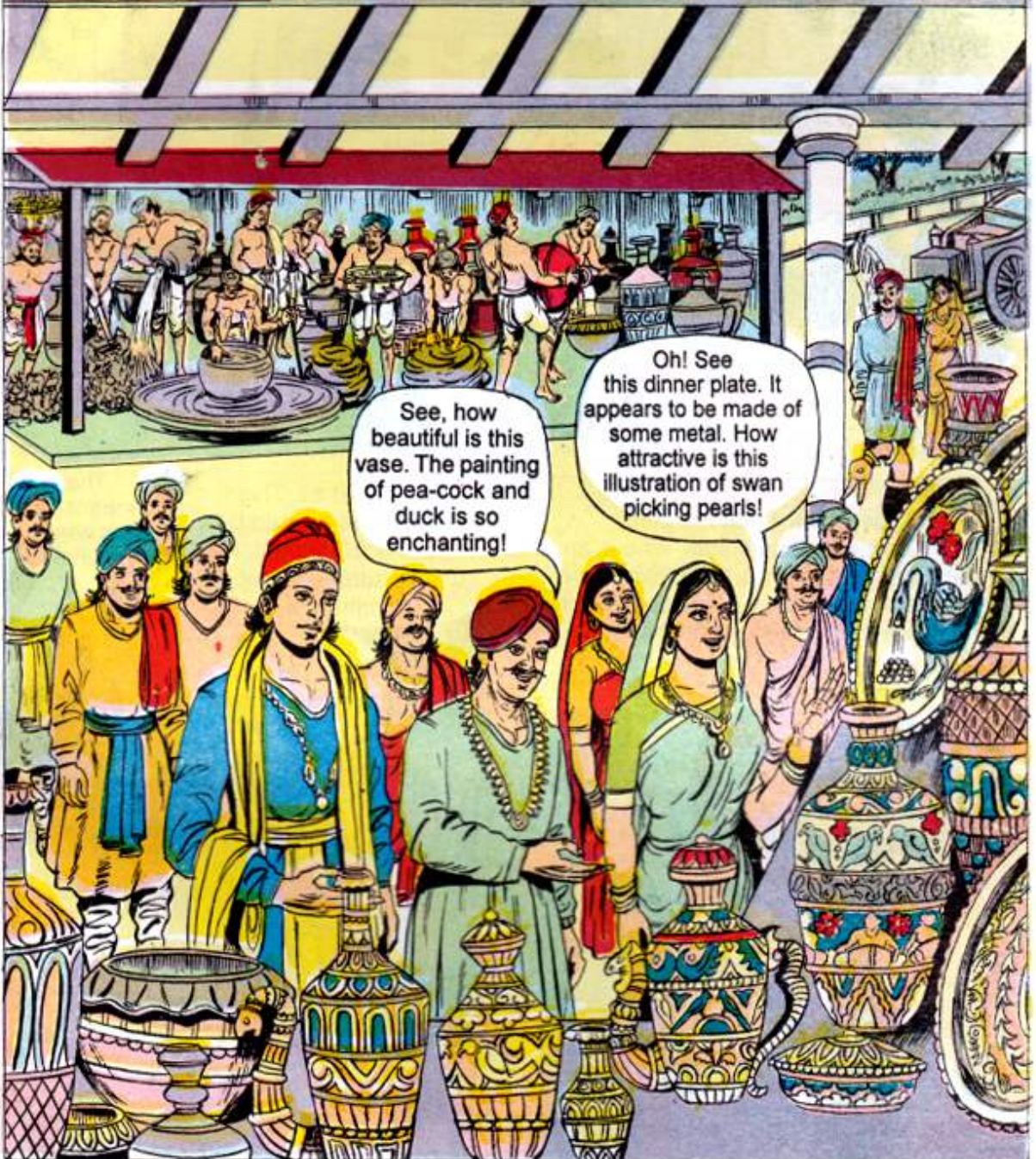


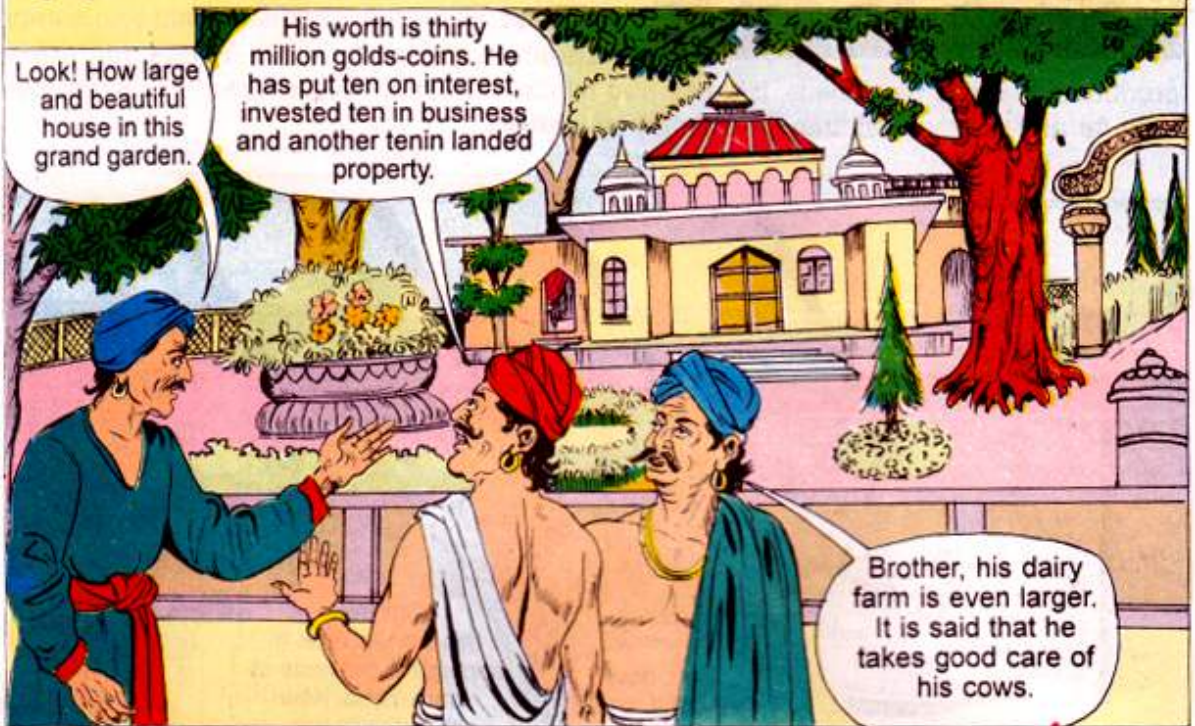
SADDAL PUTRA

In Polaspur city lived a potter named Saddal Putra. He had huge factories for making earthen pots and terra-cottas. Hundreds of artisans and thousands of labourers worked there. These factories

produced a variety of utensils. He also had his own chain of five hundred shops. People from far and near visited these shops to buy utensils.



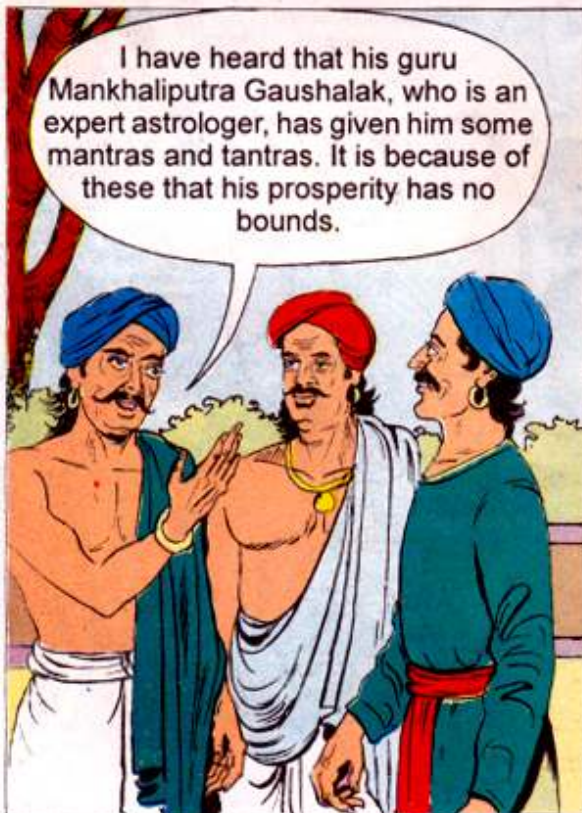
Saddal Putra also had a large dairy having ten thousand cows. Outside the city he had a large garden called Ashok Vatika. Some townfolk stood outside the garden and talked—



Look! How large and beautiful house in this grand garden.

His worth is thirty million golds-coins. He has put ten on interest, invested ten in business and another ten in landed property.

Brother, his dairy farm is even larger. It is said that he takes good care of his cows.



I have heard that his guru Mankhaliputra Gaushalak, who is an expert astrologer, has given him some mantras and tantras. It is because of these that his prosperity has no bounds.



No, not at all. This wealth was earned by his father Shakadal. He was fortunate enough to inherit it.

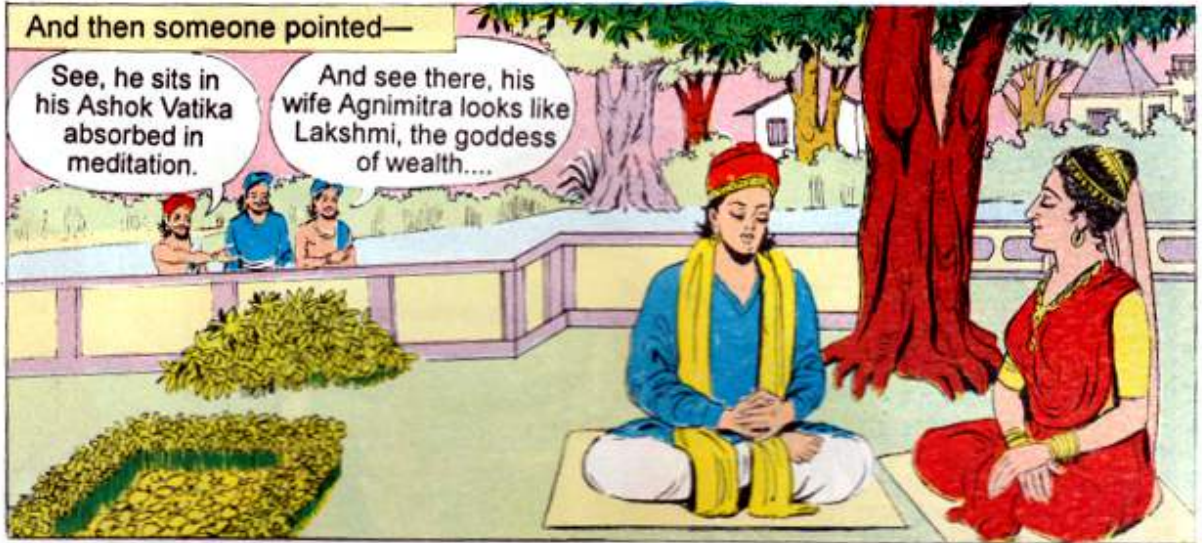
That means he is very fortunate.

I have also heard that he is a diehard follower of fatalism.

And then someone pointed—

See, he sits in his Ashok Vatika absorbed in meditation.

And see there, his wife Agnimitra looks like Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth....



While the onlookers were talking, a god appeared in the sky with tinkling melodies. Adorned with five coloured dress, a brilliant crown on his head, and a garland of flowers on his neck, the god called—

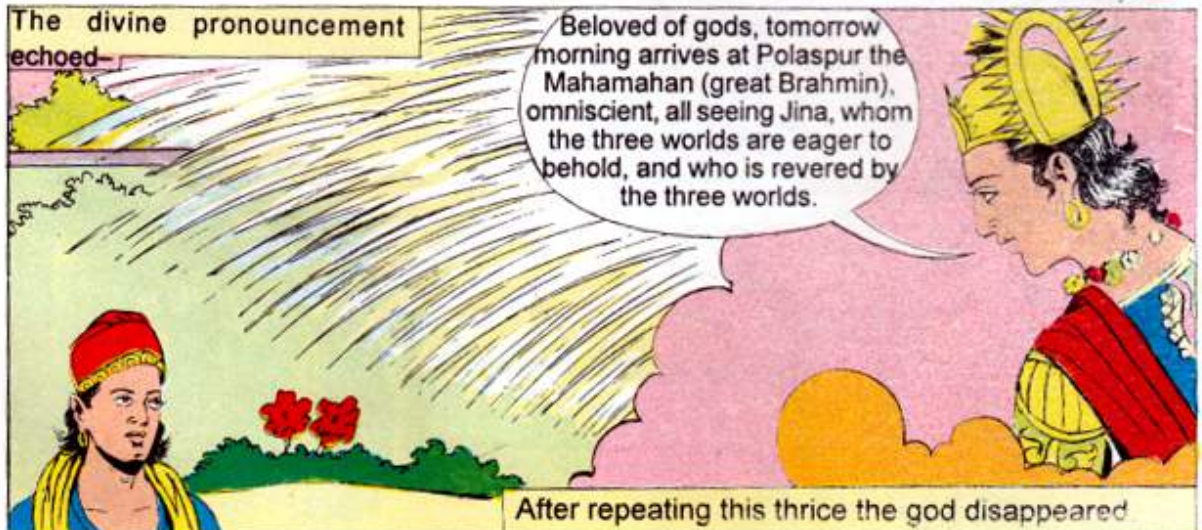
Who calls me ?

Listen, O beloved of gods.



The divine pronouncement echoed—

Beloved of gods, tomorrow arrives at Polaspur the Mahamahan (great Brahmin), omniscient, all seeing Jina, whom the three worlds are eager to behold, and who is revered by the three worlds.



After repeating this thrice the god disappeared