

LORD MAHAVIR

A Life Sketch

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Publisher's Note

The literary journey of Suridev begins as soon as the Sun's chariot arrives. When the evening falls and the Sun goes towards the horizon, the pen is forced to stop and Suridev's literary journey takes a pause. We are extremely happy and pleased to publish the book 'Lord Mahavir – A Life Sketch' written by such a great writer, accomplished literary creator, P. Acharyadev Shrimad **Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji** Maharaja in the international language English today as the third edition in front of the readers.

With the holy inspiration of P. Gurudev Shrutraksha Prerak Acharyadev Shrimad **Vijay Yugchandra Surishwarji** Maharaja, Shri Anuyog Acharya Nirvaanbhooshan V. Gani M's Gurubhaktas have taken the advantage of publishing this book on the occasion of **Gani – Anuyog Acharya Post** of Muni Shree **Nirvaanbhoosan V.M**, for which they too deserve praise. We express our heartfelt gratitude to them. 170 books have been written by Pujya Shri out of which this is the fifth English book. If we continue to get such support from the entire Jain community, then it is certain that our literary journey will continue to move forward rapidly.

L. Panchprasthan Punyasmriti Prakashan, Shankheshwar

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‘Golden Blessings for Nirvaan’

Mayanasundari/ Jain Ramayana/Bhadrabahu – a living library/ Pradyumna & Shamba

Publisher: Smritimandir Prakashan Trust, Ghanshyam Park, Anandnagar, Bhatta-Paldi, Ahmedabad-7

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Since P. Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijayji has a good command over English language, even before this book, the English books written by him have been welcomed. In the same style and words, Mayanasundari's life events have been illustrated in English language. The pictures are stunning. English speaking readers will find such English publications useful. The most popular talks of Jain Ramayana are included with exclusive pictures. ‘Bhadrabahu’ is also too good. Pradyumna & Shamba with exclusive pictures is also best.

(Kalyan Magazine – Top magazine of Jainism) Yr.- 79/81. Volume -12/12

Guide: H.H.P.A.D.S.V. Purnachandra S.M.

This is the experience of years that the children learning in English medium don't have full understanding of Gujarati language. Gujarati discourses pass over their heads; even they feel Gujarati books boring. This is the condition of whole new generation. The age of cultivating moral values is being wasted in education and entertainment. This is the great matter of concern for the well-wishers of Shri Jain Sangh. All of them are concerned about how to make children virtuous, cultured, pious and afraid of sin.

Among many solutions, one solution, perhaps most simple and successful, is : tell the children the stories of Tirthankars, ascetics, great men and great women of virtue. All like stories; children like the most. In addition, it is a matter of experience that an inspiring life-character is more effective example than an inspiring preaching. The horrible results of sins and the sweet fruits of *dharma* can be explained in a simple way through stories.

The learned Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijay understood this thing years ago and started right efforts in this direction. As a result, today 16 books compiled by him have been published. As these stories of Jain history is reaching to people, their demand is ever increasing. New editions of many books are being published.

It is a matter of delight that Munishri is making his contributions in this great *yagna* for familiarizing lakhs of children of Jain families with the best conduct, thinking, philosophy and history of Jain religion. May Munipravarshri continue to get more and more success in this challenging task – this is my heartfelt greetings!

Vijay Mokshrati Suri

V.S.2081 Mahasud 10, Akota, Vadodara

Thanks for Appreciable Letters / Opinions/ Guidance
which will give us the most potent force.

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1 . Naysar's Vision of the Path to Salvation

The bud blooms and becomes a lotus. When the soul blossoms completely, the feeling of eternity manifests. Shraman Lord Shri Mahavir Dev will become the eternal and complete, the foundation of this completeness was laid in Naysar's life. The seed of becoming the eternal was sown in that life. With time, the growth of that seed kept on increasing and decreasing. Finally, from Naysar's life to the twenty-seventh life, that seed grew and turned into a huge banyan tree and Naysar, Gyatputra Shraman Mahavir became Tirthankar Mahavir Dev.

Standing on the shore of the ocean of time before the original religious father of this *avasarpini* period, Bhagwan Shri Rishabhdev, a door of self-development suddenly opened in Naysar's life in such a way that the light of *Samyagdarshan* lit up in his inner world and the darkness of attachment was dispelled. To get an introduction to the life story from 'Naysar to Gyatputra', first of all, know about Naysar. Naysar was the head of a village under King Shatrumardan. Once King Shatrumardan needed good wood for the kingdom. He asked Naysar to collect wood and send it. Naysar went out to search in the dense forests with a large caravan of bullock carts, men, servants, etc. On finding a suitable place, they set up tents and everyone got busy with their work. It was afternoon. Plates of food were served. The servants invited Naysar to eat. At this time, the feeling of charity started to grow in Naysar's heart.

Deep sleep.... It doesn't take years to wake up from the sleep of infinite births... If one or two voices of awakening are heard, then the soul wakes up in the very next moment and becomes a follower of the right path. It starts moving towards the right path.

A similar moment came in Naysar's life. He was very hungry and food was served. Then in such a terrifying jungle, a good feeling arose in his heart that 'If I get to meet a guest, I will feed him and then eat'.

Naysar stood up. He looked far and wide. In a few moments he saw a group of sages coming from far away... and he started dancing.

The group of sages had set out to cross the jungle with a caravan. But the caravan suddenly went ahead and the group of sages was left behind and they took another route. Wandering here and there, the group reached near Naysar's camp in the afternoon. Naysar invited the sages with folded hands and with emotional eyes. He requested them to take food etc.

This moment was precious. The group of sages accepted Naysar's request. The vessel for donation was pure. Naysar provided pure food etc. to the sages. There was auspiciousness in the forest. Naysar's heart was filled with joy and danced. His intention was true, so he found the best person.

The group of sages had strayed from the path and reached a dense forest. After serving them with food and devotion, Naysar felt the desire to take them to the city and he himself went to show the way to the sages. The sages felt that 'This Naysar is living by cherishing some great

future within himself. Otherwise how can such a feeling arise? He is showing us the material path, the outer path, so we should show him the Bhaav Marg – the inner path.'

On reaching the main road, when Naysar folded his hands and prepared to leave, the sages briefly explained to him the *Bhaav Marg* (path) to salvation. What kind of a miserableness does the soul go through when it strays from the path of salvation, which leads to *Siddhashila* after becoming free from *Karma* in the world? Where does it wander? In what ways does it wander here and there? How much loss does it suffer by losing its senses? How many severe pains of birth, old age and death does it have to bear and what is the way to be free from all these and attain the state of God, free from all pains and in the form of *Sachchidananddhan* (the wealth of truth and bliss)? The sages presented a perfect picture of this in words to Naysar. Naysar showed the outer path... the path towards the city, while the sages showed him the inner path... the path towards salvation.

With joyful eyes, Naysar accepted the *Saddharma* and *Namaskar Mahamantra* from the mouth of the sages. With deep respect in his heart, he accepted the *Dharma* that destroys all sins and all sorrows and gives salvation.

The scriptures say that - '*Kevalgyan* is complete light. Its partial light is in *Samyagdarshan*.' Due to the effect of the feeling of detachment from the world and the feeling of impulse for salvation, the result was purification. The knot of attachment was broken... and with the sunrise of this *Samyagdarshan*, light spread in Naysar's life that was filled with the darkness of falsehood.

The radiance of the Tirthankaratva that was to glitter in the life of Lord Shri Mahavir Dev, its dawn, its twilight had suddenly risen in the inner sky of Naysar. That's it, the vision had now become right and real, the vision had now become *Samyag*. Showing the path of life in its light, Naysar one day left his body while remembering the *Mahamantra Shri Navkar* and was born as a god in *Saudharma-Devlok*.

※※※

2. Marichi Forgot The Path to Salvation

A moment of light that came in Naysar's life gave a new turn to his life and he became a god in *Saudharma Devlok*. One day the life span of one *palyopam* of Devlok also got completed and that god was born as the son of Maharaja Bharat, who was full of great wealth and prosperity. He was named Marichi. His father's *riddhi-siddhi* was like that of a *Chakravarti*, yet one day Marichi's soul awakened and Marichi accepted that moment of awakening.

The *Kevalgyan* of Lord Shri Rishabhdev became enlightened as the veil of ignorance was removed. Maharaja Bharat came to pay obeisance to the Lord. Marichi was also with him. As soon as he heard the first sermon of the Lord, the passion for self-restraint arose in his mind. He got the permission of his father Bharatraj and leaving the worldly pleasures, Marichi accepted the religion of a sage.

Following the footsteps of the Lord, Marichi Muni started climbing the steps of worshipping the duties of restraint one by one and started moving ahead. But a moment of negligence came when the Muni became fooled by attachment.

Those were the days of summer. The Lord's duties as a sage was to stay away from the shade of the umbrella. He was not allowed to wear anything on his feet. Bathing was forbidden for him. He did not even talk about anointment. Muni Marichi could not face these troubles. The army of *karmas* that surrounded the character became strong and the sage adorned a new attire. The dexterity in his heart was clearly refusing to take a step to retreat towards his home. Due to this, Muni Marichi assumed a new attire of Tridandi.

A tuft on the shaved head, a stick in the hand! A little material possession! Saffron-coloured clothes! An umbrella on the head for shade! A fragrant sandalwood paste, a bath with little water and shoes on the feet! The moment of negligence fascinated Marichi Muni and he adopted this new attire.

Marichi was different from the customs, but in thoughts he was a follower of Lord Rishabhdev. Seeing his new attire, people would ask him about *dharma*. He would tell people that true self-restraint is only found in the sage community of Lord Rishabhdev. While accepting his weakness, his eyes would get wet. In this way, by explaining true *dharma* to many people, he got them included in the sage community of the Lord. He would also travel with the Lord. Some years passed like this. Even though he was different from the conduct, he was not different from his thoughts. He showed the path of the Sadhu *dharma* of the Lord to many emotional people.

Years passed. With the arrival of the Lord, the outer garden of the city of Vinita was swept away with joy. Maharaja Bharat came to listen to the religious discourse. Bharat's desire to know about the great men like Tirthankaras of the future, Chakravarti, Baldev, Vasudev and Prativasudev was fulfilled by listening to the Lord's words. Bharat asked while leaving: "Lord! Is there any soul in this *samvasaran*, on whose forehead the writing of being a Tirthankar is written?"

Pointing towards Marichi, the Lord said: "Bharat, this Marichi is the soul of the ultimate Tirthankar Mahavir. This soul, when purified, will become Vardhman Mahavir as the twenty-fourth Tirthankar."

Bharat's every pore was thrilled at such a great future of his own son. The Lord further said:

"Bharat, Marichi will surely become Mahavir. Before this, in the births in between, he will enjoy many great *riddhis and siddhis*. Marichi will also be crowned with the title of being the first Vasudev named Triprishth in Potanpur and the Chakravarti named Priya-Mitra in the Mooka city of Videha region."

The sermon was completed. Bharat Maharaja's heart was eager to worship the future Mahavir hidden in Marichi. Coming to Marichi, Bharat bowed to him and said:

"Marichi, you are an ascetic.... your dress is saffron. Not because you are the first ascetic son of a Chakravarti father in Bharat... but because you are going to be the twenty-fourth Tirthankar Mahavir of this *avasarpini* period, I bow to you. The post of Triprishth- Vasudev

and Priyamtira Chakravarti will also remain at your feet, but my reverence is to the Tirthankar hidden within you.”

Bharat left. Marichi could not digest the golden dreams of his future. An ocean of pride started overflowing in his heart: “I am Chakravarti!! I am Vasudev!! I am Tirthankar!!

Marichi stood up. In joy and happiness, he started dancing clapping his hands and banging his trident.

“I am the first among Vasudevas. My father is the first among Chakravartis. My grandfather is the first among Tirthankars. Oh, how great is my clan!”

In the dance of pride, Marichi lost his senses and by being proud of his clan, he tied the *karma* of 'low clan'.

Years passed. Lord Shri Rishabhdev attained *nirvaan*. Now the path of free movement was open for Marichi, but the faith that was inside him made him stay with the sage community of Lord Rishabhdev. But a moment came when a storm engulfed Marichi's light of thought.

Marichi fell ill. He had no disciple, who would serve him now? The code of conduct of the Nirgranth sages was preventing them from serving the unrestrained Marichi. A storm of illness came in Marichi's mind and his light of thought which had remained steady till now started to waver.

Marichi thought: “What kind of a sage they are, they have even put aside the shame of their eyes. I have preached to so many princes and made them join the community (*sangh*). Today even when I am ill, no one comes to me... no one even asks anything.”

Marichi decided : “Now if any inquisitive person worthy of me comes, I will make him my disciple.”

The illness went away. Marichi recovered and started moving around. During those days a man named Kapil, eager to learn dharma, came to Marichi. Initially Marichi told him that dharma lies only in Rishabhdev's sangh. The flickering light of thought had not been fully extinguished yet. Kapil again asked “Is religion only in the sage community of Lord Rishabhdev? Then why have you adopted this new disguise?”

Marichi confessed his weakness and said: “I am weak, otherwise dharma is there only.”

Kapil was also Kapil. He repeated the question again, is the dharma only in the *sangh* of Rishabhdev? Don't you have even a part of it in you?”

In Marichi's mind flashed his ill health and he thought of the neglect of the sages. He saw in Kapil the worthiness of a deserving disciple. At the moment of downfall, Marichi lost his guard and said: “Kapil! There is dharma in the path of the sage and there is dharma in my path too.”

Kapil wanted the name of dharma. Without judging the truth and falsehood, Kapil wore saffron clothes. Marichi's heart was satisfied. A small greed gave rise to falsehood and threw the soul into darkness. In this way, Marichi became the handle of the axe of false philosophy that started with Kapil. "*Itthampi ihayampi*" . Dharma is in self-restraint and here it is in lack of self-restraint too. Just because of this statement contrary to the path of truth, Marichi had

to travel around the world for a long time. This was the result of the saying in the words of a poet : “ *Muj yogya malyo a chelo, mool kadve kadvo velo* ”.

Marichi and Kapil's together became a perfect pair. This sin of Marichi's adverse notion remained unreflected till the last moments of his life and he left his body in saffron clothes. Marichi died and became a god in the fifth Brahma Devlok.

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3. View of Samyagdarshan is Rare in Many Births

He got a grandfather like Yugadinath and got self-restraint from his blessing hand. He got a father like Bharat and got a unique path of salvation too. But still Marichi's upward journey got stuck at Brahma Devlok. The light of contemplation, conduct and thinking was extinguished in this and the sin which remained unreflected did a great job.

The small mistake committed in Marichi's birth kept multiplying and Marichi could not get the Samyagdarshan of Lord in many subsequent births.

The pride of the family punished him by giving birth in a Brahmin family and making him live as a beggar for many births. The fifth Brahma Devlok's life of 10 *Sagaropam* was completed and he was born as a Brahmin named Kaushik in Dev Kollag Sannivesh.

In Kaushik Brahmin's life, the life of 80 lakh years ago was spent behind wealth and lust. In his last years, he adopted *Tridandi Sanyas* and wore saffron clothes. During his life Kaushik had indulged in sins like *Aarambh-Samarabh* and *Parigrah-Hinsa* etc. His life was surrounded by the darkness of sin. Due to this, after the fifth life, he had to take many births as animals and birds etc. The count of those small lives is not in the gross twenty-seven lives. After wandering in these small lives for a long time, Kaushik's soul succeeded in getting a human birth and was born as a Brahmin named Pushpmitra in Thuna Nagari.

In the last part of his life of 72 lakh years ago, Pushpamitra took *Tridandi Sanyas*. Pushpamitra died while confirming the wrong philosophy and doing penance in ignorance by living in caves and was born as a medium-lived god in Saudharma Devlok.

After completing the middle lifespan of Saudharma Devlok, Pushpamitra's soul was born in the Chaitya Sannivesh in the form of Agnidyot Brahmin. In the last part of his life of 60 lakhs years ago, Agnidyot took *Tridandi Sanyas*. In this ascetic life also, by performing various types of penance and chanting, he became a god in Ishan Devlok.

After completing the middle lifespan of Ishan Devlok, the soul of Agnidyot became a Brahmin named Agnibhooti in a Sannivesh named Mandar.

Agnibhooti Brahmin took Tridandic Sanyas in the last years of his lifespan 56 lakh years ago. In this life also, after facing various types of physical sufferings, he became a god in Sanatkumar Devlok.

After completing the middle lifespan of Sanatkumar Devlok, the soul of Agnibhooti took birth as a Brahmin named Bharadwaj in Shwetambika Nagari. He spent the last years of his lifespan 44 lakh years ago by taking *Tridandi Sanyas*. After completing his lifespan, he became a god in Mahendra Devlok.

After completing the middle lifespan of Mahendra Devlok, the soul of Bharadwaj became a Brahmin named Sthavar in Rajgriha Nagari. In this life, in the last years of his lifespan 34 lakh years ago, the Sthavar Brahmin took the same *Tridandi Sanyas*. The false philosophy established in Marichi's life gradually got strengthened. While performing homage with Katyayani and other mantras in the temple of Chandika, Sthavar's life got completed and after death he became a Dev in the fifth Devlok.

The multiplication of the mistake committed in Marichi's life increased so much that from the third birth of Marichi to the 14th birth of the Sthavar Brahmin, that soul kept taking Brahmin birth, *Tridandi Sanyas* and Devlok, respectively. The chance of the ascetic dharma, which he had adopted at the feet of Lord Rishabhdev, and the dharma in whose teaching he had spent so many years, kept becoming rare in these births. The *karma* of the pride of clan got slightly reduced and in the 16th life, the soul of the Sthavar Brahmin, after completing the life span in Brahma Devlok, was born in the city of Rajgriha as a prince named Vishwabhuti.

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4. Vishwabhuti's Backsliding

In the sixteenth birth, for upbringing, the soul of Naysar got the royal family of Rajgriha city. The king here was Vishwanandi. The queen was Priyangumati. Her younger brother's name was Visakhabhuti and his queen's name was Dharini. Vishwabhuti was born as the son of Visakhabhuti and Dharini.

The ocean of prosperity was overflowing. While growing up in the royal family, Vishwabhuti stepped on the threshold of youth. Vishwabhuti was unmatched in beauty and complexion. He was married to many princesses.

Outside the city of Rajgriha, there was a beautiful garden named 'Pushp Karandak' which was like Nandanvan (a paradise forest). The members of the royal family used to come there for a walk. Once Vishwabhuti came with his queens to play in that garden.

At the same time, Visakhanandi, who was the son of Vishwabhuti's uncle Vishwanandi and was also the crown prince, also came to play at the entrance of the garden. On receiving the news that Vishwabhuti had gone to the garden for enjoyment, he had to stay outside. How can one enter when Vishwabhuti is enjoying himself with his beloveds? Meanwhile, a maidservant of Visakhanandi's mother Queen Priyangumati came to pick flowers from the same garden, but since Vishwabhuti was in the garden, that maidservant also had to return empty-handed.

The maidservant went and told Queen Priyangumati everything about the garden and also said that your son, the crown prince Visakhanandi, would not be allowed to enter the garden, how absurd is this?

Queen Priyangumati became jealous of Vishwabhuti. "My son, who is the crown prince, would stand outside the garden rubbing his hands while Vishwabhuti will be enjoying himself inside? How is this possible?" She immediately went to her husband Vishwanandi and told him the whole thing and said : "Take Vishwabhuti out of the garden right now and blow the war bugle for this. As soon as the war bugle is blown, he will come out and Visakhanandi will get a chance to go inside."

The king, madly in love for his wife, immediately blew the war bugle. Vishwabhuti was startled on hearing the sound of the bugle. He came running outside and when he went to the palace, he saw that King Vishwanandi himself was getting ready for the war. He said, "Please order me. With which enemy do we have to play this war?" Hiding the illusion of his mind, the king said, "Vishwabhuti, this king Purushsingh who has been ruled by us has started thinking too much about himself. I have blown the bugle of war to teach him a lesson." At the same time, Vishwabhuti left to fight the war.

There was a cunning smile on the faces of the king and queen. Meanwhile, Vishakhanandi entered the garden.

Purushsingh's kingdom was nearby Rajgriha. He was surprised to see Vishwabhuti suddenly coming in front of him. He himself was obedient. He considered it a matter of pride to be in the command of Vishwanandi.

Vishwabhuti challenged Purushsingh, but seeing Purushsingh's loyalty and surrender, Vishwabhuti felt embarrassed and he returned in the same state to Rajgriha. He thought, "What is this? This must be a plan to get me out of the garden." Since he knew the jealousy of Vishakhanandi and his uncle and aunt, he saw it in front of his eyes that when he came out of the garden Vishakhanandi stood there with his family.

Vishwabhuti returned fuming with anger. In the way came 'Pushpakarandak' garden. The gatekeeper of the garden informed that your uncle's son Vishakhanandi is playing inside.

Embers of anger started burning in Vishwabhuti's eyes. "Such deception? Such a deceitful trap? I live with my uncle so obediently and he looks at me with such a different look?" He said to the gatekeeper with fire-shedding eyes, "Do you want to see my strength? If I want, I can send this Vishakhanandi along with his family to Yamlok." And Vishwabhuti punched the nearby Koshth tree. All the fruits of that tree fell down because of his blow.

The gatekeeper bowed down in surprise in front of such power. Explaining the secret of his process by clenching his teeth, Vishwabhuti said, "If I decide, I can kill Vishakhanandi like the fruit of this Koshth - but no, how can I forget the respect of elders? And lies and deceit keep happening in this world!"

Vishwabhuti truly saw the illusion of the world and his heart got up from this crazy world. A voice arose in the world of his heart: "What to do with this world?" And he set out to take the path of detachment. He met the sage Sambhuti who was sitting nearby and Vishwabhuti accepted Jain initiation and became Muni Vishwabhuti.

This sudden change in Vishwabhuti's life brought silence in Rajgriha. Vishwanandi and Queen Priyangu were ashamed of their illusion. To restore the situation which had become a mess, the entire royal family came to the feet of Muni Vishwabhuti. Apologizing for their mistake, the King and Queen requested him to come back to the world. But Muni Vishwabhuti remained firm. The love of his beloveds was unable to melt his renunciation. The power of the *sanskars* of the pure self-control that he had followed for years in the life of Marichi, now solidified around his self-restraint like a fort and not even one of its domes could move. The royal family returned disappointed.

The sage kept moving ahead taking long leaps on the path of detachment. Along with the worship of knowledge, the sage had also lit the fire of penance. By observing two, three, four fasts in this manner, he started observing *Masakshaman* one after another. His body started thinning. Where that Prince Vishwabhuti and where this Angar Vishwabhuti. There was so much difference that the eyes could get fooled in recognizing him in this state.

The moment of downfall sometimes suddenly comes and the *sadhak* (spiritual seeker) who had been conquering peak after peak suddenly slides into the deep pit of hell. At such a time, the sage forgot to take precaution that was necessary to be taken and the wheel of progress turned upside down.

It was the *parana* (breaking the fast) of *masakshaman*. With the permission of his Guru, Vishwabhuti Muni had adopted solitary wandering (*ekaki-vihar*) to make his soul more capable. He was going for alms on the highway of Mathura.

By chance Visakhanandi was also there at that time. He had come there to marry the princess of Mathura. As soon as he saw the sage passing by on the highway, he recognized him. The day when Vishwabhuti had proved his strength by breaking the fruits of *Koshth* with a single fist flashed before his eyes.

Muni Vishwabhuti also recognized Visakhanandi. His body had also become very thin. At this time Visakhanandi said softly in a voice of laughter, is this the body that can break the fruits of *Koshth* with a single fist? Just then, a cow pushed the Muni and he fell down.

This scene provoked Visakhanandi even more. Throwing a sarcastic smile, he taunted the sage: "Where has your strength gone, which used to crush the fruit of *Koshth* to the ground in a single punch? A cow like a cow. Poor weak animal species. You yourself fell down with its slightest push. Ha...ha...hee...hee...

And Visakhanandi started laughing out loud.

The sage was now overwhelmed with pride. The sage, who had trampled the force of love under his feet and remained steadfast in self-restraint, could not tolerate a sarcasm aimed at his pride. He forgot his sage dharma. With eyes red like embers and mouth full of fire like flame, he gave a stunning reply to Visakhanandi:

"No, I am not weak... Even today my strength is the same. Do you want to see my strength?"

And the Muni, holding the same cow by its horns, swung it around forcefully and threw it up in the sky. Seeing so much strength hidden in a very thin looking body, all standing nearby were astonished and started biting their fingers.

The sage's pride was not satisfied with this. As if a vine of revenge had grown out of the stump of enmity, in a fit of anger he made a resolution: “ As a result of my pure self-control and severe penance for years, I ask for only one thing – I should be given so much strength in the next life that I could kill this Vishakhanandi... no... I don't want anything else. If I get the strength to take revenge then this pure self-restraint of mine and this fierce penance of mine will be successful.”

'That's it, the game was over! The *siddhi* (accomplishment) of which self-restraint is fearlessness and non-violence, by auctioning it, the sage bought violence and enmity. In this moment of negligence, the sage went towards downfall. Even after this, he lived a life of self-restraint for millions of years but the water of atonement was not sprinkled on the flame of enmity burning in a corner of his heart. And on completion of his life, sage Vishwabhuhi became a god in Mahashukra Devlok.

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5. Tradition of Downfall

After completing the excellent lifespan of 17 Sagaropam in Mahashukra Devlok, the soul of Muni Vishwabhuhi was born in Potanpur city as Triprishth -Vasudev. Out of the two queens of King Prajapati of Potanpur city, Achal was the son of the queen named Bhadra and Triprishth was the son of Queen Mrigavati. Achal was born with the virtue of Baldev, while Triprishth was born with the good fortune of Vasudev.

Vasudev, Baldev and Prativasudev, these three are related to each other. Vasudev comes only after making a resolution in his previous life. Just as the power of this resolution gives him the empire of the tripartite earth, it also gives him the pain of severe hell. In this way, his virtue is connected to the terrible tradition of sin. When he made a resolution in the life of sage Vishwabhuhi, Triprishth got the glory of Vasudev, but at the same time, his going to hell was also inevitably decided.

The situation is completely opposite for Baldev. He is Vasudev's half-brother, yet the love between Vasudev and Baldev is deeper than that of the moon and the chakor. His virtue is influenced by the tradition of great virtue, in the last moments of life, he either attains salvation by becoming austere or becomes the owner of the wealth of Devlok. Apart from salvation or heaven, there is no other destination for him. Baldev was immovable.

Whereas Prativasudev's fate is to feel sad after getting up hungry leaving the prepared food. He acquires the wealth of the three parts of the earth by travelling in war for years...but when the time comes to enjoy it, Vasudev, who is stronger than him, challenges his royal wealth and brings him to the battlefield. A fierce battle breaks out between Vasudev and Prativasudev. In this Vasudeva is finally victorious while Prativasudev's *Raudradhyan* (adverse internal meditation that hurts the self and others) drags him to hell.

Triprishth was Vasudev. His step brothers were Achal-Baldev. At that time, Ashwagriva was dominant in the form of Prativasudev. Vasudev Baldev's father Prajapati Raja himself was under Ashwagriva.

Ashwagriva was the king of Ratnapur. His height was impressive. His age was huge. During the war journey, he had hoisted the flag of victory over Trikhand Bharat. He had also made the rulers of two categories of Vidyadhars bow down. Magadh, Varadam and Prabhastirth were under his command. In total, sixteen thousand crowned kings were under his command.

That was the time of the eleventh Tirthankara Shreyansnath Bhagwant. The characters of Vasudev, Baldev and Prativasudev had taken the form of warriors on earth at that time. Everyone was enjoying their time amidst the grand dance and *mujra* of the royal court.

Prajapati's real name was Ripu-Pratishatru, but a sensational incident in his life had given him the name Prajapati. The details of this incident were something like this. Achal and Mrigavati were brother and sister. Achal and Mrigavati were born as a result of the marriage of a princess named Bhadra. The beauty of Mrigavati was incomparable. In this, the spring of youth covered her body. The impurity of lust started spreading in the eyes of Father Ripushatru. He felt that the ownership of daughter Mrigavati is his. Then who will stop him from marrying her? And one day he asked a cunning question in the royal court: "Who owns the things that are produced in this royal palace? People, answer this question of mine with courage and clarity, I want a true answer from you."

Unaware of the intention behind the question, all the people immediately replied in one voice, "Where is the place for a question in this? You will be the only owner of these." :

The very next moment, the king made a bold statement, "Then listen, Mrigavati is my daughter, so I am her owner. She is definitely my daughter, but I will be her husband. I will marry her."

The entire assembly was stunned... but who would speak? Who can be the owner's owner? The king did the audacity to be in relationship with his own child. The king married Mrigavati. As a memory of this sinful love, the people named Ripu-Pratishatru as Prajapati. The husband of a daughter like the people is Prajapati.

The surprising thing is to see that the one in whose life the *Shivatva* of Lord Mahavir is hidden, that Triprishth Vasudev was born from the union of this father and daughter. After knowing so much about Triprishth Vasudev, now let us take a look at the life of Prativasudev Ashwagriva.

After getting the sole ownership of Trikhand, one day Ashwagriva wanted to know his future world. For a person who knows *Ashtang Nimitt*, both the past and the future are as clear as the present. He asked one such knowledgeable person about his future life. In the answer, the future was somewhat doubtful. The astrologer said that one who will defeat your messenger Chandveg, then as a prince appointed to protect the rice fields in your Shalikhshetra will tear apart the lion standing there, your death is written at his hands.

The thought of death made Prativasudev tremble. He said to himself: "Will the son of one of the kings under my control kill me?"

Knowing the future, Ashwagriva became worried. Meanwhile, one day news of a turmoil came. A lion had started a massacre in the areas near Ratnapur. The lion was invincible. The efforts of the farmers were unsuccessful. The safety of the fields was in fear. As soon as Ashwagriva got this news, a hope was born. The two main characters of the prophecy, Chandveg and the lion, started floating in front of his eyes. He planned to sow a lot of rice in his fields and ordered his ruled kings to appear in turn to protect the fields from the lion. What kind of deception to find and kill his killer?

Many stories about the strength and fame of King Prajapati's sons Achal and Triprishth had started spreading everywhere. Once Ashwagriv sent his messenger Chandveg to Potanpur. Chandveg reached Potanpur with the adornment befitting the status of Prativasudev.

In the royal court, there was a gathering filled with music, songs and mujra (dance of courtesans). The party was in full swing when the messenger Chandveg entered the gathering, spoiling the fun.

Prajapati knew very well how dangerous the consequences could be if the representative of Prativasudev was not respected. Leaving the dance and music show, the king welcomed the messenger. He expressed his happiness on the victory of Ashwagriv.

Triprishth was unaware of the great power behind the work of the messenger Chandveg. He was enraged by this attitude of his father. How many beautiful *alaaps* of the grand musical melody had to be left incomplete? Sensing his anger, the state minister explained to him the personality of the messenger and the duty of the state. This made Triprishth even more furious and he said to himself: "What kind of relationship is this between a master and a servant? The one who can draw the sword is the master! The writings of ownership are not engraved on the forehead by birth. The one who has power in his hands, the world dies for him!

That day the dance and mujra program remained incomplete. After two days, Chandveg took leave from Potanpur. The boiling blood of Triprishth had not cooled down yet. Triprishth got an opportunity to take revenge of the enmity born out of spoiling the festivities. Keeping his father unaware, taking along some of his trusted soldiers, he challenged Chandveg on the way:

"Hey, messenger, a sinner who spoils the festivities, even a common relative visits after sending a letter. You came suddenly and all the fun of our heavenly music and merriment was ruined... Now take revenge for that!"

Triprishth raised his fist and ran to kill the messenger. The messenger would have completed his hundred years there itself, at that very moment Achal came forward and calmed Triprishth by explaining the lesson of policy that 'the messenger should not be killed'. But how can there be peace without taking revenge? On his orders, the entire convoy of the messenger was looted. Chandveg returned with a sad face thinking that 'if life is saved, then lakhs are gained'. This news of robbery troubled Prajapati a lot. He found this mistake to be terrible. Disregard of the messenger was another form of open disregard of Ashwagriva.

Ashwagriva got the news, he saw his own disrespect in the disregard of his messenger. Glaring eyes, he immediately ordered, "Go...right now... and tell that Prajapati that from now

on, you will have to protect the fields by staying among the forest kings (lions) roaming in Shalikshetra. When your two sons have learned to try their hand, you have become so inflated with pride.”

The order reached Potanpur. The result was the same as what Prajapati had thought. Turning red with anger, he scolded Triprishth: “Triprishth, now go at the footsteps of the lion, even a single step taken without caring about the consequences invites death. It is your mistake... it is your fault... I will have to bear the consequences.”

And Prajapati got ready to go to Ratnapur. Both the brothers had full faith in their strength. Stopping their father, both of them got ready to go in front of the lion.

There was a double trick of Ashwagriva behind this order. By insulting Chandveg, Triprishth had made his prophecy reliable. This method would be effective to make it more reliable. Even if the lion dies, there would be benefit and even if Triprishth dies, there would be benefit. Ashwagriva had laddoos in both his hands. If the ghee would spill, it was going to spill into khichdi.

Both Achal and Triprishth came and stood in Shalikshetra. After ordering the accompanying army to stay outside, both of them went towards the place where the lion lived. There were heaps of bones on the way. Both the brothers stood in front of the lion, looking at those skeletons, a symbol of the weakness of the soldiers who had come for protection. Hearing the sound of their chariot, the lion woke up once, but seeing only two men in front of him, he might have felt that roaring was unfair and he went back to sleep.

Sitting in the chariot, Triprishth challenged the lion to a fight. The lion woke up alertly. Achal prepared for the fight. But how could Triprishth let go of this opportunity to fight face to face with the lion. He raised his arms.

The lion was alone. He did not have any weapons in his hands. And then he was on the ground. Triprishth found his way of war unjust and the very next moment he got down from the chariot, threw away his weapons and ran straight towards the lion. The lion was seeing such bravery for the first time in his life and became alert. He roared so loudly that the forest was shaken and by slamming his tail he trembled the entire Shalikshetra.

Triprishth roared from the front. “Hey king of the forest, the fight of strength will be in the field, what will whimpering do?”

The lion jumped on all four legs. Triprishth also jumped ferociously. This battle between man and beast was amazing. But who was going to stand before Vasudev? In the next moment, the jaw of the lion was caught in the claws of Triprishth. And in one attack, Triprishth tore the lion to pieces while standing. The sorrow of this crushing defeat from man was giving him more pain than death. The king of the forest was rolling in the dust. Triprishth cried out in joy.

The sobbing pathos of the lion melted the charioteer. He said, “Lion! If you are the king of the forest, then this Triprishth Kumar is the king of the three worlds. Do not regret unnecessarily, you have not died of equal or diminishing strength, but you have died of someone more powerful than you, so do not regret this. In a few moments, the lion died. His soul reached the dark alleys of the painful hell.

After giving the skin of the dead lion to Ashwagriva 's ambassador, both the brothers left for Potanpur directly. Prajapati was impressed by the valour of his sons.

Prativasudev Ashvagriv saw that lion-skin. He saw the shadows of his death in it. Astrologer's prophecy was matching with Triprishth. After defeating Chandveg, he had killed the lion. Ashvagriv, who was roaming around in search of an opportunity to ignite the embers of war burning inside, once got such an opportunity.

During these days, Vidyadhar Jwalanjati, who was obedient to Ashvagriv, got his young daughter Swayamprabha married to Triprishth Kumar. For this marriage, it was necessary to take the consent of Ashvagriv due to the loyalty of that time. Since Jwalanjati was the declared king of Ashvagriv. Prativasudev, taking the excuse of this love affair made with his hidden enemy Triprishth without asking himself, decided to play war with Vasudev. First he sent a messenger to Potanpur to marry Swayamprabha.

The messenger came to Potanpur and everyone laughed at his demand... "Hey...fool! Doesn't your king even know that the engagement of a daughter is performed not the daughter-in-law's. Swayamprabha has tied knots with Triprishth Vasudev in the presence of everyone."

Triprishth's blood boiled with this inappropriate proposal. He scolded the messenger and drove him away. The messenger returned to Ratnapur disappointed and with a sad face.

It was now time for Vasudev to rise. Prativasudev's sun was moving towards sunset. The spark that was needed to burn the forest of enmity in the hearts of both was now found.

The battle bells had started ringing on both sides. The earth started trembling with the sound of the war trumpet. Triprishth's power was blooming in full spring. Ashwagriv's strength was showing weakness. But at the time of destruction, only negative intellect is born. Lakhs of soldiers had been deployed on both the fronts. This fierce war between Vasudev and Prativasudev was going to be fought with divine weapons.

By putting a woman in front, swords were being drawn on the battlefield. Vasudev and Prativasudev collided face to face. The ground was soaked with blood. It was as if heaps of bones started flowing in the river of blood.

Weapons fell short... there were no arms left. The flag of victory seemed to be leaning towards Vasudev. Meanwhile, Prativasudev Ashwagriva remembered his divinely created Chakraratna and he started dancing with joy. He spun the Chakraratna on the tip of his finger and with full force he made deadly attack on Triprishth. The fate of its master Ashwagriv's death was written with this Chakraratna.

Triprishth, the owner of matchless virtue and unmatched strength, did not suffer much from the Chakraratna. Waking up from a normal unconsciousness, with annoyance, he spun the same Chakraratna on his finger. Seeing its rotation forcefully and the anger of its driver, everyone's hearts started trembling. Meanwhile, that Chakraratna came towards Ashwagriv with a stormy speed and the next moment, Ashwagriv's heavy body fell on the ground like a broken branch. His own destruction with his own weapon! Karmaraja threw Ashwagriva into the seventh hell.

The earth and sky resounded with the victory cry of Vasudev. The gods rang the victory trumpet in the sky. Rajriddhi (wealth) that Prativasudev had achieved till date was now in the hands of Vasudev. The three-sectioned world was under his command. After this Vasudev came to Potanpur.

The task of Digvijay (winning the world) was still incomplete. One day the war bugle was blown and Vasudev set out for Digvijay. By making Magadh Dev in the east, Varadam Dev in the south and Prabhas Dev in the west his obedient subjects, the victory parade proceeded towards the Vaitadhya mountain range. After achieving victory there, he proceeded towards Potanpur. In the middle, a Kotishila (a rock which can be lifted by crores of men together) came in the Magadh country. He lifted it with his arms and raised it high in the sky like an umbrella. Seeing this strength, everyone felt blessed. The victory parade came to Potanpur.

The Devs, Vidyadhars and the kings of different countries gathered and anointed Triprishth Kumar as the first Vasudev.

During this time, the 11th Tirthpati Shreyansnath Prabhu had attained *keval gyan* and the boat of *shasan* had started floating in this *bhavsagar* (ocean of existence). While wandering, one day he arrived in the courtyard of Potanpur.

The entire city along with Vasudev and Baldev gathered to hear the religious sermons of the Tirthankar Prabhu. With this extraordinary hearing, the radiance of *Samyagdarshan* that was buried in the heart of Triprishth Vasudev started shining again. The light appeared in the life of Naysar. In the life of Marichi, in the illusion of Kapil, he uttered a single sentence 'Itthampi Ihayampi' and that light got covered. He forgot this covering of the light in the 16th life as Vishwabhuti, at the moment of Vishakhanandi's mockery, and the light got hidden again. Thus, while experiencing the ups and downs of rise and fall, the soul of Lord Mahavir got that light back in the life as Triprishth Vasudev.

Grandeur is such an intoxicating thing that it doesn't take long to lose one's senses. And what more can one ask of Vasudev's grandeur? Such a moment came in Triprishth's life and it took him into a maze. Music is one of the things associated with a luxurious life, just like wine, beauties and war.

Slow music kept playing in Vasudev's bedroom and he fell asleep. On one such night, Vasudev lost his senses.

The notes of the music were slowly taking over the atmosphere. The tinkling of anklets was resonating and the whole atmosphere was heavenly. Amidst such tunes, Triprishth Vasudev lied down on his side on the bed. He had ordered the bedkeeper: "Stop the song and music after I fall asleep."

In a few moments Vasudev's eyelids drooped but the bedkeeper who was lost in the sweetness of the voice did not lift his eyelids and the music continued. What music it was, the bedkeeper was swaying to it... time was passing.

When Vasudev Triprishth woke up, the music was still going on. His face became tense after hearing it. "So, you found this music sweeter than my command, disobeyed my order? You enjoyed the pleasure, now suffer the consequences."

And Vasudev got hot boiling lead liquid poured into the bedkeeper's ears. The poor fellow kept screaming... kept shouting... Vasudev kept laughing and created such a terrible *karma* that in the life of Lord Mahavir, he had to suffer the pain of having nails hammered in his ears.

The end of Vasudev's 84 lakh years of Grandeur came near. The light of *Samyagdarshan* that had shone from the religious preaching of Lord Shreyansnath vanished at this time and as soon as his life was over, the power of *karma* pushed Triprishth Vasudev into the seventh hell by dethroning him from the throne of happiness. Vasudev, who had sat on the throne of happiness, had to go to live and suffer in the lowest level of sorrow.

This future is assured not only for Triprishth but for every Vasudev. He became the owner of the power obtained through *niyana* and by making deals and went to suffer the punishment of the seventh hell after death.

When Triprishth died, due to his intense love for his brother, the flame of separation spread in every pore of Achal Baldev. He was not ready to accept the death of his brother. He kept Triprishth's body with him for six months and looked after it, but at last when he understood the reality, his pain increased even more. To get rid of this pain, he found the path of detachment. One day, he remembered the discourse he had heard from Tirthankar Shreyansnath Prabhu and he became healthy. After this, on coming in contact with Acharya Shri Dharmghoshsuriji, he became self-restrained.

There are only two destinations in Baldev's destiny. Either salvation or heaven! Sage Achal was on the path of liberation. He became a *Kevali* and on completion of his life, his soul got established in the luminous world of Siddhashila forever.

It is impossible to say to what depth of degradation a man reaches after falling from a step. Becoming a lion, the soul of Triprishth Vasudev killed many people. The tradition of degradation that was born out of resolution taken in the sage life of Vishwabhuti had to continue further. in the sage form of Vishwabhuti. He got the life of a lion filled with violence. The karma did not feel ashamed even when that soul in the 21st life got punished with the fourth hell.

After the 21st life of the fourth hell, in the 22nd life, the soul of Triprishth got the opportunity of human birth and Jain religion. But after this life of hell, that soul had many small lives of animals etc. in between, which are not counted in the 27 lives. After wandering in these small lives, such ability appeared in that soul that it could get a good life and true feelings.

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6. The Journey Towards Resurrection

The soul of Lord Mahavir got the life of a prince in the 23rd birth. He was born as the son of King Priyamitra and Queen Vimala of Rathpur city. He became famous as Prince Vimal.

It was very difficult to keep the flame of compassion burning in the heart even in the storm of royal pleasures. Once in Vimal's life, that flame kept flickering even in a difficult situation.

Once Vimalkumar went for a walk in the forest, there he heard the cries of innocent creatures trapped in the hunters' net and his compassion arose and he freed all those creatures and gave them *Abhaydaan* (freedom from fear). The virtue associated with giving this freedom from fear decided his next life as a human being.

After running the kingdom with ethics and goodness, King Vimal adopted a life of restraint in the later part of his life. In this life, he did such *Bhishma Sadhana* that the prosperity and achievements of Chakravartihood got written on his forehead. Human life was decided by *Abhaydaan* and the post of Chakravarti was decided by practicing self-restraint.

In the evening of his life, sage Vimal fasted for a month and after attaining the *Kaldharma*, he became the Chakravarti named Priyamitra in Muka city of Apar Mahavideh.

The stories of the glory of Chakravarti are unique. The birth of Tirthankars is indicated by the fourteen *Mahasvapnas* (great dreams). The mother of a Chakravarti also sees the same fourteen dreams, but the difference is that the mother of a Tirthankar sees those dreams very clearly, while the mother of a Chakravarti sees the dreams a little blurred. The virtue of a Chakravarti is also considered incomparable. If that virtue is associated with the bondage of virtue, then its owner either gets salvation or heaven. If that virtue is associated with the bondage of sin, then it takes him to hell. The Chakravarti is considered to be Indra of all human beings. Six parts of the world are under his command. Thirty-two thousand crowned kings consider it an honour to serve him. Fourteen gems and nine treasures lie at his feet. Even the gods consider it a blessing to be his servants.

As per the prophecy made by Lord Rishabhdev to Bharat Chakravarti, Marichi's soul had already got the prosperous life of Vasudev. Out of the remaining two titles, the *chamar* (fan) of Chakravartihood was about to be swung upon him.

King Dhananjay and Queen Dharini of Mukanagari were feeling blessed to be the parents of a Chakravarti. Growing up amidst unmatched luxuries, Priyamitra passed his childhood and entered his youth. He was married to hundreds of princesses. He conquered the world and became a Chakravarti.

One day Dhananjay and Dharini left for the path of self-restraint after handing over the responsibility of the kingdom to Priyamitra. After this birth, in the fourth birth itself Priyamitra Chakravarti was going to become Dharmachakravarti Lord Shri Mahavir. It was as if the dawn of the Sun of detachment to be bloomed there in all its glory, had burst in this world. Even amidst the comforts of so many luxuries, Priyamitra's mind was sad about the world. It was not easy to keep the lamp of detachment burning in the corner of the heart

burning amidst this storm of luxuries, but Priyamitra was able to keep that flame of detachment burning constantly.

Once Priyamitra Chakravarti was looking at the sky while standing at the window of the palace. Suddenly clouds gathered in the clear sky. In a few moments those clouds dispersed again. The sky became clear again, but Priyamitra got a glimpse of the impermanence of the whole world in this context. He said to himself:

“In this sky of the world also, the clouds of affection suddenly gather like this and disperse in the next moment, right? How can the eternal and timeless beauty be allowed to wither to adorn this unstable idol of momentariness?

The Chakravarti came down from the window and heard that Shri Pottilacharya had arrived in the garden. He came out with the four-fold army to pay his respects.

The religious discourse of Acharya Pravar became the spring season for the forest of detachment that had blossomed after seeing the sky. The Chakravarti announced his decision to accept *sarva-virati* (renunciation). After crowning his son as the king, the Chakravarti left behind his immense splendour just like a snake sheds its outer layer and he started following the path of self-restraint. He still had to live a life of one crore years. During this time, while worshipping and meditating on purer self-restraint, Priyamitra Muni one day died and became a deity in the seventh devlok named Shukra.

After completing the lifespan of 17 Sagaropam in the Shukra devlok, the soul of Priyamitra Chakravarti took 25th birth as the son of King Jitshatru and Queen Bhadra in the city named Chhatra. The supreme feeling of compassion of 'I will make all living beings worshippers of Jinshasan and I will make all living beings fond of Shasan' was to be specially imbibed here and the holy moment of the *nikachna* of the Tirthankar *naamkarma* was also to come in this birth. The tradition of worship that started from the 22nd birth was going to bloom in full in this birth. Prince Nandan was reaching the threshold of youth. The king and queen handed over the responsibility of the kingdom to Nandan Kumar and adopted a life of restraint.

The lifespan of King Nandan was 25 lakh years. He remained in the kingdom for 24 lakh years, yet his mind was yearning for liberation. Getting inspiration from Shri Pottilacharya, he became a self-restrained person. In this life of restraint, by starting severe penance, and by instilling the feeling of making all the living beings fond of Shasan, he had to make the *naam-karma* of Tirthankar pure.

The vastness of the feeling of worshipper kept developing. It was worth seeing. Nandan Muni had taken a *Bhishma Pratigya* (very stringent vow) from the day of initiation that 'From today till the end of my life, I will fast for a month on the very next day of the completion of the fast of a month.' After such a *Bhishma Pratigya* of penance, he became determined to acquire knowledge. He acquired knowledge of up to eleven parts (*Angs*).

The power to earn the *naam-karma* of a Tirthankar is contained in the 'Vinshati Sthanak-Tap'. Along with this, the extreme state of *Bhaavdaya* is also required. Nandan Muni was about to become a Tirthankar. He worshipped the Vis-sthanak Tap. The feeling of compassion of '*Savi Jeev Karun Shasan Rasi*' was overflowing in every pore of his body. In

the worship of this penance, there are 20 places which are full of strange effects. It is worth knowing about them.

Arihant Pad -1

Omniscient Lord Shri Arihant, endowed with four *Atishayas* and eight *Maha Pratiharyas*, is included in it. He becomes a Tirthankar by being filled with the best feeling of compassion of '*Savi Jeev Karun Shasan Rasi*'. After establishing the *Tirtha*, he floats the ship of *Dharma*, which has the capacity of unbroken saviour's power, in the ocean of the world. With the help of which many living beings swim across the surging ocean between the world and *Siddhashila* and reach the opposite shore. The state of the splendor of Tirthankartva, including *sarvagyata* (omniscience) and *sarvadarshita* (the quality to see everything), is assessed here. As soon as he becomes Videha, he is established in Siddhpada.

Siddhpada - 2

The pure and enlightened state of the soul is established in this post. The state of being bodiless, formless and nameless, is the Siddha state. When the Siddhatva is fully revealed in every great living being, then he is entitled to this post. This is the post that makes the soul standing on the hot shore of birth, old age and death float in the *triveni* (confluence) of unborn, agelessness and immortality.

Pravachan pad- 3

Just as the word *Pravachan* identifies the twelve-fold form of *Shrutgyan*, similarly the sound of the fourfold *Sangh* dominated by *Shraman* also comes out from this. Because, this is the *Sangh* that lives a life based on the twelve-fold form. Without performing the *Paryupasana* of the *Pravachan pad*, it is impossible to attain the post of Arihant or Siddh. Without *Pravachan*, one cannot become an Arihant and without becoming an Arihant, one cannot become a *Siddh*. In this way, the seed of creation of the Siddhpada is hidden in the Pravachanpad.

Acharya pad - 4

When the sun-like proximity of the Tirthankara Dev sets, when the moon of the leadership of the Ganadhars also sets, then one who has to handle the responsibilities like a lamp are included in this post of Acharya. This is the post which keeps the Tirthankara-enlightened Dharmatirth intact for thousands of years without any interruption. Unwavering loyalty towards the Shasan and the courage to sacrifice one's life for it are the special features of this post.

Sthavir pad- 5

Sthavir post has three types - Vay, Paryay and Shrutsthavir. Vaysthavir is not much related to this post. Paryay means the time of character! Those who are great in character and Shrutgyan – their place is in this post. After living a self-restrained life for more than a year, he is counted among the Paryay Sthavir. Sthavir does a great favour to a new self-restrained person by making him stable in character. A new self-restrained person needs a Sthavir more than need of a fence and a gardener for a blooming plant.

Upadhyay pad - 6

This post includes those Upadhyayas who have the pride of being a crown prince in front of the royal post of Acharya. Their life's aim is to study Dvadashangi. Sthavir and Upadhyaya are extremely necessary for the purity and growth of the Sadhu Sangha. The worship of these two posts has the power to give the supreme merit of a Tirthankar.

Sadhu pad - 7

The sages who worship and pray the Tirthankar-created Mokshmarg – Sarvavirati Dharma, who are absorbed in knowledge, meditation, penance and self-study, are worshipped in this post.

Gyan pad - 8

In the posts like Arihant etc., worship of qualities was the main focus. In this post, worship of qualities takes the main place. Attainment of true knowledge is rare. Very rare. If even a fraction of ignorance and non-observance of rule remains after the emergence of knowledge, that knowledge cannot be *Samyak gyan* (true knowledge). Worship of knowledge is worship of qualities. This post is of that worship.

Darshan pad - 9

Not having even a fraction of faith in anyone other than the principle presented by Lord is the aim of Darshan pad. Non-violence in conduct and *Anekantvad* (many-sidedness) in thoughts, only that is religion! One who is free from attachment and hatred is God! And one who can show the light of detachment and show the path to attain the ideal of the state of *vitrag* (detachment), only that is Guru. In this Darshan pad, there is incomparable ability to give the strength to stand on this triangle of faith.

Vinay pad -10

Humility is the gateway to all qualities. Where there is humility, there is a coordination of all virtues. This humility has the ability to embellish not only knowledge, but also life.

Chaaritra pad - 11

The fruit of knowledge is contained in this post. Knowledge gives thoughts, character gives conduct. The path of thoughts remains desolate without the light of conduct. Without touching this post, it is impossible to get the ownership of Siddhashila.

Brahmacharya pad - 12

The complete worship of this step is usually associated with the acceptance of the life of a sage. This step is the spinal cord or the life of the body of character. Brahma means soul! Living and roaming in the soul, that is *Brahmacharya* (celibacy) in the true sense! Even Indra feels blessed in glorifying this vow, this step. The difficultness of this vow is matchless. In the five *mahavrat* (great vows), there are provisions for exceptions and sacrifices for each vow, but in this great vow there is no place for exceptions at all.

Shubh Dhyam pad - 13

It is not that if the garbage of *karma* that has been piling up for infinite time is picked up and thrown out then it will come to an end. There is only one way to remove it – set fire to its

root. Shubh Dhyān is this burning flame. This flame is such that it burns the infinite garbage to ashes. There are two divisions of meditation. Shubh(auspicious) and Aśubh (inauspicious). Dharmādhyān and Shuklādhyān are two divisions of Shubh Dhyān. Its meditator can attain salvation. There are two divisions of inauspicious meditation, *Aart* and *Raudra*, and their meditator gets lost in the world.

Tap pad- 14

One that heats is called *tap* (penance). The gold of the soul is dirty....it is covered with dust. It will have to do penance. The gold that comes out in its original form from the heat of penance is the supreme soul (parmatma)! This penance is divided into six types in the division of external and internal. In total, there are twelve types of it.

Supatradaan pad - 15

The result of donation is based on the *patra* (person who gets donation). The raindrop of a cloud is same, yet a drop becomes pearl when it falls in an oyster getting the coincidence of Swati. Some drop goes into the mouth of a snake and takes the form of poison. The same is the case with donation, if it goes to a worthy person, then its power can even lead to salvation. In some book, the 15th pad is named as Goyam pad. If thought from a coordinated point of view, then the aim of both is the same. In one, there is pre-eminence of quality, in the other, about the person with quality. In the four divisions of *dharma*, donation is the foremost. This is the landmark of its supremacy.

Vaiyavachcha pad -16

The scriptures put the stamp of unfailing quality on the fruits of Vaiyavachcha. Other qualities may or may not give results. Whereas the capacity of this post to give results is invincible. It can never be fruitless. Bharat was a Chakravarti, yet he could not compete with his younger brother Bahubali. Bahubali got the power to crush the supreme worldly power like a Chakravarti by the exclusive worship of this post.

Samadhi pad - 17

This post inspires to keep the soul steady in equanimity by keeping the lamp of *Samadhi* (state of deep meditation) burning amidst the terrible storms of ailments and titles. The perfection of philosophy is in knowledge. Knowledge attains perfection in self-restraint. The perfection of self-restraint is in Samadhi.

Abhinavgyan pad - 18

Abhinav means new. This post reveals the desire to get new *gyan* (knowledge). The path is covered by walking step by step. The ultimate and the highest attainment of knowledge is only knowledge. There is no path of knowledge beyond this. Developing the passion to acquire new knowledge, to attain such a *gyan-tirth* where there is no effort left after reaching there, is the inspiration of this post.

Shrut pad - 19

Shrut is the element that draws the flowing water of the words of Vitrag to us. Shrut means scripture and *agam*. Its enrichment, protection and creation are established in this post. This

post gives the holy inspiration to take the priceless treasure of Shrut that we have received today to the future generations.

Tirth pad - 20

One who saves is called Tirth! the Chaturvidh Sangh, the rule of Lord, the auspicious lands of Jineshwar Devs, the grand Jin idols that inspire thousands and the Jin temples that proclaim *Samyagdarshan* to millions, the rituals adding to the glory of the Jain shasan, all these have such power to swim in the ocean of the world. To attain that power, to shed tears of gratitude for its approval – the origin of this inspiration is this post.

These twenty pad (posts) are so unique and brilliant. Therefore, worshipping them can give us the quality of Tirthankar.

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7 . The Stringent Penance of 11,80,645 Masakshamans

Sage Nandan spent his life of one lakh years enduring many kinds of difficulties and troubles. Along with that he did excellent worship of this *vishsthanak tap*. The *Bhishma Pratigya* (stringent vow) of *Masakshaman on the Parana of Masakshaman* was accepted from the day of initiation itself.

In the last days of his life, this *sadhana* of lakhs of years helped the sage. He asked for forgiveness from all the living beings. The memory of twelve emotions kept increasing his sense of detachment and he criticized the transgressions. Remembering the Panch Parmeshthi every moment gave him inexhaustible and inexhaustible strength and on remembering the life stories of mighty great men, waves of joy arose within him. Thus, after attaining the *siddhi* of *Samadhi Maran*, in the 26th birth, the soul of Sage Nandan was born as a Dev in a division named 'Pushpottara-Vatansak' of the tenth Pranat Devlok.

Sage Nandan had awakened the intense desire to make all living beings happy in such a strong manner that this feeling, becoming *bhavanashini* (the destructress of the being), was to give the status of a Tirthankar. Due to this, his soul remained unattached even amidst the splendours of the 10th Devlok. Even the fierce storm of pleasures could not extinguish the lamp of detachment burning within him. With its birth, his past life of self-restraint as Sage Nandan and his future life as Lord Mahavir appeared in the memory of that deity. How could the soul, who had spent a life of blemish-lessness with the fierce penance of *Masakshaman* for millions of years, like this life full of pleasures in Devlok? Even though it was of gold, afterall it was a shackle. The golden cage which imprisons the desires of liberation is also frightening, isn't it? With a sad heart, the soul of Sage Nandan lived in Devlok as a deity.

The vast life span of twenty Sagaropam ended, the wealth of being a Tirthankar was now standing very near. The feeling of detachment which spit upon the happiness of Devlok was awakened every moment. Still, the accounts of the family-pride done in the life of Marichi

and the deeds of the low-clan tied to it were not settled in the court of Karmaraj. This karma, which had become weak due to the enjoyment, caught back up and the soul of that deity was born in the womb of a woman of Brahmin caste.

The law of nature did not accept that a Tirthankar was born in Brahmin caste. To fight with Karmaraj who had rebelled against his law, he sought the help of Indra and Indra's throne shook. When he saw in the light of his *Avadhi gyan* (clairvoyance), the possibilities of a big disaster were being created. He felt a sad surprise in his mind – “Will a Tirthankar be born in a beggar's family?” He roared and Harinaygameshi Dev appeared. He accepted the responsibility of the transition of embryo.

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8. Lord Shri Mahavirdev

Karma has neither injustice nor compassion. The *karma* earned in the life of Marichi came to fruition in the last birth. Brahmarkund town. There lived Rishabhdatt Brahmin and Devnanda Brahmini. With three matchless knowledge, Lord descended in the womb of Devnanda. This incarnation was informed by fourteen *mahaswapnas* (great dreams), but Devnanda had also seen the kidnapping of these fourteen dreams from behind, in the dream itself. After 82 days of the embryo, it was transferred to the womb of Queen Trishala. This transition was also forewarned by the fourteen *mahaswapnas*.

Maharaja Siddhartha and Queen Trishala lived in Kshatriyakund town. After the queen and Devnanda exchanged embryo, the royal family started growing in all ways, therefore Siddhartha and Trishala decided to name their future son Vardhman. When six and a half months had passed since the pregnancy, Lord stopped moving his body so that his mother would not feel any pain. This had the opposite effect. Trishala started doubting the well-being of her pregnancy and the entire royal family was surrounded by sorrow. Everyone started mourning. Lord saw this and he resumed his movements and the entire palace was filled with joy. Then Lord resolved in his mind – “When my parents have so much attachment for me even before my birth, then how much more will they have after my birth? Therefore, I will not take up self-restraint while they are alive.” The bright Trayodashi (13th day) of Chaitra came and Lord Mahavir was born, drawing a line of light in all the three worlds.

56 Dishakumarikas came to perform the *Sutika Karma* of the Lord. *Raas* (a dance form) was performed. Three houses were made from the banana tree. In one house, massage was done, in the second bath was taken and in the third adoration was done. There was singing and money was showered. Thus the festival organized by Dishakumarikas was completed.

The throne of Devraj Indra started shaking. When he saw in the light of his *avadhi gyan*, Lord – the saviour of the world, had been born. Indra made announcement. Gods and Goddesses, Indra and Indrani all got ready to celebrate the birth on Mount Meru. The

Saudharm Devlok danced with the sound of the Sughosh bell. The 'Palak' aircraft was prepared and the community of gods gathered in the courtyard of Siddhartha's palace.

After introducing himself, Saudharmendra induced *avswapini nidra* (deep sleep) on Trishala Mata. Keeping an image of Lord Mahavir there, they proceeded towards Merugiri with the child Mahavir, the saviour of the world.

Saudharmendra assumed five forms. The 64 Indras had water-filled pitchers in their hands. To remove the doubts that had arisen in Indra after seeing the flow of anointment, the Lord pressed Meru a little with his left thumb and its rocks trembled... Indra became free from doubts. There were dances and songs filled with devotion. *Ashta Mangal* and *Aarti* rituals were performed. Indra returned with Lord to Vishwamata Trishala. He handed over the son. There was a rain of gems. In this way, the rituals of Indras related to the birth festival were completed.

Lord's childhood began. Although Lord was a child in age, but in terms of detachment, knowledge and speech, his age was innumerable. Parents named him 'Vardhman'.

Vardhman Kumar once went to play. At the same time, Indra praised his strength in the assembly of gods. One god found this praise to be an exaggeration and said, "Can a human be more powerful than a god (Dev) and that too a teenager?" He himself came to earth with an intention to test him and joined the amalaki game. Suddenly the game stopped. A fierce snake was hissing on the branch of the tree. All the children ran hurriedly, only Vardhman stood there. Vardhman caught the snake and threw it away as easily as one could lift a rope and throw it. The god felt ashamed in his heart. He was the one who had created the illusion of the snake. The game started getting started again. The condition of win and loss was tough. The winner should ride on the shoulders of the loser. This boy, who had the illusion of god, accepted defeat and Vardhman deliberately sat on that boy's back. In a moment the game turned around, Dev was no longer a Dev... he was no longer a boy. Now he had assumed a horrible form like a demon. Horrible face, eyes spewing fire... dry hair locks like the branch of a banyan tree... all the boys got scared after seeing this illusion of God, but Vardhman remained firm. Dev kept on growing his body. He made himself as tall as seven palm trees. Everyone was scared... As soon as Vardhman punched him on the head, the Dev came back to his original form. Everyone hailed Vardhman. Dev bowed down in his heart at Vardhman's feet and said, "You may be a child by body, but by heart you are not only Vir (brave) but also a Mahavir." From then on, Vardhman Kumar came to be known as Mahavir.

Why tie a festoon to a mango tree? Why paint the back of a peacock? What was left for the Lord to study, who was standing on the triangle of *Mati Shrut Avadhi* from birth? Still, due to the love for their son, the parents took him to the school for studies with great celebration.

Indraraj saw this scene. He laughed... He himself came down to reveal the power of the Lord. He went to school dressed as a Brahmin. He glorified the Lord by asking him about the doubts that were buried in his mind of the teacher for years. This led to the creation of 'Jainendra Vyakaran'. Crossing the threshold of age, Vardhman Kumar reached the stage of youth.

King Siddhartha and Queen Trishala were now in a dilemma. 'How to propose marriage to Vardhman, who has been a recluse all his life?' Finally, they decided to get him to talk

through his friends. The friends talked about marriage. Mahavir gave a short reply, 'Why do you want to tie me in such chain, who wants freedom from bondage?'

Finally, one day, mother Trishala herself talked about marriage to Kumar. The Lord thought that "the act of enjoyment is still left. I am living in this world so that the parents' hearts do not get hurt." He remained silent. His mother took his silence as consent and the engagement of Yashoda, daughter of king Samarvir, was accepted. One day the Lord married with Yashoda.

It was not that the fate of enjoyment should end without enjoying it. The Lord remained a worshipper of detachment even in enjoyment. A daughter's flower bloomed on the vine of marriage. Her name was Priyadarshana.

The speed of time keeps on increasing. Priyadarshana became a young woman. She got married to Prince Jamali. She also had a daughter. She was named Sheshavati.

When Vardhaman Kumar reached the age of 28 years, a moment came when he felt that the cage for liberation was open. During this period, Siddhartha and Trishala had passed away. Vardhaman, detached like a lotus in water, came to his elder brother Nandivardhan. He said, "Brother, please give me permission now. It is impossible for this soul, which is yearning to be free from the bondage of the world, to stay in the cage now."

Tears started flowing. There was already the trauma of separation from parents. In addition to that, the thought of separation from a dear brother like Vardhaman Mahavir made Nandivardhan extremely sad. He said, "Dear Vardhaman, why are you rubbing salt on my wound? The trauma of the death of parents is still fresh... and on top of that, you are talking about leaving me? You will have to stay in this world for at least two years, if not more."

Vardhaman Kumar saw with wisdom that he will have to stay in this world for two more years. He silently accepted his brother's love, but he spent these two years of household life in a very detached manner. In these two years, he spent most of his time in self-meditation. He had given up food prepared for him, beautiful ornaments, and adoration of his body.

Two years were over. As per his established conduct, Lokantik Dev came to pray to the Lord, "O Lord! O Jaganath! Establish Dharmatirth for the salvation of the world!"

The Lord was self-enlightened. This request was just a matter of observing respect. Vardhaman went to his elder brother. He placed before him his resolve to renounce everything. Nandivardhan's time limit had now expired. The annual donation had already begun. Donating one crore and eight lakh gold coins every day, Vardhaman got ready to leave for *Mahabhinishkraman* (the great renunciation) after one year.

Kshatriyakund city echoed with the sounds of the festival. With the donation of 300 crore and eight lakh gold coins, many wildfires of poverty had been extinguished. The royal family was delighted. The prisoners of the state had been freed on the occasion of Diksha Kalyanak.

At the age of thirty, Vardhaman got ready to renounce the world. The rule of the Indras started to shake. 64-64 Indras came to Kshatriyakund to become the slaves of the Tirthankar, the supreme deity. Countless other kings and emperors were also coming.

Preparations for the initiation procession were made by King Nandivardhan and Indraraj. A *shivika* (palanquin) named Chandraprabha was decorated and other preparations were also made on the other side. The procession passed through the main roads of the city and stopped at Gyatvan Khand.

Indraraj calmed the noise. The Lord discarded ornaments, as if a snake had shed its skin. Indra placed *Devdushya* (Divine garment) on the shoulders of the Lord. Pulling the black hair adorning his head and face with five fists, Vardhman put those hairs in the divine garment. The chants of '*Jai Jai Nanda, Jai Jai Bhadda*' were heard all around.

In the peaceful and serene atmosphere, the Lord's calm and serious voice echoed, "*Karemi Samaiyam*" and the drums started playing, the conches started blowing, a different kind of youthfulness started dancing in the atmosphere.

Leaving the world full of life, Shraman Vardhman left the forest alone that evening. Apart from the *Devdushya* kept by Indra, many people cried seeing the poverty reflected on his body.

At the time of taking the pledge of renouncing everything, Shraman Bhagwan Mahavir got the knowledge of *manah-paryav*. Now the Shraman life started. The Lord happily accepted the moment of accepting the troubles and nuisances. The small and big troubles that started from the evening of the day of initiation continued for 12-12 years. Even in front of those who showered fire like Shoolpani and Chandkaushik, a drop of the Lord's forgiving water became victorious. In many such cases, the prestige of non-violence and fearlessness had won.

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9. Donation of Devdushya

When grapes ripen, a crow gets a thorn in its throat. Something similar happened to a Brahmin of Kshatriya Kund. When the Lord gave donation for a year, he kept wandering from village to village and in cities to earn money, but the unfortunate wandering also proved futile. He returned empty handed. Then he heard that Vardhmankumar has left after renouncing everything, only a *Devdushya* is on his shoulders. Hearing about this *Devdushya*, his mouth started watering and he set out in search of the Lord.

After a lot of running around, the Brahmin got the sight of the Lord. He asked the Lord, "What is the fault of this poor man that I alone am poor, Lord?"

The Lord, devoid of attachment and love, gave away half of the *Devdushya* to the Brahmin, but where is the end of greed? The Brahmin showed the price of that half *Devdushya* to a tailor and asked him: The tailor was stunned at first. Then he said:

"Bhudev, this is a half *Devdushya*. It is priceless... You do this... Bring another piece of it too, then both of us will be happy. I will stitch it with such skill that this cloth will be sold for lakhs.

The Brahmin ran back. After passing through many forests, he saw the footprints of the Lord... but he felt ashamed... “How can I ask God again now?”

Bhudev kept wandering behind the Lord in hope. One day, the wind blew so strongly that the half Devdushya flew off the Lord's body and got entangled in the thorn fence. The Lord looked back at him.

Bhudev's heart danced with joy. He carefully separated the Devdushya from the thorns and hugged him to his chest and moved towards his village. The Lord moved forward. Days started passing by.

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10. Rain of Troubles

It is difficult to say when and where the seed of enmity buried inside will sprout. A queen who was insulted in the life of Triprishth Vasudev had become a demoness today. Suddenly she remembered her enmity with Vasudev and came down to take revenge for it.

It was a winter day. It was morning time in the bitter cold. In a forest, on the bank of a lake, Shraman Lord Mahavir was standing naked in Kausagg meditation. At that time that Katputana demoness arrived to take revenge for her old enmity. She filled her long hair locks with ice-cold water and started sprinkling it on the Lord's naked body. On one side was the tingling of winter, on the other side was the naked body and on the third side was the heavy flow of ice-cold water.

Even in a deadly trouble, the Lord remained steadfast. There was not even the slightest change in his state of fearlessness and non-enmity. At that time, the '*Avadhigyan*' of the Lord had reached the highest level of '*Lokvadhi*'.

The first *Chaturmas* (four months of monsoon season) of Shraman life was going on. A situation arose in front of the Lord that he had to go on a pilgrimage before Ashadh month passed and Shravan month started.

The Chancellor of that ashram near Morak Sannivesh was a friend of the Lord's father, King Siddhartha. It was on his insistence that the Lord had agreed to do Chaturmas (stay during monsoon season) there. But at that time, famine was prevailing on the earth. Cows used to enter the huts made of grass in the ashram to graze grass... and the ascetics would drive those cows away with a stick.

The Lord was given a separate hut to live in. For a few days, other ascetics guarded the Lord's hut, but finally they got bored. 'Oh... what kind of a sage is this? He doesn't even care about his own hut. After all, even birds take care of their nests.'

The Lord was meditating. Should he take care of meditation or the hut? Where the Lord was unaware of the body which was the fake abode of the soul... why would he worry about the abode of the body? The Chancellor asked the Lord to take precautions for self-defence.

The Lord thought that “these people will dislike my staying here... what do I have to do with this hut?” The Lord went somewhere else after wandering in the ongoing Chaturmas. At that time, the Lord made five resolutions in his mind.

1. Not to stay where one is disliked.
2. To remain in the statue state.
3. Not to be humble to a householder.
4. To eat as a Karpatri
5. To remain mostly silent.

The Lord came to Asthik village after wandering in the Chaturmas. Behind the name Asthik, a painful consequence of enmity was sobbing. The Lord came outside the temple of Shulpani Yaksha. It was about to be evening. A priest named Indrasharma came running like a madman. He requested the Lord:

“Lord! Do not go into the mouth of death intentionally. The door of this temple becomes the door of death after evening. The one who enters it never returns safely.”

The history of Shulpani Yaksha was exciting. Many years ago, a Banjara (nomad) came to this village with five hundred bullock carts. A river came in between. The carts got stuck in the river. All the bullocks got tired and exhausted. Then one bullock came forward carrying the load of the five hundred carts and risking his life, he pulled all the bullocks out. The game became fatal. The leader of caravan saw that the body of the bull, the saviour of the five hundred carts, had become weak. His joints had broken. He called the village headman and said, “Take this money... I cannot take this bullock, the saviour of five hundred bullock carts, with me... Although I love it very much, its body cannot take even one step now. You take care of it. I am leaving... but I feel that I am leaving a piece of my heart here.”

The Banjara took leave. The headman had received the money. Now who would take care of that dumb animal? Even if he was fed fodder occasionally, it was fine... Even if it is not fed, it is fine! So much negligence towards fodder and water and the strength of the body breaking down. The bull died, angry with the village in his mind. After death, he became *vyantar* (a demigod who has transformable body). He was Shulpani. As soon as he was born, he remembered his previous life. The memory of the plight of his bull form by villagers filled him with fire of enmity. He gnashed his teeth! “You treacherous people, crazy after money, Now see the result of that. Even after taking money from the Banjara you people did not give me fodder and water. Now suffer the terrible consequences of that enmity.”

And then people started dying one after the other in the village. Piles of bones started piling up in the middle of the markets. Who will cremate whom? Who will cremate how many? The whole village was filled with the stench of dead bodies.... People named the village 'Asthik Gram', the village of bones.

Silence prevailed in the village. One day, Yaksha Shoolpani, showering his virtuous wrath, said from the sky: “I, Shoolpani! That bull, which died due to your negligence, am the same one. To take revenge for that enmity, I have started this dance of destruction.”

The entire Asthik village gathered and fell at the feet of Shoolpani and started begging for life. The entire village started pleading in a pitiful voice. Humility can subdue even an enemy. Shoolpani said:

“Build a temple for me. Place my idol in it. You are allowed to worship it all day, but whoever enters it at night will die.”

People hailed Shoolpani. This is called saluting a miracle! People who had become careless even in feeding him with other’s money, now got ready to build a temple with their own money.

The temple of Shoolpani was ready. The disturbance subsided. Even before the evening, the priest Indra Sharma used to lock the temple and leave.

The Lord started climbing the stairs of this temple. He asked for a 'place' to spend Chaturmas. People suggested many other places, but inspired by the compassion of liberating Shoolpani, the Lord entered the temple that very night and resolved to spend the rest of Chaturmas there. No sooner had the night come than the walls of the temple started echoing with a terrifying laughter. The noise was as if the sky had collapsed. The whole village was terrified and started praying for the well-being of the Lord.

Furious with anger due to the disobedience after many years, Shoolpani reached there. Today, after many years, a human figure had come here at night and was standing motionless with the courage to challenge him. But, that laughter remained like a child's laughter. The Lord remained firm. Vyantar became more furious. The elephant, the vampire, yamraj and the dreadful python etc. attacked but the firm Mahavir did not budge. The Lord neither spoke anything nor moved!!

Shoolpani put all his strength in the field, in front of human stability, but Mahavir was Mahavir. He remained motionless. At last Shoolpani came seeking refuge, he said:

“You do not seem to be an ordinary brave. No one other than Mahavir can fight so hard. Forgive me. I am the slave of your feet.”

A ray of grace emanating from the compassionate eyes of the Lord, who is the ocean of forgiveness, lit up the inside of Shoolpani. Inspired by his silence, Shulpani left the path of enmity and took the path of love. He presented dance and song in devotion of the Lord. He started dancing and singing in the praise of the Lord.

As the sound of dance and song spread in the village, everyone's heart was shaken. Shulpani must have won by defeating the Lord? He was so engrossed in his happiness. Everyone waited for the morning.

The Lord, tired of bearing the troubles of Shulpani, fell asleep for two hours and 48 minutes early in the morning in which the Lord saw 10 dreams.

When the temple opened in the morning, the whole village was standing with wide-open eyes. Everyone was amazed to hear the music of friendship resonating in the temple. Everyone bowed down in front of their saviour Lord. Asthik village got freedom that day from the curse of Shulpani.

11. Bujjh Bujjh Chandkaushik

The story of Chandkaushik is an exact depiction of how the tradition of enmity spreads its legs so far and wide and even traps a great sage like Muni in its clutches and throws him into a dark abyss.

Chandkaushik was an ascetic monk in his previous life. Once, while returning from outside, a frog was suddenly crushed under his feet. The younger monk accompanying him asked him to do penance, but Muni was overcome by pride. He said, "Shall I confess my sin? There are so many dead frogs here, have I killed them all?"

The young monk remained silent. That evening, during the *Daivshik Pratikraman*, while criticizing the sins, the young monk reminded him of the sin of killing frog and Muni lost his control. He stood up. He slapped the young monk a couple of times and ran to catch him with an intention to silence him. The young monk ran to save himself. It was dark in the *upashraya*. The ascetic Muni collided with a pillar with great force, his head was broken and he died and became a god. After completing the life of a god, the soul of the Muni was born as Kaushik, the son of the Chancellor of the Kanakkhal Ashram.

Kaushik was very short-tempered since childhood. Everyone called him Chandkaushik, not Kaushik. After the demise of his father, the ownership of the ashram came into his hands. He was very attached to the ashram. If anyone plucked even a leaf of a tree, then he would be in trouble. Slowly, due to his such nature, other ascetic left from there and the lively ashram became deserted. Kaushik remained alone in the ashram. His fierce nature became famous everywhere.

In the life of the monk, the hatred which was limited to matter-area-time and feelings, became so widespread in this life. In the life of the monk, the only thing to hit was *rajoharan*. There was a *upashraya* in the form of area. The time was just evening and the feeling or intention was just to slap once or twice.

In the life as Chandkaushik, the spread of hatred increased. The object to hit changed into an axe. The form of the area became huge in the ashram. In time, there was no difference between day and night and a deadly attack came in the intention.

Once, some princes entered the ashram. Their mischief made Kaushik's mind angry. He ran with a sharp axe. The princes ran ahead! Kaushik ran behind with an axe. A pit came in between. Kaushik fell into it and his own axe took his life. The axe hit his vital spot. After dying, Kaushik was born in the same ashram in the form of Chandkaushik snake.

There was no longer the need for a *rajoharan* or axe as the object to kill. Such a deadly power had developed in the eyes of Chandkaushik-snake that wherever he would look after seeing the sun, everything would burn to ashes. By the way, there was no longer any *upashraya* or ashram.... Now even the area around the ashram was included. As far as his eyes could see, the area would become cremation ground. The difference between a criminal and an innocent went away in terms of time.... wherever the eyes fell only that much time. In feeling, there was no slap or axe attack.... now if the eyes turned, everything turned to ashes.

After the birth of the Chandkaushik snake, not only the ashram but the surrounding area had become desolate. The beauty of the ashram had turned into a cremation ground. There were no trees or plants in the ashram.... neither were there any fruits, flowers or greenery. Wherever you looked, you could see dry stumps. There was no nest, then where would the chirping of birds come from? The reason for all this was the poisonous gaze of a Chandkaushik. His gaze fell and everything was burnt to ashes. Who could come there? Who could deliberately step into the mouth of death?

The short path going towards Shwetambi Nagari passed through this Kanakkhal Ashram. Years had passed since that path remained deserted. Once while going to Shwetambi, Lord reached this road. The cowherds and shepherds requested Lord... 'Go back... Yogiraj, this is the road to death... why are you going to the gathering of death knowingly?'

But perhaps the moment of Chandkaushik's salvation had come by now, that is why Lord's steps, the steps full of fearlessness, stopped at that ashram. Lord stood meditating in a ruin.

The snake had gone in search of prey. After some time, he returned. He was disturbed by the smell of a human. While searching for that smell, he came towards the ruins. Seeing a human statue standing in front of him with fearlessness and audacity, Chandkaushik's anger got out of control. Looking at the midday sun, he cast his eyes on the Lord and immediately moved back.

Going far away, Kaushik opened his eyes and saw Lord Mahavir standing motionless. His anger reached the seventh sky. "Does my sight have no effect? Never and today only my sight has deceived me?" He played the last trick. He gave a hissing bite on the Lord's toe and immediately moved back. He was afraid that 'if the injured person falls on me, I may have to die.'

Kaushik opened his eyes with confidence. Oh, but what is this? Stream of milk ? A man without blood. The defeat and frustration he faced cooled his anger completely. He started thinking something with a calm mind! There he heard a voice overflowing with affection:

"Bujjh Bujjh Chandkaushik"!

Ah, what a voice! What love! Kaushik saw the world changing. He remembered his previous life. The sage himself fell from the peak of life.... the memory of that moment shook him. He called his own death with the blow of an axe... the memory of that moment thrilled him... a holy stream of repentance started flowing in his eyes.

A moment of remembering his past birth became so holy that the life of the snake took a miraculous turn and turned towards the soul. After giving three *pradakshinas* (circumambulation) to the Lord, he accepted *ansan* (fast unto death). The Lord stood there in *kayotsarga* meditation. Chandkaushik felt so ashamed that he could not look at the Lord. He did not have the good fortune to take advantage of the fruit of seeing the Lord because there was fire burning in his eyes, so he kept imagining the Lord by hiding his face in the pit.

There was no need to call people to see the spectacle of the snake killing the Lord who went on the deserted path. Gradually, one day everyone saw that the Lord was standing in meditation. The snake was lying motionless with its face inside the pit. Demanding revenge on the snake, many people said: "Hey, you hypocrite snake, after so much killing, now you

think of doing religious meditation? Wow... so the cat has set out for pilgrimage after killing hundreds of rats.”

This went on for a few days....some would hit with stones....some would hit with sticks, but Chandkaushik's ability kept on increasing.

Finally the truth was understood. Everyone felt that this ascetic has done something, only then this snake has become calm. It has become like a saint! The world is strange. The world that punished the snake with stones yesterday, started worshipping the snake with milk, curd and ghee today, but this worship became a punishment for Kaushik - a terrible punishment. The ants, drawn by the smell of milk, curd and ghee, nibbled at the snake's body and made it like a sieve. Kaushik kept tolerating all this with equanimity. Thus, after fasting for 15 days, Chandkaushik died and became a Dev in the eighth Devlok named Sahasrar. Kaushik's body fell and Lord left for Shwetambi. That day, the earth echoed with the victory cry of forgiveness and mercy.

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12. Revenge of Enmity

While crossing the river Ganges between Surabhipur and Rajgriha, the Lord had to face a very terrible adversity. The Lord was crossing the river in a boat. At the same time, a storm suddenly arose in the sky. It was as if a Nagkumar dev named Sudanshtra gritted his teeth and said, “Mahavir, I have come to take revenge of enmity! In the life of Triprishth, you were Vasudev and I was an animal. Then you tore me apart.” If I don't kill you today, then I am not worth my name.”!

The entire river Ganges was stirred up. The waves started moving like a storm. The bow of the boat broke.... the curtains were torn.... screams of fear were heard in the boat. There was no distance between life and death.... everyone's life started drying up.

When the soul of the Lord was in the form of Triprishth Vasudev, he had torn apart the lion alone without anyone's help. That lion, carrying the tradition of enmity... became Sudanshtra Nagkumar dev and today his fire of enmity flared up as soon as he saw the Lord.

On one side, a moment of devastation came in the sea, and on the other side, at the same time, two devotees of the Lord named Kambal and Sambal came to help that boat. One guarded the boat, while the other challenged Sudanshtra for a fight.

The history of Kambal-Sambal was hair-raising. Just in their previous life, they had lived as animals, but by applying the ashes of dharma on their head, they had become a Dev (god) from an animal.

Jindas Seth's work was just like his name. He was the supreme devotee of Jineshwar. His life was content. A cowherd was lucky that Jindas became friends with him. Once there was an

occasion of marriage in the cowherd's house, Jindas Seth gave him all the material required for the marriage. Just this much help and the cowherd's wedding became absolutely graceful.

The happy cowherd brought two beautiful calves as a gift. The Seth was in *Paushadh* as it was a festival day. The Seth tried to convince the cowherd to take the calves back, as he had pledged not to keep animals, but he did not listen. It was as if the future of both the beautiful calves had drawn them to the Seth.

The next day the Seth thought: "I have rules, but if I return these soft animals, they (cowherd) will yoke them (calves) to the cart... or tie them to the plough. How sad it will be! Let them stay at my place! And the Seth's family started taking care of those animals as if they were fellow religious people.

The Seth would tell the animals about religion every day... even if food and drink was kept in front of them at night, the calves would not put their mouths in it. Gradually the values started developing in them.

One day the Seth was in *Paushadh*. Everyone was coming and going to the village for the procession of a Yaksha. A friend of the Seth came. The calves had grown up now. Without asking the merchant, the friend harnessed the calves to the cart and made them run a lot. They were young, but these oxen were not used to walking, let alone running. The race was over. The oxen were very tired. Their joints were broken. In the hope of life, they had closed their eyes and reached the brink of death. The friend left the oxen at the Seth's house.

The next day when the Seth saw them, he found the oxen sitting on the verge of death. Getting angry at the friend was also useless now. Jindas paid attention to the future world of the oxen. The Seth recited Navkar to him. The oxen started listening calmly. The Seth gave them pledge of *ansan*. In these moments of worship, those two oxen named Kambal-Sambal passed away in a very calm and equanimous state and became two gods named Kambal-Sambal in the world of Nagkumar. The life story of Kambal-Sambal was so thrilling.

Seeing the boat in which the Lord was crossing the Ganges swaying between life and death, the devotion of Kambal-Sambal awakened and they came down to the Ganges. One of them beat Sudanshtra Dev and the other one managed the boat and brought it to the bank of the Ganges. After worshipping the Lord, both of them became invisible. What an exciting history a small contact created! The fragrance of contact turned the animal into a god and the god felt blessed to serve the Supreme God!

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13. Shower of Troubles in Non-Aryan Country

No matter how Aryan country is, it is considered a cultured country! That is why in such a country, if someone knows Lord Mahavir not as a prince or a Tirthankar... but as an ordinary saint, even then how many troubles would he create and how? They are not deadly troubles, right? Once Lord thought, "This country is Aryan... it is not possible to get such deadly troubles here... Yes, non-aryan country is a region where there is nothing but sorrow. Therefore, I should go there to expend my *karmas*.'

And Lord started towards non-aryan country to strengthen his friendship with troubles.

Non-Aryan country means not only a country with uneven land or big dense forests... even the hearts of the people here were demonic, what to say about their bodies? Their speech and life were also full of anguish.

In the first step itself, i.e. in *Shri Ganesh*, Lord got his favourite dose of sorrow. After passing through Laat Desh and Vajrabhumi, the Lord reached the non-aryan country. There, no one knew anything about the Lord's fame. No one had heard words like Siddhartha and Trishala, Tirthankar.... and Shraman...!1

On seeing the Lord's completely unfamiliar and unknown face, some would look at him with an ominous look and hit him with a stick... Sometimes hunters and scary dogs would chase the Lord. Sometimes people would commit the cruelty of hanging the Lord standing in meditation.

The Lord himself accepted such a journey to the non-Aryan Desh twice and destroyed many *karmas*.

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14. The Atrocities of Sangamdev

Lord Mahavir, who was going to get Shiva from the living beings, had to face many troubles and difficulties in between, but the 20 troubles caused by Sangam were fatal and terrible to a great extent.

Indra just sang a praise of Lord Mahavir's valour and Sangam's pride was inflamed by it. He came down to prove Indraraj wrong. Seeing his anger and his intense jealousy, Indra thought... "I should stop him..." But the very next moment, Indra got another thought: "Will this not spread the misunderstanding that Lord does not have the strength, that is why he (Indra) is supporting him (the Lord)? And Indra let Sangam go.

Sangam came down running at a great speed to the ground. First of all, he created a fierce storm, clouds of dust started to cover. Lord started getting buried in it... Lord's whole body got buried in that heap of dust. Now he started having difficulty in breathing also. But this was Lord Mahavir. He did not get distracted from meditation and Sangam felt embarrassed.

Sangam was determined to prove the Lord a *pamar* (a very low, mean or wretched person) no matter how many troubles he had to face. Now he released sharp stinging creatures like ants, mosquitoes, bumblebees, scorpions, mongooses and rats on the Lord's body. Due to their bites, the Lord's body was riddled. Blood started flowing from many places and pieces of flesh also came out from some places. Wound marks were spread all over the body. But whose name is Lord Mahavir? His meditation remained unbroken. After this, he released the creatures with sharp beaks, but his meditation remained unwavering.

It was like a losing gambler's game. As Sangam kept losing, he started showing double his strength. Deadly animals like lions, tigers, elephants and bulls attacked the Lord who was meditating alone, but the Lord did not back down even a bit. The earth trembled with the horrific laughter of the demons, but Mahavir's patience did not waver even a bit. Now what? The Lord did not move in fear.

Sangam now pushed the army of love into the battle. It is easy to remain balanced during the cruelty. But it is difficult to maintain balance even in front of a few soldiers of love.

In front of the Lord who was engrossed in meditation, the sorrowful lamentation of mother Trishala and father Siddhartha started coming from afar. But Mahavir did not even blink his eyes. After a moment, his parents came very close to him and said while crying profusely:

“Dear Vardhman, at least look at your sad parents! We have grown old. Nandivardhan has insulted us. Son, you must be so naive? No... no... you were so humble. Open your eyes once and say a sweet word... all our wounds will heal.”

Even such words that melt a stone could not create any effect on the Lord's heart. The flow of meditation remained uninterrupted. The cruelty of Sangam started going beyond limits now. He thought: “Hey, is this a man or a statue of stone? Even the soldiers of love could not affect him.”

An inexperienced person came. He pretended to search for two-three stones to cook kheer but the search was not complete. Finally, he lit a fire between the Lord's feet and started cooking kheer.

This was the extreme limit of suffering. the Lord's golden body turned black in the crackling flames but the moonlight blossomed in full bloom in the inner sky. There was no blackness even a bit on the bright full moon.

Sangam started to blow a violent storm, but when did mountain move, so did the Lord, Vardhman Mahavir remained still! Then a shower of stones started but Mahavir's strong concentration remained intact.

The dance and music of Devlok stopped. The praise he had given was now pricking Indraraja like a thorn. He thought... “It is because of my thoughtless praise that the Lord has to bear such deadly sufferings, isn't it? Shame on me.” And with an anxious mind, he started seeing everything. Dance, song and music... were ordered to stop. A shadow of sadness and grief descended on Devlok.

Sangam's every move started going in vain. Despite so many tremendous efforts, Mahavir's bravery remained full of patience. Sangam said to himself: “Oh... if I lose and go, everyone in

Devlok will reprimand me. Now, for self-respect, I should take some more drastic measures.” And he released the Kaalchakra.

Kalchakra! Yamraj (god of death) himself, flames coming out from all sides, fierce and sharp edges, its weight was like a thousand mounds of iron....! Sangam spun the *Kalchakra* on his finger and with his eyes spewing fire, he released the *Kalchakra* towards the Lord’s body. *Kalchakra* means the *Chakra* (a circular weapon) of death! Lord is Lord! Due to its (*Kalchakra*’s) weight, the immensely strong body of the Lord sank into the ground up to his knees but Mahavir remained unmoved.

Sangam's patience was now failing. He decided to release the last weapon, *Kamashtra*. Kamdev's arrow! The bells of heavenly beauties started to jingle like Kamdev's alluring sarcasm. There was a surge of intoxication in the songs. There was an illusion in the voice that could turn a saint into a devil. But in the mind of the Lord, who has made victory over lust, this whole game was like a puppet's play. If the extreme limit of harshness was visible in Sangam's heart, then the extreme limit of compassion was visible in the Lord's body.

The night passed. The Lord ended his meditation as the rays of the morning spread. He left to go somewhere else. Sangam followed him. Where the Lord would go for alms, Sangam would either spill water invisibly...or create such reactions that people would doubt the Lord.

The Lord had been fasting for six months. Sangam had lost patience. He saw with wisdom that no power had arisen till now to shake the patience of this brave man and was not going to arise. He came to the Lord and revealed his form and said:

“Prabhu! I Sangam! My promise is broken. I was proud that how could a poor human insect stand before a god. To prove Indra's praise a lie, I created troubles for six months. I put you in trouble, but your meditation remained unwavering. Forgive me, O Lord!”

Two tears appeared on the edge of the eyes of the compassionate Lord. Explaining the meaning of those tears, *Kalikal Sarvagya* Shri Hemchandrasuriji says : “I (Mahavir), who has the desire to cross the three worlds, have become the main reason for this poor Sangam to travel around the world. As a result of these troubles, this poor soul will have to bear many sorrows in the future.”

Sangam reached Indra's court feeling ashamed. Indra frowned and he expressed his anger by hitting with his left foot and Sangam was punished with a severe defeat and exile. Sangam was ordered to leave Devlok and go to Mount Meru to spend the rest of his life.

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15. Worship of Chandana

In a battle between Dadhivahan and Shatanik, King Dadhivahan of Champa Nagari died. Then his queen Dharini along with her daughter, princess Vasumati, ran into the jungles to protect their modesty. But a soldier decided to chase and catch them. Clouds of vice surrounded the modesty of the mother and daughter. The soldier shamelessly said, "I will make this Dharini my wife."

On hearing this, Dharini's heart trembled. "Oh.... what is this? An attack on my *dharma*. Even if the body falls... rots, the dignity of modesty should be intact." She committed suicide by crushing her tongue between her teeth.

Vasumati became mad with her mother's death. This valiant bravery for the sake of modesty opened the eyes of the soldier, he grew disrespect for himself. Consoling the princess, he said, 'Princess, do not be afraid of me. I will keep you like my own daughter.'

Everyone came to Kaushambi and Vasumati was kept standing in the middle of the market for sale. A kind Seth Dhanavah of the same town felt pity in her heart and bought Vasumati by paying a high price. The beauty and culture of this girl made the Seth think that she must be the daughter of a high family.

Days passed by. Vasumati became dear to the whole family because of her nature. Everyone named her Chandanbala... a girl as cool as sandalwood!

One day something happened that the fire of jealousy blazed in the heart of Sethani Mula. Seth Dhanavah had come from outside. Chandana came running to wash his feet. While washing his feet, Chandana's hair scattered and spread on the ground. Seth lifted the hair and put it on his shoulder.

Sethani Mula, standing in the window above, saw this scene. She thought in her heart, "My husband is surely in love with this Chandana. What is her share in my love?" And she tied the knot of enmity.

She soon got the opportunity. The Seth had gone out for work. The wife of the Seth took advantage of the opportunity. She called a barber and shaved Chandana's head. She put iron shackles on her hands and feet, and locked Chandana in a hidden underground chamber and went to her parental home.

The root cause of this sudden trouble flashed in Chandana's mind. Her hair getting scattered and the Seth picking her up and placing her on his shoulder... this incident became clear before her eyes. After three fasts and taking the *Pachchakkhan* of *Attham*, she got absorbed in the meditation of Lord Mahavir.

The Seth came home on the third day. Chandana was not at home, he felt suspicious. The wife of the Seth was also not there.... After a lot of enquiries, he came to know that Chandana was in trouble and had been locked in the basement.

When the Seth came to the basement, Chandana was happily sitting in the meditation of Mahavir. Her hair had been pulled out and her hands and legs were tied in shackles. Seth's

eyes filled with tears... He said to himself: “She has been hungry and thirsty for three days, but how great is her self-happiness!”

There were boiled grains of *urad dal* (black lentils) in a sieve. There was nothing else to eat. After giving those grains to Chandana, Seth went to call the blacksmith to cut her chains. After fasting for three days, today she got *urad dal*... still a different feeling was surging in Chandana's heart... she was thinking: “If any guest comes, I will feed him and then eat later!!”

Chandana came to the door dragging herself. She stood with one foot inside the threshold and one foot outside the threshold and started waiting. Meanwhile, Lord Mahavir was seen coming from a distance.

For the last five months and twenty-five days, Lord Mahavir used to go out for alms every day and would return without taking alms. The whole of Kaushambi was worried about this incident.

The Lord came to Chandana's door. One element was still missing in the pledge. There were no tears. Lord returned... Lord's pledge was *Bhishma*. Some princess living in slavery... with a shaved head and chains on her feet... one foot outside and one inside the threshold... with tears flowing from her eyes. Only if she gives boiled urad dal in alms, then only I will do *parana*.

Seeing the tearless eyes, the Lord started returning. Seeing the great guest who had come to the courtyard returning empty handed, Chandana's eyes started welling up... and being drawn by those tears, Lord Mahavir came back. The Lord's pledge was fulfilled at the hands of Chandana. The Gods played the drum. With the proclamation of '*Ahodanam Ahodanam*', twelve crore gold coins rained down, the chains of hands and feet broke and cheers spread everywhere.

Who is not attracted by money? The king came to take the gold coins, but its owner was Dhanavah Seth. Indraraj introduced Chandana. Declaring the ownership of the coins to the Seth, he said, “Seth, keep this Chandana like a flower. It is the destiny of this Chandana to lead the Shramani Sangh of Lord Mahavir.”

Kaushambi's queen Mrigavati was present there at this time. On hearing the introduction given by the Gods, she said: “Oh.... what a strangeness of fate! This Chandana is my real niece. Queen Dharini of Champapuri is my real sister. This Chandana is her daughter. The whole secret was revealed and there was joy in the royal family. Dhanavah Seth became rich with wealth.

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16. Kaivalya Gyan and Tirth-Sthapan

Twelve years of Shraman life came to an end. After initiation, he never did penance less than 2 fasts (*chhatth*). In the 12 years and six months till Kevalgyan, Lord Mahavir did *parna* on only 346 days.

It was the bright tenth day of Vaishakh. There was the sandy bank of the Rijuwalika river. There was a *Shal* tree in a field called Shamak. Here Lord was standing in meditation in *Godohika Asana*. The sun was at noon. While being in bright meditation, Lord attained Kevalgyan at this time. Lord became omniscient and all-seeing.

The gods came to celebrate the festival of Kevalgyan-Kalyanak. Samvasaran was arranged, but being a thousand hands higher than humans in worldly power, how could the gods have the power of *Sarvavirati Sadhna*? To follow his code of conduct, Lord gave the first sermon and then left for the city of Apapa. This first sermon without the result of renunciation has been described in the scriptures as 'fruitless preaching'.

There was a garden called Mahasen in the courtyard of the city of Apapa. Here the gods created the Samvasaran. At the same time, in this Apapa, eleven Brahmins like Indrabhuti were conducting a *yagya* with their 4400 Brahmin disciples.

The *Vedpathi Brahmins* (those Brahmins who master the Vedas) were victorious. Their pride of knowledge was not false. The *yagya* (ritual involving offerings to the fire accompanied by chanting of Vedic mantras) began. Seeing the crowd going towards the Mahasen forest, Indrabhuti felt: "Oh! What a great ignorance this is! Leaving such a *yagya*, all of them are running like mad after the magic of that Mahavir." Just then his eyes went towards the sky. A rush was there too; the flow of gods also left the *yagya* land and started moving towards the Mahasen forest and Mahavir.

Indrabhuti's surprise was now turning into anger. Stamping his feet, he said: "Oh, what kind of apocalypse is going to happen today? Humans can be understood, but have these gods also gone mad and started to become Mahavira's devotees?" From his anger, his younger brother Agnibhuti also got ready. He said: "Brother... why are you so angry? A lot of grains have been ground... maybe if some grains are left, I am enough for that... please be patient. Consider that I have just returned after defeating Mahavir."

But Indrabhuti could not hold himself. He himself left for Mahasen forest with his disciple family, but his pride was shattered at the first sight of Samvasaran and Lord Mahavir. It was as if the mountain of pride started melting. Meanwhile, the Lord addressed Indrabhuti in sweet words. The very next moment, the Lord pulled out the thorn of doubt buried in his mind and he sat down as the Lord's disciple.

This news reached Agnibhuti, he also came to bring his brother back, but the atmosphere there also absorbed him. In this way, one after the other, eleven *Vedpathi Brahmins* like Vayubhuti, Vyakt, Sudharma, Mandit, etc., came and got initiated. In that first sermon of the Lord, eleven Ganadhars and the Sangh were established. 4400 Brahmins accepted the life of Shraman.

With the establishment of the Shraman Pradhan Chaturvidh Sangh, a saviour boat started sailing once again in the ocean of the world, with the help of which many souls will be able to reach the shore of salvation. 30 years of household life, 12 years of Chhadmastha Shraman period, 30 years of Tirthankar period, thus during this life span of 72 years, Lord Mahavir purified many fallen people. The history of loving and fierce disciples like Gautam and Goshalak was written during this period. Lord's equal vision on people like Shalibhadra-Shoolpani became a song of forgiveness. Sudarshan came with disciple-like attitude... Sangam came furious with anger... but there was no change in the compassionate eyes of the Lord. The bloody and determined attacker became a sage after getting the touch of the Lord like a *Paras* (a mythical stone which is said to convert iron into gold by mere touch). Rishabhdev and Devnanda came. Lord's holy words touched them. They too became ascetics and attained salvation. A word of the Lord, which was heard unwillingly, gave salvation to Rohineya - the chief of thieves. The murderer Arjun Mali came... the sight of the Lord became a ship for him to sail across the ocean of life.

In this way, Shraman Lord Mahavir Dev, after spreading the message of light for 30 years, came to Apapa city for Chaturmas. This was the last Chaturmas of the Lord. The soul of the Lord, that was almost free, was going to be completely free by breaking all the bonds here.

It was the day of *Kartik Vadi Trayodashi*. 9 Malli and 9 Lacchi kings had gathered in Apapa. As the last sermon, the Lord gave religious preaching to them for 16 *prahars* (48 hours). It was midnight of *Amavasya*. The courtyard of Apapa was filled with the Gods and Goddesses. The Lord was going to leave his body at midnight today and his light was going to merge with the light of *Siddhashila* forever.

It was midnight. Lord Mahavir attained *Nirvaan*. The world must have never seen such a crossroad of joy and cry. The Lord attained *Nirvaan*. The compassionate Lord who showered endless favours became a *Videh* (bodiless). Everyone started crying. Who will console whom? Who will wipe whose tears? Where Ganadhar Gautam Swami himself is crying in such a way that it shakes the heart... what to say about others wiping tears? How can a man teach a bird to fly?

The dark night became even darker and denser with the *Nirvaan* of the man of light. With the *Mahanirvaan* of Lord Mahavir, the light of feeling was extinguished..... Everyone lit diyas to forget the grief..... Diwali started from then.

To celebrate this Nirvaan-Kalyanak of the Lord, Devraj Indra came down. With his arrival, the earth and sky glittered with light. A grand bier was prepared The lifeless body of Lord Mahavir was placed on it. The sandalwood pyre was lit. With tears in their hands, everyone saw the Lord for the last time with teary eyes.... and the bier was offered to the fire.

In the morning of *Kartik Shukla Ekam*, Ganadhar Shri Gautam Swami attained *Kaivalya Gyan*. The steering of Lord Mahavir's *Dharmashasan* was now in his hands. As if everyone had forgotten the yesterday's separation and shouted in joyful voices, "Jai Ho Ganadhar Shri Gautam Swami Ki!"

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Didactic Conclusion

How many periods of boom and recession come in between emerging from the infinite darkness of the world and attaining the ownership of the luminous state of Siddhashila. How suddenly do the revolving wheels of destruction turn towards development? And the progress of the wheels of development sometimes suddenly sinks towards the abyss of destruction! Its exact depiction can be found in any one or two contexts of Lord Mahavir.

The dawn of *Samyagdarshan* blossomed in the life of Naysar... The rays of this dawn spread the light of morning in the life of Marichi. Sometimes the shadow of the dark night descended on this dawn and sometimes its rays got lost amidst the storms.

After travelling many times in such night and morning, that soul reached the door of Shiva in the form of Lord Mahavir in its twenty-seventh birth! Under the pavilion of *Mahabhinishkraman*, he made a promise of love with the immortal youth *Siddhi Sundari*.

If one gets the vision to see and evaluate this life of the Lord, then the observer can get to know and see the clear form of the ups and downs of his own life in it. If one knows how to see, then the Lord's life can become a mirror and can make the observers see themselves.

Even outside the limits of these contexts, the Lord's inspiring life is spread all around. The contexts written on these pages are not even as many drops of that ocean. Just look at the leap of the steps of the low-caste *karma* which were bound in the life of Marichi! That *karma* keeps on chasing and finally catches Lord Mahavir even in the last birth, and even after breaking the law of eternity, it forces the Lord to take incarnation in a low caste.

In the life of Triprishth, the molten lead poured into the ears of the bedkeeper, did not calm down without taking the compound interest. How much interest did it collect? It was satisfied only after piercing the nails in the ears.

Shrenik's unwavering love, the story of an orphan being looked after, the agony of Meghkumar's changing mind... Dasharnabhadra's proud story, Goshalak who turned into a tyrant from a follower, Sulasa's Samyagdarshan and Ambad Parivrajak's test, to know these and many other eminent personalities related to Lord Mahavir, a huge journey through the vast life of the Lord is necessary.

The self-introspection in the life of the Lord provides a new light. That equal view on Goshalak and Gautam! That compassion that purifies Shalibhadra and Shulpani with equal feelings! That affection that makes Sangam and Sudarshan happy with equal glance! What a unique and unmatched development of compassion that gives equal grace to Arjun-Mali and Abhaykumar.

The picture of Lord Shri Mahavir Dev emerging amidst all this will deepen giving some message to the viewer. The voice of this message will be so loud that even the infinite negligence will have to wake up. May we all live our lives with the support of the voice of that message... this is the hope... this is the desire!

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The Omnipresent Hero in the Mirror of Scriptures

World name: **Vardhaman**
First parents: **Devnanda - Rishabh datt**
Second parents: **Trishala - Siddharth**
Wife: **Yashoda**
Attainment of Samyaktva: **Ahichchatra Nagri**
Tirthankaratva Nikachana : **Nandan Rajarshi**
Chyavan Sthan Sthal: **Pranat (10th) Devalok**
Devayushya : **20 Sagaropam**
Chyawan Kalyanak: **Ashadh Shukla 6**
Chyawan Constellation: **Uttara Phalguni**
Chyawan Zodiac Sign: **Virgo**
Chyawan Time: **Midnight**
Chyavan Place: **Brahmankund**
Garbhaphar: **82 days later**
Gestation period: **9 months 7.5 days**
Birth Kalyanak: **Chaitra Shukla 13**
Birth Constellation: **Uttaraphalguni**
Birth Zodiac Sign : **Virgo**
Birth Time: **Midnight**
Country of Birth: **Videha (Bihar)**
Birthplace: **Kshatriyakund**
Gan: **Human** Yoni: **Buffalo**
Lanchhan: **Lion** Varn: **Suvarn**
Clan: **Gyat vansh** Gotra: **Kashyap**
Caste: **Gyat Kshatriya** Lineage: **Gyat**

Meaning of the name: **Increase in wealth, happiness and prosperity**
Body measurement (height): **7 hands**
First Mother-Father's Realm: **Moksha**
Second Mother-Father's Realm : **Mahendra Devlok**
Bhava Number: **27**
Annual Donation: **3,88,80,000,00 Gold Coins**
Diksha Kalyanak: **Karthik Krishna 10**
Initiation Time: **4th Prahar**
Initiation City: **Kshatriya Kund**
Initiation Constellation: **Uttara Phalguni**
Initiation Zodiac Sign: **Virgo**
Initiation Palanquin: **Chandraprabha**
Initiation Place: **Gyatkhanda forest**
Co-initiated: **Lonely**
Initiation Tree: **Ashoka tree**
Initiation Tap: **Chhatth**
Diksha Age: **30 years**
Parana City: **Kollag**
First alms giver: **Bahul Brahmin**
First alms : **Milk**
Realm of alms giver: **Liberation in Third Bhava**
Devdushya Existence: **1 year and 1 month**
Sleep in meditation: **48 minutes**
Excellent penance: **6 months of fasting**
Sadhana period: **12 years 6 months**

Kevalgyan Kalyanak : **Vaishakh Shukla 10**

Kevalgyan Time: **4th Prahar**

Kevalgyan Constellation: **Swati**

Kevalgyan Place: **Rijuvalika River**

Kevalgyan nagari: **Jrimbhik Village**

Kevalgyan tree: **Shal tree**

Kevalgyan tree height: **21 dhanushya**

Kevalgyan penance: **Chhatth Tap**

Kevalgyan Asana: **Godohikasana**

Establishment of Tirth: **Vaishakh Shukla 11**

Shasan Establishment Place: **Mahasen Forest**

Samvasaran measurement: **1 Yojan**

First Ganadhar: **Indrabhuti**

First Sadhvi: **Chandanbala**

First Shravak : **Shankh**

First Shravika: **Sulsa**

Devotee King: **Shrenik**

Gan: **9**

Ganadhar: **11**

Sadhu: **14,000**

Sadhvi: **36,000**

Shravak: **1,59,000**

Shravika: **3,18,000**

Kevalgyani Sadhu: **700**

Kevalgyani Sadhvi: **1400**

Manah-Paryavgyani Muni: **500**

Avadhigyani Muni: **1300**

Chaudah Purvi Muni: **300**

Vaikriya Labdhi Muni: **700**

Vadi Muni: **400**

General Muni: **10,089**

Prakirnak Muni: **14,000**

Pratyekbuddha Muni: **14,000**

Anuttargami Muni: **800**

Number of Mahavrata: **5 Mahavratas**

Household period: **30 years**

Initiation period: **42 years**

Kevalgyan period: **29 years 6 months**

Life : **72 years**

Reign: **21,000 years**

Nirvaan Kalyanaka: **Ashwin Krishna 30**

Nirvaan City: **Pavapuri**

Nirvaan Place: **Hastipal's Lekhshala**

Nirvaan Constellation: **Swati**

Nirvaan Zodiac sign: **Libra**

Nirvaan Asana: **Padmasana**

Nirvaan Penance: **Chhatth**

Co-liberation: **Lonely**

Nirvaan Time: **Last prahar of the night**

Time between two Tirthankaras: **250 years**

Last discourse: **48 hours continuously**

The souls of the new Tirthankar: **Shrenik, Suparshwa, Potil,**

Udayi, Dridhayu Shankh, Shatak, Sulsa, Revati

Yaksha: **Matanga** Varn: **Shyam**

Vahan: **Hasti** Hast: **2**

Nakul in the right hand, Bijoru in the left hand

Yakshini : **Siddhayika** Varn: **Neel**

Vahan: **Lion** Hast: **4**

Book & Abhay in right hand

Bijoru & harp in left hand

Books



Bhadrabahu

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

This book is a collection of pictorial stories on Acharya Bhadrabahu, to educate children on Jain values and practices for self-development and leading a better life.

No. of Pages: 16

Published: 2023

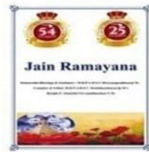


Golden Path Towards Nirvaan

This booklet explains many key terms like 'Dharma', 'Atma', 'Sin', 'Samyak Darshan', 'god', 'guru' etc., and their significance from the point of view of Jain religion.

No. of Pages: 56

Published: 2023



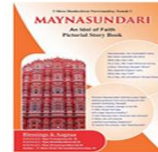
Jain Ramayan

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

This book is a collection of small stories on different characters of the era of Lord Ram, from the perspective of Jainism. Reading this book will inculcate high moral and cultural values among the present generation.

No. of Pages: 200

Published: 2023



Maynasundari

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

This story book gives knowledge of Jain values to children through interesting pictorial stories on a famous Jain character Maynasundari. Reading this book will cultivate and develop high moral values among kids and teenagers.

No. of Pages: 25

Published: 2023



Chicago Prashnottar

This book includes Questions and Answers on Jainism for the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago U.S.A. in 1893. It will help readers know the eternal truths of Jainism.

No. of Pages: 214

Published: 2018

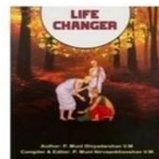


Our Great Persons

This book is a collection of small stories of great Jain persons in order to inspire new generation for adopting morality, human values, Jain religion and culture in their lives.

No. of Pages: 25

Published: 2023

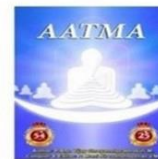


Life Changer

This book will change your life, how? To get this answer, read this book "Life Changer".

No. of Pages: 40

Published: 2023



Aatma

This book gives you knowledge in order to attain moksha (liberation), a human being must acquire self-knowledge (Atma Gyaan or Brahmajnana).

No. of Pages: 120

Published: 2023

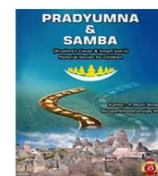


Jain Mahabharat

This book is a collection of small stories on different characters Kaurava and Pandavas, from the perspective of Jainism. Reading this book will inculcate high moral and cultural influencer for present generation..

No. of Pages: 165

Published : 2024



Pradyumna & Samba

This book is all about Krishna's clever sons - Pradyumna & Samba. Read this book to know more.

No. of Pages: 20

Published : 2024

About the Compiler

The compiler pujya Anuyogacharya S. Nirvaanbhooshanvijayji Gani maharaja, before monkhood was studying in Jai-Hind college, (Mumbai), one of the top most college of India. Though staying in Walkeshwar, one of the richest areas of India, left all the comforts and luxuries, to achieve high level of spirituality. When he was a teenager boy, influenced by the western culture started hating, not only Indian cultures and traditions but Jain religion also. He often went to Jain upashray, just to listen and read Jain stories. This also helped him to give up his dream of going to abroad. Stories became a turning point in his life. After becoming monk, once he was suggested by his preacher, Guru **H.H.P.A.D. Shrimadvijay Hembhushansurishwaraji Maharaja**, to make his English powerful.

He was too obedient to follow each and every order of his Guru. Hence, he was given responsibility of giving 'pravachans' to children and teenagers, during sanskar-shreni in just one year after attaining monkhood. Due to the grace of Guru-Bhagawants, he achieved mastery in English also. He gave many 'pravachans' created several poems, etc., in English also. He became able of compiling books and translating pravachans in English. He also helped his Guru M. in translating case papers of Sammet-shikharji, Antarikshji, etc. He has a mastery of converting hearts of children, teenagers and young stars too. We have also experienced in our life. He brought us, near to Jainism.

We hope this story, which is written in simple and lucid language, would help children, teenagers, etc., to study Jainism, who are facing language barriers.

Ketanbhai (C.A.), Hemang (C.A.)
Sagar (C.A.), Jinal (C.A.)
Arham. Aarya, Vinaybhai
Devangbhai





Brief Introduction of the Pilgrim of Literary Pilgrimage

- **Birth Name:** Prakashkumar
- **Father's Name:** Babulal Shah
- **Mother's Name:** Shrimati Shataben
- **Birth:** V. S. 2001, Ashwin Krishna - 13, Nashik (Maharashtra)
- **Diksha (Initiation):** V. S. 2011, Vaishakh Shukla - 7, Dhasai (Murbad) (Maharashtra)
- **Diksha Age:** 9 years
- **Yogkshem Vahak:** Param P.A. Shri Ramchandra Surishwarji Maharaja
- **Jeevan Ghadvaiya:** Dadaguru P.A. Shri Muktichandra Surishwarji Maharaj
- **Gurudev:** P.A. Shri Jaykunjar Surishwarji Maharaja (Father Guru)
- **Laghu Bandhu:** Pujya Shri Muktiprabh Surishwarji Maharaj
- **Vadidiksha:** V. S. 2011, Jyeshtha Shukla - 5, Junnar (Maharashtra)
- **Ganipad:** V. S. 2041, Phalguna Shukla - 3, Hastagiri Teerth
- **Panyasapad:** V. S. 2044, Phalguna Krishna - 3, Shripalnagar (Mumbai)
- **Acharyapad:** V. S. 2047, Vaishakh Shukla - 6, Gopipura, Surat
- **Surimantra Sadhana:** V. S. 2056, Bhabhar Teerth (84 days)
- **Shishyadi Sampada:** 24
- **Literary Creation:**
 - More than 201 books on Historical life events, serial stories, inspiring philosophical compositions, essays, collection of good thoughts, etc.,
 - Scholarly guidance to the monthly 'Kalyan' magazine in Jain Sangh for 45 years,.
 - Regular writing in renowned daily newspapers like Gujarat Samachar, Lokhsatta, Phulchhab, Sambhav, Rakhewal, etc., for many years.
 - Writing introductions for hundreds of books.

Special Achievements:

- Source of inspiration for unparalleled Shrutmandir Shankheshwar of Shrutraksha
- The first historical Chaturmas at Jagjaywant Jeerawala Parshwaprabhu's shrine
- Pratisthacharya of Shree Poshali Parshwanath Teerth under 108 Parshwanath
- Sattavisha Sangh Pratibodhak



About The Author (World's Best Author)

The author H.H.P.P.A.D.S.V Purnachandra S.M. accepted monkhood at the tender age of just nine with his dad-monk & brother-monk. He started to write big motivational essays, historical unknown stories, heart capturing novels, articles, etc., at the age of just eighteen. He thinks, writes and meditates for 10 hours a day from decades.

He is just like a living 'Dictionary' of Gujarati language. He has written more than 201 books, in a very simple, lucid and attractive style, which captures the mind of readers for whole life. He is compiling top-most magazine of Jainism from several years. He has written articles in many top-most newspapers of India on various topics.

When I was in English medium school, I hated to read books in Gujarati language due to the influence of western cultures. But his books didn't only bring me near the mother language but to Indian real history and tradition also. His books also helped me to give up my dream of going to abroad and in accepting monkhood also; So but obvious for me, he is 'The World's Best Author'.

I am too glad and happy because he showered grace on me to compile his ever first series of English edition books in ever since first navvanoo (99) yatra of Shankheshwar in his pious Nishra. With the help of his and my disciples and Punyam Academy Pvt. Ltd. , I am able to complete the task, which is almost impossible for me.

His pen is more effective than atom bomb because it destroys the bad feelings and increases 'sanskar', 'sadachar' and 'sadvichar'.

We hope that his spirituals journey continues for a very long period because best publishers have also published his books, which gives a strong aim to attain 'Nirvaan'.

**Head of the biggest sect of Jainism,
Gachadhipati, H.H.P.P.A.D.S.V. Hembhoosan S.M's disciple Anuyogacharya
S. Nirvaanbhoosan V. Gani**

