

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्योगवासिष्ठः

# BRAHADYOGAVAASISHTAM

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM

[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

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उत्पत्तिप्रकरणम् तृतीयम्

UTPATTI PRAKARANAM

THIRD SECTION

[THE PRODUCTION OF THE JAGAT-PHENOMENON]

CHAPTER FORTY TWO

[SOOCHYUPAAKYAANAM (2)]

{KARKATI PERFORMS PENANCE ONCE AGAIN, TO GET RID OF THE 'SOOCHEE-FORM'}

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

*Narayanalakshmi*

1

**DEDICATED**

**TO**

**ALL THE SEEKERS OF TRUTH**

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Narayanalakshmi

Narayanalakshmi (Shubhalakshmi), an ascetic spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission in life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth. She is from Bangalore, Karnataka, India.

वसिष्ठोवाच  
Vasishta spoke

अथ सा बहुकालेन कर्कटी वनराक्षसी सर्वेषां नरमांसानां न तु तृप्तिमुपाययौ। (71.01)

A long time elapsed like this. Karkatee the demoness of the forest was not at all satiated by eating the flesh of all humans (as a tiny needle with a hole of a belly).

पूर्वणैव किलाहा सा तृप्ता रुधिरबिन्दुना सूच्याः किमिव मात्यन्तस्तृष्णासूची सुदुर्भरा। (71.02)

A drop of blood was enough to make her feel filled up even before the day ended.  
How much can a needle consume!

The ‘(pricking) needle of hunger-Vaasanaa’ inside her was never satiated.

KARKATI REGRETS HER NEEDLE-STATE [BRAHMAN HAS TO REGRET HIS JEEVA STATE]

[It is of course, the stupid demoness lamenting about her wretched state brought about by her foolishness.

You can also analyze your own life and the false decisions you have made which have landed in your wretched states at present. What you are now is a mansion standing on your false moves.

Even if you believe that you are a Jeeva suffering like an entrapped animal because of some destiny taking revenge on you, try to understand that it is you who have brought about this wretched state of suffering because your own Vaasanaas. Karkatee had just one Vaasanaa; just a base hunger-Vaasanaa!

How many Vaasanaas do you own? How many wants still need fulfilment?

How many wrong decisions have you made in your life? Think! You can also lament like Karkatee!]

[Brahman who stays as a tiny Jeeva-state similar to the plight of a ‘live needle form of Karkatee’ also has to lament about his true essence and cry out in a similar way, developing dispassion towards his world.]

चिन्तयामास-

She started thinking,

‘हा कष्टं किमहं सूचितां गता सूक्ष्मास्मि हतशक्तिश्च अपि ग्रासो न माति च। (71.03)

“Alas! The suffering untold! Why did I become a needle-form?

I have become very tiny; have no strength and the food is also not enough.

क्व मे तानि विशालानि गतान्यङ्गानि दुर्धियः कालमेघविशालानि वने शीर्णानि पर्णवत्। (71.04)

I am indeed foolish in mind! Where have gone the huge limbs that were equal to the size of the dissolution clouds, which have now shrivelled like the leaves in a forest?

मय्यस्यां मन्दभाग्यायां मनागपि न माति हि स्वादुमांसरसग्रासो वसावासित आसयन्। (71.05)

The ‘mouthful of the tasty flesh-juice that carries the fragrance of the marrow (Vasaa-Vaasita)’, when entering the mouth (Aasayan/Aasye yan- Pravishan)), not at all fills the least of my belly for me, who have attained such a state of misfortune.

पङ्कान्तर्विनिमज्जामि पतामि धरणीतले हतास्मि जनपादोघैः शुक्रेण मलिनास्मि च। (71.06)

In my desire to suck the blood, I drown in the mires; wallow in the dirt; get crushed by the feet; am polluted by the virile fluid.

हा हताहमनाथाहमनाश्वासा निरास्पदा दुःखाद्दुःखे निमज्जामि संकटात्संकटेऽपि च। (71.07)

Alas! I am destroyed; I am an orphan; I do not have any support; I have no one to take shelter in. I am moving from suffering to suffering, and am drowning in pain again and again.

न सखी न च मे दासी न मे माता न मे पिता न मे बन्धुर्न मे भृत्या न मे भ्राता न मे सुतः। (08)

न मे देहो न मे स्थानं न मे कश्चित्समाश्रयः नैकस्थाने समावासो भ्राम्यामि वनपर्णवत्। (71.09)

I do not have a friend; I do not have a maid; I do not have mother or father; I do not have a relative; I do not have a servant; I have no brothers; no sons.

I do not have a proper body, or a house, or a place to go.

I cannot stay at a single place continuously. I float around like a forest leaf!

आपदां धुरि तिष्ठामि निविष्टास्मि सुदारुणे अभावमपि वाञ्छामि सोऽपि संपद्यते न मे। (71.10)

I stay at the peak of sufferings. I have entered the worst state ever.

I go after nothing as it were, and even that does not become mine.

स्वको देहः परित्यक्तो मूढचेतनया मया, काचबुद्ध्या विमूढेन हस्ताच्चिन्तामणिर्यथा। (71.11)

I have discarded my body like an idiot, like a foolish man drops the ChintaaMani (wish fulfilling gem) from his hand, greedy for a worthless glass piece.

*(We understand the value of what we have, only when we lose them!)*

आपतद्धि मनो मोहं पूर्वमापत्प्रयच्छति पश्चादनर्थविस्ताररूपेण परिजृम्भते। (71.12)

A mind which is deluded first, begets just one difficulty. Later it keeps producing the calamities continuously and suffers. *(One false decision, and a downpour of harms drown you in no time!)*

धूमेषु परितिष्ठामि मार्गे विलुलितास्मि च तृणेषु प्रेषितास्म्यन्तर्हा मे दुःखपरम्परा। (71.13)

I reside in the dust particles. I wallow on the paths tread by others. I am thrown on the grass pieces. Alas! No end is there for my sufferings!

परप्रेषकरी नित्यं परसंचारचारिणी परं कार्पण्यमायाता जाता परवशास्म्यलम्। (71.14)

I always live on the bodies of the others; move over the bodies of others!

I am in the most wretched state ever possible! I am always dependent on others for my survival!

भ्रान्तिं करोमि तुच्छे च सापि वेधनरूपिणी अहो ममाल्पभाग्याया दौर्भाग्यमपि दुर्भगम्। (71.15)

I go after the worst things; yet I keep going inside and coming out of things like a needle, without any gain. I am already a person of stuck by misfortune.

Even the worst fate also cannot make the situations worse than what I already am in.

उत्थितः स्फारवेतालः कुर्वत्याः शान्तिमद्य मे सर्वनाशोऽवदातेन प्रवृत्ताया ममोदिता। (71.16)

I tried to get rid of the vampire and it now stands more enormous than ever.

I did penance to get rid of my hunger and I have ended up ruining myself.

किं मन्दया मया तादृक्सन्त्यक्तं तन्महावपुः यथा नाशेन वा भाव्यं तथोदेत्यशुभा मतिः। (71.17)

What an idiot I was that I decided to get rid of that wonderful body of mine!

My mind had gone berserk at that moment!

मामवान्तरनिर्मगनां सूक्ष्मां कीटतनोरपि उद्दरिष्यति को नाम पांसुराशिभिरावृताम्। (71.18)

Who can ever rescue me now stuck in such a wretched state?

I am such a tiny insect and am covered with heaps of dirt always.

विविक्तमनसां बुद्धौ क्व स्फुरन्ति हताशयाः ग्राममार्गतृणानीव गिरेरुपरिवासिनाम्। (71.19)

No! Not even those endowed with subtle vision can save me!

Why would they bother about such worst beings like me? Why will the tribal group living on top of the mountain-forest full of trees, bother about a tiny grass growing on their paths?

स्थिताया अज्ञताम्भोधौ क्व ममाभ्युदयो भवेत् अन्धस्योदेति प्राकाश्यं न खद्योतानुसेविनः। (71.20)

I am sunk deep in the mires of ignorance! When will I ever be released of this horrible plight?

The light sources of the sky never give vision to the blind!

*(I was blind with ignorance and the penance did not help me gain knowledge.)*

अतः कियन्तं नो जाने कालमाविलतापदं मयापच्छवभ्रगर्तेषु लुठितव्यं हतेहया। (71.21)

I do not even know how long I have to wallow in the stinky dangerous holes without any hope!

कदा स्यामञ्जनमहाशैलपुत्रकरूपिणी यावापृथिव्योर्वेधुर्ये स्तम्भतामनुतिष्ठती,

मेघमालासमभुजा चिरं विद्युत्पदेक्षणा नीहारजालवसना प्रोचकेशमिताम्बरा,

लम्बोदराभ्रसंदर्शप्रनर्तितशिखण्डिनी लम्बलोलस्तनी श्यामा देहवातद्रवत्स्तनी,

हासभस्मच्छटाच्छन्नसूर्यमण्डलोधिनी कृतान्तग्रसनोद्युक्तकृत्यैकाकृतिधारिणी,

कृशानूलूखलदशा सूर्यस्रग्दामहारिणी पर्वतात्पर्वते शृङ्गे न्यस्य पादौ विहारिणी। (71.22) to (71.26)

When will I regain my beautiful form which was like a statue carved out of the huge black mountain!  
 I was like a huge pillar connecting the earth and heaven with such a huge body!  
 My shoulders were like an array of black clouds! My eyes flashed like lightning!  
 Mist covered my body like a garment! My hairs on the head were blocked by the skies!  
 Looking at my fat dark belly hanging like a cloud, the peacocks would dance in glee!  
 My huge dark breasts hanging on my chest would tremble as if hit by storm, when I breathed!  
 My laughter would cover the solar sphere like an ashy mist!  
 I was the personified form of death-deity intent on doing his duty for him.  
 My eyes were like deep holes of mortars set on fire. I wore the garland made of suns.  
 I stepped from one mountain peak to the other, when I walked!

कदा मे स्याद्द्रुश्वभ्रभासुरं तन्महोदरं कदा मे स्याच्छरन्मेघमेदुरा नखरावली।

कदा मे स्यान्महारक्षोविद्रावणकरं स्मितम्। स्वस्फिग्वायैररण्यान्यां कदा नृत्येयमुन्मदा।

वसासवमहाकुम्भैर्मृतमांसास्थिसंचयैः कदा करिष्येऽविरतं मेदुरोदरपूरणम्।

कदा पीतमहालोकरुधिरा क्षीबतां गता भवेयं मुदिता दृसा मुद्रिता निद्रया ततः। (71.27) to (71.30)

Ha! Ha! Alas! When will I get back my beautiful belly shining like a huge dark chasm of a pit?

When will I get back my huge row of nails shining like dense clouds?

When will I get back my beautiful smile which sent shivers in the demon clan?

When will I dance again madly in the huge forests! When will I again consume without a break,  
 food from the great pots filled with sinews and nerves, and meat from the heaps of corpses!

When will I again get drunk by the blood of countless people, and fall faint with intoxication!

मयैव कृतपोवह्नौ तदग्र्यं भासुरं वपुः भस्मत्वं कनकेनेव सूचित्वमुररीकृतम्। (71.31)

By own fault, my beautiful body was burnt in penance, and the state of needle-ness was obtained,  
 like the gold burning itself to ashes in the fire!

क्व किलाञ्जनशैलाभं वपुर्भरितदिक्तं क्व प्राचिकाखुरसमं सूचित्वं तृणपेलवम्। (71.32)

What comparison is there for the body like a black mountain filling the quarters and this  
 needle-body dried up like the grass, and sized like the tip of the feet of a mosquito?

त्यजत्याशु मृदित्यज्ञः प्राप्यापि कनकाङ्गदं, मया सूचित्वलोभेन संत्यक्तं भासुरं वपुः। (71.33)

Only an idiot will throw away a golden bracelet got by him disregarding it as mud! I am no better  
 than him! I threw away my beautiful huge body, greedy for the form of a needle!

हा महोदर विन्ध्याद्रिसनीहारगुहोपम अद्य नान्तं करोषि त्वं कथं सिंहेन हस्तिनाम्। (71.34)

Ha my huge belly! You were like a huge cave of Vindhya mountain filled with misty darkness!

Why do you not rise up like a lion and kill the elephant of ill-fate that is harassing me!

हा भुजौ भरनिर्भग्नशिखरौ शशभृन्नखैः पुरोडाशधिया चन्द्रं कथमद्य न बाधतः। (71.35)

Ha my huge arms! Your moon-like nails broke many a peaks; now why are you not harassing  
 the moon making him into an oblation for the dead!

हा वक्षः काचवैधुर्यगिरीन्द्रतटसुन्दर नाद्य सिंहादि यौकं तद्धृतं रोमवनं तथा। (71.36)

Ha my chest! You shone like the base of the mountain even without the ornament of crystals!

You, who were adorned with the forest of hair, do not anymore hide the louse in the form of  
 the lions and other wild animals!

हा नेत्रे कृष्णरजनीरजःशुष्केन्धनैजने कस्मान्न मे भूषयतो दृग्ज्वालामालया दिशः।(एजने-प्रदीपने) (37)

Ha my eyes! You used to light up the dark dust of the new moon night, as if set on fire by dry fuel!

Why are you not adorning the quarters with your looks!

हा स्कन्ध बन्धो नष्टोसि निषिद्धोऽसि महीतले कालेन विनिपिष्टोऽसि निघृष्टोऽसि शिलातले। (71.38)

Ha my relative, my shoulder! You are ruined! You are banned from rising on this earth!

Kaala (Time) has powdered you, crushed you on the rocks!

हा मुखेन्दो तपसि किं नाद्य त्वं न रश्मिभिः कल्पान्तदावसंशान्तचन्द्रबिम्बमनोहर। (71.39)

Ha my face! You shone like a moon! Why are you not burning everyone with my rays!

हा हा हस्तौ महाकारौ तावद्य गतौ मम, संपन्नास्मि महासूचिर्मक्षिकाखुरदोलिता। (71.40)

Ha! Ha! My hands! You were so huge! Where have you both gone now?

Ha! I have become a great needle hanging on the tip of the foot of the mosquito!

हा भगोग्रकरञ्जाद्यसत्कन्दश्वभ्रशोभन विन्ध्याद्वरेण्यविपुलनितम्बामलबिम्बक। (71.41)

Alas, where are my hips reflecting the entire forest of Vindhya, lovely and hard like the base hollow trunk of a tree?

क्वाकारोऽम्बरपूरकः क्व च नवं तुच्छात्मसूचीवपू

रोदोरन्धसमं क्व वास्य कुहरं क्वेदं च सूचीमुखम्।

क्व ग्रासो बहुमांससम्भारबहुलः क्वाब्बिन्दुना भोजनं

सूक्ष्मास्म्येतदहो मयैव रचितं स्वात्मक्षये नाटकम्। (71.42)

Where is that body filling the entire region of the sky! And where is this lowly form of a needle!

Where is that big mouth like a hole in the heaven and where is this needle hole!

Where is the heap of flesh to be consumed as food and where is this measly meal of a blood-drop!

I now am so subtle and invisible and tiny!

I myself was the cause of this drastic event leading to my own ruin!”

[All these were just thoughts in her mind!

She had no vocal chords in her empty needle-like structure, to word these thoughts even! Poor Karkatee!]

सूची साऽसंभवद्वाणी चिन्तयित्वेत्यकंपनं पुनस्तद्देहलाभाय भवाम्याशु तपस्विनी

इति सन्चिन्त्य चितस्थं संहत्य जनमारणं तदेव हिमवच्छृङ्गं जगाम तपसे स्थितम्। (72.01,02)

Soochee had no vocal chords to voice her thoughts.

She thought all these thoughts, yet was not even able to move her body even a little.

‘I will perform penance to get back my old body’; having decided thus, and getting rid of the idea of killing people, she went to the same peak of the ‘Snow Mountain’ to perform penance.

#### KARKATI PERFORMS PENANCE ONCE AGAIN

अपश्यदेव सूचित्वं सा तन्मानसमात्मनि प्राणवातात्मिका प्राणैः प्रविश्य हतमानसं,

अथात्मन्येव सूचित्वं पश्यत्येव मनोमयम्। प्राणवातशरीरासौ जगाम हिमवच्छिरः

दृडावानले तत्र सर्वभूतविवर्जिते महामहाशिलाभाभारूक्षे पांसुविधूसरे

तस्थावभ्युदितेवासौ निस्तृणे विपुले स्थले मरावकस्मात्संजातशुष्का तृणशिखा यथा। (72.06)

She withdrew into her the mind which was conceiving the form of the needle, through her Praanas.

(She was now of the nature of vital force only as a viral-Soochi).

She now saw in her mind the needle-state of hers (from the witness state).

She now made an entry into a vulture’s body as the metallic needle.

With the nature of Praana itself she went to the peak of the ‘Snow mountain’ using that vulture for her transport.

She managed to guide it wherever she wanted to, by her mind-power.

(After all she had performed penance and seen the Creator himself in the past!)

She now chose a deserted place hot like the dissolution fire, having the full blast of the Sun; found a huge rock burnt by the sun and shining like a marble.

On its dusty surface which was dry, and had not even some grass to cover it, she stood in her needle-form ready for the great task.

She looked like a tip of the grass suddenly erupting on the desert sand!

सुसूक्ष्मस्यैकपादस्य सार्धनैवाश्रितोर्वरा स्वसंविदेकपादात्म तपः कर्तुं प्रचक्रमे। (72.07)

She was of a subtle form shaped like a needle.

Half of the tip of the needle was buried inside the sand for support, as if she stood on one leg only.

She started her penance now.

*(Is it possible? Can a needle perform penance?)*

*Why not? After all 'mind alone matters'!*

*She conceived herself as standing on one leg in that way and stood like that! What is amazing about it?)*

सूक्ष्मपादतलेनैषा वसुधारेणुसंकटी निवार्य त्रिपदी कृस्नाद्यत्रेनोर्ध्वमुखी स्थिता। (72.08)

She had just disturbed some one tiny dust particle on that rock by her act. She removed her eyes

forcefully from the two sides and her back (three sides -Tripadee) and remained gazing upwards only.

कृष्णत्वहिस्रतातैक्ष्ण्यव्यास्यास्यपवनाशनैः यत्रात्पदं निबध्नन्ती रेण्वणूपलसंकटे

अरण्ये क्षुभितां संपद्दूरालोकार्थमुत्थितां पुच्छाकोटिस्थितां वातालोलामनुचकार सा। (72.10)

Since the needlepoint had become sharp by the constant piercing of the victim-bodies, she could stand now unmoving on her needle-point. After all it was metallic too.

Moreover, she swallowed the air, thus continuously filling her entire being.

She steadied herself with effort on that tiny atom of the dust-particle.

She did not move in the wind also, even as she stabilized herself on her back portion (which was a tiny strand of life); it was as if she was like a leech stuck to a tip of the tiny grass shoot, when seen by the travellers in the desolate forest when they observed from far.

THE THREE NEEDLES ON THREE SIDES CONJOINED TOGETHER AS ONE

मुखरन्ध्रविनिष्क्रान्ता तस्या भास्करदीधितिः सखी बभूव सूच्याभा पश्चाद्भागैकरक्षिणी।

क्षुद्रेऽपि स्वजने भूतेऽप्येति वत्सलतां जनः, दीधित्यापि सखीवृत्तं सूच्यां शुचितया भृतम्।

बभूव तस्याः स्वच्छाया द्वितीया तापसी सखी एवं सूचीव मलिना तया पश्चात्कृतेव सा।

सूच्या तया सुनिर्गत्य सुपाताक्ष्या स्म कृणितैः पश्चात्सख्याभया साधुरन्योन्याचारकेवलम्। (72.14)

The heat emanating from her mouth was like another needle produced that was like a friend standing guard above her. People feel affectionate towards their own kith and kin even if they are wretched; and no wonder that this new friend also always kept her company.

Another needle-like friend arose as Soochee's shadow; she was dark like Soochee herself.

All the three friends appeared conjoined as it were, when the ray-needle from the metallic needle fell on the tip of Soochee's shadow, and all the three co-operated with each other.

सूच्याभिप्रेक्षिते याता मतिं द्रुमलतादयः, महातपस्विनीं सूचीं दृष्ट्वा नोत्कण्ठयन्ति के।

स्थिरपदामेनां स्वमनोवृत्तिमुत्थितां अनिलं भोजयांचक्रुर्मुखनिर्गतभांकृतैः।

प्रसूतानि भविष्याणि गीर्वाणान्यानि वा चिरं कौसुमानि रजाम्भस्यस्या इत्यास्यं पर्यंपूरयन्।

ततो महेन्द्रप्रहितं वातनुन्नमिषं रजः तया त्वभ्रत्वव्याजेन न निगीर्णं मुखे विशत्।

न निगीर्णवती तानि रजांसि दृढनिश्चयात्, अन्तःसारतया कार्यं लघवोऽप्याप्नुवन्ति हि।

न पिबत्यास्यसंस्थानि तथा पुष्परजांस्यपि।विस्मयं पवनं प्राप सुमेरून्मूलनाधिकम्। (71.20)

Trees and plants that grew around that area also attained a penance-like state by being in contact with her.

Who will not be influenced by the sight of that great Yogini who was absorbed in penance?

Observing her standing steadily on one leg with such great mind-control, they sent her the fragrances of their fruits and flowers to feed her through the air, so she could swallow it with a noisy gulp.

It is as if they all wanted to feed her the 'pollen of flowers of the past, present and future at once', whether from the heaven or the earth; and Soochee was indeed surrounded by great heaps of pollen dust. *(However Soochee was not to be tempted by the food around her.)*

The pollen-dust sent by Indra (to disturb her penance) and dispelled by the wind all around her did not enter her mouth as if they were just the clouds floating above her.

She had made a firm decision to avoid food completely.



She did not take in any pollen dust that fell on her (and kept the hole of her needle as it was, very clean and untouched by dust).

Even people with light minds attain their ends by being firm in their decisions; Sooshee also did not swallow those dust particles fallen on her mouth or the pollen sent by the plants and trees. Observing all this the wind itself was amazed; it could uproot even Meru Mountain but not this tiny being!

आशिरः पिहिता पङ्कैः पूरितापि महाजलैः विधूतापि बृहद्वातैर्दग्धापि वनवह्निभिः

भिन्नापि करकापातैर्भ्रामितापि तडित्भ्रमैः उद्वेजितापि जलदैः क्षोभिताप्यतिगर्जितैः

अपि वर्षसहस्रैः सा चित्तस्थदृढनिश्चया पादाग्रं तु कुसुमेव नाकम्पत तपस्विनी। (71.23)

She was buried up to the neck in the muddy waters; she was flooded with the waters from the clouds; she was stuck by the stormy winds; she was burnt by the forest fires; she was broken by the hail stones; she was made to faint by the lightning strokes; she was provoked by the dark clouds; she was disturbed by the noisy thunders. Thousand years passed! Yet that determined lady did not move even a little.

That great lady of penance stood there as if her foot-edge (needle edge) was paralysed.

SOOCHEE ATTAINS THE SUPREME KNOWLEDGE THROUGH 'CONSTANT VICHAARA'

निवृताया बहिःस्पन्दादेशकाले बहौ गते विचारयन्त्यस्याः स्वमात्मा सत्यं सुचेतनं ज्ञानालोकः समुदभूत्।

Even as she stood there unaware of time and place, even as her mind was completely absorbed in the penance unaware of the world around her, even as she pondered on the mysteries of the universe and its structure, the supreme knowledge dawned in her.

सा परावरदर्शिनी बभूव निर्मला सूचिर्विषूची पावनं परम्। (71.25)

The deadly cholera needle 'Sooshee', attained the vision of the Supreme truth of Creation, became taintless in the mind, and was established in the supremely sacred state.

जाता विदितवेद्या सा स्वयमेव तया धिया तपसा दुष्कृते क्षीणे सूची स्वसुखसूचिनी। (71.26)

She had destroyed her sins through penance and was purified in her mind; she was immersed in the 'understanding' leading towards the bliss of her own Self, through the reasoning power of her own intellect, and became a 'Knower of that which is to be known' (ViditaVedyaa).

इति वर्षसहस्राणि साकरोद्धारुणं तपः सप्तसप्तमहालोकसंतापकरमुन्मुखी। (71.27)

तस्याः कल्पाग्निभीमेन तपसा हि महागिरिः बभूव तेन ज्वलितो जज्वालेव ततो जगत्। (71.28)

She continued her penance in the state of the Self for another thousand years.

The heat rising from her penance scorched all the fourteen worlds.

The entire mountain appeared ablaze as if in the dissolution fire.

The entire earth appeared as if set on fire.

The heat even entered the palace of Indra and gave him a shock.

कस्येदं तपसाक्रान्तं जगदित्यथ वासवः नारदं परिपप्रच्छ स तस्याकथयच्च तत्। (71.29)

Indra felt worried about the heat of the penance and called Naarada the divine Sage, and questioned him about it. Naarada explained everything to him in detail.

सप्तवर्षसहस्राणि सूची दीर्घतपस्विनी महाविज्ञानदेहासौ तेनेदं ज्वलितं जगत्। (71.30)

नागाः श्वसन्ति विचलन्ति नगाः पतन्ति वैमानिका जलधिवारिधराः प्रयान्ति

शोषं दिशोऽर्कसहिता मलिनीभवन्ति सूच्याः सुरेन्द्र तपसा क्षयमाययेव। (71.31)

"Surendra! There is a great lady named Sooshee who has been performing penance for the past seven thousand years; she is a realized Sage and is absorbed in the 'unperturbed trance state'.

It is the heat of her penance that has set the world on fire.

Snakes are breathing hard; mountains are crumbling; air-ships are falling; oceans and clouds are drying up; quarters are all filled with smoke and covering the sun even, because of the destruction wrought by the penance of the tiny 'needle Sooshee', as if the dissolution has started already by Rudra's power.