

CHAPTER II

SUMMARY OF THE TEXT

Udayasundarikathā is a Campū in eight Ucchvāsas, it is named after the heroine, the Nāga princess Udayasundarī. The hero of the story is Malayavāhana, a king of Pratisthāna on the bank of the river Godāvarī. The union of the hero and the heroine forms the theme of the story.

UCCHVĀSA I

In the first Ucchvāsa, the poet gives an account of the origin of his community Vālabh Kayastha from Kalāditya, the brother of King Śilāditya of Valbhī, his own lineage, and the circumstances which led to the composition of the work. The author's three patrons, kings of Konkana, are mentioned. The author names the first Ucchvāsa as Kavivamsa-nivedana, an account of the poet's family.

UCCHVĀSA II

The main story begins with the second Ucchvāsa. There reigned a king Malayavāhana in the city of Pratisthāna on the river Godāvarī. Once upon a time during the autumnal season, the king was engaged in literary and humorous talks. Vasantaśīla, a gardner, stood on the threshold of the royal court. He was appointed by the king to inspect the

gardens of Nandāvata of Abhira country. Permitted by the king, he entered the royal court.

The Gardener's tale :

Asked about the news of his inspection, he said that the gardens were in a good condition and were well-equipped with water. He further added, that, when he was returning to the capital, he found a Buddhist temple. He sat there on a slab outside the temple. In a moment, a verse uttered in a human voice was heard and he saw a beautiful parrot coming out from the temple. The gardner was wonderstruck, and contemplated, why the bird recited a stanza, and how he belonged to the bird-form. With the idea that the bird would be an adequate toy of recreation, he decided to present him to His Majesty.

Then, the gardner tried to catch him; but he flew away. The gardner, at last, arrived at the river Tāpī, flowing ten yojanas away from Nandāvata. It was a dark night and he saw a cottage of a ploughman. He walked to it. There, he found the ploughman with a staff in his right hand and the same parrot in the left. The former was surprised to see it. The latter honoured him as a guest and began to prepare a cage for that bird. The gardner asked him about the purpose of his catching the

bird and added, " If you are not angry, please hand him over to me, I have to present him to my master." The ploughman, without any notice, replied, " Here is a village Dhānyasāra where resides a householder Gopati. I am born as a son to him, and named Samvaraka, a ploughman. I have my residence here in the field. I found this bird sitting on a halfcut rice plant in the field and caught him. I have my wife with a child in her womb. She has gone to a village named Mekhalikā for her delivery. I shall hand him over to her, since she is desirous of the flesh of a parrot. Even the rulership of the three words is nothing when compared to the satisfaction of fulfilling her desire for the flesh of a parrot. Then what to talk of your request ?" The ploughman encaged the parrot and the gardner slept there.

After a while, the parrot laughed and recited two stanzas in Aryā metre. On hearing these, the ploughman was wonderstruck and being afraid of him fled away quickly. Then the parrot spoke to the gardner, " O you kind one, I am released from the cruel hands of the ploughman. Now I ask you your intention. Let me join my group. Kindness towards the living beings is an essential credential of one's piety and therefore, O wise one, release me from this cage." The gardener remained silent and having passed that night there, arrived at the capital Pratisthāna

the next morning.

At the end of his talk, the bird was presented to His Majesty. At that moment, the parrot recited an eulogistic stanza in praise of the king. The king was astonished to hear it and asked him. "O best of the birds, who are you? Your form is surpraising since you possess a crest on the head and have a human tongue. Why did you enter the temple? Why did you fly when Vasantasīla tried to catch you?"

The Parrot's Tale :

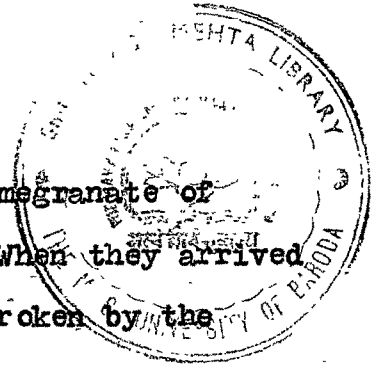
In As a reply to the king's query, the parrot began to tell his tale. "There is a Banyan tree in the forest of the Sahya mountain. I was born in the hollow of that tree. Gradually, when I got feathers, accidentally a crest grew on my head. Having seen this, my mother and fellow birds gave up my company. The Sylvan deity Śaradī, thinking that I should suffer difficulties because of my past actions, took care of me. As this crest grew bigger and bigger, I was enlightened more and more. When I was sufficiently old, the deity told me to wander at my will and added that I should be able to grasp everything. She named me Citrasikha. From this time on, I spent all my life flying from one tree to another.

Once I found some parrot families and entered the temple along with them. In the meanwhile I was pursued by this man (the gardener) who tried to catch me. I flew away because I was hunger-struck and sat on a half-cut rice plant in the field. There I was caught by a ploughman. Later on, I was brought to you, as you have already heard from your attendant."

It was mid-day. The king entrusted the cage to Vasantsila and asked him to bring the bird on suitable occasions.

UCCHVĀSA III

It begins with a conversation between the king and the parrot. The subject refers to kingship and the prosperity of the kingdom. Then there is a mention of the pleasure of hunting and its advantages and the description of the terrific condition of the forest creatures at the king's arrival in the forest with his hunt^smen. It was mid-day. The king, having finished his hunting, arrived at Kusuma-sundera, a pleasure garden, full of various plants and creepers. He heard there a stanza and said to Vasantasīla, that there might be ^alover disregarded by his beloved and taunted by his friend. Vasantasīla said, it is a hungry parrot. We forgot him, while we were busy hunt-



-ing. The parrot is trying to catch the ^apomegranate of padmarāga jewels hanging near the cage." When they arrived at that place, they saw a bar of the cage broken by the parrot. He had approached the pomegranate and had begun to strike it by his beak but as the pomegranate was made of hard padmarāga jewels his beak was broken and there appeared a young man of eighteen years of age. The king was surprised to see him. The latter also glanced at the former. The young man, coming to him, recited a stanza in ^apraise of the king and offered a rolled picture-canvas to him. As soon as the king unrolled it, he saw his own picture in the middle of that canvas. This was to his great surprise. Then said Sinhalāngada, the commander-in-chief of the army, "O Lord, this is the meditation-canvas of Pāñcālasinha, a commander. He used it at the time of his deity-worship. Once, when he was engaged in a campaign and crossed the water by a ship; it was missed by a Brahmin to whom all the objects of deity-worship were entrusted. Then the king saw another canvas joined to the first. In it, he observed a lady painted. The lady is described in the text in detail. She is compared to goddesses, such as Laksmī, Rati, Savitrī and others. The king's eyes were fixed on her. Later on, turning his eyes from the canvas, the king asked the young man, "Who are you? Where were

you born ? What is your name ? How did you get the form of a parrot in the past and the human form at present ? Who is this lady on the canvass ?"

The young man replied, " It is a surprising tale. Hear all of you with attention."

UCCHVĀSA IV

The Young Man's Tale :

" There is a city, Mathurā, on the bank of the river Yamunā. There reigns a king named Kalindaketu. I am his son, Kumārakesari. As I was addicted to gambling, I emptied the treasury and deprived my mother of her ornaments. Now for the satisfaction of my utmost desire for gambling, I thought of exploiting of Lankā, a residence of demons, which was vanquished by Rāma. Then, I left my home alone, without the knowledge of my parents and proceeded in the Southern direction. At sun-set, I arrived at the house of a gambler Pippalaka. He received me with great honour. That fellow lived near my father's kingdom, and hence, I feared that he might inform my father about me. I cheated him, informing him that, there was river in the South; and that, I intended to find out wealth of the place beyond that. At night, I fled away from his house. After some time I came to the river Narmadā. Going ahead, I found a great forest

and sat in a temple of Katyāyānī there. Meanwhile, I met a Kāpālīka. He received me and asked me the reason of my arrival there. I described my journey and informed him of my proceeding to Lankā. There, I found an aeroplane. I took my seat in it. In what direction it flew, I did not know the paths leading over the mountains, rivers and forests. I enjoyed the pleasure of the flight and forgot all the fatigue of my long journey. Suddenly, the aeroplane fell into the ocean, I knew nothing as to what happened; but when I awoke, I found no aeroplane and no ocean, but a great temple of Śiva. Finishing my prayer, I sat on a slab, In the meanwhile, I saw an assemblage of maidens very near the court-yard. Among them appeared a young maiden who seemed to be the mistress of the whole group, creating the colour of love-god by her cherry lips and increasing śṛṅgāra by her aquiline nose. I was surprised; and thought that she as if came out of the ocean of milk on account of its churning by the mountain Mandara. She entered the garden to pluck flowers. An umbrella-bearer brought an umbrella and put it in a corner. She also placed there a picture-canvas wrapped with a piece of silk, unrolling that, I saw your picture and that of a beautiful lady. That very moment an aged female ascetic came out. She abused me with the following words. " O meanest of creatures, what have you done ? Why did you take your seat on such an adorable

place? Why have you broken an instrument of worship? I called you a creature. Therefore be a parrot and as you have broken the jewel Sukti, may your beak be of that shape. This canvass will be a crest characterising a parrot". When I saw what happened, I found the broken Sukti near my feet. I did not even notice it in my eagerness of looking at the picture-canvass. I thought, "It is the fruit of my action. Let it be experienced. Fate changes the life of a man as the copper-smith does his vessels." Hearing the above curse the young maiden along with her female friends came out of the garden and requested the female ascetic,

"Pacify your anger and forgive him. Be pleased and end the curse. Though the young man attained the form of a bird, let him live with human consciousness." "If so, then O dear one, he would obtain it by this crest and as he has broken this jewelled Sukti by sitting on my seat, his beak will be broken when he will reach at the royal palace, and consequently, he will attain his original form." With these words the female ascetic concluded her speech.

At that time, I knew nothing about myself in the parrot form; but now I have come to know my presence in the royal court of Pratisthana of the Kuntala country. I have shown you that lady in the canvass." The king was surprised to hear this tale from Kumarkesari and arranged for his

lodging and boarding.

UCCHVASA V

It was a dark night, the king was sitting on the couch and was pondering over the matters as under : " What can be done ? How can she, the lady of the canvass, be found out ? Who should be sent in search of her." The king was completely under the power of love, and hence he was suffering from love-sickness.

In the meanwhile, a loud noise arose as if causing to shed tears and to melt the heart. Suddenly the king became alert and reflected in the mind, " Who has invaded the country ? Who has come to the earth ? Protection of the distressed is the duty of a good man, generally of a ksa-triya, who is entrusted with the task of the protection of the earth." He came out of the palace, and saw a demon longer than the three steps of Visnu, broader than the path of constellations, as if a guest of yama, the devourer of the world; the assistant of Bhairava and a male form of kṛtya, along with a female ascetic, fourteen years old, constantly uttering bewildering and piteous cries and decked with bark garments. The king intervened between the two and said to her, " Do not be afraid". The king challenged the demon to go away and give her up. He

added, " If such a beauty was for your food, Brahma should not have taken the trouble to create her." The demon boasted about himself. He said, " I cannot be vanquished even by four-armed visnu, ten-armed Siva and twelve-armed Kārtikeya, then what to say of others ? Who are you ? Why do you play with a fierce serpent ?" The king replied, " Rāvaṇa with twenty arms was defeated by Rāma and Kartikeya of thousand arms by Bhārgava; then it is certain that a pair of arms is sufficient in the battle. Why is your tongue not cut off, while abusing the Gods ? Now, I ^{will} cut it. Then strike first." The demon lifted a heavy slab. Even the mind of the ascetic maiden was disturbed to see the terrific scene, " Oh I think, the world becomes devoid of the lord, " she thought. As soon as the demon threw it, it entered the netherworld and the birds congratulated the lord with their chatterings in the sky. Meanwhile, the demon failed in his task disappeared and again stood before the king with a great noise. The demon told him to go home and threw the sword, which appeared as if it were the second thunderbolt of Indra, the third horn of Kala-mahisa, the fourth point of Trident and the fifth peak of cloud elephants. It fell near the king's feet.

At last being defeated the demon Saluted the king and shook his hands. He wel-camed the king with these words, " You are Malayavāhana, as if the soul of the

physical world, the king of Pratiṣṭhāna, the capital of the Kuntala country. By your power, this sword fell on the ground, so receive it. I release this maiden. I am ^{pleased} satisfied with you. You must remember me in necessity." The king asked, "Who are you? Tell the truth."

The Demon's Tale :

"There is a city Lankā on the upper bank of the South sea. There rules king Vibhīṣaṇa in that city. I am the son of his maternal uncle. My name is Māyābala.

Once our lord was informed by the demon named Kankā-laka, who was sent up as a spy by His Majesty. On his journey to the North, he arrived at the Narmadā river. He saw the city ^{of} Bṛgukaccha, the resort of wealthy citizens. From there, he came to Mathurā. There he saw Kumārakesari as if Asvathāmā descended from Kṣatriya family. He heard his name in a gamblers' party. Fond of gambling as he was, he desired to invade the wealthy country of Lankā and to rob away its riches. It appeared that by his strength, he, desirous of gold, could dig even the Meru mount, desirous of jewels, could pierce the hood of Nāga and with the desire of wealth could capture the treasury of Kubera.

Returning from there, Kankālaka wished to follow him.

Then once he entered the house of an old gambler named Pippalaka. By the latter's talk, Kankālaka knew that Kumārakesari is the start towards the southern ocean to the Demon world. Hence, his suspicion removed, and being certain that the hero was to overtake Lankā; because there was no other demon world in the south, he suddenly sailed for Lankā. With this information, the king fixed his eyes on me. I detected the king's suspicious mind and asked him, "Why are you afraid of him? I, along with Kankālaka, start in search of the fellow." After some time, I saw a temple of Caṇḍī on one side of the Malaya mount. I thought, "If he comes alone, surely he will stay here in this temple." One prahara of the night passed and Kankālaka saw him, coming in the yard. Our friend Kapālabhairava asked that fellow about every detail of his journey. After the latter informed us everything we all began to play a game of dice. Fond of gambling as he was, he took ^{part} ~~share~~ in it. Kumārakesari lost his sword and won the aeroplane, which was nothing but Kankālaka in that form. Satisfied with his gain, he took his seat in the aeroplane. While returning to Lankā, Kankālaka, following my advice threw him in the ocean. Along with Kankālaka I arrived at Lankā. Mentioning the above news, I handed over Kumārakesari's sword in Vibhīṣana's hands. Vibhīṣana, satisfied with me, returned it to me, the same is now, O king Malayavāhana, is at your

disposal. I do not know, who is this ascetic maiden ? I saw her clad in bark garment and wandering in Lanka for some reason. As I saw her, " I completely fell under the power of love. Then she went out of the city and moved through the heavenly path. Having assumed the form of a Brahmin, I pursued her. Thus I cheated her but failed in my mission. Then I, in the demon form continued to follow her. I was ready to strike at her as Ravana did at Sita; in the meanwhile, you intervened between us."

Māyabala, being permitted by the king fled away. Passing by the cemetery region, the king along with the maiden arrived at the hermitage of Visvabhūti. The former informed every thing to the latter.

UCCHVĀSA VI

Tapasī's Tale :

It was mid-night, the king taking leave of Visvabhūti asked the female ascetic, " Oh you good lady, who are you ?"

In reply to the king's query, she began to tell a tale. " There is that well-known third world name) Pātāla - the netherland, where wander serpents born in Nāga families assuming forms at will, where the aged Sesa resides and lifts the heavy burden of the great earth, where lived king Bali an

ornament of demon kings, from where even Viṣṇu in the incarnation of Varāha does not come out, desiring not to stay elsewhere.

There rules king Śikhandatilaka, a friend of Śeṣa, a faithful attendant of Vāsuki, a worshipper of Śankara and descended from the family of sage Sankhapāla in the capital city Indivara of that Pātāla region. He has a wife Vijaya-
rekha, as if Lakṣmī residing on Viṣṇu's chest, Saraswatī residing in the mouth and the glory of virtues. They have a beautiful daughter Udayasundarī. Seeing his daughter in fresh youth, the father thought that she must be concealed; so that Vāsuki, the lord of Pātāla region might not cast a glance on her. He made Kanyakāvarodha for her in an interior island of the ocean.

I am the daughter of Ratnamauli, a faithful commander of Śikhandatilaka. My mother is Venimatī and I am Tārāvalī by name. As we, both Udayasundarī and myself were of the equal age, friendship was naturally formed between us. Her blooming youth pained her parents. She rolled her days in various amusements like plunging and swimming in the tank, plucking flowers in the garden and painting in the hall.

Once, at sun-rise, when she was surrounded by female friends, a pair of Kinnaras called Mayūraka brought a

picture-canvass there. I questioned to him, 'O you Kinnara, whence have you got it.' He replied, "I found it in a garden on the interior island of the ocean." The Kinnaras were unable to detect whose figure was painted on the canvass.

Udayasundarī, with surprise, said, "Let me see, I may find out, who this is." Now as she looked at the picture-canvass, its effect was very much troublesome to her. She completely fell under the power of love, trembled in all her limbs, drops of water appeared on the forehead, shame departed, madness entered and patience went out, "Who is this?"

She thought, "Is he, one of the youths of the earth, the heaven or the netherworld? How can union with him be brought about? What will my mother think? How will the father believe in me? What will elders decide? What will attendants say?" With these ideas in her mind, she felt uneasiness, and being merged in love lost control over the senses. I said, to her, "Surely he is neither Visnu as he is not characterised by the naval lotus and Kaustubha gem, nor Kamadeva as he is without a Kamabāna. She, in despair, giving that canvass in my hand said, 'How can he be searched for?' I advised her, "Be patient. Nothing is impossible for a person of perseverance; everything will be alright in due course.' She asked about the picture to each traveller and painter and passed her time.

Once an aged ascetic Pātālagana, a devotee of Hātaka-
 svara arrived there. He saw the picture of the young man and
 said, 'While I was coming here with Brahma lotuses for
 worship in Caitrikā parva, I saw this man, sitting in the
 shade of an Asoka tree. I, being aged and engrossed in cross-
 ing the relevant path knew not whether he was a king, a
 Vidyādhara or a deity.' Hearing this, she fell in the
 couch and swooned.

I was perplexed to see her condition. Then I showed
 her another canvass joined at the edge of the first. As
 she saw herself painted on it, asked how it happened. I
 replied, 'Any how, I joined you with him. Your picture
 was painted by a painter Viddhaviyaya, as he was ordered
 by your mother. I joined that picture of yours and ful-
 filled my words. Now I shall try to fulfill your desires in
 fact.'

It was rainy season. Once Sekharikā, a female door-
 keeper of the queen informed Udayasundari, "There comes
 your mother to see you. To-day is the great ceremony,
 when ladies worship the deity Candraketu as he fulfills
 all their desires so you fulfill your desires by worshiping
 god Siva." Meanwhile, the queen arrived there. Both the
 mother and the daughter worshipped Sankara and came to the
 palace. Once Udayasundari went to the garden, when

Sārāṅgikā, a female umbrella holder held that canvass. She kept the canvass at a place, united with us and began to pluck flowers. Soon a hubbub^{bb} was heard, with the words "Be a parrot with the crest of this canvass." When Udayasundarī heard the word 'canvass', she came to that arbour, where she found a male person with the canvass in his hand and being cursed by Pārāyanī.

Being devoid of that canvass she was in dejection, as a lotus bed without the sun and the night without the moon. The time passed and there appeared autumnal season. She became emaciated like a tank, her voice was lost like ^{that of} a peacock, and ^{pale}whiteness appeared on her body like ^{as on a beautiful cloud.} a cloudy beauty. Once she slept at night, but was not found in the couch early in the morning. I was desheartened and went to the gardens and play-grounds in search of her. I thought, 'Has she been kidnapped by Vāsuki? Did Viṣṇu take away her while sleeping through the illusion of Lakṣmī? Did she follow her lover? Did she throw herself in the tank or did she lose her life by entangling on a branch of a tree? At last I went to see her mother and informed about the news of her disappearance. She told this to

Sikhāṇḍatīlaka.

The king asked my father to search for her daughter. He sent up messengers and spies in all directions. The whole

city was perturbed after hearing the sad news. I myself sailed for Laṅkā. Having assumed the dress of a female ascetic, I wandered here and there in search of her. Once I heard the words "Protect, protect", which were uttered by a mean demon assuming the form of a Brahmin. I questioned him, "What is the cause of your agony?" "I am troubled by Puspasilimukha (Love) and you protect me," was his reply. I promised him to fulfill his desire. I thought, "Though he is a Brahmin, he cheated me; but he should not behave in this way." Then I played a trick and requested him, "Take this bark garment and put it on your body; so that you may not be harrassed by a Śilimukha (bee) sitting on nearby flowers but also by other 'Madhukaras' living in this forest." Thus I protected him from the harrassment of Puspasilimukha and fulfilled my promise of protection. Then I fled away by the heavenly path; but I was not safe. Again he followed me and said, "O you cheated me by the double meaning of Puspasilimukha." He was fierce to me and said 'Remember soon your desired deity'. By the time you intervened between us.

Really you are the ^{very} life of my mistress, "What is this country? What family do you decorate?" With this query, she stopped her tale.

Then telling everything to Viśvabhūti and arranging for her residence there in the hermitage, the king returned to his own palace.

UCCHVĀSA VII

It was the morning time. The king told all the news to Kumārakesarī, and along with the latter arrived at the hermitage of Viśvabhūti. Pointing to Kumārakesarī, the king asked, "Tārāvalī, Do you know who this is?" She replied, "This is the person who was cursed by the female ascetic at the temple of Śiva." The king made her acquainted with all the news of his getting the original form from the parrot and handed over the picture canvass. She observed Udayasundarī in the picture and began to weep.

Viśvabhūti said, 'Think over the methods of searching her, O king. For you nothing is impossible to find out. The king arrived at the palace and pondered over the matter. As soon as he remembered his friend Māyābala, the latter appeared before him. The king showed the picture Udayasundarī on the canvass and Mayabala started his journey in her search.

The king suffered love-sickness. Once in the morning Kṛpāvatī, the pupil of Viśvabhūti informed the king that Tārāvalī, had gone to the garden to pluck flowers and thence she had not returned during the past three days. She hoped

that she had gone in search of Udayasundarī, without whom she could not stay for a while. Then she took leave and went to her hermitage.

Time rolled on. Autumn, Hemanta and the cold season passed, and the spring appeared. The king's heart was full of love for Udayasundarī and the spring doubled his torment. One day Kumārakesarī said, ' See, O king, there is Kirāta Vanavīra. He has brought a mare, caught hold of by the reign. She is as if a good carrier of Brahmā and a physical form of wind. As soon as the Kirāta appeared before the king he spoke, " My Lord, wandering in the vindhya mountain, I observed this mare, falling from the sky on the Durva grass. I conjecture, she is created by Brahmā from the seven horses of the sun's chariot. Uccaiḥśravā has no position on the earth due to the fear of his defeat. Therefore, I think she would be a good carrier for your'

Then appeared Karabhaka, a servant running perspired and shouting 'O Lord, we are robbed. Protect our gardens depⁿaded by an evil-minded monkey.' The king along with Kumārakesarī and attendants followed him and arrived at the garden. There he saw a monkey shining with his tail, appearing as if Sugrīva with his reddish face, sitting on the branch of a tree. The monkey had the power to crush the guards. The king observed, ' If is something strange.

Sugrīva, Nala, Nīla, Angada etc., are said to be possessing divine power but let me know, who this is.

The king mounted on the mare, pursued the monkey, till he was drawn to a far distance in a great forest. When he looked there, he found nothing but only a mountain, blocking his path as if Vindhya of Agastya. The king reflected, "Where am I drawn to this extent? What is this mountain? Where is that monkey? How much path has the mare crossed?" Then, he saw a tank, fragrant with lotuses and a water-place for the foresters. After drinking water, he left the mare for grazing. In a short time, when he looked behind himself, he observed a gem before the mare's fore-legs. The gem appeared as if it were a flower of a shining creeper. He imagined that it was forgotten by a person, who came to take a bath here or some heavenly being might have lost it. As soon as he tried to catch it, the gem fell down by the stroke of the mare's heels. By the very touch of the gem, the mare gave up her own form and appeared as Tārāvalī with her bark-garments. He looked at Tārāvalī. She thinking that she was blocked by the mountain began to run here and there. She saw a jewel palace in the mountain and observed Udaya-sundarī in it.

Both the female friends met each other. The king held the gem and looked at the union of the two friends.

He heard their talk, while standing by the side of a tree. Tārāvali was wonderstruck to see Udayasundari and asked about the news of her welfare.

Udayasundari, in reply to Tārāvali's query, began to tell " O dear one, I slept in pangs of love on that day and when I awoke on the next day, I found myself on the river bank attended by a fierce monkey. I felt, " How was I brought in this forest ? Who is this monkey ? " There was a jewel palace in the mountain. I entered there. The monkey shampooed my legs and brought fruits for my food. He guarded my door and always closed the mountain wall. I could not understand, what I should do, and where I should go. The forest creatures, being afraid of him, had fled away. To day that monkey, with a gem tied in his garment, was coming towards me. It fell down somewhere and I came in search of it. Meanwhile we met each other.

Then you tell me the news since my departure on that day. Have you obtained that young man, the love of my heart ?" Tārāvali, said, " When I did not see you in the bed, I told it to your parents. They sent messengers in all directions. I myself arrived at Lankā in search of you, A demon followed me there. Later on I was rescued by your lover." Tārāvali made Udayasundari acquainted with all the matters concerning Malayavāhana and Kumārakesari. Then

she said, "I observed again the picture canvass and went out in search of you, with the excuse of plucking flowers in the garden.

I wandered in villages and cities and sailed through the heavenly path. At last I stood on the peak of a mountain and drank the water of a lake. As soon as I drank it, I became a mare, giving up my original nature and began to graze Durvā grass. Then I do not know what happened and when I was brought to my original form. Every thing depended on my fate. I have found out the love of your heart. He is completely in pangs of love; but he lives at a distance. Udayasundarī, hearing this news, lost her senses. Tārāvalī went to fetch water. In the meanwhile, the king appeared before Udayasundarī and thought, "Oh, the meeting has become void of interest. Then I use this gem. As it possesses power to change the physical form, it may remove her swoon." By the very touch of the gem, her swoon was removed. The king held her in his arms. She also looked at her lover. They married and Sylvan deities congratulated them.

In the meanwhile, Tārāvalī fetched water in her p^lams. She observed the union of the two f^orm a distance and congratulated them. Then Taravali asked all the news to the king and the later informed them all that had happened.

UCCHVASA VIII

Then the monkey, puffed with anger, jumped on the king's arm. Seeing the scene Udayasundarī wept bitterly with the idea that the result of the act would be evil. Thereupon the king gave a stroke of his palm ~~to~~ the monkey's cheek. At ^{that} the very moment, the monkey changed his form and appeared as a human being. He congratulated the king and asked permission to retire; and added, ' O king Malaya-vāhana, start for your city Pratiṣṭhāna. I had brought this maiden for you.'

The king questioned in return " Who were you ? How did you obtain the form of a creature ? How did you receive your original form ? Why ~~for~~ was this jewel-palace constructed in the mountain ? Tell me.'

The Monkey's Tale :

" There is a well-known city Kosātakī in the interior corner of Sumeru mountain in the world of Vidyādhara. I am the king Tārākiriṭa of that city. Once I went to the world of serpents to worship the deity Hātakesvara. Having worshipped the deity, as I came out of the netherworld, I saw this maiden, sleeping on a bed of leaves in an interior island of the ocean. Seeing from a distance, I thought, that she was a lily or the orb of the moon. I did not know

whether she was married or not; I thought that she might be a love-born lady as she was served by means of cold things. I forgot my duty, family vows, the path of virtue and the words of elders and felt that she was everything to me. If my desires are fulfilled I thought, that the world would be fruitful. Lifting her from the bed, I took her in my aerial car. The car came over the head of a sage, practising penance on the bank of the Ganges. Being full of anger, he cursed me, " Be supportless on the very moment and receive the form of a forest creature, a monkey by this evil act." As soon as the sage saw her in the car, he added, " O you also kidnapped this beautiful maiden. Then here is a tank Kuvalayāmoda on the peak of this mountain Ravisīṅga. There you must live and protect her. There will be a beautiful residence called Maṇikyabhavana near the wall of the mountain." Then he handed over the great gem possessed of the power of change of form and of removing poison and swoon.

I requested him, " O you sage, Be pleased by offering my original state. My sight is blocked by the darkness of ignorance." Thereupon he said, " When king Malayavāhana of Pratisthāna will marry this maiden and strike you with the palm of his hand; your curse will be removed." Thence forward, I lived here by his order and guarded this maiden. You appeared here, according to the sage's prediction and

I obtained my original form. Be happy, I should go now." With these words, Tārākiriṭa bade farewell. The king thought to himself, "Where am I? Where is my capital? Can any person be found out in the forest to whom we can follow to our destination?" Meanwhile the king saw a pair of birds with well-spread wings. Giving up the forms of birds; they descended to the earth in human forms. They bowed down to the king along with Udayasundarī. They were asked by the king, "Who they were. Thereupon one of them replied, "I am your attendant Māyābala, carrying your order, sent in search of a beautiful maiden and this is the faithful foot-soldier of Śikhandatilaka. His name is Dambholi, sent in search of Śikhandatilaka's daughter. He searched the whole netherworld and even the heaven. He joined me on the earth at the holy place Prabhāsa in Saurāstra. We worshipped Somanātha and prayed to him for our desired object. We became friends, as we had a common object of search.

Flying in the sky, we saw a beautiful tank and desired to take rest on the bank of it. Having given up bird forms, we assumed human forms. I pointed out to my friend that my lord has received the worthy lady. The desire is fulfilled. The king told him to show the way to Pratisthāna. Māyābala disappeared and there appeared an aerial car in the short while. Meanwhile Māyābala

appeared and said, ' Here is an aerial car which will take all of you to the capital.'

Dambholi, in satisfaction, observed the face of Udayasundari. The latter told him the news of her welfare and gave message to her father that she, along with Taravali was happy in Pratisthana. Dambholi flew away. The king and the queen along with Taravali arrived near the city in the aerial car. Outside the city, they all stood under Nandi tree. Mayabala changed his form and said, " See, O my lord. There is coming a crowd of people, shouting with joy. Now grant me leave to go as I have come without the permission of king Vibhishana." The king did so and the demon departed.

The king, welcomed by Kumarakesari along with the citizens including ministers and soldiers, entered the city. Directions were filled with the sound of drums. An auspicious ceremony was performed by Brahmanas. Ladies were anxious to see the new couple like Ananga and Rati descended from heaven. Each path and gateway was decorated with flowers and flags in honour of the king. The whole city was in joy.

Meanwhile there came Ratnamauli, sent by Sikhanda-tilaka, with various ornaments and beautiful garments.

He told the message of his lord to Udayasundarī and presented valuable articles brought by him.

Malayavāhana told all the news in respect of Tārāvalī to her father Ratnamauli. The latter gave his daughter in marriage to Kumārakesarī.

After completing all the functions of hospitality and being permitted by king Malayavāhana, Ratnamauli started for his own country. The king passed his days in joy and enjoyed all the happiness of the human world.