

## English theatre

### Class 1-12

#### **1. The Yogi's Dilemma**

CAST: Narrator, Yogi, Rat, Cat, Cow, Wife, Child, Dog.

(SCENE: Yogi sitting centre stage, in lotus position, absorbed in chanting Hare Krishna. Sitar music plays in background)

Narrator: Once, in the enlightened Age of Satya, deep in a sacred forest, a powerful Yogi was engaged in meditation on the Supreme Lord, Sri Krishna. The Yogi lived very simply, and his only possessions were his two pairs of simple dhoti kurta. Each day he would very meticulously wash out the used pair and hang them up to dry on a nearby tree. But then one day...

(Rat sneaks up and snatches the Yogi's dhoti from the tree, thus disturbing the Yogi.)

Yogi: What's this? Someone has taken my other dhoti! Probably a roving rat! I must do something about this... I know! By my mystic power, I will summon up a cat to keep away the rat who wants my dhoti. Om Namoh cat!

(Amidst thunder and flashing lights a cat appears, meowing) Yogi: Now I can resume my sublime meditation.

(Music resumes, then cat meows loudly, scratches and disturbs Yogi)



Yogi: (disgusted) Arrey baba, I forgot that a cat needs food! Well, I had better produce a cow to feed the cat, to keep away the rat that wants my dhoti. Om Namoh cow!

(Thunder/flashing lights, cow appears, swinging head and mooing) Yogi: Ah! Now I can get back to my practices.

(Music resumes, then cow moos loudly, nudges Yogi, breaking his trance, stopping music)

Yogi: How foolish I am! The cow needs someone to milk her, to feed the cat, to keep away the rat that wants my dhoti. Well. By my unlimited power, I will have to create a wife. Om Namoh wife!

(Thunder/flashing lights. Wife appears, folds hands and speaks) Wife: O my dear, powerful Yogi, how may I serve you? Yogi: Just milk the cow!

Wife: Ji, yes. Anything you want, my dear master.

Yogi: Now I can return to my meditation, with all my problems finally solved.

(Music resumes, interrupted by Wife beginning to cry) Yogi: What's the matter?!

Wife: You don't love me! (erupts in loud crying)

Yogi: Yes, I do. You're just supposed to milk the cow! (she cries more) Alright! Alright! What do you want?

Wife: You know... (moves arms like rocking baby) I want a child...

Yogi: (gasps, turns pale) Arrey! I'm a Yogi! This is too much!! (Wife cries more, Yogi surrenders reluctantly) Just so you'll leave me alone. Alright. By my divine



power, I will create a child to please my wife, who milks the cow to feed the cat, to keep away the rat who wants my dhoti. Om Namo child!

(Thunder/flashing lights. Child appears, smiling, very cute) Yogi: At last! Now I can resume my yogic exercises.

(Music resumes, interrupted by child pleading and disturbing Yogi)

Child: (whining) Daddy, Daddy, Daddy Yogi! Daddy, I want something. I want something, I WANT something, Daddy! (cries, jabs Yogi)

Yogi: Leave me, child! Wife! Take care of him. Give him... something.

Wife: ME give him something? You're the great Yogi around here! (child bites Yogi on hand)

Yogi: Aiyo!!! How can I meditate like this?! Well, I guess I'll have to tolerate all this as one of the miseries of this material life. Alright, what do you want, my dear little one?

Child: I want a pet, Daddy. A pet, Daddy. Please, Daddy, please, please Daddy. Get one, Daddy, get one... (child imitates dog's barking)

Yogi: Okay. I'll get you a pet. Okay, okay!!! I'll get one for you. By my power, I summon a little dog for my son, to please my wife, who milks the cow to feed the cat, to keep away the rat who wants my dhoti. Om Namo dog!

(Thunder/flashing lights, dog appears)

Yogi: (looks around at all his new possessions) Finally, I can concentrate on self-realization.

(Music resumes, then dog approaches, growls, shakes head, puts bone in Yogi's lap, points to mouth with paw)



Dog: Uh ra ruh, Uh ra ruh!

Yogi: (sarcastically) Oh no, man's best friend?

(Dog points to mouth more emphatically, nudges Yogi) Dog: Uh ra ruh, Uh ra ruh!!!

Wife: He's hungry, senseless Yogi! You never feed him, or me, or Baby Yogi here. All you do is sit around and meditate. Why don't you get a job! And since you're making so many things appear by your mystic power, I want a new tiger skin meditation mat, and some new shoes, and... and... and WHEN are we going to move out of this little dirt hut, anyway?! You lazy, you social parasite!

(Dog growls, cat meows and menaces, cow moos)

Child: (whining) Daddy, I want another pet, another pet... and... and... (starts crying)

(All animals and people press on Yogi)

Yogi: Enough! Enough! Enough! Om Namō SCRAM!

(Thunder/flashing lights. All disappear, leaving Yogi alone)

Yogi: (contemplating) This material life is too entangling. I was much happier with only two pairs of dhoti kurta.

(Music resumes, Yogi resumes chanting and meditation)

Narrator: This eternal problem, as experienced by the Yogi, demonstrates how material life cannot bring real lasting happiness, as all our plans for material enjoyment are frustrated by the temporary and difficult nature of this world. Only when one becomes serious about the higher pleasure of Krishna consciousness can he become permanently relieved from the miseries of this



world. All the fully God conscious persons of the past have therefore accepted and taught the path of simple living and high thinking.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare / Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare.

(Yogi seen in meditation, rat again appears and tears his dhoti) Yogi: (shrugs shoulders) Material life!

## **2. Mrigari Transforms Into A Devotee**

Cast: Narada, Mrigari-the hunter, his wife, two villagers, one bird and one animal, narrator

SCENE 1: A forest

Mrigari: Ha ha ha! Another pitiable creature falls to the bow of the mighty Mrigari. I shall torture and kill many more innocent beasts before evening sets in.

(Mrigari exits)

(Enter Narada Muni, singing Hare Krishna Maha-mantra. He stops suddenly upon seeing the wounded animals.)

Narada: Narayana! Narayana! Oh! These poor creatures are wounded and suffering such pain! Who could have done this? Only a sadist is capable of such horrible acts.

(Enter Mrigari)



Mrigari: Hey you! How dare you say this? However, your saintly looks stop me from harming you. Tell me, why have you come here while I am hunting? Who are you?

Narada: I am Narada. While passing this way, I saw this unbearable scene. Who has committed these dreadful acts?

Mrigari: ME!

Narada: Why do you not kill the animals completely, instead of fatally wounding them and leaving them to suffer in pain?

Mrigari: My dear saintly person, my name is Mrigari, an enemy of the animals. My father taught me to treat them like this. When I see half killed animals suffer, I feel great pleasure!

Narada: Sir, I beg but one thing from you. From this day on, if you must hunt animals, please kill them completely. Do not leave them suffering in great pain. I beg of you.

Mrigari: Why are you asking this of me? What is wrong with what I am doing? After all, they are only animals!

Narada: It is already a great sin to kill animals, but the offence is much greater when you half-kill them. Giving pain to other living entities adds to the burden of your sins. Indeed, the pain which you give these creatures will have to be accepted by you in a future birth.

Mrigari: Bah!

Narada: You do not believe me? Then just watch what I can show you with my mystic powers...

Narrator: Mrigari sees himself being attacked by the animals he had killed.



Mrigari: Oh my Lord, indeed I am a sinful wretch and deserve only punishment. But is there some way I can be freed from my sins?

Narada: If you throw away your bow and listen to my instruction, I shall tell you what is to be done.

Mrigari: What! Throw away my bow? If I do that, how shall I live? My wife...

Narada: Do not worry. Every living being in the universe is being maintained by the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Just depend on the Lord and rest assured, for I shall personally make sure that you have sufficient food to eat every day.

(Mrigari throws his bow down and falls at Narada's feet)

Go home and distribute whatever you have, to devotees and Brahmanas. Then, both you and your wife should leave home, taking only one cloth to wear. Build a small cottage by the riverside, and grow a Tulasi plant by that cottage. Every day, you should circumambulate the Tulasi tree and serve her by giving her water, and above all, you should constantly chant the holy names of Krishna:

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama,  
Rama Rama Hare Hare

For your livelihood, I shall send you grains, vegetables, fruits and milk. May you live a simple, wholesome life. But you should only accept as much food as you require for yourself and your wife.

(Mrigari pays obeisances and Narada Muni leaves)

Narrator: Mrigari's life was transformed from that day onward. After he returned home, he exactly followed the instructions of his spiritual master, Narada Muni. The news, that the cruel hunter had become a peaceful devotee of Krishna spread



all over the area. Indeed, all the local villagers brought alms and started presenting them to Mrigari and his wife...

SCENE TWO - Mrigari's thatched cottage

(Mrigari and his wife are chanting in front of the Tulasi plant. Enter villagers, who pay their respects to Tulasi and to Mrigari)

Mrigari: Welcome, my friends!

Villager 1: Namaste Mrigari. We are neighbours from a village nearby.

Villager 2: Until now, we would be afraid to visit you, but now we are overjoyed to see you living such a pure life of devotion to Lord Krishna.

Villager 1: Please accept our offerings of friendship.

Mrigari: I thank you for your kindness. Please be seated and take some refreshments.

Villager 2: That is most kind of you, but we must be getting back to our village before the daylight fades.

Mrigari: Please come again. You are always welcome! Villagers 1 and 2: Yes, we will! Good-bye!

Mrigari: Hare Krishna!

(To himself) And there I would doubt if the Lord would maintain us, but here we are with so much food that we don't know what to do with it.

Wife: Lord Krishna is so kind to His devotees.

Mrigari: Yes, but it is only by the mercy of our Gurudeva, Srila Narada Muni, that we are able to receive the benediction of Krishna.



(Mrigari gets up and waters Tulasi. He begins to recite a prayer)

Narrator: Just see my friends how Lord provides everything when we simply surrender to him. In Bhagavad-gita 9.22, Lord Krishna says, *ananyāś cintayanto mām*

*ye janāḥ paryupāsate*

*teṣāṁ nityābhiyuktānām*

*yoga-kṣemaṁ vahāmy aham*

“But those who always worship Me with exclusive devotion, meditating on My transcendental form—to them I carry what they lack, and I preserve what they have.”

So we should fully surrender and have complete faith on the Lord. If we do so the Lord will surely protect us.

Hare Krishna!

### **3. The Striking Of The Body Parts**

CAST: Narrator, Head, Eyes, Mouth, Nose, Hands, Legs.

Narrator: Ladies and gentlemen. The following play is based upon examples given by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, Srila Prabhupada, Founder-Acharya of ISKCON, The International Society for Krishna Consciousness, as found in his books on bhakti-yoga.

Nearly every day, in the newspaper, on the radio and T.V., we hear of organizations of people going on strike when they feel they are being treated unfairly. There are teacher strikes, student strikes, police strikes, union strikes,



and security strikes in companies or in apartments. So now the story of quite an unusual strike will be told The Striking of The Body Parts!

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Narrator: Once upon a time, all the body parts called a meeting. They were dissatisfied with the arrangement of things. Each part claimed it was working so hard, yet the stomach was reaping all the benefits. They could all agree that this was unfair.

Everyone: Unfair! Unfair! Unfair!

The Hands: We're picking. We're choosing. We're doing so much work. We use our skill to cut and clean and deliver, but the stomach takes everything-and we're left empty-handed.

Narrator: The eyes, the nose, and the mouth put forth their pleas.

The Eyes: I always look for the most attractive items, but it's just a flash in the pan for me-because the stomach always gets it in the end.

The Nose: I'm in charge of quality control-without me, the stomach wouldn't know what was good as what was bad.

The Mouth: Yeah! I chew, and it's true. I get to taste a little, but soon it's gone down there to the stomach. Taste and chew that's all I do; but soon it's through. I'm fed up with this!

Narrator: The lower half set up a faction and spoke in unison.

The Legs: You think you all got it bad? Well, we're carrying the weight of the whole operation. We're standing long hours in the kitchen, and walking all around and standing in long lines at the grocery store. Then, after the stomach is



happily filled to capacity, we're expected to keep dragging the stomach all around. The evidence stands on its own merit. We must strike!

Everyone: Strike! Strike! Strike!

Narrator: ...And all fell silent. And thus, the parts of the body went on strike against the stomach. But they didn't get what they wanted. No, on the contrary, they all began to feel weak and shaky; but out of stubbornness, they continued their strike against the stomach.

The legs refused to work for the stomach, but was feeling very tired... The eyes wouldn't even look at any more food...

The nose simply held itself away from all fragrant edibles... The mouth, in protest, remained silent and refused to chew anything...

The hands, holding the strongest grudge against the stomach, didn't even care that they were becoming weaker and weaker... In fact, one time the hand went out on its own and tried to enjoy by itself... but its attempts were fruitless. All fruitless...

After that, the body parts decided to call another meeting. For it seemed to them that the stomach, though not being fed, was still as fired up as always. It was as if the stomach was actually benefiting from the rest, while the other parts felt great fatigue.

The Legs: I don't mind doing my part as long as I get some energy back. Narrator:  
The head spoke for the group this time.

The Head: I don't know if I'm coming or going-let's break this strike! Narrator:  
The hands were raised in surrender.



The Legs: Let's break this strike!

Narrator: The hand pointed out:

The Hand: Just see what happened when I tried to enjoy by myself. Look what mess I made of everything!

Everyone: We must serve the stomach. It's the only way we can survive. Yeah. Break, break! Serve the stomach, serve the stomach, break the strike!

Narrator: So the strike was broken when the body parts again took up their constitutional positions in service to the stomach. Just as the various parts of the body are rightly situated in service to the stomach, since the stomach is the source of energy which extends to every part of the body; or, just as pouring water on the root of a tree energizes its leaves, twigs and branches-similarly, the individual spirit soul or atma is rightly situated in his constitutional position as servant to Lord Sri

Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, who is the cause of all causes, source of all sources, the supreme enjoyer and maintainer of all that be.

We invite you to re-establish your constitutional position simply by chanting the Hare Krishna maha-mantra:

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama,  
Rama Rama Hare Hare.



#### **4. Alexander's Realizations**

Characters: Alexander, minister1, minister 2, a few courtiers, narrator

Narrator: Alexander, the Macedonian emperor, was lying on his death bed. He was surrounded by his ministers and the most expert physicians in the world. With tearful eyes he spoke these words to them.

Alexander: My dear ministers and wellwishers, the gates of death are welcoming me. I have to leave this place, with or without my consent. Now that I don't have much time in this world, I have three last wishes. Will you fulfill them?

Minister 1: O master! For heaven's sake please don't say such painful words. My Lord, nothing can happen to you. We are all there to save you. Please order us and we shall follow.

Alexander: Nobody can save me, when God has decided not to. Please hear from me my three last wishes.

Minister 1: Yes, my Lord.

Alexander: My first wish is that after my death, my coffin should be carried to the graveyard by the same physicians who treated me all these days.

(The courtiers are seen whispering amongst themselves)

Narrator: The people around him wonder what could be the reason for this wish.

Alexander: My second wish is that all the wealth that I have acquired should be strewn along the street leading to the graveyard.

(The courtiers are seen looking at each other and wondering)



Narrator: Again everybody was surprised at this strange wish of the king.

Alexander: My third wish is that both my hands should lay wide open on the sides of the coffin, for everyone to see, as my dead body is carried to the graveyard.

Minister 2: My Lord, we shall surely follow your orders, for you are our master, but may I ask you something?

Alexander: Ask.

Minister 2: My Lord, you have revealed all your wishes, but why should a brave, intelligent king like you ask for these wishes? There must surely be some inner meaning to it. Please let us all understand your mind, my Lord.

Alexander: My dear people, in my last minutes, lying on my death bed, I have learnt the most important lessons of life.

Firstly I want the world to know that death cannot be stopped by anyone. In spite of having the best of the physicians I could not be saved; death is inevitable. So I wish that the same physicians carry my coffin.

Minister: And what did the second wish mean?

Alexander: I have amassed great wealth, by spending the whole of my life and energy, but it is a mere waste, as I cannot carry anything with me. It just lies in front of me, useless. One should not waste life simply collecting wealth.

Minister: What about the third wish, my Lord?

Alexander: Let everybody know that when we come to this world we come empty handed and while leaving, we leave empty handed.



Minister 1: O my Lord, though being a king, you are so enlightened. We don't want to lose such an able king my Lord. Please don't leave us.

Narrator: See my friends, this episode clearly shows that whatever material wealth, fame or position we may acquire in this life by spending our time and energy, cannot be carried back when we die.

It is a mere waste to earn material assets, rather one should try to gain as many spiritual assets as possible, which will go with him even after the death of his material body. One should not simply waste his precious human life in over-endeavouring to earn money and fame. The smallest spiritual activity done

shall save him from the greatest danger in life as Lord Krishna has said in Bhagavad-gita 2.40

*nehābhikrama-nāśo 'sti*

*pratyavāyo na vidyate*

*sv-alpam apy asya dharmasya*

*trāyate mahato bhayāt*

"In this endeavour there is no loss or diminution, and a little advancement on this path can protect one from the most dangerous type of fear."

So my friends, activity in Krishna consciousness, or acting for the benefit of Krishna without expectation of sense gratification, is the highest transcendental quality of work.



## **5. Krishna's hunger**

One day, sage Durvasa went to Duryodhana with his ten thousand disciples. Knowing the sage's temper, Duryodhana carefully attended himself to all matters connected with the reception of the guests and was so lavish in his hospitality that the sage was gratified and told Duryodhana to ask for any boon.

Duryodhana felt greatly relieved at having come so safely out of the ordeal and when the sage asked him to seek a boon, it occurred to him that here was an opportunity of letting loose the irritable sage on the Pandavas, and he said: "You have blessed us, great sage, by accepting our hospitality. Our brothers are in the forest. Kindly visit them also, so that they may likewise be honoured and be happy," and suggested a time for the visit when he knew that all the food prepared would have been eaten and none would be left for the unexpected guests.

The sage, who always liked to test people, consented to do as Duryodhana had requested. Durvasa went with his disciples to the Pandavas as was desired by Duryodhana, as the latter were resting after their midday meal. The brothers welcomed the sage, saluted and honoured him. Then the sage said: "We shall be back soon. Our food must be ready by then, for we are hungry," and hurried off with his disciples to the river.

As a result of the austerities of Yudhishtira at the beginning of their stay in the forest, the Sun god had given him the Akshayapatra, a wonderful vessel which held a never-failing supply of food. The sun god had said, "Through this I shall place at your disposal for twelve



years as much food as is required for your daily consumption. Not till everyone has been served and Draupadi herself has taken her share will the vessel become empty for the day.”

Accordingly, the Brahmanas and other guests would be served first. Afterwards the Pandava brothers would take their food. Finally Draupadi would have her share. When Durvasa reached the place, all of them including Draupadi, had eaten their food and so the vessel was empty and denuded of its power for the day.

Draupadi was greatly troubled and perfectly at a loss to find food when the sage and his disciples should return after their ablutions. In the kitchen, she prayed earnestly to Sri Krishna to come to her aid in this hopeless predicament and deliver her from the wrath of the sage.

At once Sri Krishna appeared before her. “I am very hungry,” he said, “bring without delay something to eat and we shall speak of other things afterwards.”

It looked as though the ally from whom she hoped for relief had gone over to the foe! She cried out in great confusion: “Alas! Why do you try me thus, O Krishna? The power of the vessel given by Sun is exhausted for the day. And sage Durvasa

has come. What shall I do? The sage and his disciples will soon be here and as though this were not enough, you have also come at this juncture saying that you are hungry.”

Sri Krishna said: “I am terribly hungry and want food, not excuses. Fetch the vessel and let me see for myself.” Draupadi brought it to him. A tiny bit of cooked vegetable and a grain of rice were sticking to the rim of the vessel. Sri Krishna ate them with satisfaction, accepting them as Sri Hari, the Soul of the Universe.



Draupadi was filled with shame at her slovenliness in not having cleaned the vessel free of all remnants. A bit had been left which was

partaken by Vasudeva!

Sri Krishna seemed replete with satisfaction after eating his solitary grain. He asked Bhima to go to the river and intimate to the revered sage that food was ready and waiting for them.

Bhimasena, greatly puzzled, but full of faith in Sri Krishna, hastened to the river where Durvasa and his followers were bathing. The disciples told the sage: "We have come here after asking Yudhishtira to prepare food for us, but we feel well-fed and full and cannot eat anything more." Durvasa knew what it was and he told Bhima: "We have taken our food. Tell Yudhishtira to forgive us." Then the party moved away from there.

## **6. The Reflection**

Characters: King, queen, minister, saint, a young man (The queen is seen to be searching for something frantically) King: What happened, my dear? What are you searching for?

Queen: My Lord, I have lost a very expensive necklace that you had so lovingly gifted me! I am searching for it. But it seems to be lost forever.

King: Do not worry. I will buy you another one. Much costlier and lovelier!

Queen: No, my Lord! I want the same necklace, not any other. It is very dear to me. Please help me find it.

King: Ok. I cannot see you sad.



(The king claps and makes a gesture of calling someone. The minister enters)

Minister, make an announcement throughout the kingdom that whoever finds the queen's necklace will be rewarded handsomely.

Narrator: A young man walking alone in the street, reads this statement displayed on the sidewalls of the street. He starts walking further and sees a pond. Surprisingly he sees the lost necklace in the pond. He is excited.

Youngman: (To himself)

Oh there it is! The queen's expensive necklace is lying in this pond. If I hand this jewel to the king, I shall be awarded handsomely. Before anyone sees, I shall grab this.

Narrator: The young man looked around to ensure nobody was present. Then he went near the filthy pond and jumped into it to pick up the necklace. When he had almost grasped the necklace, it slipped out of his hand. He didn't give up. He tried again and again and each time, the same continued. He tried several times and missed every time. He was tired now. He had soaked himself in the filthy waters of the pond for long.

Youngman: Oh this is so difficult. It is impossible to get it. Let me try one last time.

Narrator: He again jumped into the pond and the same was repeated. A saintly person observing all this, spoke.

Saint: O young man, I see that you are exhausted. Can I be of any help to you? Please tell me your problem.

Young man: (wanting to be a little secretive about the necklace) Oh nothing Sir, I was just....



Saint: I can sense your frustration. I feel you are looking for something. Please tell me what it is. I am a simple devotee of the Lord, wandering from place to place. I promise I shall not bring any harm to you. Please tell me.

Young man: (Trusted the saint, but spoke stammeringly )

Hmm, actually, that, I, I was looking for a, for a necklace. The king shall award a handsome amount if I returned that to him.

Saint: Oh I see. Did you find it?

Young man: Yes. As I was walking here, I saw that necklace on the surface of this pond. So I thought I can get it. I kept on trying but with no success. I still see the necklace lying there. I don't know what to do Sir.

Saint: (Takes a look at the lake and then looks up)

O young man, you are so much attached to the jewel. At times we do not realize that we are just playing with the reflections of reality. My dear young man, all this time you were trying to catch the reflection of the necklace which is actually hanging from the tree above. Can you look up?

Narrator: The young man looks up and sees the beautiful necklace hanging from the branch of a tree. He then sees down, at the surface of the pond and still sees the reflection. He feels ashamed of himself.

Young man: O my dear Sir, you have opened my eyes! I have understood the reality. I don't need this jewel anymore.

Saint: It is very true that everybody in this material world is bewildered by temporary reflections like wealth, name and fame. We believe in illusion and forget to see the reality.



Narrator:

In the Bhagavad-gita (15.1) Lord Krishna says,

*ūrdhva-mūlam adhaḥ-sākham*

*aśvattham prāhur avyayam*

*chandāmsi yasya parṇāni*

*yas taṁ veda sa veda-vit*

“It is said that there is an imperishable banyan tree that has its roots upward and its branches down and whose leaves are the Vedic hymns. One who knows this tree is the knower of the Vedas.”

The entanglement of this material world is compared here to a banyan tree. For one who is engaged in fruitive activities, there is no end to the banyan tree. He wanders from one branch

to another continuously. The tree of this material world has no end, and for one who is attached to this tree, there is no possibility of liberation.

So we should try to see the reality rather than believing the illusion and make our lives perfect.



## **7. The Supreme One**

Characters: Narrator, father, son, merchant, office assistant, tax collector, ministers, king, Sadhu

Narrator: In a village there lived a fisherman. He was very efficient in his work. He always had the largest catch of the best of the fishes.

He thought there is nobody greater than him. This made him very proud and he started disrespecting others. One day he was at home, playing with his son.

Son: O father you are so great. All my friends talk about your greatness. They say that there is nobody who has better fish in the whole village.

Father: Oh yes, that's true. I catch the best of the fish in the whole village and there is nobody who can command me.

Son: But father I see that you do only fishing. The merchant buys all your fishes and enjoys the profit of your labour. Then what is your greatness in this? You are just a servant of the merchant.

Father: I am servant of nobody.

Son: Not only you father, but there are many other labourers who surrender their profit to the merchant. So you are just a subordinate servant and not a master. If you wish, you can meet the merchant and clarify.

Narrator: Father gets annoyed with his son's innocent talks and walks out of the house. He thinks as he is walking, and realizes that his son is right. He was just a servant. He meets the merchant.



Father: Oh Sir, I blindly believed that I was the greatest, without the knowledge of your position. I was arrogant. Please forgive me. I agree that you are the greatest.

Merchant: Oh! You are mistaken! I am not the greatest either. I may be greater than you, but I am not greater than the tax collector. I abide by the rules set forth by him.

Father: Ok. Then I shall go to him.

Narrator: Saying so the man set out to meet the tax collector. He reaches the tax office and waits to meet him, as the officer was very busy. Suddenly he sees a few men

walk to the tax collector's seat. Immediately the officer stands up and pays his respects. The man is surprised and asks one of the office assistants about the men who had entered.

Father: Sir, who are these people to whom even the tax officer is bowing?

Assistant: Oh, don't you know? They are the ministers of our king. Father: Are they more powerful than the collector?

Assistant: Of course. They hold all the powers of the tax collector.

Father: I thought the tax collector is the most powerful. I shall immediately go to the king's court. Thanks for informing me.

Narrator: He immediately starts walking towards the king's palace. When he reaches the king's court he sees that all the ministers, officers and soldiers were bowing down to the king. So he asks the ministers and they say that the king was the controller of everything there. The man immediately goes to the king and pays his obeisances.

A saint enters the king's court at that moment.



King: (Immediately gets up from his throne and approaches the saint)

O great saint, I am blessed with great fortune today to have your presence in my kingdom. Your auspicious presence is a blessing to our whole kingdom.

(The king seats the saint on a special throne, washes the saint's feet and starts massaging his legs. The man is astonished at this sight and goes to the saint.)

Father: Oh great one, I had a false pride that I am the greatest in this world. But I found that there are many more people who are much greater than me. Now that I have realised that even the controller of all the people, the king himself is falling at your feet, I have come to know that you are the greatest. So please forgive me.

Saint: My child, you are right. When you start thinking deeper, you shall find one is greater than the other. But ultimately the supreme controller of everybody is the Personality of Godhead, Lord Krishna. Your search will not end until you find Lord Krishna.

Narrator:

Bhagavad-gita (10.12-13)

*arjuna uvāca*

*param brahma param dhāma*

*pavitram paramam bhavān*

*puruṣam śāśvataṁ divyam*

*ādi-devam ajam vibhum*

*āhus tvām ṛṣayaḥ sarve*

*devarṣir nāradas tathā*

*asito devalo vyāsaḥ*



*svayam caiva bravīṣi me*

Arjuna says, You are the Supreme Personality of Godhead, the ultimate abode, the purest, the Absolute Truth. You are the eternal, transcendental, original person, the unborn, the greatest. All the great sages such as Narada, Asita, Devala and Vyasa confirm this truth about You, and now You Yourself are declaring it to me.”

So we should all understand that every living entity is subordinate to the Supreme Lord Krishna and surrender to Him and make our lives sublime.

## **8. A True Vaishnava**

Characters: Narrator, 3 villagers, a ruffian

Narrator: Once in a village there lived a devotee of the Lord who was an embodiment of all the Brahminical qualities like peacefulness, self control, austerity, purity, tolerance, honesty, knowledge, wisdom and religiousness. He maintained his purity amidst difficult circumstances. Some villagers were very envious of this devotee. One day they had a meeting.

Villager 1: It's high time we do something with this Gopal. Villager 2: You are true. He thinks that he is a saint.

Villager 3: It is ok if he alone thinks so, but he has started spreading his so called goodness among all people now.

Villager 2: Yes, Yes. Since the last few months my wife has started extensively worshipping God and hardly cares for me.



Villager 1: My children, instead of learning business tactics, have started chanting the names of God.

Villager 3: All the villagers should get together and teach this person a good lesson.

Villager 1: But how can we do that?

Villager 2: We should find a way to slander his name. Villager 1: We shall humiliate him and make him lose his tolerance.

Villager 3: But for this we should appoint someone who knows to insult people. We should not directly get into the act and get our names involved.

Villager 2: I know a person who has this habit of insulting others. Let us put him on the job and make our plan successful.

Narrator: The next day the villagers bring the ruffian to the riverside, where the devotee was taking bath.

Villager 1: Can you see that man? You should somehow insult him. He should start feeling frustrated in life and leave this village.

Village 2: Do this and we shall pay you handsomely.

Ruffian: Oh, don't worry at all! Insulting people comes naturally to me! Ha ha! You please hide and watch what happens now.

They hide themselves behind a wall. The ruffian himself hides behind a bush. The devotee finishes his morning bath and comes out of the river. The ruffian suddenly appears in front of the devotee and spits on his face.

Ruffian: You idiot! Don't you watch while you walk?



Narrator: He waited for the devotee to lose his temper, but to his surprise the devotee says...

Devotee: Please forgive me Sir! (he smiles and goes back to bath)

Narrator: When the devotee finishes bathing the second time, and walks towards the bush,.....

Ruffian: Thoo., ha haha ha... (spits again)

Devotee: (with a smile on his face, goes back to take bath.) Ruffian: (to himself)

Oh! I think this fellow has lost his senses.

What makes him smile at this act of mine? Next time I shall insult him with very bad words.

(Again the devotee starts walking towards the bush.)

Ruffian: You rascal, you are a parasite in our village. You live at the cost of others mercy. Thoo...

Devotee: (smilingly) Thank you Sir. (Goes back to take bath)

Ruffian: There must be something unusual about this person. Apparently he possesses divine qualities. It is of no use insulting this person. He looks so saintly. Still, let me try one last time.

Narrator: Again he spits on the devotee, again the devotee smiles and goes back for bath. Now the man realizes that he has done a terrible mistake by insulting a great devotee. The next time when the devotee comes near the bushes, the man is in tears and falls at his feet.



Ruffian: Sir, please forgive me Sir. I understood that I have done a terrible mistake by insulting you in the worst manner. You have taught me a lesson just with your

silence and smile. You are a true Brahmana. It is said that a Brahmana is an embodiment of tolerance. You have proved it to us today. I am ashamed of myself for carrying out the orders of some weeds in the society.

Villagers: Sir, please forgive us. We have committed the greatest mistake by testing your tolerance and insulting you.

Devotee: It's all right. Please get up. A person possessing Brahminical qualities should never get affected by such incidents.

Narrator:

In Bhagavad-gita (18.42) Lord Krishna says,

*śamo damas tapaḥ śaucaṁ*

*kṣāntir ārjavam eva ca*

*jñānaṁ vijñānam āstikyam*

*brahma-karma svabhāva-jam*

Peacefulness, self-control, austerity, purity, tolerance, honesty, knowledge, wisdom and religiousness—these are the natural qualities by which the Brahmanas work.

So please give up wrongful activities and try to develop these qualities. Unless we become pious we cannot become a devotee of the Lord. Unless we develop devotion we cannot go back home, back to Godhead. Hare Krishna!