

## Rape in monastery

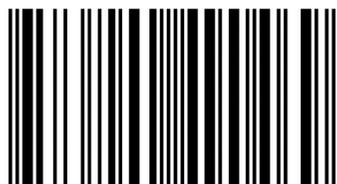
Buddhism almost spread densely in India for about six hundred years and also got support of kings and states and it also flourished not only in terms of treasurer but also in state power like of Christianity after the downfall of Romans in Europe.

Words of Gautama Buddha after attaining Nirvana were against of any religious rituals and practises but after His death, gradually his words become another religion. Buddhism flourished and flourished rapidly on the Aryan land and also prospered and therefore also brought many evils in the then society and this new native ideology altered the Hindu race of Aryans.

Buddha was against of any type of religion and preached true knowledge against rituals and customs but later He himself was made ritual of religion. For Him, true knowledge is only liberation (Nirvana).



The author has studied Indian philosophy and culture taught epistemology and philosophy applied to the university and adopted later in his career of journalism and covered the socio-economical changes in the villages of India.



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Edition



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Downfall of Buddhism

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# Rape in monastery

**KSHITIZ GAUR**

RELIGION IS A COW, IT GIVES MILK BUT ALSO KICKS  
- BUDDHA

## **Downfall of Buddhism**

Buddhism almost spread densely in India for about six hundred years and also got support of kings and states and it also flourished not only in terms of treasurer but also in state power like of Christianity after the downfall of Romans in Europe.

Words of Gautama Buddha after attaining Nirvana were against of any religious rituals and practises but after His death, gradually his words become another religion.

Buddhism flourished and flourished rapidly on the Aryan land and also prospered and therefore also brought many

evils in the then society and this new native ideology altered the Hindu race of Aryans.

Buddha was against of any type of religion and preached true knowledge against rituals and customs but later He himself was made ritual of religion. For Him, true knowledge is only liberation (Nirvana).

Buddha was cleared about god and said, "If there is god then inconceivable that, He would not be concern about my day to day affairs."

Buddhist religion got a boost at the time of King Asoka who adopted Buddhism as his religion and it remained for almost centuries when later Gupta Empires were attacked by foreign aggression at the time of Skanda Gupta.

My work is not to go into Indian history but to examine the reasons of downfall of Buddhist religion and *raison d'être* that made Hindu race weak with the slogan of Ahimsa (Non-violence) and prepared the ground for continues foreign attacks on this land. Buddhism, as a religion, not only become hurdle to prepare an army to fight with the

foreign invasions but also consumed the spirit to fight in Hindus.

The downfall of Buddhism also brought Vedanta to revive the Hindu set of ideology and revive the Vedic ideology. But Buddhist religion weakened the concept of struggle and contest to survive. Those people who do not wanted to work and to eat turned to *Bhikshus* and eat by begging on the name of Buddhism.

Unlike Christianity, Buddhist religion also failed to give proper social and family fabric and also ethical system to Hindu society and fall short to save the religion on this land. As Christianity initiated crusades to spread in East Asia but Buddhism turned to personal gains and earning for those sitting on the seats of monasteries (Matha)

Here is the story of a Buddhist society and life at Buddhist monastery in Kashmir at the time in sixth century describing the life and style of people of that time, working of Buddhist monasteries mainly became a centre of economy and directing the thinking of people.

People were divided in two schools, whether they support the king to establish a big army to fight the invasion of white Huns from Magnolia or they follow the principle of Ahimsa to remain nonviolence. Kings were also sceptic whether to have war or to follow the direction of Buddhist monasteries and remain on the path of religion.

Monasteries that time were the main place for political decisions and places of finance to states. Kings were afraid that people would go against the state if Buddhist religion called the act of state as anti Buddhism.

Followers of Vedanta meanwhile were now on the other side and were against of rituals, superstitions, customs and extravagant religion where Buddha stood odd 700 years ago.

And between all this a love story started between a young scholar of Buddhism and a beautiful follower of Hinduism.

## **Disclaimer**

The book is a fiction work on the facts and circumstances provided by great historians and the motive is to sketch the way of life during Buddhist religion. It is a work that presumed the reasons of declination of Buddhism in Indian sub-continent and conflict of different ideologies. There is no attempt to degrade any idea or society, the work is just to bring out shortcomings.

This book does not claim any part or character as true or any event described in it as factual but it certainly gives the flavour of flourishing and downfall of Buddhist religion in India. The book, again, is not an attempt to detract any historical fact of Medieval India but an effort to bring out understanding of the great Buddhist philosophy and destructed Buddhist religion.

## **About the Author**

The author has studied Indian epistemology and taught philosophy and culture in university and adopted applied philosophy in his career of journalism later and covered socio-economical changes in the villages of India. In the career of long twenty two years of journalism he found another stream of culture and religion moving parallel to main culture throughout the world. He successfully wrote five books including rejuvenating Hindu Philosophy

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## Conflict within

If paradise dwells on this earth then this is the right place to call it heaven, I am standing on the steps of a wall of the monastery situated near Shrinagar in Kashmir from where I can see the view of the valley. The valley is full of green flora and it gives solace not only to eyes but also to soul. Radiance of sun rays coming out from gaps of mountains are like guiding lights making a theatrical effect on spectators.

The monastery is the oldest in the valley and having a library where there are original work of Great Buddha Vasubandhu and even of more Buddhas that came after Gautama. Cool winds were making the spirit romantic and making mind stable, a process towards Nirvana.

There is a vihar (garden) in the centre and then administrative block near the entering gate. The

administrative gate with red colour is the place where they keep the record of every monk, working on different perspectives of Buddhism, their travelling stories and gathering the insight about Buddhism. As the monastery is situated on the silk route from China to Afghanistan, therefore it is an important seat of Buddhism and scholars from China, Indonesia and far from the East come here to learn and understand why Buddhism came on this earth.

After Vihar there are dormitories and rooms in right and left side of the premises where monks and nuns stay and rest and meditate and work on different concepts, there is also a school which is divided in four blocks in which children are taught to become monks and another is where they learn and practice Buddhism, especially Mahayana, the two other blocks are for higher studies and in centre of the building there is a large hall where Bodhisattva is worshiped from morning to evening.

New school has also came up and that school is teaching those who cannot complete the epistemology of Buddhism,

they start learning the ritual and customs of Buddhism and this is something new which is not taught by any of the Buddha including Vasubandu or Nagarjuna. One more odd, came in such monasteries, mostly in northern part and monasteries are deciding the way the society and king to think in accordance of Buddhism. The head monk is playing the major role in state and advising the king.

Moreover, the concept of Bikshus and Bikshunis residing here in large numbers is because of ample food and clothes and other things are coming to monastery without making any efforts and therefore very few scholars left in the monastery that really wanted to study epistemology

**I am Kumar-mitra**, completed my studies mostly in *Vijnaptimatratā Siddhi* in which we take external objects as merely mental concepts. The outer object is just an image of mental phenomena and only consciousness survives. That means only consciousness is reality and outer world is merely an image because of consciousness. But this beautiful valley which I am witnessing at this time cannot

be merely mental concept which shows how beautiful these mountains are and how beautiful this green lavish valley look likes.

This may be a dependent origination, where, because of the cause, the effect arises and the cause is simply the Nature which booms the beauty on this earth. Without the cause there is no effect. But my education states that external is only a formation of consciousness. May be my consciousness is in the bliss and therefore I am witnessing the beauty of this valley.

At the age of seventeen years, I have completed my higher education, I come from the central part where River Ganges flow and provide water to the land to grow crops that can fill stomach of whole world and now I am not able to decide whether I go back to my village or remain as monk here and study further to make the words of Buddha understandable to common man.

When I had attained the age of 10 years, I had questions in my mind and therefore my heart was not at rest and thus my father, a great farmer of my village asked me to study Buddhism and proposed to join Nalanda monastery, but after one year, the monk teacher referred me to this monastery in Kashmir as he found me good in grasping. Now after six years of studies, my heart is at rest and I understand what the reality is but like Gautama I am unable to describe the reality in one sentence.

I was busy in my thoughts and attracted to such beauty of the valley and suddenly I heard footsteps behind me and found my teacher Guru-mitra approaching me. He is the great man and a great teacher at the age of ninety and he came direct to me, "What is happening Kumar, why you are looking upset?" I smiled and I glared at his wise face and then saluted him, "Nothing as such, I am enjoying the beauty of this valley and unable to understand that the beauty is merely a mental concept or in reality,"

Guru laughed and said, "It happens with the newly pass-out graduates in *Vijnaptimatratra Siddhi* and they starts observing the world with perceptions." I hesitated, "But sir, I really feel that it is essential nature of consciousness to distinguish between subject and object and during this distinguishing the core consciousness is the Tathata, the ultimate truth" The old man laughed, "Yes it is."

We started walking towards the Vihar and he kept his hand on my shoulder, "My boy, you are the brightest student I ever had and therefore I wanted to share a thing with you. Lord Buddha attained the Nirvana and He understood the world in His life time and therefore he made us understand only through the *Dhamma* in which he clearly mentioned that when the cause appears, the effect will also arise and therefore existence of everything is dependent on conditions. Nothing happens by chance and Lord Himself said that those who see the *Dhamma*, the cause can presume the effect. And therefore Lord advanced that to

cease the misery of this world it is important to understand the cause of miseries.”

This was the first time when my teacher was talking to me informally and I felt that he wanted to talk something different on some other issue to me and it was like he wanted to pour out some big secret buried in his heart. But he remained formal by look, may be thinking how to start something informal, I put the things academically, “But Lord Himself said that all things are transitory in nature and therefore they all are subject to change and decay with the time,” My guru laughed, “You are good in academics but now I wanted you to adopt this academics in practical life. Buddhism flourished so many years on this land of Vedas just because it gives people **insight of rationality**. Nothing was accepted in Buddhism just because only that Buddha said so. Right thinking is the crux of wisdom and therefore Lord Himself struggled whole of his life that common man can become rational to understand what actually reality is.”

He added, "The major population is weak by consciousness and they do not wanted to learn themselves and therefore they need someone who guide them and tell them what is wrong and what is right. The lord therefore emphasis on right thinking, to understand what is suffering and what is the cause of suffering and He found that irrationality is the major cause of suffering."

I still do not understand what my teacher wanted to say, I was confused that Vasubandu, while explaining the reality said that no external and internal object beyond consciousness exist and I saw the beautiful valley that exists and now the teacher is speaking something which is not academically. He is describing cause and effect theory and not coming on the topic of reality and illusion.

I grasp that my teacher too realized what I was thinking and he took a long breath. His hairs were white and long and his beard was also long but grey and not fully white and I feel that it took more ten to twenty years to grow pure white. He is the man in whom I found my Buddha who

devoted his life in teaching to students with the crux of Buddhism and of truth. He was wearing red cloth with a white robe, one piece of cloth wrapped all around his body even in this cold waves. But his face was glowing. He is of medium height and at this age he stood straight without bending his backbone. His eyes were small but shining with his knowledge and he breathes very little as camel takes little water to survive.

He found me in great thoughts and then he stopped and said, "Kumar, you know why you found that valley beautiful and blessed when you observed it closely. It is because the beauty of the valley married your own consciousness. The consciousness which is pure and blissful and therefore you manifest the beauty in the way of valley. I have seen people who look down towards the valley and said that oh! The dense forest full of beasts and or Oh! The rigid mountains, it is better to be on plains."

I know the dialectic method of teaching of my teacher and nodded several times. We walked silently from one corner

to another. It was evening and winds are speeding up with chilling effect. White feather birds were returning home after a long day. I thought, "These beautiful birds maintain the law of karma and maintain their daily routine since thousands of years. They don't keep anything for their next day and start their routine early in the morning and end when sun starts setting. They do not need peace of their mind and they do not search the truth of life, they never discuss which bird got stomach full of food and which bird remain unlucky for the whole day. They are in real sense practise Mahayana where all of them fly together and eat together. They do not try food search alone and do not try to enjoy alone. They have the group tendency and therefore they enjoy their society."

The bell begin ringing in the Bodhisattva Hall and with that monks, big and small, new and old, learned and novice all with the ring of bell started moving in a row towards the hall. There was a smell of burning wax in the atmosphere. There were also sound of *huuummm*, *huuumm* where

monks were reciting poems for the occasion of prayers. There were also sound of wheel rotating anti clock wise and silence of purity in the valley. Now no one use their logic and argument that why such prayers are performed. They are performed because they are performed from hundreds of years.

The atmosphere turned to holy rather than academically or scholarly and the rationality was turning into faith, the demand to seek wisdom was changing into demand of blessing. Monks and nuns in different rows were bowing inside and outside the hall, with close eyes they were offering prayers and murmuring prayers. This is my seventh year in this monastery and first time I felt that I am thinking differently. It was my routine to run for the evening prayer and took the seat from where I can see the statue of Bodhisattva. The prayer provided peace to me.

Actually at the time when I just entered into this school of education, prayers gave me strength to learn and later it becomes a habit, an unchangeable habit whether there

was snow, or wind or rain or cold, I never missed this ritual of my school. Evening prayer is an essential part for *Vipassana* practice in which we have to apologise to the Buddha and also for the *Sangha* and seeking the light to get the right path to walk which was narrated hundreds of years ago by Buddha. The path that take us towards light, the path that open the gates of Nirvana, the path that left with no hurdle of causation and the path that end the circle of life and death on this earth.

*And then sound started from the hall:-*

*“To my Lord Buddha, the blessed one in all,*

*Becomes right and enlightened with own efforts*

*The supremely self enlightened in one and in all*

*Extinguished forever, all the fire of desires”*

***And then coarse started-***

*“We devote ourselves to the teaching of the Buddha*

And to the disciples of the blessed one who are well  
practiced

We reverence the blessed one and his teachings and also  
his disciples.

With proper offerings to render supreme homage----“

The chanting was so interesting that sometimes I felt that it  
was taking me into trance and the voice of wheels rotating  
all around made the place very holy and the rhythm of  
wheels, symbolic of the journey of life and death made the  
sound that even the inner sound of the soul and the inner  
will of body went down inside deep as they all were  
crushed inside within.

Guru-mitra closed his eyes and started reciting something,  
his lips were moving but words were not coming out and no  
one can judge what he was reciting and only his soul  
knows this secret and only he knows the secret. He went  
into the form of meditation and his face was glowing and it  
looks like that sun was not even set at this hour of evening.

His face was the face which made me resemble the face of Gautama when he sat under the tree to get enlightened and therefore I respect my teacher more than anything in this world.

And at this time when everyone was meditating on the supreme lord, the vision of beautiful valley once again came into my consciousness and that made me excited. How can be the external objects are bound of our consciousness and in reality, do they exist without any conscious witness and that beautiful nature is real and apart from consciousness? The reality of the mind is admitted to make correct thinking. It is possible that the mind consists of different streams of thoughts and the very idea that the valley is beautiful is the only reality because it came into my mind. Buddhism never said like Vedanta that everything is unreal or creation of Maya- the power of Brahma- but it says that the reality is what consciousness manifest and the recitation of last lines of the evening prayer made me aware when the sound in gathering came-

*By the supremacy of highest Buddha*

*May the evil lose their efforts*

*Through the power of the ten wholesome deeds*

*May all evils cease to manifest their own power.*

*Bless me, bless us, and bless them.*

The prayer, I feel is not the prayer offering or demanding anything from god but seeking the blessing to cease the power of manifesting the world.

Later after the prayers, Guru-mitra opened his eyes and now he was looking tense as the wave of peace went down in the ocean of reality of this world. He was looking disturbed as he had manifested something in his mind during his evening prayer. I felt that he was shivering and he wanted to have some aid to control his shivering, the shivering can be by the cold here in open in the valley of Kashmir. He holds my hand and tried to stand on his feet

but abruptly slip back to the bench. I was worried and thought that Guru-mitra is not well. His hand was still cold and he nodded towards me asking to sit near him. He remained quiet for a long time and once again closed his eyes. I just remained holding his hand, whole time.

When he went normal after few minutes he opened his mouth, "Kumar, time has come when Buddhism is going to vanish from this land. Buddhism will not disappear because of any other powerful philosophy will come on this earth but just because the greed, jealousy, power and misrepresentation of Buddhism will make it to kneel down in front of other people."

I felt shivering in my back bone, my Guru was professing about future something which is not allowed in Buddhism but if my teacher is telling me anything like this I have no reason to discard him. He closed his eyes once again and later said, "The Buddhism these days practicing not the teaching of Buddha which Gautama taught or any other Buddha taught us. We are back on the path of rituals,

dogmas and superstitions from where our Beloved Lord and Great Buddha brought out our generations from the net of nonsense superstitions. We are again leading the life of misconceptions, greed and hatred.”

“The majority of them are now practicing faith in Buddhism and this was not allowed because Buddhism came up with the basic crux of rationality and it was against faith and religion.”

“We came out as Mahayana because we believed that it is important to have salvation of all and not of a particular person like Hinayanists. But now time has come that the crude knowledge of Buddhism remains no simple for the fools who do not wanted to work hard to understand this wisdom and therefore for them, they made the name of Buddhism again as religion and made the name of Buddha as a source of earning and therefore they lost the meaning of Buddhism.”

“You came here as a scholar, for seeking knowledge and we tried our best to make you understand what Buddha realized after the Nirvana, We will never understand what Gautama realized after nirvana but we all from generation to generation trying to understand what was the feeling of Buddha after salvation and what actually He wanted to say with his words about the truth and reality of life.”

“But here is the crowd who do not wanted to understand what Gautama realized and they are not worrying what actually the reality is and they are also not interested to understand the soul of Buddhism but practically they are here because they wanted to earn on the name of Buddhism and they wanted to eat without any work and with all these facilities they actually wanted to rule the state and make common people fearful on the name of Buddhism. “

He continued, “This is not the right time for the Buddhism, Buddha actually had no intention to give one more new religion to this Aryan land but he wanted to rectify the

religion which was prevailing at His time. Knowledge never makes anyone blind and knowledge give rationality and logic make us understand the science of Nature. Gautama fought against the superstitions and rituals of his time but his followers have now made his teachings and his name as superstitions and rituals.”

The old teacher shivered again and his voice was sad, “My dear Kumar, time has come when Buddhism will vanish from this land because the people who entered into monasteries are greedy and came here to earn and live lavish life and on the name of greatest Teacher, the Buddha, they wanted to capture the power to rule people. They will make people frightful that what Buddha said about the hell. They are extorting money from people on the name of religion; many of them are capturing land on the name of Buddhism and most dangerous is that many of them are teaching wrong philosophy of Buddhism in entire mass. The king is not interrupting because they have seen

Buddhism directing them towards prosperity for hundreds of years in past.”

“Buddha said that the wheel of life and death will go on until we are not liberated by ceasing the cause of suffering but on the contrary we are pacing this cause of suffering on our lives just because of our greed and our selfishness. The stage is approaching where the Vedic education once again coming in a better form of logic and rationality in the flagship of Advait Vedanta.”

“The time is not going to be good for Buddhism and I fear that it will not face the time which Lokayata faced during the later Vedic period.”

Guru-mitra was really worried about the future and said, “The disaster can only be stopped and only by spreading right knowledge of Buddhism. And therefore Kumar-mitra, I ask you to save Buddhism and it is necessary to spread knowledge in society and in Buddhist Monasteries.”

Guru-mitra stood and started walking and I start following him, "On the name of Buddha, monks and Bikshus and nuns are begging in the streets, extorting businessmen, misleading kings and officials of the palace and even raping and looting innocent people. Even the nuns are practicing prostitution calling themselves as Buddhist nuns."

Sadness came on his face, "What they have to do is to shave their heads and wear and wrap red clothes and chant *Budham Sharnam Gachami* (Come to the shelter of Buddha).

The sadness was darker on the face of Guru in comparison to the darkness of night and Guru wanted to describe the more disaster and he directed that only right knowledge can stop this disaster but he was unable to describe. I remained silent and Guru was exhausted and therefore I hold his hand and took him to his residence. He was walking slowly and retired in his three room house situated behind the dormitories.

I was shaken from inside, after learning the epistemology of Buddhism for long six years, after trying to learn about great Vasubandhu, the light which he gave to this world, to understand the reality of this world, the reality of life and death, I have to fight for this knowledge in this world, against my own fraternity to make this great teaching prevail.

I returned back to the same bench where my guru was sitting and recently revealed the great truth of this society, of our monastery and our treasure of knowledge. The library in front of me is the biggest library of Buddhism on this land.

I start remembering my life in this monastery, without any break, my life started very early morning with the waking after calling of monks. These monks ring bells and that came as jingle bell and just after the daily cleanliness, the class of memorization start and monks gather inside the class when winter dwells but almost usually in open space during summers.

I still remember my school age that after the memorization, we clean our place and made our beds and then had fruits in our breakfast and we sit down on a mat and never on the earth and took out our books where the teacher made us understand the meaning of memorization we had in the early morning.

In my starting days, I felt real cold because snow was everywhere and I was wrapt simply in a cloth of red colour and my head was shaved but gradually, my body and my mind was used to heavy cold where temperature was in minus. I do not remember that I slept in last six years after the light started coming from east. It was always dark when I left my bed and went out to memorize my chapter.

Now I realize that in my initial days, there were no prayer in the hall of Bodhisattva but later it started and most of the monks and students went to attend those prayers and these prayers are still continue till now. During my starting days, I had a duty in kitchen for two days in a week during breakfast and three days a week duty during lunch.

My starting years were the teachings of Buddhist language, numbers and discipline and after two years of hard work, they admit me into monastic studies. I studied basic Buddhism initially and later Mul Madhyamik Karika and several other Kariakas and latter Vighyapti matrata Siddhi and Apoha Vad Siddhi.

During my scholastic studies, after breakfast, we went to the class where our different teachers taught the meaning and etymology of Buddhism and later we had classes of Pali, Sanskrit, Prakrit and also Chinese language. Many students also opt Buddhist art and culture, Buddhist economy, Buddhist administration and Buddhist architect and most important which rare student selected for was the Buddhist science and medicine. Three days in a week, we had two hours class for debating and we present our argument by dialectic method in which we raise the question and had to answer by argument and satisfying the opponent by valid answer and logic.

I cannot forget the debate classes where most of the doubts were cleared and we understand the pragmatic meaning of our studies. Memorizing in the morning, understanding, conceiving and then debating on the issue are the marvellous system of education which Buddhist developed on this land. We learn the chapter by heart and then teacher made us understand the meaning of the chapter we memorized and later we conceive with our power and then debate to understand its practical meaning.

Buddhism changed my life, Great Buddha was right that the world is full of suffering and has the cause of suffering and then there is cessation of this cause is the only remedy of removing suffering. The Shunyavada- void theory is the right way to explain the truth and reality in which we remove the quality from the attribute by negation method.

My major subject was *Vijnaptimatratra Siddhi* in which I believe that internal world is made up by consciousness and the power makes form of the world. The two modes of consciousness and then notions of subconscious and

unconscious we construct and then we experiences. But now, the revelation by the master, I really wanted to save this treasure of education for the future and for generations to come. It is not my duty but I can start something to aid those who wanted to retain this tradition on this land and suddenly I found that dark night wrapt the whole valley.

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## Misuse of Buddhism

The next early morning I went out on the road where the town is crossing the valley. I was unable to sleep whole night as my soul was not at rest and after my daily routine I went to the dormitory of Guru-Mitra but he was out in the cold meditating and I wrote a letter on his name and left on the table of his study room.

I wanted to experience the upcoming disaster which my teacher has recently explained and therefore with a group of monks that was moving towards the south-west to reach Taxila- the major centre of trade and an epic of Buddhist monasteries, I started my journey to the real world that exists out of the books.

I am from the central part of the land where Ganges flow but this new land situated on different rivers and Taxila was on the other side of River Jhelum and the group reciting the

prayer without gossiping and were marching to their destination. They are all strangers to me but they know that I am a scholar of this monastery.

The leader of the group was Dhur-mitra who was sitting on a donkey with bald head, heavy in weight and dark in colour. His eye was narrow and bally was round and it was trying to come out of his clothes. He was looking more like a crook rather than a teacher of Buddhism. He was surrounded by the monks and nuns of different ages and he was feeling proud while riding on the donkey. There were also five palanquins which many monks were carrying on their shoulder. These palanquins were closed and wrapped with red cloth and monks do not want to talk about this treasurer, maybe books may be something else.

While talking something during the journey, I came to know that this group came from Sindh region and stayed in my monastery in Kashmir for fifteen days and now started moving toward Taxila, an ancient city. The monk on the gate early this morning also briefed me about this group

and said that the group would leave to the real world and I decided to move with them.

The gate monk introduced me with Dur mitra, head of some monastery in western part where Narmada River flows and told him that I am a scholar and graduate of Buddhism. Dur-mitra nodded and I become part of his voyage.

No one was talking to no-one and as we crossed the river basin of other side, temperature started changing and I was feeling heat. It was strange that members of this group were not interacting even they do not care who is feeling hungry or who wanted water or whether anyone hurt while crossing a road full of bushes. This is strange because Mahayana is the concept to take care of every being, especially the brothers who are part of this sect.

The group stopped near a village where some of the devotees of Buddhism rushed to serve these monks when they saw red coloured clothes approaching towards their

settlement. Many women of the village brought water in the vassal and they washed the feet of Dur-mitra and offered food and clothes to different monks and nuns.

Dur-mitra felt proud when women started washing his feet and announced “Budham Sharnam Gachami, Sangham Sharnam Gachami.” (Come to the shelter of Buddha, come to the shelter of organization)

After a while, more villagers gathered on the spot when they came to know that an assembly of Buddhist monks arrived outside their village. They also offered food and monks and nuns started eating. I avoid food because my teacher told me that while travelling one has to try to eat less and try to mediate more when you stop for rest.

Nobody was bothered of me and therefore I sat on a branch of a tree which was lowering to ground looking to the first encounter of real world with the Buddhist folks.

I was analyzing the feeling and attitude of villagers; they were simple and pure by heart. They brought their food and

clothes not because they wanted something from this group but they were wrapping in emotions to serve humanity and to show that how much they care for the people who are walking on the path shown by Buddha. They were happy that they got the chance to serve humanity and that is the gem of Buddhism that humanity should be served and therefore Great Buddha made Mahayana so that everyone on this earth get salvation.

On the contrary, I felt odd about my own group, of my own people because the monk group with which I am moving to unknown world was careless about the feelings of these villagers. Monks who were feeding on the gifts of villagers were feeling that these villagers are low and never showed any thankfulness to them. They were looking to these villagers as their servants and many monks were making jokes of them. But these villagers were real good people and they felt nothing by any word or any deed of these monks and nuns.

One of the groups of villagers sat on the ground and after Dur-mitra had his lunch which looks like a bucketful of food, some of the women came forward and again washed the hands of Dur-mitra and also hands of some monks.

This was the new culture for me as what I learnt in my monastery is to be humble and polite and good to human. We were taught to do our own work and even the teacher in monastery wash his own utensils after he had his lunch. It was also irritated me that some of the monks and nuns were indulging physically in this open place and in front of many people and all on the name of Buddhism.

That was the violation of basic rules of monastery. But my teacher told me to mediate rather to involve in any anger which is a cause of blinding the mind, the mind that only fertile by knowledge. A wise man is one who keeps the mind in control and thinks rationally. I was not the part of this group and therefore I do not want to involve in them. My motive was only to reach Taxila and to learn many

things about the world and even enjoy the debates of epistemology.

Just before getting the degree, I was planning to move to my village where I would help my father in farming and also open a school to teach children and teach them languages and true meaning of Buddhism. Buddhism came on this land as eye opener and taught us that to live life is to live in accordance of true knowledge. Without knowledge, we are blind man who follows another blind man. And therefore Buddha came against all rituals, custom and superstition providing mankind to live in accordance of knowledge.

I was engulfed on my thoughts and found that now Dur-mitra sitting on a stage like stone and all monks and nuns sitting on his left or right and some of them behind and villagers in front of him with folded hands and were listening what this great teacher wanted to say.

I was also curious about any new thing that comes out as Dur-mitra or anyone in the group had not uttered a word in

half of the day. By dressing, they were looking as Buddhist monks and their dressing gained respect from every by-passer and by many villagers during the journey. Dur-mitra had belly full of food and now he wanted to digest it by preaching sermon to these uneducated hard working villagers.

I also stood from my place and came near the group and sat on the ground with villagers. I was not a great teacher and still a student who wanted to learn more. Dur-mitra looked to me and then to villagers and then he started looking towards sky.

He started, *“Dear comrades, this whole world is full of suffering and therefore our god Buddha took birth in this world to librated our soul which is bounded.”*

Rubbish, sheer rubbish, my mind agitated

Dur-mitra continued, “If you do good job and good work and serve monks and Buddhas, you will certainly go to heaven and will find peace and prosperity there.”

I wanted to jump on Dur-mitra and wanted to beat him, he is a devil in the skin of humane and that made me uneasy forgetting that anger is the best cause of suffering.

Dur-mitra with his closed eyes continued, "Buddha said that death is real and our soul will wander to get new birth and to get new birth in a better way, we have to serve monks for whole of our lives and that made Buddha happy and he will bless you and your family and your children and pardon you from your sins and give you better life in next life."

I stood and shouted on Dur-mitra, "Are you a fool or you had drunk anything miserable."

Dur-mitra looked to me, first with surprise and then with anger, "Sit down young man you have to learn many things about Buddhism."

But I again objected, "Buddha never advocated the existence of soul dear Dur-mitra. In Buddhism, soul is

never an individual identity and there is no permanent soul according to Buddha.”

I again said, “Buddhism never spread the theory of hell and heaven and never advocated the law of karma. We said, the world is not real and permanent and it is only dependent organisation. It is like a serial of waves that have no more reality than a rainbow to whom if we try to catch or touch it never felt be touch.”

I stood in the centre and said, “Listen, *Anatta Lakkhana Sutta* where Buddha said, “O! Monk, the body is not the self and even the sensation in the body is not the self. Even we see and therefore perception is not the self. The self is even not the mental constructions and not even the consciousness within is self. O! Monk, if you set no value on the body or on sensation or on perception or on mental constructions or even on consciousness you become free of passions and therefore you are liberated. Knowledge of liberation comes from within and then you know what has to do and what has to be done and then you live a holy life

that you are no longer become this or that and therefore any rebirth is destroy.”

The crowd was silent and Dur-mitra was looking upset and some young age nuns laughed and their face brighten with some happiness, I proceeded, “Dur-mitra, Buddhism came as enlightenment for humankind and I request you not to waste this knowledge just to fill your belly. I wanted to know where from you came and where you got education so that I made a complaint against you to my teachers and you will be banned from every monastery of Buddhism on this land and even from the land which are not belonged to us.”

One of the young peasants stood from the crowd where villagers were sitting and said, “We make our own hell and heaven in this world and the hell comes when we are ignorant of things and only knowledge is heaven which is taught to me in Taxila.” He added, “Hell is painful sensation and there is no one who created hell and heaven accept us. Dear Dur-mitra, can you tell me who created your hell and heaven and with your verse it looks that lord Buddha

himself created this for you.” People sitting on ground start laughing and so some nuns and monks on other side.

I appreciated the young chap and smiled, nodded and then added, “Dur-mitra, can you tell me please what Nagarjuna said about self in Madhyamika.”

Dur-mitra remained silent and was looking towards me in anger. His eyes went red and his hands were shaking in anger. But I want to give him more punch, “Nagarjuna said that self is associated with the notion of our identity and idea of pride, selfishness and a sense of psychophysical personality is a false and lead to bondage. It is sunyata (void) exist at last.”

I took few steps and went to the centre of the place where I can address the gathering including villagers and monks as spreading the right knowledge was also my duty to make Buddhism strong in mass and people can move in the right direction. I took my right hand and touch my thumb to index finger and took it straight to the naval of my body and *said,*

*“All conditional things are impermanent*

*All conditional things are sufferings*

*All conditional things are unconditional and are soulless  
and selfless.*

*O Buddha the great seer of this land for O great  
Dhammapada he gave to us.”*

It was now the turn of young villagers and they stood up and said, “Dur-mitra you are a false teacher and wearing these clothes just to fill your big belly, shame, shame, shame on you.” Many of them laugh and so Dur-mitra stood and said, “I curse you all who are making joke of a Wiseman of Buddhism.” He stared at me and said, “You are fooling people with wrong knowledge and making people fool. The Buddha will not leave you in peace.”

One of the men in the group of monk came forward, “Dur-mitra you cannot cheat man every time and anytime. I joined you to learn something about metaphysics but you

used me as your servant. I waited and waited and doubted that you are a conman and now with this incident it is confirmed that you are a conman, a junk and a beggar.”

Looking to the face of Dur-mitra, it seems that he wanted to kill that man but he stopped. The young monk shouted to other monk and said, “Sur-mitra come, it is better to live more an ignorant than to follow such false and conman.”

A young nun came out and stood with the revolting monk. She looked towards Dur-mitra with hate and then she said, “You are a parasite on this earth and you will be responsible for destroying such a precious education of Buddha.” They both walk away from the mob towards the village.

Villagers were now angry and they threatened and commanded, “Dur-mitra, now open your clothes and start running from this place or otherwise we will hang you from a tree where you can get enlightenment.”

A veteran villager stood and said, “Dur mitra you are not harming the Buddhism but you are also deceiving hundreds of people who wanted to turn towards Buddha to understand the true way of life.”

Dur-mitra was angry, very angry and wanted to kill me. His face expression was clear now, he was not looking as monk but a criminal who have fetched some conspiracy to kill and loot. Villagers were now circling around Dur-mitra and half of his monks and nuns fled from scene immediately.

Young bunch of the villagers came forward and found five palanquins and they started moving towards them. A bunch of monks that remained with Dur-mitra protested and said that there are holy books in it. But young ones were curious about it and doubted with the protest of monks and they pushed them away and one of them punched a monk who fell on ground. They removed the cloth of a palanquin and found gold and ornaments in them.

They shouted, "They are dacoits, they are dacoits and everyone run towards palanquins and looted whatever there was. More villagers came running even those who were working in fields and those who were moving out of village also came running.

The place like this is not good for me and therefore I decided to move ahead alone. Last, I saw while leaving the scene that villagers made Dur-mitra and some of the monks necked and they were beating them and looted every piece of gold inside those palanquins.

That was the first lesson for me that you cannot make people and mass fool every time and that was also the first proof what my teacher Guru-mitra described me that Buddhism will vanish from this land. Neither I wanted to laugh on this situation nor did I want to grief on it. I learn to remain without affect. What I did is to save my religion of knowledge.

Now I was all alone and sun was started setting and shadows were becoming bigger. I saw another village and decided to rest there. My teacher while my schooling, once told me that when you enter in any village as a monk do not ask what you wanted to eat but accept what they give you. Never ask or accept undue facilities from villagers but try to get few as of your requirement for the day and feel gratitude for them. Buddha never advocated begging as mean of living but only detachment from every earthly desire and to have only something to survive.

The teacher also taught me that without any attachment to worldly things, we have to complete our journey and only to stop at any habitat for rest, just as we are traveller. The night was already descending and there was a hard cold wind, it was not worthy to stay in the jungle and therefore I decided to look for some town or village. The River Indus was flowing silently and I saw some lights in a distance near the bank of Indus.

I started walking towards the light as what Buddhism taught us that light of knowledge is the right path and every traveller on this earth should walk towards the light which is wisdom, away from darkness which is ignorance. It took me half an hour to reach the outskirts of Ackot, a town famous for richness, not only in wealth but also in education.

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## Vedanta and Buddhism

When I entered the outskirts of the town, I found that roads were deserted and street dogs were barking, the cold wrap the whole place and there was fog which hinders the visibility. I found some people sitting near a shop and having campfire and therefore I moved towards them. There were rows of shops, some were small and some big but closed and there were hand pullers standing near the road in good numbers. There were also some people sitting outside some shops and talking slowly.

The group sitting around the bonfire saw me and one of them look to me. He laughed. People there were wrapped in shawls and blankets and sitting around the campfire and I was the one wearing single cloth of red colour and shaved head and also barefoot with an only stick in hand. One of them stood from his position and wished me and I nodded with great respect.

I smiled and said, "Can I get some place to stay and some food for the night please." The man who saw me first also stood, he was more than six feet with good physic and moustache as well as with beard face. He was smoking something whose smell was pungent. "You are a monk?" he asked with surprise that monk do not come to this land. "Yes I am' I replied with confident.

He nodded and said, "Then you don't need hotel and the nearest monastery for monk is about 20 miles from here and it is not possible to reach there at this time." I remain quiet; he was talking to himself reaching on conclusion on certain premises. Actually it is a tendency of deductive reasoning when mind first provide certain premises and then automatically start deducing and to reach on certain conclusion.

Vasu brought a vast research on this subject under Apohvada which designed the way of reasoning in human being and how human reached on certain conceptions. Traditionally memory, scripts and perceptions are three

major way of perceiving knowledge but Buddhism went far more on the process of conceiving knowledge. The difference of perception and conception matters to get the right flame of knowledge.

But that time, one more man stood and said something in local language and then two and later three of them started discussing and after sometime they reached on certain conclusion because their talking was stopped. This is called a group reasoning when a group provide certain premises of facts and other attacked on them and decline and then they all of them mutually on different premises of facts reached on certain conclusion.

The one who stood first lead the group and said, "There is a place for saints and scholars but that is not Buddhist place," and then he hesitated and added "but if you feel then you can go there to stay for a night."

I nodded, "I need a place no matter what it is," I felt that I do not want a rest nor I need food but I do not want to

travel in night as well as I wanted to meditate as the day was already went for me very long.

The group again started discussing something and then another man came to me and said, "But sir, the place is not right for you because the place is made by Vedantist and they allow saints and scholars there." I had no objection and I smiled and said, "Please take me there."

The man who accompanied me took to me straight about 100 meters and then odd 200 meters to right near to the bank of Indus and halt on a gate. He then asked me to go inside and left me immediately.

I opened the door, there was open ground with lots of cow inside and then there were dormitories on three rows with good space between them. There was fire in a hut and some people were sitting around it. I step further and saw many saints like people with big beard and white colour clothes around them. They were discussing something and when they heard the noise of my walking, they all at once

together look at me and surprised. The difference of white and red colour clothes distinguished us and there was no need of introductions. One of the nearest stood and said, "Vande, what are you doing here?" I also bowed and said politely, "I need a place to stay at night and if possible some food or milk." They all look to each other as they all in suspicion do not know what to do in such situation. "But this is Vedanta hostel for scholars; this is not the right place for you." I again smiled, "This whole world is right for every human the difference is that we both differ on the place made up of."

The elder one took the command and said, "O! Bhikshu, you please try to understand, we are fighting against you people who destroyed our religion on this land. We are educating people that what these red clothes, blunt shaved heads beggars has done to this country and now you came here so that we can give place to you."

I hesitate, the narrative was the denial in passive sense but I still wanted to prayer for the shelter and suddenly, I hear

something, a voice of a girl, a voice that can be heard in the valley of Kashmir when everyone remains in deep sleep. A voice that made the inner consciousness and even every faculty of consciousness understand the meaning. She was not of good height but still with good physique and I realized that she was preparing food in a shade and hearing the conversation and she shouted to the old men group, "What is the difference Kaka (Uncle), **they said that the world is not real and we said that the world seems to be real because of Maya (illusion),**"

She again said, "Shankar never asks to distinguish between man and man, you forget that Shankar professed that all atman (souls) are part of Brahma and when all are part of the same thing then where the difference remains. We are Vedanta means oneness," The old man remained silent and then she stared at me.

Her glare changed my inner design, I started doubting Vasubandhu when he said that the outer world is not real and the world is manifested inside by our consciousness.

Here the outer world is disturbing the peace of my inner world. Her look was like I was again looking to the beauty of Kashmir Valley and do not wanted to be disturbed. She was the beauty which is untouched and remains as it is for thousands of years and she was so beautiful that it challenged the theory of dependent organization that things are dependent on things and they change with pre-situation changes. I felt that the beauty she was having is permanent and will not change.

She came near me and said, "Are you a real scholar or just a Bhikshu who wanted to fill his stomach on begging." I smiled and do not reacted and said, "I just need a shelter for a night and will move to my path early in the morning." She smiled and said, go to left and in the second row there is a third room, go and rest and change and come afterward as the food will be ready in half an hour."

I slept soundly and very early morning, I felt some strange voices, I remembered that I am sleeping in Attock, a town near Taxila city and I took shelter in some Ashram, a place

where people are living with different ideology. I stood up from the bed and came out from my room, the bed was made of hash of grass and was very comfortable, better than what I had in my monastery. I was unable to recognize the mantras which were sang inside the campus somewhere.

*“Om, ocean of the nectar of illumined knowledge of the Sastras!*

*Thou hast revealed the treasure of the meaning of the great Upanishads.*

*I meditate on Thy pure Lotus Feet in my heart, O Sankara Desika (Acharya), be Thou my refuge.*

These mantras made me curious to know how actually they are different to us and therefore I saw around the campus and found many of the people were feeding cows which were tied in the courtyard and many of them were cutting wood and taking them towards the kitchen where from smoke is now coming out. Here were men as well as

women working together in symphony and there far towards east a group of them were preparing yangana and another group was singing mantras aloud.

The atmosphere was impressive and intellectual rather than holy. People were not following rituals with close eyes but working in harmony as a family. What impressed me that the mantras they were singing is for praising illumined knowledge, the knowledge that opens the eyes to witness the truth and the knowledge which is the only way to liberation.

I started walking towards the River Indus and people were looking towards me not because I was different to them but because I was wearing red colour cloth and odd in all because the mass here had white colour wrapt. I washed me cloth and put it on a stone near the river. The river was pure and with vast bank and dozens of people was washing themselves dipping and takes out water in their hands and reciting something.

Another group came towards the river and started reciting loudly-

*We contemplate on Sankaracharya,  
who is seated in Padmasana, who is tranquil,  
who is established in self-restraint,  
whose glory is like that of the enemy of Cupid,  
who wears the sacred ashes shining on his forehead,  
whose smiling face resembles the blossomed lotus,  
who has lotus-like eyes, whose neck is conch-like,  
holding book in one hand and indicating Jnana-mudra,  
who is adored by the foremost of gods,  
who gives boons to those who prostrate to him.*

This was a new world for me and new ideology for me, a distinct philosophy which I had not gone through. My Guru told me that Shankar is advancing because Buddhism is going weak on this land and I witnessed that my guru was right in his way. There were hundreds of people following

Shankar and I wanted to know what harm it would come if  
Shankar prevails on this land.

I had a bath and I meditated on the bank as I regularly do in  
my monastery and thereafter wrapt my red cloth which was  
semi dry by then and started walking towards the Ashram.  
Whatever the philosophy they have, it is better and much  
better than what Dur-Mitra was teaching to people. They  
are good people who do not impose their teaching to a  
man who was searching a shelter at night.

“So you feel that your religion is better than others on this  
land,” a woman voice came from my right side and I saw  
the same girl standing with a pot full of water and smiling. I  
saw her last night directing me for a shelter in the Ashram.  
I saw her smile last night too, a smile that disturbed me first  
time, a smile that can be came on the face of Gautama  
when he got the Nirvana. Her smile was pure like the water  
of the river and her smile was intrinsic like the beauty of  
Kashmir valley.

I nodded and said “Vande” she surprised and replied, “Vande, how come you salute in the way we salute?” I laughed, “Saluting has no differences whether it is Shankar, Buddhism or materialism. Salutation came from heart and it should be in the way that a person to whom we are saluting should understand.”

She laughed this time differently and started walking towards Ashram, I asked her to give the water pot to me so that I can carry to Ashram but she denied confidently and said, “This is my daily routine and I am bound to do this work daily.” I hesitated, “But I cannot ignore that a woman is walking with me carrying a weight and I am accompanying him idly.” She looked in my eyes and said, “This is not any weight but a water of Mother River and water to remove thirst of hundreds of people.”

She then went sarcastic, “How come you want to work when hundreds of Bhikshus remain in monastery without doing any work,” I hesitated, “I am not a Bhikshu but a scholar of Buddhism.”

She was good in logic and she was intelligent with her words. She was wearing white sari and her long hairs were tied on upper head she had some tikka on her forehead of white colour and some flowers tied like a bracelet in her hand. She was young and her body was not completely mature and her colour was whitish and her nose, long and eyes big but her lips were thin.

She found me surveying her and tried to hide her feeling of excitement and said, "My name is Sanjali and I am daughter of the Guru Brahma Acharya and I studied Vedanta Sutra along with Rig Veda. I am teaching girls to recite the mantra of Shankar and also working in the kitchen of this school.

I learned Vasubandhu, the great treasurer of knowledge but that knowledge went to back seat and my young age took the pilot seat to drive the conversation. I was impressed by her education and it was my turned to impressed her, "Great to know about you Sanjali, I am Kumar, Kumar-mitra and I am graduate of Viganpati

Matrata Sidhi of Vasubandu, the faculty of consciousness and also studied logic. I belonged to the place where River Ganges flow and studied for long seven years in the monastery of Kashmir.”

She was astonished, “That means you are not the Bhikshu who beg food and money on the name of Buddha. Last night many of them took you as a Bhikshu and were making stories of you. I am sorry I did not know you as a scholar.”

I felt bad that how low now people are taking our school, it is because of those people like Dur-Mitra who are making people fool on the name of Buddha. She read my thoughts and said, “Mostly such Bhikshus and nuns come to our school demanding food and money and narrate lot of stories they said that time has come when Buddha will reincarnate on this land and therefore every Bhiskhu is looking for that day and that such stories force us to laugh on Buddhism.”

I was astonished, Buddha was against of such rubbish and now he became the tool to earn who fought against the rituals and superstitions. I said nothing and I remember that we reached the Ashram. She took different steps and directly went towards kitchen leaving me standing alone near main gate. Now the Haven was started and gurus and many scholars were participating in the haven and one of them was reciting-

*“Om bhūr bhuvah svaḥ  
tatsaviturvareṇyam  
bhargo devasyadhīmahī  
dhiyo yo nahī pracodayāt*

(OM. I adore the Divine Self who illuminates the three worlds -- physical, astral and causal; I offer my prayers to that God who shines like the Sun. May He enlighten our intellect. )

I went to my room and made it clean and came out to talk with the Brahma-Acharya who helped me in the night and wanted to show my gratitude for his kindness. Sanjali saw

me standing and shouted from the corner of the kitchen, "Don't stand there, come and sit here to have your breakfast." Her sound this time was monotonous as she was asking some student of her school to obey the rule and her face lost the charm and interest which she showed few minutes ago while walking with me from the river.

I went and sat near the wall where already four or five students were sitting, they all were wrapped in white clothes and they were surprised to see me with my red clothes as I was having horns on my head. I ignored them and Sanjali came with a plate made up of leaves and a glass made of mud and put it in front of me which was porridge and milk. She again went inside and brought another set for the students sitting in another row. The kitchen was working silently and feeding about two hundred plus people of this school and women of different age working mechanically to serve and feed these students.

The breakfast was good and moreover the milk made me remember of my family where I used to drink buffalo milk. I had not eaten since I left my monastery and therefore food and milk give me relief. I have to thank these people who have different way of perspective of truth but they know how to serve humanity. Gautama started his teaching with humanity and I found that in the home of Gautama's opponent where despite belonging to other world they were serving me without any discretion.

When I stood after my breakfast, Sanjali again came and asked me to wash my hand and she offered the part of her cloth to soak my hands. "Do you find that taste of food is similar to that what you cook in your monastery?" I smiled and said thanks and requested her, "I have to leave for Taxila and therefore I want to meet Brahma-Acharya to show my gratitude for his kindness and hospitality."

Sanjali laughed, "You are really sober or making a show to be so sober. Every month, hundreds of Bhikshus come

here to stay and they demand different food and when they have to leave they went away without informing us.”

“But I am not Bhikshu, I am a scholar and wanted to show my gratitude for your kindness.”

Sanjali look towards me, this look was not ordinary but a look with difference and this look made me uneasy and the look penetrate inside me deep inside where there was no light till now but it eliminated that part of the body.

Vasubadu said that the world is not real externally but it manifest internally but here the external world in manifesting the internal world.

She took time to remove her gaze and she too was looking disturb and abnormal for some seconds but she recovered fast, better than me. “You can wait as my father will be free after some hours as he is sitting in the yagana and cannot leave it till it complete.” She turned and rushed back in kitchen. I heard a scholar reciting near kitchen

*"I am other the name, form and action.*

*My nature is ever free!*

*I am Self, the supreme unconditioned Brahman.*

*I am pure Awareness, always non-dual."*

Yes things and places are not mere name or action and yes world is not dual by nature. The scholar here was reciting the same thing which Buddha said in different way. I thought how come two different streams can be same.

I sat near the gate of the kitchen and after some time when all scholars went away women started their breakfast and Sanjali came and sat on the other side of the gate, the sparkles which I saw this morning was back. Her eyes wide and her nose long and she look like she rehearsal long to make the gaze stir.

She broke the silence, "How can this world be void and how can you get in the cycle of birth and death without soul?" I was amazed, she knows about Buddhism, I take a long breathe and look to her, she was eager to know,

“Buddha maintain that when we say ‘I’ that means not my body, not my personality, not my hand nor my mind and nor my ego but, ‘I’ means as a whole. My individuality is the combination of everything. Just as when you say kitchen then it does not means that the stove is kitchen or the raw material is kitchen or vegetables and water inside is the kitchen, the kitchen is the whole set of facts,”

Sanjali gave a thought and replied, “When there is no Atman or soul then how can you claim that the ultimate truth exists because there is no knower,” I was again surprised that this girl is talking about the epistemology of Buddhism and questioning as a scholar, “We maintain that insight is the one who know the truth with four noble truth. I can say the concentrated insight is the right way to understand the world.”

Sanjali laughed and said, “This is true that you too do not believe in god and we too don’t have god because for us the truth is one and nothing else. You take this world as void and unreal and we take this world as unreal but not

void because the world is made by the Maya, a power of Brahma.”

I was stung with such explanation and interpretation as I do not know about Vedanta and unknown to Shankar but this is true that this new ideology is making me interested now. Sanjali interrupted, “You know the beauty of both these ideology is that knowledge is the ultimate way of salvation and Shankar said that knowing self is important to understand the ultimate power which is Brahma. You don’t believe in attribute of world neither we believe in it but we take these attributes as the power of Brahma that manifest.

I took the speech, “We are not extremists but as Nagarjuna stated we are not extremist because extremes are not true. The world and life is the changing flux and it changes every second and every minute.”

I continued, “We are not sceptic about this world but we affirms the object reality of values and to understand the objectivity we have to trained our mind for attention to

move on the path of right action. Indeed we believe in ethics and we believe in Human rights and equality which Hindu philosophy lacks.”

Sanjali was hearing the quest of wisdom silently and said, “Vedanta is the renovation of Vedic culture, like Gautama, Shankar was also against of superstition and dogmas and emphasis on knowing self as the major criterion of knowing world. As like of Buddhism, Shankar states that we overcome the Maya, the manifestation of this world only by the light and that light is knowledge and once we overcome this power of manifestation then the liberation.”

Again, Sanjali continued, “But Buddhism is declining in all parts just because they made a mockery of this philosophy and made it religion. In religion you can have faith but no right to object or to use rationality. Thousands of people who wanted to live lavishly join Buddhism just because they get food and money free.”

She was talking like Guru-mitra and explaining the downfall of Buddhism. She is true because I personally witnessed this declination and assumed that there are thousands like Dur-mitra who are destroying such a beautiful thought of Gautama and this time I nodded.

It was noon and sound of chatting was stopped as many people who completed their Haven are returning back. Sanjali too stood without a word and went inside the kitchen. Sun was now moving over my head and there were few sounds of birds. The River was flowing silently and there were recitation voices from the block situated back side of small boys and girls. I remained sitting idly as I have no work.

The group that came near kitchen saw me sitting and some of them whisper something within a group and then some of them laugh on those words and one of them came forward and said, "Hi Bhikshu, I hope you enjoy the food and rest. We are glad that you gave us the opportunity to serve us." I nodded and stood from my place and said,

“Vande, I am delighted the way you serve the humanity and keep gratitude for this Ashram.”

Another man in white cloth came forward and said, “We wanted to know when Gautama will incarnate in this world so to bring peace on this land?” I laughed and said, “Gautama will never incarnate because he attained Nirvana and peace in this world that comes only by knowledge. It is Gautama or Shankar does not matter.”

The group astonished by my words but said nothing and sat near me asking me to sit, I continued, “We maintain that this world is full of suffering and this suffering can be eradicated only by knowledge. We don’t bang upon any divine help nor do we maintain any god who is responsible for suffering. Because we maintain that there is always a cause of suffering and we investigate that cause to come over that suffering.”

One of the scholar who started the dialogue nodded first time but with some respect and said, “This is something

new to me because no Bhikshu said those words that come here for food and shelter.” I laughed and added, “I am not Bhikshu and I had not come for food but only for shelter last night and waiting for Brahma-Acharya to show my gratitude for his hospitality. Another student interrupted, “Are you Buddhist or else you wear this red cloth just to give false impression.” I again laughed, “I am Buddhist scholar and therefore I respect the norms of Buddhism.”

At that time Sanjali with two more girls came out with a bucket of water and glasses of mud. She gave water to everyone and they also wash their hands and faces. Later she offered water to me and I denied. She was looking to me from different angles avoiding to show her curiosity towards me to those who arrive recently.

Later students and scholars and teacher started pouring and I waited for Brahma- Acharya and many students in rows sat and girls and boys started putting plates in front of them and they recite something and then start eating their

food, more students came and they waited for their turn and at last Brahma- Acharya came and we all stood and salute him.

He was old with white beard and long white hairs and wearing white cloth with experienced face. The face that show learning and experience of life, the face that show discipline life for long years. I found that Sanjali resembles less to her father, may be her looks came from her mother. He took a seat near kitchen and saw me, “How are you reverend Bhikshu, I hope you get everything you desire in this school.” I stood and salute him and said thankful to him. Acharya was astonished and said, “I don’t feel you are Bhikshu?”

I smiled and said, “I am a student of Buddhism and learned epistemology and now trying to understand the world.” Acharya impressed and said, “I welcome a real Buddhist in my school and I welcome you as my personal guest.”

And there were whispering in a group and at that time Sanjali came out from kitchen to offer water to her father. That was the right time and I saw Sanjali looking towards me and then to Acharya, "I want to take a leave and feel thankful to you to provide me shelter and food here. I am grateful to you and your school who taught me that nothing is dual but oneness, but it appears different. Please grant me leave from such a beautiful place," and I stood.

Acharya gaze at me and was in deep thought and said, "Vatsa (Child). I am happy to know that true Buddhism still prevails on this land and I am happy that your education taught you to be humble and I am also happy that you are learning to seek knowledge rather than filling your stomach. This is the first time when I faced real Buddhist here in my school after long time."

His face went happy and he continued, "We will not allow you this time to go because this is a lunch time and we don't allow anyone going from this place without food." I was glad with such love but said, "My expiations and my

needs are very less and the food you serve this morning is enough for me for whole day. I believe that we eat just to live and do not live to eat and therefore sir, I feel guilty that the food which came for scholars and students cannot be consumed by me because this is stealing the right of some scholars and students who are seeking knowledge here.”

Sanjali came forward and said, “Here we have ample of food and knowledge and therefore we face never scarcity of these two things.” This time Sanjali failed to hide her feeling that came in her eyes this morning and I feel that her father saw that spark in her eyes. “We request you to have a food with us before leaving this place and we will feel gratitude of this act of yours.”

And as this conversation ended, a boy nearly age of fifteen came running and he was excited and came to Acharya and touched his feet and try to control his breath. “Huns are coming, Huns are coming, they reached Persia and they had destroyed every temple and every place coming

in their ways.” He again said, “It has been taken that they will soon attack on Taxila.”

Whispers started and everyone was talking about the war and attack on this land and then Acharya take a long breath and looked all around and then said, “These Huns are from Central part of Maha (great) continent and they lived in arid land and they have only one religion to spread terror and their ethics is to live and eat. They are so barbaric that they kill people and eat their raw flesh.”

Acharya continued, “One of my friend, a traveller came from their land and said that they eat like wild animals and they are not only dangerous but have hunger for wealth now.”

Acharya added again, “Time has come when king has to gather his army against them and to kick them out of our land. We have to stop them to enter in Taxila otherwise they will destroy not only our culture but also our wealth.”

He appreciate the boy and put a hand on his shoulder and said, “My boy, please have a food and rest here sometime

and later I will write a letter to the king of Taxila to start preparation to built a big army and I also appeal to the students of Vedanta to prepare to fight against those barbaric clan that wanted to ruin this land.”

In such atmosphere I sat back in the row but this time with less discretion and Sanjjali feel happy to serve me again and other students also smiled when I saw them and some of them nodded and after the food, someone came and said that Acharya wanted to see me in his house and I washed my hand and went behind that messenger.

The house was big and there were flowers all around, trees that provide shade and the house situated backside of the two blocks and when I enter into the house, the messenger remain outside. Acharya was sitting on a mat on floor with close eyes and when he heard me, he opened his eyes and asked me to sit.

After some minutes he said, “This is the crucial time as Huns would certainly destroy this culture which prevailed

on this land from thousands of years and therefore it is important to stop them on the border.” He paused and said, “I am appealing to the king as well as to all my students and scholars and farmers and also scholars and teachers to join army to fight against these barbaric.”

I nodded and he paused and looked to me as examining something and said, “Are you agree with me?” I simply nodded. He felt satisfaction and said, “I request you that you convince Buddhist monks and also leaders and heads of different monasteries to come together against this attack.” I wondered why monks will come together against war as they had the principle of non-violence.

Acharya got exactly what I was thinking and said, “There is a history that monks fought war against Chinese army and even Buddhist fought against Mongols and real Buddhist favoured war for permanent peace in the world.” He added, “Early Buddhist does not take non-violence as hurdle in self defence. Non Violence for them is loved kindness, compassion, equanimity and sympathy. Non-violence is not

the act but thought for them and therefore they maintain Ahimsa as to avoid killing or harming anyone but not as a defence of sheltering a weak as Buddhism came to protect the weaker section.”

I agreed with Acharya who know things which I cannot explain, “I will try to convince monks but at present situation of Buddhism is not appropriate and my teacher Guru-Mitra said that time has come when Buddhism will vanish from this land.” Acharya nodded and said “Monasteries are now gangs of crime and loot and people who are defaming Buddhism will ruin it totally very soon.”

We were interrupted as Sanjali rushed inside and she saw me sitting there and then her face returned to normal. It was like she thought that I had left the school without meeting her. It was my hunch and her eyes remained on me for several seconds and slowly she relaxed her eyes first and then her face.

Acharya saw her daughter and recollect something and first went serious and later tried to solve something and said to her, “Dear, you came on right time, I have a great work for you and you prepare for travelling.” He paused leaving the suspense in the air. “Sanjali, I give you a letter and tomorrow early morning you leave for Taxila and gave that letter to the king of Taxila and intimate him that this is urgent. And you also take two letters for two more schools of Vedanta and asked them to follow the directions in the letter.”

Sanjali gathered her posture and nodded to her father and then felt disturbed and again look to me. Acharya was furious with the news of attack and he calculated the damage of such attack on this land and then remembered something, “Kumar, why don't you do this, you remain here today and leave for Taxila tomorrow early morning with Sanjali in that way I would feel her safe and she will help you to show the route to different monasteries.”

I had no words because now I felt that there is some thief inside me and Acharya caught that thief red handed and my face went red. Sanjali came for rescue, "This is a good idea Acharya. He is a good and sober man as well as learned scholar and that way I get the opportunity to learn more Buddhism." Acharya laugh and said, "Ok, it is done you both leave the place early morning tomorrow. Get ready for it and he stood and went inside the room."

Sanjali follow her father and within some minute came out and said, "My father went for a nap and have lot to do because the news of attack made him serious." I nodded and stood to return back to my room but suddenly Sanjali block my way and hugged me tightly and said, "I do not wanted to drop you," the blood in my body start rushing in high speed and my heart pumping and pounding that blood so fast that even Acharya can hear that in the next room and with all my force which I gathered against my will and removed Sanjali from me and without looking towards her, I left the place.

When I returned back to my room, I was still abnormal and my soul forcing me to run away without saying anything to anyone. Like the Bikshus of these days who escape the Ashram without paying gratitude. My soul said that I am a real Bhikshu and my soul ask me to run away but I had no courage to stand from my bed and I realize the education I took for so long years was waste.

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## Anarchy of Bhikshus

Orange rays of the sun brought life on this earth and this new day was going to change my life forever. I was used to a life of monastery but this new smell, new light and new life forced me to think differently. Next day very early morning, I left the Ashram with Sanjali and she was carrying a bag of letters to the minister of the throne of Taxila as well as letters to different Ashrams.

She was also carrying the food and water with her. We left Attock on foot and it was really an amazing for the people surrounding us as I was in red colour and she was in white attire. I had nothing to carry but she was carrying also a bag with her clothes.

Her face was glowing and her eyes bright and happiness was shining on every part of her face and taking up every step with me it look like that she is marching with me

together. Many times she looked towards me as trying to understand my feeling or excitement going to some place with her. But outwardly, I confess, I was stable, stable as water in a pond and stable like the fire of a lamp. Yes, her look and her nearness made me disturbed but still long practise of controlling the heart and the manifestation of emotions in the monastery made me like that.

Life in monastery was tough and even when there was snowfall; we all used to live in one cotton cloth. In primary days I thought that I would die of cold but slowly and gradually my body adapted the nature and I become part of the nature. Buddhism is right that every state of mind is internal rather outer.

Outer world start controlling human beings when they depend on them. Perceptions of outer world provide you lot of things and on those things we started building things, many thing without base or ground and that leads to sorrow. While inner world has to be closed from the

sensation of outer world so that it only understand the essence of Nature, reaching on Shunya- devoid the reality.

When we were leaving, Acharya said that time has come when all have to unite to save the culture of this land and he asked me that when his daughter deliver the letters, he ask me to leave her on the route back to Attock. Later, Sanjali was happy and she started talking about Taxila. The place was new for me and Sanjali was briefing me about the library, about the culture and people there. We reached the bank of River and took the boat from the harbour.

Here large numbers of people were travelling on the boats, carrying vegetables, milk and many other things. Farmers, businessman and also some tourists and we were only two saint looking creature but being belonged to two different streams but together and were attraction of people in the boat.

Many of them bowed in salutation. I was not used of such salutes but Sanjali replied in same manner and smiled. We got the better seat in the boat. The boat was like yacht made up of wood and also metal, copper was used in many places. Two people were managing their passengers. A fat boat man was waiting till it was crowded and then he singled to leave the bank.

The crowd inside the boat pushed Sanjali near to me and her touched made me abnormal first time from inside but contrary she was smiling and glaring at me. The water of the river is now coming at the level of our hand and Sanjali took some water and throw again back to river. She was now looking like a little girl who was enjoying the free spirit. Buddhism came out against the discrimination and rewarded equality to women and men.

She came near to me, "This is my first travelling to somewhere with an unknown man." I smiled to avoid any answer but she further added, "Do you know why I came with you? I could have step against the wish of my father." I

again restrict myself to answer but she added then, “Don’t you feel that there is something which you are sensing but unable to accept?”

I was shaken from inside and I start looking towards the river as the boat reached the middle of the water and the water was rushing, big high waves was making the boat unstable and sometimes it felt that boat will drown down. And same was my condition, with the nearness of Sanjali and the words of Sanjali made me unstable like this boat in middle of the river.

The bank was silent and stable as I was that time, before stepping on this boat and now I feel that anytime I will drown in the words of Sanjali. I am not a saint and neither Buddhism deny marriage or against of such institution but perfectly, I don’t know what Buddhism says about love. In Hindus, marriage means a religious, a *sanskar* bond but in Buddhism marriage is secular way of living together.

Sanjali was depressed by my reaction and she was expecting something different as of reaction of action as Buddhism have a theory of cause and effect. She remained silent and also started looking towards the river and her hairs were falling on her face hiding her eyes and also part of her lips.

I know that this girl is in love with me and I too know that I am also in her love but being educated, things changes and it is not like normal way to express the love. I think that only **love is the best religion of humans** that bound every person in creativity rather that distinguishing them from others.

Sanjali still was annoyed and her smile vanished as the trip is advancing. The boat was crowded and no one was aware of the invasion of Huns which is nearing to them. Everyone was busy in talking and most of them involved in business talks while others were talking about their crops and some of them involved in gossips of taxes imposed by the king.

And I saw the city emerging as the boat was nearing it and the city which is well known and renowned for its history. Taxila is a well known trade route that connected western Asia and Europe to south and eastern Asia. Chinese played major role in making this route and therefore fabric silk came to known to people. The great writer and administrator of Maurya dynasty Kautaliya was born in this ancient city.

A man in ordinary dress looking about an age of 50 years saw me sitting idly and looking towards the city and he at once shoot the question as he is an authority, "Oh, one more monk going to see this great historical city." I saw him again; he was thin and by face resembles a farmer, his face was tanned with sun and feathers as one of a common farmer of this land. I smiled and nodded. Sanjali also heard this conversation but ignored.

Getting nod from me he smiled and said, "You know this place is the big market of pearls and spices and also of silverware. There are big theatres and great art and drama

in this city. You can say a great centre of culture.” I again nodded and this encouraged him again, “You cannot find a better city on the whole land, things are coming from Iran, from Greece and even from different lands,” He stopped to see my mood and said, “There are many monasteries here and you would find no problem here to stay and eat as businessmen support these monasteries.”

I followed him and found that the words of my Guru-mitra were true, the image of Buddhism is declining and people think that this is a religion that begs and lives. I throughout my journey found that people do not respect Buddhism not because of philosophy or of knowledge but because of red cloth, shaved head and habit of begging. The man again said, “My son has a shop in the market just near the Takshila University where thousands of students come to study.”

I thought about the university, even many scholars from Chinese land while returning back to their country stayed in Kashmir and talked about this university with a great library of thousands of books in different languages. “Even

hundreds of people across the world come to this place for treatment” added old man.

Those things were making me interested because philosophy teaches rationality and rationality is science that highlight facts and make development.

I look towards Sanjali but she was not interested in the conversation, she simply looking into river. The Bank was approaching and cold winds of the river made me happy. “If you really want to go to see the city then I have no objection,” Said Sanjali. I look into her eyes they were not shining, I smiled and replied, “Yes I want to see the city but only with you,” The colour of her face returned but her eyes remain dull. She said, “Very well said.”

Later when we stepped down from the commercial boat, there was heavy rush and there were labourers everywhere rushing from one end to another. It was not possible to move ahead without any interoperations.

Sanjali at once hold my hands and her soft touch made me

forget where I was. She took me from different ways and after walking for more than five minutes we were outside the port.

There were people, bullock carts, horses, horse carts and people chatting shouting, running here and there. Mostly white, gray and yellow colour was used for clothes and we smelled fresh again. We moved further without talking and she still holding my hand as I had intention to run away.

And I saw groups of Bhikshus sitting on the road side, some of them were standing and some of them were in the sitting position of asana in which Gautama sat for his salvation. One of the group started singing-

*“Hi, give offerings to blessed one with great compassion,*

*That will go to us.*

*My we blessed one accepts there offerings of yours*

*For your long lasting welfare*

*And for your long lasting happiness.”*

And people, traders and other by-passers were throwing money towards them. That were copper coins and even one of them threw silver and gold coin and one of the Bhikshu took it and put inside his clothes. I was amazed and Sanjali realized my curiosity, “They are Buddhist Bhikshus and collecting money for their monastery. They beg on streets and they don’t feel shame because they say shame is the manifestation when we do something wrong. They are collecting money for society,” and she laughed.

When other group saw large number of people coming out from the port, they too started singing-

*“With these proper offerings*

*You are rendering your gratitude to the lord,*

*It is beneficial to you and the blessed one that long gone;*

*Leaving the benefits behind for mankind.”*

**Another group started singing-**

*For your long lasting welfare and your happiness;*

*Enlightened Buddha enlightens and sends messages  
through us;*

*For prosperity and happiness;*

*Therefore pay gratitude to Buddha to spread Buddhism on  
this earth;*

*I salute the great teacher and*

*Therefore ask you to help the humanity*

*By serving Bhikshus;*

*Let all bow down with respect to Buddha.”*

And by-passers start throwing coins towards them and  
some of them poured grains and left bags of food and other  
things and then these Bhikshus started chanting again-

*“ Hi, humankind, you serve Buddha and  
Buddha blessed you all and therefore*

*We bless one, we bless two, and we bless three*

*And we bless you all for your greatness*

*And keeping faith in Self enlightened Buddha.”*

*And there were sound of “Budham Sharnam Gachami and Sangham Sharnam Gachami.”*

It irritated me and I wanted to yell on these people and suddenly one of a by-passer came and gave a copper coin to me, in my hand and Sanjali laughed loudly and people were seeing this funny scene. I was irritated with it and people were watching me, one of the Bhikshu came forward to me and said, “Pardon her as she do not know that Buddha is watching.”

I wanted to kick that man and scolded loudly in public, “You street dogs, what are you doing here, you are like germs and parasites, eating on the name of great Buddha.” More Bhikshus gathered near me, “What rubbish you are saying.”

One of them in the mob said, "He is not the real Bhikshu."

Another shouted, "He is planted to defame our religion."

And they all make a circle around me. "You don't know what you are doing and your deeds will make this great jewel of Buddhism vanish from this earth." The old one in the group came forward, "Who you are and why you are spoiling this great religion?"

Another man in the mob shouted, "Kick him to his death so he came to know what Buddha was."

I was astonished and burned with fume, "What you know about Buddha?" Then I brought my hand near my heart and said,

"Buddha taught us the proper conduct in the community with noble disciples. The teaching of the Buddha is consisting of virtues. The Dhamma that removes darkness and highest refuge for all living beings and makes the righteous men awakened as the lotus blossomed with the light of sun."

I again said, "Buddhism is to learn and truly practice to realize one own self. Dhamma destroy sufferings and one should sacrifice to Dhamma. The evil Karma that committed through body mind or speech, the Dhamma turn us to good conduct, a community of noble disciples and right conduct should be practise in order to know well the Dhamma which frees from every suffering."

The mob was silent and trying to understand what to do and other people that gathered clapped for me and said that the real Bhikshu and they came towards me and bowed in front of me and Sanjali was happy but one in the mob said, "He teaches different from Buddhism."

The older one came forward and said, "You are corrupting Buddhism and therefore we ask you to leave immediately." Sanjali came forward and took my hand to walk in other direction. I really wanted to talk to them to stop destroying Buddhism.

I was still fuming, Gautama came against such rituals and thoughts. These **false ideologies are destroying the rationality of common man**. Actually in this world, the fight is not between good and evil or god and devil, **it is a fight between rationality and faith**. Faith dried out the source of rationality and of logic and of thinking, the greatest gift of nature to mankind that differentiate between man and animal. "You know Sanjali, they talk generally that we all have two conscious and one is good and another is bad and they taught them that we should follow the good one and press another one. Even they say that god sitting inside our heart direct us to hear the good conscious."

Sanjali look to me, she was concern about me but I was not in that mood and continued, "This is a false notion and therefore we follow blindly because we are following the blind man." Sanjali smiled, "Yes, this is what Shankar said that if we follow the Maya as true that is like we are following the blind man on blind path. You are becoming Vedic now."

My pressure released and I thanked her to stand with me. We walked many steps in unknown direction and I hold her hand and she shivered, after sometime while walking, I again started, "You know when we have to decide, we get two streams of thoughts, the one who ask us to have faith and things will be all right and another states to think and solve the problem."

"The voice that direct us to keep faith is irrational notion that do not wanted to understand the situation and make us coward but the voice that ask us to solve the problem is a voice of rationality and ask us to understand things. Without understanding we cannot move ahead. Like I am following you on this unknown path and do not know where you are leading me. But If I inquire about my destination and walk on the right path that made me confident that yes I am on right path."

Sanjali gave a taunting look and said, "That means you think walking with me on unknown path without enquiry is misleading and I am taking you on wrong path."

“This is illogic, I never said that you are misleading me but it was the illustration to make you understand, my point is that there is no good and bad soul or voice of soul inside us. It is actually a feeling of keeping faith without using our brain or feeling of rationality certainly logic to understand.”

We saw a garden and it was green and full of fruits trees. The place was clean and children, women and men were moving in and out and the atmosphere was good and light. There was no tension in the air of the city. First time after stepping inside the city, I was using my inner insight to understand the beauty of this great historic city.

Now I understand why Taxila is so much important because the city has quality of life. We went inside and found a huge Banyan tree there and we sat there in the shade. “So you too wanted to become Buddha while mediating under a Banyan tree,” said Sanjali as smiling.

She took out the food she brought from her Ashram in the morning and offered me to eat. I was in no mood to eat but

I know that will hurt this sweet girl and I thank her for such a great planning. We eat peacefully. Children were playing, running, shouting and catching each other. The weather was good and there was humidity but air was not warm.

I also saw women sitting and chatting and men also talking or walking in the garden. There were series of rose flowers and also series of different colourful flowers. There were birds singing and dancing from branch to branch and tree to tree.

This is the sign of prosperity and where not only economy but art and education flourishing. Buddhism has given a gift to mankind to overcome the evil of greed, hate, jealousy hoarding and other feelings. Actually these feelings are disease of soul and illness of mankind and only knowledge and rationality treat these illness. Contrary faith, loyalty and devotion are grounds of these illnesses and diseases.

Trust is different thing, as I trust Sanjali that she would take me to the right direction. We can trust our teachers,

parents and also our friends but when this trust turn into faith then we starts expecting that the one to whom we are keeping faith will solve the problem. Faith means that we start following the mind of others rather than using our own. Faith makes us weak mentally because we cannot judge things while rationality help to understand the situation.

From evolution, mankind is struggling just because of faith and rationality. People at large, accept faith to live because they are weak by intellectuality and also because man by nature does not wanted to work hard. During Vedic time when rationality prevails, life was good but as the Manu introduced the codified code, society declination started and it remained for hundreds of years with hundreds books and epics based on different types of faiths. And such haphazard society remained for years where this civilization practices those rituals which are led by faith and there was no place for rationality. People worshiped thousands of stones.

There were Samkhya and Nayaya and also Yoga that came to make mankind rational but faith remained influential most of the time. There were times when different philosophies taught mankind to live rationally and taught that the concept of god does not prevail which is described by those gurus who wanted the mass to follow them without using their minds. And that was the reason Alexander came to this land and defeated people of this prosperous land.

And then, great Gautama came, preached the reasons of suffering and to recover by the method of rationality and the four noble gems including good conduct to live the life in accordance of true knowledge and to develop the nature of questioning. Even Gautama was asked questions by common mass and there were 14 questions which Gautama was unable to answer. He never said that don't question because he attained Nirvana and direct mass to follow him.

But now even Gautama becomes the relic of faith and therefore Buddhism is destroying on this prosperous land. Gautama never taught to bring faith in people but asked to make people understand that without understanding things and without knowledge no one can understand the truth. If there is god and if then he is not going to judge you because he is not concerned only with you and he does not have time to watch you.

Sanjali found me in deep thought and again she jerked me badly, "What happen to you?" I came back to the world and smiled first time like her. "Nothing, I was just thinking how fake Buddhism is destroying this culture." She made her eyes narrow, "But you are a Buddhist and also a scholar." I smiled, "Yes I am but I am not the Buddhist that people are turning like this."

I stood up and closed my eyes and then I narrated,

"May I have an upright mind and mindfulness and though excellent wisdom,

May these three virtues will work together to bring every defilements,

May there be no chance to harm and influence harm to others,

If my efforts went weak, I refuge in the Supreme Buddha,

The Buddha is supreme and silent.”

Sanjali gave time to settle me back to normal and later when I saw her sitting beside me I felt another feeling for her and I brought my hand out and hold her tightly. She was not expecting this and she fell on my shoulder and it was the time when I internally felt like one with her.

After a long talk on our future, I accepted Sanjali as my love and we planned our future and I invited her to my monastery in Kashmir and we planned to move to my land where Ganges flow with sweet milk and we planned to start our own Ashram where we both teach students about Gautama and about Shankar.

But there was something in our future and at present, it was a time to move and we with great energy inside us start moving towards the castle of the king where we have to complete our job. Sanjali was holding a letter and for me the castle was huge and there were dozens of constables on the road and later when we reached the entrance, Sanjali gave her introduction and one of the constable took us in a waiting room.

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## State run by religion

For more than an hour, we waited and then a minister came to us and started interrogating about our presence and Sanjali stated clearly that this is the straight work to the king and she told him that she is a daughter of Brahma-Acharya. The name brought respect in the eyes of minister and he asked us to wait for some more time but the minister was astonished as I am in red was with the girl in white.

During evening, a constable came to us and asked us to follow him and he took us from many big rooms carved with silver and gold and these rooms were so huge that it was unable to dream how they were made. There was a great smell inside these rooms may be perfume of west or may be something else. There were more constables inside the castle and they were moving in discipline.

After a great walk the constable took us to a roof top garden where the king was sitting with two more ministers

look people. He was drinking something from a glass of silver and when he heard the noise he looked to us and here the constable remain on the gate.

The king was not so old but was having gray beard and long hairs and he was wearing dozens of necklaces made up of gold and diamonds and he was having royalty on his face. He was wearing a gown of blue colour with an artesian work of gold on it. There was a table on which a jug of silver and many glasses were lying and ministers were sitting away from him making some distance to the majesty.

The king saw us and then smiled with some degree and saw Sanjali first and his smile went dipper and when his eyes turned to me the smile went away and was surprised to see a Bhikshu in red colour coming with the Vedanta scholar, brilliant like Sanjali. He made a sign to Sanjali to come and have a seat and then again give a gaze to me.

Sanjali bowed in front of him so that her half body went down and looking to her I also repeated to salute the His majesty. The king smiled more and then uttered, “Daughter of a great guru and my guru and therefore you are my guru sister, as Hindu tradition says.”

Sanjali smiled and said, “For me, you are the great majesty whose name and fame went to the boundaries of oceans and the great king to whom this land feel proud.”

I had nothing to say anything and therefore I too, took a seat near Sanjali. The king clapped and four servants came running and brought something in a tray to drink. Our glasses were made of copper and there was some colourful water in it. Sanjali took one of the glasses and I repeated the same.

After a while, Sanjali took out a letter from her bag and handed the letter to the majesty with great respect and bowing again. The king read the letter and his faced turned to white. He remained silent for some minutes and turned

his face towards one of the minister, “Kuwān Kore, I am happy to know that Ashrams are worried about the present situation and when Brahma- Acharya showed his concern we should respect his inference on the attack of Huns in our country,”

Kuwān Kore was aged than the king and was looking wise by his face and there was also some peace in his gesture, he stood from his seat and said, “His majesty, I remained the student of great Brahma Acharya and I know that the Ashram in this land is ready with us and therefore I request with honour that the majesty start preparing for a war.” King was in confusion and some tense and he looked towards another minister, “What you feel Rundoop about the present situation?” The king asked.

Another minister who was miserable and was tense with something in the mind stood from his seat and said, “Your lord, the Huns have enmity with Persians and if we prepare our army that will give message to the Huns that we are against of them and therefore I suggest that war is not the

solution. Even the Buddhist will not find this idea good and we cannot walk away from Buddhist monasteries.”

It made me easy and I stood immediately from my seat and bowed in front of the king and said, “If you permit me sir to speak?” The king looked confused but nodded.

“I am Kumar Mitra from the monastery of Kashmir and student of great- great teacher Guru-mitra and I too feel that securing our land and people is not against the ethics of Buddhism.” I started reciting-

“May the evil ones lose their chance,

Through the power of the ten wholesome deeds

May all evil ones cease to manifest their power,

Prepare to fight with evil to vanish ones for all.”

The king was hearing every word and remained silent for some moment and shoot a question to me, “Learned Kumar Mitra, I know Guru Mitra and I met him thrice when

he came to Taxila and I respect him as a great teacher.

What do you think war is unavoidable and what you think Buddhist will allow a war on this land when they feel Ahemsa (non violence) is the only path.”

I bowed again and said, Buddhism is certainly against any violence, a violence which is done with intention to hurt, a violence that will become a cause of suffering for others, a violence that is against of nature, a violence that made others suffer and therefore the great- great teacher Lord Buddha gave a noble jewel of non-violence. But Sir Buddhism never said that we should not protect our self or our people from the violence of others. The suffering that Hans will go to impose on our people is the cause and therefore according to Buddhism it is the duty of every Buddhist to cease the cause of suffering, a golden rule of Buddhism.

The King was in dilemma and said that, “either you are not a monk or maybe you do not know monks of this land,” He assumed and starts looking in void and then after some

time he turned to his ministers. “We can do one things, start the formation of army and they called a religious meeting with monks to take them in confidence in such situation.”

Both ministers stood and bowed and went away. The king was easy and said, “You assure Acharya that I will do whatever I can do to save this land. That was the final notion for us to leave.

We went out and roamed for some hours and then found a monastery near the library and I went inside to get a place to live for the night. But situation inside was not good. There was a group of monks playing poker and betting in high pitch. I got a room but when they say Sanjali they started staring her. But were not concerned the corridor was filthy and there was a smell of liquor. I was searching a room number and I found. The room inside was not clean but manageable. I asked Sanjali to rest there and decided to remain outside in the corridor.

At midnight there was some high voices that made me awake and I found that there was fighting in a group of monks. I was unable to get their words and therefore went to them and found that they got the news that king is preparing to form an army and they were against of it and decided to block every road of the city. I went to them and asked to calm down and gave my introduction. They were not happy with me but they decided to hear me.

“I am a Buddhist scholar and Buddhism is not against to protect self and therefore good-great army is important to defence self.” There was rumour and they started talking to themselves and then a fatty aged man in red robes asked everyone to stop and said, “I saw you coming with a girl in white and at that moment I felt that you are influence by the thoughts of Aryans who wanted to ruin this country. You are fooling us and we will not allow our religion to be poisoned. You kid what you teach us when Buddha clearly said no violence then we will not allow any violence or blood on this land.”

There was a loud applause and monks shouted yes, yes you go away you go away. And I decided to leave this monetary, I went to the room of Sanjali knocked on the door and asked her to leave the place. We went out it was almost very early morning and there were monks everywhere shouting slogans against king who wanted to destroyed this land and they came on road and sat to block the city. We decided to move back to Ashram and start walking towards dock.

There was rush everywhere and people were fearful and it was like that whole city came on road and then there was some panic and people who were preparing their boats in the river started shouting and running. A recent boat came to halt and they talked to some people.

I stopped one of the running boys to ask what is happening, "The Huns have attacked the rural regions of Texila and they are moving towards city." Another said that, "It is the king who invited them by preparing an army and they came to know that we are their enemy,"

Situation was tense and we decided to reach Ashram but no boat was ready to take other side. People were rushing everywhere and I decided to take Sanjali. We waited for two hours at the dock and monks came on road, shouting, Ahimsa, Ahimsa (non-voilence, non- violence) and they sat on the road. There were labourers at the dock who gave us some milk to drink and they were talking, “Huns cannot have the courage to enter Taxila because Buddhist monks are powerful,” another added, “Yes, one of the monk said that they will curse Huns if they try to enter in the city.” Another came forward, “One of the monk said that Buddha will come on earth and save them.” There were such talks all around and sadly no one was talking to create an army to fight with these Huns.

We saw some smokes in the distant rural area and there were talks and rumours and people were taking that Huns came down. After waiting for long, I decided to swim the river with Sanjali and to reach Ashram so she will remain safe. Sanjali agreed with me but the width of river was not

easy. We decided to swim and we tied together with a shawl and jumped in the river. The current was fast and it was hard to swim but being as scholar of Buddhism I know that only will power is the key of success. With one hand I hold Sanjali and with other I started swimming. It took an hour to reach on the other shore but the other shore was deserted and there was no one. I found a man who was carrying a cart and his family and he notified that they are living their homes as Huns enter the provenance last night. There were dozens of people moving towards east and leaving their houses.

We started walking towards Ashram and Sanjali was fearful as there was tension in the air. One of the farmers told us that near his village Huns looted the whole village and raped women and enjoying there is no one to stop them. And when we reached the Ashram it was closed and it came out that Guru Acharya asked everyone to move towards Madhya bhag in the territory of Vardhmans where there are dozens of Vedantic Ashrams.

Situation was serious and too fast then I have calculated.

The king was thinking to create an army even till last evening while Huns came on the border of Taxila. There was no way to move and we sat on the bank of river and thinking. One of the families of farmer gave us something to eat and told the story of attack of Huns last night. There were groups moving towards different directions, leaving their houses with the attack of Huns. There were stories floating everywhere about the brutality of Huns.

We remained sitting there for hours and later I decided to shift Sanjali to my monastery in Kashmir. I wanted to remain here so to compel the king to prepare an army to stop Huns on this edge and save the other parts of this continent. Late in afternoon, a group of farmers were moving towards Punjab and they were seems to be good people. There were women and children and they were carrying cattle and I decided that Sanjali will move with them. I asked a paper and pen from the group and wrote a small letter to Guru Kripa requesting him to keep Sanjali

safe till I return. I also put some personal feeling to him and was in hope that Guru Kripa will understand those things. I also mentioned that I will try to make the king to fight against these Huns and wrote him about my efforts.

The group moved in the evening and I promised her to marry her when I return back to Kashmir. I also promised her that I will take her to my land, a land of Ganges where we will start our school of Vedanta and Buddhism and where we will bear children and life happy and with knowledge.

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## Last effort

When the group left, I decided to move back to Taxila and decided to convince people to force the king to attack on Huns. Till then there were few boats floating in the river and I took the fleet and reached on the bank and straight towards the biggest Buddhist Monastery near the library which is said to be the largest library in the world where one can find book written even in Persian and Greek languages.

I straight way went to the professor of the monastery Dharam Kripa, friend of my guru and gave my introduction. He was preparing to go to attend the evening prayers and after hearing me, he smiled and asked me to come to the prayer. There were thousands of monks and Bikhshus lined up for evening prayer. There was smell of wax burning and sound of rotation of Dham the circle of Dharma. There were people all in red and their heads were shaved. There were bells and then the humming was

started. The prayers was some similar to the prayers I attended in my monastery but there was more faith in the prayer than praising the Buddha. There were seeking blessing and offer faith for long and healthy life which is purely new to me as a Buddhist scholar. The prayers went for an hour and after the prayers, there was complete silence and then Dharm Kirpa took his hands up and looked everywhere. He started his speech.

“The great Buddha showed us all the path of humanity and non violence. The great Buddha has mercy on us and therefore this land has prospered for hundreds of years and therefore we lived in peace and in accordance with Dham. But now time is changing and it has to change as the Buddha gave us the doctrine of dependent organization- Pratitya Samudpada – and therefore everything in the world has to change as nothing is permanent. The truth too is not permanent and those who understand the doctrine of dependent organization understand the truth.”

“My friends, students and colleagues but now time has come when we have to decide about the future and fate of this land and we are the uttermost seat of Buddhism on this continent. Time has come when we have to decide what our children and generations to come will do. Time has come when we have to decide the history of future. Time has come when we have to made things well shaped and in accordance to Dham the teaching of Buddha.”

My friends in present situation, you all know that Huns from Magnolia conquered our neighbouring Persia and their army is now entering in our territory. Huns are told to be barbaric and with of different civilization and different religion. They are dangerous and therefore this monetary that has given the direction and shape to this land and also helps the rulers to understand the truth will decide about it. The Huns are barbaric and they will certainly attack this land to loot the booty of this prosperous land and now time has come when we have to decide what we have to do.

He looked towards me and smiled and said, "I have with me Kumar, a scholar from Kashmir and a student of great-great Guru Kripa and he is the best student on this land who understands the words of Buddha and he wanted to share his plan with you and therefore I invite him to speak with you." He looked towards me, smiled and asked me to address the gathering.

I took a step and went and stood in the centre where Dharm Kropa was standing. I saw everywhere; there was ocean of monks, hundreds and hundreds of them, all in red and then I thought, if these people are willing to fight the war they will do with some training to stop Huns, I thought that time has come when Buddhism will also act and in action to save this land. I looked to them, they were curious to know what I wanted to say, the professor has introduced me and gave me opportunity to speak is the proof that I am important and wanted to say something special.

I started, "My friends. I am just like you, one of you and one who know the great Buddha has shown us the path to walk so that the life which we live will be happy and in accordance with knowledge." My starting speech seems boring to them and I realize when they start looking here and there. They wanted to hear something interesting.

I again started, "Friends, you all know how Huns are dangerous and how they are destroying cities and civilizations and I feel that it is our duty to stop to enter our cities and civilizations and fight with them." My last word 'fight' arose them and there were murmuring everywhere and then there were shouting and after sometime a fact monk with small eyes came up and started addressing to the gathering, "Dear friends, Om Buddha," there was a loud noise, 'Om Buddha,' and that monk started his speech which I never know that Buddhism has already destroyed on this land.

He said, "Our professor is now old man and I think his brain is not working properly." Such thing I never heard or

imagined that students or monks will allege and abuse their own professor. He continued, "This man who is claiming to be scholar of Buddhism wanted us to violate the orders of Great Lord Buddha who said that we should not do violence in any condition."

I saw professor who was looking old and tired and wanted a place to rescue himself. "When the fatty monk abuse me well then there was large sound from every direction, "SHAME, SHAME, and SHAME."

The fatty monk started again, "Such scholars are dot on the name of Buddhism who do not know the real meaning of Buddha. In any time or in any circumstance we should not do violence or support any type of violence. This bagger like scholar forgets the history when Great King Ashoka accepted Buddhism and left every type of violence and this mad scholar came to preach us that with violence we have to conquer our enemy."

I was feeling sorry why I have not went back with Sanjali and why I am standing with these jokers trying to save them. The fatty man continue, “Let the Huns come and we will preach them non violence and turn them into Buddhist so that Buddhism will spread everywhere on this earth. Friends there is power in non violence and this power is us and no enemy can destroy us and when Huns will see that they are equipped with weapons and we stand empty hand and blessing them they will feel ashamed and came towards our feet.”

“I assured you all that Huns are human beings like us and they are moving in ignorance once they understand Buddhism and understand the power of non violence and power of Dham and power of monks they will certainly enlighten and will live a good life. I assure you again that if you all are real Buddhist monk then no one will go for any violence or support any violence and everyone will say, Om Buddha.” There was loud cheering , “Om Buddha and till the time I could understand anything a stone came towards

me and hit my nose and my nose started bleeding.” The fatty monk look to me and said, “Now you understand that you are befooling people on the name of Great Buddha and therefore I ask you to leave this place immediately or otherwise these people will torn you in pieces because you are teaching them violence.

I said nothing and moved towards professor who also starts moving to other direction. We were walking and came long away from that gathering where the fatty monk was still giving speech. The professor laughed and said, “I knew this and therefore took you here so that you too can understand.” He said that “Buddhism from this land has already vanished and now these beggars are begging on the name of great Buddha.” He stopped and looked to me and said, “Sorry I cannot do anything for you.”

It was a mid night and I was sitting inside the park where first time I sat with Sanjali. I have nothing to do and there was no way out from this situation. I know Huns will destroy this beautiful land and loot this place. I was unrest and

wanted to do something and I decided to meet the king in morning so to have big army to save this land.

It was early morning and I had my little food with glass of milk which a shopkeeper provided me as because I was still in red clothes and he took me a monk. I thanked the shopkeeper and asked him that he is not feared with the attack of Huns.

He laughed and said nothing. I insist to answer and he looked everywhere and his face went serious and said, "We will welcome Huns in this city because now we are really wanted to overcome the begging and beggars like you monks. You all are parasite on the society who eat free and know nothing."

I laughed and said the shopkeeper, "You are right sir," but the shopkeeper was astonished and said, "Now you curse me as all monks do when we people say something against you or threat me that you will come back with more monks and destroy my shop and the army or police or even

king will do nothing because you people are parasite on our society.” I bowed in front of them and said, “I am not a monk but scholar and you are right and thank you to give me something to eat and I smiled and left the place but shopkeeper remain standing with his open mouth.

Now things are clear to me that these begging monks are more dangerous to the Huns who are attacking and my teacher was right that real Buddhism is finishing on this land and I know that my efforts are worthless but still I wanted to do. I reached the fort and asked to meet the king. The security man asked me the reason and I said that it is personal and to meet the king i lied and told him that I have a message from the main monastery.

My words of main monastery made an affect and the soldier went inside and after sometime came out and asked me to follow and he took me inside on some room and left there and later another soldier came and asked me to follow and after a long corridor he took me to the outer

garden where the king and some of his ministers were sitting.

They all saw me and then king trying to recognize me and then his one of the minister told him something and then the king nodded and asked me to sit. "What you want monk and why you are here, you told you are from main monastery but you are not,"

I hesitated and then said, "Your honour , I have never told that I am from main monastery but I told I have news from main monastery and your lord if you permit me then I give you the information as well as do some request."

The king nodded and watched his ministers who were sitting silently. I continued. My lord the main monastery has decided that there will be no war and the king will not fight with the Huns and if you try then they will lay on roads and block your army to attack on Huns.

The main monastery denied any sort of violence and confident that Huns will adopt Buddhism and will settle

down peacefully with them.” I look to the king and continue, “But sir, they are not monks they are fools and beggars and people of your city wanted to rid of them they wanted to destroy this beautiful city and therefore I request you to prepare an army and attack on Huns before they get time to understand the situation.”

The king smiled and stood from his chair and so his ministers stand up and so I am. He walked meaninglessly and after some time he look to me and again smiled, “Dear friend do you think that I don't understand the present situation but these monks and monastery has eaten my country like termite and the situation is this that I cannot do anything because we do not have great army and do not have much money to fight with Huns.

I assure you that I also wanted to attack on Huns and made them run away from my territory but I have no good resources as the major resource and treasures are with the monasteries. I talked to some of the professors who are willing to attack on Huns but the major group of monks do

not wanted to have single money to fight with Huns. We were talking from where we can get money so to start the selection of army,”

He stopped and said, “Yes monks are beggars and Buddhism is rubbish but being as a king I cannot do anything against them because they are large in number and they can create nuisance in the city.

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## Merciless attack

For four days I remained in the city talking to people gathering good people who support war against Huns but monks were in large numbers and they were on roads talking and dancing on the name of Buddhism. Demanding money from shopkeepers and those deny giving any money they start beating them. There was no police to stop them. They were naked and shameful. I started hating Buddhism first time because it becomes the largest superstition institute where there was no Buddha and there was no teaching of Buddha and there was no Nirvana and no knowledge.

On the name of Buddhism only lust food and greed and these red clothes people are shameless creatures roaming on roads and seen everywhere. Most of the shops were closed in the city and many of the businessmen were moving away from Taxila and they were moving to their relatives in the central part of the continent. I was worried

about Sanjali but I was sure that my monastery was not like this and I was sure because there was Guru Mitra and I was sure and confident because everyone there in the monastery know me well. Family of Sanjali and the school and students went towards Ujjain and that was really very far away where Guptas rule and people of Malwa were turning back to Vedas and there were many Ashrams on the river of Kshipra and therefore the school shifted to central part.

Sanjali and I had discussed about it and decided to move to Malwa after things went right. I promised her to take her to her parents after I return to Kashmir and then we decided to marry and settle down near the River of Ganges and start our own School teaching both Buddhism and Vedanta. That was the unique idea and Sanjali was happy with this idea and we decided to teach both schools of philosophies to our children.

We have also decided to keep the names of our children. Students from different places will come to understand the

definition of truth in both the ways and that will be the fusion of two different cultures with red and white clothes.

Last night I met Suvishwas, he was a businessman and he deal in gold and silver and also in pearls and he travelled even to far east and he trade with many types of people and he told me about Huns, "They are ruthless and they are very dangerous and they are tribal," said Suvishwas. He told me a story when he was returning from his deal and was in Persia. He told that Huns are so dangerous a trader told him that they put a head of man between their thighs and break them like water melons. He also told that Huns do not have humanity and believe no god.

Suvishwas is well known in the traders and business class respect him well. He came with a group of traders last night to my place as I was living in a room of a hotel. They sat around me and Suvishwas said, "As you talk about collecting army and fighting Huns, my friends are agree and they wanted to support your wish with money. If you can gather army and start preparation, we are with you."

One of the traders with name Padam said that they have properties and money and families and relatives in this city and therefore they wanted to save this city, "What these baggers monks have with them. They even do not know that the library which this city has is the precious treasure but they wanted to eat and dance," said Padam. Every trader affirm and ready to give as much as money is required to fight against Huns.

I stood up and started walking near the window and said, "See I am not a soldier and I am not a planner and not even a minister. But yes, like you all people I wanted to stop Huns here and to save this city. I have talked to the king but king have no money and if we all go to the king and provide money to him then certainly he will start a new big army."

Another trader stood and said, "My name is Swastik and I deal in cattle and horses and our group went to the king but

his ministers denied and said that they do not want any army because they got the message from Huns that they will not fight.”

Padam said, “Shame on king who believes these tribal beasts.”

Suvishwas said, “I know Huns they will kill even a new born child of this city, we should do something,”

Padam smiled and said, “I know Surveer who is retired soldier and he can do something. I have asked him to come to this hotel and he will on the way.” There were murmur and everyone was talking and then I stood up, “You people are not brave but you people have mind too.”

Suvishwas said, “Because sir, this attack is on us and they will loot us business class and these monks do not have anything.” There were talking and planning and after sometime there was knock on the door.

Padam stood and opened the door and a big man aged about 60 years entered inside and he salutes everyone and smiled to Padam. Padam welcomes him and introduced to each of us. Padam and Surveer talked for some time and then Surveer stood up and said, "With the permission of you all, I am Surveer, I served as a Major in the army of Guptas the kings of central continent and fought major wars with the Gandharas and also with the tribes of Himachal."

"I know about Huns and I suggest that creating a new army is not possible because Huns are on the gateway of our city waiting to attack and loot this city." He paused and look to our faces to read the impact of his talks.

He again started, "We have some retired and some new soldiers and even there are soldiers working in army of King Guptas and they are ready to join us if we provide them good salary. And even there are farmers who wanted to work voluntary and with good money and gold and with

time of five days we can prepare an army of 12 thousand good soldiers.”

Suvishwas stood first and said, “But this is really a small army this cannot stop the Huns to enter in the city. I know Huns they are dangerous.”

Surveer laughed and said, “Yes I know that this is a small army but after forming this army we will try to train and collect more soldiers to join us.”

It was my turn, “Can other kings around Taxila are not will to join hands to stop Huns here on border?”

Surveer laughed again and said, “These Kings want Taxila to fall so that their enemy will come down. Why they help at this time.”

Things are really wrong and to save this beautiful ancient city we have to do something and after two hours of meeting it was decided that Surveer will be the chief in charge and will start the formation of army from the next

early morning and Padam will be the finance in charge and spend the money in formation of army. Suvishwas will gather money and gold from the business class to pay the huge army and with this decision everyone departed. My job was to plan and to make people understand and educate them to save the city.

But next day, Huns were one step ahead of us and they attacked the city very early morning. Everyone was running here and there and they were on horses, looting the city, raping women and girls. I came out on road and roads were red with blood. The bigger monks laid on road to stop the violence but Huns throttled them and crushing their hands like watermelon. They were enjoying the blood bath and they were looting and fired the buildings.

They were really different with long beard and moustache and long hairs and dirty clothes and they were killing people as a sport and enjoying every blood dropping on the ground. One of the group burnt the biggest library of Buddhism and also burnt the monastery.

The most sufferers were business class who were looted and their shops were vandalized. Monks were begging for their lives and Huns were enjoying. One of the officials of Huns asked the monks to lick their shoes and they were doing that. That was the shameful act of these monks in red.

The city of knowledge, the city of prosperity and the city of power was now burning and my teacher Guru Mitra was right that time has come when Buddhism and its teaching will vanish from this land. I decided to move to Kashmir because I tried whatever I can do to save this city but now this city is dead, raped and looted. I start moving towards the river and again back to my monastery. I came here to understand the reality of life but now I feel that human is the most dangerous animal who is turning the filth of inside into reality and there is no rationality and there is no humanity left on this land.

## Curse to knowledge

I crossed the river with a group who were moving out of the city with children and some trunks and they looked to me and when they found that I am a monk they spit on me. That showed that people of this great city made monks responsible for this destruction and they are very right. I started walking and there were people in hundreds walking and moving away from this destroyed city. There were groups who were hungry and there were groups who were injured and there were women who were bleeding because they were raped brutally.

But I remain walking on the road from where I came to this city with sadness and start remembering the teachings of Buddha. The greed and the vengeance and the revenge and such feelings are the reason of ignorance and now I understand in the world of reality that for human being it is not easy to come out of such feelings and now I

understand that why Buddha was great because he came out of these feelings to understand the truth and to understand the reality of momentism. The life is really changing flux and when we take the life as permanent than we are grabbed by ignorance and therefore greed and such feelings overcome us.

I walked whole day and whole night and rested next day for 10 hours. I had eaten nothing from the moment I left the Taxila and I was not in the mood to eat anything because my body and my soul was asking nothing at this moment. I had water many times and my clothes were torn and my beard grown up and my hairs were falling on my shoulders and I was looking like a bagger with torn red clothes and I feel humiliated and shameful to be called monk and my feet were injured by walking continuously and my soul was injured and bleeding because I had seen blood and blood and seen many things which was like when Siddhartha saw the sick man and old man and dead body and he decided to flee from this world in search of true knowledge,

liberation. For Buddha liberation is true knowledge and therefore I decided to reach Kashmir as soon as I can and took Sanjali and run away to the land of Ganges and started teaching and learning the truth of life.

It took me three days to reach the monastery but things were not good in Shirnagar there were fire and fights and shops were vandalized and looted and when I stopped a running timid man on the road out of town, he said, "Run away, run away, these monks are dacoits looting the city."

I entered into the city there were stones and sticks on road, there was blood and torn clothes and when the group approached towards me in red colour clothes they saw me and laughed and shouted 'don't worry he is our man' and smiled and I felt a rage of shame inside my body.

I was not their man and I started walking fast towards the monastery and found dead bodies of teachers on the step of monastery and one of the body was of Guru Mitra, his head was opened as someone hit with axe and he was

dead but still there was peace on his face and there was no sign of horror on it. It was like that Guru Mitra was in deep sleep and there were dead bodies of other teachers.

It was clear that the city was attacked by the forge monks and they looted the city and they were everywhere looting and vandalizing every shop and house and there were bodies and bodies all around. And suddenly I was worried about Sanjali and I started running inside the monastery and I saw books were burning, library was torched. There were bodies and naked bodies of women shattered everywhere and I was more worried and I shouted, Sanjali, Sanjali, where are you?" and ran to every direction moving to every place which I saw from the day I entered in this school but this school is not the same and this turned into graveyard.

These parasites to whom Buddhism brought up has now destroyed the whole thought of peace and they are now vultures more badly than Huns because they fed on Buddhism and killed Buddhism. Huns were outsiders and

they were clear that they were enemy but these monks stab on the back of this school and now they are sinking the ship and that ship who gave they place to hide in their bad days.

And suddenly my blood freeze and suddenly feeling to live more left my body and suddenly the valley with the beauty turned to the valley of death with vultures everywhere foxes everywhere the valley as stinking garbage. The sky was dark with sins and the ground was red with blood and I shouted and ran towards the dead body of Sanjali. She was raped and killed as her body was naked and I took out my torn red clothes trying to hide her in that piece of cloth. There was a taunt on her face as she was saying, 'look now you understand why we hate monks and red colour.'

The dream to live and the dream to marry her, the dream to have children and the dream to teach Buddhism and Vedanta together in a single school all vanished and first time even understanding Vigyapti matrata siddhi, I cried, I cried so loud, cried and cried and shouted and kissed the

dead face of Sanjali and after I cried for long my mind came into silence and I stood on the ground leaving the dead body of Sanjali and I looked towards sky and shouted.

This is the end of Buddhism on this land and Buddhism will never return on this land and in future there will be no respect and no food for monks and monks will be treated as baggers.”

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