



SRI KRISHNATHE GREAT YOGI

[MYTHLESS LIFE-DESCRIPTION OF KRISHNA]

by

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INTRODUCTION

This is a rational recreation of Sri Krishna's life-story removing all the myths and irrational folk-tales from the biography of this Great Yogi. Let us adore and respect that 'Great Sage in royal robes' not because he was a 'God descended on Earth' but because he was 'a man who rose to the level of God'!

PROLOGUE



One day GOD came to visit MAN as GOD without a human disguise.
 MAN welcomed GOD enthusiastically.
 GOD tried to drag MAN into a cheerful uplifting conversation.
 But MAN was suffering from a psychological syndrome known as 'Yes; but' attitude.
 He was giving a negative reply to all positive enquiries of GOD.
 Well- this is how the conversation went.

GOD-How is everything?
 MAN-Terrible!

G-Why what is wrong? Any volcano eruption? Any earthquake?
 M-No! But daily life itself is a burden!

G- Your parents took care of you properly?
 M-Yes; but now they are old and sick and I have to take care of them!

G- You have a job? You earn well?
 M-Yes; but others who are dishonest get more earnings than me!

G- You are married? Wife is ok?
 M-Yes; but she always complains about this or that- I have no freedom at all!

G- It was a love-marriage isn't it? Don't you love her anymore?

M-Yes, I loved her before marriage; but now I regret marrying her! I don't get time for anything nowadays! Pay this bill; buy things for house etc. etc. I feel miserable!

G- Are you childless or you have children?

M- I have two females as children! Curse the God who gave me two females. They are just extra burdens on my earnings and I wish I had just one male child!

G- Does not your old neighbor have two male children? I think he is now living in an old-age home neglected by both male children?

M-Yes; but I thought my son will be ok!

G- Leave the worldly problems alone! Tell me about your spiritual practices!

M- What do you mean – spiritual practices? Who has time for all that?

G- Why? Don't you go to films? Don't you go to parties? Don't you spend hours together gossiping with your friends about world economy? Why you don't have time for spiritual upliftment?

M- Well; they are all necessary to relax me! But I can't find any good teacher you know! All are fakes; money suckers! I am going to USA next month. There is a Great Guru there. Millions throng him. They say he is Shiva's avatar. He can produce golden flowers from his hands in a jiffy. He gives one flower to every one who becomes his disciple.

I will go and take 'Deekshaa' from him! On Shiva-Raatri days he gives 'Darshan' dressed as Shiva- that too with a real snake around his neck!

G- That is great! Shiva in his Kailaas will have a hearty laugh about it!

Any how, do you mean to say the Great God Shiva came down to Earth to give golden flowers to all his followers only and that is the only purpose of his avatar? If it is so easy to produce such flowers, why does he not give it to all the people in the world?

All will become rich! Or as a God he could have showered these coins from the sky all over the earth; need not have taken a human form; live in USA; and produce them in a private room!

M- But he is doing something against science and that is great. He proves science cannot find answers to so many mysterious happenings in life. That is great! Science has to accept God!

G- So you do not like science!

M-Yes; it makes man materialistic!

G- What about electricity, TV. Computer, car; etc. everything you enjoy now is a gift from science; is it not? How can you accuse science just to show that you are spiritual!

Anyhow leave science alone. You mean if I produce a tiny golden stone in my hand now you will become my disciple?

M- Well; yes I will know then you are a God!

G-You mean God or a God-man should be a magician?

M-Well these miracles impress one definitely!

G- There is a difference between magic and miracle. To know the difference you should study science; but you won't because it makes you materialistic, which anyhow already you are!

M- You talk as if it is so easy to be perfect in this world! If you come here and live as a man you will understand our problems!

G- I came down here as Krishna! Don't you know that?

M- But you were a God! You had all good things ready for you!

G- Where? What good things?

I was born in the worst clan ever possible!

I was born in a prison!

I had a threat to my life even before I was born!

I did not even go to school till I was eight.

I spent my childhood in the midst of stinking cow dung and sticky milk vessels!

I had to leave all my favorite friends and go off to unacquainted strange parents!

I was so backward in my school; I had to struggle hard to learn everything!

I was ridiculed all through my life as a cowherd and a cow dung maker.

The word you people use in hymns to praise me as a cowherd was an 'insult-word' in my days.

I was not treated with respect in royal assemblies.

I did not know the magic of producing gold-coins in my palm.

I was just a very ordinary person with ordinary emotions.

I was not made of stone.

I cried when I left Raadhaa.

I cried when I was made fun of by other boys.

But I was determined to come up in my life.

I wasted not a moment.
 In the next eight years of my life I mastered all the learning, all the 'Siddhis'
 and
 I also reached the pinnacle of spiritual state.
 I was not given any special facility because I was God.
 I was not even given a fair-skin.
 I was dark-hued like any other cow-herd.
 My friend Arjuna was more handsome than me.
 I took it as a challenge and developed charming civilized behavior and
 achieved a well-acclaimed position in the society.
 I never cheated people with magic and miracles.
 I used my Siddhis only to help the poor and needy.
 I never was wedded to sixty thousand wives as you people wrongly accuse me
 of.
 I was an ordinary man and why should I marry every woman I meet?
 I helped the oppressed women.
 That is all.
 I had only eight wives.
 They too were never touched by me.
 I used my Siddhis to keep them happy.
 I did not come down to earth to rape women.
 I have enough damsels up there in my own heaven!
 There too I love only my wedded spouse.
 God is not a womanizer.
 I was not garlanded everywhere as God and worshipped by one and all.
 I was insulted; pushed back; was in life-threats always.

I had to build a city in the midst of the ocean to safe guard my life.
 There were enemies everywhere ready to kill me at any time.
 I did not have countless followers singing my name behind me.
 I never cared for the wealth or glory of the world.
 I was placed in the worst circumstances ever possible when I descended on
 earth.
 But I raised my self to the highest position in spirituality, wealth, Social
 position and in all other walks of life only by my sheer hard work and sincerity.
 But you?
 You have good parents; good healthy body; no enemies with swords around
 you;
 You have nice children; still you don't have time to uplift yourself, improve
 your character, love your family and attain Spiritual heights.

You want to search for spiritual magicians to pass time rather than truly try to improve.

Your own saints of the yore- Vivekananda, Ramakrishna, Ramana and so many countless great men never performed magic to attract crowds.

They were what they were – great spiritual teachers.

Now tell me can't a man achieve anything in life if he puts his mind to it?

Is not Krishna's life a lesson for every man who wants to rise to the level of God?"

GOD finished his talk and waited.

MAN hung his head in shame and remained silent.

GOD vanished!

OM NAMO BHAGAVATE SHREE VAASUDEVAAYA

KRISHNA

1



GOKULA

The village of cows and cowherds!

It was a community based on cow rearing and agriculture.

They were simple folks, with not much education or wisdom to help them improve their minds.

Cows were their all-in-all.

They were a contented lot, not aspiring for much.

They had plenty to eat and owned lots of lands and cows as their property.

They kept away from the civilized communities, almost fearing them as some supernatural beings.

They had not much idea about the life of the people who lived in palatial buildings.

Their job was to supply milk regularly to the towns across the river Yamuna [the dark river] and that is all they knew of the people out there.

They feared the educated lot.

However, if any old Sage chanced to come to their village they lost no time in showering them with ghee and milk.

They easily became a prey for any cheat who took advantage of them, with unexplainable magic feats, and predictions of all sorts.

They easily lost their treasured gold coins and gems to any passerby who could fool them with his magical charms.

One of them, highly pleased by their offer of pots of ghee and butters, had bluffed in one of his prediction moods, that soon a God would appear in their midst.

Of course, truly a God had arrived in their midst, but not from heaven, but from the next township MATHURAA.



KAMSA

By chance, it had happened that there were some serious problems in the royal family of King UGRASENA.

Shoorasena, a king of the Yaadava dynasty, had two sons, Ugrasena and Devaka. The former had a son, Kamsa, and the latter had only one daughter, Devaki. Kamsa had great affection for Devaki and considered her as his own sister and celebrated her marriage to Vaasudeva with great enthusiasm.

Vaasudeva was the son of Shoorasena and his sister Kunti later got married to Paandu, the father of Paandavas.

The royal family had its own regular fights, and the old king was now kept under house arrest by Kamsa.

Kamsa, the prince who was the cause all these political upheavals was a born-coward and prone to unknown imaginary fears, from birth. His own feeling of insecurity had made him seek help from countless astrologers and soothsayers. He had extreme belief in predictions, and was a prey to any astrologer or sage, who could predict his future, and any advice from them was accepted without question.

His gullible and idiot-brain was a source of income to any cheat who pretended to foresee the future.

The old king and his son-in-law Vaasudeva were always discouraging the cheats who paraded as Sooth-Sayers intent only on draining the royal treasury. The community of astrologers had gone wild with rage.

They considered ways and means of keeping the prince under their control, by getting rid of the old king and his son-in-law, as the first step.

They soon informed the prince, that his life was in danger and the threat was from the very children born to his sister.

The old king, who knew the gullible nature of his son, argued against such foolish predictions; but soon was silenced by getting locked up in his own chamber.

It was the king's good fortune that he did not get his head cut off immediately.



A NIGHTMARE

The prince was paranoid in nature, and suspected every one as conspiring against him.

He never heeded to the wise words of his brother-in-law Vaasudeva, and even suspected him as a conspirator against his life.

Some wise astrologer had a personal grudge against Vaasudeva, as he always interfered in their business. Vaasudeva had always proved to be too wise for astrologers and tricksters.

In order to avenge him, he had mentioned to the tyrant prince Kamsa, that his brother-in-law was demonic in nature and would father demonic children, who would be curse to the family; especially eight was his unlucky number and so the eighth child would be the death incarnate for the prince.

The stupid prince lost no time in putting his sister and brother-in-law under house arrest.

He could have spared the life of the first-borns.

He ruthlessly killed every one of them as soon as they were born; poisoned them actually.

A small grain in a small bowl of milk, the child would choke and die.

The mid-wife, who supervised all the births of his sister's children, knew many such tricks, and she made the infants lifeless even before the mother opened her eyes after the deliveries.

Nevertheless, people talked otherwise.

They said that he smashed the babies on the ground like coconuts.

Sadism always enthralls the minds of the common lot.

Rumors and gossip spread like wild fire.

Actually he could have left the other children alive, but he never wanted to take an undue risk. He had had nightmares whenever a child was about to be born.

He was always prone to hallucinations. He saw death everywhere. He was afraid of any child that crossed his path.

He had even dreamt that the seventh child had flown from its cradle and he had heard a blood-curdling laughter from that child; it had even threatened to kill him.

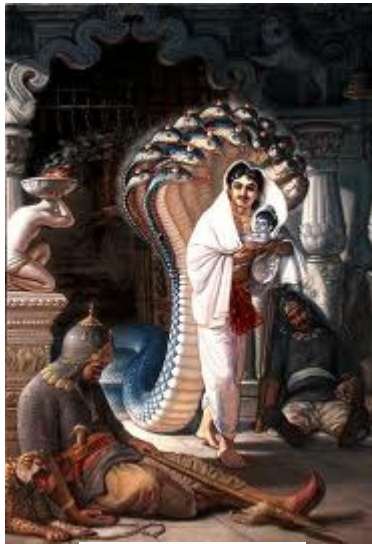
He had awoken with a start.

His whole body was bathed in sweat.

Though the mid-wife announced that the child had died unborn, he had no peace. Actually, the mid-wife had been bribed a lot of gold and silver coins by King Vaasudeva.

She had helped him in transporting the kid to his friend NANDA, the chieftain of the village Gokula.

4



VAASUDEVA

KAMSA, meanwhile, had performed many pacificatory ceremonies and invited many renowned astrologers to consult about his future and the meaning of his dream.

The astrologers lost no time in convincing him that he had seen MAAYAA, the great Goddess and the eighth child was his curse.

They walked away with all the gold they could muster.

A foolish mind was their source of income.

What would happen if the seventh child also had died?

They would have certainly invented new threats and made new predictions.

How else could they live?

The wise ministers of his palace kept silent for fear of their lives.

Soon it would be time for their eighth child to be born.

The guards were exceptionally alert these days.

Vaasudeva was apprehensive.

He somehow was not going to permit another infanticide.

He had saved one child.
 He could do it again.
 He was confident of his own wisdom.
 He planned.
 After all, it was one wise man against a community of fools.
 He managed to get a snake charmer friend of his to get a pet snake brought to the inner chamber of his wife.
 As soon as the child was born, he kept the child inside a basket with the snake cuddled on top of the lid.
 The guards had run away with fear.
 Losing no time, he had dared the heavy storm, transported the child across the huge river in a small ferry, and left it at the care of his cowherd friend Nanda.
 As he was always had been generous and kind in nature, the common lot always helped him in times of need.
 The seventh and eighth sons of Vaasudeva and Devaki now were safe at Nanda's house.

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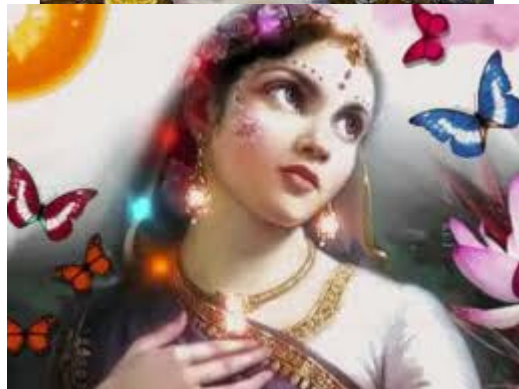


THE DARLING OF GOKULA

By the time Vaasudeva returned, the guards had spread rumors about how a great snake with seven hoods guarded the child and how they were unable to chase Vaasudeva, because he had walked over the river in the heavy storm.
 'The child had indeed magical powers.'
 They explained to their apprehensive king.
 They had to save their skin.
 Better to fool the king with some magical story, than tell him that they were afraid of a snake.
 Kamsa was furious, but helpless.
 So the demon was there in person.
 He would tame it, he thought.
 He sent for the astrologers once more.
 This rumor had spread to the cowherd colony also.

Everyone looked at the child as some special being.
Whatever he did, it was considered as an act of God.
The rumors proved beneficial to them too.
The guards of Matura were kept at bay.
NANDA did nothing to stop these rumors, for it helped him to keep the child safe from the guards who were searching for the lost eighth child.
The child meanwhile was not growing up as a God, but as a pampered brat.
Nevertheless, he was immensely wise.
He always was making new type of musical instruments and could play them enchantingly.
Whenever he was alone, he would be meddling with some gadgets in his room.
He was good at inventing toys of various sorts.
He was able to produce various figures through light and shadow effects.
He usually frightened any rough bullying boys with demon-shaped figures, projected out of cut wooden pieces.
In pre-arranged forest grounds, he would allow his pet wild animals howl and used big trumpet like things to magnify the noises.
When others were kept away out of fear, he would enter those wild places, put on a show of fight, show a light and shadow show of demon fights and come out victoriously.

6



RAADHIKAA

In all these enterprises, RAADHIKAA was his counterpart.
RAADHIKAA would hide in pre-arranged places and operate the gadgets as her little pet-boy instructed.
She was about twenty years of age.
Her husband had abandoned her for another rich girl of MATHURAA.
Raadhaa did not mind.
She was happy to be free of family responsibilities.
She was a real tomboy and would spend her time always with these young boys.
She was their unanimously elected leader.
Krishna was her pet.
Both of them fooled the gullible villagers by many imagined stories of demons.
They were nightmares for the village-folk.
Their pranks had no end.
Pilfering sweets and cookies from any household, without permission was a challenge they took to prove their supremacy.
Together they kept the stories going that KRISHNA was a God of supreme powers.
His Godhood kept him safe from the bamboo rods of his father.
Once in heavy rains during heavy storms, he had led the villagers to a deep tunnel under a huge mountain. He had bragged that he had lifted the mountain to make a hole under it.
The villagers did not question him.
After all he was a God; nothing was impossible for him!
He always liked to fool people, if they were ready to be fooled.
Life was fun.
It was more fun to be a God, and fool others.
He adored his girl-friend RAADHIKAA.
He had promised her that he would become old one day, marry her, and make her a Goddess.
She had only laughed it out as a joke!



KRISHNA IS GONE

Life never is the same.
 Soon a stone fell on his joyous life.
 Tragedy arrived in the form of a messenger from MATHURAA.
 Krishna must return to MATHURAA.
 NANDA was not his father.
 He belonged to a royal family.
 He must go back, and restore the throne to the old king.
 Krishna did not like it at all.
 He even planned to run away with his RAADHIKAA.
 RAADHIKAA had consoled him, and gifted him a new bamboo flute
 carved meticulously by her.
 She had carved both their names together on the flute.
 RAADHIKAANHAA.
 She always had called him KAAANHAA.
 She had said that she never liked the name KRISHNA.
 It sounded too far off.
 But KAAANHAA was KRISHNA, and had to go far off.
 As the chariot took away her little God, RAADHIKAA broke down.
 She never shed tears.
 She never smiled again.
 She had become lifeless.
 Her brain never moved further in time.
 She roamed listlessly, wherever they had played together.
 She spent her time continuously carving flutes and threw the finished ones in
 the river.
 One fine day, she threw herself into the river.
 THE FLUTE WAS SILENT.

8



THE GREATEST MAN EVER

Krishna and BalaRaama, the two divine brothers of extreme powers; so the people said, had managed to kill the tyrant prince Kamsa.

As the old king ascended the throne, Krishna was compelled to leave his foolhardy ways and engage in serious studies.

He soon mastered all that was to master.

His civilized habits prevented him returning to the illiterate community of the cowherds.

A poor Brahmin boy named Sudhaama became his close friend during studies. Later in life, when Sudhaama suffered extreme poverty, Krishna who had become a rich king of Dwaaraka showered him with wealth and took care of him.

Krishna was habituated to act like God!

Instead of fooling people he decided to obtain all the qualities of a God!

First he decided to learn anything that was there to learn.

He mastered all that was available as 'Knowledge'.

Not one scripture was left out; not one philosophy was left unanalyzed; not one 'Siddhi-magical prowess' was left unattained!

He had the kudos of the community of learned sages and was crowned with the title 'Bhagavaan' – 'one who is the Master of all learning'!

He mastered all the Vedas at the feet of Sage Vyaasa!

He became his assistant in sorting out the innumerable verses of the Vedas.

He mastered Saamkhya philosophy at the feet of Sage Kapila!

He became a wrestling champion under the tutorship of his elder brother BalaRaama!

He mastered all human and divine weapons.

And most important of all, he practiced contemplation on his own Self and attained the highest state of realization.

He learnt to remain in the state of Self all throughout his life without a break.

He got rid of all unwanted desires and hatred and anxieties out of his mind.

He could easily grasp the thoughts running in any mind far or near.
 His state was now equal to God!
 His 'Siddhis' helped him to perform miracles!
 But he used his powers only to help the miserable and helpless.
 He freed countless maidens from the wicked king Jaraasandha!
 He gave shelter to all of them in his own city and took care of them like a brother.
 He generated a hallucination of a vision of unending garment for the whole assembly of Kauravas, when Draupadi was getting insulted by them.
 Many a times he projected his image like a God with million forms and impressed many!
 He learnt to dress in the most fashionable way.
 He presented always a majestic figure full of charm and beauty.
 His calm disposition gained respect for him among all intellectuals.
 He was kind, compassionate, powerful and equal to a God!
 In his childhood he had played God for fun!
 But now he was a God for real!
 Every young maiden dreamed of marrying him.
 Every young boy wanted to become like him.
 Krishna was now a real God!
 He had no desire for women or wealth or wine.
 He had to make his Yaadava clan safe against many enemies and so he married eight princesses and made eight powerful kings his allies.
 Raadhaa was the only one who reigned in his heart and there was no place for any other woman there!
 He learnt from Sage Vyaasa some more magical prowess and managed to hypnotize his wives with the vision of his company.
 He also knew the technique of getting children through his wives without actually having their company.
 No one knew of his secret except Sage Vyaasa!
 He never had time to go back to his cowherd colony and Raadhaa.
 He was too busy in attending to his kingly responsibilities.
 He needed a safer place than Mathura to protect the Yaadava clan from the enemies.
 He constructed an amazing city in the middle of the ocean and moved all the citizens of Mathura to the new city.
 His Dwaaraka was a city of engineering marvel.
 The ocean waters became a moat surrounding the city enclosed inside a strong fortress.
 Dwaaraka being a port-city, Krishna was able to have business transactions with many foreign countries across the ocean.

His palace was filled with extraordinary gadgets and materials of foreign origin.

Gold and diamonds filled the streets of Dwaaraka!

Yaadavas rolled in gold.

His daring adventures to lands across the sea brought him more and more fame.

He became famous all over the world as a great personage with Godly characters.

He had managed to be acquainted with the royal clan also.

His charming manners and wisdom made him a welcome guest anywhere, be it a palace or a hut.

He had become a political advisor to the five sons of PAANDU, the late KURU EMPEROR and a close friend of his cousin Arjuna.

Both had had a depressive childhood and they joined hands as friends. Both were extremely attached to each other to the envy of many of their wives and family members.

Life went on.

9



THE GREATEST PHILOSOPHER EVER

A great war arose between the cousins of the royal family and inadvertently, Krishna had become a part of it.

Though he tried to dissuade Duryodhana from starting a war, he was insulted by the arrogant king and dismissed off.

He watched the preparations for the war mutely, helpless to prevent the destruction-phase ordained by Heavens!

But Arjuna was troubled by the thought of so many unnecessary deaths for the sake of the kingdom.

Krishna who never swerved from the ‘State of the Self’ taught him the ‘art of selfless action’ and prepared him to face the ensuing tragedies of war.

He watched with a stone-heart the death of many young lives including that of his dear nephew and student, ABHIMANYU.

10



ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD

Once he stole a few days to visit his Raadhaa!
 She never recognized this stranger in royal clothes.
 She had lost her sanity.
 She still lived with her little Kaanhaa in her mind and ran away when he called out to her.
 He returned to Dwaaraka disappointed and heart-broken.
 But he never forgot her throughout his life.
 And he never touched any other woman in his life!

11



CALL OF THE INFINITE

War ended. Dead bodies were strewn everywhere.
 The whole country was in tears.
 Screams and wailings filled the quarters.
 Somehow all felt Krishna as a God should have saved one and all; if he had indeed caused so much destruction wantonly he was not to be trusted anymore.
 Reason lost its hold; Krishna stood accused!
 All had forgotten his Godhood.

Even his royal cousins seemed to doubt his integrity.
 His own clan had become unruly and given to immoral acts.
 He was at a dead end.
 Krishna felt that he had no more goals in this life.
 His work was over.
 He wanted to run away from all.
 He walked towards the deep forests spreading for miles in his front.
 He vanished into the wilderness.
 Later, a hunter brought the news that Krishna had died in the forest
 accidentally.
 Paandavas performed the funeral rites for their cousin.
 Arjuna wept uncontrollably!

12



NAARAYANA WITH PADMAAVATI

As he treaded his path slowly through the wilderness, KRISHNA was lost in thoughts.
 The people he left back would have given him up for dead.
 He sighed.
 He looked back at his life.
 The struggle to excel himself;
 The struggle to come up as some great personage;
 The struggle of an ordinary cowherd;
 The struggle to become a super-man, nay, a super-God!
 Had he succeeded?
 He questioned himself.
 He knew the answer was negative.
 He had made everyone believe him to be a God, but had he really acted any Godlike?
 He shook his head with disgust.
 He walked aimlessly.
 Miles and miles of forestland stretched ahead.
 He wondered where it would lead!

He kept on walking.
 He had no sense of night or day in that dark world.
 He ate whatever he found edible -leaves or grass; he did not care.
 Wild animals did not trouble him – he wondered why!
 Many mountains he had to climb-many Rivers he had to cross!
 His direction was north!
 Maybe really he would meet Shiva he thought!
 Days and months passed unceasingly.
 At last he found himself standing at the base of a huge white mountain.
 It looked unearthly!
 The gardens there looked as if maintained by Gods.
 Melodious music flowed from somewhere.
 A cool breeze blew embracing him like a mother.
 A river gurgled around laughing and dancing with its waves.
 He sat down exhausted.
 He took handful of water and swallowed it greedily!
 A faint drowsiness made him close his eyes.
 He fell asleep peacefully.
 He dreamt of – two tender hands embracing him.
 An intoxicating breath bathed his neck.
 A shower of kisses woke him up.
 His lotus like eyes opened fully.
 His dearest spouse Padmaa was smiling at him.
 He looked around for the huge forest – Hastinapura- Dwaraka
 and Gokula!
 Nothing was there!
 Only the splashing sound of the white ocean greeted him.
 He understood.
 Everything was just a dream.
 A dream which occurred within a wink of his lotus eyes!
 He had not dreamt that ‘he was a God’- as a man!
 He had dreamt that ‘he was a man’ - as a God!
 He smiled with relief!
 Padmaa smiled too!
 The dream of a God was over!
 But the Earth!
 It was still ‘dreaming’!

EPILOGUE



A sonorous voice floated from somewhere far from the ‘Dream of the Earth’. Sage Shuka, the son of the Great Sage Vyaasa was expounding the great descent of Lord Naaraayana on Earth. His disciples were listening with awe!

Om Namō Naaraayanaaya! Om Namō Naaraayanaaya!
Hymns of worship echoed in Vaikunta!

Naaraayana’s heart melted in compassion!
He knew- ‘A dream is real for the dreamer’!
He decided to wake them all up.

Padmaa his beloved spouse looked at him understandingly.
‘Sun of Knowledge’ rose on Earth!

ॐ नमो नारायणाय ॐ नमो नारायणाय ॐ नमो नारायणाय

About the Author:

Maa Tejasvini

The author spent many years doing research on ancient Sanskrit texts in the Himalayan region. She was exposed to many unique spiritual experiences which are beyond human comprehension.

Her mission in life was to translate all renowned spiritual texts and literature of Sanskrit and bring them to the light of the public.