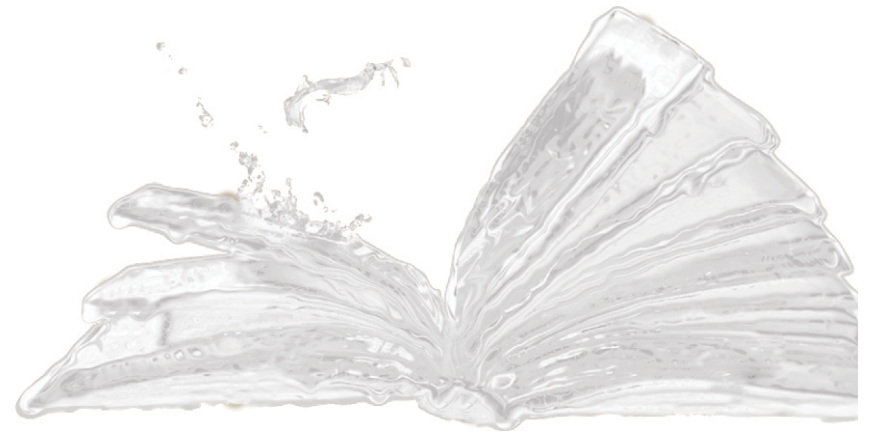


Juicy tales

🍃 Acharya Vijay Bhuvanbhanusuri 🍃



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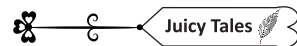
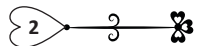
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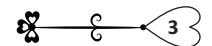
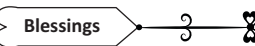


Heavenly Blessings



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Acharya Bhuvanbhanusuri
Maharaja**

**Siddhant Mahodadhi Pujya
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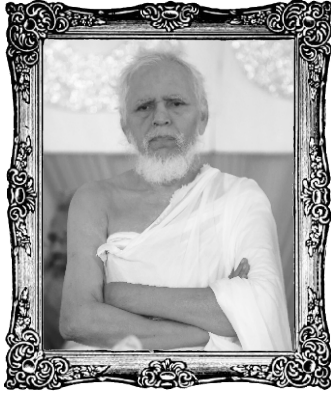


Hearty Blessings and Inspiration



Siddhant Diwakar,
Suvishal Gachchhadhipati
Pujya Acharya Jayghoshsuri
Maharaja

Heavy downpour of blessings and Dedication



On the auspicious occasion
of golden Jubilee - Completion
of **50 years of Diksha**,
this book is dedicated to
my Great Gracious
Gurudev, an ocean of
motherly love
Rev. Ach. Shri
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With inspiration of Pu.
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

"Jain Acharya Param Pujya Bhuvanbhanu Surishwarji Maharaj"

A clairvoyant, academic genius, profound thinker, skilful orator, versatile writer, incredible mentor of approximately 250 disciples, great sage, and above all, humble devotee of Lord Mahavira and his religious order.

Surishwarji was instrumental in bringing about a revolution in Jainism during the early 20th century. His effective skills and sight, impactful words and acts shook the youth and brought their fast-paced worldly life to a momentary halt. A halt to think, reflect and contemplate upon where their current lifestyle was leading them...

Surishwarji had acquired the prestigious GDA degree (Government Diploma in Accounting, equivalent to the current Chartered Accountants degree in India) of London. Thereafter, he renounced the material world and accepted Jain monkhood.

Along with following the strict code of conduct of Jainism, he sunk into the endless ocean of Jain literature.

He was a renowned scholar of Prakrit, Sanskrit and Gujarati, and had mastered every aspect of Indian philosophy.

After years of in-depth study of Jain scriptures, he could explain advanced concepts of philosophy in lucid language to the masses.

His motivating and heart-rending sermons created a

magical effect on people from all walks of life. In a short span of 5 years, as many as 35 youngsters from affluent families of Mumbai renounced the material world and accepted monkhood.

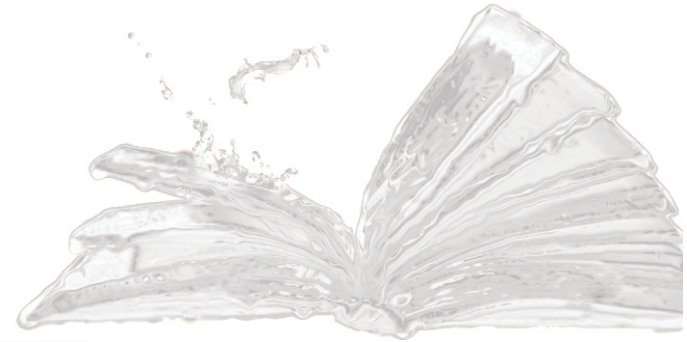
He started a weekly magazine, *Divya-Darshan*, in 1952, which was published for 42 years.

Using his knowledge, logic, intelligence and convincing power, he was even successful in changing the thought process of a former Prime Minister of India on the subject of "*Child Diksha*".

He invented the innovative concept of "*Shibir*" (youth camps). These camps played a pivotal role in increasing the faith of the younger generation in religion, thereby providing them with a progressively satisfied and happy life.

There are no appropriate words to describe the transformation brought about by this legend in the first decade of the 20th century. Looking at his life, we understand that he lived many lives in one. He was not a jack of all trades but a master of all.

His unmatched ascetic legacy is now under the able leadership of **Gachchādhīpati Āchārya Shri Jayghoṣh Sūriswarji**, who heads the world's largest and most reputed group of Jain monks.



COOL AND REFRESHING

Knowledgeable sages describe the mundane world as 'a house on fire'. Do we sense the heat? Do we feel like running away? The obvious answer would be a definite no.

The glitter and shine of mall-interiors, mind-raving and suspense-thriller movies of multiplexes, eye-freezing attractions of touch screen phones, creamy ice creams and chilled beverages, cheesy pizzas and mouth-watering chocolates have isolated us with an ice jacket. Dazzled by the gleaming shine of the outer world, we neither sensed nor we saw the approaching killer-fire.

'Wait! Wait! Wait! What is the fire you are talking about? I don't understand anything. Make the picture clear'

O.K. Then, reading this book alone would help you get a good grasp of the illusory world.

You would also know. Which are the burning fire spots? Which is the escape way?

You don't necessarily need a golden torch to find a lost gold treasure, even a plastic torch would do. Similarly, you don't necessarily need to read complex philosophies to comprehend the deepest life-truths, even a simple story would do.

'Once upon a time' is an attention-catching phrase. How much dizzy we may be feeling, but as soon as this phrase rings our ears, our curiosity springs up. This shows that we love to read and listen to stories.

The first story, 'Mr. Soulomon Patel' shows us the true purpose of human life. The second story 'Blind race' shows the ignorance and foolishness in blindly imitating the worldly people. The third story 'The diamond necklace' teaches us lessons of love and brotherhood for Sadharmika. The fourth story 'Two Americans'

teaches us gratitude and generosity. The fifth story 'Piteous outcome of greed' shows how greed poisons our lives? The sixth story 'Vain advice' teaches us how and how much to advise? The seventh story 'Selfish world' reveals the selfish dark side of our beloved ones. The ninth story 'Chambuji Chappaniyawala' depicts how we are illusioned and trapped by the internal wicked enemies?

Gurudevshri Bhuvanbhanusuri maharaj saheb did a massive, benevolent work of ten lives in a single, short human life span. Although, Gurudevshri were restricted by the boundary of time. While, Gurudevshri's books is facing no such hurdle and is changing and illuminating several lives still. Gurudevshri's thought-provoking books possess miraculous potential and incredible power to shape and enrich our attitude towards life. Generally, Gurudevshri's books contain more of philosophy and less of story. While, this is the only Gurudevshri's book containing more of story and less of philosophy.

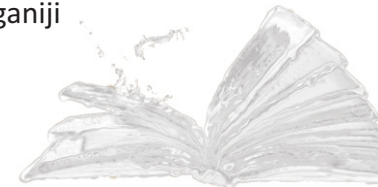
The present book is a treasure of funny stories, emotional stories, wisdom stories, inspirational stories, value-seeding stories etc. It would make you laugh and cry, think and contemplate.

Gurudevshri's excellent narration throughout the book would catch hold your breath and curiosity. Gurudevshri's interesting and appealing style has really made the tales juicy and tangy, cool and refreshing.

Let's sip the tangy 'Juicy tales' inherit the wisdom bloom and drive our life to peace and bliss.

Only the inspiration and blessings of Param Pujya Gachchhadhipati shri Jayghoshurishwarjee Maharaja made the translation job feasible.

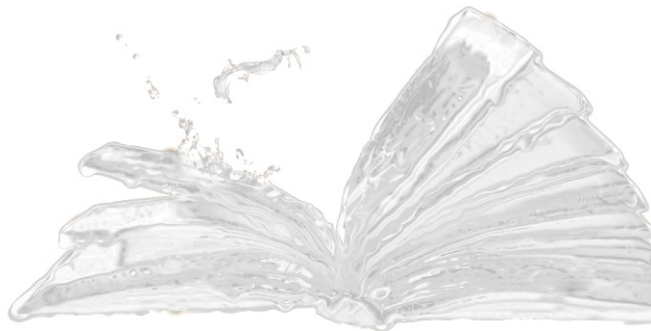
I'm extremely grateful to my benevolent Gurudev Pu. Ach. Shri **Jaysundersurishwarji** Maharaja and Pu. Panniyas Shri **Premundervijay ganiji**



- Translator

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1. Mr. Soulomon Patel



Life is a puzzling riddle! A burning enigma! A big question mark for most of the worldly people. They put 'on' their tiny intellects to solve L.I.F.E. But can a spoon ever measure a mighty ocean? No, so come, sit in the submarine of the present story rich with giant enlightened wisdom and explore all the boundaries of life ocean. This story explicitly clarifies the muddy picture of life as to whether life is fun? Or life is a challenge?

*Karma rules and rocks the world. Karma has set several fun traps in all the four life phases viz. child age-teenage-youth and old age. People under the influence of karma understand that life is fun. But actually, life is a challenge. The challenge according to the 'Enlighteneds' is **to pack your life bags with spiritual wealth without a bit attracted to the fun traps in the short duration of life.***

*The main character of the story is Mr. Soulomon Patel. Through this comic character, Reverend Gurudevshri has very well painted the thought portrait of all the worldly souls with his magic brush of wisdom. **This story strives to awaken the sleeping soul, make aware of the prime duty of human life and make alert of the deceiving fun traps.***

So by reading this story and let's be awake, aware and alert in the life challenge and fetch the reward of incredible bliss!!!

Once upon a time, in a city there lived a merchant named " **Clever karma**". His overcrowded shop with a brimming queue of customers made him very rich. He had initially started the business at a very small scale on the strength of loans. But slowly and gradually, he earned more and more money, making himself wealthy and affluent. Right in the middle of the city, he erected a grand and charismatic bungalow for him. Haughty "Clever karma", intoxicated by the pride of wealth, walked an inch above the ground. He used his wealth-force to deceive and cheat others and in turn earn more money. Now grabbed in the clutches of wealth, he lost the courage to safeguard the values and virtues.

Really, the craving for worldly pleasures makes a man weak and feeble. **The madness for money and temptation for sensual pleasures like bungalow etc. makes him forget the prime and prominent duty of human life.** Due to lack of courage, he gets mesmerised and slipped in sensually favourable conditions. He becomes incapable of developing the courage to follow virtues like abstinence, penance, celibacy, noble character, truth, honesty etc.

Once, a Patel from a neighbouring village came to this city. His name was '**Soulomon Patel**' He roamed in this city and looked and gazed at various attractions of the market. Gradually, Mr Patel reached the city square and suddenly his eyes went on the magnificent bungalow of Clever Karma merchant. "Oh!" he got astonished and amazed looking at the fabulous beauty. In the meantime, chitchatting with the city folks, he heard some praises of Clever Karma "This great grandeur is the product and proof of his unusual skill and talent that made him swoop from 'rags' to 'riches'" Mr Patel then thought in his mind "Oh! Is that so? He is so clever and wise! Till now he fooled many, but today I'll trick him and show my might" See the tides of thoughts arising in the mind-sea of Mr

Soulomon Patel! He isn't aware 'This merchant is a far-witty business tycoon and a world-trapper. He holds the whole world in his tight catch. He is just out of limits for a villager like him'.

Mr Patel walked in the merchant's shop and started some leisure talks with the merchant. When both burst into laughter, he sought the opportunity and asked him in a humorous tone, "Listen, Clever karma merchant! **If you allow me to take as much things as I can from your bungalow, shop etc. from morning to evening, then I'm ready to do whatever you say.**"

Merchant said, "What are you saying, Mr Patel? Do you want to make me a beggar? After you take away all my valuables, what would I be able to do!" Mr Patel ridiculed, "What happened? You got afraid? The world calls you a super wise person! Where has your wisdom escaped? Why did you stop answering? Think for a way around. Say, what would you like?" Merchant snapped back, " Mr Soulomon Patel, is it so? Then listen carefully, I accept it, but **in return, you'll have to stay here becoming my life-long slave with your family.** Do you accept this?"

For a moment, Mr Patel was taken aback, "What? Lifelong slavery?" But immediately a consoling thought struck to this worm of wealth. He thought "Once let me empty his treasure and fill my house. After that, let him make me his slave, I am ready to stay. But when he would be gasping for even a single morsel, then how would he be able to lend us food and salary?"

On the contrary, he'll have to beg from us. At that time, I would myself make him my slave because he won't be able to ask me for my wealth. Because I alone would be his slave, not my wealth."

Mr. Patel got happy building castles in the air. He replied with confirmation “Yes, yes! I accept to become your slave. But you would have to respectfully allow me to take away your crores of wealth and other valuable items. What? Do you understand? respectfully?” Merchant replied. “Yes, my friend! Sure with due respect and honour.”

The deal was finalized in the witness of a body of five arbitrators. The day was selected when Merchant Clever Karma would have to keep all his wealth and jewellery in his bungalow and shop. Mr Soloumon Patel would be allowed to take as much as he can from sunrise to sunset. On the next day, Mr Patel would have to come to the merchant's feet with his whole family for slavery.

Think and say, who seems smart in this bet and who looks stupid? Look, don't hastily give any decision. Mr.Patel has got one full day to carry away all the cash and jewellery. After that, imagine the pitiful plight of that merchant! On the other side, the merchant would get right to boss on Mr Patel, the whole life. Not only on him but over his entire family! After being trapped in the net of slavery along with the entire family how would he pass the sorrowful state? But here let's see, who gets tricked and who becomes the trickster!

The merchant adorned and decorated the bungalow before the decided date. He filled all the lockers and safes, cupboards and treasures chests with money-bundles and ornaments. He locked them and hanged the keys over there so that Mr Patel can open and happily take away the goodies with him, as per the contract. He also kept a caring staff of men and women for his warm welcome and luxurious hospitality. He also stuffed the bungalow with several other amenities for his comfort.

Finally, the day arrived. Mr Solomon reached the merchant's bungalow with mega size bedsheets before even sunrise, As the sun rose, he was permitted inside. He saw smiling and cheerful people welcoming him at the doors.

“Oh! Mr Soulomon Patel you are welcome! It is our extreme pleasure! You have enriched our poor men's place!” The atmosphere turned extremely ecstatic by the melodies notes, from the cuckoo sweet voice of nymph-like charming girls. Mr Patel was so very much attracted. He slipped from his senses. It loosed his firmness and hurry of packing and tying up the valuable items on the very first minute of sunrise. This doesn't mean, he reversed and changed his thoughts. He just got a bit immersed in the welcome song and music. There, the attractive angels continued, “Oh! How sweet is your face! We feel like just staring at your face! Still, these eyes are thirsty and uncontended. What an attraction and enticement! We pray for million times, you prosper and live long.” Saying so, they began to caress his face-legs and hands with their butter-like soft hands. They began to kiss Mr Patel's hands with their tender lips. They brought him inside the bungalow and then pleaded him wholeheartedly to have some breakfast if he wished. Mr Patel thought, “Still much time is left, while here the welcome and service is superb and splendid! See they are so very enthusiastic and emotional, then let it be!” Thinking so, he didn't stopped them. And there the angels started feeding him mouth-watering dishes with their soft hands. While some girls were singing sweet songs! Some others were fondling his body! How can Mr Patel escape from this!

Time was swiftly passing away, Mr Patel now got alert and active, “Oh, I want to grab off crores of wealth and from that short time, this time is slipping off from my hand”. Looking

at Mr Patel engrossed in thoughts, those beauty angels immediately traced his restlessness and started packing up the programme. They said, "Come on Mr Patel, now we show you the closets and cupboards, take whatever you want from them." Saying so, they took him inside a room and Mr Patel went dumbstruck! Why! Because the whole, vast chamber was adorned and arranged with exquisite toys and other lots of fancy and attractive antiques in the showcases and on the crystal shelves. The novelties were so very eye-catching that no one can move from there without watching them. They definitely sprang one's curiosity to see them! Even Mr Patel began to watch around. Wow! The toys are so very artistic and attractive! Flying horses with wooden wings! Dancing elephants! Dazzling palaces! Revolving planes ! Where would have this Poor Patel seen such wonders! He never saw such amusing things in his lifetime. He was enchanted and fascinated, "Oh, wow! This world is filled with such wondrous wonders!" There, some men said, "Hey! Mr Patel has come over here to fill up his sacks with wealth. So don't trouble him." But Mr Patel himself wasn't able to contain his greed to watch the surprising things, then what is the fault of others? In fact, he was defending them. "No, no. These things are a must watch. What is the trouble to me if they are showing me such fabulous art?" The clock ticked ten in watching the unusual items in the first chamber itself. Even then, he couldn't see it properly? It was filled with such vast and bewildering things!

Then they took him on the first floor. They showed him treasure chests standing far off filled with wealth and jewellery. In between, the dining table was heaped with many delicious deluxe delicacies. How? 50 food items were prepared only from milk, like milk cake. Besides it, there were many other

varieties. Also, there were a vast variety of spices and sweets. Poor fellow Mr Patel never ever even saw such food items in his life. Tasting them was far to be a dream for him. On looking at such tempting tangy dishes, his mouth immediately watered and tongue was dripping wet. He was looking here and there, thinking "Can I taste it with my hands?" and quickly the caring girls who were serving him below were already standing ready to treat him! They began holding juice glasses in front of his mouth. They made him sit on a silver seat and fed him with intense love and affection and said,

"It is a strict order of our boss 'Today is the day of Mr Patel. We have to let him take heaps of gold respectfully.' So today you are the owner of this bungalow. We have to treat you as the Master. It is our earnest request that this all is yours. So enjoy, don't hesitate. We are all ready to place anything before you. Don't feel shy. We would feel more and more blessed and graced, the more you order us anything. You are so very fortunate and valiant! Take this And this... And you'll have to take this definitely..... Oh! This is left..... It won't do without taking this...." Saying so, they were lovingly putting sweets in his mouth with their tender hands.

Mr Patel happiness knew no bounds in receiving so much honour and hospitality. His mouth was already watering, on top of that, he got go much pleasurable pleasure! Even that from gorgeous girls laughing and smiling with pretty faces. Then why would he wait? He left no stone unturned. Mr Patel started tasting new delightful dishes one after another. Each and every food item was so very tasty and tangy that he felt like filling the belly with that very single item. But Mr Patel is afraid.'These beauty angels are forcing me to savour each and every dish. If I fill my tummy like this, I will fail to taste other

dishes'. So controlling his temptation, he took and tasted a very little bit and moved to other dishes.

Has Mr Patel forgotten the foremost and chief purpose, being immersed in the delight of taste? No, not at all. Even if he forgets, the merchant had kept few men who would at time remind him, “ **Mr Patel pack your bags!**” So there are people who are making him aware. But, Mr Patel is in over-confidence “What is a big deal in taking away the merchant's wealth? I'll pile up everything, money and jewellery in a single cloth. Tie up and take away in a single shot!” Poor fellow remained in a false hope and he started tasting several other dishes. When he finished relishing all the food items, there the door opened for the art gallery.

Patel thought, “Oh! This seems amazing! C'mon let me see. I'll have to surely see this”. Thinking so, he entered the art gallery. Picturesque portraits and paintings from various different countries were hung on the walls which seemed exactly real and live. For, e.g. In a painting of a garden, a mango tree with bright saffron-coloured ripe mangoes looked so real that Patel rushed to pluck the mangoes! And thud! His hand hit the coloured canvas! Ha... Ha...! Everyone began to laugh! The merchant's men were there to defend him so that Mr Patel won't feel ashamed “Even big experts are illusioned in this. Even they mistake it to be real! The pictures are such, with live look and realistic effect! What is our fault! What can we do? Just watch ahead and have fun.”

Patel moved forward. The series of beautiful and astounding paintings provoked a movie experience, one scene after another! Also, there were various kinds of artistic and crafty antiques, so interesting that Patel especially stopped over there to understand the science and mechanism of it! In

watching the beauty around. Fool Patel didn't sense or remember that '**I've come over here to gather and pack precious and valuable items like jewellery and take it home while I'm wasting my time in this trifle entertainment**'. Even though noon passed by, Patel was fixed there like a nail. It seemed more fun in relishing the beauty than relishing the dishes. For the same reason, he stopped there and enjoyed the art at his leisure.

Then Mr Patel was brought on the 2nd floor. As soon as he entered inside, he was utterly spellbound. His heart started beating faster. He saw charming beauty angels with dripping beauty and bloom on their face far superior to the chief queen of a king, Miss India or Miss Universe. The pretty fair girls with cat eyes, rosy makeup, rich robes, glittering gold welcomed him. Patel was utterly bewitched and clean bowled, out of control of his senses by their teasing and flirting lustful look. Patel's eyes were brimming with their lustrous youth and rosy cheeks.

They caught Patel's hand with their silky- smooth hands and made him sit on a golden throne. There, they began to press and massage hands, legs, head and the whole body of Patel. See, how cunning these girls are! But, what was their fault? Patel himself is a big fool. Then, those tender girls started caressing the rough skin of Mr Patel with their sleeky-smooth hands. He couldn't stay steady in this slippery swamp. On top of that, Patel got embraces from these bold beauties with their butter-like soft bodies. Then, he couldn't control and contain more in that paradisaal experience. But there he listened to someone shouting: 'Mr. Patel, pack your bags' but, Mr Patel was then drowned deep in the marsh of lust. He felt his whole life and even the treasure of expensive jewellery fickle before

that exhilarating sensation. He became completely numb and dumb. Besides, he was offered a variety of cold beverages, chilled tangy beers, yummy flavoured sweet drinks by the hands of the slut like lusty girls. Patel was deeply engrossed. He lost his senses and reached in a completely different world. Patel thought in his mind, "I'm a village folk and these are glamorous angels. Our combination is next to impossible. Today our meeting has become possible. So I shouldn't lose this diamond opportunity. I shouldn't think anything else. So enjoy the pleasures to the fullest! What can be any other selfish motive of these darlings? They are so very innocent! They are selflessly loving me. How can I just kick them away? Not only now, but I also can't leave them all my life. For now, let the jewellery bags go to hell! Although, I'll immediately pack up the bags now because even they would go back for their duties, then what else I have to do alone? "In such false hope, how can he listen the alarm 'Mr. Patel! Pack your bags'".

As such, the time passed by rapidly and it was four on the clock. Till then, Mr Patel hadn't collected a single penny. Whose fault was that? Was it of the clever merchant or the stupid villager?

After swimming in the sensational flood of music, lust and drinks, Mr Patel thought 'C'mon, let me see what is on the third floor'. He climbed up the stairs. Do you know what the time was? Three-quarters of the day elapsed. It was evening time.

This was the last storey, but it was indeed splendid. On one side, elite musicians from different countries relayed heart – throbbing rhythmical music. Various musical instruments being played created a refreshing and soothing effect on the ears. He experienced celestial pleasure. Poor Patel was so very

absorbed listening to it. He was warmly welcomed and made sit on a palatial royal bed. The mattress was so soft and sinking that one felt as if he was sitting in a flying aeroplane. Smooth and silky satin bed sheets, cosy cushions boosted the sensual passions of lust-crazy partners. As Mr Patel sat on the bed, cute little smiling kids of age 2-4 years climbed up the bed and rushed to his lap, hoping and dancing, pulling his beard and asking him 'Uncle! Uncle! Grandpa! Grandpa! What is this?' Patel was having fun and enjoying this. Cushioned mattress, an aeroplane - like bed, cool breeze, heavy food, intoxicating drinks etc. made him feel sleepy. Till when? Right up to sunset!

The merchant arrived and woke up Mr Patel when not more than 15 seconds were left for the sun to set. He fell in the feet of Mr Patel and said, "Mr Patel! Please forgive me, leave me, Sir I'm completely robbed off". The merchant knew that Patel didn't touch even a single penny. Still, pretending to be unaware, the merchant said "Right from the morning Sir! You may have collected many many things. Please excuse me, my lord! Please leave me! And return back home, or else my whole family would have to beg the next day surely. In just one day you brought me on the footpath. Sun has set and our contract is now completed. So please proceed towards your house".

Patel was surprisingly staring at the merchant's face. He looked stupid and idiot. He said 'Hey! What are you saying? I haven't taken anything still" How can it be possible? More than 12 hours elapsed and you haven't taken anything it is just impossible, buddy. When treasures were overflowing with gold and jewels, how is it possible that you haven't taken anything? All the treasure chests and keys were kept open for you. Then what you would have taken?"

Mr Patel replied, "I am speaking the truth, Mr Clever

Karma that still I was just watching around looking at things. Then how I would have collected the valuables”.

“Did you come for sightseeing and sensual pleasures, enjoyment and entertainment or taking precious goodies?”

“Oh, my brother! Actually, I came over here to fetch the goods, but the glamour and grandeur of your things were so very alluring that I forgot everything”.

“What do you want to say, Mr Patel? Did I force you to see all that? It was your clause that I had to allow you to take the things with respect and honour. I just made an arrangement for your hospitality and honour. Who told you to get attracted and immersed in it? Didn't you remember that much? You were lost and engrossed so much in it that you forgot the most important job of taking home the rich goodies. Was your mind cracked? Was your heart misplaced?”

“Let it be, whatever happened. Besides, now talking will waste my time. C'mon, now let me take as much I can.”

“Friend! How would you take now? Time is over, so the game is over. Sun has already set. The duration as per the bond has finished. Now get out and come back tomorrow with your whole family for slavery.”

Mr Patel went flat on listening to this! He experienced a severe shock

Also, he saw heaps and piles of gems and jewels, pearls and diamonds, gold and silver overflowing from the closets. Then he realized his extremely grave mistake. What did he gain from seeing, eating and drinking? And how much he lose? His heart was filled with grief and eyes with tears. He started crying and wailing loudly in a very sad tone. But now what can be done? He fell in his own dug pit. **He experienced terrible sorrow many times more than the day-long pleasure! Also,**

from the next day, Patel had to come back with his family for the torturous slavery of the merchant. What kind of slavery?

Extremely excruciating and painful for the whole life. A half day entertainment brought miseries and sorrow, torture and contempt for a multitude of years!

Now let's see what is the secret hidden in this story !

Inference :

Mr Soulomon Patel is our **soul**. Merchant 'Clever Karma' is **merits and demerits** bound in our past life. The soul thinks that I'll fool the Karma, but actually Karma fools the soul. Karma allows the soul to grab all the sweet fruits of merits in human life. It means, it allows the soul to collect the **jewellery of highest degree of spirituality** attained through practising religious rites and cash of sin-destruction with the help of merits in the bungalow of human life. The duration is from birth to death. **Birth** is sunrise and **death** is sunset. After that, the soul has to become the slave of karma. But if he really gathers the property, then one can't say that karma is the master and dragging him wherever he wants. But actually, karma has reserved incredible ecstasy in best blissful heavenly lives where the soul is master of others and can enjoy prowess on others. If the soul fails to earn the spiritual cash, then he has to suffer unbearable tortures in hell and animal life due to the slavery of karma.

In such a situation, see the foolishness of Mr Soulomon Patel. He entered the **ground floor of childhood** in the bungalow of human life. There his good merit kept his father and mother, relatives, ready to welcome him. He was wholly enchanted in getting sweet lullabies, affectionate kisses, utmost care, royal treatment, rain of motherly love etc. Also,

the attractive, playful toys made him forget to pack the bags with spiritual cash.

On the **first floor of teenage**, he got various delicacies with love and affection from his family. Also, he got to see beautiful pictures and artistic antiques. He got a formal worldly education. He didn't sense the time passing by. **In between, Gurus inspired him to pack the bags with good merits. But who was going to listen?** Mr. Soulomon Patel was so lost, immersed in the tastes of school, sports, games and cheap curiosities of outer world!

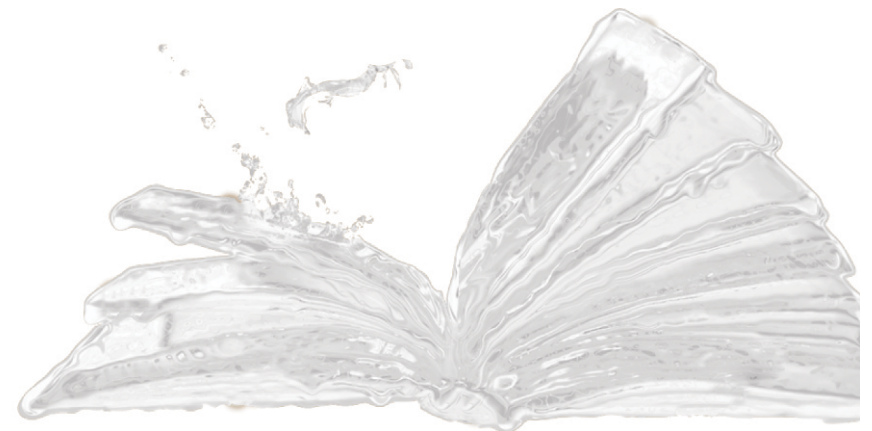
Then the soul entered the **second floor of youth**, where the fire of lust enraged. So he got trapped and infatuated in their gratifying looks, piggery play and flirtation! Aren't we aware of the dreadful shadow and outcome of lustful relations? Even celestial gods slip in this! Also one gets pleasures of dance and music, wine and vodka etc. in youth. Then what is surprising if he becomes deaf and considers the warning of packing bags by the Gurus to be utterly useless and as a result becomes senseless?

Then he climbed on the **third floor of old age**. Sweet music, soft mattress, cute grandchildren etc. very much attracted his mind. He didn't hear the warning given by the Gurus. Even in the last moments, on the verge of the sunset of the death, he failed to collect the jewellery of spirituality.

And there the sunset of death appeared and Patel got shocked! He repented **“If I hadn't fallen in the ditch of sensual pleasures and followed religious practices of charity, chastity, penance and noble feelings and more grave spiritual practice of non-injury, self-restraint and penance. I would have curtailed and destroyed heaps of sins. Then I would have obtained heavenly pleasures of billions of years and merits**

helping me to attain salvation (Moksha) in future. I would have accomplished my aims”. At the time of death, he regretted too much seeing this spiritual jewellery worth billions vanishing away from his eyes. He deeply regretted!

But what could be done then? It was too late. Even if the soul wants to wipe off his sins and earn good merits at the time of sunset of death. Who would let him do? It is not in the hands of anyone. Karma clearly declines to do so. And finally, Mr Soulomon Patel departs to get roasted in the burning furnace of terrible pains and miseries in the sorrowful life forms in the slavery of karma. Sufferings of innumerable years result from just a day of human life! Merit lends comforts and facilities to the soul to earn spiritual cash but the trap in the varied attraction of childhood-teenage-youth and old age state, Guru's warning 'Mr. Patel, pack the jewellery in your bags' even the midst of all these attractions, the soul's carelessness towards it, finally the karma's punishment etc. should be properly understood. For this, recollect the story again, minutely contemplating on the secret of each letter.



2. Blind Race



Ugly fashion, immoral education, English communication, money mania are the evident current global illustrations of foolish blind race. 'Celebrity wears is a fashion' is the formula of fools. Getting proud in wearing thick and tight jeans and overlapping blazers in hot Indian torrid climate is a familiar example of a wrecked and empty brain.

*Man supersedes animals by his innate brain power. **If we don't use our brains** in significant sectors of life and blindly ape the world, **aren't we indifferent from a dog or a donkey?***

Let us learn the rules to play the game of L.I.F.E. from the funny story of a donkey 'Jogeshwar Maharaj' itself. We would get better aware, 'How is our money, time and energy getting sapped in running the blind race behind the world? And also we fail to focus on the grave and greater purpose of human life-spiritual advancement. Let's read this story and gauge the foolishness of just using our two flesh eyes in imitating the mad world.

*Now, let us **open our 'third eye'** and judiciously discriminate and **decide –what is beneficial and what is harmful to our own souls?***

This story is narrated according to an incident read in a book.

A priest lived beside the home of a potter. He regularly recited the 'Gayatri hymn' in the morning. Coincidentally, the donkey tied beside in the potter's compound also brayed at the same time. The donkey was named "Jogiyo". He must have got such a name from somewhere! One day he brayed, even on the second day he brayed and on the third day also he brayed..... and everyday donkey brayed. Looking at this, the priest thought, "He is so interested in the Gayatri hymn. Therefore, he seems to be spiritually advanced being. He must have made good spiritual earnings in his previous life" and the donkey continued braying a number of days.

One day, the priest woke up in the morning and started the hymn but couldn't listen to the voice of the donkey. So the priest became suspicious! "Why isn't the voice being heard today?" He couldn't resist much. So he immediately rushed to the potter after completing the ritual and asked: "Hey buddy ! Where has that noble being gone?"

Potter said, "Who? that 'Jogiyo' donkey?" There was no one else living in the potter's home except the donkey and the donkey just died yesterday. So he asked about him directly.

The priest said, "Oh! Great man! Don't call him 'Jogiyo'. He was 'Jogeshwar Maharaj'. He was really very nice and noble. So what happened to him?"

"Oh learned man! He died yesterday...."

"What? Did he die! Oh gosh....!" the priest felt sorry for him.

"Ah...! A very great-noble soul.... What should we do now! Such a lofty soul left us, if we don't do anything after him, don't offer any tribute to him, it would really prove our hard-

heartedness! We don't have anything else, or else we could have offered donations and erected a bird's grain-feeding tower on his name. At least, we should tonsure our head and bath in the river "Thinking thus, the scholar shaved his head and bathed in the river. When he was returning back in the market, a merchant pointed to his bald head and asked him, "What happened? Learned man! What is this? Has someone died today?"

"Hey, good man! Don't you know? That 'Jogeshwar Maharaj' has died!"

Now see the blind race of the worldly people! What is our specific richness as a human just like the diamond's sharp gleam, pearl's exquisite beauty, swiftness and valour of a horse etc.? We just don't think about it... We do useless and futile things which neither suits our dignity nor is our duty. Those things are body's pamper and nourishment, smoothening the skin, pomp and show off of designer outfits etc. We become mad and crazy in getting the specialities of each place but not in case of human life. So we lose our rich prestige as a human kind and look low in the eyes of highly knowledgeable and become a prey of slaps and thrashes by karma and time! We were stricken and slapped, infinite times in the past, even then it feels like surprising that the worldly people are not stopping being stupid and foolish! Along with ignorance, even this ill-attitude is the reason, that the worldly people are running blindly, even let us run behind them!

The merchant asked, "Oh! The saint 'Jogeshwar' has died. So do I've to do something?"

"Obviously you have to. What is the need to ask in this?"

The priest continued "If you sell your whole shop and offer in charity, even then it is meagre and insufficient! So lofty

that soul was? At least, you need to surely tonsure your head." After listening to the talks of the priest even the merchant aped him.

In the meantime, many customers stepped the shop. They pointed the merchant's bald head and asked, "What happened gentleman! Has someone died today?"

"Oh, my brother! The demise occurred is not of a common man. Actually, that great saint 'Jogeshwar' has died!"

"Really? The saint has died? So do we've to do something?"

"Oh, venerable! It's not enough as much as you do! Lofty soul! Should we remain without tonsuring our heads?"

As such, many people tonsured their heads! It spread through-out in the market.

There, a prominent business tycoon arrived. He saw everyone's heads tonsured. He asked, "Why? Brother! What happened today? Everyone.....?"

"Oh, sir! Don't you know? A terrible incident occurred in the city! Really terrific! That... great saint 'Jogeshwar' has died...."

"What are you saying? Oh, poor fate! Very less noble souls take birth while the noble oldies are dying. Then the ones like me should tonsure the head first!" The businessman played a trick and made himself secured. So he doesn't have to make any charity. The world is very cunning.

Even the business tycoon tonsured his head. Look, Look, is anyone asking," Which great saint?" No, why would they ask? Everyone is doing that, so blindly accept it without using our minds! Are we not committing the same mistake in the matter of benefits and harms for our Immortal soul?

Just as the worldly people are forgetting the imminence of human life which is very beneficial and useful for the soul and running behind pampering and nourishing of one's body, family etc. which is harmful to the soul, the same way, are we forgetting imminence of human life? Are we blindly running after the people? We should deeply ponder upon this. **People are ignorant. Their path doesn't lead to the soul's benefits.** Even then, we are blindly rushing behind them, and as such, centuries and ages have elapsed. Today, we are still unhappy and dependent. This shows that the race was blind. So stop now. Examine life. Conquest for truth and let us strive to attain the real specific richness of this human life.

The businessman happened to go to the minister's place. The ministers saw the hairless, bald head of the businessman and asked, "Nobleman! What happened today? Has someone died in your family?"

The Businessman said, "Wow! Great minister! Don't you know? The great saint 'Jogeshwar' has died and you are unaware?"

So the minister asked him, "So have I to do something?"

The Businessman said, "Whatever you do for the noble soul is insufficient. At least this....."

The minister said, "Ya, Ya I got it. If we don't do even this, it shows lack of honour and affection in one's heart for the noble soul" Even the minister tonsured his head.

Then it was the chance of the king. But the king was not such fool and crazy. So he asked the minister looking at his tonsured head, "Why? Noble! What is this?"

"It is because that saint 'Jogeshwar' died!"

Till then everyone was asking "What should we do?" But the king asked, "Which 'Jogeshwar' Saint?"

What would the minister reply back? Then the car took a reverse turn.

The minister said, "I don't know, who was he. That business tycoon may be knowing?"

The business tycoon was called.

The businessman said, "I don't know. XYZ person told me. Likewise, the name of the merchant was given.

The merchant was called from the market. The merchant said, "I don't know. That priest may be knowing this. He is the main source."

King called the priest and asked, "Oh learned! Which 'Jogeshwar' saint died? Where is his monastery? Which spiritual practices he did? What are his spiritual achievements? How many are his disciples after him?" The king attacked him with serial arrows of questions.

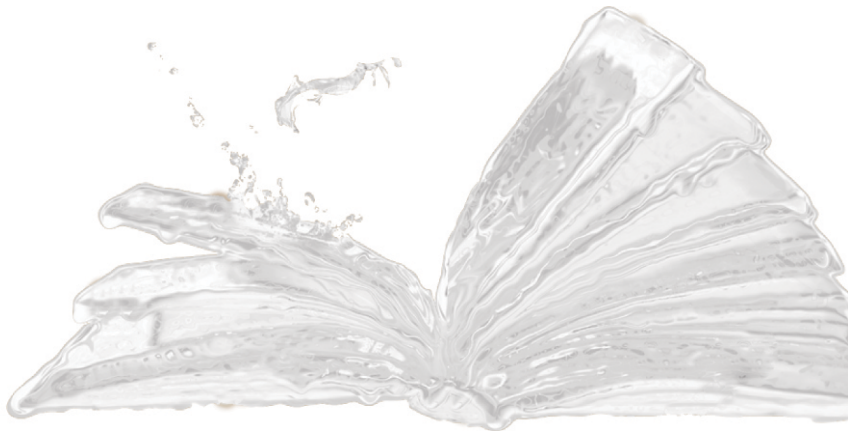
What is the answer for this? This poor innocent priest replied, "Majesty! Saint 'Jogeshwar' was not human but a donkey. The lofty, noble soul was in possession of a potter. He used to bray and accompany me every day while I recited the 'Gayatri' hymn. It seems he may have come from a noble past life and may have gone in a noble future life!"

Everyone was present during the clarification of the priest. Minister, businessman, citizens and merchant. Everyone's face bent low and pale. Why? Because blind race ends in repentance.

For the same reason, the knowledgeable souls advise, "Stop and wait a minute! Think.... Why do such births and deaths happen in the world? Why do we change new bodies now and then? Why do we arouse new and new desires?" If one explores and digs deep, he may see. **One has forgotten the true glittering shine and specific richness of the human life(soul)**

and is rushing towards the artificial shine of non-living objects.

For that reason has manifested all the troublesome trap.



3. The Diamond Necklace

The definition of 'rich' in the world is 'one who gathers more money' whereas **in Jinshashan the definition of 'rich' is 'one who gives more money'**. A rich heart surpasses all kinds of riches viz. gold, jewel, whopping bank account etc. Here the story is of a man who is not just money rich but also heart rich. Herewith, Pen king Gurudevshri renders a detailed thought graph of the rich-hearted man's mind which is really very awesome to read. To offer crores in charity is even easy but keeping such immense generosity described herein is possible only for exceptional noble heroes. **The waves of hi-nobility, immense generosity and deep love tossing in his heart would really splash and trickle your eyes.**

Gurudevshri has put deep philosophy in simple words. He says-Love towards Bhagwan is true only if one can generate brimming feelings of brotherhood towards another son of one's religious father, the Great Gracious.' Today, life has become financially more crucial. The lower and middle-class Jain families lose the majority of time in the fight for survival and existence, leaving no time for religious activities. In such a time, when the sadharmika is suppressed under steeping high expenditure, it is a duty of every financially stable Jain to fill the pit. Gurudevshri very clearly states '**We are not doing any favour on a sadharmika by helping him. Instead, it is a duty to rid off our brother's misery. If one fails to perform such a duty, it is an offence**'.

In the proud past, many generous, gem-like men were born to 'Jinshashan.'¹ They helped and supported the 'Sadharmika'² with due 'respect and affection by rendering financial or sympathetic aid. One such gem shravak³ had come to upashray⁴ for pratikraman⁵ on a festive religious occasion. Before starting the (Samayik)⁶ spiritual ritual, he removed his diamond necklace from his neck and put it aside.

Great, Gracious Bhagwan (God) has really showered abundant grace by showing us the Samayik ritual for the upliftment of our souls. One gets a golden opportunity to lessen one's infatuation for ornaments and jewellery and get immersed in the innate qualities of the soul! Shravaka had put the necklace aside and was doing Pratikraman at ease, but a poor Shravaka sitting beside him thinks,

“Oh, the necklace is precious and I'm in a sorrowful state. I need to clear my debts or else I ought to sell the utensils and also my house building. Right now, it is dark. Who is going to see? Let me grab and go away” On the other side, he thought, “Oh! Such a grave sin of theft in a religious place? Never, how dare I take? I came over here to follow the religious practice and do I commit sin right then? No, I won't “He reversed his thoughts, but his confusion increased” How would I solve my debts? Anyway, the necklace is of a religious follower

1. The Jain community

2. Coreligionist

3. A householder who observes small vows

4. Monk's place

5. Essential daily ritual

6. Samayik - a vow to attain equanimity by abandoning all sinful acts, forbidding to touch even water, fire, women, ornaments, mobile, light, fan, electricity etc. and to study religious books or chant Bhagwan's name for 48 minutes.

Shravak. So he won't lament much. So I would take the necklace. As soon as I recover my debts and acquire finance, I would buy a new necklace and lend him back”.

Thinking thus, he got up early from the Pratikraman ritual. Taking advantage of the darkness, he took the necklace and immediately reached his home! Afterwards, when the owner of the necklace didn't see the necklace, he understood, because only that Shravaka was sitting beside, over there. He returned back home without uttering a single word.

On the way, he thought in his mind, “**Oh! How careless I am, I paid no heed to know the sorrowful situation of the Sadharmik** and failed to trace the pain! How big calamity he must be suffering, which provoked him to take such a step! Or else would a son of a noble mother (Shravika) do such thing? Oh! He won't steal even a dry straw of grass.” Because he knows the losses of theft-

1) **Time and quantity of happiness through theft and illicit means is very less. Instead, the duration of resulting miseries in this life and afterlife is very very long. Also, the quantity of pain is enormous**'. What is the benefit of needlessly inviting miseries? It is better to suffer little sorrow of present poverty than to commit theft.

2) Our parents who showered bountiful grace on us by giving birth, nurturing and upbringing us. They and the clan gets blemished by the theft. Instead of serving ones parents and repaying the kindness, how can one defame and disgrace them? Good parents also feel sorry and sorrow for them.

3) The evil habits of the soul prevailing from infinite past get boost up through theft and get so concretely stuck to the soul that it becomes impossible to eliminate them in the present or future many lives. Also one is unable to develop

good habits of honesty, loyalty etc.

4) A single vice of theft attracts plenty of other vices like thirst for wealth, deceit, fraud, falsehood, selfishness, betrayal etc. It enslaves the soul. It makes one forget religion resulting in making the wish-fulfilling gem like precious human life futile and waste.

5) Right in the present life he gets sorrows like being jailed, bodily tortured, hanged etc. and gets unbearable series of pains and sufferings in future lives like hell.

6) In this precious life, one should get closer and nearer to 'Salvation' by developing perennial holy thoughts and noble feelings. But one fails to take advantage of this golden opportunity of nurturing such holiness because theft and women are such things which hover in one's mind all day long. Theft makes ones mind extremely vile and blemished. There is no place left for noble thoughts and feelings.

How can a Shravak commit theft who understands such significant losses of theft? But, this shravak maybe undergoing some excruciating sorrow. Due to which, he had to do this. Actually, in this case, the fault is mine because I didn't take care of my brother (Sadharmika) in spite of being capable. He is a loving child of my life like dearest Bhagwan. Oh! I forgot him! **I have right to consider myself as a Jain, only if I feel aiding my ailing Jain brother as a duty. The duty is such that if you fail to perform, you become the culprit. If you fail to favour someone, it is not considered a crime, but if you fail to perform your duty, then it is a big crime.** So it is my great fault that I didn't take care of my religious brother. He made me conscious of it. Now I'll repent for it before Guru Maharaj and ask for Prayashchit.¹ He reached home with tears in his eyes.

1. *Compensation by following the extra-religious practice to wash off the sin*

Such noble thoughts and wisdom are the signs that prove one has attained 'Lokottar shashan' the superhuman world! (Rank above the common world) What great thoughts and wisdom! How deep is the contemplation of things! **How true are the hearty feelings and affection towards 'Tirthankar' (God) as his child! As a result, he could generate brimming feelings of brotherhood towards another son of his father.**

What is the value of money and facilities? The real significance lies in unveiling and bringing out the jewel qualities of love and generosity hidden in the inner core of our soul from time immemorial, through money. Such incidents inspire us to bring out such virtues. How could one exercise generosity without any occasion!

The next day he came in the Guru's sermon. Even that shravak was present over there. Why? Thinking that if today I won't go to upashray as usual then that businessman would have a doubt on me. 'Surely, he must have stolen my necklace, so he is not showing his face over here' so I should continue going over here like every day "Look, even after committing the sin, he makes up his mind, "After all, who knows my sin, or else they would have caught me." What is this?

1) Repentance, fear, suspicion etc. is difficult to arise in one's mind after committing a sin

2) A single sin drags you along the road of deceit.

3) It makes you follow even spiritual practices like coming in upashray etc. just for hiding one's sin.

The businessman got up in the sermon at an occasion and addressed to Guru Maharaja, "O Bhagwan (venerable)! I want to say something."

The necklace-thief felt a tumult in his stomach. His conscious froze on listening to this."Oh my God! He'll definitely

announce 'My necklace is stolen. While in the 'pratikraman', this shravak was sitting beside. After he left early. I couldn't find the necklace' But he didn't know, **souls, having abundant love towards the 'Sangha' (community) don't publicly disclose faults of community members.** They don't do gazetting of flaws. How can the mean people be aware of such generous heart?

Guru Maharaj permitted him. The businessman continued, "Guruji! Give me 'prayashchit'(compensation)!"

Guru Maharaj asked, "But, in public?"

"Yes, because my offence is public."

"What is the offence! What is the matter?"

Now that shravak was full of doubts!"On such a pretence, he may wisely and indirectly announce my theft. But over here, this wise shravak was speaking very thoughtfully. He said-"O God! I forgot to take care of my distressed Sadharmika!"

Here, Guruji didn't ask "Which Sadharmika?" because it shouldn't be made all public. He just said, "Meet me afterwards."

This incident highly influenced and magically mesmerised the thief shravaka.! He understood the situation. As a result, a burning fire of repentance enraged in his heart "Ah! Ah! Ah! I'm really a heavy sinner. What have I done? Whose necklace have I stolen? I have stolen the necklace of such a great, holy man! I have attempted theft, that too of a necklace with precious jewels! What a mean and sinful act by me! Even a mean person won't do this. Look at the eye-sparkling speciality of his high nobility that in spite of me committing a treacherous offence, rather he is asking Prayashchit' (compensation)! How many births would I have to

take and wander in the vicious birth cycle because of this crime! Bhagwan! Bhagwan! Save me! Instead of stealing things of such a generous and loving, noble soul, even if I would have directly asked for it, he would have given it kindly. But now I'm not worthy to even ask for it. The first thing I've to do is to return back the necklace to the businessman."

The generosity of a man and his confession of mistake can bring a change even in the heart of a thief! This is an appropriate illustration. Then why won't it affect others? If one wants to reform the thieves or other criminals, then understand that court punishment, newer laws etc. won't improve them. Only poor fellows committing petty crime due to adverse conditions would get caught in the net of laws. Rest shrewd and masterminded criminals would remain alert so that they don't get trapped in any law. **Only Saint's discourse can change and reform such criminals. The active generosity of noble men would correct and improve the mistakes of the criminals.**

Thinking thus, he immediately got up and reached the businessman's place with the necklace. The businessman invited him, "Welcome my brother! Welcome!" He put the gold chain in the hands of the businessman.

Businessman asked, "Brother! What is this?"

He replied, "Oh noble! What are you asking? Didn't you recognize? This is your necklace."

"Mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

"No brother! It can't be mine at all."

"Oh, master! Don't doubt. The necklace isn't changed. It is your same necklace." He thought the businessman may be suspicious that 'My precious necklace may be changed' so he

was trying to clear off his doubt. But the businessman didn't even feel so in his mind. Then why did he say "This can't be mine?" Now listen to businessman's clarification

The businessman said, "But hey noble! I'm not saying, you are giving me cheap and duplicate necklace instead of the precious one. Instead, I'm saying, my necklace isn't lost."

The thief was spellbound on listening to this! He feels, 'Oh! What is he telling? May he have really forgotten? Even one can't immediately forget an ordinary thing just lost then this is a theft of a precious necklace! How can it be forgotten? Even then, let me remind him' After thinking, he said, "O great Master! See, last night while in the Pratikraman I stole your necklace and this is it"

"Ah! No, no, sorry, sorry, what did you tell? You stole it! No, not at all, Sadharmika brother can't commit a sin of theft. Our necklace isn't lost at all."

There the mistress arrived. That shrvak told her, "Look sister! I stole your necklace and am now returning it back. But, the master is refusing it. Tell him something."

But this lady was altogether different. She favoured the talks of the merchant. She told the thief, "He is speaking the truth. Our necklace is not at all stolen and can you steal? No, No, Never. Therefore, please don't tell this again."

Look at this couple – husband and wife. It seems like **one soul and two bodies!** So both have the same one kind of ideal, the same one kind of desire and the same one sort of belief. This is not surprising because **thousands and lacs of humans following the Bhagwan's path have the same one ideal of Moksha (Salvation). Also, they have the same one desire of religion of pure Samyag darshan (Right belief), Samyag Gnan (Right knowledge), Samyag Charitra (Right conduct) and**

Samyag tapa (Right penance) and of same one belief in the scriptures propounded by the omniscient Bhagwan devoid of delusion and aversion. Whereas this is a matter of just 2 persons. They both are of such a similarity in their opinions that the thief is continuously staring at both of them, but they seem to be utterly unaware of the necklace! On comparing the generosity and nobility of their heart with his extreme meanness and vileness, the thief's heart highly trembled. His heart and soul was whirling with emotions. He stood up and fell in the feet of the businessman and burst into crying and lamentation. He said, "My Master! I know I've stolen your necklace, but it is your vastness of heart and nobility that is showering a downpour of grace and benevolence on me! My Lord! It is easy to offer even this precious jewel necklace in charity but when the culprit is returning the stolen necklace back, then to say, 'My necklace isn't stolen at all!' is possible only for a Godly person like you! Really, you opened my inner eyes. Since today, I solemn to abandon theft even of a tiny thing all my life! Now take your necklace back.

In a superior incarnation of human, where is the meanness of stealing a thing of a religious, noble soul under the pretext of religion and where is the immense generosity of let going one's own stolen precious valuable! Anyway, Master, I'm going to leave your necklace over here, but I didn't understand the secret of your hi-nobility."

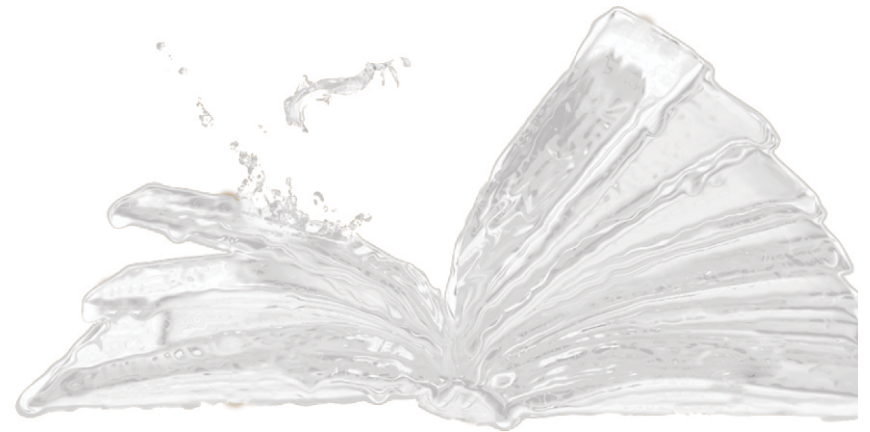
The businessman said, "Gentlemen! In front of the nobility of past lionmen, shining before my eyes. I feel myself extremely mean. Even though Jain's houses were filled with all requirements, the lion-men use to feed a meal to even these generous donors for entire twelve months and 360 days on a daily basis. Today I'm not having the generosity of serving the

well-to-do persons, but also, I'm not also taking care of even the distressed. How meanness of me! My true brother! You opened my shut eyes. You've really done a great favour on me! The inflow and outgoing of money is a very ordinary thing, a trifle thing in this world. I was carefree and unalert like an alcoholic under the intoxication of money. I was imprudent! Oh! I was devoid of all noble feelings and in such a situation you dared to take the necklace and thus removed my intoxication, arousing prudence and noble feelings in me and really, my conscience woke! I thought how distressed and oppressed my religious brother and a loving son of the Great Almighty, religious father would have been before taking the necklace! In such expressions, he may have met heart-jolting failures! Is my money then useful only to burn my funeral pyre?

I got two pennies in the service of world's well-wisher Bhagwan. **In spite of having that, if I don't rid off the sorrow of my Sadharmika, it would be my utter selfishness! It's a terrible plight like of a snake just guarding the enormous wealth putting it into no good use.** If such adversity would have continued, my Sadharmikas would have been dead in a depressing state and would have forgotten the religion in the worry of filling the belly. It would have forgotten would have caused a significant loss to my great Godfather's ongoing institution of religious values and activities. After that, due to lack of enough followers in the world Jinshashan would have looked so poor! Also, the distressed Sadharmika brother may have lost the right path! Etc. Thinking so, I realized my terrible offence. So, I had to ask for Prayashchit (Compensation) from Gurudev today. Great man! We both are grateful to you, for doing a great favour on us. We have presumed this necklace for the service of Sadharmika only. You have to take it."

The emotional expression of the businessman really shook the heart of the necklace-thief! How can he even touch the necklace again once he kept on the table? Still, the businessman requesting him earnestly, gave him money to clear off the debts and start a business and only then he allowed him to go.

Applause to such a drastic change of heart!



4. Two Americans



Snake bites back the generous giver who feeds him milk while human overflows with thankfulness and gratefulness towards his benevolent saviour and yearns to repay his kindness. Here is a sentimental and heart-rending story of a man who sought and cherished the crucial opportunity of repaying the kindness of the other man. He experienced a revolutionary and remarkable change when the other man showed kindness towards him. It was the richness of his outlook that made him infer the scolding man as a graceful person, as a life teacher in disguise. The incident is like a diamond in a coal mine. An illustration of exemplary gratefulness in a spiritually downtrodden country like America.

*Gurudevshri cleverly showed the path of charity by painting the psyche of an addicted donor. **A donor in true sense experiences joy in giving and distributing wealth while sorrow in not giving**, just as one feels uneasiness in withholding the excreta while experiences freshness in releasing it. It's rightly said, **'Wealth is the dirt of hand.'** One should always intend to wear it off. Pujoyashri has explained the philosophical truths in a very easy and excellent manner like, 'If one wants to experience tremendous bliss in attaining Bhagwan, one should bring in the mind and feel the boundless sorrow and pain of being jailed in the mundane world'. Let's relish the sympathetic incident in the words of classic author Gurudevshri himself...!*

This story is being narrated on the basis a current-time incident appeared in an American magazine named 'Physical culture'.

A rich American came to roam around a sea-coast. Actually, he was a miser and it was night time, so what was the need to show off? So he came dressed in simple night garbs like t-shirt and pantaloons.

Sometimes, some richies are very contented in pleasures. **So, when the common people want to do much pomp and show, they want to relish rich eateries, then this satisfied richies resort to very simple food and dress!** You may ask, how does it happen! But look at nature-

1) The tinkling of a bronze dish is more while the gold dish doesn't sound much.

2) Clouds that are not raining make many thundering sounds while the raining clouds calmly and efficiently perform their duty.

3) A small river overflows and over floods on all four sides on a bit rainfall while large watercourses like Ganga don't show such false pomp. On the other hand, a sea doesn't overflow even if large rivers submerge in it.

Similar was the case for this Richie. On reaching the sea-coast, he got out from his car and kept his car parked far away. Strolling on the sea-shore, he went and sat on a bench. The cool wind was breezing. The crowd was slowly disappearing. The place was growing solitary and quiet. Staring at vast sea, seating on the bench, the American was lost in deep thoughts.

It so happened that an another rich man arrived at the same time. He stopped the car, got out and loitering along the coast came over there. He told his driver to keep the car behind slowly. Then he came exactly behind the first American. At that

time, there were none others except these two over there. On looking at the first American in extremely plain dress and staring at the sea, it made him think, "It seems like he may be some poor man distressed by the pain of poverty and he may have come over here to bring an end to the miseries of his life. He may be thinking of committing suicide!" See, what is happening! A millionaire is assumed to be a poor man intending for suicide! **In this world, the actual matter may be completely different than we imagine. It is our ignorance that shows things differently than they are! So if we put faith just on our imagination we would be cheated, so we shouldn't act placing trust on such imagination.** Enquire about it, search for it around, take the advice of a wise. Don't imagine low according to the simple dress and simple lifestyle.

Although, there is not going to occur any loss over here because the heart of the generous American coming behind was overflowing with compassion. He felt in his mind 'If I just walk away from here, it is possible he may jump off into the sea! Because the way he is staring the sea, with his sulky face dropped in his palms, he seems to be in such thoughts. So I should say him. Look at the forceful flow of compassion! **Generally, we never go and search for ailing and sorrowful men but if such a person appears before us, then naturally affections brim in our heart to help and uplift him. Isn't it?** The feeling of mercy is such. It automatically strives, makes an effort to rid off unhappiness of the opposite person without his request.

The coming American went up to him from behind he immediately took out two dollars and a visiting card from his pocket and said to the sitting American, patting his back with inspiration, "Fool! Why have you come to die? Take, take these,

two dollars and this card. Come to my office tomorrow, and I'll give you some job! Don't needlessly let your life go in vain "Though the imagination was false but the generosity of heart to help someone, even without any request was great! **Generosity is the fragrance of a human flower!** If the aroma is absent, what is the significance of human life? On the other hand, if there is a foul odour of meanness, then human life seems to be sewage! Isn't it?

The other American was extremely surprised to hear this! Why won't he get surprised? One who is having millions in the bank is thought to be poor, is called a fool, is scolded 'Why have you come for suicide?' Of course, one would get astonished on hearing this! But over here, the speciality is, this American went on listening to him. Before he gave any answer, the scolding American man kept two dollars and the card on the bench and got back in his car and went away. Now over here, see the peculiarity of even this man. He innocently took his words positively. How great innocence! **In human life, innocence and frankness help one to climb the ladder of qualities and virtues and rise high.** Crookedness blocks and opposes it. Develop frankness to closely experience rapid ascend to a height of virtues closely.

The sitting American thought, 'Look at him, although he wrongly presumed me as a poor man intending to commit suicide, but hats off to his generosity! He gave me two dollars, besides, a visiting card for a job! What is the relation between us? Moreover, there are some people ready to kindly help even if there is no relation with the receiver, but they help those who come and ask them. Here I haven't put any request to him. Some people without expecting any application, they readily go for offering charity, but at least they ask the situation of

opposite person, listen and even check it before offering the donation. This man didn't even ask, listen to me or checked anything! Just he felt 'This person is in need' and immediately, he took out a two-dollar note and a card as a promise to lend job and handed over to me. In this age of unemployment who gives a job to even the familiar and educated?

While this man, without knowing my eligibility, he told to come for a job! Kudos to his generosity! his benevolence! his selflessness! Really, he opened my eyes! What kind of perspective does he have for money? And what kind of do I have? He must have thought for me in his mind, that, "This distressed man, my fellow citizen and he does like this? Let me help and recover him from his problem. What is other good use of my money?' Thinking along such lines, when he is giving me money without asking me, then why should I remain such a miser? **The true purpose of wealth is in eliminating the sorrows of others! in pacifying the enraged hearts of others!** Just as I enjoy in amassing more wealth, he may be enjoying in distributing wealth! Wow! On properly thinking it seems true that true enjoyment lies in charity. Because the people who are taking it make the atmosphere delightful. **Even this is a fact that there is no guarantee or trust of wealth. It silently slips off in personal expenditures, diseases, business loss etc.** In true sense, we experience inner bliss in eradicating sorrows of others. O.K then even I want to experience the boundless bliss of charity! I should take this incident as an excellent wisdom lesson and kickoff miserliness from me and generously offer donations to the depressed and distressed.'

Words and incident are the same, but our life is shaped according to our outlook.

1) Pat on the back and

2) 'Fool! Have you come to die? Take these two dollars!' these words can also be taken as an insult. One can imagine, 'Such an egoistic man that he gives a slap on my back! If he wants to offer the donation, he can use gentle words, how can he insult me straight away with fury in mind? What is the value of such rough behaviour?' If we have a low and mean outlook for words of the opposite person, it creates a quarrel. But over here, the American took it as words of affection and words for his personal benefit. So it provoked love for him and changed the direction of his life.

American reached home and kept that visiting card and two dollars in a showcase. He acquires more and more motivation for donation as he looked to it, every day. As such, years passed by, he offered plenty of donations during this period. Now he changed his disposition, he couldn't remain at ease without offering the donation and knew no bounds of ecstasy in donating. Now, what happened? He was experiencing sorrow in not giving and happiness in giving!

Once upon a time, it so happened that he was reading a newspaper on the dining table in the morning. On opening the newspaper, suddenly, he read the name of that American's company. Actually, he had a regular habit of looking at his card. So he immediately recognized him.

The news were that the creditors had struck his company with a raid, meaning that the company was under calamity.

He was really shocked to read this. It extremely trembled his conscious. He felt, 'Oh my gracious, my great generous, beloved is in a problem? If he rendered me great purity and strength of mind and lifelong inner bliss then, Shouldn't I rid off his financial adversity and repay his

kindness?’

What a beautiful thought process! How impressive is his discretion power in evaluating things! The kindness of lending money and the card was much ordinary while arousing his inclination towards donation was indeed a great favour! To get shocked on listening to the name of calamity fallen on ones great benevolent person, to become emotional and full of affection for him, to instantly decide to recover his crisis without being called. These all are noble outlooks. Such an outlook is a foundation for a spiritual soul.

After deciding to help him, this rich man called in his private secretary and said 'Let's go to xyz office! The secretary was perplexed because 'This company is in financial crisis and we don't have any business dealings or relation with them. Then why does the boss want to go there! The creditors would have been flocked over there for a raid!' Thinking this, the secretary was confused!

Look, this American wants to go in the midst of such situation and circumstances, for what? To repay his kindness and become grateful for the favour bestowed by the opposite person by setting a good example himself through his noble, charitable act!

Here, the secretary may think whatever he wants, but he can't say anything in front of his boss. 'You order and we obey' is the rule! He immediately got ready and brought the car, and even the boss took a chequebook with him. Both sat in the car and reached to the American's company's office. There they saw a chaotic crowd of creditors gathered over there. This man got out of the car and reached to a company's personnel and asked him, “Where is the boss?” He got an answer, “You can't meet him right now”

“But where is he?”

“He didn't tell me and went.”

He got confused, “How would I meet him? And I can do nothing without meeting him.” In such circumstances, the other may think, “Let it be, if he doesn't want any help then why would I be interested?” But this man didn't think such. **After getting connected with the opposite person with love and affection, man doesn't bother whether he comes and request me or not. When true gratefulness wakes up in mind, one doesn't wish for any respect or honour from him. When true emotions sprout in one's mind, one doesn't care whether the opposite person appreciates him or not.**

He just thought, 'How to serve him? How to help him?' He had true emotions so when he didn't get a proper reply outside. He went inside and talked with the secretary in private.

“Look, I haven't come over here to take anything. Instead, I've come to help my friend. So don't keep any fear from me. Just let me meet your boss and see how the whole environment changes! I know, in the time of crisis, many people come to harass and one has to be alert and stay far from them. In such a time, many people who seem to be our friends become enemies. They use the pretext of friendship, send detectives and spies and put us in a greater problem. Even such a thing happens. I'm well aware of the wicked system of the world. But don't keep any doubts for me. I've come over here as his true friend realizing the bountiful grace bestowed on me by him. I've come now to make a sure and concrete help because I can see he is in a terrible crisis. If my wealth doesn't become useful in recovering my friend's adversity, then what is the use of such wealth? Now please take me to my friend”.

How cleverly he persuaded the secretary! **To win the trust of the opposite person, first of all, one has to justify that his doubt is valid, such suspicion is obvious to arise.** Just alone logic or intellect doesn't work that, 'We are true and selfless persons and we've come to do a favour'. Along with intelligence, one needs courtesy and emotions, one needs to comprehend the degree of sorrow of the opposite person. Just imagine, if we are in his place and at that time someone may have come to give lacs of assistance but what would we do if he doesn't speak anything that would make us gain trust on him? After several other bitter experiences. How can we directly put trust in him? Just as we think and feel, so do others. So, first of all, one has to show sympathy for his grief and show that his doubt, fear etc. is not in the wrong place.

Now see the condition of the secretary. Being loyal to his boss, the secretary is not ready to abruptly trust an outside stranger. He is also aware of the critical crisis the company is facing. He also has a desire in his heart to get the solution to recover from the crisis. The secretary thought 'If the visitor would have rudely said, "I don't want to talk with you. Join me with your boss" then he might be surely a new creditor. Then I would have told. "The boss is engaged. He won't be available right now." But over here, the visitor is telling me in private, "I haven't come over here to take money but to give money." 'So the slumbering hope woke up. He saw him as a God sent-messenger.

The secretary understood his emotion. The secretary's mind was already full of hopes. In such a condition, when a ray of hope appears forth, who would not get tempted to it? The secretary said to him, "C'mon, let me take you to my boss!" Saying so, they got down the stairs, sat into a car and reached a

bungalow. The bungalow was a king size. On the top floor deep inside a hall, the company owner was in an extremely depressed and tensed state. The secretary went up to him and introduced the ready-to-help American. His eyes sparkled and experienced rejuvenating freshness going through his body!

When a person suppressed in a critical calamity, has lost all hopes and out of the blue, he sees a ray of solid hope beyond his expectations, the person feels tremendous and incredible bliss in mind. In other words, we can say, if we feel immense bliss in getting a sorrow-eliminating element, it means the sorrow in the past was enormous and extremely itching. Now, let's see a wonderful concept. Do we feel tremendous bliss in getting Bhagwan, Guru and religion and various kinds of spiritual practices, the sure cause to eradicate all your worldly sorrows? Such a bliss will only arise if one feels boundless sorrow and pain of being confined in this mundane world. **If one wants to experience tremendous bliss over there,(in attaining Bhagwan), then one should bring in the mind and feel the boundless sorrow and pain of being jailed in this mundane world.** If one has no such pain in his mind, he may not get excited, won't feel the bliss in getting Bhagwan, Guru etc.

The ready-to-help American signalled both the secretaries of him and of the opposite American to sit outside the room. After bolting the door, he started the conversation.

He asked," Do you recognize me?"

"No, who are you?"

"I was that poor man.... Who came to commit suicide on the sea coast and you gave him two dollars and a visiting card. It happened long back, before several years. You remembered?"

On listening to such hints, the past incident flashed a bit

faint in his memory. But before saying a yes, he doubted that 'The secretary gave me a totally different introduction. Was he illusioned? This person may have tricked him. How else he can meet me? It's an addition of a new problem. So before he makes any request, let me clarify everything.' Look over here, the reality is completely different and the imagination is sliding in the opposite direction. **The man should become patient. He should possibly infer the opinion of the opposite person from his face, then should he make any judgement.** But, the man makes unnecessary hurry, propelled by fear engulfing one's mind. So he said, "Yes, I recognize you. What do you want? Do you know my current conditions?"

"Yes, I know"

"Then understand, I'm in no circumstances to give you anything!"

"I know that. For the same reason, I've come over here. I haven't come to take anything, instead, I've come to help you, for a sure and solid help".

"So much help? for what? In return for being saved from suicide?"

"No, not from suicide but blind selfishness".

"I didn't understand anything."

"I wasn't a poor man. I didn't at all come for suicide".
"What are you saying?"

"Yes, really! I had good money. My even car was parked beside. I got just lost in thoughts staring at the sea. You just imagined, 'This is a poor man and has come for suicide.' "Then why didn't you scold me and clarify it?"

"Why would I do that?"

"Why wouldn't you? If I'm making a mistake in accusing

you falsely, then you should have withered my illusion and sensed me the truth. You, of course, have the right to."

"There is a reason behind this. Your accusation was of no importance. **The importance and significance were of benevolence and generosity embodied in your consolation of two dollar-charity and a job! The value was of a silent inspiration to strive to eradicate sorrow of others.** I was a miser, selfish and a heartless fellow! Your generosity sprinkled seeds of generosity in me. You made me king-hearted, benevolent and benign!" That man was completely astounded. He forgot his troubles and got engrossed in listening to him! The visitor American continued,

"Right at that moment, I resolved to begin offering charity and become benevolent and generous. I thought **if one has to leave all his wealth after death then why shouldn't one put wealth to good use before? Yes, if death is never going to come and if this wealth remained permanent, the thing would be different. But it's not the case.** And then, after reaching home, I kept your dollar and card safe in a showcase and now and then I used to look and gain inspiration from it. On its strength, I could do many noble charitable acts since. Today, I read your name in the newspaper and immediately rushed to you to repay your kindness. Wow! True is the delight of donation! Now tell me, how much is the crisis?"

Saying so, he instantly took out the chequebook. That American was extremely shocked, his eyes widened! He was thinking, "Is he speaking the truth or making me a fool? Does he know, does he have any hint, how big the amount is? He asked,

"Do you have any imagination of the crisis?"

"No matter how big it may be, Don't worry!"

“Such a great favour in return of just two dollars!”

“No, I'm in no state of returning and repaying the grace you bestowed for the great life-lessons of peace and generosity through the two dollars. Now don't delay, tell me, how much is the crisis?”

He said, “3 crores, forty lac dollars.”

“Would the company get into a smooth flow after getting this amount?”

“No, not at all, this would just only repay the debts because after getting recovered from the loss, the company would be left with zero capital.”

Just imagine, how can one even hear it? It feels like saying sorry “Brother! I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked you this. If you want, I'll surely send you the meal expenditure, but this is... Oh my God, How big? This amount is really a monstrous, giant amount! I can't reach, it's like touching the sky..” This man didn't say any such thing. When this man got overflowed with such ample love for his countryman, who gave him just two dollars! Then how much love and affection should be overflowing in our heart towards a Sadharmika! **What is sadharmika? The whole Jain shashan lies in it!** He may become a monk(sadhu) and upto Acharya. He may earn the merit of becoming Tirthankar and may really become thus. **Devotion towards Bhagwan and Guru, vows, pledges, celibacy etc. lie in sadharmika.**

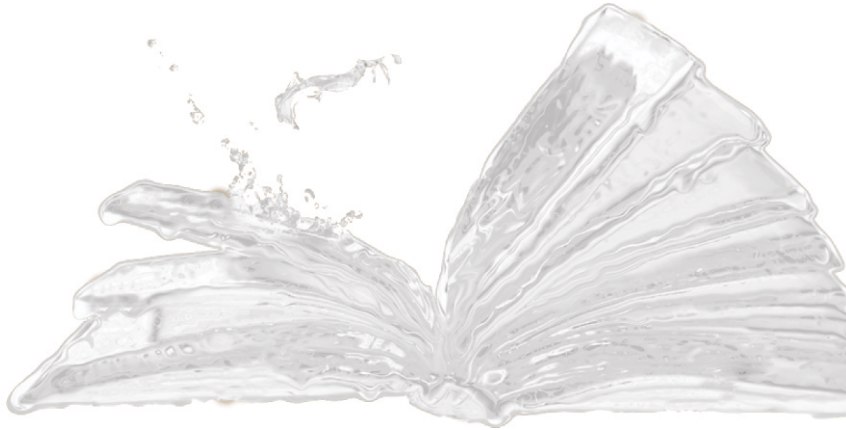
On listening to this, He said,” Ok that's it? Ok then take this cheque of three crores, forty lacs and secondly, an invitation for partnership in our company!” Saying so, he wrote and gave a cheque and also a partnership offer.

That American who was in crisis was completely astonished, seemed an unbelievable thing to him! His eyes

were filled and brimmed with tears. He felt, 'What is this? Is this reality or a dream? Am I under some magic spell? Such a boundless grace showered on me! I've no words to say 'Thanks'! My two dollars have no worth in front of his graceful generosity of crores!' He got up and just tightly embraced him. With tears streaming from the eyes, he said, “How can I take this? But today it is a critical condition, a question of life or death for me, so I'm helpless, I've to take it. But I can't just imagine the skyscraping height of your benevolence. You said you learnt generosity from me, But I think in such condition I couldn't have shown such benevolence. You just newly learnt generosity and today you have done a heroic and valiant feat. You've not only saved my down-setting prestige but instead boosted it extremely high. You have set a new inspiring ideal, a wonderful example of unmatched generosity today in this country and this world. By giving such a big sacrifice, you're really inspiring and motivating, encouraging others to imbibe such vast hearted noble generosity. How would I return your favour?” Saying so, he stood there crying, repressed and lowered by the exhaustive weight of gratitude.

“Please, don't oblige me, Please don't feel embarrassed. You had done a great favour on me at that time. I can't pay even the full interest of it. Now take this and your secretary and gratify the environment.” After having a heart-rending conversation, they came out with enormous ecstasy. He went to the bank with the secretary, encashed the cheque came back to the office and returned the debt of everyone in liquid cash. Both companies joined hands and came together. Both owners became Business partners. If we have a live and beating heart, we can learn many lessons from this incident of exemplary benevolence and appreciation. What are the unimaginable

fruits and significance of generously serving the super best God(Bhagwan), holy monks, sadharmika and beneficial spiritual places? and what is the value in protecting cheap and trifle wealth?



5. Piteous Outcome of Greed



'Money is an excellent servant but a terrible master'. When a person turns demon under the influence of insatiable greed, to what extent of barbarity can he go? How much ruthless and merciless can he become? The present story would provide you with a clear and detailed answer described through an account of a miserable miser. This story would teach us many important life lessons- The 'money' plant sprouts from the seed of sin and discontent, grows big by watering of constant fear and frustration, yields thorns of pains and miseries to the nurturing gardener while gives flowers of pleasures to others(his family). Learned sages advise, 'The money earned by resorting to dishonesty and illicit means is used and enjoyed by the family while the bitter fruits of sins committed by the man have to be suffered by him alone.'

Today, when the world's wealthiest money kings are looked with awe by everyone, Jinshashan gives a totally different outlook that 'Money mad multi-millionaires infected with vicious greed are indeed the possible candidates of treacherous after-lives.' So, a wise man looks with utter mercy on such wealth crazy billionaires.

Jinshashan redefines richness, **'That man is the richest whose requirements are the cheapest'.**

See the life gardener Pujya Gurudevshri is ready. Let's hand over our life to him so as to get clear the weeds and thorns of greed and grow a blossoming flower of contentment!

In a big metropolitan city like Mumbai, there lived a wealthy merchant named Laxmidas. His business was running in full swing, prospering day and night, yielding him a good income. Money nurtures greed. One may naturally get attached to one's wealth. What is new in this? A worm of worry even stung Laxmidas, "It is a big risk keeping all the wealth in the house. Anytime anyone can sniff it. I fear even my wife's intention may pervert!" Look, how mean and shallow psyche of him!

He thought further, "Do I lend it to some Shroff (old systemed banker)? The wealth would be safe and protected. Besides, I would also get interest on it. No, even this idea is risky. He may get bankrupt and then, on the contrary, would stick to home like a blood-sucking insect asking for money. No need of giving any second thoughts. I would bury gold etc., and I'll need to dig a large pit. I'll do one thing, and I'll buy jewellery and ornaments out of my wealth. It would ease and lessen my job. Also, I won't get caught in anyone's eyes. Even a small pit would work and my wealth would last for many coming generations! Everything would be fine!"

What is all this trouble and pain for? Black slavery, service of Mistress Laxmi! (Goddess of wealth)

The merchant devised a superb plan to safeguard his wealth. He bought plenty of superior & expensive jewellery out of his abundant wealth He felt, 'If I take out this jewellery at the right time when the market is favourable', I will earn a good profit. Only the king's treasure have such jewellery!' Laxmidas liked his plan very much. He packed all the jewellery in strong and small boxes and those too in a sturdy casket and wrapped and packed it in a cloth. Now he was getting ready to head on to the forest.

The merchant had a son named 'Bhala'. Everyone called him 'Bhaliya'. The merchant now wanted to take this casket in the forest and bury it. He thought 'If I show the place to my son, then he can take it after my death.' His mind was at the place to that extent. He didn't get so cracked. This was a surprising wonder about the miser. Although, he was very clever and had raised his son with strict discipline. He had kept his son suppressed under his command so that his son can't dare to do anything against his wish! So he was sure his son wouldn't undug the treasure. Otherwise, the miser would have a fear, 'If my son's intentions pervert and without my knowing if he digs the treasure, then I would get ruined! Let anything happen to me but not to my wealth. So I won't show him now'.

'Then, when should I show him? Do I show him, when the death knocks the door?' But the poor soul wasn't not aware 'Will you have any energy to speak when the death is hovering on you?' Even at that time, a miser won't disclose the treasure, if he feels deep inside his mind that 'I'll still live long and I'm not going to die so early', or maybe the son would be out of the city when he dies. At that spur of time. 'I may not be able to inform him of the exact, precise location. He may only know that wealth is buried somewhere but won't know where. A miser's mind has no space for such thoughts!

Look at the trouble of miserliness! The worry of wealth doesn't let any thought of religion enter the mind. It drowns him in the flood of such evil-black thoughts that he seems to be a stupid fool person to all the people. Pained by the attachment, his mind remains engrossed in such cruel and mean thoughts all day long.

The merchant called his son while getting ready to go for the forest, "O Bhaliya! Come with me. There is no safety of

wealth in keeping it elsewhere. There is a great risk in going for big business. We may lose our capital in yielding interest. There is a fear of thieves if we keep the wealth in our house. So let's go and bury it in the forest”.

As much as we worry about wealth, do we think a bit of the innate qualities of soul and spiritual practices? If we do so, it would sky-rocket the spiritual advancement and boost the bliss levels !

Laxmidas wrapped and packed the casket in a cloth bag on his shoulder, took Bhaliya with him and set his foot towards the forest. But his fate was not very favourable! A cunning man followed him right from the city. Alert merchant stopped at intervals and looked back to ensure that no one was following him. But this man was so shrewd that the merchant didn't get even a hint of him.

The merchant stopped in the very midst of the forest. Even that man hid behind a tree to see, 'What is the merchant going to do!' He already doubted from the first. Now he understood the situation from the forthcoming activity of the merchant. The merchant looked around on all four sides with a vigilant eye. Then he was about to dig the pit. What for? Just because he was an ardent slave of Laxmi, it seemed like this servant of Laxmi was sending the lost Laxmi back to her birthplace hometown 'the earth' from where she originated! Rich millionaires are called 'Laxmipati' (master of Goddess Laxmi)

Only those generous wealthy people are called such 'Laxmipati' who offer charity and use Laxmi in a noble cause to pacify the fire of adversities in the lives of others. Not like these poor misers.

Before digging the ground, the merchant thought again.

He called his boy, “O Bhaliya! C'mon, get up idiot! Why are you sitting over here? Check properly in all four directions whether any wicked man is hidden or not! Stupid fellow! You don't even understand this! Even after getting of 20 years, you are still dunce like a donkey. Your brain is a big zero! C'mon stand up, go and find out!” Just throw orders over him! Harsh command and advice without a drop of affection! On the other hand, the precise care and safety of wealth is just beyond imagination! Is this the cleverness in human life? If one has such a safe sense for wealth and no wisdom of soul then is he not a stupid fellow? Is he not dunce like a donkey?

Now that wicked man hidden behind the tree got afraid! 'What to do? If I flee away, they'll see me. If I just stand over here, Bhaliya'll eventually come over here and see me. Even If I try to climb over the tree, then I will get in their eyes, then what should I do?' The thief got lost in thoughts. He thrilled in excitement as an idea sparked to him. 'Anyway, this is a fluke. Let me try. I'll get over and fool poor Bhaliya!' Look at the power of intelligence. Should the intelligence be used in such blemished acts? To play nasty tricks? Should this be done even here?

Before father completed his instruction to his son, this wicked man began his evil experiment. He slept flat seeming like a corpse. Following the command of his father, Bhaliya was on a search in all the four directions and eventually came over here. He thought in his mind, 'Who is sleeping over here?' When he saw properly, he felt, 'Sleeping haphazardly. The hands are helter-skelter. One leg is crooked, another straight'. Poor Bhaliya was utterly innocent, unaware of the wicked world. He simply imagined, 'It seems like some man has fallen from the tree and has died and there is no fear from a dead

body.' So he returned to his father. His father was anxiously waiting for Bhaliya to come for the safety signal so as to dig the pit and bury the casket. There the Bhaliya arrived with the survey report, "Dad, I checked all the four directions. There is no one around except a dead body lying below a tree. But what to fear from a dead body?"

"O Bhaliya! Are you a man or a fool like an animal? Have you seen it properly? Is it surely a dead body? Beware! A wicked man may be pretending to be sleeping!"

"No, of course not Dad! It seems like some poor fellow has fallen from the tree and is dead."

"He may be blood stained all over, right?"

"No, that isn't!"

"Then how can he just die this way?" "Dad! It seems his heart must have got suddenly terminated enduring unapparent, deadly pain!" Bhaliya courteously preached his gospel.

Father asked, "But did you checked it properly?"

Bhaliya asked with a surprise, "So should I test him by touching his dead body?"

"Hey, fool! Have you come over here to perform a religious ritual that you are afraid of touching the dead body? It won't make you dirty and untouchable. I think you have checked it by merely watching it without touching. Don't worry, go ahead and check it properly by touching it. If required, lift his head, hands and the whole body and thrash them. Don't hesitate and worry much! If you have any misconception in your mind, then bath afterwards. But for now, understand, this is a safety question of crores of jewellery, not of 5-10 Rupees. Even if it is of 5-10 R, can we let it get robbed off?"

See the tormenting tension and vexing worry of wealth!

It is the worry that triggers alertness and attentive care! And so very precise and perfect checking! This precision nurtures hard-heartedness towards the opposite person so the merchant orders to thrash his hand, head and the whole body! **Therefore the worry of wealth is mean and depraved. It burns the merit gathered in a number of post lives to ashes** just as a lighting cigarette thrown on a giant heap of currency notes. Similarly, it also burns noble habits and qualities we brought along from our previous lives.

What can poor Bhaliya do? He just got up and walked back. Here the wicked man thought in his mind, 'Oh! The wealth is bountiful! No matter if my head thrashes. I'll acquire wealth even on breaking my head 'Bhaliya came and raised the hand of the wicked man and left in the air, But who was going to react or reply? This is an inconsiderate loss in front of wealth to gain. **If one gets aware of the superior fruits of spiritual practices, he won't consider and give much importance to wear out physically, mentally and by wealth!**

Bhaliya thought, 'Oh! It seems he died getting afflicted by a terrible pain!'

He returned to his father. He said to his father, "Dad! There's nothing to worry about. I slammed his head so hard that he would have got startled and sprang up, if he was living. But nothing happened as such! Not a little did he shiver! He's surely dead."

Laxmidas was an earnest slave of Mistress Laxmi! He was fully alert in serving Mistress Laxmi. Still, he didn't trust him. He still doubted, 'There is no blood, the corpse is whole without any cut and wounds. Not moving a bit even on getting thrashed. Surely he may be some wicked man!'

He said to his son, "O Bhaliya! I feel he is some wicked

person!" "Dad! You are too sceptic! I watched it carefully. Even I thrashed his whole body."

"O young kid! You don't understand anything."

"Then what do you want to do?" asked Bhaliya.

Father said, "Take this stick and beat him hard, very hard. He'll instantly spring and stand up if he is living. Hey, don't feel pity for him."

Ohhh...! O Laxmi (wealth)! What really is your impact! How cruel and hard-hearted you are! In reality, are you well-wisher or benefactor of the soul? Are you intimately related to the soul? Because no one can take you ahead in the afterlife. You aren't steady even in this very life! Even then, the love and care, attraction and attachment of the soul for you provokes him in extremely evil-sinful acts! Ohhh...! Mesmerised and fascinated by you (Laxmi), the soul gets trapped in such a black-filthy thought process and awful psyche!

The thief was shocked to listen to this! He thought, "O my God! Now, will I have to suffer stick blows? There is no guarantee of getting wealth. I may, I may not get and enduring the stick blows are for sure. Never mind! **'No pains, No gains'**. Let me face it. Once I get wealth in my hand, I'll thrash the whole world!'

Bhaliya reached there with a stick in his hand. He thrashed strongly two to four times on the thief's back. But who was squeaking or shivering over here? Can one willingly accept stick thrashes? Yes, of course when one sees profit and wanting fruits getting fulfilled. To attain and achieve the own qualities of the soul of infinite value like forgiveness, politeness, generosity etc., one has to bear and endure. The Bhaliya, over here saw that 'There is nothing to doubt. Dad is needlessly doubting.' Thinking so, he returned to his father and said,

"See, I went and thrashed him hard, but not a little did he move or shake. You are really uselessly doubting."

Father said, "Young lad! Relax don't be anxious. You don't know about this world. A man doesn't only bear stick thrashes, but for money, he can even bear big blows of a hammer."

"Daddy! He may bear, but the body should at least shiver a bit, But it is not happening over here!"

"No my son. But tell me, did you see any red bruise marks appearing on his back."

"No, I didn't see it."

"Bhaliya! You are really stupid."

"But Dad! Even the dead body would have got red bruise marks on it after getting beaten. Isn't it?"

"Bhaliya! You are still very innocent. The blood of the dead person also dies with death. Then how would he get red bruise marks on his back? Now do one thing. Take this knife and slash his ears. If he is alive, he won't let cut his ears!" See the barbaric cruelty of heart immersed in the worry of wealth!

But Laxmidas didn't know that he wasn't the only slave of Laxmi, but this thief was a much superior ardent slave that he was at all ready to let cut even his ears on the command of Laxmi!

This wicked man was thinking in his mind, 'Ahhh...! Goddess Laxmi has put really a difficult test for me! A heavy assault of cutting my ears? Oh no! How can I let my ears cut, when I'm alive? Even people will humiliate and tease me as 'earless'. So I don't want to let my ears slashed.' Then a thought popped in his mind 'Bhaliya is going to come over here to slash my ears. Should I face him? Or run away? But really they have a lot of wealth. Then let the ears be slashed. I would fix artificial

ears by having plastic surgery out of wealth. But in return, I would get to swim in the sea of abundant wealth. Yeah! I would have great fun and excitement. Let then be artificial ears. What is the use of this true ears in this deserting poverty?’ Thinking so, he remained there.

Bhaliya came over there and as he watched the thief's back, he noticed tomato red bruise marks swelling up. He thought 'It seems he is alive, but now, on the spot, the matter would be ultra-clear. Clarity is just in my hands, a sparkling knife. As soon as I slash his ears like a cucumber, he would immediately spring up wide awake!’ **What a butcher like cruel mindset!** Even the son had got evil chap of his father and he turned from Bhaliya (noble) to Buriya (devil)! The company of evil and wicked is very dangerous! It destroys the nobility gathered by the soul since ages.

Bhaliya caught the ear of the wicked and slashed!!! He struck the knife. The thief had made up his mind 'If I'm going to get Laxmi (wealth) in return, why won't I let my ears slashed? It is just a matter of minutes and all the wealth will be mine after I let my ears cut. Without any doubts, they will immediately bury all the wealth!' This wicked man has become so very hard like iron and rigid like plastic at heart, that he doesn't even tremble a bit when Bhaliya was cutting his ear. Cruel Bhaliya smoothly cut off his ear! Then he thought 'He seems like a dead. Should I cut the other one? Is it necessary? Let me finish the job. Let me cut the other ear also! Or else the father would scold me, 'Why did you bring just an ear. Go! Go and bring another one! Then I would have to come again and waste time while it's quite unsafe staying longer in the forest.' Thinking so, he slashed another ear! Which sin is impossible for getting wealth? Even the son grew devil end sinful together with his evil-devil father!

Although, he was considering it to be a corpse, but only a cruel heart can commit such a violent act of even cutting lifeless human body. The heart becomes hard in cutting even the dead bodies of movable living beings.

Bhaliya came to his father, "Look! Take these ears! You are needlessly doubting. Will anyone who is alive allow his ears to cut? No one would allow to prick even a needle!"

Father said, "O fool! Don't try to be over-smart! Why are these ears dripping with blood? Can there be any blood in a corpse? Crazy fellow! Trying to be over-wise! Do you want to teach me? Donkey! Have you any brains? The wealth worth crores would vanish in seconds....!"

His son moreover had some piece of Intelligence. Using it, he replied, "Dad! Don't be so very impatient and anxious! Didn't I say before 'The poor fellow may have died falling just recently' then, how can the blood dry so fast?"

Listening to this, sparked the fire of fury in the mind of his father! He had a confined and concrete fixed frame of mind, 'Even if there is a slight possibility of him being alive, I'll lose all my wealth worth crores' What is the value or significance of such poor life devoid of wealth? It is surprising! **The ignorant and idiot soul feels so much deep sorrow in losing wealth. He doesn't feel so, in losing human life devoid of charitable noble acts when the wealth is in his hand!**

Now the father got furious. He gave 2-4 slaps on his son's face and said, "Let me come. I myself will check. What's the truth! It's better to take trouble walking there instead of burning here in the fire of worry. You are still an ass even after getting of twenty years of age! Stupid! You haven't got any drop of wisdom and on top of that you are advising me?"

The son was dejected by such a temperament of his

father. Extremely getting emotional, he said, "But, Dad! Why are you behaving so? What would you do more, after coming over there? I have already shaken and slammed his body up and down, thrashed him with a stick, cut his ears. He didn't move a bit, a single time. Therefore, it proves he is dead. Even then command me to do anything else because I'm very ignorant."

Father said, "Then why are you arguing without using your mind. Take this knife and cut off his nose."

The wicked man frightened on hearing this 'Ahhh....! No sooner my nose would be amputated. God knows when this oldie will leave me? How can I let my nose get cut? Without a nose, there is not a value of a single paise amongst the people. One has to pass the whole life as a noseless.' I don't want such treacherous Lakshmi! He may think of cutting even another organ after cutting nose! So I don't want to get cut anything'

Meanwhile, a thought echoed in his mind 'I'm suffering so much trouble without money that when I go and stand somewhere for the money the people call me 'noseless', though I do have. So if I would have wealth even without my nose, people would praise, 'This gentleman really has a nose. By doing such a noble act, he has maintained his prestige and honour (nose)' So I want Laxmi (wealth) anyhow Let the nose get cut! Can't I fix an artificial nose by plastic surgery?' Thinking so, solidifying his mind, the wicked man remained over there and Bhaliya arrived.

Bhaliya believed it to be a corpse, so he was not hesitating on striking the knife. Soul pained by craving and greed makes his life foul and filthy. He doesn't hesitate in doing so! **Greed blended with ignorance forces men to exert cruelty on even piteous, innocent creatures.** He doesn't feel a slight

hatred on the inner enemies like greed, craving etc. on which he is supposed to be cruel.

On the contrary, he feels greed etc. as his duty and enthusiastically performs it! Bhaliya now came near the thief's body and caught hard his nose. The thief understood 'Now, this is the last trouble. **'One who endures pain enjoys pleasure'** If you refuse, you'll have to be ready to be chopped alive by the sharp blades of poverty. And over here, I'm not going to die in suffering the torture. In losing a nose, I'll gain crores of wealth. And then I'll make the people rub their noses at my feet! Also, lavish bungalow, green lawn, beauty queens, exquisite cars, a crowd of servants, sensual pleasures, enjoyment and entertainment etc. Oh, there is no end of it...! Wow! It would be great fun! Let this nose be cut off!' Thinking so, he remained silent.

See, the temptation of worldly thing makes a man ready to bear unimaginable limit of pain! Similarly, **if one gets fascinated and tempted to gain the infinite inner grandeur** of the soul, he won't make a bit stagger in the deadly onsets of Karma. Enduring the troubles showered by Karma with the strong mind, he would destroy the karmas. What seems unbearable to such determined and firm mind!

Bhaliya took the knife and slash!!! Cut the nose of the thief! And there spilt the blood! Brought the nose to his father and told, "See, no shivering, no trembling even on getting the nose cut. Obviously, it has to be a corpse! I slashed it fast, so it is dripping much with blood" Now, even the father lost his sense and began to believe his son's talks. Now, even he believed it to be corpse a like his son. Now their trust solidified, they felt 'He is surely dead' It's confirmed or else how would he allow to cut so many limbs! Now at ease, the father and son buried their

wealth, made a sign on the tree and returned home.

After they went away, the thief got up. He plucked and applied medicinal herbs on his nose and ears and cleaned the blood. He dug the marked place and took the chest of jewels out. He wrapped it in a cloth and rushed and reached home. He sold the jewels, floated a business, bought a bungalow and stopped committing theft.

The thief turned gentleman made fix an artificial nose through plastic surgery, wore a half-mask hiding his ears and roaming coolly in the city. How inexpressible is the joy in the warm lap of money! How much does money pump the ego up!

Once, merchant Laxmidas came to this big city for business purpose in that very area. And there he saw this man on the way. As he saw him, he got frozen and amazed 'Oh ! What is this? Half mask around the head and ears! Artificial nose!' He doubted, 'Oh! Is this, that wicked man? If he was really alive, he must have unburied and robbed of my wealth! I would have to trace the truth immediately! First of all, let me know his name and place. Then I'll immediately go to the forest and check out.'

Look at the attachment and attraction of wealth! As soon as any clue enters the mind google, it instantly feedbacks the whole biodata and surrounding facts of that thing. The man even feels intense urge to work on it and fulfil the task immediately. **When would a man have such perennial psyche and extreme enthusiasm for religion instead of wealth? Following are the signs depicting it-**When he instantly understands 'This thing is helpful and that thing is harmful to my endeavour' When he instantly senses the means to earn, secure and increase the spiritual wealth, what needs to be done and works out immediately to obtain it.

Laxmidas followed this wicked man on the way and got his home's address. He asked the wicked's name to the neighbour and also queried, "Why does this merchant wear a mask!" The neighbour replied, "Goodman! Don't you know this? The merchant has come from a distant outside city. He said, "It is Dr.'s advice to me to keep the ears closed due to cold and cough." But we doubt, 'Why does he wear such a big mask! All around his head?' It seems, there must be some defect in his ears! But who can make more inquires to a rich man?" **See, how much the world fears from a rich man! Money power shuts the mouth of everyone!** Now, the merchant couldn't stay longer. He immediately went to the forest. He dug the pre-marked place and was shocked to see just mud and stones but no wealth! Wealth was extremely dear life for him. When he found his life like wealth missing, how could he withstand? He collapsed on the spot.

After coming into consciousness, he very much willowed, "Ahhh....! What damn happened to me? Definitely, that wicked man stole my whole life! Really, is he the thief? But why should I doubt? Yes, definitely he only is the thief! I'm really the fool of the fools that I buried the wealth in his presence. I was doubting then! Why did the red bruise marks appear?' He let cut his nose and ears. But, even without nose and ears today he is enjoying life coolly. He roams about with artificial nose and ears with ease on the strength of wealth. In spite of having nose and ears, I became without it on losing my wealth! This whole confusion and problem are created by Bhaliya. I told him then 'He must be surely alive', but the stupid son didn't believe and obey me. Even I was an idiot and out of brains that when I told him to cut his nose and ears then why didn't I also tell him to cut his throat? If I would have told him to

do so, this rascal wouldn't have stayed alive and wouldn't have robbed my wealth." Ohhh...! Such a fierce and terrifying thought process. **He couldn't cut the throat before nor can he cut now. Even then the blind attraction for wealth and his devil mind invoked in him such a bloody thought of murder! He is repenting!!!** for not being able to murder him! Such an evil mindset very smoothly eases his way for hell.

The merchant returned home and stormed on Bhaliya with slaps and kicks. Now he got really very upset under frustration, "What? What should I do now? Yes, I'll drag this bastard to the King's court!" Thinking so, he complained to the King and summoned him. Minister was quite clever! He tracked the truth, identified the thief's theft. But the wicked man said just one thing, "Majesty! He cut my nose and ears before. I have paid the price and took the valuables. If he gets fix my nose and ears on its place, then I'm ready to return all the jewellery today itself."

A tide of astonishment rolled all over in the royal court. Even the King understood the matter. He was shocked to learn the ruthless cruelty of miser Laxmidas! He decided in his mind that Laxmidas is not worthy for wealth and told Laxmidas to return his nose and ears and take back your wealth. How can Laxmidas return it? The case was discharged. 'Oh! I failed to cut his throat !' He took my wealth worth crores.' He ended his life, immersed in such evil- thinking and **pained by the intense craving for wealth and went straight deep down in hell.** What did wealth give him? A demon's life instead of human life. One should have red alertness from such dangerous wealth, so much alertness in mind that **even after wealth leaves us off, the holiness and purity in mind shouldn't leak off,** the detachment towards the wealth shouldn't go, the softness and kindness of heart shouldn't go.

6. Vain Advice



As the age and post increases, people tend to give endless instructions to their younger subordinates. They fail to recognize and put trust in the intellect and talent of the subordinate person. As a result, the elders or bosses remain eager and impatient, furious and anxious after assigning a task to them. On the other side, the person to whom the job is assigned develops dislike and disgust towards the elders and the bosses. Gurudevshri aptly says 'If we feel, he can't do the job without our step by step explanation then there is a danger in giving him a responsible job. Because if the circumstances change, this fool won't make 160 out of 100 but lessen to 60 out of 100! So the conclusion is one should leave a bit on the intelligence of the person to whom we are entrusting the task. One should remember 'Boss's instructions work till the gate'.

*This same thing applies to today's parents. **Non-stop hammering of instructions on ones children breaks down their respect and receptivity towards oneself.** As a result in future, they would turn deaf ears to even a benefitting advice. This story also shows how a small decision taken while in boiling anger can result in a terrible and repenting outcome.*

The story also tells us that even if a boss makes a plan to harass us, we must be polite. We must not take revenge. We mustn't do tit for tat. By our polite behaviour, we can change the hostile attitude of our boss towards us. The story also depicts that when one has fallen in a dreadful calamity, he must not fear. Instead, he must use his intelligence to get out of the catastrophe.

There lived a merchant in a city. He had a jewellery shop. One day he said to his office clerk, "Go, Go to Delhi and sell these goods and buy this much. And listen, in the buying list, definitely buy this much diamonds, this much rubies, these much emeralds, these much sapphires, this much pearls etc. and you have to bring this much and this kind of things surely. He gave lots of such instructions to him. The clerk got ready. The car arrived. The merchant continued with his instructions—

"See, be alert! There shouldn't be any, black spots in the diamonds, the rubies should be of best quality, the pearls should be big and best". The clerk was tired then. Even then the 'lecture' was uninterruptedly raining. But what can a clerk do? How can he reply back? After all, he was the boss! How can he be advised? The clerk was about to leave off from the merchant's mansion. And there, the merchant rushed to him and said,

"Beware! Delhi is the city of things! Don't be innocent and ignorant. Don't get cheated over there. And that emerald should be very sparkling and shining. Yes, and about diamonds. Be very careful about them. If you don't understand, verify it in four places. Some spots on diamonds are inauspicious. And the garlic like gems would be available at a very low cost over there...What a non-stop flood of speech! It continued flowing even when the car was about to start!

Man is very proficient in selfish means. He keeps very precision and carefulness in it! The merchant thought 'I would be the ideal man of precision'. Then why won't he do so?

The clerk got tired listening to the torrential downpour of over-precise instructions. 'After all, why is he giving me so many instructions. Do I seem a fool to him? If it is so then why is

he sending me for such a risky, important job.' Thinking so, the clerk couldn't contain himself, he snapped back as the car started,

"Boss's instructions work till the gate" As soon as he uttered these words, the car accelerated and gained speed. The thing was straightforward, the merchant may give as many instructions as he wants but after going there on the work site, one has to look, what kind of situation it is? One has to think, which step should be taken which would procure more profit? These all depend on the intelligence of the man who is going there. The boss can give instructions only according to the situations formed before the gate. And that's right. But after the gate, in the market or the foreign place, the situation can be beyond the imagination of the boss. How can the merchant's instruction help him over there? **On the contrary, it may incur a loss if he rigidly and blindly follows the master's advice.**

The boss should keep in his mind that he should leave, a bit on the intelligence of the opposite person. If we are entrusting any responsibility on him, considering him intelligent for the job and **if we feel 'He won't be able to do without explaining him step by step.' then there is a danger in giving him such responsible job. Because if the circumstances happen to be different, then this fool won't make 160 out of 100, instead he would lessen to 60 out of 100.**

Secondly, we should understand, there is a limit to the patience of the opposite person, so we should respect his post a bit. Over here, the merchant lacks this He is suffering from the arrogance of being the master. The clerk, however, went away uttering such words but listening to them the merchant became utmost angry. He thought in his mind, 'This clerk is so rude? Such ignorant? Is he insulting me in such a way? All the

instructions that I gave were water on the stone? Fool didn't even see, who is he and who is the master? Actually, he is a man as cheap as a straw of grass, but his ego is like a landlord. Now I'll show him how expensive the rudeness is! Even if such persons carry out my work worth lacs, they are useless. Those who are such shameless and impolite should be severely punished. The punishment wouldn't be done by me but by the Emperor of Delhi himself. I'll make such a plan that he would become a prey of painful whips and lose his respect. The merchant forgot the clerk's humble service in the past. He forgot that he had sent the clerk. He got highly tempered to thrash the poor man hard in severe punishment. Just think how dreadful anger is! How does ego reign the mind!

The angry merchant thought, 'I'll send him such a thing that when he would offer to the emperor as a gift, the emperor would get angry and, order to lash him hard or throw him in prison. The thing should be valuable and precious so that the clerk would get ready to gift it or else he won't go at all. He does not so dunce.'

The merchant got ready to thrash him into such a severe punishment. Even the clerk was in fault. Pumped by ones ego, a man shouldn't rudely and abruptly speak nonsense. Before that, he should think, "To whom am I speaking this? What am I speaking? Will it result in a bad outcome!"

There are lots of illustrations of tragedies ignited by speaking rubbish. Before letting the words off our mouth, we should properly think. **Man is great but if he isn't aware of what he speaks his good qualities would get suppressed and hidden behind the veil of his cheap and mean speech.** He would get dishonour instead of honour and loss instead of profit. 'Think and speak' is far cheaper. Haste speech becomes

extremely expensive. Look before you leap and think before you speak. One has to pay a big price of repentance and loss after it.

The merchant made prepare a fair and attractive velvet cat. Then when the cat became beautiful and shining, he sent it with an unknown man to the clerk. He also sent a message with it, "Offer this cat to the emperor in a dish filled with jewellery. The messenger took the cat innocently and hurried to Delhi. After reaching Delhi, he gave it to the clerk, with the message. The clerk was astonished looking at it. He thought 'Jewellery can be a gift but why a cat? The cat is quite attractive, it would become a play toy for emperor's son, or it would become a showpiece, or he may do whatever he wants. Why should I worry? I've just to follow my master's order' He possessed high ideals as a servant.

According to the merchant's message, the clerk went to the emperor and offered the gift of the cat in a dish filled with jewellery. He introduced himself, gave the address of his Delhi's stay. And he exited offering salutation. The reason for giving address was that the emperor might, immediately call him if he wanted to buy any jewellery. The deal with the emperor would yield a bumper profit.

See, how innocent the clerk is! He doesn't know, the address given by him would, in fact, bring danger to him. Is there any reliability of the worldly things and activities that they would be for our good only? We hope something and the outcome is altogether different. For the same reason, the knowledgeable sages advise to put no trust on them, live not according to their conditions, not to bloom or wither in their drama.

The clerk gifted it to the emperor. He returned,

delighted looking at the happy face of the emperor. He was full of hopes expecting the emperor's call for jewellery's deal. And indeed in the meantime, emperor's soldiers reached the clerk's home with his name. The clerk seated in the gallery was extremely happy to know this "Wow! I got it! My hopes got fulfilled" Really, soul dances on the moves of ignorance! Are the hopes really fulfilled? Of course not, he doesn't know he was getting into the trap set by his master. A man should patiently think what it is? What it is not?

The soldiers with angry red faces roared from below and began to threaten him, "Idiot! What have you done? Get up. Your death is at your doors. It is the order of our majesty to kill you!"

The clerk was damn frightened! For a moment, he lost his consciousness. It is obvious to get afraid for anybody on listening to the name of death. Still, he mustered his courage and asked,

"But, what happened?"

"After doing such a big insult of our great majesty, you are asking 'what happened?'"

"But at least tell me what insult have I done?"

They grew furious and said, "He is mad. He just doesn't know like a mad fellow."

The clerk pleaded, "I really don't know anything."

They screamed, "You scoundrel! You don't know? Haven't you gifted dirty hair packed in a cat in the court of the world's emperor? Such a mean and insulting act! Now you are behaving like you are completely unaware of this thing. C'mon, get up, your life ends now!"

It happened so that after the clerk went off the royal court. The emperor got curious and tore cat's velvet cover. And

there he saw tightly packed man's hair overflowing from it! The jewellery dish became full of hair mess! The emperor felt a big shame and insult in front of everyone in the court. So he immediately ordered. "Go and cut the clerk's throat." So the soldiers rushed over there.

The merchant had just expectation of a bit punishment in his wicked plan. But instead, the clerk got fixed in the jaws of death. So one should remain alert because sometimes it happens, we just try to trouble someone propelled by hatred on him. And beyond our expectations, the result may come so fatal and dangerous that sometimes it leads to endless repentance for us. The merchant had no thought of killing the clerk. He failed to think that 'This is a Muslim emperor. In a fury, he may even straight away strike the throat!' Why didn't he think? Due to uncontrolled boiling temper. **Even if a man is a scholar, religious person, or a penant, he may lose his sense and become crazy as soon as he becomes red by rage.** Man in control of temper forgets everything and loses his presence of mind. So control your temper to control your senses.

The clerk understood, 'Definitely, the emperor must have opened the velvet cover of the cat. The bunch of hair might have come from it. So, did the master set this trap as a revenge for my last words 'Boss's instructions work till the gate?' I know the boss's nature is mean and peevish. He reached down to such meanness! I too made vain haste 'Haste makes waste'. Was I going to get any glory in saying such words?' The clerk was repenting then. But what was the benefit of repenting? The clerk got angry 'How cruel of the boss who thrashed a poor man in such a deadly condition?' But what would the clerk then get by getting angry.

But see over here, the good thing is, how generous is the

thought process of the clerk! If he wished he could have disclosed the name of his boss before the emperor, but the clerk thought, 'Leave it, after all, he is my master. I should keep intact my loyalty towards him. The merchant is a big man. I shouldn't behave mean and keep any enmity for him. I can't put him in any deadly trouble. To battle with a horn against a horn is an ignorant game of animals. What is the superiority of intelligent humans? The chance of forgiving a grave mistake of the opposite person as a human is very rare to get why should I let go this rare and golden opportunity?

Never mind, Don't worry. Boss reached down to such a limit and set such a wicked trap!

But I've told him 'Boss's instructions work till the gate'. So, when the business of the boss is in crisis, under any problem outside the gate, it is only my intelligence that would find a way out. I would use my intelligence in such a way so that my master's orders are followed and they remain unbroken.'

After thinking all these things, the clerk laughingly said to the soldiers, "Is that so? Then I'm ready to die in this manner."

The soldiers were surprised. They took him along and asked the clerk on the way. "Tell us, what is your ultimate wish?"

The clerk said, "I want to die keeping that bunch of hair on my chest. If this happens, I wish to die early. C'mon now. Don't make it so late."

The soldiers became astonished on hearing this. They took him to the slaughter place. But they thought, 'What kind of man is this? He is not at all trying to save himself or thinking for any rescue. And instead, he is saying 'I want to die fast!' Whatever! Let his ultimate wish be fulfilled before he dies.' So

one soldier went to the emperor and talked about it. Even the emperor got curious. So he called the clerk and asked the reason.

The clerk said, "My Lord, sorry. I would lose a bumper profit in making all the clarification! So just give me the hair bunch and let your command be as it is."

Emperor said, "Leave all these things, first of all, tell me what is the benefit?"

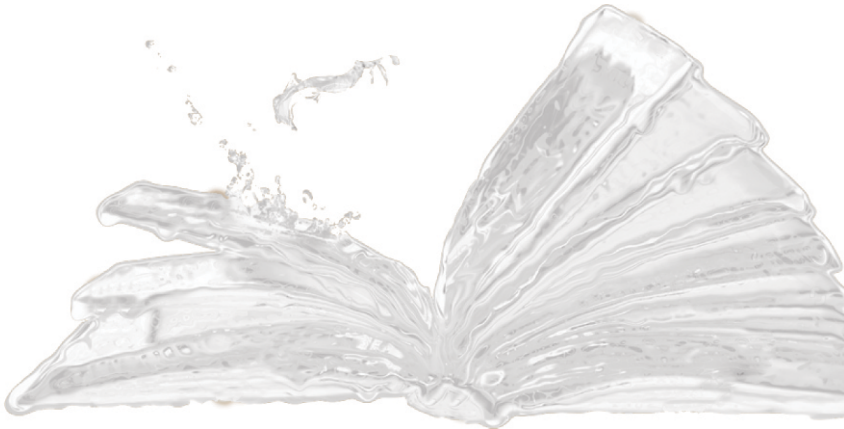
"Majesty, not even great kings have guts to be impolite with you. Then how can my master do? Actually, the thing is, my boss once went to the caves of Girnar. There he very pleadingly prayed and served a great yogi. The yogi was pleased and impressed. He gave away his long tied hair(Jata) to him. My master became extremely happy. He brought the hair bunch and kept it in the shop's locker. And after that master's luck boosted high. His treasure and respect flourished so much! I was coming to Delhi. My master thought, 'May the royal majesty live long and may his treasure flourish for the welfare of the people'. For that reason, he gifted the hair bunch in the form of a cat! Actually, it was worthy to be kept in the treasure. But now it's my good luck that if I'll keep it on my chest and die. I'll get birth in heaven. Such a golden death in contact with such holy hair is difficult to obtain!"

The clerk's talks and looking at his rejoicing readiness for death, Emperor got very much convinced that he immediately released the clerk and kept the hair bunch in the treasure! The clerk finished the assigned trade job and returned to the office. The merchant saw him with extreme amazement' He is coming with a wide smile on his face! What's the matter? Wasn't he punished?'

But, when the clerk narrated the incident and when he

said to the merchant, how the soldiers came to slaughter him, On listening to such threatening episode, the merchant just lost his senses and sweated with fear. He repented, "Oh, I did a very foolish act! I'm really very cruel and inhuman!" After that, the clerk told, how he used his wits to save the master. The merchant was glad to learn about the extreme generosity of the clerk's heart. The merchant, at last, understood and realized that 'Boss's instructions work till the gate.' Further only the intelligence of the person going works.'

Look, this incident teaches us many many things. The merchant's endless instructions and impatience were wrong. The clerk's hasty reply with disrespect for the elders was wrong. On looking at the soldiers coming, the hope castle in the mind of the clerk was wrong. While the generosity of the clerk for saving the master was nice! It was really a timely action. The repentance of the merchant was good.



7. Selfish World



*Do you blindly love and trust your family and relatives? Do you believe their love, care and affectionate words to be 100% true? Is that so? Then this story would prove to be a red signal to you! Gurudevshri makes us alert and aware. 'Worldly people like food and drinks, garments and ornaments, praises and honour more than us. **Whenever any problem arises to their loving objects due to us, they would soon turn into our rivals.** So it is our foolishness in believing that people love us more than the worldly objects.'*

One should keep in mind that people would lovingly talk and sustain relations with us only till their selfish motives are getting fulfilled from us. So one shouldn't ignore or keep aside the benefacting religious practices for the sake of such a selfish world.

*Over here, the hypnotic, magical power of courtesy is also revealed. **Courtesy and politeness can mesmerise and conquer even the enemies.** But courtesy and service should be selfless and towards the real benefactor, a Guru. It is the stepping stone to 'Salvation.'*

The story also teaches that one shouldn't get flattered and blinded by hearing ones praise and getting too much care and service.

In a city, there lived a merchant's son named 'Dharmadas'. He possessed qualities according to his name. Even at a young age, he served saints and sages, pleasingly followed religious rites like self-restraint, penance etc. As he arrived in his youth, with the power of wealth, parents arranged his marriage with a merchant's daughter named 'Sundari'. Parents died after a short time. The young man became the master of the house. Wife Sundari was quite shrewd. She thought 'Now, no elder is there on his head. He may wander here and there. If he may see any more beautiful girl, then he would bring her in and make her sit on my head. So, I will enchant him in such a way that he may not wander anywhere. How will I enchant him? Through witchcraft or black magic? Absolutely no, only fools do so. I would mesmerise my husband through love and care. 'Then she kept her husband immersed in enjoyment and entertainment, royal and kindly treatment. She made ready his clothes when her husband had to go out. She readily warmly welcomed her husband when he arrived home. She washed her husband's feet, with water, sprinkled that water on her head, pressed his legs and head etc. In short, she treated and took care of him so well that the husband saw no one except her. Why? Courtesy conquers even the enemy. **Even in this vicious black age, courtesy is powerful hypnotic magic. Service is a great effective enchantment. But the service should be selfless.** But over here, the service was selfish. The husband shouldn't get attracted to someone else and should see none but her was the evil intention behind her service.

Q. What is wrong in this? Husband is being saved from straying away to malpractice.

A. It's right. The husband would be saved from straying

away to malpractice. That's good. But we need to see, is this woman doing all this with this same intention or with the intention of selfishness? If the intention is of selfishness, he may get saved from straying away to malpractice, but it would bring a more significant loss 'He shouldn't get attracted to a more beautiful woman and should admire just her'. What does this mean? He should remain attracted and fascinated to her. What is the result of this? He won't even look at Bhagwan, Guru and religion. This is really a terrible outcome! And really the same thing happened over here. He remained 'Dharmadas' just by the name, but actually, he became 'Sundaridas' (slave of his wife named 'Sundari')! He forgot Bhagwan, Guru, religion and even his religious well-wishing friend. Still, his wife saw no wrong in that. On the contrary, she was pleased to know! 'My husband has forgotten everything in my love and care he goes from house to office and from office to the house with anxiety to meet just me, his loving wife. I'm everything for him.' No religion, no meditation of Bhagwan, nothing else. If one gets his favourite thing why would he give a second thought?

The merchant's son had no other thinking because he was under the control of lust. He had a religious friend named 'Subuddhi'. He worried, "What happened? In the past, my friend used to talk immensely about religion and people's welfare! Now he is seen nowhere". One-day Subuddhi met his friend on the way and asked, "Where are you? I haven't seen you since a long time."

"Am I so free that you are asking me 'I haven't seen you.'"

Dharmadas grumbled under the intoxication of wealth. The intoxication of wealth is like madness. It makes you grumble insensible worlds. He said, "I don't have time to talk with you."

His friend asked, "But what are you busy about?"

He said with pride, "How can you know what happened? What do you know about the matter of our richie's home?"

"Yes, my brother! We are poor, so we are fool and ignorant, what do we know about the matter of your richie's home?"

He hesitated slightly and said, "Why do you say such things, my friend? So many responsibilities surround me. Don't you understand it."

"Are your responsibilities more than an Emperor? Even surrounded by severe responsibilities, the Emperor used to daily perform devotion and worship towards Bhagwan, service and obeisance of Guru and religious rituals. All that is ok. Besides that, first of all, tell me, how is your wife? Is life going good? You are my friend. I'm happy if you're happy."

"Oh, Are you asking that? What do I tell you about her? No one may have got such a wife like mine. Extremely patient, generous, wise, appreciating, loving, very much caring and very much courteous! How much do I say of her? Then what to tell about happiness and peace in my life?" Friend thought 'Yes, I got the root of the problem! For this reason, this gentleman may not be getting free from the service of the great queen!' The friend said to him,

"Oh! Is that so? You never gave an invitation to me? Oh! I forgot, I'm poor while you're rich. We've no relation, no comparison, right?"

"Buddy! Why are you teasing me?"

When they got engrossed in talking, Subuddhi said, "Bro, I'm thinking...no....but it may hurt you..."

"No, no way should it hurt me?"

"Oh! Brother, it may hurt you."

"Ok ask me, what is the matter?"

"Have you thought whether your wife's love is true or not?"

"Ah ! What are you asking me? Have you gone mad?"

"No, no. I'm just asking for my knowledge, how is her love?"

"Oh, my friend! It's like a great chaste woman! There is no question in it."

The friend said, "A great chaste woman means you consider her as Sita? **Do you know hi-chastity of Sita? Ram put Sita in a ferocious forest in a helpless, weak, miserable condition! Even then, Sita said not a word ill of Ram !** How was that condition? Though she was a great queen, there was not a single servant with her! Not even a tiffin box with her! And the forest was so fierce where wild beasts were roaming around? The commander general left Sita all alone. **Even in such worse condition, instead of condemning Ram, Sita only doomed her poor fate and her own sinner soul!** What incredible chastity! A king happened to come over there. He addressed himself 'I'm your religious brother'. Saying so, he took Sita in his palace. Even over there, Sita said no ill of Ram. Sita gave birth to Lav and Kush. When both the sons grew up, they understood that father exiled mother in a wrong and unjustifying manner. Even at that time, Sita was so noble-hearted! No contempt for her husband or conceit of ones self! Such is a great chaste woman! Do you think your wife is like such great chaste woman? I'm pleased, if she is of such kind. But don't be so innocent and ignorant. Don't remain in any illusion, if she is not of such kind. So tell me, have you tested whether her love is natural or selfish?"

“Oh ! What are you asking? Not at all selfish. She is really the personification of all virtues!”

“See my brother. One should take every step thoughtfully in this world. You just see that you have forgotten the great saviour religion for what? Just examine it. We don't want to unnecessarily blame her. By identifying the hurdle and getting rid of it, we want to progress ahead in our life. Life is like a dream. In a dream, you merry in a diamond swing on the seventh floor of a golden palace. But what after the dream is over?

After we open our eyes, the dream is but a zero. Similarly, at the end of our life when our eyes get closed, there is nothing but a zero. You can perform religious practices only till your eyes are open. And only religion is our saviour. Not a wife. Maybe your wife's love is natural. But I think, there is no elder at your home, so she has put royal reigns over you. Queen lady has completely mesmerised you. Whatever! Your mutual love live long! I don't want to say anything about it. But if you forget Bhagwan, Guru and religion in such blind love affair, it is very dangerous. So do one thing. You act and create an incident that would test her and make her religious. If she becomes religious, she will inspire even you in religion.”

The heart-splitting words of his friends put Dharmadas in deep thinking. He saw 'There are no stains of jealousy in the friend's advice, not even contempt towards my wife, not also an abuse of love. The advice signalled only one thing 'Don't forget Bhagwan, Guru and religion'. So now I should also know what kind of incident is he suggesting me for the test.' He got curious to listen to his friend's beneficial advice.

But when? Friend softly advised him, for his own benefit, understanding the situation and without losing his

temper. Even if you propose a thing worth millions in inappropriate words and feelings, it is next to mud and stones. So, this is very much essential training in life. Learn to speak. Think appropriately before uttering a single word. Say such words which are attractive, impressive and effective. Then see their endless benefits. One should take care, words shouldn't be vain and the listener shouldn't become our rival.

Then Dharmadas asked his friend Subudhhi, “What incident should I act upon?”

The friend whispered something in his ears. Then he came back home. Wife asked the reason for arriving late because she was very cunning. But he diverted the topic. After a few days, when the servants had gone to a festival celebration, then he got up early in the morning and said, "I've to finish the court's work today. So I'll have to catch the lawyer first before he gets engaged in other work or goes out.”

Wife asked him, “So you want to go just now.”
“Don't speak anything now. I'll try to come in between as time allows. But, don't wait for me long. You may have your breakfast alone even if I don't come.”

“Ah! What did you say? Do I've my breakfast leaving you? You remain hungry and I fill my belly over here?”

“But I'm telling you to...!”

"You are telling me, that is your generosity. But the religion of our chaste women is altogether different. After all, you are just going to come in the meantime. And if it takes a whole day even then, it doesn't mind. I won't wither in such a short time.”

“Ok ok do whatever you like.”

Saying so, Dharmadas got out from his home. There were no servants at home that day,. So Sundari herself

prepared the breakfast and then she was waiting for her husband. 'He'll just arrive now.' But she saw no signs of his coming. She got up and looked out from the window. She stood long waiting. She was getting hungry then. She couldn't see her husband. So she went back and threw herself in the couch. She was anxiously waiting lying flat on the bed. Again, she got up, gazed out from the window 'Is he coming?'. But she didn't know that this was a test. Why would he come then? Hot breakfast was cooling down. But Sundari was not eating, not drinking. How can she eat? Thoughts arose in her mind, 'This is all my mistake...I myself squeezed the belly and created the tummy ache. He was telling me to have the breakfast. I denied. But now what can be done? Now let me cook food for the noon lunch. Huh! breakfast and lunch will mix up together.' Thinking so, she made ready the food.

Even then there was no sight of the husband. Even then, she continued staring. She roamed from couch to window and from window to couch! It was noon time. Soon Sundari's hunger increased more in the afternoon. Now it was unbearable. She thought, 'What should I do? Should I've my lunch? But...no...If I would have my meal and when he would come and tell me 'Now let us sit together for lunch.' then what would I do? If he would know 'Oh, she has finished the meal and filled her belly!' Then he may think, 'Her chastity and faithfulness towards the husband, has everything washed out? Couldn't she bear even for a day? She is sticky to comforts and luxuries.' So I won't have my meal. I'll endure. Even if he gets a bit late. But whenever he would come and see me sitting hungry all day. Then he would know me as totally devoted and would get completely surrendered to me. If anything is lacking in mesmerism of my husband, it will get fulfilled. He would get

completely attracted to me. He would look and sit just before me! He would consider me his life! He would chant my name all day long! Yeah! What next? No more thoughts. At the start of the morning, I won't have to ask his permission. Instead, he would ask permission from me, take my advice at every step...Wow! What great fun! My life would fly. What do other women know? Husband is controlled and conquered in this way!

She was building castles in the air. She assumed herself to be a great queen and her husband as a poor black slave. She didn't feel any shock in her heart in imagining her husband as a bought slave rubbing his nose at her feet. How selfish thought process! 'My husband may be hungry. He must be in some trouble' She had no space for such thoughts! Only thoughts for oneself 'I'm hungry, I would be looked with admiration and adoration!'. When the hunger became intolerable, she thought of eating up the food. But she felt a loss of respect in it. Though, that too was just her imagination, even then, she continued her starvation for this reason. But she didn't think, "Isn't my husband going to bear the hunger? Then why shouldn't I do so?"

Even afterwards, when the husband would see her hungry, he would get in complete control of her, he would become deeply devoted. In such pleasant dreams, she experienced extreme joy dancing in her heart! She forgot the pain of hunger in this joy! In happy hopes of getting prowess and command over her husband, her happiness knew no bounds! What is all this? Love for ones own importance and privileges! My husband would get so very attracted to me, that I wouldn't have to follow his orders instead he would become extremely obedient to me and I would throw orders on him.

Such were her dreams. She saw her dreams getting fulfilled. Thus, getting happier. She believed her life to be successful. Other women who don't have such talent, she considered them as dull and dunce! 'If the husband is not under our control, doesn't become our slave then what is the use?' This was her lifestyle!

Sun had already set. The evening was passing off and the long penance of Sundari lately ended with a glance of her husband coming! On seeing him, instantly she felt energy spark in her feet! For what? She would get to eat, not only this, but the real motive was to show her dedication and love and in turn get congratulations from her husband and make him an ardent slave.

She quickly got up and ran to welcome him. She brought him inside the house, took off his clothes, made him sit on the couch, washed his feet. "You must be very much tired and hungry." Saying so, she pressed his legs and head. Dharmadas used to feel sheer joy every day by her warm service, but that day his perception had changed. He had to test that day. So, he wasn't feeling much excitement with it. **The thing may be different than we see because we believe and see the thing according to our perception.** Sometimes, it happens so that we are angry at someone. Even if he may have done a good, helping job for us. But we won't perceive it as good! If we change our perception and make it affectionate, we would perceive good and be happy even in the matter of loss.

Sundari then said, "Oh! Today you got very late. You got so engaged in the work that you forgot hunger and thirst! Your body is so very delicate! You have ten meals a day with me and today you remained hungry throughout the day! How would the bodywork like this? Go to hell such work! Everything

prosper till the body is there. Nothing in hand without the body. I know, you are taking all these troubles for me. But how unfortunate I am, I give you so much trouble, my Lord!" Saying so, she started crying with louder and higher tone. Look minutely, where the dreams of becoming an empress? And where this? Is it true or false? Is it affection or trap? But Dharmadas won't get cheated then. Actually, right then, he was unable to decide what was right and wrong? So he was waiting for the last test.

He said, "But why are you crying? Aren't you also delicate? In fact more delicate than me. I kept you starving very long. You must have suffered more pain today."

"More pain to me? No, not at all. We women are all pain-proof. We are used to doing all rigorous household chores. We are habituated to hunger and wakefulness for long hours. I am sad, for the sole reason that I feel my life being deserted and devastated even if a little trouble comes to you. Thinking so, tears brim my eyes. I feel so, why don't I die before I've to see your trouble?"

"What are you saying? C'mon now, get up. You too may be hungry. Let's dine together."

"Just forget about my dinner! Leave me aside, nothing would happen to me! First of all, let me serve you the dinner. See your face. How pale and fade it has become! C'mon get up, food is ready".

"What have you cooked? I want to have a rich, sweet dish today."

"Is that so? I am really very lucky! Today my lovely master, my heart king himself has chosen the dish! I would love if you everyday order me like this! I get confused now and then' 'What should I cook? What is his favourite food?' Ok fine. Now

I'll instantly cook the food. You lie down and take a bit rest." Saying so, Sundari went into the kitchen. Dharmadas was resting in the drawing room. He thought in the mind then, 'How beautiful love and courtesy for me! Which quality does she lack? I see an entirely different scenario than what my friend told me. What should I understand in this? My friend seems to be innocent. He blindly accepts all that is written in scriptures for everyone. Scriptures state, 'Woman is a statue of deceit. All worldly relatives are selfish and mean'. So my friend believes everyone to be like this. Over there, I see no fault, nothing bad in my wife. Where is any sign of selfishness or trap over here? She cares and worries so much only for me. She is working hard just for me in spite of being hungry and thirsty. Look, in spite of being hungry, she went to cook my food.'

How ignorant this man is! He believes to be true whatever is happening in front of his eyes! His thoughts would change as soon as he would know the real inside story. When he was immersed in such thoughts, he got a call from the kitchen." Welcome my beloved, food has been cooked."

Then he thought 'Now what should I do? Still, my friend's test isn't over. But now I don't think so, there is any need for more tests. My friend's talks were all vain and crazy. Why should I trouble myself more by getting into it? Now let me get up and have dinner.'

On another side, he thought, 'Oh, yes I remember according to my friend, I see nothing of religion in the wife's talks. She is just looking that I haven't eaten all day long. She didn't talk anything of religious practice. Even animals and birds do physical love and care. Once I used to finish my meal before sunset and abstained from eating at night(according to religious tenets). Now in this queen's kingdom, the belly

factory starts right in the morning when I wake up, works all day long till I sleep at night. There is a constant supply of food rubbish every hour in this factory. No vows, no pledges! No religious fests or festivals. So, I doubt because there is not a trace of religion. So let me complete the test and see what happens.'

Thinking so, he remained silent lying on the bed. Sundari didn't get any reply, so she recalled her husband. Even then, she heard no sound of her husband. Then she got up and come out in the drawing room and saw him sleeping. So she said, "O! It seems he is fast asleep! How much tired he is! Let me wake him up." She shouted, "Wake up." But she got no answer! So she shook him hard. Whichever side she shook and pushed, he tilted and turned to that side. He was not at all moving, nor speaking anything.

She was taken aback and got extremely shocked, "Ah! What is this? Sleep can't be like this! Let me see his breath."

She kept her finger before his nostrils. Even he was very clever. He stopped his breath very carefully doing 'Pranayam.' This lady was a village folk. It didn't occur in her mind that 'I should check his pulses, veins and heartbeats.' She saw her hands and legs slacked and his breath stopped. So she believed him to be dead. The thought of husband's death terrified her. She wailed loudly.

"Oh ! What happened accidentally? He was completely healthy. There was no notion of any minor disease. Then why did this demise happen? Oh yes. I understood our mutual love and bliss was such to arouse jealousy in someone's mind. Some evil-minded lady, envious of our love may have done some witchery. He told me that he is going for some court's work. But I think evil lady must have taken my husband to her home in

between. She must have trapped him anyway to eat and drink such spell-casted food at her place. How mean of her?" Saying so, she strayed away in other thoughts. Actually, her own mind was malicious, so she imagined others to be evil. If her husband enjoys with the second wife, then she (the first) can't bear it. Actually, she was full of envy, so she imagined others to be envious. The evil in ones own mind creates such evil world inside. There was no enchantment or witchery over there. No death. Even then, the suspicious and selfish mind creates fierce and disgusting imaginations.

Right from the beginning, Sundari's mind was dipped so deep in selfishness that she didn't just stop in the imaginations of witchcraft but continued ahead. In addition, the apparent husband's death became so frightful for her, she couldn't resist the enraged fire burning in her heart that she began to cry alone loudly as per woman's nature.

"Oh my God! What has this happened? I hoped to make my husband forget his so very dear religion. And it happened so. He is providing me with all sensual pleasures and fun. On top of that, in such enjoyment, he is in full control of me. So I dreamt. 'He would do whatever I say and I'll become a great queen having full power and prowess in this house.' All my hopes shattered into pieces with this incident. Oh! I'm completely ruined! Where from would I get worldly pleasures? I will have to burn in my mind looking at happy young couples! The sparrow couple is luckier than me who are immersed in love and bliss. I won't have any lustful pleasures all my life! He died away, killing me together! Ah! Ah! My father is really a donkey! He didn't ask the astrologer properly, whether this man has a good lifespan or not? Without asking the astrologer, he hastily arranged my marriage with this wretched and

unlucky man. Instead, if he would have set my relation with some man with a long life then life would have been fun."

The burning sensation of Sundari was increasing more and more, she was speaking senselessly without any thought. Dharmadas was listening to everything. He just got frozen on hearing this! He thought, "Oh! Is she a wife or a prostitute? She used to show boundless love and affection for me before. Now when she saw her selfish motives not getting fulfilled, she is calling me wretched and unlucky man! She is telling 'He died away, killing me together' She is crying just for her sensual pleasures! Really, I feel grateful to my religious friend who really has genuine affection and precise care for me. Thanks to him for showing me such a discreet test! Let me listen to what she has to say for me'.

"O, God! Why are you torturing and troubling me? You felt no mercy for me? Why does the whole world call you merciful? You are really cruel. You broke my playtoy. You broke my vessel of lustful enjoyments! What should I do now? Whom should I speak? Oh! I'm burning in the fire of lust and this dead husband has added petrol in it ! This stone like husband has broken my forehead. Now, who will earn money for me? Who will bring money and ardently serve my feet? It's night time now...All people will gather...There would be a great stir, hustle-bustle all night long and would take this corpse lately in the morning. Till then, I would have to lament and wail beat my head and chest in front of the people. But I've no strength left now. I didn't eat the whole day to impress this unfortunate poor man. I have become lean in this starvation. How would I perform all the action of beating and shouting? And the rich, sweet dish is cooked and ready. Should it be thrown into waste? No, no whatever was going to happen has been occurred.

There is going to be no change in it. Now let me fill my belly. And get in hand all the keys of lockers and safes. Then I would scream loudly and gather the crowd.”

The merchant's son Dharmadas was very much surprised hearing this. 'Oh! Is this my great chaste wife? Wicked Witch! I lost my sense in her. Can she go to such far limits?

She is abusing me, her father and even Bhagwan! Her relatives meant troubling ghosts to her! She used to show such love and affection to me and now she can eat the sweet dish in front of my dead body? What am I seeing this? Even the world may be similarly coloured with selfishness. Quite possible, not at all impossible because worldly people show so much affection outside in speech but are attracted to other things. They like food and drinks, garments and ornaments, praises and honours. Their life is utter dear to them. Should we believe that worldly people love us more than the worldly objects? I am foolish that till today I thought so. In reality there is no such intimate love!**If people love other objects more than us and if any problem arises to those loving objects due to us or any reason, then they would soon turn into our rivals.** After that, it is natural, even if we are dying, they would leave us behind being pained and troubled and would get ready to embrace a new life partner. Alas! I really forgot the very eminent religious practices in her enchantment! Let me see. The test is going on'. Thinking so, he lay over there sleeping. Over here, Sundari went into the kitchen and savoured the tasty dishes with great joy! She came out grumbling "Yes, now I can perform a good drama of wailing aloud." Then she made safe all the safes. Inside the lockers, she saw the glittering shine of heap of money and jewellery and got happy “Good! He was in full

control of me. I didn't let him spend more money in religion or waste in trifle expenditures. Although he died, he kept a good amount of cash and property for me. It's enough for me. But what would I alone do with the money? Would I carry it everywhere? Where would I satisfy my sensual thirst? Where would I enjoy the lusty delights?” Grumbling so, she sat near Dharmadas and began the cry-skit loudly.

"O, my father! I died alive...My forehead is broken...O my father...I'm sliced to death....Ah! My stomach has burst...Oh my God! You burned me alive...Ha...Ha....”

People immediately gathered listening to her loud lamentation. They began to ask, “What happened? What happened?”

“What damn are you asking? Look at this. It seems some bitch woman has mesmerised him. He died. Oh ! My bad luck..My poor fate! It pushed me down to hell...O my mother...Ah! Ah! He died away, killing me together! How would I live without him? Why don't I die?”

People understood, 'His husband is dead and the cry and scream is all about it.' So they began consoling her,

“Sister! What was going to happen, has happened. Now, what would you get by mourning and grieving? Salute to God's wish!" They think as if God is the killer! What a stupid belief! Sundari barked back, “How mean is God's wish? How idiot is God! He didn't get any oldie that he directly struck and snatched my husband! And he killed me alive!" Some man interjected,

"O sister! God doesn't do such a thing! Even God had to face death. No one has control and command over one's fortune. Now calm and pacify yourself. C'mon now let's make ready the death-stretcher and other necessary things. But, first

of all, we need to get him down the bed.”

Thinking so, two men came near, to carry him. But there was a problem. Dharmadas was sleeping with both legs fastened with a pillar. They tried to loose them but couldn't release them. They used more force to unlock the knot of legs, but here Dharmadas was far strong enough to keep tight the leg-knot. So when they failed to open it, they said to the lady,

“Sister ! Do you have a saw? Let's cut this pillar and carry him away.” Sundari felt a blow in her heart! She called him near and told him,

“Do you have any wits in your head? I'm widowed who would earn and erect me a pillar that you are cutting it. And by the way, he is already dead and is going to be burnt. Then what is the use? Don't you understand even this, my brother?”

The cemetery man said, “Oh yes! Your idea is absolutely correct! We understood, very well understood. C'mon now let's cut his legs.”

The conversation took place before the believed-to-be-dead Dharmadas. Dharmadas heard this talk and was bewildered and shocked. He thought 'What am I hearing this? I used to consider her as a great chaste woman! Now in this examination, do I've to see how much do they cut? No, absolutely no.' Dharmadas quickly thought 'After all, this is just a test. She may be of whatever kind. But now, if they would put saw on my feet, I would die really! Now the test suggested by my friend has come to an end. So let me get up'. So as soon as the saw given by his wife touched his foot, Dharmadas at once sprang up! Looking him alive, some people got angry, while some thought this as wife and husband's plan to tease and make fun of them. They felt shy thinking that "We even got ready to strike the saw on his leg. Oh! It was our foolishness."

So they quickly descended the steps.

But where can Sundari go? So Dharmadas made a fierce verbal attack, "What is all this? Is this your love and is this your chastity? Has anyone bewitched you alone or me? I died, so I'm a wretched and unlucky man? You are alive, so you are prosperous and lucky. Right? Your dad didn't select a better husband. So he is a donkey and I am wicked. Isn't it? You just wanted lustful enjoyments like sparrows! You were just fond of play of skin! So you considered the sparrows more lucky than you! And did God give you all these troubles? Were you insane, gone crazy calling God an idiot? Previously you used to say 'I feel my life being deserted and devastated even if, a little trouble comes to you. Why don't I die before I've to see your trouble?' Then how did you relish rich, sweet dish before my corpse? Over here, I didn't have a little trouble but complete death. Even then, you felt no hesitation! You happily savoured food and drinks with great interest. Besides, you made safe the safes and delighted for attaining wealth! Wow! I admire your life!

Did you remember religion a bit? How can religion come in your mind? You even made me forget religion! You were happy with the fact that I was completely engrossed in sinful enjoyments. Then why would you care of religion yourself? What were you telling to the people? My forehead is broken...He died away, killing me together...' How false were those words? Is your forehead broken or mine? You were alive. Having understood the fact, you could have diluted and diminished the infatuation for me. Thus, you could have got involved in religious practices and improved your life, improved and sparkled your fortune. In the real sense, only my forehead is broken, my fortune is washed off, because I was completely

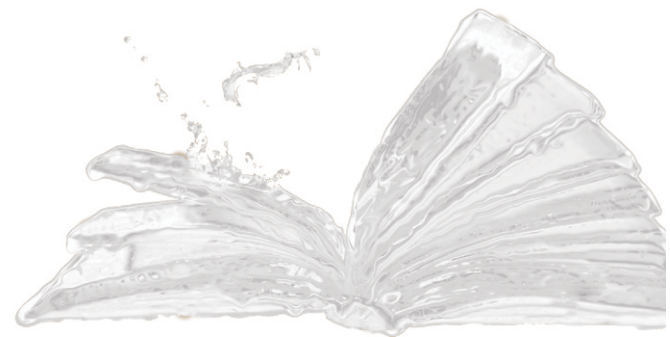
intoxicated by your infatuation, played and splashed in the gutter of your sensual pleasures like a pig. As a result, I forgot religion and committed a number of sins. I think if I had really died in such a state, then I would have definitely reached the hellish sorrowful life. Once, you used to call me, your desperate and intimate lover. Today as if to fill the lack of your love, you ordered to put saw on my leg instead of the pillar! Is there any tiniest trace of love in it? Instead, the false show off of love is dripping with deceit and fraud! I thank my well-wisher who intrigued my wits so that I could see your deceit trap! Are you low bred? Of which race and caste do you belong?"

"Oh! You didn't even feel a bit of shame? You didn't even think that **'This hi-noble human birth is not meant just to eat, drink and merry. Instead, it is intended to imbibe higher virtues and perform grave spiritual practices.** You got so much enslaved by senses and became so much foolish that instead of coronating Bhagwan on the heart throne, you made sit the evil devils of blind attraction for wealth and sensual pleasures. How extremely mean is your thought process and behaviour! If you wouldn't have caused such commotion then would these eatables and drinks run away? How excellent everything would have been? But, did you ever think about the welfare of my after-life? No, you don't care even of your after-life then how would you do of mine? You should have thought. We may save diamond pillars, eat rich food but what after that? **Of course, we would have to die one day. Then what after we die? Where would we take birth?** We passed and transcended all the lower forms of vegetation, worms, ants, birds, animals etc. and got such a noble human birth now. You should indeed feel sorry that you forgot Vitrag Bhagwan (devoid of attraction and aversion), his propounded religion and devastated your life and

also trapped me together! Even I was senseless and a fool that I gave no thought for the real welfare and benefit of myself. Also, I didn't show the right path to my loving wife!" Saying so, he burst into copious tears.

Sundari was almost frozen listening to her husband's heart-rending speech. But husband's last emotional words intrigued her into crying. She understood her extremely grave mistake and fell in her husband's feet, crying heartily. She accepted her fraudulent nature and showed readiness to do whatever he says.

Finally, Dharmadas explained the philosophy and tenets of religion to her. He took her in the religious sermon of a Guru. They started observing religious vows and pledges living a household life, as training and rehearsal of monkhood. They immersed themselves in devotion of Bhagwan, service to Guru, religious rituals, self-restraint, penance, knowledge, meditation. They both observed celibacy and in short, time gathered guts to initiate monkhood. The religious friend too got inspired by their illustration, understood the trifle and fickle nature of the world and initiated monkhood. Being exceedingly benevolent to himself and others, he headed on to blissful life forms. Thus, all the three of them made their lives successful and praiseworthy.



8. The Bitter Outcome of Extrovert Outlook



A villager folk may like jaggery till he hasn't tasted rich, appetizing sweets and tempting cakes. Similarly, a man may like the things of the outer world until he hasn't dived in the inner world and got a glance of the dazzling richness of the inner world, the soul. The richest worldly treasure of gold and jewels may seem worthless and cheaper than a dry straw of grass in front of the inner soul's splendid splendour. Sages with rags and rugs, devoid of any comfort look happier and blissful than the most majestic kings. This is a strong evidence proving the above fact. **The sole purpose of human life is to discover the inside treasure.**

If a person's wallet is filled with crores of money and unknowingly he goes out to beg for a rupee, he would be considered a fool. The worldly soul is becoming such fool from infinite time. In spite of possessing infinite bliss in the inner world, the soul is extremely engrossed in searching for happiness in non-living objects in the outer world. It is a sad fact that we are detached and disconnected from our rich inner world from time immemorial. **This present story would prove to be a connecting bridge for you with the real you.**

After learning the bitter and brutal, dangerous and deadly outcome of extrovert outlook, let us deviate and debar ourselves from outer trifling world affairs.

In a city, there lived a merchant named 'Dhanada'. He was so very wealthy that people said, "Even Kuber, the God of riches seems tiny and trifle before him!" Generally, it is seen in the world, **the sin of wealth attracts and attaches several other sins and misdeeds.** While over here, the scenario was different. In spite of enormous wealth, he possessed and preserved a noble and lofty character. **When one gets boundless amenities for enjoyments, it is very difficult to draw a boundary line, limit oneself and stay away from obscene delights!** We can see this in the world.

Merchant Dhanada was affluent, but besides it, he was a man of character. Even his nature was polite and benevolent. Such peculiarity of having virtues along with wealth was the result of struggling spiritual efforts from several lives. If we could see such peculiarity in ourselves, we should indeed feel pleased and proud. Why? It depicts that we are spiritually high than infinite souls of the world and even ourselves infinite years back.

The wife of Dhanada was also like him but a bit egoistic. Even then, she was chaste and generous. In all this, we've to notice how the extrovert nature traps oneself!

Once upon a time, the merchant had gone to a foreign country for a business purpose. Over here, a musician had come in the city. He sang so very sweet as to make the listener wholly engrossed and enchanted! A poet may just fill the tastes of romance, bravery, wonder or peace in a poem while a singer directly makes the listeners feel those tastes, feel the sensation and make them dance! Huge city crowd overflowed before his song. What does a man want after birth? Extrovert sight or introvert sight?

Q. But brother! If one gets beautiful things to see

outside, why won't he be interested in looking outside?

A. No, he may not at all get interested in looking outside. Because it happens only when one doesn't have a look inside. There is exuberant beauty inside.

Similar to the outer world, there is a vast inner world! One can think over the infinite past of the soul, his terrible and piteous states in different life forms! Even though the soul suffered unbearable pain repeatedly, he remained foolish and stupid. He roamed in several awkward lives. One can think and contemplate on all these things.

Similarly, one can also think about significant specialities of Bhagwan, his exquisite beauty, his infinite qualities, his prosperous and splendid life, his divine and supernatural powers, his incredible grace and benevolence etc. as such there are a lot of things to meditate upon. But how can people learn to look inside. Is it so easily available? So, people dance with excitement on getting something outside.

A crowd of people gathered and flocked around the singer every day. One day the merchant's maids went and stood over there to listen to him. They got so very much interested that they stood long. They returned home late after the song got over. Over here, the merchant's mistress was waiting furiously with boiling red face. As soon as the maids arrived home, the angry mistress rebuked sternly and strongly.

In such incidents, rich people seem to be arrogant. But the fact is that if one doesn't keep command over servants, they fail and forget in discipline and duty. So control is very necessary. Even then, one should be loving and generous in executing commands. The mistress was menacing the maids.

"Where were you all from so long? Have you all no sense? Wandering here and there! Is this your way to be at

work? Neglecting and fleeing away from your work?

"But mam! Just listen to us for a moment. Don't we understand this? Did we get late for just no reason?"

Other maid interjected, "Today really, we saw a fantastic and fascinating singer in the city! Oh! Wow! How wonderful and sweet was his song! What a mind-raving voice. It seems like the Gandharva (singer deva) had descended the earth. We just can't express and explain more. You understand in brief. It's just awesome!" The maids so very well described, "Mam, what do we tell you of him? The throng of city crowds is rushing and pushing to hear him! Oh! How melodious is his music! What a tinkling in his throat!" As the maid described it with so excitement, the mistress felt as if she is actually listening to him in a live concert. **Man is of so wavering nature that he can in no time slip away from senses.** Although, the mistress was holy at mind. Husband had gone to a foreign place. Even then, she was pleased and glad looking at her husband through the inside eye, the eyes of the mind. Despite being separated from her husband, she was not desperate of staring at other fair-skinned guys like street singers. Even, she was not fond of flirtation or seductive dressing, roaming or wandering about. But the extrovert outlook is very very dangerous and harmful to oneself! The pleasure of any of the five senses attract the soul very much. Eventually, it ruins him completely. Just look, a minor mistake, a small sin slowly creeping inside the mind, when it grows bigger, then it results in losing one's character. This is however very easy in today's time because you would get none to prevent you from misdeed.

The mistress thought on listening to the description by the maids, 'How can I listen to such songs? That too by going outside? The song may be obscene or erotic! It would spoil my

nobility! It would blot my character! Should I call such a wandering person at home to sing before me? No. Leave all this. It's very improper.' After thinking in mind, she said to the maids, "I won't listen to all this."

Keeping one's nobility and character safe and sound, for once, she avoided extrovert outlook to spread further.

Q. If we would leave and avoid everything, we would be left from seeing new things

A. If such is your belief, then there are endless things in the world which are left to be seen. And which would be left to be seen. So now what do you want to do? Do you want to cry and report for the unseen things or go out for sightseeing? Oh! One should understand, even if, some of those new and wondrous, things come in front of us, we can't see because of our nobility. Some other wondrous things are so obscene that we can't even speak or ask about it. So why should one lament about them? Of course, one shouldn't. So, one should persuade the mind. **'Even if I wish, I won't be able to see all the wondrous things, there would be a lot of stuff remaining unseen.'**

Similarly, the thing in front is an addition to the list of unseen. Forget and leave it'. At the first instance, the mistress pressed her temptation. But the maids were low bred and cheap. They won't finish it so fast. The maid said,

"Mam, don't believe this music to be an ordinary thing. This is the music of heaven, really of heaven! Leave everything else. But not this thing. Afterwards, when you would hear everyone praising him all around, then you would feel 'I was left from listening to him! I didn't listen to even a bit!' I don't have any authority over you. I am just expressing my feelings. In the real sense, I'm an utter fool before you. I really enjoyed it, so I

am insisting you to experience it a bit. How heart-throbbing is the music! Is there any loss in listening to it a bit?"

In believing an unsuitable and shameful activity to be good and proper, on getting a bit persuasion and certification from the ignorant, it soon invites danger and devastation to us. The devil mind makes us believe the improper to be proper. The noble mind would always consider the evil as evil only. One should be very far from such bad things. One should not even smell it. Not even go near its shadow. 'It won't mind, less won't make any harm.' Many times such weak thoughts from the evil side oppose and fight with the noble feelings. **In the war of noble v/s evil, that side wins, towards which the soul is inclined.** The mistress was then supporting the evil side! She said to the maid,

"Is that so? Then decide and arrange the place and time, where we can go and hidingly listen to him."

According to the time fixed by the maids, the mistress got out in the night. She walked out of the town with the maids. But, when they reached the singer's place, they found the singer to be sleeping. The programme was over and the singer was sleeping outside the temple's bench. Maids asked the mistress, "Do we wake him up?" But, the mistress accidentally declined it. Why? Doesn't she want to listen to the music? She wants to. But there are various colours of extrovert outlook. One who gets coloured by the extrovert outlook of one kind, then gets attracted to another too. Because there are endless things in the world while the mind waves are still boundless! Emotions are fluctuating! Distracted by another extrovert outlook, the mistress refused to listen to this singer! Why?

The mistress said to the maid, "No. No need of waking him up. I very well saw your singer. How poor and ugly he looks!

How can he sing well?" See the manifold nature of Karma. The voice of this singer was so sweet it superseded everyone! On the other side, his nose was flat! He had a big belly and small chest! He was a dwarf with a triangular face! On looking at him, the mistress thought, "What talent must he be having? What even if the maids extoll him long. I don't want to listen to anything. Let's go back!" Thinking so, she turned to return back home. But before that, she made little mischief! Mistress was arrogant of her beauty, so she went away spitting on the singer.

Some people around the singer were awake. So, after the mistress went away, when the singer got awake, those people told him, "What are you sleeping and dozing off? Today the wife of a reputed merchant of the city came over here. She went away spitting on you saying 'How poor and ugly he looks...!' How the people are! **Instead of soothing the fight, they are ready to ignite and add fuel in the fight!** People lack noble wisdom and are clever in abusing at the back!

The singer said, "Is it so? Ok, now I'll teach her a lesson. I won't let the sunrise for her. After all, I'm an artist." Are these signs of an artist or a devil? One who wants to show ones skill in such a way can't be an artist, but a devil. One may be skilful in doing business but if he thinks 'Today I'll show everyone in the market, corner everyone.' What is this? The play of extrovert outlook is very dangerous! On sighting the pride of the mistress, the devil inside the singer woke up!

The singer properly inquired and traced the whereabouts of merchant and the mistress. He traced, who is the merchant? Where is he now? Then he framed a musical play on it. The melodious voice was already ready at hand! He played the song right in the merchant's street. He tuned musical notes from the violin and started his song.

"O..Merchant! You are very fortunate and prosperous."

"Wow! Merchant! Your name itself is fortunate. You have a shining fortune. Even your goods and valuables are fortunate as you...O great man, you embarked on a foreign journey...Oh! Oh...! Your goods and cash got doubled and tripled...and got ten times! O, merchant! You are very fortunate and prosperous...!"

"Now you are filling your bags with jewels and diamonds instead of silver! Oh...I didn't give this news at your home...you are very fortunate and prosperous..."

Such is a splendid profound effect of music, that the words of the song tune and excite the strings of heart!

After coming at home from outside, the mistress wasn't still sleeping. And there the song began! Her ears got attentive as soon as the song started. She thought 'Oh! Wow! Is such a superb voice possible in this world? And all his talks are favouring me! Very nice! mind-blowing !' Mistress got lost in heartfelt sensation when that singer continued further.

"O, Great merchant! What respect and honour of you! The king over there gave you a palace to stay! O...everyday he is especially sending you a royal palanquin to take you to the palace! Aaa...the business is flourishing... wealth is increasing...O... o...o... Merchant! You are very fortunate and prosperous...!"

The more the mistress was listening to it, the more she was getting curious! She thought, "Now what next?.."

And there the singer sang loudly.

"A...a., you winded up your business and you are returning back home...! Wow! The whole king's family along with the army and with the band has come with you to bid you a farewell! And you came out of the village...People are crying

loudly and heavily for you. Ahhh...O...o...Ha..Ha...and you arrived in the city..now you are just some kilometres away...! O, Merchant! You are very fortunate and prosperous! No, no, you are just 30 kilometres far...even the king of this city has got the news of your arrival...And even he has done a warm and honourable welcome...!"

The singer brought the merchant right at the street's corner in the imaginative song.

"Oh! Now the king himself is welcoming the merchant! The whole city has overflowed here to look at the merchant's richness and splendour... Wow! Merchant! Wow! How do I sing your glory? O, great man! You are on the corner of the street..A...a...!"

On listening to this, the mistress standing on the fifth storeyed terrace ran and rushed ahead to meet the merchant! The mistress slipped in the extrovert outlook of the sense of ears! The mistress was running ahead in the terrace...!

The flow and sensation of the poem had reached to climax..."Oh...oh! Now you've arrived at your castle's gate."

The merchant lady thought 'Oh! Has the merchant come? I'm coming to welcome him...' Thinking so, she ran ahead. The terrace was open... On running ahead, the mistress finally fell down...! A loud thud! was heard as she crashed on the ground! Everyone in the street got awake...the singer got to know, "My wish has been fulfilled." So he immediately fled away! The mistress experienced a painful death!

This is the bitter result of extrovert outlook! One should think that there are endless things in the world to be seen. But by eagerly and curiously watching all those things, what beneficial crux do we get in it? Nothing. Extrovert outlook is futile. So turn your vision inside.