.

VISHNU was tired. He stretched his limbs and slept.

He was known as NAARAYANA, THE LORD OF WATERS. He was the PURUSHA.

Nothing else existed. HE alone was there.

PRAKRITI existed in a 'Un Manifested Form' inside him.



From PRAKRITI manifested- THE THREE GUNAS;

AHAMKAARA: PANCHABHUTAS; INDRIYAS;

all totaling up to twenty four in number. PRAKRITI is considered as lifeless, i.e., unconscious.

PURUSHA is considered as conscious.

VISHNU, THE SUPREME PURUSHA, with PRAKRITI resting inside him in an unmanifested form, slept peacefully, for a long long time.



NAARAAAYANA slept. From His navel arose a beautiful lotus; very huge; gigantic in size. Its stalks went deep down into depths unknown. The lotus spread its infinite petals to endless quarters. It shone like a 'KARNIKAARA' flower.



It spread rays of light equal to crores of Suns.  
 It was beauty personified. It was the principle of Creation.  
 Most wonderful; most pleasant; Incomparable!  
 PADMA came out of VISHNU'S NABHI.  
 Lotus came out of VISHNU'S navel.  
 He was called PADMANAABHA.



SHIVA created another form out of His right side.  
 Before IT became conscious, He manifested that form in the Lotus.  
 That form was BRAHMA, THE GREAT!  
 He was HIRANYA-GARBHA, THE GOLDEN-WOMBED.  
 He had four faces; red in hue.  
 His forehead shone with three lines of ashes.  
 BRAHMA is the four-faced Creator.  
 BRAHMA has the creating ability.  
 BRAHMA can imagine anything; it becomes true. His imaginations become real.  
 Vishnu helps Him by creating space. Vishnu is the Space-Principle.  
 LAKSHMI, being the Prosperity-Principle helps BRAHMA to fill up His Creation with wealth of all sorts.  
 VISHNU and LAKSHMI act as the Father and Mother of BRAHMA.  
 SHIVA-LOKA is inaccessible to BRAHMA.



WHAT IS A JEEVA?  
 That which gets born and lives and vanishes is a JEEVA.  
 The experienced life is the identity of the JEEVA.  
 Without a life to experience there cannot exist a JEEVA.  
 A JEEVA is a triad of experiencer, experiencing and experienced.  
 JEEVA is the EGO-MANIFESTATION of a Vaasana.



#### HOW DID JEEVA BECOME A BRAHMA?

Infinite Creations exist in the mental space of SHIVA.

Varieties of JEEVAS create various fields of experience for the exhaustion of their Vaasanaas.

Some Jeevas try to attain the other worlds and strive for other higher posts of heaven.

Some perform Sacrifices and become Indras. Some perform penance and go to heavens.

Some Jeevas aspire to become Creators. These souls perform severe penance.

One who excels in penance is chosen by SHIVA to become the next BRAHMA.

SHIVA contains all Jeevas within Himself. HE produces the worthy soul - 'which wanted to create' - from

His own person and leaves him on the Lotus. BRAHMA is not produced by the Veerya of VISHNU. He is

a Creation of SHIVA. This chosen BRAHMA has to perform penance to attain the Power of Creation. He

then takes the store of Un manifested Vaasanaas of the previous endless Creations and creates the Worlds.

He can imagine any form, any shape, and any character as per his capability of imagination. Innumerable

BRAHMAS have come and gone. Many rise up through penance and retire from their Post and reach

Higher Worlds. Some even get cursed and fall into the mortal world. BRAHMA'S Creation begins at the

dawn of His Knowledge and continues for long till he is exhausted of his own Game and retires. Infinite

number of YUGAS passes for us, before BRAHMA'S one day is completed. He goes on creating and

destroying for a long time, till he has exhausted his own Creation-Vaasana. Each BRAHMA has his own

Set of Rules and Regulations set for his Creation.

Vedas differ; Yugas differ; Elements differ. Sometimes Creations will have only stones and sand;

sometimes only trees; sometimes only women; sometimes only men; sometimes only some wicked

creatures. All depends on the Creative Ability of BRAHMA.

If he is too devotional - temples will abound.

If he is too fight-oriented - wars will be innumerable.

If he is fond of tasty dishes – the Creation will overflow with tasty foods.

If he is too scientific –the world will progress in a scientific manner, as our Universe.

Yes! Our Creator was too science oriented, too logical; and here we are with science and logic as the predominant Vaasana in this Creation!



#### HOW DOES BRAHMA CREATE?

Vaasanaas are the latent tendencies. They are the Seeds of Creation.

The word Vaasana arises from the root-letter 'vaas' – 'to reside'.

These Vaasanaas reside in the Jeeva and prompt a Jeeva to experience their manifestation.

Vaasanaas have the power to create their own fields for their manifestation.

If a Vaasana is there, it is certain that it will become manifested.

NAARAYANA with His penance-power holds these Vaasanaas in His own person, till a BRAHMA arises on the Lotus. It is like having live sparks of power inside oneself. That is why He gets tired and rests for long.



BRAHMA attains the Knowledge of the Vaasanaas by the performance of penance. He uses these Un-manifested Vaasanaas as the base material and adds to it, the chemical of his own imaginations and meditates. All Vaasanaas now get transferred from 'Vishnu's Being' to his own person. Inside his own mind, Brahma creates a space and allows the Vaasanaas to create 'fields' for their play. Each Vaasana strengthened by Brahma's imaginative power starts whirling, getting ready to manifest. With Brahma as the Conscious Principle and the Space less centre - these Vaasanaas start their manifestation. The whirling mass of Vaasana becomes a Jeeva and gets its own mental space and starts acting. The Jeeva forgets the Self which is Brahma and believes in its own limited identity. All these Jeevas which are nothing but bundles of Vaasanaas intermingle, mix the fields of experiences, and create a new world of their own. All Jeevas are given freedom to develop any type of Vaasana they feel like. Freedom is there; scope is there, for all these limited souls. They can get bound by more Vaasanaas. Or, they can destroy their Vaasanaas with effort and become free from their limitations. Actually all these fields of experiences are centered round the Self of the Creator. He is the 'Witness Conscious' of one and all. He is the only real person. He acts as 'many' and enjoys the world as 'many Jeevas'. He gets the experience of all the Jeevas. He gets all their bliss. What He lacked as a single Soul in his previous birth, he compensates by becoming all the Jeevas in his own Creation and enjoys the world as 'Every One'. He is like an actor, who became a producer. He dominates his own Creation in all the scenes. He is the Main Character in all the scenes. His story, his direction, his script, his programme, his own rules dominate his Creation. The Higher Gods do not interfere in his Creation. Brahma is like a child with a new toy. Sometimes the play goes on well. Sometimes it becomes a mess. At those times Brahma seeks the help of Naaraayana, his Father-Figure. Naaraayana descends down into the limited mental space of the Creations, becomes a 'character' there and tries to rectify things. He destroys all bundles of Vaasanaas which are worthless and harmful to the Game of Brahma. Then he dies like a character in the Game and returns to his own abode. He is praised as an Avatar by the Jeevas who were saved from harmful destruction. Sometimes Vishnu does not actually come down, but sends a robotic figure of his own to act like an Avatar in the Creation. Or, sometimes the Brahma may send a special request to Vishnu to appear in person in his Creation and honor the scene. Since the Brahma is after all a Jeeva who has become a Creator, he has his own hero-worship at heart. So each Creator may want a RAMA and a KRISHNA in their Creations. So, based on an original event in the past, 'Stories of Rama and Krishna' are repeated again and again. Sometimes Vishnu himself may act out the story, or he may just empower the robotic duplicate of himself and help Brahma. Vishnu always keeps an eye on the creative programme of the new Brahma to see that nothing harmful occurs. He has to keep check on the Vaasanaas lest harmful Vaasanaas exceed the required number. The positive and negative Vaasanaas are to be equal in number to maintain the balance in the Creation. If good Vaasanaas are more, it is called SATYUGA. If wicked Vaasanaas exceed, it is called KALIYUGA. Any YUGA might be first or last; there is no set rule about the order. All depends on which type of the Vaasanaas is dominant. All characters which are the favorite of the Jeeva-turned-Brahma get repeated in the Creation. So like Rama, and Krishna, even Vyaasa, and Vasishtha and others also get repeated roles. Less powerful characters other than Vishnu are bound to appear in every Creation, in every Yuga. That is the price they pay for an eternal life in Heavens.

Innumerable are the Creations; Innumerable are the Ramas; Innumerable are the Vyaasas and Vasishtas.

Can there be Creations without Ramayana and Mahabharata?

Yes! If the Creator so desires!

Our world is created by a Brahma who had his own Vaasana of logic and science as the seed of this Creation; and the resultant world is what we have now, extremely logical and scientific; so logical that Brahma's existence itself has become a matter of disbelief.



BRAHMA gets his Knowledge from SARASVATI. She has to accept him as her husband and give him Knowledge through 'Union'. But, so far no Brahma has been able to woo her. Being a Supreme Goddess of the Heavens, she never reveals all the Knowledge aspects to Brahma and helps him only in a limited way. She never gives him company and disregards him as an ordinary Jeeva who has managed to attain a higher post in Heaven. She was originally the spouse of Vishnu and by her arrogant behavior, was cursed to become the spouse of Brahma. With her 'Supreme Power of Knowledge', she makes a fool of Brahma. As Brahma does not have much Knowledge about the Heavens at the time of his first appearance, he does not even know that Sarasvati is his wife and never can seek her for any consultation or help.



Brahma's world is known as BRAHMA LOKA where all good souls enter and Brahma enjoys their company, like meeting his own kith and kin. These souls are as ignorant of the 'Higher Worlds' as Brahma. Since Brahma himself is ignorant of SHIVA LOKA, VISHNU LOKA etc., his 'Creation' also has no Knowledge of them. At such times Shiva himself takes the guise of a mortal and teaches the souls about the state of Brahman. It is probable that SHIVA might have come as ADI SHANKARA and taught the 'Knowledge of the Self' to the suffering Jeevas. As we all know Shankara destroyed all other worthless philosophies which were emerging through meaningless logic, and also established 'Centers of Knowledge' all over the sacred land of BHARATA, to guide the souls in the path of 'Right Knowledge'.



VAANI never cooperates in these works. So Vishnu, who has to maintain the Worlds, is always on the alert and on guard. He also has to fight the 'AASURIC FORCES', which appear all of a sudden in the Creations. No wonder he is always tired and rests on the serpentine bed of His.



LAKSHMI, who thinks that Brahma's Creations are too childish for her attention, also disregards Brahma. She is also envious of Sarasvati, and disfavors Knowledge. As the mortal-world is a mirror-image of the attitudes of the Gods above, Wealth and Knowledge are always on parallel lines here.



LAKSHMI is also envious of AISHVARYA, the pretty little daughter of ISHVARI who was slowly displacing her from the heart of VISHNU.



With the two Goddesses ignoring the Creations of the poor Brahma, DURGA with the help of Shiva gives a helping hand to Vishnu, at times. She fights the demons herself and safeguards the 'Creations' from their attack. That is why Naaraayana and Maaya are called the main powers of maintenance. Brahma is taken care of, like a child who is learning to walk.



SHIVA created another form out of His right side.  
Before IT became conscious, He manifested 'that form' in the Lotus.  
He was BRAHMA, THE GREAT.  
Brahma was seated on a beautiful lotus.  
He did not know who he was.  
He did not know who his originator was.  
His mind was blank.  
He wondered about himself.  
He couldn't find the answer.  
He looked all over; all around.



Nothing but waters!  
Waters, Waters, Waters Everywhere.  
Nothing else was seen.  
No one else was there.  
Brahma felt lonely.  
He longed for some company.  
His 'Jeeva-Vaasana' of 'seeking-company' was still there.  
He wanted to search!



He looked at the Lotus and its stalk below, which disappeared into the deep depths of the Waters. He thought that the stalk may lead to some unknown lands and somebody might be there. He dived into the tubular hole of the Lotus-Stalk and traveled down. Hundreds of years passed! The end was not at all there. The stalk seemed to go down indefinitely. Tired of the whole effort, he decided to reach the top of the Lotus, and started his journey upwards. But, now, he couldn't reach the flower-part at all! Traveling up and down; confused and anxious; he wasted many hundred years of his. He stopped his efforts, and paused for a second, and sent a call of prayer to the 'Higher Mental Space', above his mental space. Shiva heard his call. He commanded VAANI to help the ignorant Brahma. She reluctantly agreed. Without appearing in front of Brahma, she just created a sound in the waters from her own abode.

"TAPA" "TAPA"...

The waters splashed all around with this strange noise. Brahma heard it. 'At least some sound'; he was relieved. He listened intently.

"TAPA" "TAPA"...

The waters splashed with the strange sound. Brahma understood.

'TAPA' means penance! He performed penance for twelve thousand years.

He contemplated on his SELF which will lead him to his own identity.

He would have realized earlier, if VAANI had condescended to give him her company. But, now he could get Knowledge only through penance. So, he performed penance.

The arrogant Principle of Knowledge was amused.

Vishnu waited patiently. Shiva was annoyed. Durga removed the delusion from the mind of Brahma by manifesting in him as VIDYAA.



NAARAAYANA appeared in front of Brahma.

Naaraayana's form:

Beautiful form; all over shining like a blue gem; compassionate eyes; four arms; the four hands holding SHANKHA, CHAKRA, GADA, and KAMALA - Conch, Wheel, Mace and Lotus; a shining golden cloth covering his person; a bejeweled crown of unparalleled beauty resting on his head; curly black hair kissing his manly shoulders; curly locks of extreme charm dancing on the fore-head; a beautiful TILAK adorning the centre of the fore-head covering his third eye; big round ear ornaments with designs of fish on them; garlands of basil and flowers adorning his huge manly chest; KOUSTHUBHA GEM on his necklace dazzling the eyes of the onlookers; Lakshmi in his physical heart and Taijasaa's thoughts in his 'heart-beats'; winds blowing a pleasant perfume all around his person; some divine music echoing somewhere from unseen regions.

Naaraayana appeared in front of Brahma.

A charming smile adorned his face; the smile of a GEETACHAARYA; the 'All Knowing' smile!

A smile which invites everybody to confide their problems to him freely!

A smile which blocks the SHIVALOKA from the seekers of Heavens!

A smile which is the first obstacle to the 'World of SHIVA'!

After seeing Naaraayana, there are very few who can think of the ash covered repulsive figure of Shiva.



And SHIVA and SHAKTI continued their love-sports at KAASHI, undisturbed.



NAARAYANA appeared in front of BRAHMA.

Brahma was stunned; shocked by the immense fortune of his!

He felt like a child, who saw his father after getting lost in a jungle.

He choked; he cried; he fell at the lotus feet.

The beautiful form disappeared immediately.

Brahma ran madly searching for that beautiful form.

Then he stopped! The word 'TAPA' again flashed in his mind.

He again performed penance on the beautiful form of VISHNU.

Sound of waves disturbed his meditation.

He opened his eyes.



He saw in front of him a white ocean with the sweet smell of milk spreading out beyond the horizons.

A giant serpent with innumerable hoods was floating like a huge ship on the milk ocean; huge...; very large; so big that countless Earths could just rest on one scale of that serpent.

ADI SHESHA, the serpent brother of VISHNU was acting like a bed to his tired brother ; always guarding his brother from the attack of demons, and of course from the beautiful damsels of Heaven too; and melting in the thoughts of the little pretty girl he took care of in his other form of BHAIRAVA, the RUDRA.



As he rocked the tired form of his twin brother in his cold soft coils, the Serpent-God was meditating on the pretty charms of the beloved child.

Yes! A child! DURGA'S daughter who could melt BHAIRAVA's stone-like heart by her youthful charms was yet to grow in mind.



She knew only her Mother UMA; the greatest divinity according to her!  
She knew only her father SHIVA, as somebody always fond of penance!  
She knew only brother SHANMUKHA, as the eternal rival in every game!  
She knew only GANESHA as a playmate who rocked her in his trunk and made her laugh hysterically!  
She knew only her uncle NAARAAYANA as one who loved pranks of all kind and supported her naughty behavior! But, not as a lover!  
She knew only BHAIRAVA the good gentle figure, whose rough hands rocked her tired limbs to sleep - as her protector whom she loved despite his devilish looks! But, not as a lover!  
She never ever understood the plight of the two brothers who were romantically inclined towards her. She was still a child, who loved only her dear dear Mother madly!



The brothers sighed at the same time in the thoughts of their beloved TAIJASAA;  
And Brahma was there in their presence.



The serpent hissed sending smoky flames in its breath.  
The ocean roared with high waves dashing against the rocky beach.  
As Brahma stepped away in fright, he felt annoyed.  
'He suffering all alone in some dark waters ...  
And this fellow lolling on the bed, sleeping his time off...!  
He suffering alone and crying for help ...  
And, this blue-hued fellow is enjoying his rest unconcerned about anybody else.  
At least he could get up and talk a few words! Lazy idiot.'  
Brahma looked at the serpent and the ocean with anger.  
'He was a Brahmin and his curse could be dangerous!'  
The serpent withdrew his fangs; the ocean became calm.  
Brahma approached the sleeping figure.  
He called out – "Hey you. Get up".  
VISHNU continued to sleep. Brahma roughly pulled him up and holding him by the hand, slapped him hard. VISHNU got up with a shock. He of course never felt the slap.  
But, something had disturbed his quiet repose.  
He rubbed his eyes and tried to see who was shouting at him.

“Hey! You wake up! Tell me who you are!” Brahma was rudely trying to wake him up.  
VISHNU slowly removed the tender hand of the four-faced Brahmin from his person and flashed a smile.



He spoke with honeyed voice.  
“Welcome, welcome, my dear child!  
You are indeed the great grandfather of the world!  
Oh! What a luster emanates from you!  
Don’t be afraid. I will help you. I will give you whatever you want.  
Come and take your seat. Feel at home.”



Brahma looked at this blue form in disgust.  
‘What was he trying to do?  
Not a bit of respect..?  
No manners at all?  
Doesn’t he even know how a great Brahmin like him should be welcomed!  
Where is the ARGHYA, PAADYA etc – the worshipping materials?!  
And, asking him to sit on this disgusting serpent! The cold cold coils! Oof!  
Of all the things, a slithering serpent for a bed!  
Always sleeping and lazing around! And, look at him smiling to cover up his faults’.  
Brahma shouted at his own father in disgust.  
“Child? Who is a child? Are you mad? Who do you think I am? I am surprised! Don’t you know me to be the Greatest God, the Creator of one and all? I am AJA! I am not-born at all! I am the First One! Without me nothing can arise. And, you have the audacity to address me as a child? Praise me with various hymns. I am a figure of greatest penance. I am to be worshipped by you. It is not too late even now. Mend your ways and try to understand my greatness.”  
VISHNU’S lotus like eyes reddened with anger. He spoke with extreme patience. He tried telling his ignorant son, the truths about himself and the appearance of the Lotus etc. He tried to explain the principles of his own SELF and the Creator’s also. He said that he was the father and explained his own greatness, which was not a self-praise, but a fact! But all these words of wisdom fell on deaf ears. Brahma was not convinced. He retorted with anger.  
“Hey! Who do you think you are? Shut up. Don’t exceed the limits of decency. You are not the Supreme Lord. Some one else must be your creator. You are deluded.”  
Indecent words flowed from the mouth of Brahma. Brahma without Knowledge; Brahma with arrogance!  
Angry words from both led to a war. Father and son fought.  
Father knew the son; so was careful. Son did not know the father; so he fought with a vengeance.



A LINGA of fire suddenly rose in front of them.

Trying to find its beginning and end, the two fighting Gods realized the Truth. SHIVA appeared in person before them and cleared their delusion.

VISHNU and BRAHMA saluted Him and uttered hymns of praise:

SALUTATIONS TO GREAT GOD SHIVA.

SALUTATIONS TO PARAMESHVARA.

SALUTATIONS TO PANCHAVAKTRA.

SALUTATIONS TO SUNDARESHVARA.

SALUTATIONS TO MAHADEVA.

YOU ARE THE DEITY OF ALL ALPHABETS.

YOU ARE

Aa...AAA...E...EEE...U...UOO...Rru...Rr...LR...LR...EAY...AIY...O...OO...OU...AM  
KA etc; CHA etc; TA etc; TTA etc; PA etc.

[Repeat all alphabets as mantras of SHIVA]

YA RA LA VA SHA SSHA SA HA KSHA.

All these ALPHABETS or sounds are the various limbs of your body.

You are also the OMKAARA.

You are the Mantra of thirty eight letters.

You are the mantra of the five aspects beginning with the OMKAARA.

You are this sacred Mantra which originated from the Gayatri Mantra.

You are the Mantra of twenty four letters.

You are the Mantra OM NAMAH SHIVAAYA.

You are the TRAYAMBAKA Mantra.

OM HROUM HREEM JOOM SAHA

You are the CHINTAMANI Mantra.

KSHAMYOM.

You are the RUDRA GAAYATRI.

TAT PURUSHAAYA VIDMAHE MAHADEVAAYA DHEEMAHI.

TANNO RUDRAH PRACHODAYAAT.

TAT SAVITUR VARENYAM BHARGO DEVASYA DHEEMAHI

DHIYO YO NAH PRACHODAYAAT.

You are the DAKSHINAMURTHY Mantra.

OM NAMO BHAGAVATE DAKSHINAMOORTAYE

MAHYAM MEDHAAM PRAYACCHA SVAAHA.

You are the MAHA VAAKYA of the Vedas.

TATVAMASI.

You are AGHORA; who is never terrifying.

You are the four Vedas.

RK YAJUR SAAMA ATHARVA.

You are SAAMBA, one who is in the company of AMBAA.

You are VARADA, one who bestows boons.  
You are ISHVARA, the Supreme Ruler of Rulers.  
SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS

VANDE ISHAANAM ISHA MUKUTAM  
PURUSHAAKHYAM PURAATANAM.  
Salutations to the Ruler, the Crown among Rulers; denoted by the name Purusha; Ancient;  
AGHORA HRIDAYAM HRDYAM  
SARVA GUHYAM SADAASHIVAM  
Non-terrifying Heart; affectionate; Hidden from all; Ever auspicious;  
VAAMAPAADAM MAHADEVAM  
MAHA BHOGEENDRA BHOOSHANAM  
Of contrary conduct; Great God; Adorned by the great King of Snakes;  
BRAHMANODHIPATIM SARGA STITHI  
SAMAHAARA KAARANAM  
Lord of Brahman; Cause of Creation, Maintenance and Destruction.



SHIVA smiled with compassion.



SHIVA sighed. His breath arose as the VEDAS; Knowledge Supreme. VISHNU received them and gave it to BRAHMA. VISHNU worshipped SHIVA in various ways and prayed.

“O Lord! If You are pleased by my worship, then grant me this boon. Let me have unbroken devotion to your lotus feet.”

Then throwing a mischievous glance at Brahma, he said:

“O Great Lord! It is indeed a good thing we both fought. That has forced YOU to appear before us.”

SHIVA smiled. He addressed Brahma. He explained His own principle:



O BRAHMA! I am RUDRA!

I will come out of you screaming; and the RUDRA form will arise.

I am SHIVA, the DESTROYER; I am VISHNU, the PROTECTOR; I am You also as the CREATOR.

I divide MYSELF into these forms. My forms which descend from ME do not have less power.

There is no difference at all between ME and MY other lower forms.

I am what I am in all MY lower forms too.

I am formless; yet I appear in many forms.

As the Light is not affected by the touch of the water etc., I am unaffected by my forms.

Though with forms, I remain as Formless only in them.  
 I am SHIVA. I am RUDRA. There is no difference between US.  
 It is ONE split into TWO.  
 Ornaments might be many; but gold is the same.  
 Cause is one; but, Effects are many.  
 Vessels are many; but the clay is the same.  
 Whatever you see as consisting of a form, know it to be MY FORM.  
 Where is the form that does not have ME as the SELF?  
 I AM TRUTH; I AM KNOWLEDGE; I AM ETERNAL!  
 I AM SATYA; I AM JNAANA; I AM ANANTA!  
 You both have descended from PAKRITI; but I have not!  
 O Brahma! I may arise out of you; but do not think you created ME.  
 I will come out of you by MY own will.  
 You will know the RUDRA-FORM as TAMASIC. But, I am not actually the TAMAS.  
 I am the "I"- the AHAMKAARA.  
 O Brahma! You are the CREATOR by MY WILL.



VAAG-DEVI will be your Power.  
 VISHNU will get the Power through LAKSHMI, His spouse.  
 The ONE SHAKTI which is the Originator of all takes various Forms of Powers.  
 SHE is PARAMESHVARI, MY ETERNAL COMPANION.  
 SHE is UMA. SHE is the DESTRUCTIVE POWER, KAALI.



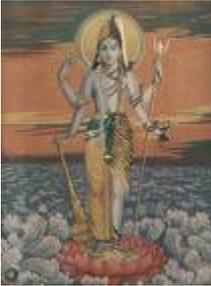
SHE will give rise to the Terrifying Form of KALKI, and destroy all Evil Powers.  
 KALKI is beyond DHARMA and ADHARMA. She is not bound by any rules or regulations.  
 HER WILL will be SUPREME.



In Her milder forms, SHE will unite with VISHNU and BHAIRAVA, the Twin-Brothers.



As all Forms of MINE have Equal Powers, all forms of SHAKTI will also have Equal Powers.  
The SUPREME FORMLESS SHAKTI reigns over us all.  
SHE is the SUPREME CREATOR, PROTECTOR, and DESTROYER.  
SHE is PAVITRI, SAAVITRI and GAAYATRI.  
SHE is DURGA, SARASWATI AND LAKSHMI.  
SHE is UMA, SATYAA and TAIJASAA.  
SHE is SHAKTI divided into THREE.  
SHE is TRIPURAAA, the TRINITY SUPREME.



O Brahma! Know that VISHNU abides in MY HEART and I abide in Vishnu's heart.  
One who differentiates between ME and VISHNU does not truly understand ME.



O Brahma! I command you to be endowed with the power of giving liberation to anyone who follows the Rules of the Vedas properly. You will be endowed with All Knowledge- Higher and Lower.  
The Merit gained by having My Vision will be equal to the Merit gained by Your Vision.  
There is no doubt about it. I promise you.



O Brahma!  
From MY right side, VISHNU was born; from the left side you were created.  
RUDRA, the SUPREME DESTROYER who fills the entire Creation, is born out of the Heart.  
O VISHNU!  
I alone am divided as the Three Divinities. I AM BRAHMA; I AM VISHNU; I AM RUDRA.  
I am SAATVIC; and I create. I am RAJASIC; and I protect. I am TAMASIC; and I destroy.  
As the SUPREME SHIVA, I am above the Three Gunas.  
I am above the principles of PURUSHA and PRAKRITI.  
I am Non-dual, Eternal, Taintless, and Complete in Myself.  
VISHNU is Taamasic inside, and Saatvic outside.  
RUDRA is Saatvic inside and Taamasic outside.  
BRAHMA is Rajasic both inside and outside.

SHIVA is beyond the Gunas.

O VISHNU!

Take care of the Creator with love.

By MY COMMAND, he will be worshipped in all the three worlds.

You and Brahma will serve RUDRA.

RUDRA is the Complete Form of SHIVA, who has the Power to destroy anything.

O VISHNU!

You will be adored and worshipped in all the worlds by MY COMMAND.

Whenever the Creations of Brahma are filled with suffering, you try to remove them. I will always be there to help you in this difficult work. I will destroy all your enemies. You descend down to the Creations and help the beings to rise higher in their states. I will remain as this very form of RUDRA and perform deeds which are beyond your capacity.

O VISHNU!

You adore RUDRA and RUDRA will adore you.

In reality, there is no difference among all the three Divinities. In essence all three are equal.

Only difference lies in Power and Action.

O VISHNU!

You are a devotee of RUDRA.

Any man who criticizes or disregards you will have all his merits burnt to ashes.

O VISHNU!

Anyone who hates you will end up in hells of the worst kind.

This is my promise to you. This is the TRUTH.

O VISHNU!

You will get the highest place of worship and should be meditated upon by one and all. You will have the Power to bestow liberation and prosperity. You will have the Power to control and grace anybody as you wish.”



GUNAS are three in number.

SATVA, RAJAS, TAMAS.

White, Red, Black.

Purity, Action, Dullness.

SATVA is the state of extreme purity and goodness, and is incapable of any action.

RAJAS is the state of vibration, where action is a necessary resultant.

TAMAS is the state of supreme dullness where inaction is the result.

SHIVA is always in the state of SATVA. That is why He is known as SHIVA, the Supremely Good One. But to bring the Creations to an end, and give a rest period to the other divine forms, He takes the quality of TAMAS and destroys everything.

VISHNU is also SAATVIC in essence. He is in the eternal formless state always. Yet in order to protect and guard the worlds created by BRAHMA, he accepts the character of RAJAS and acts.

BRAHMA is the very principle of Creation and is RAJASIC both inside and outside. His very essence is to create. His existence is Creation. He cannot exist without the Vibration of Creation. So he is completely RAJASIC.

RUDRA is said to have TAMAS in His nature; He destroys.

VISHNU is said to have RAJAS in His nature; He protects.

BRAHMA is said to have SATVA in His nature; He is Knowledge in essence, though He creates.

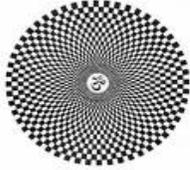
VEDAS form His essence. So, He is SAATVIC.



SHIVA continued:

VISHNU is the SUPREME GODHEAD.

He has the Supreme Powers. He is the Bestower of Boons. He is the SELF of all. Anyone who takes shelter in VISHNU actually takes shelter in ME alone. VISHNU is MY body. I am His Soul. Anyone who differentiates between us falls into innumerable hells.



Know now the Supreme Time-Span of Gods.

Thousands of Four-fold Yugas are equal to one day of BRAHMA. His night is also of the same duration. Thirty such days make up one month and twelve months make a year. Hundred such years make up the life-span of a BRAHMA. One year of Brahma is said to be the Day of VISHNU. His life-span also measures up to hundred years. One year of VISHNU is a Day in RUDRA'S life. His form exists for a hundred years this way.

All Jeevas, all Individual Souls breathe; they inhale and exhale. Breathing is the contact of the form with the field of action. Whether one is a God, or a man, Breathing connects the Inner Self to the form and creates the World.

Except SADAASHIVA, all are bound by the process of breathing and are bound by life and time-span. SADAASHIVA is beyond the time-span. He is not a Jeeva.

He is the Supreme Godhead. He is eternal. Does HE breathe? HE inhales; but He never exhales.

As long as He can hold his breath without exhaling, He has the Power or SHAKTI.

HE, of course has the Knowledge of the World; but He is not in contact with the world or Creations, or His own Form. HE remains formless, though He is with a form.

HE does not descend down to the level of a Jeeva. HIS Power is in the non-contact state.

None of the effects of the created worlds affect HIM in that state. HE is always in union with HIS SHAKTI in that state.

HE inhales; but HE never exhales. As long as HE does not exhale, HE is Powerful.

All those who breathe are bound by Time. Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Gandharvas, Serpents, Demons, all breathe and are bound by the time-scale.

A person who does not breathe and is able to remain in a non-contact state is in the state of SADAASHIVA and is free of timescale.

For Gods, the time-scale is as explained till now.

If breathing is what decides the time-scale, then- their days and nights consist of twenty one thousand hundred and six hundred numbers in total.

Six breaths make a moment; sixty moments make an hour; sixty hours make one day and night.

Actually there are no limitations to the breaths you take.

Since all of us breathe the breath of SADAASHIVA, breathing is endless.

Therefore the form one has been endowed with has to be maintained by one and all through breathing. All the duties one is endowed with must be performed properly.

This is MY Supreme Command.”



VISHNU was overwhelmed with 'devotion'; he spoke with a choking voice.  
"O Shankara! O Ocean of Compassion! O Lord of the Universe!  
I shall obey Your Commandments. You have bestowed on me all the Powers in the past.  
Let me not waver from Your Contemplation even for a second.  
Any of my devotees who disrespect YOU will enter countless hells.  
Your devotee is always my dearest. One who knows this Truth will soon become liberated.  
You have increased my own greatness by Your Grace.  
Forgive me if I have unknowingly offended YOU anytime".



Brahma who felt ashamed about his ignorant actions apologized and saluted the two Divinities.  
SHIVA was pleased by their devotion. HE embraced them both with supreme affection and vanished from their presence.



From then onwards, the Worship of the LINGA came into vogue. LINGA is SHIVA Himself.  
LINGA is MAHESHVARA; the pedestal is MAHADEVI. Union is termed as LINGA, and the whole Creation is supported by the LINGA. One who knows the Truth about the LINGA is liberated forever.

ॐ नमः शिवाय ॐ नमः शिवाय ॐ नमः शिवाय ॐ नमः शिवाय



# OM SHAKTI

O MOTHER OF ALL! SALUTATIONS!

O MOTHER! You are so unique! Nobody equals YOU in Beauty, Love or Compassion.

All Divinities do bestow boons on their devotees!

They all keep their 'palms' in ABHAYA MUDRA and grant boons.

YOU never show your 'palms', O MOTHER!

THINE Lotus like Feet are enough to bestow any boon, more than one can wish for!

THINE Lotus Feet are enough to save any one from the most terrifying fear.

Let me have unwavering devotion towards THINE Lotus Feet!

**SALUTATIONS! O MOTHER! SALUTATIONS!**

Only 'a few' know about Your 'Abode'! O MOTHER!  
YOU are the 'Rising Waves of Consciousness' one calls as Jeevas!  
YOUR Abode is the Great Jeweled Palace of CHINTAMANI.  
Gardens filled with Kadamba Trees surround Your Divine Palace!  
YOUR Palace shines like a special jewel in the 'Bejeweled Island'!  
The 'Island' is covered with innumerable 'Kalpa' trees.  
The 'Jewel Island' floats gently on the waves of the 'Ocean of Nectar'.  
YOU rest on a couch of the form of SHIVA!  
YOU relax joyfully on the lap of PARAMASHIVA!  
O MOTHER! SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS!



**THE Ocean of Nectar: Unfathomable Bliss; Eternal; Pure; Supreme!**



**Kalpa trees all around; trees which can bestow boons anyone asks for!**



**A Shining Island of Shining Splendor floating on the waves!**



**KADAMBAA trees filling up the 'Gardens'!  
All virtues; all Gunas; all Knowledge; all love; all seedlings grown in a perfect manner by expert minds!**



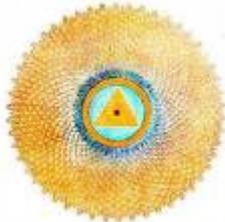
**A Bejeweled Palace- which can grant any wish; Shining as the Supreme Palace of CHINTAAMANI!**



Inside the Palace is the form of SHIVA; the form of Supreme Auspiciousness!  
On that form of SHIVA rests the Supreme Lord of Lords; the MAHESHA!  
On His lap rests the Supreme DEVI!  
Her creeper-like arms garland the neck of her Spouse Supreme!  
PARAMASHIVA sits in Unending Bliss!  
HE is BLISS; the Supreme Ananda!  
Waves of Blissful Awareness raise repeatedly producing Endless Creations!  
DEVI in Ananda; Ananda in DEVI!



O the Most Honored SHAKTI! O the Supreme Form of SHAKTI!  
O Formless Beauty! O Non-dual Bliss! O Bliss of Duality!  
YOU are the Coiled up Power in the MULAADHAARA!  
YOU rise upwards crossing all the other psychic centers of -  
MANIPOORA; SVAADHISHTAANA; ANAHATA; VISHUDDHI; AND AAJNA;  
thus transcending the bindings of five elements that make up the Creations!



YOU reach the SAHASRAARA CHAKRA; the Thousand Petaled Lotus!  
There waits Your Spouse, the Supreme Bliss Form SHIVA!  
You rush towards Him and melt in His embrace and enjoy Eternal Bliss!



YOU are the Supreme Form of Power, Love, Knowledge - all unified as ONE!  
YOU are the Supreme Devi!  
YOU are the Formless Bliss!  
YOU are the Incomparable!  
YOU are the Most Beautiful of All!  
YOU are the Most Powerful of All!  
YOUR Love for Your Lord is beyond words!  
YOU are above Truth and Knowledge!  
YOU are MAHADEVI! YOU are MAHESHVARI! YOU are MAHASHAKTI!  
SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS!



O DEVI!  
YOU have left the Abode of Your Spouse and descended down to the Earth!  
Your Tender Feet dripping Nectar have stepped on the stairs descending down to the Earth and disappeared down into the MOOLAADHAARA again!  
Your Spouse waits for YOU in the SAHASRAARA, the Thousand Petaled Lotus!



O DEVI! O SUPREME BEAUTY! BE Compassionate! Rise up in the KULA-PATHA, the Path of KULA!



Unite with Your Spouse suffering the pain of separation!  
Bless this Jeeva with Your Grace, O DIVINE MOTHER! O DEVI!  
SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS!



O DEVI! O SUPREME BEAUTY!

YOU are like the Splendorous Sun shedding snow-Drops!

Your Beauty is like a Garden of Flowers attacking like an army even the demons!

Poets fail to describe Your Supreme Beauty; try as they may and pray for the Grace of the 'Goddess of Knowledge'!

No Divine Being can be blessed with the Vision of Thine Beauty but Thine Own Spouse!

Even Rigorous Penance does not bring the blessing of Thine Vision!

Divine Beauties who adorn the Heavenly Abodes; curious of having the glimpse of Your Beauty; meditate on SHIVA and become ONE with Him; and thus get Your Vision as Him!

With such Beauty to Your credit, You seem to run towards an 'ancient ghost of a man', who is of ordinary countenance, yet adept in the 'Art of Love'!

Other Divine Beauties revealing their charming forms; their shining clothing slipping off from their bodies; revealing their naked forms chase that old man of insensitive looks!

But, Thine Loving Glance has fallen on that poor man and Your snakelike hands are extending towards him, with the garland!

Blessed is He by Thine Compassionate gesture!

He unites as 'AANANDA' with YOU in Eternal love and passion! SALUTATIONS to YOU BOTH!  
O DEVI! O BLISSFUL DEVI! SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS! SALUTATIONS!

## SHAKTI



SHUKA, the son of VEDA VYAASA had attained the 'Supreme Siddhi'! He had finished his Earthly existence. VYAASA had other disciples who studied the VEDAS, under his expert guidance. Asita, Devala, Vaishampaayana, Jaimini, and Sumantu- all these disciples, who were great ascetics, went towards the Earth by the order of their Great Guru to spread the Knowledge obtained by him.

Vyaasa felt depressed. He felt lonely. He thought he had nothing to live for. He decided to depart from this world. He remembered his mother Satyavati, the daughter of the fisher man. He had last seen her, when he bid farewell to her on the banks of River Ganga; a weeping mother! Now he felt that he should pay respects to her before his departure. He rushed to the island where he was born. But his mother was not found to be

there. Surprised, he enquired the fisherman-father of hers – about his mother and her whereabouts! The Chief of the fishermen community welcomed him with all the respect due, and praised him in high sounding words. He informed the Sage that his daughter was now wedded to King Shantanu. Vyaasa decided make his abode on the banks of River Sarasvati, and stayed there performing ‘Tapas’.



Satyavati was the Queen of the Great King of the Moon-Dynasty, Shantanu. She had two sons by him, Chitraangada and Vichitraveerya. The first was very handsome and a good warrior. The younger son was no less in prowess. Bheeshma, the eldest son of Shantanu was born to Ganga Devi, the Celestial damsel. Vyaasa was the son born to Satyavati by Sage Paraashara. All four were brothers, in some way. This system of marriage may raise some doubts in the minds of some puritans. A girl having a child before marriage by a Sage; she again marrying a king and having two more sons; The king already having a son from another damsel; The king might be forgiven; but, what about the girl? Is it wrong? No!



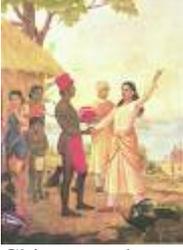
A girl is never considered a sinner, when she marries another man for her security or for love. Shakti-forms can never become impure. A woman is only a ‘Ksethra’, a field where the seed is sown. If she is willing, she can bear the seed of anybody. But, by remaining faithful to one and only husband she gains Supreme Powers. She is adored in the world. She is worshipped as SATI, the Form of Durga. So the accusing finger cannot be pointed towards Satyavati, as a fallen woman.



Maybe the king is at fault. He forced his son Bheeshma of great character to remain without progeny, to satisfy his own passion. Instead of allowing his family-tree to flourish through the son of the divine damsel Ganga, he cut off that glorious branch called Bheeshma and stopped its growth. He married a fisher-man’s daughter and the sons he produced did not do any credit to the prosperous growth of the family. Whereas Paraashara, the father of Vyaasa used Satyawati only as a ‘field’ to produce his own ‘son of supreme greatness’. Shantanu, because of his lack of ‘Veerya’ did not fulfill the duties of a perfect king. His one mistake- a passionate union with an undeserving female - started the deterioration of ‘ChandraVamsha’ and brought destruction to one and all. So, because of peculiar circumstances Bheeshma, Vyaasa, Chitraangada, and Vichitraveerya - all become brothers by relation. Somehow feeling, that he had some more work in this world, Vyaasa remained in this Earthly existence performing penance and waited for the future events.



Shantanu died in course of time. Bheeshma established Chitraangada on the throne of Hastinaapura. He had renounced the throne long ago to serve his father's needs.



Chitraangada was very strong and always welcomed wars. His arms always itched for a good battle. He wandered all over the lands fighting battles, hunting wild animals, always showing off his prowess to others in arrogance. A Gandharva named Chitraangada wanted to teach him a lesson. He left his divine Air-vehicle, got down on the Earth and invited the arrogant king for a battle. A fierce battle took place. Three years passed. The war ended in the death of the Earth-king Chitraangada. Bheeshma made Vichitraveerya the king. Bheeshma supervised the affairs of the kingdom till the king came of age. Bheeshma decided that the young king should be united with a suitable girl in marriage. The king of Kashi had three worthy daughters. He had arranged for a Svayam-vara for his daughters. Bheeshma went to the kingdom of Kashi, defeated all the kings assembled there, carried off the three princesses to Hastinaapura. He thought of them as only equal to his mothers, sisters or daughters. An auspicious day was fixed for their marriage with the young king Vichitraveerya. But, just before the marriage, Ambaa, the eldest daughter of the king of Kashi approached the son of Jaahnvi, and hesitatingly placed before him, her personal problems. She informed him that she had mentally wooed king Shaalva as her husband in the Svayam-vara. Bheeshma consulted all the elders and with their permission allowed her to go to the abode of Shaalva. But a heavy disappointment awaited her there. Disregarding her pleas of love, Shaalva refused to accept her as his wife. He argued that since she was grabbed by the hand and placed in the chariot by the son of Ganga, she was now equal to his mother, and he was helpless in this matter. Weeping her heart out, the princess returned to Bheeshma and explained her sad plight. She pleaded with him to accept her as his wife. But Bheeshma refused to accept her by saying that her heart belonged to someone else, and he had no right over her. He asked her to return to her father's place. Her heart shattered to pieces; angry and frustrated, the beautiful princess went to the forest to perform penance. Ambaa's heart was now filled with extreme hatred towards all men, especially the ruthless Bheeshma, who had destroyed her life and yet had no regrets about it.



What is right? What is wrong? Why did everybody deal with a young maiden unjustly? Was it the male arrogance? Was it a false pretense a man pretends to maintain? Is the love-principle in a man – just pretence to enslave a woman? Did Shaalva, the lover have no real love for his beloved? Rather his mind was burning with the insult he had received from the eldest son of Shantanu and so the plight of an innocent girl did not bother him. On the other hand Bheeshma, the iron-hearted great man who had taken a vow of celibacy, did not feel that it was his responsibility to solve the problem of a girl, whom he had forcibly carried away. For him, the family-tree was important; the dynasty was important. A tender heart of

a young girl was not worth bothering about. Even giants make mistakes. Bheeshma, the world-renowned great man trampled one budding heart of a young and innocent girl and crushed it regardless of DHARMA. If a SHAKTI cries-If a woman cries-there is no power in all the fourteen worlds to stop the destruction. Ambaa's tears of anguish started the downfall of ChandraVamsha ending in a great blood-shed, destroying every warrior who was alive.



If Bheeshma suffered his last days on a bed of sharp arrows, should one feel any sympathy for the great man? Did he not equally hurt the tender heart of a female? SHAKTI should never be insulted. Every female form is the manifestation of Supreme Empress Tripura.



Vichitraveerya was married to the two princesses Ambika and Ambaalika. He was interested only in pleasures and nine years passed in sheer sensuous pursuits. And, he died through consumption and left the dynasty heirless. Satyavati was drowned in sorrow; but remembering her queenly duties, she approached her step-son Bheeshma and asked him to marry the widows of his brother and continue the progeny. Bheeshma was not to be moved by her pleadings. Hadn't he renounced the marital bliss and the ruler hood, in his father's presence? He wouldn't budge from his stand. But he suggested a way out. If the woman is a widow and has the duty of producing an heir, then there was a method suggested by the ethical scriptures- NIYOGA!

A well versed Brahmin could be allowed to put his seed in the 'Ksethra' [field] of a single female and produce a child. There was no sin involved in such a union. Satyavati agreed. Her thoughts went towards her own son Vyaasa. After all he was a brother of Vichitraveerya. Why not ask him to help in this situation! She remembered him. He appeared in front of her in no time. He heard his mother's plea and agreed to deposit his 'Veerya' in the 'Ksethra' owned by the dead king.

Ritu kaala came. It was a suitable time for the prescribed ritual. The young widows were now physically ready for the union.

The first one to go through the unpleasant ritual was Ambika. She shivered. 'How can this be happening? Are not the queens supposed to have any individual feelings? Were they merely the reproductive systems used by the royalties? How can she, a beloved of her dead husband allow any other man to intrude into her privacy? But, who would listen to her? Dynasty was important. Family-line was important. Individual opinions did not matter. She got ready. Trembling like a sheep to be slaughtered, she waited for the Sage. She had seen him once, when she was made to salute him before the ceremony. He was ugly; jet black; bony structured; old! His eyes had no feelings at all. He was like a ghost. The door opened. Vyaasa entered. His body was covered with oil, making him look more grotesque. Ambikaa closed her eyes in fear. Vyaasa did his work. But a blind child was born. He was named DHRITHA-RAASHTRA; the blind king who ruled the gigantic kingdom of Kuru. He was not only physically blind, but also blind to the Dharma. The Kuru Vamsha was destroyed beyond repairs.



The next sheep was ready for slaughter. Ambaalika got ready for the torture chamber. She did not close her eyes. She became pale and bloodless at the sight of the Sage. Vyaasa did his work. An unhealthy pale child was born; unfit to rule the kingdom; Pandu, the pale one; an impotent man, who had no power to produce any children. What more awaited the well-wishers of the Lunar-dynasty?

Disregarding the pitiable pleadings of the daughter-in-law, the elderly queen ordered her to again approach Vyaasa for progeny. Ambaalika was fed up. She requested her maid to take over her place. Vyaasa finished his duty. The maid acted with all reverence and due respect towards the Great Sage. An intelligent virtuous child was the result; VIDURA - the only wise man, who tried to save the dynasty from destruction. But he was not of royal blood. He was just a maid's son. He had no authority. He was just a servant. He watched silently as the giant dynasty slowly crumbled into dust.



Is a female just a reproductive mechanism? Is SHAKTI a mere child-producing machine? Even if the scriptures have ordained the cruel system, is it right?

Whenever a SHAKTI is insulted; Wherever a SHAKTI is insulted; Dharma does not prevail.

That is a 'Dharmic injunction' - where a SHAKTI is honored as a mother, a sister, a daughter, a wife, a widow, a lover; especially as a woman with feelings.

Wherever SHAKTI is honored, Bliss prevails. Otherwise destruction is imminent.

## SHAKTI

### CAUSE AND EFFECT:

Each event in the present is caused by an event in the past. The destruction phase of the Kuru-dynasty and other royalties related to the Kuru Empire - Where had it begun? What past events caused the present events?



There lived a king named UPARICHARA, a member of the Vasu Clan. He was an honest virtuous king. He once performed penance. Indra, the Ruler of the Gods was pleased. He gifted a divine aerial vehicle to the Earthly ruler. It was a vehicle made of shining marble. The king wandered all over the Earth with its help. He was overjoyed. He had a pretty wife named GIRIKA. He had five sons by her. All ruled different lands allotted to them by their father. Once, Girika had the desire for a union with her husband. Her body craved for his embrace. But, the king was ordered by his father to go for hunting. The king followed the instructions of his father. But, his mind was dwelling on the pretty form of his wife. His semen slipped out of his body. The king felt that his 'Veerya' should not be wasted like this. He took a leaf and with proper hymns, packed his seminal fluid in it. He wanted to send it to his wife. He had a pet eagle. He gave it to the

bird and asked it to deliver it to his wife as soon as possible. The bird obeyed the master's command. It took the leaf in its beak and started towards the palace. But, unfortunately another eagle saw this packet of leaf on the pet-eagle's beak and mistook it to be a piece of meat. A fierce fight took place between the birds and the leaf packet fell into the waters of River Yamuna.



RAADRIKA was a divine nymph! She was very proud of her beauty and charms. She was always teasing good souls engaged in religious pursuits; trying to attract them with her physical charms; playing with the 'fire', like an ignorant child. On the banks of Yamuna, a virtuous Brahmin was engaged in performing his regular religious worship. Raadrika could not keep quiet. With her clothes slipping out, she entered the waters and played around, disturbing the good Brahmin. But, her charms had no effect on the Brahmin. He was seriously engaged in doing 'Praanaayaama'. She felt offended. She held his feet and pulled him into the waters. The Brahmin was annoyed. He cursed her to become a fish. Raadrika, who was wandering in the waters as a fish, caught the 'seminal liquid' and absorbed it. After about ten months, she was caught by a fisher-man. He cut open her stomach, and lo! Two babies, one male and another female, came out. He was surprised and took both the babies to the king. The king took the male baby for himself and gave off the female baby to the fisher-man. The male child was named MATSYA and became a famous virtuous king. The female child was black in color and was named KAALI. Her body had a peculiar smell; the smell of fish. So, she was called MATSYA-GANDHAA. She grew up in the house of the fisher-man, who was the chief of his clan. Raadrika? What happened to her? When she was cursed, she fell at feet of the Brahmin and the kind soul gave her a way out of her curse. So as per his words, she was redeemed of the curse, when she gave birth to two human babies. She had learnt her lesson now. She went back to her heavenly abode, as a better person. Matsya-Gandhi, the daughter of a VASU, was very pretty and attractive. But her home was the fisher-man's humble abode and not a palace. Why was she discarded by the king- because she was a female? Was it her fault to be born a female? Has SHAKTI, no honorable place in the hearts of men?



### SAGE PARAASHARA

The Sage was visiting all sacred religious centers. In the course of the journey, he had reached the banks of Yamuna. He asked the fisher-man to take him across the river in his boat. The man was engaged in consuming food. He ordered his daughter to take the Sage in the boat and leave him on the other bank. The pretty daughter did likewise. The Sage's mind wavered. 'What a beauty!' His mind rocked in passion like the boat he was traveling. His right hand reached her right hand, and he grabbed her towards him. She was unnerved. Taking away her hand gently, she advised the Sage of his unrighteous act. The Sage kept quiet. But as soon as he reached the other bank, he took advantage of the solitude and embraced her forcibly. Struggling against his uncontrolled passion, the black-hued young girl tried to dissuade him by mentioning the stinking smell coming out of her body. But that was no problem to the Sage. He by the power of his penance changed the stink to a pleasant smell pervading all the quarters. The young damsel was pleased. But still she felt that the suggestion of the Sage was not right. She asked the Sage to wait for the nightfall. Maybe by then he would get back his senses. No, he was not to be stopped. By the power of his penance the whole surroundings were covered with a misty darkness. KAALI still struggled vainly. She pleaded with him. 'What would happen to her afterwards? Who will marry her? How would she face the society again?' The Sage was a treasure of penance. He told her that she would again become a virgin after the union. He also blessed her that her parents would never know of this secret union and the child born to her

would be a great Sage like himself. And, she would always emanate a pleasant smell from her body. Now, nothing else could prove an obstacle. The Sage embraced the young maiden with increasing passion. After he was satiated, he had a bath and left the island. KAALI soon became pregnant and delivered a black-hued baby in the island. The child immediately stood as a man in front of her. After saluting her, he left her to perform penance. He was born by the 'Essence of Vishnu'. He edited the VEDAS. He composed the PURANAS. He was KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA – the 'Black-hued; island born; editor'.



But- KAALI?

Did she lose her virginity for the price of a perfume? Why did not the Sage make her his wife and give her a status? A wife is an attachment! A wife is a responsibility! A wife is a burden!

His powers gained through lengthy penance gave him the right to use a girl like an inert object to satisfy his own passion. Is SHAKTI only an 'object of enjoyment'? Is this DHARMA?



MAHAABHISHA was a great king born in IKSHVAKU dynasty. The emperor followed the path of DHARMA. He performed thousand Ashva-Medha Sacrifices and hundred Vaajapeya Sacrifices. He pleased Indra. He went to the Heaven after his death. Once he went to the court of Brahma. Many Gods had assembled there. The divine damsel Ganga was also there.



A gentle wind blew. Her upper garment fell off revealing her beautiful breasts. All Gods immediately looked downwards. The king, who was new to such happenings, looked at her without winking. Ganga also returned a love-filled glance. Observing this shameless act by both of them, Brahma got angry. He cursed the king to take birth in the mortal world. Ganga was also cursed to have a 'union' with the mortal king. She left the court, regretting her loss of self-control.



The Eight divine principles - VASUS once happened to visit the hermitage of Sage Vasishtha. Their wives accompanied them. One of the Vasus was DYOU. His wife saw the divine cow Nandini at the hermitage of the Sage. Her husband informed her that whoever drank the milk from that divine cow will become

youthful and live long. His wife wanted to gift the cow to her friend in the mortal world, the daughter of King USHEENARA. She told her husband to bring that cow to her. DYOU, without thinking of the consequences stole that cow. Other Vasus helped him accomplish this unrighteous act. The Sage was not present at that time. He later returned to find his favorite cow gone along with her calf. He felt anxious. He searched for her, here and there. Then, by divine vision he found out the evil deed of the 'Vasus'. Angered, he cursed them to get born in the mortal world. The Vasus were shocked. They regretted their foolish action. They fell at the feet of the Sage. The Sage was compassionate. He told them that except DYOU, the rest of the 'Vasus' will return to their heavenly abode within a year. But the main culprit will live in the mortal world for a long time. The Vasus were returning to their homes, crestfallen. They met the 'divine damsel' Ganga on their path. She also looked depressed. They saluted her and requested her to give birth to them in the mortal world. They told her to throw them into the river as soon as they were born, so they could become free of the curse. She agreed. She knew that MAHABHISHA was born as king Shantanu in the mortal world. He had chosen the Puru-dynasty born king PRATEEPA as his father. She walked away lost in deep thoughts. Which Divinity would prefer to have a human as her spouse?



King Prateepa, the father of Shantanu was offering worship to God Surya, on the bank of River Ganga. As he watched, a shining divine damsel arose out of the waters. She approached the king and sat on his broad right thigh. He asked her what the purpose of sitting on his right lap was. She said that she was enamored by him and wanted to be his. The king was not to be moved by her beauty. He told her that he had not the habit of wooing girls other than his queen and would not commit such an unrighteous act. But he told her that since she sat on the right lap reserved for daughters and daughter-in-laws, she could marry his son, when he was born. The damsel agreed and vanished into the waters. In due time, the king had a son born out of his queen. He named him Shantanu. The son grew up filled with all virtues. When he came of age, his father related to him this event of the past, and ordered his son that when the divine damsel came out again, Shantanu should marry her without questioning her identity and live happily with her. The king made his son the heir to the throne. He went away to the forest to perform penance and by contemplating on the SUPREME DEVI attained the heavenly abode. Shantanu ruled the kingdom according to the path set by his father.



Once he went to the forest regions to hunt. In that impenetrable jungle, on the banks of River Ganga, he saw a young damsel of unparalleled beauty. Enamored, the king approached her and enquired about her identity. Ganga knew him to be Mahabhisha. But he did not know that she was Ganga. She answered coyly that she was in love with that great king and wanted to be in his company. The king was overjoyed. But the clever damsel put forth a condition for the marriage. She told the king that her actions should not be questioned or controlled whether he felt them to be right or wrong. The king was too much in love to think about the consequences of such a condition. He agreed. The divine lady took a human form and went to the king's abode. Many years passed in sheer marital bliss. They were like Indra and Shachi on Earth. In due time, the pretty maiden became pregnant and gave birth to a beautiful baby. But, as soon as it was born, she took the baby to the river and threw it into the river. The king watched helplessly. He did not stop her for fear of losing her. This happened seven times. The king was feeling agitated. He had seen enough wickedness of this girl. 'What a mother! She was evil-personified', he thought and decided to put an end to the demonic actions of his pretty wife. Little did he know that the children born were the seven 'Vasus' and they had happily returned to their abodes in the heaven by the compassionate deed of Ganga. The eighth son was born. He was DYOU, the main culprit in stealing the cow of Sage Vasishtha. But the king did not know the happenings of the divine world. He pleaded with his wife to spare the child as she started to walk

towards the river with the just-born baby. She did not heed to his words. She was on her way to kill her own baby. The king lost control. He was angry and frustrated. He addressed her in many evil terms and called her a wicked witch and sinner of the worst nature. Ganga was infuriated. She, biting her lips in controlled anger, explained to the king the divine events and took leave of him. Since the child was a divinity born in the human world, she told the king that she would take care of the child till he came of age and return him to the king later. The king was stunned by the events. He had lost his dearest wife forever. He felt dejected. His sorrow knew no bounds. Years passed in terrible loneliness. Once he went to the same river bank where he had seen his dearest wife for the first time. As he sadly remembered the past events, he saw that the river had become shallow. He also saw a young boy engaged in archery practice. The boy was an expert-hand in archery. He was equal to the 'God of love' in beauty. The king could not recognize his own son. He questioned the boy as to his parentage. The boy did not answer. He vanished from sight. The king felt that the boy should be his son. He stood on the bank and prayed to the Goddess Ganga. She appeared before him. She brought the boy to him. Giving the son to the rightful father, she informed the king that his son had lived in the hermitage of Sage Vasishtha and had mastered all the scriptures and was also an expert in the usage of weapons. He would be known by the name - Gangeya. She vanished from sight. The king felt blessed. He took his son to his own palace and established him as the crown-prince. In the joy of getting a son, he soon forgot his divine wife of the past. King Shantanu enjoyed the company of his son for four years engaged in various sports. He spent most of his time in hunting wild animals. Once he was wandering in the forest groves situated on the banks of River Yamuna. There he experienced a pleasant perfume spreading all over that area. The scent did not seem to belong to any known source like flowers or trees or animals. Following the track of the scent he reached the colony of the fisher-men. There he saw a black-hued pretty maiden. The scent was emanating from her body. Smitten with passion, he asked for her hand. She requested the handsome king to take permission of her father. When the king placed his request to the Chief of the fishermen community, the father of Kaali put forth a condition for the marriage. He told the king firmly that only the sons born of his daughter should become heir to the throne of Hastinaapura. The king remembered his own son born of Ganga, who would be the next heir and so unable to give the required promise, he returned home heart-broken. But he lost all peace of mind. His condition became worse day by day. Burning with passion and bound by Dharma, he withered slowly. The son of Ganga observed his father's plight. He approached his father and politely questioned: "O my great father! What ails you? What are you worried about? If any enemy is the cause of your trouble, I will destroy him in no time. Father, tell me what you are worried about. What use is a son if he does not remove the worries of his father? A son takes birth to fulfill the obligations of the past birth. All great men of the past have served their fathers in various ways. Rama, the son of Dasharatha left for the forest with his brother Lakshmana and his wife Sita, just to justify his father's promise to his step mother Kaikeyi. Rohita, the son of Harischandra, sold himself to help his father pay back his debt to his Guru Visvaamitra. Shunasshepa, the son of Ajigarta, got himself sold by his father to get sacrificed in the Sacrificial altar of a king, though he was later rescued by Sage Visvaamitra. Parashuraama cut off the head of his own mother, when he was ordered by his father Jamadagni. O my father! This body is ready for any service that you demand. Nothing is impossible for me. With my bow, I can remove any problem that has been tormenting you. Wasteful is the life of a son, if he does not fulfill the desire of his father! Fie upon such a son!" Shantanu was hesitant to reveal his real state of his mind and brushed off the whole thing with some vague explanation. Gangeya was not satisfied. He consulted the ministers and with their help found out the cause of his father's worry. He took those ministers along and went to the fishermen-chief and heard from him the condition that was put forth for the marriage.



Deva-vrata, the son of Ganga, did not hesitate. He proclaimed this great vow of his. He promised that he would from then onwards take the vow of celibacy and never sit on the throne of Kuru-dynasty. He was

named Bheeshma, the 'Man of Supreme Vow' by one and all. The 'Dasharaja- the fishermen-chief' - the father of Kaali, agreed to give his daughter to the king and Satyawati became the queen of Shantanu.



**DHRITA RAASHTRA!** The blind prince!

His wife was Gaandhaari, the daughter of Subala. She blindfolded her eyes and served her husband devotedly. The prince had another wife, a daughter of a prostitute, who helped run the house. Since the eldest son was blind, Pandu was crowned the ruler. Vidura became a minister and offered wise counsel whenever needed. Pandu had two wives; Kunti the daughter of Shoorasena and Maadri, the princess of Madra Kingdom. Gaandhaari had a hundred sons. The other one had a virtuous son, Yuyutsu. Kunti had had a son from the Sun God before her marriage with Pandu.



**KUNTI!**

She was the daughter of Shoorasena and the adopted daughter of Kunti-bhoja!

Once she served Sage Durvaasa, who visited the king. Durvaasa was a Sage of high caliber; slightest mistake would provoke him to curse. His demands would be untimely and would need immediate attention. He was not an easy person to serve. He stayed for four months in the palace. The princess served him with utter devotion and humility. Even Durvaasa could not help feeling gratified. He blessed the girl with a boon. He gave her a Mantra. By reciting that Mantra any God whom she wished would unite with her. The immature girl received the Mantra like receiving a toy. How long could the toy remain untouched? She wanted to play with the Mantra. Lolling on the soft bed in the early morning, she looked at the rising Sun. He was so beautiful. She meditated on him and recited the Mantra. As if pulled by a rope he appeared before her. Seeing him in person, shining in a splendorous form, she trembled in fear. She offered him worship and requested him to go back. How could He? The Mantra forced him to unite with her. His passion was aroused by the power of the Mantra. He was helpless; was ready to curse even! Kunti submitted herself. The God promised her that her virginity would be preserved. She bore his son in her person. Only her personal maid knew of her condition. A child was born equal to the Sun in splendor. An armor and two ear- ornaments were attached to his person, like limbs. Kunti was reluctant to part from the child; but was forced to do so to preserve the honor of her family. The baby was placed in a specially prepared box. Kunti cried –“O what shall I do? My dear son! My life! How can I live without you? I am indeed an unfortunate soul! O mother! O Durga! Save me! O Mother! You are both formless and with form! You are the Supreme Queen of the Universe! You feed this child! O Mother of All! You are KAATYAAYINI! You bestow any boon desired by the devotee! O when will I see my dear son again? Like a wicked soul, I am discarding this beautiful baby born out of Sun God! I must have committed great sins in my past births. I did not worship the Mother of the Three Worlds! I did not worship the lotus-feet of the Spouse of Shiva! That is why this ill-fate has befallen me! After discarding you like this, I am going to spend my entire life remembering my sin! O son! Forgive your wicked mother!”



As she continued to weep uncontrollably, the maid took the box with the baby away from her and left it on the speeding waves of River Ganga. Kunti returned to the palace; a model of virtue and sacrifice; a mother who would do anything for her children; a strong willed woman! Her strength of character alone held her sons from following the path of Adharma! She was SHAKTI! She could bear any amount of pain; and pain never left her after that tragic event. Pain was her constant companion.

Marriage with a weak king; a rival queen to claim her husband's love; widowhood; constant danger to life from the Kuru Princes; her daughter-in-law's insult in the royal court; the separation from her sons for a long long time; finding her first son ready to kill her other five sons; battles; deaths; insults; ridicules! Pain indeed was her constant companion! But she faced all difficulties with courage. She had trust in GOD; in Dharma; in her own self! She never drowned in the ocean of the painful world. She was SHAKTI! She was powerful! She was a mother! The baby discarded by her, meanwhile was rescued by a charioteer named Radha. The child was named Karna, but grew up only as an ordinary person without status. He was a 'sootaputra', a driver's son. And his unwed mother had married Pandu, the son of Vichitraveerya. Maadri, the Madra princess was the other wife of Pandu. But, fate intervened again.



Once, King Pandu went to the forest to hunt animals. He unknowingly shot a Sage who was mating with his wife in the form of a deer. The dying Sage cursed him to die, if he ever united with a woman. Depressed beyond control, the king renounced and went to the forest to live the life of penance, accompanied by his two wives. He spent his time in the company of great Sages and practiced severe penance. Once he happened to hear these words from the mouth of a reputed Sage.



“There is no redemption for a man without a son. Somehow a son should be acquired. These methods could be employed in getting a son. Have your own child; adopt the son of your daughter; get some other person to use your 'Ksethra [wife], and get the son. Use another man's Veerya; permit another man to have the company of your wife in your presence. Marry a girl who has already a child in her womb. Get a son from uniting with a girl who is unmarried. Buy a son. Adopt any forsaken child as your son. Take the charity of a child from someone. All these sons have the right over the property and name. But the first one is the best. The next ones mentioned are considered lower in nature, in order.”

When Pandu consulted his wife and suggested to her to get a child by Niyoga, she mentioned to him about the Mantra she had received from the Sage Durvaasa. The king was overjoyed. He was thankful in his mind towards the Sage who had blessed his wife with such a boon and saved his family. So Kunti, with the permission of her husband, used the Mantra to get sons. By 'union' with Dharma raja or Yama, she begot Yudhistira, 'one stable at wars'. By Vaayu, she got Vrikodara, 'one hungry like a wolf'; by Indra she got Arjuna, the fair one. Maadri begged her husband and the elder sister to bless her with the Mantra. Pandu permitted her to use the Mantra only once. She called on the 'Asvini Gods', and had two sons- Nakula and

Sahadeva; she was quite clever! Maadri was very pretty, young and a little careless in her behavior. Once Pandu saw her and felt his passion rising high. Unable to control himself, he embraced the protesting wife and fell down dead. Maadri also fell along with him, like a creeper falling along with a tree. She couldn't forgive herself. She handed over her sons and to Kunti and entered the crematory fire set for her husband. The Sages who lived there took the orphaned Kunti and her five sons to Hastinaapura and left them to Bheeshma's care. Kunti had a hard time proving the parentage of her sons. All knew about the curse given by the Sage to Pandu. But Kunti's lustrous character was the proof of her purity. The Kuru Vamsha elders accepted her back into the family.



### DRAUPADI

Draupadi, the daughter of King Drupada was a great Pati-vrata, a devoted wife. She was the wife of the five sons of Pandu. She had a son from each one of them.

Arjuna had another wife, Subhadra, the sister of Krishna Vaasudeva. Abhimanyu was the son of Arjuna by Subhadra. Abhimanyu died in the battle still young. Draupadi's sons also were killed in the battle.

Abhimanyu's wife was the daughter of King Viraata. Her child was the only light left to continue the Kuru dynasty. This child in the womb was also attacked by an arrow. But, Krishna rescued it with his yogic power. The child was named Pareekshit; the one left over when all around him were dead.

A dead kingdom; dead bodies; widows; orphans; old women; old men; screams; weeping sounds; cursing voices; heart rending shouts; tears; a land destroyed by war; the five rulers drowned in their own tragedy! Blood flowed everywhere!

Dhritaraashtra and Gaandhaari were offered shelter by the sons of Pandu and were still respected and revered by the family members. Vidura was still offering Dharmic-consultation to the new kings to the best of his ability.

Kunti was again holding everyone's moral up! She had seen all! What more could be worse? But, she held on. She trusted in the SUPREME SHAKTI. She was also a mother. She had the power to bear the pain.



### DHRITARAASHTRA

The Blind king!

Blind to the insult rendered to the daughter-in-law of the family; deaf to the advice offered by Vidura; dumb in front of the accusing finger of Dharma; greedy for power; greedy for wealth; he led his children to the worst end possible. May such worlds cease to exist in this world ruled by PARASHAKTI!

Now the blind king was shamelessly holding on to his life at the abode of Paandavas. Yudhistira served him sincerely. Draupadi even now felt a little hesitant to come into the presence of the blind king. The ordeal she went through in the open court of the king still pricked her. Arjuna ignored him. The twin brothers just went through their duties without protest. Bheema had no sympathy for the old king. He missed no chance to insult the old man. Rather, he waited for opportunities to hurt the couple.

Eighteen years passed.

Arrows sharper than the sharpest arrows had fallen on the old king. Bheema's words were unbearable. They echoed even in his dreams. "O you wicked old fool! I have killed all your sons in the battle-field. I have drunk the blood of Dusshaasana. Now you are living on crumbs thrown by us. You have no shame. You wait for the morsel of food like a dog or crow".



Yudhishtira tried to console the king, calling Bheema an idiot. But, the comfort-loving old man also had his limits. He begged the son of Yama to permit him to go to the forest. He also begged for some wealth to perform some obituary services to his sons, as Bheema had never done anything for the after-life of his cousin brothers. Bheema was enraged. He again shot back hot words; “Old man! Now you want wealth to waste on your sons’ welfare? Even a blind idiot is humored here. What more foolishness can be there, O you evil wretched man! Because of you, we suffered in the forest. Even Draupadi was brought forcibly to the court by ‘your grace’! O great soul! We lived as servants in the palace of king Viraata. If our elder brother was not a gambler, the destruction would not have happened. I was a cook there. Arjuna had to wear bangles. Dressed as a female, he taught dance and music! What more insult could be there than being a man in a woman’s garb? What could be worse than that? Bangles in the hand, which held the bow Gaandiva! When I remember the plaits on his hair and the collyrium on his eyes, I feel like strangling this old fool even now. I won’t rest in peace otherwise. O king, do you know that without asking permission, your son tried to burn us all in the wax house? And my dear old fool, I did not consult you before killing Keechaka, who was after my wife. I had pushed his neck and legs into his central body and made a bloody mass of him. I only regret that I did not do such a thing to your sons and his wives. O fool! Why did you free your sons from the clutches of Gandharvas? Now see what happened? They are dead now! The Gandharvas would have done it free of cost at that time. If I had any authority, I would not give you even a clay coin.” So saying, he left the assembly. Unfortunately or fortunately, he had no authority. Yudhishtira gave enough wealth to the old king to satisfy his whim. The old king went to the forest along with his wife Gaandhaari. Kunti and Vidura also followed him. Kunti could not be stopped from going to the forest. Paandavas were forced to escort all of them to the banks of the River Ganga. All the elders started living in the hermitage of the Sage Shatayupa.

Six years passed.



Yudhishtira was having bad dreams. He felt some evil in the air. He desired to see the elders living in the forest. All of them reached the hermitage in a hurry. Vidura was not to be seen. He was passing his time in contemplation in some solitary place. Nobody knew where he was. Yudhishtira went in search of him. On the second day, the king found him sitting in the banks of River Ganga. The king saluted him and announced himself. Vidura did not move. He was like a statue. Next moment, a lustrous light emanated out of Vidura’s face and entered the king’s face; for, both were the manifestations of Yama in parts. Yudhishtira got ready to perform the crematory services for the old minister. He started collecting wood. But a voice from the heavens spoke saying that Vidura was a man of dispassion and did not need the obituary works. He went back and informed others of Vidura’s demise. He spent some days with his mother and others in the forest.

One day Naarada and Vyaasa arrived there. Many Sages also accompanied them. All the women-folk burst into tears on seeing them. They confided their own personal anxieties to the compassionate Sages. Kunti begged them to give a vision of her son Karna. Gaandhaari wanted to see Duryodhana. Subhadra wanted to see Abhimanyu. Vyaasa consented to their wish. He took all of them to the banks of River Ganga. Vyaasa completed his Praanaayama and the evening worship and prayed to the Supreme Mother.



Salutations O Mother!

You are the Mother of all Creations.

You are both with form and without form.

You are the Support of Prakriti and Purusha.

You are the Queen of all Divinities.

You are the Supreme Brahman.

You are the Resident of the Splendorous Manidveepa.

When there existed not - the Creator, nor Brahma, nor Ishvara, nor Indra, nor Varuna, nor Kubera, nor Yama, nor Agni, - then also You existed.

When there existed not- the five elements, nor their essences, nor the Mind, Intelligence or the Senses, when the Sun and the Moon were not there, - You existed then.

Salutations O Mother!

All the created worlds exist in Your Consciousness.

All the Gunas, Lingas exist in Your Awareness.

All forms - male and females - exist in Your Mind.

You keep all these in You for eternal times.

You are in the state of 'Formless Samadhi' with all these existing in You eternally.

Yet You are free and act as You please!

These 'existences' do not affect Your real state of Bliss.

Even intelligent people do not know You in that state.

You are in Eternal Union with Your Spouse there.

You are in Eternal Bliss there.

You are in Eternal state of Love there.

You exist as One and also Two there.

You are both You and Your Spouse.

Yet You are both One in Love and Bliss.

You never separate from Your Spouse any time.

Your Union with Siva is the Cause of all the Creations.

Yet you both are not affected by their existence.

You both exist as One in Blissful Union.

You both exist as form and formless at the same time.

Your Existence is beyond the comprehension of the human minds.

These people are praying to me to show their dead relatives. I am not capable of such a feat.

Please O Mother, You kindly grant their wishes. Show them their dead kith and kin."

A splendid light rose immediately in front of them and all of them saw the dead ones in their present condition. And by Vyaasa's Yogic Power, they were sent back again. After this event everybody returned to their respective abodes.



Sanjaya left for visiting all pilgrimage centers. On the third day a jungle fire arose killing the blind king, his wife, Kunti and others. Thirty six years after the war, the Yaadava clan destroyed itself by the curse of a Brahmin. Balaraama discarded his body by Yoga. Krishna died by getting hit by an arrow of a hunter. Vasudeva also discarded his body when in contemplation of the Great Mother. All the eight wives of

Krishna and Revati, the wife of Balarama, entered the fire along with the dead spouses. Arjuna performed all obituary services to the dead souls. Floods destroyed the great city of the Yadavas. The people who were left over went off to the city of Hastinapura and took shelter under the Pandavas. But as Arjuna was taking these people including many wives of Krishna to the city, he was attacked by dacoits. Arjuna felt weak and could not fight the dacoits. He watched helplessly as the evil ones took away all the wealth from the travelers. He was shocked. He returned home crestfallen. He established Aniruddha's son Vajra as the chief of the Yadava clan. Later he went to Sage Vyasa and expressed his anguish at his powerless state. Vyasa consoled him and said that again when Krishna would be born on the Earth, in the next 'Yuga', he will also be born along with him and at that time he will have enough power. Yudhishthira felt that it was time for him to return to the forests.



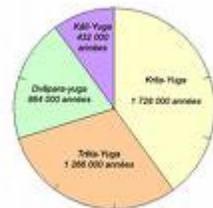
Pareekshit, the son of Uttara, had completed thirty eight years. The old Pandava king made him the next ruler and started his journey towards the Himalayas. His wife and his brothers accompanied him. After all the trouble they had taken to win back the kingdom, they ruled it only for a span of thirty eight years. They spent their last years in penance and gave up their bodies in due time. Pareekshit was a man of great character and ruled the kingdom following the footsteps of his elders. He tried his best to rebuild the ruins left after the terrifying war.

Sixty years passed.

Once he went to the forest-lands for hunting. In the course of hunting he had moved away from his own people and got lost in the huge jungle. Hungry and thirsty, he wandered for a long time searching for some shelter. Tired and exhausted, he at last saw a hermitage. A Sage was sitting under the tree lost in contemplation. The old Sage did not wake up though the king called him several times. Feeling insulted and offended, the king took a dead snake nearby and garlanded the Sage. The Sage still did not move. The king ate whatever was inside the hut and went off in anger.



How could such an action belong to the grandson of the great Pandavas?  
All because of the overlapping Kali-Yuga!



#### FOUR YUGAS

Krita or Sat Yuga; Treta Yuga; Dwapara Yuga; Kali Yuga!

The Yugas are termed according to the quantities of the total Vasanas in the world. Kali Yuga is supposed to be the worst. Sat Yuga is the best. Yugas need not come in the fixed order. All depends on the

purity of the people at that time. And each Yuga overlaps the other. Each Yuga almost ends in a great battle or natural calamities to give way for the new Yuga.

After the Mahabharata war, it was time for the Kali Yuga-overlapping, and moved by the macroscopic influence even good people acted their worst at times. And, Pareekshit did the same.

Unknowingly he insulted the Sage in anger. But, he had to face the consequences of his action.

The young son of the Sage, who was out playing, heard about this insult to his father and immediately cursed the king that he should die bitten by the Snake TAKSHAKA within seven days. The king heard about this.

Death! Nobody likes Death! The king was no exception. He wanted to live. He wanted to have at least half a life-span from another person and live. He called his ministers and asked them to find some person who could give him half of his life-span. He mentioned to them the story of a lady who was bitten by the serpent and became alive after getting half the life-span of her husband.



Puloma, the devoted wife of Brighu; she had a son named Chyavana. Chyavana married Sukanya daughter of Sharyati. She had a son named Pramati; his wife was Prataapi. She had a son named Ruru. A king named Vishvasu once enjoyed the company of the heavenly nymph Menakaa. The heavenly lady discarded the resultant child on the river bank and went away. A great Sage named Sthula-kesha found the female baby and brought it up as his own. She was named Pramadvara - 'Best among charming Women'. She grew up like a pretty creeper and became well known for her beauty everywhere. Once prince Ruru saw her and fell in love with her. After the elders consented, the marriage date was fixed. But before marriage the young girl got bitten by a snake in the forest path and died immediately. Ruru heard about this tragedy and was heart-broken. He lamented for a long time and decided to give up his life. But something stuck his mind. He decided to do something before he gave up his life.

He performed meditation on the Supreme Mother for some time and proclaimed:

"If I have done any good deed in the past; if I have respected the elders in the past; if I have done my meditations in the past properly; if I have performed the Gayatri-Sadhana perfectly; if I have studied all the Vedas properly; if I have pleased the Sun with my worship; let my beloved rise up brimming with life or I give up my life also."

A passing God heard this and came down from his heavenly chariot. He advised Ruru to give half of his life-span to his beloved. Ruru agreed. Meanwhile, Vishvasu heard about the death of his daughter. He requested Yama to give back his daughter's life. Yama agreed and told them that Pramadvara will become alive again by half of the life-span of Ruru. Ruru got back his beloved and married her on an auspicious day. They both lived happily forever.



Pareekshit was not a person to accept fate's cruel decision. He decided to fight till the last breath. He got a tower of seven storeys built and lived on top of it with his trustworthy ministers. No snake had a chance of crawling up the tower. Even wind could not peep in without the guards knowing. He also sent a pious Brahmin as a representative and apologized to the Sage whom he had offended. Many men versed in snake-bite cures were stationed nearby for emergency. The king never got out of the tall tower. He attended to all his duties there itself. Meanwhile, a Brahmin named Kashyapa, who was well-versed in different kinds of 'mantras' heard about the condition of the king. He was in dire need of money. So he decided to help the king and earn some money. Takshaka, the serpent who was destined to kill the king had taken the form of a Brahmin and proceeding towards Hastinaapura. He saw Kashyapa and found out that the Brahmin had the intention of saving the king. In order to test him, he revealed his true form and bit the

giant banyan tree nearby. The tree immediately turned into ashes. Kashyapa took some water in his hand, and reciting some 'mantra' sprinkled the water on the ashes of the tree. The tree immediately became alive and stood in front of them as before. Takshaka was surprised. He tempted the Brahmin with wealth and asked him to go back. Kashyapa was in a dilemma. He knew if he went back without saving the king, he would be blamed by one and all. He meditated for some time. He found out by 'yogic power' that the king would not survive the snake-bite. So instead of wasting his time on a futile attempt, he took the wealth offered by Takshaka and returned home. Takshaka himself was helpless in this case because he would be in for a curse if he disobeyed the order of the Sage's son. He had also no sympathy for the king who had insulted a Great Sage. But, when he reached the tower, he was surprised to find that the tower was heavily guarded and he had no approach to the king's room. He asked some of his serpent companions to disguise themselves as Sages and take some fruits in a basket, and offer it to the king personally. He turned himself into a tiny worm and entered a delicious looking fruit. But the guards refused permission to the Sages saying that nobody was allowed inside the tower by the King's order. They took the basket of fruits and sent it to the king through their own men.



The king was very cheerful. Soon the Sun would set and seven days would be completed. No snake had been able to approach him.

He had conquered fate. He had conquered death.

He looked at the delicious looking apples in the basket.

He took the ripest one and offered the others to his close friends.

As he cut the fruit, he saw an atom-like worm inside the fruit.

He was little senseless by his victory over death. He took the worm in his hand and laughed.

He said, "Let this tiny worm bite me so as to make the Sage's curse true."

He placed the worm on his neck.

Immediately the worm turned into a terrifying giant serpent. It bit him. The king sat stunned.

He did not move. He felt defeated.

His men were not able to come near him. The fire from the snake's mouth kept them at a distance.

Another terrifying fire filled with poison arose from the mouth of Takshaka.

The king was burnt by the poison immediately.

He fell down like a dead tree.

Takshaka rose into the sky and disappeared.

## KING JANAMEJAYA.

He was just a little boy when his father died by snake-bite.

He was crowned as the next Emperor.

He did not disappoint the people for the trust they placed in him.

Everybody felt secure under his rule. Prosperity reigned.

But fate? It waited!



## UTTANKA!

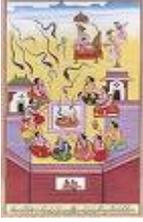
Uttanka was a Brahmin harassed by Takshaka!

He had a personal grudge against the serpent king.

He sought the guileless king Janamejaya. He talked him into taking revenge for the death of his father.

Takshaka had to be avenged. The serpent-clan itself should be destroyed.

The fire of revenge started burning in the king's heart.



A great serpent Sacrifice was arranged. Sages and Brahmins from all the lands were invited. Charity was unlimited. A huge fire-altar was built.

As the Sages recited the Mantra, snakes crawled to the fire as if pulled by chains and fell into the fire. Takshaka was no exception.

He was getting pulled towards the fire by the power of the Mantra.

He took shelter in Indra. Indra held on to him by his divine power.

Uttanka was enraged.

He willed that both the serpent and Indra should enter the fire together.



Takshaka was hanging in the air above the sacrificial fire. Indra was also getting pulled along with him.



## ASTHIKA

A young boy, son of Sage Jaratkaaru, approached the king. He was the son of a serpent mother. His name was Asthika. He pleased the king with his Vedic Knowledge. The king granted him any boon he wished for. Asthika asked for the Sacrifice to be stopped. King Janamejaya granted the boon. Takshaka was saved. But revenge? It fell dead in front of a 'promise to a child'!

This is BHARATAVARSHA! The sacred land loved by Gods! The land of penance and virtue! The land where Gods walked as human beings!

What caused all these happenings like snake-Sacrifice? And, why was it stopped?



## JARATKAARU

Jaratkaaru was a great Sage! He never married. Once he saw all his ancestors hanging upside down in a pit. He learnt that they suffered that fate because he had no sons to offer the obituary services. He wanted to marry. He was searching for a worthy partner-in-life.



Sage Kashyapa had two wives – Kadru and Vinata. As usual their relationship was a little sour. Once they both saw the horses belonging to the Sun's chariot. The question of their color arose. Vinata said they were white in color. Kadru said that they were black. She said that if the color proved to be black, Vinata should become her maid. Vinata agreed.



Unknown to her, Kadru sought the help of her serpent-sons and asked them to cover the bodies of the horses so as to make them look black. Her sons had better sense of Dharma. They refused to obey her. She cursed them that they would be burnt in the Sacrificial fire of King Janamejaya. Some serpents fearing the curse stuck to the tail of the horse and somehow managed to make the horse look different. Vinata did not understand that she was getting cheated by Kadru. She was heart broken.



Garuda, her son heard her lamentations and rushed to help her. He was the Chief of the bird-clan. His mother informed him that now she was the slave of Kadru and had to carry her everywhere. Garuda helped her in her work and asked Kadru to release his mother from slavery. He would do anything to free her. She asked for the nectar from Heavens. Garuda fought with the Devas and brought the nectar and gave it to Kadru. His mother was now free. But Indra stole back the nectar when the serpents were un-alert.



The greedy serpents bit the Kusha grass spread out there. 'Maybe the pot had rolled and the nectar was sticking to them', they thought. The sharp-edged grass cut their tongue and their tongues became split.



The good serpents who were cursed by their mother went to Brahma, to put forth their cause. Brahma told them to find the Sage Jaratkaaru and offer the sister of the Serpent-Chief Vaasuki, in marriage to him and that her son will save the serpent clan. The serpents did likewise. But Jaratkaaru insisted that if anything unpleasant was done by her, he would leave her and go off. They both lived happily in the palace of Vaasuki. Once the tired Sage told his wife not to wake him up at any cost and went to sleep.



Evening time approached. It was worship time. His wife was in a dilemma.  
'Dharma had to be preserved at any cost. It did not matter if her husband got angry'; she thought.  
She woke him up. Jaratkaaru was annoyed. He decided to leave the palace.  
His wife pleaded - "What about the child that will save her clan?"  
He just said, "ASTI" (is there). He left.  
In due time, she gave birth to a child. He was equal to his father in studies and Knowledge.  
His name was AASTHIKA and he saved the serpent-clan from destruction.  
Wherever his name is remembered, the serpents do not cause harm.



Past; Present: Future!  
An event in the present is the cause of many events in the past.  
An event in the present becomes one of the causes for a future event.  
Nothing happens without a cause.

**END OF VOLUME ONE**

# VOLUME TWO

## CONTENTS:

1. Greatness of Shiva.
2. Sage Vyaasa and the greatness of his works.
3. Brahma's foolish actions.
4. Story of Sandhya.
5. Shiva's Marriage with Daakshaayini.
6. The Destruction of Daksha Yajna.
7. Shiva's agony

## SHIVA



Devotion to SHIVA!  
Devotion to SHIVA!  
Devotion to SHIVA!  
There is no other shelter for me.  
You alone are my support.  
Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!



How to get rid of the sorrows?  
Once, the Gods asked Vishnu this question.  
He answered:  
"Is this a thing you all do not know? Is it not clearly seen?  
He alone is to be served! He alone is to be served! Always and forever!  
SHANKARA is the Remover of all sorrows.  
If you are after happiness, never for a moment stop worshipping SHIVA!  
If SHIVA is forgotten even for a moment that is the greatest harm that can happen.  
That is blindness! That is foolishness!  
Those who are devoted to SHIVA; those who are subservient to SHIVA; those who remember SHIVA,  
they never get a cause to worry!  
All that is coveted on the earth will be theirs. All Siddhis reside in him who is devoted to SHIVA!"



Rare is a human birth! Rare is a human birth in a proper family!  
Waste not the precious life in sensuous pursuits.  
Develop devotion to SHIVA. Offer all that you do to SHIVA.



Duty pertaining to one's own birth is the best form of worship.  
Better than that is the chanting of SHIVA's name.  
Contemplation on His Form is better than chanting.  
SHIVA is always present in the mind of the person who meditates on Him.  
No sorrows come near such contemplative souls.



LINGA is of two kinds; gross and subtle.  
When Linga is worshipped in a gross form, it is eternal.  
When IT is meditated upon in the mind, it is subtle.  
Worldly people worship the gross form. Yogis worship the subtle form.



The Entire Universe is filled with the principle of SHIVA.  
Those who know this truth do not have rules to follow in the worship of SHIVA.  
Like one Sun reflected in many water-pots, Shiva is seen everywhere by the Knower.  
What use is a gross form of SHIVA, to a knower who sees everything as SHIVA! But, a person who does not have such a realization has to rise himself by worshipping the 'gross form' of SHIVA.



There is no sin in this world. But if you own an action, the good and bad of it also belong to you. The sin attaches itself to the pure soul like dirt. Washing the cloth makes the color look brighter. Worship of SHIVA, brings out the color of Knowledge and makes it shine better.

Knowledge rises because of Devotion. Devotion rises because of Knowledge.

Virtuous actions and worship of Gods give rise to Devotion.

Devotion leads to Knowledge. Knowledge leads to the Highest Truth.

Take shelter in a Guru. Keep the company of good souls. Knowledge and devotion will rise together.

In the state of the Highest Truth there is no duality. A person who sees no duality is SHIVA himself.

For a person who has transcended duality there is no happiness or sorrow.

Such a person is honored by all the Sages and all the Gods. Such a person sanctifies the very place he is.

Temples may take some time-span to purify you.

But a devotee of SHIVA who sees SHIVA everywhere purifies you instantly.



Worship of all the Gods is indeed purifying. But Worship of SHIVA is equal to the Worship of all Gods. SHIVA is like the root of all.

If you water the root, the trunk, branches, leaves, all get that water.

If you water the branches or the leaves, the root never gets the water. The tree dries up.

So worship SHIVA! All Gods are pleased. All your desires would be fulfilled.



O Great Lord! Rise up!

O Lord of my heart! Rise up!

O Lord of Uma! Rise up!

Do good to this world!

I do not know - the right or wrong of things!

I do not know - attachment or detachment!

You reside in my heart O Father! Guide me!

I will act as You direct me!

Salutations O Shiva!

Salutations O Father!

Salutations O Master!

Salutations O my own Self!

Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!



### SHIVA TATVA – SHIVA PRINCIPLE.

Who can understand SHIVA? Who is He? Where is He?

SHIVA is Auspiciousness!

SHIVA is Knowledge!

SHIVA is Goodness.

SHIVA appears always in the form of a huge fire! He appears as a Linga/Symbol of Fire!

Brahma and Vishnu tried their best to find the beginning and end of that Linga.

Brahma took the form of a swan. Vishnu took the form of a boar.

Brahma wanted to find the source of the Linga! So he flew high like a swan.

Vishnu wanted to find the end of creations. He went downwards digging fiercely.

Did they succeed in their quest?

Could such an event occur? Did it happen really?



### KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA

Sage Veda Vyasa, adept in the art of story-telling can narrate the incidents so interestingly that the listener who is lost in the story-line entirely misses the hidden messages in the stories. Vyasa manages to hide the sacred truths from even an alert listener. He polishes the events with such a glittering color of gold that the actual scene is never understood by the student. Vyasa, an expert in the phonetic science also, manages to hide Great Mantras and techniques of meditation in the ordinary lettering of the story that an ordinary world-oriented mind can never comprehend it. A person who can read aloud the works of Vyasa with perfect intonation gets the benefit of the Mantras, and raises in the spiritual ladder very fast. But in this age where even a Gayatri Mantra is repeated only for merit without the attainment of the actual phonetic benefits as such; where the fiction part of his works alone are circulated and not the proper phonetic rendering of the Puranas, no wonder the modern world discards the great works of the renowned Sage as just a collection of fairy tales.



His composition contains every known thing in the fourteen worlds.

His works are treasure chests containing gems of Knowledge.

Mantras, Yogic-methods, Contemplation of the Highest, Knowledge which belongs to the Gods and many more spiritual codes abound in his works hidden from the ordinary class of listener.

Since Puranas are studied only for the merit they bestow, the Truths are always missed.

Events of the God-world are so obscure and vague that they are dismissed as myths by the logical minds.

The spiritual seekers of today on the other hand dismiss Puranas as some stories connected to the non-existing clan called Gods. They stick to the lessons taught in the Upanishads and discard the Puranas as fit for the lower class of Sadhaks. They do not understand that the Upanishads are just infinitesimal piece of Truth in SHIVA TATTVA. They forget that the very Upanishads are an extract from the Vedas and it was Vyaasa who sorted out the mess. He alone is the author of all the Puranas. If he has worked all through his life to translate his vision of the God-world into some masterpiece of phonetic science it is not to use them as bed-time stories for kids. In order to hide the God-world from one and all and discourage the heaven-seeking fools of his time, he extracted the Knowledge portion of the Vedas painstakingly with the help of his dear disciple Krishna and diverted all seekers of towards a 'formless, unifying Truth'! Upanishads make you reach only up to the Para Brahman level of the creation one is born in and not above that. The first blockage to 'Truth' is the Para Brahman level. Of course, without it you cannot proceed further. But you cannot stop at that level itself if you are after the Highest Truth. And, Puranas add more to the confusion.

In Vishnu Bhagavata Vishnu is considered as the Highest God! In Shiva Purana Shiva is the highest! In Skandha Purana Skandha is the Highest. So who really is 'The Highest'?

No one can get the correct answer from the narratives of the Puranas. It is one single Vyaasa who has written all the Puranas and each Purana extols one chosen God as the Highest. But hidden in each Purana is the coded mantra of that particular deity which only a Sage of the ancient world adept in the recitation of Mantras can comprehend. We have access only to the dilapidated treasure box of Puranas; we do not have the key to open the treasure chest. We do not even know what gems could be hidden in that chest!

Even in the narratives of the Puranas we must learn to read in between the lines. We must understand the allegorical meanings of the events mentioned in the Puranas.

Reading Purana is also an art.

Learn to fly. Learn to dig. Learn to have subtle vision.

Then only Vyaasa's works will reveal the gems hidden in them.

Puranas are not myths or stories but works of spiritual science filled with Mantras and Tantras.

Approach the book with reverence and the truths will reveal themselves to you.

Salutations to the lotus feet of the Great Sage Vyaasa, the son of Paraashara.



## DEVALOKA! THE WORLD OF GODS

Deva Loka is an abode of many Sacred Truths!

It is place always under attack by the demonic forces!

The God world always presents a dramatic incident outside; but hides the Knowledge internally.

The events are all true. But the Knowledge is hidden.

To quote-

The churning of the milk ocean was true; but the Knowledge gained by Gods in that event is hidden!

Brahma and Vishnu taking the form of swan and the boar are true; the Knowledge they gained is hidden!



Vyaasa is very clever. He can hide the precious stones in a cotton pouch and get away with it!



Swan- can fly up; has wings; is pure white in color; can differentiate between milk and water; can consume the milk mixed up in water! Brahma took the form of a swan to find the top of the Linga!  
 Boar- can dig down the earth; has legs; is dark in color; is strong and ferocious! Vishnu took the form of the boar to reach the bottom of the Linga!



To get the Higher Knowledge you must have Saatvic nature.  
 You must have the wings of discrimination and analysis; Viveka and Vichaara!  
 You should be able to comprehend the Truth behind the appearances!  
 You should know 'AHAM SAHA' – 'I AM HE'!  
 You should fly high without stopping. There is no resting place in the middle. You reach the destination or fall! You must be a swan if you want to find the source of SHIVA!



To get the Knowledge of the Creations you should be Rajasic in nature!  
 You must have VEDAS as legs - as your Support!  
 You should be capable of digging out the Truths!  
 You must be adamant enough to throw away the worthless mud surrounding the Truth!  
 You must be strong enough to never cease your efforts till you get what you want.  
 If you stop half-way you will have only mud all around you; as we are buried in Devotion-less worships and Knowledge-less discourses!  
 You must be a boar if you want to find the Truth about the Creations!  
 The Created worlds are where you can find the feet of SHIVA!



Brahma who was Rajasic in nature could not find the Source of SHIVA!  
 He was filled with Creative vaasanaas!  
 A vibrating mind cannot rise high! Only Silence can lead to the Truth!  
 So he failed!  
 Vishnu understood that the Knowledge downwards was infinite and so, he stopped his search!  
 He did not fail! He knew his limitations!  
 A salt doll can never find the depths of the ocean; but it can melt in the ocean and be the ocean itself!  
 If you want to know SHIVA you have to become SHIVA!  
 You needn't be either a swan or a boar; just BE THAT!  
 SIVOHAM SIVOHAM SIVOHAM



## GOD-WORLD

More Powers! More Knowledge! More Pleasures!

And, most of all- More ego!

Ego which disrespects others is harmful. Ego which respects others with the self-respect in fact is progressive.

Ego of Gods, ignorance in Gods, leads to many events in their world! This in turn reflects in the mortal minds in the creations!

When juniors disrespect the seniors in Deva-Loka, when they plot against the senior staff, the mortal world repeats it!

If that world is perfect, this world also will be perfect!

If they act imperfectly, the worlds they created also take the wrong direction.

SHIVA tries to keep the God-world perfect. SHAKTI watches everything silently!



Once Brahma plotted against Shiva!

How? Why?

Because he lacked the company of the Goddess of Knowledge!

Because he was ignorant!



BRAHMA, the Supreme Creator!

He had finished creating many noble Sages to continue the progeny and spread the Knowledge of the Vedas.



As he idled, a beautiful girl came out of him. .

Her name was SANDHYA; an unparalleled beauty!

As Brahma looked at the heavenly beauty, another being came out of him.



KAAMA DEVA; the God of Love; the principle of passion!  
He acted on all minds, including Brahma.  
Sandhya was extremely beautiful.  
Brahma's mind wavered. He desired her.  
Dharma was at stake.  
A father, desiring his own daughter!  
Dharma cried out to Shiva.  
Shiva appeared.  
He laughed at Brahma's foolishness.  
He ridiculed him in front of one and all.  
He chided him for his unrighteous act.  
Kaama withdrew his arrows out of fear.  
Brahma controlled himself out of fear.  
Shiva vanished.  
Brahma's anger turned towards Kaama.  
He cursed him.  
"May you be burnt to ashes by the fire proceeding from Shiva!"  
Kaama pleaded his innocence.  
Brahma gave a solution.



**SANDHYA!**  
A lady of virtuous character!  
She felt ashamed of herself.  
She was the cause of all the troubles.  
Because of her, Brahma got censured.  
Because of her Kaama got cursed.  
'She and her worthless beauty!' She cursed herself.  
She had to do something to purify herself.  
She decided to perform penance.  
She went to the banks of the Chandrabhaaga River and started her penance.



Brahma called his son Vasishtha.

He advised him to go and teach Sandhyaa, the art of penance.

Vasishtha obeyed.

He taught her the best penance ever possible.

“Contemplate on the Most Supreme luster. Meditate on the Supreme Being, the Culmination of all penance.

Worship Him who is the Supreme object of Worship.

Worship SHAMBHU; SHANKARA; SHIVA; RUDRA; MAHAADEVA”!

He gave her the mantra-

OM NAMA SHANKARAYA OM.

He also taught her the correct method of worship.

She followed his instructions and engaged her time in worshipping Shankara.

One Chatur-Yuga (Four-Yuga unit of time) passed.

Shankara appeared in front of her.

Sandhyaa did not even know what to do in His presence.

Tears filled her eyes.

Shankara was compassionate.

He smiled.

She was blessed with all the Knowledge and Speech Divine!

Words flowed from her mouth like a stream of Ganga!



Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!

You are Formless.

You are attainable by Knowledge alone.

You are neither gross nor subtle.

You are neither above nor below.

You are the Creator of all the worlds.

You reside in the heart of yogis.

You are quiescent.

You are pure.

You are changeless.

You are self-shining.

You know everything.

You are beyond darkness.

You are One.

You are the SELF of all.

You are ageless.

You are Sat-Chit-Ananda.

You are the Essence of everything; yet, You are not one of these things.

Your Form shines like a Splendorous Light; pure white; and like a jewel.

Your hands hold the Trishula and the skull.

You are the Greatest Yogi.

You have all the elements, time and all the forms under control.

You have no form; yet, Brahma’s and Vishnu’s forms have risen out of You.

You are also in the form of Rudra.

You are the Cause of all causes.  
Your Form shines equal to the Splendor of thousand Suns.  
You bestow on you devotees - prosperity, Knowledge and eternity.  
You give everybody in the fourteen worlds everything they need.  
There exists nothing beyond You.  
From your feet arise - all the elements, Gods, and the limitations of space-time.  
You are SAD-BRAHMA.  
You are PARA-BRAHMA.  
There is no end, beginning or middle in You.  
How can I praise You, who are beyond the reach of mind and speech!  
When Gods like Brahma do not know Your Form, how can I describe it?  
You are beyond all characters.  
How can an ordinary woman like me praise You?  
Even Indra has not seen this form of Yours.  
What more can I speak?  
Salutations O Great God!  
Salutations O Great Ascetic.  
Be pleased O God of Gods.  
Salutations again and again!  
Salutations!  
Salutations!  
Salutations!



Shankara looked at this emaciated girl.  
She had covered herself with clothing made of barks.  
Her hair was tangled in matted locks.  
Her tender body was bathed in dust.  
Her limbs were emaciated.  
She was like a lotus hit by a snow shower.  
He was ready to grant her anything she asked for.  
And she prayed-  
“O Great Lord! If I am really purified by this penance, then I ask you these boons.  
First of all, let there be no other female like me, who filled every mind with passion as soon as she arose.  
Let my husband treat me with extreme love. If anybody else other than my husband looks at me, let him  
lose his manhood immediately.”  
He granted her wish.  
But, still she felt sad. She felt impure.  
She was not able to be in a body coveted by so many Gods.  
Shankara understood her feelings.  
He knew she was destined to give up her body in the fire because of her actions of the past birth.  
He told her to give up her body in the Sacrificial fire lit by Sage Medhatiti.  
Sandhya agreed.  
Unseen by any of the Sages assembled there, at the JYOTISHTOMA Sacrifice, she offered her body in the  
fire. She from that time was well-known as SATI.  
Sandhya entered the fire desiring that Sage Vasishtha should become her husband. Her soul entered the  
solar sphere. Her body split into two halves.



The Higher part of hers became Dawn adored by Gods.  
Her Lower part became the Twilight adored by the dead ancestors.  
Her life-forces entered Shiva.  
Her soul took birth again as the daughter of Medhatiti.  
When she came of age she was married to Sage Vasishtha.  
She lived as the devoted wife of the Sage by the name of Arundhati.



Brahma was burning in envy.  
What an insult; that too in front of all his sons and other Gods!  
How dare Shiva insult this Great Creator!  
He who had created the fourteen worlds had to bend his head in front of this ascetic!  
What does He think of himself?  
Does he think that he is above the attractions of a female?  
True! All these days Shiva had not looked at a female with passionate eyes!  
But, for how long can it continue??  
If he, the Great Brahma does not get this Shiva entangled with a woman, his existence is worthless.  
He can create a woman who can attract even this Great Shiva!  
He had to avenge Shiva, somehow, at any cost!  
Brahma was absorbed in deep thoughts.



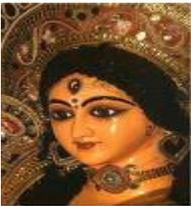
Brahma took Kaama Deva into his trust.  
He asked him to disturb the mind of Shiva, with all possible means known to him.  
Kaama agreed. Brahma sighed in relief.  
Kaama was ready. Spring arose.  
Can the form of dispassion ever be bound by passion? Kaama failed.  
Winds could not move the rock. Waters could not wet the fire. Earth could not taint the luster.  
Passion could not rise in the Form of Dispassion!



Brahma would not accept defeat. He went to Vishnu and confided his woes.  
Vishnu laughed at his stupidity.  
He advised him to take shelter in Shiva himself.  
“If you are really interested in the marriage of Shiva, then perform penance.  
Perform penance on Shiva, the Supreme Devi!  
She will herself take a form and become his spouse”.



Brahma performed severe penance and pleased the Supreme Shakti.  
Pleased by his penance She appeared before him.  
Brahma praised Her with Hymns Supreme.  
“O GREAT MOTHER!  
Salutations!  
You are of the Form of Pravritti and Nirvritti; attachment and detachment!  
You are the Power in all moving and non-moving things.  
You are Ancient!  
You are Shree adorning Vishnu!  
You are the Support of the World!  
You are the Essence of even the minutest atom.  
You are the Supreme Queen of all the worlds.  
You appear in the heart of yogis addicted to the life of strict asceticism.  
You are the Essence of all variety of Knowledge.  
You are the SELF of all.  
You are eternal.  
You are the Time which devours all.  
You are the Vibrating principle in all.  
You are the Three Gunas; yet, You are beyond the Gunas.  
You are the Seed of the infinite worlds.  
You are the Goal of Knowledge and also the Means of Knowledge.  
You are in eternal union with Shiva in the higher state.  
You are the Supreme Shakti.  
Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!”



Brahma asked for a boon.  
He wanted the ‘Supreme Shakti’ to take birth as Daksha’s daughter and marry Shiva by attracting Him.  
He thought he was asking for a boon. But was he asking for something which She herself wanted to do?  
How can any thoughts arise in anybody’s mind without Her Supreme Will?  
Devi looked at Brahma compassionately.  
She is kind towards even erring children.  
She is Mother Supreme!  
She wanted to become a wife.  
She wanted a partner equal to her.  
She had been alone as the Formless One in the Timeless Time.  
She was bored.  
First She must test this Shiva before She took Him as the partner in the Higher state.  
He was now in the form of Rudra in Shiva Loka.  
She had to woo Him first; but how?  
She voiced some of her thoughts to Brahma.  
‘O Creator, you are well-versed in Knowledge and yet asking such a thing?  
You are asking me to attract Him and fill Him with delusion?  
Don’t you know that I am always His slave and do only His bidding?  
He is above all Gods and nobody can control His Will.

If a boon like this is offered to you and I really try to delude Him, won't I become the target of His anger?"

She contemplated on Shiva and permitted by Him, continued to speak;

"O Brahma, even if envy is the cause of your request, I grant you this boon as willed by Shiva.

There is no other female except me who can attract Him.

And, He has kindly consented to get attracted by me. I will be born as Daksha's daughter.

My love and devotion will make Him get bound to me eternally".

She vanished from Brahma's presence.

Brahma went back satisfied.



DAKSHA PRAJAAPATI performed a penance.

Three thousand divine years passed.

Devi graced him with Her Vision Supreme!

Daksha saw her as -

Seated on the lion; dark in color; beauty personified as a face; four arms; various weapons; a threat to asuras; a blue lotus trying its best to look pretty in her prettier lotus hand; a beauty so rich that even Sarasvati may lack words to describe Her!

Mother of all! Spouse of Mahesha!

Devi stood in front of Daksha.

Her hair was spreading out like clouds.

Her eyes were red as if she had been drinking Soma Wine.

Daksha praised;

"JAGADAMBAA; MAHAAMAAYAA; MAHESHVARI; SHIVAROOPINI; BHAKTA VARADE!

Salutations!

NAMO NAMAHA! NAMO NAMAHA!"

He requested her to be born as his daughter so that she can marry Rudra in the form of Shiva.

She agreed and said;

"Shiva is the most dispassionate God who will not waver by beauty or charms. I have to perform penance to please him so that he will condescend to marry me. I am His slave, His lover from eternity. He is my Lord; He alone is my Lord!"

She vanished from sight.



Daksha Prajaapati engaged himself in Creation.

But his children never flourished.

Brahma suggested to him that he should marry Ashvini the daughter of Veerana.

Many sons named Haryashvaas were born.

These virtuous souls once took bath in the sacred NarayanaTeertha.

They were purified and performed penance to help in Creation.

Naarada visited them. He taught them various types of Knowledge.

Their minds felt inclined towards renunciation.

They left.

Disappointed, Daksha again produced thousand sons named Sabalashvaas.

The same thing got repeated in their lives also.

Daksha was annoyed. His anger turned towards Naarada.

He cursed Naarada;

"Let your feet be never stable at one place. Wander always without stopping anywhere."



Brahma consoled Daksha.  
Daksha now produced sixty daughters.  
He married them off to various Gods.  
Ten for Dharma; Thirteen to Kashyapa; Twenty-seven to Chandra; Two for Bhutangirasa; Two for Kushasva; Six to Garuda.  
Three worlds were now filled with various beings.



Daksha prayed to Mother Supreme.  
She descended down to the World of Forms.  
Daakshaayini was born.  
A lotus with unearthly beauty bloomed in the mire of the world.  
Beauty personified!  
Penance personified!  
Virtues personified!  
A personification of the Formless into a form to attract the Personification of Dispassion!  
Can passion arise in the dispassion?



Daakshaayini grew up like a creeper filled with sacred flowers to be offered to the lotus-feet of Shiva.  
Her mind was filled with His Form.  
Her mouth chanted His Name without a break.  
Her heart trembled at the thought whether He would reject her Love.  
Her beauty ached for His Embrace.  
Her eyes searched for His Vision.  
Her nose smelt the ashes of the cremation ground where He lived.  
What a Lover she had set her heart upon!



Three eyes; ashes of the dead bodies all over his person; grotesque creatures as his servants; matted hairs;  
snakes crawling all over his body!  
But, she loved that very form!  
She adored that form!  
Her only goal was to unite with him at any cost.  
She was ready to give up anything for one side glance of His!



She performed various types of worships.  
She kept many vows.  
She contemplated on Him.  
She performed severe penance.  
All the Gods observed her sincere efforts to please Shiva.  
They all went to Kailaasa the sacred abode of Shiva.  
They pleased Him with hymns.



O Mahesha!  
O Paresha!  
Salutations!  
Salutations!  
O the Form of the Self!  
O the First Seed of Creations!  
You create. By You it expands.  
This exists for You.  
This is from You.  
This is Yours.  
This exists in You.  
Nobody can understand You.  
You are the most compassionate.  
There is nothing beyond Your understanding.  
You have the Power to grant any boon even if it be beyond the human power.  
Please grace us with Your Kind Glance.  
Salutations!  
Salutations!  
Salutations!



Brahma and Vishnu Spoke;  
O Devadeva! O Mahaadeva!  
There is nothing that you do not know already.  
In the future asuras (non-Gods) will be born to harass the Creations.  
Some I will destroy; some will be destroyed by Vishnu; some by You; and some by Your son!  
If You remain aloof from everything, how can Creations go on?  
For the sake of the welfare of all concerned, You must accept a wife!  
Mahalaxhmi is the spouse of Vishnu!  
I am united with Saavitri!  
As promised in the beginning, now as a Rudra, You must take a spouse and perform your duty.  
Salutations! O Lord! Salutations!”



Shiva spoke:

“I, of course understand what you say!

But marriage is not a thing I am interested in.

I have no desire; have nothing to look forward to.

I am happy in myself.

What should I enjoy by the company of a wife?

Marriage is bondage.

But anyhow, since you insist I will accept a wife.

But I have certain conditions the bride of mine shall fulfill without fail!

She must be capable of holding my luster!

I am a Yogi and she must be like me.

If I am filled with passion, she must be equally passionate.

I am AKSHARA - the Imperishable whom the ascetics meditate upon.

You are asking me to bring her thought into me.

She must be careful not to bring obstacle to My State.

Another condition; if she ever distrusts my words I will renounce her immediately.”

Brahma was not to be put out.

He mentioned the name of Daakshaayini and praised her in no less words.

Shiva laughed.

‘A partner fit for his dispassion? No female was capable of that post even if she was the Supreme Queen!

She wanted to have him. But, can her vanity stand him?’

He smiled within himself.



Little did the other gods know of his innermost thoughts.

‘Devi trying to woo him; the uncontrollable wanting to be controlled; He had not much hope.

He had no hopes also of a long-lasting marriage.

But she had performed penance as Devi.

She was performing penance as Daakshaayini.

He had to give a trial course.’

He spoke aloud, “May it be so”.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Brahma left with other Gods.



Daakshaayini continued her penance, unaware of the things that had happened.

She was so absorbed in the contemplation of her Lord that it took her by surprise when He actually personified before her in the most attractive form of his!

What a handsome form!

Five faces; lustrous white in hue; three eyes; moon on the matted locks; a charming smile; four arms; a ferocious snake adorning the neck; Trishul in the hand; body covered with ashes; Ganga-waters streaming through the locks; shining like thousand moons; beauty that the eyes were incapable of comprehending; as if thousand Manmathas stood as one form; a form fit for attracting any female!

Devi in the form of Daakshaayini looked mesmerized.  
'Her Beloved Lord in person; is it true!?'  
Was she dreaming?  
No! He was looking at her with a knowing smile.  
Her face reddened with shyness.  
She bent her head down.  
Her fish like eyes reluctantly glued themselves to the ground.



Shiva did not deliver any dialogue of love!  
He was beyond such emotions.  
He had come there to grant the boon.  
So He asked without any emotion:  
"O Good Lady! What boon would you like to have? I am pleased with your penance."

Daakshaayini hesitated.  
How can she ask what she wanted without shame!  
Was He playing, or did He not understand her thought?

She slightly raised her eye to look at this great 'player of games'.  
Shiva did not show any expression on his face; only compassion and kindness oozed out of his gold-hued face! No such thing called love stole into his reddened eyes! He seemed to be unmoved by her charms.

She lowered her eyes.  
'What to ask? If He did not understand her mind, what can she do! Let Him do as he likes.'

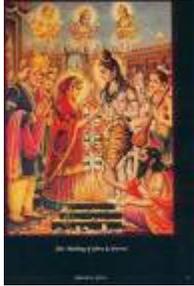
She whispered in a softest voice, "Whatever You feel like!"  
Shiva smiled. Mischief gleamed in His lotus-like eyes.  
With a pretended sternness in the voice he asked: "Whatever I want? Don't you have any desire?"  
Daakshaa did not answer.  
Her fingers were playing with the garland she was making for the stone statue.  
Her cheeks turned red. Her eyes fluttered. Her feet were drawing some circles on the ground.  
She again whispered, "Whatever You desire!"



Shiva laughed.  
She felt his hot breath on her face.  
He was very near; very very near!  
She shivered. Her hands unconsciously put the garland on His neck.  
She felt her body getting crushed in his strong hands.  
Hot lips brushed against her tender rosy lips.  
And,  
He was gone!



'Was it a dream?' She wondered.  
'No! The garland was not there!  
Her lips still felt crushed.  
She could not believe her own good fortune.  
She sat near the stone statue.  
Tears pouring out like the waters of the Holy Ganga bathed the statue.  
She hugged the stone statue in love.  
Eternity passed.  
Was He a stone or a melting lover?!  
Time would tell her.  
But her penance was over.  
She had attained her life's goal!



Shiva appeared before Daksha Prajaapati.  
He asked for the hand of Daakshaayini.  
Daksha was overjoyed.  
Marriage was arranged with all the grandeur, the God-World could muster.  
Brahma agreed to be the priest.  
The sacred fire in the marriage altar was burning.  
Some other fires were also ablaze.  
Shiva burnt with the 'Dharmic Passion'.  
Shivaa burnt in the 'Fire of Bliss'.  
Brahma burnt in the 'improperly placed passion'.  
Maybe that is why Naaraayana had already assured the safety of the occasion.  
He had asked Shiva to destroy anyone who dared to look at Daakshaa with desire.  
Shiva had agreed.



But now, the Creator himself was in the 'path of unrighteousness'.  
His eyes fell on the 'tender feet' of Daakshaa, who was going round the fire.  
Her face was covered with a red cloth filled with golden threads.



Her head was bent in shyness.  
She was following the footsteps of her husband.  
Her anklets tinkled reflecting her joy.  
Her feet were decorated with beautiful red lines, trying to hide their beauty.



But Brahma could see beyond the gateway of the red lines and grasp the beauty of those tender lotus-like feet. He felt his heart beating violently.  
'If the feet were so beautiful, what will her face look like?'  
He had now only one thought in his mind; to get a glimpse of her pretty face!  
The Source of Vedas had forgotten the Codes of Vedas!  
He thought that he could fool Shiva.



He added wet wood to the fire.  
A heavy smoke arose from the fire.  
Shiva closed His eyes.  
Brahma was quick in action.  
He lifted the cloth covering Daakshaa's face and peeped into it.  
His joy knew no bounds.  
His 'Veerya' reacted.  
His semen fell to the ground; just four drops!  
He hid the drops unknown to anybody.



But nothing was unknown to Shiva who was the SELF of All.  
He was angry. He was ready to curse.  
His hands lifted the Trishula in anger.  
No curse was enough for this fool who had an eye for His beloved!  
Everyone assembled were shocked.  
'Brahma will be killed!'  
'No! That should not be done!'  
All hands lifted in submission.  
Prayers flowed from every mouth.  
But, Shiva ignored these pleas.  
His eyes burnt with the fire of anger.  
Everyone assembled there trembled; afraid that they will also be burnt by His Third Eye if they continued to plead for Brahma!



Naaraayana took the situation in his hands.  
He smiled in submissiveness.  
He requested Shiva not to kill Brahma.  
“After all Shiva Himself had created Brahma to do the work of Creation!  
The TRINITY - Brahma Vishnu, Shiva were after all One Self!”  
His eyes looked at Brahma with a tinge of mischief!



Brahma bent his head in shame.  
He felt foolish; first Sandhyaa, now Daakshaa!  
He never learnt the lessons of life.  
His own spouse never gave him company.  
He was ignorant.’



But Shiva was not in a forgiving mood.  
He told Vishnu, not to interfere.  
He said that the loss of this Creator would not hurt the Creations in any way.  
He was quite capable of creating everything Himself!  
Or, He would create another Creator!  
But this wicked one had to be destroyed first!



Vishnu again pleaded. He talked philosophy.  
“Were not all three of them of three forms made out of One Self?”  
Was He teaching Dvaita and Advaita to the Vedic God?  
“If all are one, then why make the moral codes at all? Or, was everybody different?  
If the foot-ware also is Self, should it not be placed in the temple as God?  
If everyone is Para Brahman, anybody could do anything! Why the question of Dharma and Adharma?  
If Brahma is made as the same soul of Shiva, did he have a right to desire Shiva’s wife?”



Shiva laughed loudly.  
He said, “Brahma was standing in front of Him, and was indeed different!”



Vishnu did not stop his efforts.

He discoursed about the Principle of Shiva.

“Creation, Maintenance and Destruction were the three functions which Maheshwara performed as Three Divinities. He was all the three, Rudra, Hari and Brahma.”

All the people assembled there, heard his explanation with reverence.

Brahma apologized.

Rudra lost His anger.

He decided not to destroy Brahma.

But, punishment was due for this idiot who transgressed the rules of the Scriptures.

In any world ruled by Shakti, insult to Shakti is not tolerated.

Whether it is Daakshaayini, the ‘wife of Shiva’ or an ordinary woman of the world, insult to Shakti carries a heavy price to pay. And Shiva, the Guardian of Shakti could not let the matter rest lightly.

He ordered Brahma to touch his own head with his hand.



Brahma obeyed.

He touched his head with his hand and saluted Shiva.

He saw himself with Shiva’s head, saluting Shiva.

He felt embarrassed.

He bent his head in shame.

There was his Advaita mocking at him!



Was he Shiva, or was he different from Shiva?

If he knew he was Shiva, he did not peep at another’s wife.

If he knew he was Shiva, he did not have to fear from his own Self.

If he knew he was Shiva, he need not feel that he had sinned.

All is ONE; all are Different; which is the Truth?

Poor Brahma had to still learn the lesson.

He was ashamed of his own action.

Vishnu knew Shiva-Tattva.

Brahma did not know the Rudra Form standing in front of him.

He asked for forgiveness.



Shiva knew that He was also Brahma.

But, Brahma did not know that he was Shiva.

So Shiva had to ‘act’ as if ‘he was different’.

If you want to be ‘different’, God is also different from you.

If you think you are an ordinary Jeeva, you will be limited like a Jeeva.  
If you believed yourself to be Shiva you transcend all the boundaries of time and space.  
If you think, Shiva is Shiva and you are just you then, you are just you; a limited being with no powers.  
To Know Shiva, Be Shiva!



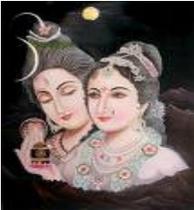
Brahma did not know himself to be Shiva.  
He was frightened of Shiva standing in front of him.  
He asked for forgiveness.  
He asked for some penance by which he could get rid of his sin.  
Shiva cursed:  
“Brahma will be known as Rudra-Shira, one with the head of Shiva!  
He will become a man and live in the world.  
As the people talk of his misdeed, his curse will gradually get redeemed.  
The four drops of semen which fell to the ground will become terrible clouds of destruction.”  
The four clouds of destruction rose up with a roar and covered the quarters.



The marriage ceremony was concluded.  
Shiva's anger also cooled down.  
He was pleased with Brahma's service.  
He decided to console the crestfallen Creator.  
He was in a generous mood.  
He asked Brahma to ask any fee for his priestly services.



Brahma was improving.  
He asked 'Shiva and Shiva' to exist there blessing one and all; make that place a holy centre; so all who visit it would be free of sins.  
Shiva agreed. His 'essence' stayed back.  
Shiva went back to Kailaasa with his newly wed 'Bride-Supreme'.



Daakshaa's mind was filled with so many emotions.  
She still did not know much about her husband.  
From childhood she had nourished a desire for marrying Shiva.  
She had achieved it. She felt satisfied.  
The Greatest God was now her husband!  
Her sisters all would be jealous of her.  
But, they had teased her saying that her husband was a vagabond; and he did not even own a house to keep her. She gave a side-glance to her husband, who was seated next to her.  
He was ordering some Gods about something.

She did not bother; his business was 'his'!  
She watched him attending to his duties.  
He was so handsome!  
As his work was proceeding, his hands were pinching her waist, unknown to anybody else.  
She squirmed.' How naughty he was'!  
She waited patiently.  
Shyness, fear, bliss, wonder, anxiety; all sorts of emotions played in her mind.



She woke up from her stupor when he gently placed her on the bull.  
The bull was very huge like a giant bed.  
Though the bull looked hard boned to others, she felt as if it was the softest bed she ever could imagine.  
He lolled next to her on its wide back.  
Her face reddening she buried her face on his broad chest.  
The bull rocked like a cradle as it slowly treaded towards its destination.  
They were going somewhere! She did not ask- where to!  
His gentle hands were caressing her hair.  
She felt his lips gently brushing her neck.  
Her long fish like eyes closed in some blissful drowsiness.



Suddenly she woke up.  
She opened her eyes reluctantly.  
The Bull was not there.  
A beautiful unkempt garden was smiling all around her.  
A gentle breeze was filling the quarters with an unearthly perfume.  
Streams gurgled here and there.



He placed her gently on the ground.  
His hands lightly dragged her to his side.  
He held her tightly as if she was his precious treasure.  
They walked in the garden paths.  
His hands were never quite.  
Her whole body was squirming when he caressed her all over.



She never knew when her cloth covering her breasts had fallen off.  
His hands were constantly playing with her huge breasts.  
Suddenly she was in his arms.  
He had lifted her off the ground.  
Before she knew her lower cloth also had disappeared and they had entered the cool waters of the stream.



Water sports!  
His hands were all over her.  
His lips were all over her.  
He was whispering something.  
His hot breath dried the water drops on her limbs like fire.  
Her body was bathed by him.  
Sandal paste of unearthly odor was applied to her limbs.  
Her hair was dried and combed.  
Her hand and feet were decorated by a beautiful red paste.  
Her breasts were used as canvas, as his finger-nails applied some designs.



Flowers were plucked and various garlands were made by his deft hands.  
She was dressed in flowers.  
She was garlanded.



Her hair shone with beautiful flowers.  
Sweetness prevailed everywhere.  
She had only one sensation.  
Bliss, Bliss, Bliss!



Only bliss was there when they were lying on the flower beds.  
Flowers were raining profusely over them.  
She could not feel anything else but the touch of his hands, lips and hot hot breath.  
He was like a fire.



She never understood what was happening.  
She was in the Supreme Bliss any soul could attain.  
And Shiva's love was Supreme!  
His passion was Supreme!  
His union was Supreme!  
Bliss was Supreme!



Both of them were now one in passion, love and bliss.  
There would be no separation at all.  
Two souls as One!  
Two consciousness waves as One!  
Both of them enjoyed the same emotions!  
Both of them thought the same thing!  
Both of them experienced the same bliss!  
And Bliss alone was there.  
Twenty five divine years passed.



Shiva was surprised.

He never believed that he would be so much attached to this beautiful girl.



He felt a new sensation.

He felt himself going mad in love.

He couldn't be without her even for a fraction of a second.

He couldn't bear her separation even if she moved slightly away, just to lift her face and talk to him.

He desired her always.

He forgot all the divine worlds.

He forgot all the created worlds.

His only thought was now to have her union continuously.



He could never have enough of her.

He could never express his love enough.

He never was satisfied.

His love-sports continued endlessly.

No one dared to disturb his privacy.

Even the wind was afraid to intervene between the two lovers.

If Shiva was mad in love, what would be the love like!

Daakshaayini was drowned in this maddening love.

She had never expected such a reaction from Shiva.

He was like a slave to her.

'But what about his place or home! Did he not have any duties to attend?'

She wondered.



As her mind became anxious, dark clouds filled the quarters.  
A chilly wind passed through the forests.  
She shivered even in her lover's embrace.  
She forcefully removed herself from his chain-like embrace.  
She somehow managed to convey to him the need of a home.  
'Where was his house?'  
Shiva burst out laughing.  
'Where was his home?'  
He laughed again and again.  
He was the Creator of the creators!  
Where was his home?  
He somehow controlled his amused laughter.  
He described to her many many homes of his which were beyond her comprehension.  
She did not want any of those heavenly abodes.  
She was happy to be in Kailasa Mountain which was said to be 'his abode'.  
He agreed. Soon they were back at home.  
Home of Shiva!  
The new bride entered with all the humility and devotion.  
It was the abode of her husband!



She expected herself to be engaged in wifely duties like others.  
No! There was nothing to be done, but engage oneself in various pleasures!  
Shiva's madness continued.  
Shiva's love knew no boundaries.  
Shiva's attachment increased.  
There was nothing else in their world but 'blissful unions'



Nobody else existed but Shiva and Shiva!  
Only two lovers!  
And Bliss Supreme!  
Bliss of Love!  
Bliss of Passion!  
Bliss of Union!  
An inseparable union of Shiva and Shiva!



The only thing that could distract Shiva from love sports was discussion on topics of Knowledge.  
Daakshayini lacked Knowledge.  
She had to learn so many things, if she had to live as a wife to the Abode of Knowledge called Shiva.  
She learnt to ask questions about unknown things; about Gods; about the Supreme State; about the Principle called Shiva; about 'That Knowledge' by knowing which one never becomes unhappy!



Shiva lifted his face which was buried in her huge pot-like breasts.  
He pulled her to his lap.  
His hands caressing her shapely back; his lips using the interval between words, to shower kisses on her lovely limbs; he answered all her questions.



Listen my darling wife!

This is a very secret Knowledge I am giving you!

O Parameshvari! Listen attentively.

THAT which is beyond everything, that Supreme One, that Supreme Brahman, is the POWER behind everything and I am its slave.

THAT is the 'Mother Supreme' which is capable of giving liberation and devotion.

Such devotion is possible only by My Grace.

THAT can be achieved only through extreme devotion.

Such devotion is gained by Knowledge.

Knowledge and devotion are not contradictory principles.

Devotion is of nine types.

According to the predominant emotion devotion is to be cultivated.

Have devotion towards the characters of Brahman or devotion towards the non-characteristic Brahman.

The first one is actually acclaimed as the best.

Devotion can be formal or informal.

Choose the one befitting your own state of mind.

Hear about THAT! Think about THAT! Serve IT! Be a slave in Love!

Worship IT! Salute IT! Make friendship with IT! Offer yourself to IT!

Any Form of God you choose and develop devotion towards It with the support of Knowledge.

Devotion develops dispassion and discrimination dawns.

A devotee is as dear to me as yourself.

There is no easier path than devotion in the spiritual path.

Since in Kali Yuga people are not capable of comprehending the Essence of Knowledge, devotion is the best-suited means for liberation.

I am completely owned by a devotee.

I am always ready to help him any difficulty.

His enemies will be destroyed ruthlessly by me.

My third eye which I use in anger is actually to protect my devotee.

Many of the past incidents in my life will show you how I have protected my devotees even breaking the commonly set rules.

What more to say!

I am a slave to my devotee.

A person with devotion owns me!



And Shiva had many questions on topics unlimited!

Shiva taught her patiently.

His love for her, increased day by day.

His attachment to her was beyond words.



Once both the love-smitten lovers came to the forests of Dandaka in one of their wanderings.  
There they saw Rama and Lakshmana.  
Rama had been separated from his wife Sita.  
He was in a very pitiable condition.  
He was weeping.  
He was running here and there searching for his beloved.  
He was hugging the trees she had touched.  
He was kissing the mud in the paths where she had walked.  
He was asking all the animals and birds about her whereabouts.  
He was rolling on the ground unable to control his pain.  
His hair was unkempt.  
His face was dusty.  
His clothes were torn.  
He was even jumping into the rivers in his madness.  
Lakshmana had a hard time holding him back.  
Rama was a mad person in love.  
His madness had crossed its boundaries when he was separated from his beloved.  
The acclaimed Prince of Ayodhya in this condition; who could believe that this was the same Rama  
who majestically walked among the courts of the great kings!



The tear-filled eyes of Rama recognized the shining lustrous form of Shiva standing before him.  
Shiva saluted Rama.  
Shivaa was surprised.  
She had thought till now that her husband was the Highest God!  
And, here he was saluting the dark princely character who was accompanied by his fair-hued brother!  
A master should not salute a servant; she thought!  
Deluded, she questioned her husband as to their identity.  
He informed her.  
He told her that the dark-hued man was Vishnu descended on Earth as Rama.  
She was not convinced so easily. Shiva told her to test Rama if she needed more proof.



Shivaa took the form of Sita and approached Rama.

Rama looked at her. He saluted her.

A charming laughter arose from him.

He asked her why was she in that form and where was her husband.

Shivaa was embarrassed.

She took her own form and related to him what had happened.

She asked him as to why he was saluted by Shiva himself.

Rama told her.

But in her curiosity Daakshaa had not taken time to get the permission of Shiva to stay and listen to the words of Rama.



Rama spoke:

Once Shiva called Vishva-karma the divine-builder and asked him to build a superb palace in his own cow-shelter. An unparalleled throne and a royal umbrella were also made. All the Sages and Gods were invited. Dance and music prevailed. A grand celebration took place. Nobody had seen such a grand festival in the God-World, so far. Vedic hymns filled the air. Shiva invited Vishnu to his side, made him sit on the throne.



He offered him all the wealth that existed everywhere and appointed Vishnu as the Supreme Lord of Lords.

He was proclaimed as the Supreme God to be worshipped by one and all.

All the three powers were handed over to Vishnu by the compassionate Shiva.

He promised all the help in destroying the enemies and told Hari that from then onwards he would never be affected by Maaya and Maaya would be under his control.

He told the Divinities assembled there that henceforward Vishnu shall be worshiped by Brahma and Hari would guide and supervise all the actions of Brahma.

He also told that Hari would be worshipped in all the worlds in whatever form he descended down on Earth. This grand palace and the world surrounding it will be renowned as GO-LOKA and Hari would be the ruler of it.

Vishnu accepted all these boons showered on him by Shiva humbly.

He took the form of a cowherd, young and handsome and enjoyed having various love-sports with his own devote followers who took the form of cowherd girls and boys.



Gopas and Gopis were always there for the entertainment of Hari who himself took the form of an ordinary youth and played with them.



After explaining all this, Rama told Daakshaa that now he had taken an avatar and was in the four forms of Rama, Lakshmana, Bharata and Shatrughna. At present he had lost his wife Sita and was searching for her. He saluted Shiva and said that because of her vision, he would soon be blessed with the union of his wife. He knew that by her blessing he would be able to destroy the demons also. Leaving Daakshaa to her own thoughts he moved away.



Daakshaa was regretting her own action. She had not trusted the words of her husband and had tested Rama and also stayed there without Shiva's permission.

She did not know the condition put forth by Shiva before marriage. But she knew she had not acted the right way. She came back to the waiting husband. He asked her if she found out the truth of his words. Daakshaa did not speak. She bent her head and stood silently.

But, a storm was running in her mind.

What would be the reaction of this Great God who was insulted?

A shiver ran through her limbs.

Tear drops were ready to kiss her lovely cheeks.



Shiva held on to his vow.

He immediately renounced in his mind his beloved and without a single thought about her, left.

What a dispassion! How could he do it?

How could he ever think of living without his beloved?

Wasn't he madly in love with Daakshaa?

Didn't he suffer immensely if Daakshaa moved away from him even for a fraction of a second?

Now unbothered he was moving away.

The sky had thrown the moon away.

The tree had thrown the creeper away.

How could he do it?

Was it why he was the Greatest God of Gods?

O Mahaadeva!

Who can equal you in dispassion!

How easily you burn of the uncontrollable passion at will!

O Lord of Lords!

Salutations!

May your compassionate glance fill our hearts with dispassion!

Salutations!

O Shiva! O Shambhu! O Shankara!

May our hearts always dwell on your lotus-feet!



The skies echoed proclaiming his greatness.

Flowers showered over the form of dispassion.

Shivaa also heard the echo from the skies.

Her mind told her that her husband had changed.

She felt the ground trembling beneath her.

Tears gushed forth. An unknown faintness captured her.

Shiva's strong arms caught the falling form.

He revived her. He consoled her with many kind words.  
He told her about his vow.  
He diverted her mind with diverse topics.  
They both returned home.  
But that word had lost its meaning now!  
Two souls which were one in thought and action had separated.  
Shiva sat off in contemplation.  
Shivaa collapsed on her bed with a broken heart.  
No one else knew of this tragedy.  
Time passed slowly in that timeless place!



Shiva woke up from his meditation.  
Daakshaa came running to him.  
He embraced her. He showered kisses on her. He consoled her.  
She soon forgot her sorrow as if nothing had happened to her.  
But Shiva did not swerve from his vow.  
His mind was now without a reflection of Shivaa.  
How did he do it? Why did it happen?  
Could Gods also get into problems?  
Who can answer these questions!



Shiva and Shivaa are inseparable!  
One in union!  
One in consciousness!  
One as Two!  
How can there be separation for these lovers?  
Who can comprehend the great games played by the Lord?  
Separation was there for the inseparable by the Will of the Supreme!



A Sacrifice! A YAJNA! In Devaloka!  
Who can describe the grandeur!  
Crowds and crowds of Siddhas; Sanaka and other sons of Brahma; Prajaapatis; Gods; Sages; Knowers;  
Seers of Brahman; Brahma himself!  
A festival mood prevailed.  
Discussions on various topics were in vogue.  
Rudra arrived there with his dear spouse Bhavaani.

His Bhuta Ganas [ghost-clan] were there.  
Nandi was there.  
All stood up with respect.  
Acclaiming their good fortune, they all saluted him and praised him with hymns.  
At the same time Daksha Prajaapati arrived there with his followers.  
Brahma welcomed his son and offered him a seat of honor.  
All the Sages and Gods turned their attention towards Daksha.  
They all reverently saluted him except Maheshwara!  
Daksha felt insulted.  
After all he was the father-in-law!  
And after marriage the son-in-law had not developed any close relationship with him or his family!  
He seemed to be always engaged in love-sports!  
Now this Rudra had not even the good manners to get up and salute the Great Daksha Prajaapati, the Creator of so many souls!  
His eyes turned red. He glared at Rudra.  
'Humph! What a form! So ugly! Surrounded by ghosts and spirits! Living like a mad person in the cremation ground! Shameless! Acting as he likes! Drinking exotic wines and always in stupor! Always enjoying love sports! A wicked God! Doing always sinful acts! No respect for Brahmins! Arrogant! Vain-headed! And this fool did not salute me, the greatest being honored by one and all! Who does he think he is? I, a Brahmin getting insulted like this!'  
Daksha spoke in many words what he thought about Rudra! After he had exhausted all the words available in blaming the Great Lord he cursed in anger.  
"O you wicked God!  
I am boycotting you from all the Sacrifices!  
You will not belong to any caste!  
You do not have any family to speak of!  
You do not even have a house of your own!  
Your body does not even have a color to speak of!  
You will not get any portion from the Gods in all the Sacrifices!"  
Brghu and other Sages also condemned Rudra.  
Nandi, the divine vehicle of Shiva could not keep quite!  
He eulogized the greatness of his Master and called Daksha a wretched Brahmin.  
Daksha was freely throwing curses.  
He told them that all the followers of Rudra will be out of Vedas!  
Nandi, the son of Shilaada, felt that Daksha was going beyond limits.  
He spoke in anger.  
"You fool! Why do you curse one and all?  
What harm did the Shiva-Ganas do?  
How dare you and Brghu and others insult the Highest God?  
By the Power of Rudra I curse you all!  
May you all never comprehend the Truth of the Vedas even though you may discuss the topics endlessly!  
May you not believe in anything other than the Vedas!  
May you all perish only desiring the pleasures of the Heaven!  
Being filled with desires and anger may you all beg for your food!  
Shamelessly you will accept food from one and all!  
You will make even Shudras [low-caste] perform Sacrifices!  
You all will never become wealthy!  
Being helpful to undeserving people, you will even go to hells or wander about as  
Brahma-raakshasaas [Brahmin ghosts]!  
Since you all Brahmins insulted Shiva thinking him to be an ordinary person, you people will never understand the Higher Truths!  
You all will never attain Knowledge!  
You Brahmins will just marry and produce children!  
You will be able to only recite the words in Vedas, but will never know the real meaning imparted by them! You Brahmins will use Vedas only to earn a meager amount of wealth!  
This Daksha who insulted My Master and acted in this heinous manner will be bereft of all happiness!

He will forget the path of virtue!  
He will wander around with the head of a goat!  
It serves you right for acting like a goat!"  
The crowd looked on stunned! Nobody moved!  
Curses flowed from here to there, there to here!  
Nobody wanted to interfere and get the noose on their own head.  
Reason seemed to have left the assembly!  
Anger reigned supreme!  
Shivering from head to toe all stood silently.  
Who can stop this warfare of curses? Who else but the Supreme Shiva, the Doer of Good!  
He spoke. He consoled Nandi.  
He said that 'he was not affected by any curse.  
Only the Brahmins now suffered the curse of Nandi!  
Daksha's curse had no power to hurt him as he was above all this!  
Vedas were filled with magically empowered words! Vedas were the Essence of Self!  
Let his curse not affect those who seek Self-Knowledge through Vedas!'



Shiva spoke:  
'I am the Sacrifice!  
I am the Work performed in the Sacrifice!  
I am all the limbs of the Sacrifice!  
I am the Essence of the Sacrifice!  
I am the one engaged in the Sacrifice!  
I am the one outside the Sacrifice too!  
O Nandi!  
Analyze calmly.  
Who am I?  
Who are you?  
Who are all these?  
Am I not everything and everybody?  
Be rid of your anger.  
Be interested in the welfare of the world.  
Analyze the Truth!"  
Nandi kept quite.  
Shiva returned to His Kailaasa abode.



Daksha's anger increased like the fire by the pouring of ghee.  
'What an act to be put up by this wicked Rudra! First of all he disrespected the Prajaapati!  
And got his wretched follower to offer curses on the Brahmins! In the end he gives an incomprehensible lecture and walks away like a great hero! He can fool all by the pretension of virtue; but not him, the Great Daksha!' Daksha went back, his heart burning in revenge. His only mission in life now was to see that nobody worshipped this wicked Rudra! He talked insulting words about Shiva in all the assemblies. He was blindly walking towards his own destruction! But he did not see the endless pit he was falling into! He was blind, completely blind!



This is Devaloka!  
Powers! Arrogance! Vanity!  
Powers of Godhood!  
Powers of Penance!  
Powers to Curse!  
Curses! Curses! Curses!

Daksha's arrogance resulted in reducing the Brahmins from the state of Knowledge of Brahman to mere Reciting of Vedas! Food, wealth, heavenly pleasures, narrow-mindedness; these qualities became the symbols of Brahmins. Unless anyone really aspired for Self-Knowledge he did not comprehend the Truth about the Vedas. Vedic Mantras were used by these ignorant Brahmins to fool people and earn some meager amount of wealth! All because one Prajaapati disrespected Rudra!



Daksha was fuming.

His campaign against the worship of Rudra did not succeed as he expected.

People who were already devoted to Rudra did not waver in their minds. Some others had realized their mistake in disrespecting Shiva and had corrected their ways. Some powerless Sages who had a lot to gain by Daksha's favor just agreed with him on everything. Daksha felt he had to do something himself.

A wonderful idea flashed in his mind.

A Sacrifice!

He will arrange for a Grand Sacrifice and insult Shiva by not inviting him. That would teach that arrogant idiot of Shiva to learn some manners. Parameshvara indeed! Whom does he rule? Ogres and spirits!

Yes! He himself looks like an ogre with that horrible third-eye on his forehead! What did his foolish daughter see in him to offer herself to that fool who dances in the crematory lands! Fie on her and her wayward husband!

Daksha was fuming.



Daksha arranged for the greatest Sacrifice ever-known in the history of Deva-Loka. All Sages were invited. Agastya, Kaashyapa, Vaamadeva, Dadheechi, Vyaasa, Bharadvaja, Gotama, Paila, Paraashara, Garga, Bhargava, Kakhubha, Sira, Sumantu, Trika, Kanka, Vaishampaayana, and many other Sages, Gods were all invited. All were deluded.

Brahma also arrived with his followers. Even Vishnu was brought with honor to bless the Sacrifice.

And charity? Beautiful palaces built by Vishva-karma were given as gifts.

Brahma was requested to conduct the Sacrifice. He knew the Tri-Vedic ceremonies.

But, did he know Shiva? Why did he fail to advise Daksha?

Vishnu silently observed the proceedings. He seemed to know the results of an improper Sacrifice. He was just a neutral witness to everything that happened. He kept his mind absorbed in the essence of Shiva.



The Gods of the Quarters stood with fierce-looking weapons at the door-way.  
The Deity of the Sacrifice YAJNA appeared there pleasing the eyes of everyone.  
All the Great Sages themselves uttered the Vedic Hymns.  
AGNI had taken countless forms to accept the HAVIS.  
Eighty eight thousand RITVIJAS were offering ghee into the fires.  
Forty eight thousand UDGAATHAS were singing Saama Veda.  
And countless ADVARYUS, HOTRS; all Four categories of Vedic Masters who were necessary in the performance of any Sacrifice; Naarada and other Sages equal to him; Seven Sages; all were engaged in reciting the Vedas.  
GANDHARVAS, VIDHYADHARAS, SIDDHAS, SUN, and other Great Gods, even 'beings' who roamed Naga-Loka were there.  
All Divine Sages, Royal Sages, Brahmin Sages were there with their families, ministers and armies.  
VASUS were also participating.  
Daksha himself shone like a moon among stars.  
Only RUDRA was left out.  
Daksha maintained that RUDRA was a KAPAALI, a beggar with a bowl. So RUDRA did not deserve to be in the Sacrifice. And, Daakshaayini, his own daughter...?  
No! Being the wife of a KAPAALI she also did not deserve an invitation.



All were absorbed in the Performance of the Sacrifice.  
Sage DADHICHI felt a thorn in his mind. He missed the Presence of SHIVA. He spoke out his mind. He was of the opinion that if the auspicious form of SHIVA was not there, it will lead to inauspicious happenings. He instructed Daksha to send some honored guests and bring SHIVA to the Sacrifice.



Daksha retorted angrily.  
"What do you mean? Bring Shiva here? Why? What for?  
Vishnu, the 'Greatest God' is here! Brahma is here making this place into a Satya-Loka.  
Sages like you are there!  
The Performance of the YAJNA is going on faultlessly. What need do we have of that worthless being?  
I was a fool to listen to Brahma's words and give my daughter off to him!  
He has no parents. He lives with spirits and demons. He thinks too much of himself. Like a fool, he remains silent always. Envy reigns in his heart. What will that beggar do in this Great Sacrifice of mine?  
Do not force me to get angry. You people are enough to bless this YAJNA!"



DADHICHI held onto his opinion. He spoke with determination.

“Listen all of you! Without the Presence of Shiva, this YAJNA is not at all a YAJNA! Destruction awaits this unrighteous YAJNA!” He left the Sacrificial grounds and walked out! Only DADHICHI knew the Principle of Shiva! He would rather have Shiva than the palaces offered by Daksha! Some other Sages and Gods, who were the devotees of Shiva, used the opportunity to get out of that place after throwing some curses.



Daksha did not bother. He just called them fools and continued the Sacrificial duties. How would an ignorant child know the power of the fire, when it is trying to touch it! Fire burns! Only when you touch it foolishly! Like an ‘ignorant child’, Daksha had his revenge! He had insulted Shiva!



An ant had insulted the elephant by not inviting the elephant to its party!



Little did the elephant know the elephant-foot which was descending down on its head.



Daakshaayini!

The young girl of tender age!

She was engaged in playing with her maids.

She did not bother much about the Deva-Loka affairs.

She just observed them as dramas unconnected to her life.

Even the curses that flowed free on the day of the Sacrifice, she just observed it as a witness.

Her mind was too full of her beloved Lord to bother about these things!

Her Lord knew the best! Whatever he did was right!

Her father was always short-tempered! It was a common scene in her mother’s place!

He always treated all the guests and Gods who came to his place as his subordinates!

The event at the YAJNA of his was another such event!

She was happy to be just with her husband and please him!

After the event on the Earth where she had met Rama, she was careful never to disobey her Lord!

But today? Her mind was little disturbed!



Gandha-maadana Mountain! Dhaara- griha!  
The Mount of intoxicating scents! The Garden of waterfalls!  
A sports-ground created for her pleasures by her Lord!  
Some strange noise disturbed her play. She peeped down from her palace.



Oh! It was Rohini; her sister!  
And her husband CHANDRA was also there!  
They were followed by a great retinue!  
Drums and flutes were making all the noise!  
And Rohini and her husband were dressed for the occasion!  
Where were they going? Daakshaa wanted to find out.  
She sent her friend Vijaya to find out the news.  
And the news was-  
Her father was conducting a 'Great Sacrifice'!



And she never knew about it!  
His own daughter! Had he forgotten her?  
Why did he not invite her and her husband?  
Maybe he thought his daughter did not need any separate invitation!  
After all, she belonged to the house!  
She must have gone there herself to help him!  
Now also it was not too late!  
She would tell her husband about this and go with him to her father's house!  
She ran towards her husband!



Her hair flying like clouds!  
Her smile lighting the quarters!  
Flowers in her garland kissing her lovely breasts!  
She ran like a young deer!  
The thought of visiting her parents was so exciting!  
How she wanted to meet her mother and sisters and tell them all, the greatness of her husband!  
And, won't her sisters be jealous if they knew he loved her like his own soul!  
She laughed at her own thoughts!  
Her anklets echoed her joyous vibrations!



Shankara was seated in his court.



All HIS GANAS were around him!



Nandi and other important chieftains were also seated there.  
Some serious thing was under discussion.  
Their discussion stopped abruptly.  
The sound of anklets echoed all over.



All looked at the direction of the anklet sound.  
Shiva was not highly pleased about this sound!  
Didn't he know the distinct sound of each anklet bell on her feet!  
How she had kicked him in love-sports sending him to unknown realms of bliss!



Shiva felt embarrassed!  
He did not like his wife to be present in such a crowded court!  
Her beauty was only for him!  
Nobody should be blessed with her sight!  
Not like this! Running into a court of men without hesitation!  
What could be so urgent? He impatiently asked his wife as to her presence there.  
She told him.



Gasping for breath!  
Choking in excitement!  
Cheeks reddening with joy!  
She told him about the Sacrifice conducted by her father.  
She wanted him to go with her to the Sacrifice!  
She had almost turned her back, to rush to get dressed up!



“Daakshaayini!” Her husband’s stern voice stopped her.  
She looked back. Her husband’s eyes were like fire.  
A shiver ran through her.  
Controlling his anger Shiva told her that Daksha was now his enemy; that he had not invited them purposely.



The youthful bride looked at her husband stunned!  
Could this be true? She couldn’t believe his words!  
Her father would never do such a thing. He was a Prajaapati renowned for his greatness!  
Maybe her husband was mistaken!  
Shiva was saying something more.



“If your own people become enemies, you should not worry about them. Instead of weapons, we will be hurt by their harsh words! Going to a place uninvited would only cause us to look low in front of others! Being bereft of good qualities, the wicked always insult good people who have virtues!”



Daakshaa did not believe him.

She wanted to settle the matter herself.

She would go herself and find out the reason for not inviting them both.

Maybe it is just a careless act of her father.

She would somehow see to it that her father corrected his mistake and become friendly with her husband.

These men always made mountains out of molehills!

She would herself go to her father’s place and find out the Truth!

She echoed her thoughts to her husband.

Shiva did not object.



He arranged for a grand procession, and seated on the BULL, Daakshaa left for her father’s place!

A Procession unparalleled in Deva-Loka! Grandeur unseen by anyone so far!

The Divine Bull was decorated with all sorts of ornaments!

A bejeweled palanquin gently rested on its back!

And seated inside was the Young Queen of the Heavens!

Shiva’s heart beat wildly!



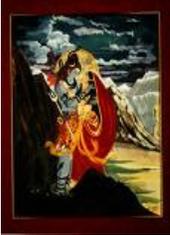
She was dressed to the utmost!



The jewels on her person blinded the seers so as to hide her real beauty!



A colorful garland adorned her neck spreading an intoxicating perfume all around.  
Shiva himself had made it.



Shiva himself had attended to her dressing!  
He himself had arranged her hair.



He himself had placed an elegant crown on her head!  
A crescent moon smiled on the side of the crown!



A curl of lock gently kissed her forehead, reminding her of her husband's kiss!



Shiva himself had applied the collyrium on her long elongated eyes!



A challenge to Shiva! Could the hands that undressed her dress her to perfection?  
Yes! He had won the challenge! Daakshaayini looked like the Supreme Queen of Creations!



Shiva looked at his own handiwork!  
So beautiful! So beautiful!  
Will he ever see her again?  
Something in his mind pricked!  
Was he dressing her up for her death?  
He was indeed stone-hearted!  
He lifted her gently and placed her in the 'palanquin'.  
He placed a tender kiss on her mirror-like cheeks.



She embraced him tightly.  
Something pricked in her mind also! Will she lose him?  
Tears formed in the corner of her lotus like eyes.  
Shiva kissed them off. He removed her hand gently from his neck.  
Vijaya climbed next to her mistress!  
Shiva closed the silky curtains of the palanquin.  
The procession moved off. She also moved away from his mind!  
The Love-less God returned to his duties!



Daakshaayini left him for the love of her relatives.  
What awaited her next?



A procession unparalleled in the history of Deva-Loka!  
Countless maids walked with plates of jewels in their hands!  
Countless Ganas walked with unique weapons guarding the caravan!



White royal umbrellas, royal fans were all over!  
Sixty thousand Rudras followed the procession.

ॐ नमः शिवाय ॐ नमः शिवाय

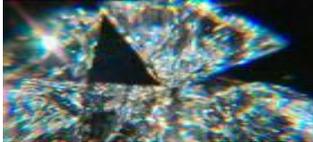
Hymns of Shiva echoed the quarters!



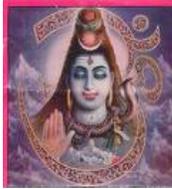
Ashes flew like dust.



Flowers were scattered everywhere!



Jewels were thrown over the watching crowd who gathered them greedily!



Even million Vishvakarmas would arise, if Shiva willed!



And the Queen of the Beggar Supreme traveled to her rich father's abode!



Daakshayini was dreaming!

She was imagining what would happen when she went to her father's house.

The moment father hears that his daughter is coming, he would rush outside. All his attendants also will follow him. Mother also would come to meet her dear daughter. Her father would embrace her. He will apologize for forgetting to give the invitation, or he will ask her in a stern voice, why she was delayed. Maybe he would be annoyed that her husband had not arrived. He would send forth attendants to bring Shiva with honor.

All her sisters would be envious of her wealth. They would pester her with so many questions. She laughed gently. Her eyes closed in blissful contemplation!



Vijaya gently touched her mistress on the shoulder. Daakshaa woke up from her reverie. They had reached the destination. The GANAS were still singing Shiva's name. But, nothing more had happened. Where was her father? Why had not anybody come to receive her?

Maybe all were busy in the Performance of the YAJNA! She should not disturb a religious function in this manner. Holding her trembling heart which spoke of disasters to follow, she climbed down from the palanquin. She stood at the door-way with her maid at close quarters!



Her mother saw her first. She signaled to her other daughters.  
As they eagerly rushed towards the bride of Shiva, Daksha's glaring eyes slowed them down.  
Controlling their emotions, they slowly walked towards Daakshaa and welcomed her in the most formal manner. Her father did not even recognize her. None who were present recognized her or greeted her.  
Daakshaa felt a sharp weapon piercing her heart.  
Her eyes were filled with sharp tears.  
No! She would not cry! She was the wife of the 'Great Rudra'!  
She calmly saluted her parents.



Daakshaa looked at the surroundings.  
The grandeur!  
The crowd!  
The relatives!  
Yes! Her husband was right! Her father had not invited Rudra intentionally!  
He had insulted her husband! He had insulted her also!  
Tears in her eyes became sparks.  
Her sharp voice rose echoing in all quarters.  
She was 'RUDRAANI'!  
The Vedic hymns stopped.  
Everyone became silent as if mesmerized by her voice!  
Even the birds in the garden were quite!  
Even the fire stood 'unmoving'!  
All raised their eyes to look at this form of DEVI.  
A fear arose in all their hearts.  
Silence reigned as if before a storm.  
Daksha sat with his head bent in meditation.



Daakshaayini, the spouse of Rudra was there!  
Daakshaayini, the daughter of Daksha was not there!  
Her voice thundered. Lightning sparkled in her eyes!  
Her hair spread out like dark ominous clouds!  
Was she another 'cloud of destruction' Shiva had created?  
Shivaa spoke:  
"Why did you not invite Shambhu?  
Don't you know that the whole world is purified by His Presence?  
A Sacrifice, without the presence of Shiva?  
Who do you think Shiva is? An ordinary person like you?  
He is the very essence of all Sacrifices!  
He is the very Knowledge contained in the Sacrifices!  
He is the very goal of all Sacrifices!  
And, here you fools are performing a Sacrifice, without honoring Him!  
He is the Very Form of Auspiciousness!  
Without Him, your Sacrifice is going to end up in inauspiciousness!  
What wealth can equal the presence of Shambhu?  
And, my dear father! How low can you get in character?  
You consider Shiva as an ordinary God?  
The very Gods you have honored here, Brahma and Vishnu, they have got their Godly Status because of His Grace! How dare these Gods participate in your Sacrifice, where Shambhu has not been honored!  
Have all of you lost your senses?  
Hey! You, my so-called father! Who can be more foolish than you?  
You Vishnu! Don't you know the Principle behind Shiva? Don't you know that HE is the goal set by the Vedas? Has he not rendered his helping hand in destroying your enemies, even when you descended down to the mortal world? You wicked Hari! Even then, you are acting without sense? You have not learnt the greatness of Him who has created you?  
O Brahma! For the meager essence of the YAJNA offered by my foolish father, you have come here even when Shiva is not there! You never improved! Did you not parade with five faces in front of Shiva? He cut off one of your heads! Have you forgotten all that?  
And you Indra! The King of Gods! Even when you had to kill Vajra, Shiva had to help you by burning him up! And, you are participating in a Sacrifice created for the insult of Shiva!  
And, ye foolish Gods! Don't you know the power of Shiva?  
And, you Sages! You seem to follow this great Sage Vasishta! All foolish sheep following a blind sheep! Which hell-hole are you going to end up in? You all cursed Shiva when he was roaming in the forests of Daaru-vana as a beggar! And He, in his anger burnt the worlds with his Linga! Have you forgotten all that? There seems to be a memory lapse in everybody! Or, have you all decided to get destroyed once and for all? Otherwise you all wouldn't be acting so foolishly!  
You are all reciting Vedic hymns! What for? Don't you know that Vedas have arisen from His mouth!  
And, even the Vedas cannot comprehend Him!  
And you all have dared to insult Him, in this manner?"



Thunder had stopped!  
Lightning was still sparkling!  
Storm was brewing!  
Silence prevailed!



But a frog croaked! Daksha glared at his daughter and spoke:  
“Hey you girl! Get out of here! Who asked you to come here?  
If you want to remain here, be silent. Who is missing you here?  
Your husband is the most inauspicious person ever there!  
No family! No house! Not even a proper retinue!  
Roams around with spirits and ogres!  
What a ridiculous figure he would be in front of these benign Gods!  
If this Brahma had not forced me, I would not have given you in marriage to that beggar!  
If you heed to my advice, you need not go back to him at all!  
I will give you all the pleasures you want! Even a better husband!  
Come! Stop acting like a foolish child and accept your portion of the Sacrifice!”



‘Another husband indeed! A beggar indeed! A person without status indeed!  
How dare he! How dare he!  
Why was I born to this sinner supreme!  
Curse on this body which had eaten the food provided by him!’  
Shivaa bit her lips! Blood trickled out of her rosy lips, making them rosier!  
Her eyes were also turning red with anger!  
Her fingers clenched tightly making the hands look like red lotuses!  
Her face got reddened by fury!  
The fire burning in the Sacrificial Altar reflected its own golden color on her face!  
The ornaments she wore shed an ominous light on all those who were seated around the Sacrificial fire!  
Was she the Pralaya fire? Fire of Dissolution? Had she decided to take over the duties of her husband?



The female fire roared!  
The Sacrificial fire was silent!  
A calm voice filled the quarters!  
“Those who hear disrespectful words about Shiva, and those who speak them, both go to hell!  
Fie on this body which bears the status of your daughter!  
After such an insult to my husband, what do I have to live for?  
I only regret that I cannot cut the tongue that spoke ill of my Lord!  
Since I am helpless, I close my ears, and leave this world once for all!  
This body which is polluted by being in the cursed state of your daughter, I do not feel like offering it to my Lord! It carries your essence! I feel like I am the very form of sin!  
I am not able to remain in this form even for a second!”  
She paused.  
Nobody said anything!  
Nobody even had the power to move!  
When Power itself decided to stop existing, what power can exist in anybody?  
All looked on as if caught by some unknown evil power!



She continued:  
“You father! Having insulted Shiva, you will suffer endless pains.  
You are the only enemy who thinks ill of a person who has no enemies at all!  
What else can a wretched person like you be capable of!  
Only the dust sticking on to His feet can fill you with sense!  
Two letters! SHI! VA!  
Just uttering them once a person gets rid of hosts of sins!  
But, even uttering His name infinitely, how will I get rid of this body born to you?  
I hate the very name of Daakshaayini!  
I do not even want to enjoy the fire of Shiva burning you all!  
Before He comes to save me, let me offer this tainted body into this Sacrificial Fire!  
May this YAJNA become polluted by this dirty offering of my body!  
Let this inauspicious body burn in pain before the auspicious form of my husband knows about this!  
Fie on you, my father!  
Fie on all these assembled here!  
Fie on this body born to you!  
O my Lord! Forgive me! Forgive me!



The ornaments on her person were thrown helter skelter! She threw off all her divine attires!  
She took the hot ashes from inside the Fire-altar and applied them all over her person!  
Her tender body withered like a burnt creeper by their touch!  
Her hair spread out like Pralaya clouds!  
Tears welled up inside her elongated eyes!  
Her mouth repeated the name of her Lord incessantly!  
She stepped into the fire as calmly as she had gone round it at the time of her wedding!  
The fire rose into ablaze! Each fiber of her body withered in painful agony!  
A black mass of flesh filled the Sacrificial Altar!



Shiva was burning! Yes! He was burning in the Fire!  
Were they not one soul and two forms!  
He felt the Sacrificial flames licking his person!  
He stood up in agony! His breath stopped!  
His existence itself seemed to disappear!  
He was no more there! The husband had disappeared!  
What was left?  
Fire!  
A raging fire!  
A dissolution fire!  
Fire of anger!  
Fire of revenge!  
Fire called Lover!



The Sacrificial hall now resembled a cremation ground!  
Ashes of Daakshaa's body was mixing with the winds and falling over everybody making them look like Pretas, the dead ones! All the faces bore the look of death!  
Only the Supreme Dancer of the cremation ground was missing!  
When He arrives now uninvited, what will happen?  
They need not have worried!  
Some thundering voice from the sky spoke!  
It condemned them!  
It chided them!  
It cursed them!  
And THE JUDGEMENT was passed!  
FIRE! Fire of Destruction! To burn all of them!  
They had burnt Dharma at the Sacrificial Altar of Daksha! Now Dharma will burn them!  
The fire that arose in the heart of Shiva will burn them!  
The fire that arose in the heart of Shiva by the loss of his beloved will burn them!  
The fire of hatred in the heart of Daksha will burn them!  
The fire of Adharma they bred by supporting Daksha will burn them!  
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!



Already the crowd assembled there was feeling the heat of Shiva's fire!  
They felt they were burning.  
Some tried to run!  
No! Nobody could move!  
All were held by some superior power unknown to them; as if held by invisible chains!  
Some managed to break the invisible chain by the power of the Mantra given by Sage Brghu!  
The GANAS ran to the shelter of their Master! They dutifully reported the events to the All-Knower!  
Sage Naarada gave a clearer view!



Shiva never heard what they were saying!  
FIRE does not have ears!  
FIRE has no sight!  
FIRE never speaks!  
FIRE only burns!  
And, SHIVA was burning like FIRE!



The blazing fire called RUDRA roared!  
He pulled a lock from his head forcefully.  
He threw it on the ground with all the force.  
The lock split into two.  
A great noise arose deafening the quarters.  
A giant form rose out of the fallen lock!



VEERABHADRA arose!  
A Terrifying form filling the whole of the Earth!  
His head reached the sky and exceeded its limits!  
Thousand arms emanated from that form!  
He was shining like a blazing fire!  
His breath was hot!  
His eyes glared in anger!



MAHAKALI arose, surrounded by ghostly attendants!  
Tongue hanging out!  
Teeth sharp like saw!  
Garland of skulls kissing her huge naked breasts!  
Eyes greedily looking for blood!  
A terrifying form hurting even by the very sight of it!



Veerabhadra saluted the MASTER! He waited for 'the Command of his Creator!  
Shiva ordered him to go and burn everything and everybody at the Sacrifice of Daksha!  
Never sparing anyone!  
Not even Vishnu or Brahma!  
Not even women!  
To burn giving them the utmost pain!  
For watching 'SHAKTI BURN HERSELF'!



Veerabhadra immediately left to complete his mission.  
He looked like another Shiva! Crores of GANAS followed him. He himself was seated on a huge chariot!  
Million lions pulled the chariot. Million lions walked along with the chariot.  
Mahaakali also left to complete her mission. Nine forms of Shakti accompanied her.  
All terrifying clans ruled by Shiva followed them both!  
Heart-splitting shouts and screams filled the quarters.  
Weird musical instruments added to the atmosphere a fearful nature!  
Weird dances were getting performed by the ghosts and meat-eating ogres!  
Even the sight of the procession was enough to bring death to any passerby.  
It was like a cremation ground with its residents on move!  
DEATH AND ITS ATTENDENTS!  
MOVING SLOWLY TOWARDS THE SACRIFICIAL SITE OF DAKSHA!!



The crowds assembled in the Sacrificial grounds awaited their destruction in silence!  
Ill omens were everywhere! Earthquakes! Stars seen in the daytime! Misty atmosphere!



Brown-colored Sun! Lightning! Falling stars! Storms!



Vultures flying low! Owls hooting! White scorpions!



The roof of the Sacrificial altar was blown off!  
Vomiting of blood and flesh pieces occurred everywhere!  
Lamp-lights flickered violently!  
Pains unknown were felt in the bodies!  
Tears flooded the eyes!  
Blood rained!  
Darkness filled the quarters!  
Famine attacked the Creation!  
Vishnu and other Gods fainted!  
Some rolled on the ground in agony!  
Some wept uncontrollably!  
Nobody had any strength left!  
A voice in the sky thundered predicting utter destruction for one and all!  
Daksha fell at the feet of Vishnu! He pleaded with him to protect the Sacrifice.



Vishnu consoled him and advised him.  
“Look child! You have committed a grave sin which cannot be forgiven!  
Shankara is the Supreme Lord!  
Without his will nothing can happen!  
Where you worship a person not worthy of worship; where you do not worship a person who deserves worship; there arises poverty, death and fear!  
You have dishonored Shiva!  
We ourselves are getting affected by the sinful act committed by you!”



Daksha was silent!  
Sound of an approaching army was heard!  
His hair stood on end! His body trembled in fearful anxiety!  
Veerabhadra stood before him like a Giant Shiva!  
Daksha raised his eyes towards Vishnu!  
Vishnu was chanting the names of Shiva and contemplating on the Supreme Form of Shiva!  
He knew he was powerless!  
Even his Sudarshana Chakra was given to him by Shiva himself!  
It would never hurt a person belonging to Shiva's army!  
He just held on to the Feet of the Lord in his mind!  
He advised Daksha also to do the same!



Indra, the 'Ruler of Gods' decided to give a fight.  
All Gods followed him.  
A 'battle' between Gods and GANAS took place.  
The Gods sought the help of their 'Preceptor' Brhaspati.  
He said that he had no advice to offer!  
GANAS were unconquerable!  
They will indeed destroy the 'Sacrifice'!



Veerabhadra laughed!  
He mocked the Gods!  
He ridiculed them!  
He crushed them!  
Everyone ran helter skelter!

Veerabhadra's arms were everywhere!  
Grabbing them!  
Squeezing them!  
Strangling them!  
Pinching them!

The Sages ran to Vishnu.  
Veerabhadra turned his attention towards HARI!  
He chided him.  
He condemned him for acting against HARA!  
He invited him to get torn by his 'Trishula'!



Vishnu did not move!  
Vishnu did not panic!  
He smiled!  
His calm voice arose like a cool drizzle in a hot summer's day!  
"Listen! Veerabhadra!  
Who told you that I am acting against Shankara?  
You are the personified anger of Shiva himself, I know!  
You are equal to Shiva!  
Accept my salutations!  
I have been ordained by Shiva himself to protect my devotees.  
Daksha is my devotee.  
It is my duty to protect him.  
Let us both fight!  
I will kill you!  
You kill me!  
We both will die performing our duties!"



Veerabhadra smiled.  
He spoke reverently.  
"I had to act like that so that the crowd understands your true nature!  
You are like Shiva himself! Shiva is like You!  
We both seem to be bound equally by the order of Shiva!  
What do you advise?"



Vishnu laughed aloud! "Come on! Let us fight to the utmost of our abilities! I know I cannot defeat you. I will return to my abode with wounds rendered by your weapons!"

A fierce battle started between the two devotees of Shiva. Gods and GANAS fought. Nandi and Indra faced each other. Mahaa Kaali devoured the enemies like some tasty dish. She sucked blood like water.

Vishnu fought using all his powers. But, he was wounded many times. He fainted many times. His Sudarshana Chakra became powerless. His bow was cut into pieces. He was held immovably by the power of Veerabhadra! Some inner voice told him to get out of the battle-field. He decided to vanish! He contemplated on Shiva's lotus-feet. He disappeared along with his retinue. He was back at Vaikunta!



Gods had no chance against Shiva Ganas. They were defeated in no time. The Sacrificial hall was in shambles. Daksha's Sacrifice was destroyed.



The Deity of YAJNA ran from there in the disguise of a deer. Veerabhadra's long arm caught him and his head was cut off! He kicked the heads of all Sages till they bled! He disfigured the nose of Sarasvati, who was acting as the wife of the priest! He tore open the bellies of Gods! His anger would not subside! He was breathing like an angry serpent. He searched for the hidden enemies. He found Daksha hiding inside the Sacrificial Stage! He pulled him out. He tried to cut off the enemy's head with weapons. Finding them useless, he pulled off the head with his hands! He threw Daksha's head in the Sacrificial fire!



Wounded, blinded, fractured, the Sages returned home!  
The entire abode of Daksha was set on fire! The whole thing looked like a huge mountain of fire!  
Screams!  
Shouts!  
Cries!  
Black mass of bodies falling like coals!  
Smell of burning flesh!  
Smell of burning hair!  
Skulls crackling!  
Bones breaking!  
Agony! Agony! Agony!



The Lord, who lived in the cremation ground, was not invited!  
The whole land was now a cremation ground!  
Countless dead spirits were howling in pain!  
They now belonged to the realm of Shiva!  
Dead or alive, Shiva owns you!  
He is the NATARAJA!  
THE KING OF DANCERS!  
His STAGE is the crematorium!  
His DANCE is the Dance of Death!  
Salutations! O God of Destruction!  
Salutations! O Daakshaayini! The Supreme Sati!



VISHNU!  
The Greatest Devotee of Shiva!  
The Greatest Knower next to Shiva!  
Why did he attend the Sacrifice, where Shiva was not invited?  
Why did he fight Shiva's army?  
What made him act without sense?



King KSHUVA! He was a close friend of the Great Sage DADHICHI! Many were the discussions that took place between the two friends. Once the discussion was about the greatness of castes! Dadhichi held that the Brahmins were the Best!  
The king was rich! The whole world was at his feet! He had extreme physical prowess! He looked at the withered body of the Sage. He looked at the abode of the Sage built by wood and leaves! He looked at the worn out bark garments of the Good Sage! He smiled! He said that, he as the greatest king was the greatest; the Sage better worship him!  
Dadhichi was angry! He for a minute lost his self-control! His left hand rose in anger! The king was hit on the head! The king had a weapon made of lightning! The Sage fell on the ground! The Sage thought of SHUKRA, his predecessor! Shukra appeared there, and cured the fallen Sage of his wounds. Shukra was the foremost among the devotees of Shiva!  
He was the originator of the MAHA MRINTYUNJAYMANTRA!  
The Mantra to free oneself from death!

ॐ त्र्यम्बकं यजामहे ।

सुगन्धिम् पुष्टिवर्धनम् ॥

ॐ उर्वारुकमिव बन्धनान् ।

मृत्योर्मुक्षीय मामृतात् ॥

OM TRYAMBAKAM YAJAAMAHE  
SUGANDHIM PUSHTI VARDHANAM  
URVAARUKAMIVA BANDHANAAT  
MRITYOR MUKSHEEYA MAAMRUTAAT.

[We contemplate on the Three-eyed reality  
which permeates and nourishes all like a fragrance;  
even as the cucumber is severed from bondage to the creeper  
may we be liberated from death through the attainment of immortality]

Shiva is the Lord of the Three Worlds!  
Shiva is the Lord of the Three Gunas!  
Shiva is the Lord of the Three Spheres!  
Shiva is the Lord of the Three Tattvas!  
Shiva is the Lord of the Three Fires!  
Shiva is the Lord of the Three Heavens!  
Shiva is divided into THREE everywhere!  
Shiva is the TRINITY!  
Shiva is endowed with the Three Arms!  
Shiva is the Sweet Perfume in everything!  
Shiva is the Sweet Smelling Self of everything!  
Shiva is the Nourisher of everything!  
Shiva is in all the GANAS!  
Shiva is in all the Gods!  
Shiva is Prakriti and Purusha!  
Shiva is the Sweet smelling Prakriti!  
Shiva is the nourishing Purusha!  
Shiva is the Power in everybody!  
Attain him through Self-study, Yoga and Meditation.

He is capable of freeing you from the bondage of life and death as easily as removing a cucumber from the plant! This Mantra is a hymn on that part of Shiva which frees one from death!  
With correct phonetic recitation it can raise even the dead!



The 'Supreme Form' of Mrityunjaya!  
He [the worshipper] takes two pots of water in his hands.  
He Sprinkles his own head with the water from the two pots.  
Again he has brought them down with his hands.  
He keeps them on his laps; meditates now on the form of Shiva!



A garland of crystal stones!  
A black tilak on the forehead!  
A lotus in the hand!  
Nectar from the crescent moon on the head bathing his whole person!  
Seated along with him is Uma, the daughter of the hills!  
Three eyed face! White lustrous form!  
One should contemplate on this form and repeat the Mantra!  
This is the Maha Mrityunjaya Mantra, taught to Sage Dadhichi by Shukra!



Dadhichi took the MANTRA! He performed penance using the Mantra! Shiva was pleased. He appeared in front of Dadhichi. The Sage asked for three boons. His bones should be as strong as Vajra, the Weapon Supreme made of diamond! He should not be killed by anybody. He should never attain a wretched state. Shiva granted the boons!  
Revenge was burning in the heart of the Sage! He immediately went to King Kshuva! He kicked him on the head. The king hit him back with 'Vajra'! Nothing happened to the Sage! Dadhichi had won over the royalty!



The king was not to be put down! He went to the forest. He performed penance on Vishnu. Vishnu appeared pleased by his penance. The king reported all that had happened. Vishnu explained to him the Greatness of Shiva! He said that there was no weapon against the Mrityunjaya Mantra! He also said that Brahmins had more power than even Gods! Even he was a victim of a curse pronounced by a Brahmin! He will get the result of this in the Sacrifice performed by Daksha! He will die and rise again by the Will of Shiva! He will help in the Sacrifice so Dadhichi will be conquered! However the Yajna will not be completed. Yet, He will try his best! Kshuva agreed and waited.



Lord Vishnu!

He was bound by his promise to his devotee. He took the form of a Brahmin. He went to Sage Dadhichi. He saluted him with reverence and asked for a boon. Dadhichi was not to be fooled. He saw Vishnu through the disguise! He laughed aloud. He asked him what he wanted. Vishnu asked him to confess to King Kshuva that he was afraid of him. The Sage refused! He said that he was not afraid of anybody or anything. He was a devotee of Shiva! Nobody could hurt him. Vishnu was angry. He used all his weapons on the Sage. Nothing worked. Vishnu even threw his Sudarshana Chakra to cut the head of the Sage. It failed. The weapon given by Shiva could not hurt the devotee of Shiva! Gods tried to help him. Various weapons fell on the Brahmin Sage. The Sage took a dry grass and contemplated on Shiva. A Trident made

of fire rose and chased all the Gods away! Vishnu tried various methods; Yogic Maaya; Vishva roopa; endless armies of his people! Nothing worked! As a result he got cursed by the Sage to lose his Knowledge! Even the Gods were cursed. King Kshuva fell at the feet of the Brahmin Sage. He had understood his lesson. Brahmins were more powerful than kings and Gods. To teach his devotee this lesson, Vishnu had to enact this drama. But the curse was there. There was no escape from it. The curse was from a devotee of Shiva! Vishnu had no power against it.



Vishnu, Brahma, and other Gods went to Mount Kailasa, the abode of Shiva. They apologized for their sins. Shiva forgave them. Daksha's body was brought! The head of a Sacrificial goat was attached to his headless body. Daksha came back to life. He apologized. He praised Shiva. The Yajna was completed by the Grace of Shiva. All left satisfied.

Shiva was left alone.



Alone!

Shiva went mad!

He cried! He wept! He rolled on the floor!

He kissed the objects that belonged to his dear wife.

Had he really renounced her in the mind?

How can he reject his own essence?

Had he fooled himself into believing that he was above love? He did not understand!

He felt as if death had swallowed him.

He felt incomplete.

He felt angry at her.

He felt pity for her.

He felt like slapping her.

He felt like embracing her.

'O O why did I love her!' He screamed in agony.

Broken down, he closed his eyes in contemplation.

He was dead! Dead to his duties! Dead to the world! Dead to his own eternal life!

Dead to his own self! As dead as his beloved!

Would Daakshaa know of his agony?

Will she come back?

Will she make him alive again?



Devi was in deep thoughts.  
As Daksha's daughter she had failed to become a proper spouse of Shiva.  
She must do something.  
She must try some other form.  
She must approach him with dispassion.  
She sat in contemplation of Shiva.



O DEVI SUPREME!  
What words can I use to describe you?  
Still I try in vain! I know words will come flooding in me!



Because, my head always rests on your lotus feet



What are you?  
A rose just bloomed? A red red lotus?



Are you the redness of the Sunrise?  
Because,  
When you smile graciously at me, I seem to bloom up like a lotus!  
Waves of love seem to be cradling me!  
A perfume of Supreme Passion emanates from me!



Are you a SUN?  
No! You cannot be the Sun!  
Your eyes are so cool like a moon!  
Nectar seems to flow from your eyes and bathe me all over!



You must be thousands of Suns put together!  
Your luster seems to prove it!



You must be thousand moons put together!  
Your 'cooling eyes' prove it!



What are You, My Devi?  
Who are you? Why have you taken residence in the poor heart of mine?  
Your face! Like the moon of the autumn!  
So taintless! So pleasant! So charming!



But, what is this?  
Around this moon I find clouds spreading all over!?  
O! It is your black black hair spreading out like this!



And, all the stars seem to be the garland of jewels adorning your profuse hair!



And not having enough of moon-ness in your face, You have hung a crescent moon in your locks!  
Do you want the moon to be ashamed of his beauty?



Sometimes you want to pretend that You are Sharada, the Knowledge Supreme!  
You carry a rosary in your hand!  
What do you Chant? My name?  
You must love your devotee as much as he loves you!  
So, you must be thinking of me!  
And, what do you have in the other hand? A book?  
Why? What do you read?  
Our life stories?  
Then,  
Why don't you my dear Goddess, change them, for a change!  
Tears we have had enough! O Queen Supreme!  
Fill up some smiles in our life-scripts!  
For a change!!!



O My Devi! My Queen!  
Do not walk so fast! Your tender waist may not bear the weight of your huge breasts!



Call your spouse Shiva to hold them in his strong hands!  
Or, should he carry you by the waist with his hands under your shapely hips?



Why do you redden my Devi, at the thought of your spouse?  
The three worlds are bathed in red red rays now!



The whole creation has changed its color to redness now!



The world looks like a bouquet of red red roses!



Oh! Do not change the color to red!

For,

Shiva seeing that redness will swoon in delight thinking that your face is close to him!

Hasn't he left all the heavenly beauties, just to get a glimpse of you?

Whether your eyes look at him or not, Shiva seems to be in constant bliss in just your thought!

The Lord of dispassion is passionately in love with you!



May your union with your spouse bless the creations!

Salutations to Mahesha!

Salutations to Sharada!

Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!

**END OF VOLUME TWO**

# VOLUME THREE

## CONTENTS:

1. Devi reveals to the Trinities, her supreme power of Creation.
2. Further events which occurred after the destruction of Daksha Yajna.
3. The tragedies of the God World and the solutions created by Devi.
4. The happy ending.

## SHAKTI

The serpent sacrifice was incomplete!  
Serpent clan was saved by a child!



The curse of a child started all the mess!  
The boon given to a child cleared all the mess!  
A relief was in the air!  
Janamejaya felt purified.  
His mind had lost all the anger and vengeance.  
He was now ready for philosophy.  
And, he was full of questions.  
What? Why? Wherefore? Who? By Whom? Who is Supreme?



Vyaasa answered!  
“Yes! Yes! Wonderful questions! Even Naarada had these doubts! And Brahma had to answer him!  
Good of you to think like this.”  
A good teacher never demoralizes the student! But, all these questions had to be sorted out; without hurting the student’s morale!



The two demons Madhu and Kaitabha were dead! Vishnu exhausted, sat on the serpent-bed!  
Brahma heaved a sigh of relief!  
The quarters rang with the laughter of Devi!  
Who was She? Brahma wondered! Where will She be? He looked at Vishnu enquiringly.  
Vishnu was in no mood for answering his questions! He closed his eyes and lost himself in pleasant dreams of his own!  
His reverie was broken by the arrival of Rudra! Vishnu got up in reverence.  
Rudra looked at Brahma who was eager for knowledge. He pointed upwards.  
THERE SHE STOOD! THE QUEEN SUPREME!



The TRINITY welcomed her with prayers!



She smiled graciously! The three divinities had a problem!  
They were all bereft of their spouses.  
They had no SHAKTI to help them!  
Brahma had more problems.  
He wanted to create! But with what?  
There was only water, water, water, everywhere!  
No Gunas! No senses! No elements! Nor their essences!  
What to do?



She smiled!  
Jasmines blossomed!  
Roses bloomed!  
Lightning lost its sparkles!



A lustrous air-vehicle arose in front of the Trinities!  
She commanded with her eyes.  
They obediently sat in the Vehicle Divine!  
What a vehicle!  
Like a heaven on move!  
Pearl garlands decorated the roof!  
Small bells tinkled a pleasant tune!  
A pleasant perfume pervaded the interiors!  
Maids of unseen beauty stood in servitude!  
The vehicle rose to unknown heights!  
Vishnu's eyes closed back in day dreams!  
Some dream-girl was dancing in his mind!  
Vishnu wished that the journey never ended.  
But who heard his mind's pleas?  
They had arrived at the destination!



What would one like to see?  
Every thing? Any thing?  
Well! The Tri-Gods saw everything and anything!  
Gardens filled with fruit trees!  
Forests filled with various animals!  
Huge mountains!  
Expansive lands!  
Men! Women!  
Rivers! Streams! Ponds! Lakes!  
Beautiful cities!  
Tall buildings!  
Sacrificial halls!  
Some king hunting some animal somewhere!  
Even he saw them!



Another place! Another vision!  
A beautiful garden!  
A cow resting under the Paarijaata tree!  
An elephant with four husks was standing nearby!  
Divine damsels walked around, piercing the hearts of all the Gods!  
Even Beauty Queens like Menakaa were there!  
Someone played a Veena!  
Some young girl was just kissing a flute! And it sang in intoxication!  
Some girls were practicing a different dance-stance!  
Some were lying on the grass like pink serpents!  
Some were biting the flower stalks instead of their lovers' fingers!  
Some were trying water-games in gurgling waters!  
Nobody had any thought for modesty or shyness!  
Clothes were just flying about them like kites rather than covering their shapely bodies!  
They looked like butterflies spreading their wings when they ran helter-skelter chasing deer!  
Some were trying to vie with the cuckoo birds in singing!  
It was a noisy scene!  
Anklets! Bangles! Giggles! Shouts! Screams!  
Many Vidhyadharas and Gandharvas were watching these beauties from hidden corners!  
And their condition? Only moths which fall in the fire will know!  
Shatakratu was there! Poulomya was there with her Lord Indra!  
Varuna! Kubera! Yama! Surya! Vibhvasu! Many many Gods!  
Meanwhile a chariot emerged from a nearby city.  
A chariot equal to that of Indra! But, men were pulling it!  
Before they could see what it was, the Vehicle of Three Gods traveled away fast!



Vishnu yawned!  
Shiva was expressionless!  
Brahma was wonder-stuck!  
As he watched, a Brahma-Loka arose in front of them!  
The Four Vedic-Deities were in attendance!  
A Brahma was seated there! This Brahma was surprised!  
Before he could understand anything, the vehicle flew up entering a warmer atmosphere!



Kailaasa Mount came into view!  
And a Shiva was seen there sitting on a divine bull!  
His two sons were in attendance!  
The Seven Shaktis were also following him!



Soon they reached a Vaikunta also!  
And saw another Vishnu with another Lakshmi serving him!  
Vishnu woke up with a jerk!  
Was that Lakshmi his dream girl? So...red; million hues of reds! So So beautiful; like a red red rose with  
countless red shades!  
But before he could see properly, the vehicle was on the move!



Soon they reached the Ocean of Nectar!  
Huge waves were dancing against the rocky shores!  
Divine trees adorned the island in the middle of it!  
The Paarijaata flowers covered the ground like a carpet!  
For one single flower of that variety, the two wives of Krishna had fought once! Their husband had  
satisfied them with a tree brought from the heavens!  
A Great Hero! But Here?  
Nobody bothered about these flowers! Not even about the rare Mandaara Flowers!



Young girls of unparalleled beauty were walking over these flowers!  
Even these flowers hurt their tender feet like thorns! Their feet almost bled in pain!  
They were trying to pluck some flowers to make garlands!  
Drops of sweat were making pearl-garlands on their foreheads!  
Beautiful jeweled buildings shone like Suns in the midst of those trees!  
The walls were covered with exotic designs!  
Carpets of extreme softness adorned the floors!  
Various jewels and pearls hung as canopies on the roof!  
A network of beautiful lights emanated from those palaces!  
The whole scene looked like a fairy land!



And in the centre of that island, there was a cot in the shape of Shiva!  
Jewels unseen in any heavens adorned the cot!  
Rainbows of different colors unknown even to Gods shone around it!  
On that cot was resting a female of unparalleled beauty!  
Her fair body was covered with reddish paste!  
Red flowered garlands adorned her beautiful neck!  
Her eyes were also red because of the intoxicating liquid she was sipping!

The luster from her person blinded the eyes like crores of lightning flashing together!  
Her face shone like a red lotus made of light!  
Her eyes were like deep lakes where two dark fish played around!  
Her tender lips were wet with wine and red wine drops clung to the corner of her lips like dripping blood!  
Her teeth also shone like red flashes of light!  
Her tongue which was rolling the betel leaf was like a red serpent!  
Crores of Lakshmis wouldn't equal the beauty there!  
Was she a Moon or Sun or a collection of stars?  
Were those shining things on her person - ornaments or lights of different hues?  
HREEM HREEM HREEM; some birds were humming these sounds!  
She was so young! Vishnu felt he was an old man in her presence! It was a new sensation to him!  
What huge breasts! Who were fortunate to play with them! So tender! So hard! So tempting! What were they filled with? Bliss! Nectar!  
A mischievous smile played on her lips!  
A shining colorful crown adorned her head!  
Her hair was profusely falling out! Which fortunate male would bury his face in them?  
There... She is getting up!  
There... She is walking on the flowers thrown by her maids!  
Her tender feet are reddening by the effort!  
Her tender waist is bending by the weight of the breasts!  
Her hips are moving like a palanquin!  
Her anklets are providing an orchestra for her rhythmic walk!  
She stopped midway! Her face turned back to look at these Gods! She smiled!  
Like hit by a lightning, they watched her unmoving!  
She signaled them with her eyes and entered the huge palace there!  
The three followed her mesmerized!  
But the distance seemed enormous!  
For her, it was just a few steps!  
They climbed their vehicle and traveled to the gates of the palace!  
She was standing near a creeper of unknown flowers!  
Pollen from those flowers was sprinkling their yellow dust on her!  
She looked like a creeper herself!  
Golden red in hue!  
The navel acting like a stem base!  
The hair-line up to the breasts acting like a stem!  
Two breasts looking like nectar filled fruits!  
Her face shining like the Sun at dawn!

The three Gods entered the room!  
Wow! All the three had turned into females!  
Very Very beautiful women!  
A woman with four faces!  
A woman with blue hue!  
A woman with serpent on her neck!

Looking at them, she laughed aloud!  
But, it was not offending!  
It was lovely!  
Like the gurgling Ganga!  
Like the cool drizzle!  
Like music sweet!

They saluted in reverence!  
Their heads touched her lotus-feet!  
Their eyes saw the feet decorated with red paste!  
They saw the toe-nails like lotus buds! Their eyes saw the toe nails shining like mirrors!



The little toe-nail; like a lotus bud! And inside it were mirrored -  
Infinite creations!

Many Many Brahmas!

Many Many Vishnus!

Many Many Shivas!

Many Many Gods!

Many Many Worlds!

Many Many Events!

The three female Gods saw themselves inside it looking at themselves saluting the lotus-feet of DEVI!

They looked on and on!

Eyes stuck to the wondrous visions!

Their heads were still touching her tender feet!

Maybe a hundred divine years passed in that fraction of a second!

Even Vishnu was stunned by these visions!

They got up slowly.

They felt faint!

Shiva raised his voice in praise!

The other two followed!

Hymns and Praises flowed from their mouth incessantly!



DEVI was lost in her own thoughts!

Her eyes were stealing a look at Shiva who was now in a female form!

What a form!

What a dispassion!

Yes! Her own Creation; yet, he had stolen her heart; but, She had failed to move his heart!

She of course had implanted an equal amount of passion in him to balance the dispassion.

But passion could never imprison him!

Passion was a quality he used as a duty; when She called, he came!

Unions were there!

Linga was there!

Creations were there!

But was it enough?

He never entered Her Palace alone!

Always his mission was to help others!

Even now, before She had appeared before the threesome, he had prayed to Her to appear in front of  
Brahma and give him some knowledge!

She had acted accordingly and played this game of making female forms out of them!

This was Her idea! Not his!

She wanted to just surprise him!

Shiva was actually Her Master!

She was a slave to him!

Slave to his Dispassion!

But She wanted him to be passionate also!  
As Daakshaayini She had failed!  
As Uma She had failed!  
She always did what He requested!  
Now She had enacted this drama to please him!  
Now? What more?  
She looked at him enquiringly! Shiva smiled!  
A Majestic Voice rose like the bell of a temple!  
Shiva spoke; Devi listened attentively!  
“O Mother Supreme!” Devi felt offended.  
Shiva continued. His eyes were gleaming with some mischief!  
“Why? What wonder is there in my calling You Mother?  
This Vishnu came out of you!  
This Brahma came out of you!  
They are Your Sons!  
I also came out of You!  
Am I also not Your son?  
Aren’t You the Mother of Creations?  
Every cell in my body is you!  
Every breath in my person is you!  
Every thought in my mind is you!”  
He paused. He looked at her. He had somehow managed to express His Love!  
Devi’s face reddened a little more! She looked elsewhere to hide her excitement!  
Her lips trembled a little! A smile just for him lingered there.  
Shiva continued:  
“O Supreme Mother! People speak of us as the three Great Gods! But whatever we do is by Your Command only! You WILL; Creations are there! Even the non-conscious objects exist as unconscious because YOU exist as the Conscious Principle in them!”  
Devi wondered! She tried to decipher His Love-Code in those innocent-looking hymns!  
Was he telling her that whatever he saw, even if it was an inanimate object he saw her only?  
She threw a side-glance at him! His eyes smiled at her unseen by his companions.  
Devi sighed in intoxication! Her heavy bosom heaved in love pangs! The ashes on the wide forehead of Shiva slightly melted in the sweat drops that started to form! He continued his praises undaunted.  
“You have Complete Free will! You take various forms and play around us as You like! A minute piece of the pollen sticking to your lotus-feet gives all three of us the Power to do our duties!”  
Shiva looked at her tender feet looking like lotuses. He wanted to hold them to his bosom and kiss all the pollen sticking to them! His ashes melted more! He shook himself a little to normalize his behavior! He was losing all his dispassion and becoming powerless against the love-darts shooting out from her eyes!  
Shiva continued:  
“Why did you make me different? Why all three of us are different? Why do we think differently? Why we have different Gunas? You must have made us for different purposes! You are actually the Moving Force behind us! Yet, we are spoken of as Gods with different functions!  
You are compassionate! Nobody knows about You, the Supreme Cause of Causes!  
We three are just created beings! How can we equal You in anything?  
Only merits of immense quantity must have resulted in having Your Vision like this!”  
Shiva again paused! He looked crestfallen! Did he think that she was too high in powers to act as his beloved?  
Shiva spoke:  
“You have made us into female forms now! Another Play of Yours, I suppose!”  
Shiva paused and looked at her enquiringly! He knew very well what her intentions were.  
As soon as they entered the Palace they had turned into female forms! DEVI had rushed towards them and embraced all three of them! She had kissed Brahma on the forehead! He was the ‘Son’! She had kissed Vishnu on the cheeks! He was the ‘Brother’! And, coming to Shiva, She had hesitated! Her red face had become redder! Shiva as a woman had taken the liberty to embrace her himself and kissed her gently on the apple like cheeks!

Brahma had been in Divine Stupor! Vishnu had looked the other way! And, Shiva just managed to brush her tender lips with his rough lips quickly! She had gone back to her seat as if drunk! What was her relation to Him? Was She a flower waiting for the bee?

The Female disguise was for the best! The Lovers could meet unknown to anybody! She bent her head, shy at the thought of that stealthy embrace! His voice broke her day dreams! She threw a side-glance at him. He was smiling mischievously at Her now! He spoke again:

“What your intention was, we do not know O Goddess! But, the play of yours has caused us to get the extreme bliss ever possible! In male forms we would never have been able to approach You at all! We have had the good fortune now of having the glimpse of Your lotus-feet! Who wants the male form and rule the Creations? I would prefer to remain as a female and serve You day and night!”

Shiva smiled again. Devi felt he was teasing her again! Would she be foolish enough to have him as a female, in privacy? This is to fool others! Soon he will have his own form! The Supreme Man Ever Born! And, She will somehow appease him and unite with him! They would be forever together! No separation at all! He and She! She and He! No one else! Nothing else! Just Love! Just Passion! Just them both! For the first time in eternity she won't be alone anymore! The formless ONE will be TWO as ONE bound by LOVE! Her dreams were again broken by Shiva's voice!

“Even penance and contemplation cannot give this Vision of Yours O Queen! Only those who worship your lotus-feet are blessed by Complete Liberation! Why don't You teach me the Mantra that leads to Your Presence? The nine-lettered word, I have forgotten though I had got it in my first birth! Let me recite that Mantra so that I will be freed from this worldly existence!”

Devi slowly walked towards him.

She whispered something in his ear.

He smiled and accepted it with reverence.

He moved away and started chanting that Mantra!

What Mantra was it?

How can She give Her Beloved Lord, an ordinary Mantra?

Was it a Mantra to increase the Passion?

Was it a Mantra to increase Love?

Was it a Mantra to make them unite soon?

Who can understand the MIND of the SUPREME QUEEN?

But let us chant this sacred Mantra of Devi to attain the Ultimate Freedom!

OM AIM HREEM KLEEM CHAMUNDAYAI VICCHE

Salutations! Salutations! Salutations!



Brahma was pensive!

He was the Master of the Vedas!

He had so far believed that he was the only one endowed with Creative Powers!

He felt all his knowledge has turned into zero!

‘What was the use of Ashtaanga Yoga, the method of Eight-fold Discipline?

If by just taking Her name one got liberation, then what was the value of Vedas?

What is the use of going behind Taattvas (Principles) counting their Sankhya (numbers)?

**SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE!**

Devotion to Her lotus-feet is enough to get Mukti!

Even a Knower of Upanishads always chants only Her Name with devotion!

By just a side-glance of Hers She can create countless worlds!

She had just created him to act as Her puppet with the string in Her hand!

Even Vishnu seems powerless! Even Hara is submissive to Her!

Who is She? From where is She born? Nobody seems to know!  
She seems to be the original Power House!  
According to Saankhya philosophy Purusha is the Conscious Self and Prakriti is the Unconscious subordinate! There is no third person!  
But Vedas cannot utter Untruth!  
BRAHMAN IS ONE AND SECONDLESS - proclaim the Vedas!  
Was SHE the Purusha actually?  
But SHE looks like a female?  
Then, SHE is not the Formless Brahman!  
SHE has a form - Beauty Personified!  
But Vedas say that the Supreme is FORMLESS and ONE!  
Duality or Non-duality; what should one believe in?  
Either Vedas must be untrue, or I do not understand them properly!  
Form or Formless; which is to be sought?  
He was so much absorbed in his thoughts; he did not hear Her first.  
She went inside his mind and woke him up.  
Like rising from a deep sleep state he got up with a start.  
She was looking at him. She spoke nectar-like words.  
Brahma was bathed in True Knowledge!



DEVI SPOKE:  
What confuses you, O Knower of Vedas'?'  
Vedas are not untrue. They proclaim that there is only one Brahman; and I AM THAT BRAHMAN!  
There is no difference between ME and the BRAHMAN of the Upanishads.  
THAT is I! I am THAT!  
Only a fool will see the difference; but a wise man will know that there is no difference!  
He immediately gets liberated!  
The BRAHMAN is second-less, Eternal, Ancient; so say the Vedas!  
I am ONE!  
I am SECONDLESS!  
I am ETERNAL!  
I am ANCIENT!  
I am the NON-DUAL ONE!  
When I want to create Duality arises!  
ONE becomes many like reflections in a mirror; like shadows of a person! So is the world to ME!  
At the time of creation differentiation arises.  
Differentiation is creation!  
Seen and Unseen also arise!  
Form and Formless also arise!  
Purusha and Prakriti also arise!  
When the Creation merges into Me, they also merge into ME!  
At that time I am not a woman or man or a non-gender!  
I AM WHAT I AM!  
All THIS is My Imagination!  
At My Will I create and destroy!  
Nobody can know ME!  
All arise out of ME!  
I am SHAKTI!  
All SHAKTIS are My Forms!  
I am the Nerve-Centre of the Whole Creation!

I am the nerves running through the Whole Creation!  
I am the Truth and I am the Untruth!  
I am the Vision!  
I am the Speech!  
I am the Seer!  
Tell me Brahma, What I am not?  
Know that I AM EVERYTHING!  
I PERVADE everything!  
This world is My Very Form!  
What else can be My Form?  
I alone exist as All Gods!  
I as Shakti's forms show my prowess!  
I am the power in all the actions.  
I make Purusha stand as the Conscious Principle behind everything.  
I am the coolness in water.  
I am the heat in fire.  
I am the light in the sun.  
I am the nectar in the moon.  
I am free to do as I want!  
If I renounce anybody their very existence will be nil!  
If Shakti is not there, Shankara cannot destroy any demon.  
A person without Shakti is weak.  
If anybody is to be condemned, he will be addressed as power less; not Vishnu less or Rudra less!  
If anybody has fallen, slipped, frightened, quiet, or under the control of enemies, they call him powerless;  
not Rudra less!  
I am the Power behind your Creations also.  
So am I the Power in all the Gods.  
I am the Power in the Earth, which bears so much weight.  
I can drink off all waters!  
I can remove the heat from the fire!  
I can stop the wind from moving!"

She paused.  
Brahma was in a stunned state. Vishnu had the look of a prisoner! Rudra smiled to himself!  
He signaled with his eyes; 'too much of herself; let not Brahma throw away the Vedas; she has to convince him of their truth!'  
DEVI changed the topic. Philosophical truths flowed like a river drowning the Creator! He was lost!  
SHE spoke:  
"Do not ever question the authority of Vedas! O Brahma! Do not have doubts about the Truths mentioned there! Brahman is Existence! Non-existence is of many kinds; non-existence before creation like a pot is non-existent in clay; non-existence after destruction like a broken pot. Where was the pot before creation and where did the pot go after the destruction? The pot was existent in the atomic state. Existence is always there; only it is an unmanifested state! A pot is un-manifest before creation and goes back to its original state after destruction. So are the human bodies before and after death!"

Shiva gave an approval with his eyes.  
SHE continued:  
SHE explained in detail the twenty four principles.  
SHE told him that he will be getting the MAHAT TATVA from Her. So he can create as he likes.  
SHE produced a SARASVATI out of Her.  
SHE told him that he will not lack any knowledge now.  
SHE commanded the newly created Goddess to live with Brahma.  
SHE commanded Brahma never to insult the Goddess in any way.  
SHE commanded him to always honor and respect Shiva.  
SHE commanded him to honor Vishnu.  
And, SHE said:  
"Now go and create worlds with four types of seeds. Already souls exist with subtle forms of gender and actions. Now you make them manifest by the power I have given you. Make them as before. Create beings

with forms according to their causal bodies bound by time and action. Whenever you have trouble in your Creations Vishnu will descend down into the Creations and set right everything. He will destroy all the demons. You create YAJNAS suited to all different types of people. Take My Name in all Sacrifices. Everything will be successful. Shiva should be honored in all Sacrifices. Hari will be there to kill all the demons.”

SHE gave Brahma the ‘nine-lettered Mantra’. SHE assured Hari that he will soon be united with the girl of his heart. SHE praised him saying that he was equal to Shiva in status. Nobody should ever differentiate between them both. Both were equally worthy of worship. If any one anywhere insults either one of these Supreme Gods by taking recourse of fanaticism, he is surely bound for hell. SHE gave Hari a Special Mantra to get Powers. SHE told him that penance performed chanting that mantra will empower him to come to her.

SHE produced GOWRI out of her own person and gave her to Shiva asking him to continue the work in the world. SHE bid them farewell. They got their original forms after they left the Palace. They climbed the Air-vehicle and returned to their abodes.



VYAASA EXPLAINS:

BRAHMAN with attributes is SAGUNA.

BRAHMAN without attributes is NIRGUNA.

NIRGUNA cannot be seen.

NIRGUNA has no form.

That which is seen is perishable.

NIRGUNA is imperishable.

NIRGUNA is formless and cannot be seen.

SHAKTI who is formless is difficult to attain.

PARABRAHMAN who is formless is also difficult to comprehend!

They can be attained only through Knowledge and contemplation.

Faith is very very important.

The formless has no beginning, no end!

The awareness in everybody is Brahman.

The HE of the Upanishads and the SHE, the QUEEN of ALL - both are all pervading.

Without These Two nothing exists.

HE and SHE are always the SAME.

They appear like TWO but are ONE!

Contemplate on both of them as the Same Principle.

BRAHMAN is DEVI. DEVI is BRAHMAN.

There is a very subtle difference between both principles.

Studies and arguments will not reveal that subtle difference.

Dispassion will surely reveal the Truth.

A person who is attached to the form can never understand the Formless.

Like a man with jaundice he cannot have a clear perception.

As long as ‘I’ exists, how can you reach the Highest?

First know the BRAHMAN with attributes. Then you will know the BRAHMAN without attributes.

SHIVA EXPLAINS:

SHE is Supreme!

SHE becomes the formless BRAHMAN!

SHE again takes forms, varied and countless.

SAGUNA BRAHMAN is the Highest!

DEVI is the SUPREME!

SHE is with form!

SHE is the 'I' of everybody!

SHE is the power in everybody!

SHE is the SUPREME QUEEN.

SHE can be reached only through dispassion!

Have dispassion to everything. You are saved!

SALUTATIONS TO THE SUPREME BRAHMAN CALLED DEVI!



SALUTATIONS to DEVI!

SALUTATIONS to SHIVA!

SALUTATIONS to VISHNU!

SALUTATIONS to BRAHMA!

SALUTATIONS to ALL THE GODS!

SALUTATIONS to ALL SAGES!

SALUTATIONS to ALL THE KNOWERS OF BRAHMAN!

SALUTATIONS to MY OWN SELF!



## FURTHER EVENTS AFTER DAKSHA YAJNA

### DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE



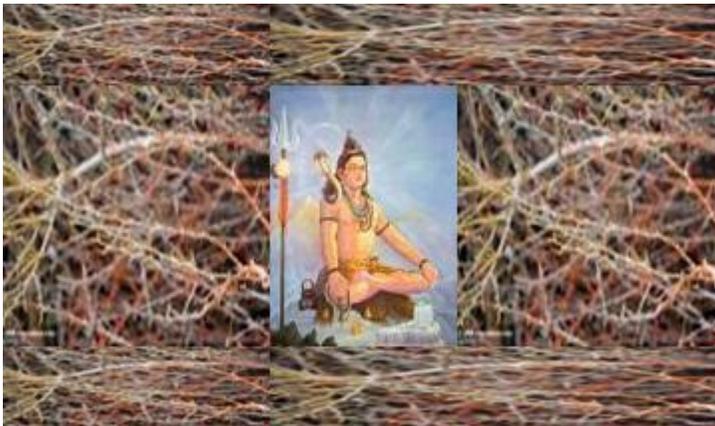
Alone!  
Shiva went mad!  
He cried!  
He wept!  
He rolled on the floor!  
He kissed the objects that belonged to his dear wife.  
Had he really renounced her in the mind?  
How can he reject his own essence?  
Had he fooled himself into believing that he was above love?  
He did not understand!  
He felt as if death had swallowed him.  
He felt incomplete.  
He felt angry at her.  
He felt pity for her.  
He felt like slapping her.  
He felt like embracing her.  
'O O why did I love her!' He screamed in agony.  
Broken down, he closed his eyes in contemplation.  
He was dead!  
Dead to his duties!  
Dead to the world!  
Dead to his own eternal life!  
Dead to his own self!  
As dead as his beloved!  
Would Daakshaa know of his agony?  
Will she come back?  
Will she make him alive again?



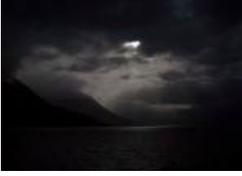
Devi was in deep thoughts.  
As Daksha's daughter, she had failed to become a proper spouse of Shiva.  
She must do something.  
She must try some other form.  
She must approach him with dispassion.  
She sat in contemplation of Shiva.

## DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE

Shiva was burning.  
With passion!  
With anger!  
With Love!  
DAKSHAA! DAKSHAA! His heart cried.  
Without his soul he was dead.  
His body was eternal!  
He could not destroy his own existence.  
Existence and eternity were curses for him now.  
He just walked into deep jungles without any purpose.  
He just wanted to get away from himself.  
He did not even know where he was walking.  
He never saw any thing.  
Only the 'face of Daakshaa as she took leave of him that day' was pinned to his eyes.  
He just walked.  
Rocks that were on his path just crumbled to dust as he waded through them.  
Rivers dried when his hot feet touched them.  
Trees withered by his hot breath.  
Wherever he walked the land turned into ashes.  
Maybe that is why he is always worshipped as connected to ashes.  
For him, except his DAAKSHAA everything else was just dust!



Somewhere he fell unconscious!  
There was no sense of time or place.  
An eternity passed.  
He woke up.  
His body had blackened by the heat of his heart.  
He sat in lotus posture.  
He closed his eyes which were anyhow blind to the world.  
He vanished within himself.  
His body cooled down like ice as if dead!  
Creepers grew around him.  
Snakes crawled over the rough texture of his body.  
Birds built nest in his abundant hair.  
Thorny creepers covered his entire body.  
Trees grew all around him.  
He was not aware of anything.  
The world was dead for him.



Here world continued to exist.

Without Shiva the world lost its goodness too!

Evil selfish hearts took over the lands.

Without Shiva to control VAANI disappeared into her SATYA LOKA!

Brahma easily fell a prey to anyone who performed penance on him.

Gratified by their attention he gave boons to anyone without analyzing their characters.

And a clever demon named Taaraka guaranteed his own eternity by asking for death at the hands of SHIVA's son! Since nobody even knew where Shiva was, he proclaimed himself deathless and harassed all Sages and Gods. Devaloka was in shambles.

### **DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE**



Naaraayana was also dejected. He was feeling very lonely.

Nowadays His spouse Lakshmi was highly absorbed in contemplation.

Maybe she missed the innocent chats of Daaksha!

She might have been annoyed with the whole of male community.

She showed her annoyance with her spouse too.

She was a gift that arose out of the milk ocean when the gods and demons churned the ocean.

Shiva had offered her to Vishnu.

She had been a devoted wife all her life, but she was not innocent to her Lord's exploits.

Every decent girl in Deva Loka or Martya Loka desired to be His, and he obliged all of them; out of compassion he had said!

She was just too fed up! And now even Daaksha had vanished out of her life!

Daaksha used to tell her all that her husband Shiva taught to her about Higher Truths!

Lakshmi started spending more time in contemplation on Brahman and left her spouse free for his adventures. Usually she entered deep into the ocean bowels and meditated on Brahman! She was praying to DEVI to end her identity as Vishnu's spouse!

## DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE



Devi descended on Earth!

She became the daughter of the chief of mountain tribes, Himavaan!

As a child she had heard the myth of a God who was somewhere buried in those forests.

An abnormal fascination rose in her from her childhood itself to meet that terrifying God who had left the world when his wife had entered the fire!

What a love! What a man!

Daakshaa was a fortunate girl. But she threw away her fortunes when she destroyed herself in the fire!

Unlucky girl!

What if she could replace Daakshaa and light up the world of Shiva? She had high ambitions indeed!

And to fulfill her cherished dream she performed penance!



Penance!

Till now no Sage or God had gone to such extreme limits of penance!

Everyone who observed her only exclaimed –Uuuuu MAAA! OH DON'T! Her name itself became UMA!

As she roamed in the mountains searching for the mythical Shiva, she was called Paarvati.

As the fair-hued beauty, she was called GOWRI!

And she performed penance! Under icy waters! Inside fiery fires! In forests, in mountains!

She survived on only leaves. But later she stopped even that and took only air as her food.

She was called APARNAA too!

She sat; she stood up; then she stood on one leg!

Her only speech was the name of Shiva!

Her body had withered and looked like a skeleton!

Her eyes were sunk!

Her hands continuously made little Lingas from river sand which filled the entire mansion of her father!

Her body had blackened by applying hot ashes all over her body!

Her fair body was now black in hue and people called her KAALI!

## DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE



Uma was burning in the penance of Shiva!

She took hot ashes from the sacred fire altar at the worship ground of Shiva and applied it all over her fair body. As hot ashes burnt her limbs, she felt the pain Daakshaa had felt! She imagined herself to be Daakshaa and cried for Shiva!

Now after years of penance, her body had succumbed to the hardships!

Ashes spread all over the floor of her dark room. River sand was piled in all corners. She untiringly made Lingas out of sand as her dried mouth whispered her lover's name unceasingly.

She knew her body will not last long. She felt faint. She had stopped eating food long ago. Not even a drop of water entered her scorched throat.

There was no hope of ever attaining her Lord! Like Daaksha she would also give up her body in fire, she thought! But she should not die here in her father's place like Daakshaa! She will reach the deeper sections of the mountains where her Lord was supposed to be buried!

She sent all the maids away with a signal from her eyes. With stumbling gait, with her heart heaving in heavy breaths, she slowly treaded the mountain paths alone.

Her hair was whitened by ashes. At some places the scalp revealed burnt scars caused by the application hot ashes. Her face had blackened here and there by the sparks of hot embers of the fire altar. Her ashy grey cloth hardly was able to hold on to her skeletal structure.

Like a 'Dead Daakshaayini' coming out of the Sacrificial altar, she slowly walked towards the mountains. She wanted to give up her life somewhere inside the mountain forests. That is where Her Lord must be, she thought! Better die where he existed, than at the grand palace of her father! Her father had no control over his adamant daughter and had left her to do what she willed. But he least suspected that she would want to end up her life in the forest today.

After a long time of tedious walk, Uma reached very dark, hitherto unseen parts of the forest; more out of will power than by mere physical strength!

Thorny bushes spread all over.

Giant snakes hung from huge branches.

Some water-hole gleamed far away below the hills.

A musty smell filled the whole atmosphere.

Uma decided that it was a good place to give up her body!

Who knows, her Lord might be buried somewhere here only.

She glanced around to see whether any dry sticks were available for making fire!

The blackened burnt body was slowly collecting wood to make a fire!

The place was full of giant thorns.

As she pulled out sticks here and there, her body bled all over, making her appearance more grotesque!

A sudden prick in the eyes! Her eyes were blood holes!

Blinded, exhausted, but adamant in her desire to end her life in a fire, she pulled the sticks hard!

The force pushed her back!

There was a yawning pit where she fell.

She dropped deep down and fell on a hard rock under ground!

Snakes crawled away in alarm at the sudden falling of a body.

Uma's head reeled. Her mouth was whispering her lord's name as she fainted!

## DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE



Shiva suddenly woke up out of his penance with a jerk.  
His Daakshaa had come back!  
She was calling!  
She was very near!  
Yes! She was chanting his name!  
He opened his eyes!  
On his lap was a blackened mass of a skeleton!  
His Daakshaa!  
He took the senseless body to his bosom!  
And he showered kisses on his 'burnt Daakshaa'!  
Uma opened her red eyes.  
Her heart recognized her Lord!  
She embraced him tightly!  
All the pent up passion of Shiva burst out like a volcano!  
He was mad now! Utterly mad!  
He gave vent to all his hidden desires on his 'burnt Daakshaa'!  
MY Daakshaa! MY Daakshaa! His heart cried!  
He went mad in passion!  
Uma could do nothing but to succumb to his passion!  
But she was only Uma! Not Daakshaa!  
She felt she was burning in fire!  
Every atom in her body screamed in pain!  
She was getting embraced by fire; kissed by Fire; made love by fire! She was getting bathed in fire!  
She who had performed extreme penance which no one had dared so far; she, the renowned devotee of  
Shiva now screamed in pain unable to bear the embrace of FIRE!  
She was not Daakshaa! She was just Uma!  
Her screams rent the air! Shiva heard it too! Shiva stopped midway in his love!  
He looked at the blackened body on his lap!  
He realized suddenly! This worthless mass of flesh was not his Daakshaa! He threw her away in disgust!  
Then why did he falter? What made him so passionate suddenly?  
He felt another presence! Kaama Deva, who was waiting for an opportunity to induce passion in Shiva, was  
running away, his job done!  
Rudra's fire of anger reached him too! Not even ashes were left of his body to tell his name!  
Shiva looked at the female form which was withering at his feet! He kicked it away and walked.  
No one knew where he went!

## DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE



Uma was burning!  
She was screaming!  
Something hard kicked her away.  
She rolled down the hills.  
She fell into something cool!  
The Sharavana Lake! The forest pond surrounded by sharp arrow like grasses!  
Her outside body was bleeding profusely by getting cut by the sharp forest grass.  
Inside her body, a fire was burning converting all her internal organs to ashes!  
Screaming incessantly, she fainted!  
She was unconscious for maybe an eternity!



A baby made of fire, smiled enchantingly at the six divine damsels who were watching it like a wonder unseen in their lives. They were the six Krittikaa Devis who had been playing in the forest ground when they heard a baby's laughter and they had arrived at this lake searching for the source of the sound. They found out that the baby was alone! Father and mother were not around anywhere! The baby was so enchantingly beautiful! A Thousand Petaled Lotus rocked the baby gently. The baby lifted its arms towards them asking as if to lift it away from the waters. All the six girls rushed towards the baby! The fire which was smiling like a baby broke into six pieces. Each one held a baby in her hand! They started playing with the fire!



Uma woke up!  
The inner fire seemed to have disappeared!  
The cool waters had healed her wounds!  
She slowly got out of the waters and climbed the shores.  
And she saw the six girls with six babies!  
Looking at the baby, her breasts poured out milk unknown to her!  
Understanding nothing, but only feeling that the baby was hers, she rushed towards them.  
Seeing a blackened skeleton coming out of the lake, the girls screamed, left the babies on the bank and ran away!  
Paarvati saw the babies.  
No! She saw fire!  
Her Lord's fire!  
A beautiful fire!  
The fire smiled at her!  
She was so greedy for the fire that she gathered all the pieces of fire into her withered arms!  
As milk from her motherly breasts bathed the little fire, it cooled down and embraced her tightly as one little darling golden hued baby!

Uma cried!  
She had lost the big fire! That fire will never come back!  
But this little fire! It was hers!  
She embraced her little Shiva, as a mother!  
She knew she will be not a wife anymore!



Gods came with their retinue.  
Brahma and Vishnu took her to heavens!  
They all took care of her.  
The child became an expert in all weapons!  
He killed the demon!  
All Gods were happy!  
Uma was happy too as a MOTHER!



Kartikeya grew up!  
He only knew his Mother!  
She used to point out far into the mountains and say his father was there!  
Seeing her eyes becoming wet whenever he mentioned his father, Kumara learnt to forget his father!  
A unique bondage grew between him and his lonely mother!  
Kumara mastered whatever knowledge was available in all the three worlds!



He was helped by Vaani in all learning.  
Disgusted with stupid Brahmas, Vaani became a good friend of Kumara!  
Under her influence Kumara mastered all the arts.  
He became an expert in playing Veena!  
His missile store started gathering dust!  
Gods were not happy by this musical orchestra of Vaani and Kumara!  
They got him a good wife Devayaani and made him the chief of their army.  
Kumara did his duty very well but was tired of his palatial obligations.  
Devayaani was not up to his intellectual level.  
He made an agreement with Naaraayana and descended down to Earth at will, in many disguises and taught the humans some Self- knowledge.  
Once on his Earth wanderings, he happened to see a forest beauty!  
Enamored by her simple beauty, he wooed her and married her.  
But she was too simple and illiterate to suit the heavens.



His two wives fought a lot and he learnt to hide in Satya Loka away from his ignorant wives. Vaani became his constant companion in Satya Loka!



Uma was lonely.

Even Kumara was not available nowadays! He never informed her about his whereabouts.

However the three worlds kept her busy.

She was accepted unanimously by all Gods as the Supreme Queen. She was consulted by everyone about everything. She was too compassionate and paid attention to every problem personally. She was the Great Mother of Kumara and the Great wife of the Supreme God Shiva! Who else could rule them all, but Uma! But in her inner chambers, she withered in loneliness. Her suffering was unbearable. She longed for her husband's company. But her inner heart knew it was never ever possible.

Even now, she vividly remembered the disgusting look of her Lord in the forest. After the incident of Kumara's birth, she never saw him again. She did not even know where he was! Kumara had been her only solace. Now after marriage with the two unintelligent girls he was never seen anywhere.

The two girls had complained about Kumara's neglect, but what could she do? She had her own problems in her married life!



Uma was lonely.

Uma was at the edge of loneliness.

She longed for Shiva's company.

She was burning in passion.

The garden breeze was cool!

But she was sweating profusely.

She sought the altar of Linga, the only symbol of her husband!

The whole place was spread out with ashes.

She cried embracing the stone Shiva!

Her tears and sweat mingled with the ashes.

She prayed for some company, some one to love only her!

As her dried up lips chanted her Lord's name incessantly, the wet ash stood in her front as a little child!

She felt tender hands embracing her neck.

She felt a cool shower on her face. She opened her wet eyes.

A beautiful child of tender age was showering kisses on her face.

He was continuously addressing her as 'MA' 'MA'!

He was tightly holding on to her neck.

At his sight Uma's motherly breasts showered him with milk.

A son, just for her! She embraced him tightly to her bosom.

Tears flowed in torrents. She cried all her heart out.

She put that child on her lap and told him all her troubles. The child nodded understandingly.

The boy spoke in his baby voice that he will never leave her alone anymore. He will not even grow up like Kumara and marry. In fact he will never ever marry!  
Uma embraced him once again. The golden hued child cuddled inside her arms and laughed.  
Uma also laughed. The flowers in the garden laughed too!



Shiva stirred from his seat!  
As if his Daakshaa had called!  
No, not from outside! In his mind!  
He remembered the black bleeding body he had kissed long back!  
A sudden compassion flooded his heart for that innocent girl!  
What was her fault? Both had been victims of the God world plot.  
And he wondered what happened to his Veerya? A son should be there now!  
He sighed and decided to visit his new family. He walked towards the heavens!



He was in deep thoughts as his feet unconsciously tread the familiar hill paths.  
His Daakshaa's memory hit him like arrows wherever he looked.  
He felt like turning back and going away to his dark forests.  
But he could not disobey his Daakshaa's words.  
She had appeared in his mind.  
She had embraced him like a mother.  
He had collapsed on her soft shoulders and cried his heart out.  
Exhausted he had slept on her lap.  
She had spoken softly, as she caressed his unkempt brown hair.  
She had reminded him of his duties.  
He should meet his son and give him all the knowledge he possessed!  
She will wait for him till he finished his duties and returned.  
She promised. She will never ever leave him any more.  
He had agreed reluctantly.  
He opened his eyes to the 'Daakshaa-less' world!



As Shiva entered his own abode, a child stopped him! His son? No! This child was different! Arrogant and fat! Shiva had no patience with stupid people even if they were children! His trident cut off the intruder's little head! Uma came rushing out at the noise. She saw her estranged husband and the headless body of her little child. She screamed! It was not the cry of joy coming from the mouth of a devoted wife at the sight of a long-lost husband. Uma was screaming for her headless son! She shouted, lamented and wept in front of the Great God, who had visited her after such a long time.

Uma had committed her second mistake!

So habituated to be a mother to her two children, the wife-part in her had died out! She did not embrace the Lord of her heart for whom she had spent all her youthful years in penance! Shiva felt a wave of disgust sweep through his heart. He did not speak much. He got the child's head replaced by an elephant baby's head. The child was alive. The elephant-headed boy ran towards his dear mother and cried on her bosom.

Uma was angry; she glared at her husband. 'A beautiful child made grotesque like this; her child would be ridiculed everywhere'. Shiva understood her agony. He remembered Naaraayana. Vishnu arrived there instantly with his son Brahma. Shiva told him that this elephant-headed child would be worshipped in all the three worlds as the First God. He proclaimed that no worship will bestow the appropriate results without offering the first worship to this child. He gifted Supreme Powers to the child and vanished.



The dear child of hers ran away happily towards the garden to play.  
Uma slowly came out of her depressed state.  
She suddenly remembered Shiva.  
She looked here and there for him.  
She searched the entire garden belonging to the mansion.  
No! Shiva was not there! He was gone!  
The whole world looked empty to her.  
Uma collapsed on the ground crying.  
Her cries of agony echoed everywhere in the heavenly garden.  
Uma felt lost as if in a forlorn desert!



Kumara heard about the visit of his father! He regretted missing his visit. He had so much to confide in his father. He needed a shoulder to cry. His wives were a constant agony to him. Their ignorance pricked him like thorns. He looked at the direction where his father had disappeared. His eyes were wet!



Maha Lakshmi performed penance on Devi and returned to her 'Source Essence'! From GoLoka, Raadhika Rani arrived to meet Naaraayana at his command. Vishnu requested her to take the post of his wife in Vaikunta. Radha was shocked. Her Kaanha can't be this robust crowned God lolling on a huge snake bed. She fell at his feet and confessed her inability to become his wife. She was absorbed into his Self at her request. Vishnu closed his eyes in sheer frustration.

## DAAKSHAAYINI ENTERED FIRE; DAAKSHAAYINI CAME OUT OF SHIVA!



Devi appeared before Shiva! Shiva opened his eyes reluctantly.  
He never wanted to see this world where his Daaksha was dead.  
He would rather remain forever absorbed in his Higher Self than wake up from his penance!  
Daakshaa was standing in front of him! Yes, his Daakshaa!  
Was she real? He wondered!  
There was no time for him to think.  
Daakshaa fell on his lap like a bundle of flowers.  
Her lips cooled his dried up body.  
Her hands tightened on his neck like a snake.  
Her laughter echoed all over his heart breaking his dispassion into crumbs.  
Shiva lost his control.  
The lovers had met after a long time.  
Time stood still in their blissful reunion. Eternity passed for them.  
Daakshaa requested him for a child.  
A very very beautiful child and a very very naughty child! Female child!  
Shiva obliged. Even if she had asked him for his own head he would have willingly offered it to his dearest Daakshaa! But, she wanted only a child!  
Will she also desert him for the sake of the child? He felt slightly anxious.  
Whatever, he couldn't refuse her anything.  
With all the goodness in his essence and the complete essence of the beauty of Daakshaa, he created a child of unparalleled beauty and goodness.  
The child was red in hue! It shone like a red gem!



Daakshaa named her Tajasaa, daughter of TEJAA, the Power- part of Devi!  
Tejaa is the essence of Daakshaayini in Devi!  
To Shiva's surprise Daakshaayini requested him to give off the child to Uma.  
She asked him to reside in Kailaasa as a father to his children.  
She promised him that she will come out anytime from the Supreme Devi whenever he remembered her.  
Shiva agreed! He had nothing to lose!  
He treaded towards his abode of Kailaasa with the little red beauty laughing gleefully in his arms.  
He looked at the child.  
She was hanging on to his matted locks on one hand and with the other hand was squeezing the neck of the snake around his neck.  
A scintillating aroma rose out of her body.  
A beautiful green shining light covered her body like a garment.  
Her black locks flew in the wind like little clouds.  
Her affectionate looks even melted the stony heart of her father.  
He embraced her to his bosom and showered kisses on her person.  
He for the first time in his eternal life understood the pleasure of being a father.  
The child closed her tired eyes in the secure arms of her father.

Her one hand held on to his locks. The other hand held tightly the crescent moon like a toy to the great relief of the snake on Shiva's neck. The snake left his place on Shiva's neck and hid himself inside the forest-like locks of his Master. Taijasaa's arrival had brought a new problem to the poor serpent. He knew, in the future his only mission in life would be to escape the tiny hands of this red menace and hide somewhere. Gone were the restful days of penance both for the 'Master and his garland' alike!



Uma was surprised at the sudden rush of good events in her life. Shiva had returned to live with her. He had offered a baby of his own essence for her company. Though he still remained aloof, Uma was happy just to be a mother to such a darling child.



After all the tears of the Great Gods a red rainbow appeared predicting smiles to everybody. The child became the darling of her uncle Naaraayana! His lonely heart soon forgot his past blunders and became devoted to her entirely. He already decided that she should be his eternal partner in his eternal life. He just had to wait till Shiva decided to change the child-form of Taijasaa to a youthful person! To play with her, Kumara changed his form to that of a young boy. Uma found out about his ill-suited wives and sent them away to perform penance and get absorbed in DEVI. Kumara was also fascinated by the ever-charming playfulness of his sister Taijasaa and became cheerful in the role of her elder brother. The three worlds rocked in the playful pranks of the two little darlings of Uma! Laughter resounded everywhere. All the Gods were always alert now lest the little red menace do something to them. Naaraayana was so fascinated by her pranks that he borrowed the concepts of naughtiness from her when he descended down to Earth as Krishna and tried to play the same pranks there. Taijasaa was here, there everywhere - all over the heavens. She was so fast in her movements that only Lord Bhairava, the giant God had the strength to hold her quite. Naaraayana kept her close to him tempting her with countless toys and magical worlds he produced just for her sake. Uma used all her imaginations to dress up her daughter in glamorous heavenly garments. Shiva spent his time just watching her innumerable games. He was kept busy by her incessant questions and had to be ready with answers always. The whole Deva Loka reddened with her presence!

Uma asked the good giant lord Bhairava to take care of the baby and protect her against all dangers.

Bhairava's giant heart also stirred in passion at the touch of the tender hands of the little red girl. He also waited for permission from Uma to make this darling child as his spouse.

Taijasaa soon blossomed into a charming young beauty. She was the envy of all heavenly nymphs. But she was so innocent and guileless that even they fell in love with her and learnt some goodness lessons from her. Though the two Great Gods Naaraayana and Bhairava were madly in love with her, Taijasaa had no such thoughts. Her world was filled with her mother. She had no eyes for anyone except her mother. Every moment her lips called out to her mother and she could never be dragged away from her mother for long. Uma was so attached to her that even the question of her daughter's marriage with any one was out of question.

Vishnu met Shiva in private and asked him for the hand of his daughter. Shiva who understood the unblemished love of Vishnu for his daughter agreed.

Bhairava approached Uma and confided his love for her daughter. Uma was thoughtful. But she knew Bhairava adored her and would never take away her daughter from her. She promised to fulfill his wish. But when Shiva called Uma and announced that Naaraayana would be the suitable spouse for Taijasaa Uma was in a dilemma. If she expressed her own opinion about Bhairava, Shiva might feel offended and walk out of Kailaasa again. Though he never acted her husband, he was at least a name-sake husband of the Queen! She did not want to lose him the third time. She prayed to Devi!



Shiva was sitting on his favorite rock in the mountain. Taijasaa was jumping on and out of his lap chasing the poor serpent of his. A child in a youthful body! Shiva watched her affectionately. He thought of his Daakshaa! Daaksha stepped out of his mind. She took the darling girl in her arms and showered kisses on the red face. The Divine Mother tightly embraced the pretty girl. When she removed her arms, there were two Taijasaas standing in front of Shiva. One was the same old bubbling naughty innocent playful Taijasaa. The other had a more mature look with the third eye of Knowledge adorning her fore-head. A female Shiva with three eyes with all the knowledge embodied in her youthful form. A typical daughter of Shiva! She had not the passionate love for her mother. Instead her face was colored by the thought of her Lord Naaraayana!



She looked like a garden of red lotuses. Shiva called her nearby and kissed her on her fore-head. He named her 'Padmaavati', 'the lotus form' and blessed her. He offered her hand to his sincere devotee Naaraayana, to share all his responsibilities in future. He ordained that they both will henceforward be the Supreme Gods ruling all the three worlds; They both will be kind and compassionate to all their subjects and rule the worlds with Supreme Knowledge as their support.



Vishnu returned to his abode with his long-coveted treasure. His arms tightly held his beloved to his bosom. His bluish hue reflected on Padmaa's red hue and a new color arose filling Vaikunta with a bluish red glow. His milk-ocean was now bereft of the giant ferocious Adi Shesha! Instead a beautiful giant fragrant golden lotus awaited the young lovers beckoning them to enter it. As they stepped inside it, the huge petals closed over them. Laughter resounded from inside the closed lotus. The milky waves rocked the lotus like a cradle.

The lovers were everywhere in Vaikunta. A million forms of Vishnu filled the magical gardens of Vaikunta! Countless Padmaavatis embraced him everywhere. Their love and passion could not subside with just one single form of theirs. They had to make love in countless forms. And for Vishnu, it was a child's play.

He chased the red beauty as she disappeared behind a bush. He also disappeared. Laughter of the lovers echoed all over Vaikunta. Vaikunta was filled with a reddish hue! The flute came alive again!



Shiva took the fun-loving, child-like Taijasaa to Uma and left her there. Uma hesitantly expressed her wish to offer her daughter's hand to Bhairava. Shiva did not object. Uma revealed the news to Bhairava. Bhairava's joy knew no bounds. He fell at Uma's feet and showered her lotus feet with joyous tears. A ferocious giant with terrifying form was the cherished handsome figure in the heart of little Taijasaa. Both adorers of the Queen were united together in the presence of Shiva.

Bhairava was Adi Shesha. He had taken the role of the brother of Naaraayana whenever Vishnu descended down to Earth. He was actually a twin form of Naaraayana created by Shiva to guard the heavens. He was a great adorer of the Queen and was ready to serve any slightest bidding of hers. He had no intention of separating the daughter from her mother. He was satisfied to just look at them at play and feel happy just being in their presence. Uma was happy at last. Her daughter would never leave her and go away.



She rolled on the garden grass with her child-daughter like a child herself. Their laughter resounded in the Gandha-maadana gardens. Bhairava watched their play from his garden seat with an adoring look. He waited patiently. He knew soon Uma would realize his plight and vanish from there. Taijasaa would rush to his side like a mad calf removed from the mother cow. But his arms were strong. The crying face would soon be laughing as he recited his poems. The trembling lips will be closed in his passionate kisses. They both would disappear in a magical world created by him. He would make love to this child, without even her knowledge. Such a child-heart! Would he corrupt it with the knowledge of passion? He loved her as a child only and will take care of her as a child only.

His dear dear KAANNAMMA! The two names of his adored divinities- Kanna [Krishna] and Amma as the single form of his Kannamma! His life; his breath; his very existence was his Kannamma! Bhairava smiled with satisfaction looking at his little Kannamma playing on the laps of his Amma! His joy broke out as poems and he sang joyously in his thunder-like voice! Kannamma glanced at him from the tightly enclosed arms of her mother and smiled at him approvingly!



Shiva called for an assembly of Gods. He called Kumara to his side.  
He kissed him on the fore-head affectionately.  
He seated him on his lap and whispered something in his ears.  
Kumara's face glowed with the Divine Knowledge!  
Shiva had given off all his knowledge to him with a whisper.  
Kumara came out of his father's side glowing like another Shiva.  
His forehead shone with the third eye of Knowledge!  
Shiva crowned him as the Supreme Brahma of the three worlds.  
He called Satyaa to come near him.  
Naaraayana addressed her as his daughter and embraced her.  
Padmaavati kissed her cheeks affectionately.  
Satyaa smiled shyly and her hue turned blue like her father.  
Naaraayana named her KAAZHAVI and blessed her.  
He called Kumara to his side and offered the hand of his daughter to Kumara.  
Kumara drenched his new father's feet with tears.  
He would never be bereft of a father's love from now on.  
Naaraayana would always be there to guide him with paternal affection.  
All the Gods showered Kumara and his spouse with divine flowers.  
The previous Brahma was advised by Shiva to perform penance and attain the highest knowledge of Devi!  
The old Brahma relieved of his burden of duties retired to forests. Shiva ordained that no more will humans or Gods aspire for the post of Brahma. Shiva also proclaimed that there would be only one Brahma as the 'Supreme Creator' and that would be Kumara with his 'all-knowing' Satyaa as his spouse!

## GOD WORLD SMILED!



Kumara entered Satya Loka with his beloved bride! The Doors of Light closed behind them. As Kumara's hands dexterously played the Veena, his beautiful blue hued bride danced with her anklets resounding in the whole of Satya Loka! Soon the sounds of anklets stopped; Kaanhavi never knew when she replaced the Veena on Kumara's lap!

The peacocks in the garden took the cue and danced in glee. The cuckoos sang in chorus.

Satya Loka was not only the abode of Knowledge now, but a garden of love!

Two love birds - one golden in hue and another a blue nightingale, flew together enlightening every corner of that beautiful garden!



### THE CHINTAMANI PALACE OF DEVI!

The shining and colorful palace of the Supreme Divinity, created out of extraordinary Gems of million hues was situated on the Mani-Dweepa, the island of Gems.

The golden swing was rocking gently.

A gentle breeze filled the palace with a unique intoxicating fragrance.

The Supreme lovers were lost in each other.

Shiva was laughing like a child. His head rested on Daakshaa's lap. No one knew about this secret abode of His.

All his children, even his Queen Uma thought he was in penance in some impenetrable mountain caves.

It was his private abode created by Devi especially for him

She attired the form of Daakshaa and acted his beloved always.

She never left his presence and was ready to do every smallest bidding of his.

Every moment was blissful eternity for both of them.

Shiva smiled. Daaksha' laughter echoed over all creations.

Nobody heard it except Shiva

Shiva smiled.



May be Vishnu could hear it too.

But he never bothered!

He was too absorbed seriously in painting a Tilak on Padmaa's forehead and covering up her third eye !Who wants knowledge when love is in abundance!

Padmaa smiled. A lotus bloomed suddenly and the bee was entrapped in its lovely petals!



THESE EPISODES OF THE GOD WORLD ARE THE HUMBLE OFFERINGS OF A DEVOTEE AT THE LOTUS FEET OF TRIPURA DEVI! LET ANY UNTOWARD MISTAKES COMMITTED UNKNOWINGLY BE FORGIVEN BY THE COMPASSIONATE HEART OF THE SUPREME MOTHER TRIPURA DEVI!

**SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS SALUTATIONS**

### About the author:

Ma Tejaswini, who belongs to the post-independence era, lived most of her life in a little cottage on the banks of Tons river, in the deeper section of The Himalayas. From early childhood she was attracted to the charming personality of Lord Krishna and had made the 'Attainment of The Supreme Godhead' as her only mission in life. With a stubborn determination, she suffered all hardships of the forest life patiently and reached her goal at the foot of Himalayas. She had always a unique never ending thirst for knowledge. She had read most of the 'then' acclaimed works in Tamil, Kannada and English in her early years of life. She respected all great saints and did not belong to any particular organization or cult. She also had mastered Sanskrit and Philosophy in her collegiate years. Later her interest turned towards Advaita, and she became well-versed in The Upanishads. She was able to grasp the coded language of ancient scriptures. She was well versed in Adi Shankara's works too. She had innumerable spiritual experiences in the bowels of the sacred mountains. A few of her thoughts she left behind as 'memoirs of her spiritual life'. This work is one such.

