

The World of Upanishads

From the cycle of readings that can change your perception of reality

By Vato

Chapter I

The Disciple

The full moon was illuminating beauty of snow kept mountains. It was just beginning to get lighter. The daybreak was painting vault of haven into ashy. The sky was changing its appearance and stars in the east were disappearing one by one.
Mirroring eternal beauty of the sky uprising lights of the sacrificial fires were devouring libations as the powerful giants. Each new portion of libation was adding new energy to the glittering piles. Magic of changelings were flying all over. Priests were offering up a prayer performing slow ritual movements and seemed full of majesty.

‘Stars hidden in the daylight are seen at night……
The moon roams through the world, witnessing all around……

Sacred vows are immutable,
This founds the celestial order…..

We welcome the shining of heavenly bodies
Let them light up our hearts……'

Prayers were ringing in the silence of night. Words mixed up with melodies were pouring into air as the streams of energy, as birds heading upwards the realms of unknown worlds. And it seemed that heavenly bodies were involved in the liturgy as well.

The smells of sacrificial honey, oils, aromatic tar and newly moved grass were mixing into magical symphony granting the night with scent of sacredness. Odour of Soma was dominating; indeed the fire ritual of soma libation was underway.

He gained extensive knowledge of theory being introduced to the Vedas since the age of eight. However in this magical night the Hymns of Rigveda, which he knew by heart, ongoing Yajurveda rituals and melodies of the Samaveda were united into something, which seemed entirely different.

This night he got in touch with the Vedas. He went through the rite and the rite went through him by sounds, odours, flavours and images.

Father considered him old enough for taking part in the liturgy and enjoying the full right of oblation.

He was permitted to taste soma for the first time, however relatively small serving because of his young age. Massive amounts of soma poured into fire, were rising feeling that the air changed its essence, by absorbing the scent of the ritual drink. The young man was realising that with each new breath his mental power was brightening up. Indeed, he was neither drugged nor emotionless and his heart was filling up with godliness … His mind was retrieving again and again 'probably, it is the faith!'

Excitement by Soma made him see, hear and smell in a different way….

'Anything found on high
Is even to one beneath….
Anything on high in the stars
Is even to one inside us…..
The one unable to recognise this unity
Resumes going from one death to another….'

Beautiful melody was enabling voices and words to touch his heart and his mind was translating words of the hymns in extraordinarily. It seemed as if he found answers to all his questions.

He felt it inside his heart, but not with mind. This feeling appeared to be something completely new, as if someone new was awaking and rising inside him.

'Probably, it is the faith!'- These words came up to his mind again and his eyes filled up with tears of excitement.

Thoughts have changed their nature. His judgements were reflected into images and not the words. He was hearing the aim and not the words themselves.

Ushas... The sun had nearly risen. The priests came up to the final part of the liturgy - they were glorifying righteousness and generosity of the young man's father, the one who ordered the rite.
'Goddess Ushas, grant the life of hundred autumns long to this benefactor! Give a long life to his posterity! Lighten them up with these blessings!'
'Indra, the Lord God, grant him with fortune, prosperity, victory and glory!' …
'Powerful Agni, ensure his safe transition to the world of ancestors, where he would meet his parents!'
The young man glanced at his father, who was sitting next to him. His face was mirroring the lighting of the sacrificial fire. His strict appearance became kinder….
The father was fully occupied by the rite, attentively listening to the hymns, as if he was absorbing the wishes conveyed by the priests. Considerable price that he paid for that affluent ceremony was converted into prayers of priests.
Following the ancient tradition the father gave away almost all fortune he possessed. He was happy now as the gods were satisfied. The words of hymns that prayed for the wellbeing of him and his beloved ones were taken to heaven. He was grateful for this morning and the first rays of the rising sun that painted the sky into colour pink. He was fulfilled with glory as he paid the debt to gods and his ancestors.
That night was very special since he permitted his son to take part in the ritual for the first time …
The son was the reason why he tried everything to be perfect, do better than the others in giving his fortune away.
Now his soul felt peaceful for his son's destiny. Not once but many times the priests prayed Agni to bring his name to the gods.
The fortune spent for the rite had assembled into grace of heavens, which will take care of his son, grant long and happy life with further reincarnation in the better world.
The father looked at his son and caught a sight of his eyes. The young man did not do the same and turned his eyes to the other side. The father seemed satisfied however kept his look calm to be appropriate to the moment of the ritual. It was so easy to see him through.
From now on the young man treated the world differently due to his changed perception. As if he could hear what the birds were singing about, what the wind was whispering, what the snow kept mountains, mirroring the beauty of the sunrise told him.

* * *

In the morning, as soon as the ritual finished, the time of payment came and the priests began to crowd around the gifts. The sun has bared things covered by the night. The darkness hides imperfections of humans…
The young man noticed rapt attention of the priests greedily grasping expensive gifts, the recompense paid by his father for the services.
Now the priests seemed neither majestic nor intermediary between the earth and the sky. The young man was disappointed and had a feeling that he saw them for the first time.
Only the pale reflection of the perfect harmony was left from the ceremony. His pure young mind had acquired something hidden behind the words and actions. And this something seemed much more powerful than all other. He recognised that he will never be able to

obtain dignity until investigating this ‘something’ vaguely grasped by his mind. But there was nobody around to guide him……

‘A blind man guided by blinds!’ - The young man thought while looking at his father, who was happily distributing gifts among the priests. He was surprised by this strange notion.
‘Probably, it is the faith!’ -came to his mind before he started to speak.

- These priests are unable to help us, father, as they are roaming in the darkness themselves!

He noticed that father’s face became strict; however the faith arisen in his heart was enabling him to speak up. The young man was fully confident in being true and that made him courageous versus father’s anger.

- You have died for me from now on!
- I am leaving, father…

And this magical night had changed the young man forever.
He was sure that nothing in the world will bring him satisfaction unless he finds this ‘hidden something’, which he got in touch with for a moment the last night.
The young man turned round and left for the unknown world.

***

The path that the young man chose was towards the sundown and this journey had started long ago. He passed Aryavarta and the major distance throughout Ariana. He was taking rest under the shadows of trees or just sitting down being exhausted. The holly thread, the sign that he comes from priestly caste was keeping him safe on his way. The young man was following the holy land from the ancient legends, which was named as motherland of Aryan. Rule of hospitality was enabling him to acquire the safe stay and food.
A guest is the blessing that comes from the God! – This founds Aryan’s way of being. Arya means hospitable, which also signifies kindness, generosity, sublime…
People were becoming more and more hospitable as he was getting closer to the legendary secret place in the mountains where the holly fire appeared, the one that was able to convert human into immortal. The immortal child of the Sun, guard of the holly fire, was residing in that secret place.
His real name was unknown: some called him Yama and some Iman.
People were recalling him as a man who became immortal, while others believed that he was the god from the next world and he could not die without his own will.
They were also saying that the Most High made him a master of the mythical expanse, as he was the first human who found the great passage.
The young man could hardly believe in above. These stories sounded too strange….
Since the young man could not satisfy his desire for knowledge so far the path led him to that secret place in the mountains. He was coming by the strange people on his way: pagans, buckers, preachers…. They often belonged to the non-Arian societies, but sometimes priests from the ruling circle of Arians were appearing.
Somehow the young man kept the clarity of his mind that he acquired long ago, during that magical night. He was able to look through every person on his way, notwithstanding their outfit or appearance. He was not judging the words, but peering into their personalities. All

of them tried to show up their wisdom, but their words were meaningless, their eyes were expressing fear, cupidity and lust.
He was sure that the one he was looking for spoke and looked differently.
Since he left his home, he worked at many places and heard lots of stories and legends from different people about the immortal who lived between the worlds.
And he was led by faith… It was something like a torch flared up in his heart, which was making him strong and persistent. Thus, the young man was heading towards his aim as a shot arrow.

* * *

He took time for rest.
The grassy path, which was rarely used, was leading up through the gorge. In front the snow kept mountains were showing up their power. There also was a rock called ‘abandoned deva’. The young man learned about it from the herders in the valley who told him an ancient legend about the battle between deva and asura as well as about the spring of Iman located in the cave were no human was permitted to enter.
These stories were short and eyes of tellers were full of fear… He was scared too.
‘What does the rule of hospitality mean for immortal?’ – The question was coming to his mind. How will he meet me?
‘And what if the death is watching for me?

He tried to encourage himself - ‘The man is born and grows as a crop, I am not the first or the last’….
And the young man kept going.

Chapter 2

The Teacher

The incomparable pleasure of peace was destroyed.
The pale image had floated on the edge of the conciseness.
He gradually felt the layers of his essence occupying the lowest parts of his body where the senses of life were almost gone.
He brought his attention to the breathing increasing its intensity. The heart beat had strengthened following the lungs. The body parts were gradually returning to life …
He moved his fingers, slowly took them from knees and wore them through his face…
Only after that he was able to open his eyes.
The darkness…
He carefully stretched his legs.
Being motionless for a long time, his legs filled up with pain as if the hundreds of ants had bitten them. He tried to block the torturing ache and waited until his body came alive.
Eventually he stood up, leaning against the wall of the cave.

Creeping quietly in the darkness he felt tremble through his legs; however he went on trying to reach the light seen from the entrance of the cave.
The path was massing around and was hard to walk through, however he knew every stone on the way... Gradually the darkness changed into the light which was shining from the way in.
He screwed up his eyes, went outside and kept waiting until he got used to the sunshine.

His consciousness was still carrying shadows of the everlasting peace thus reflecting the images of reality as a delusion, as the dream seen for many times.
He was again going through the same way, out of the depth of the cave, where no sounds of wind or singing of birds was heard, where the moon was following the sun and blessing the universe…
'The autumn has come round again….. How many autumns I have seen?' – He thought.

He could not recall. The later period of his life in the cave, after the teacher had gone, seemed like a dream. He remembered just the dissolving views. He was rarely getting out and staying still in the depth of the cave with closed eyes, seized breathing and thoughts, with no signs of life and roaming over the endless pleasure. The years were following each other as the waves in the ocean.
He would have stayed in this eternal ecstasy for ever if no promise was given to his teacher. This promise was keeping him bound to the reality.
Despite of the harmony and peace achieved by his mind the power of promise was bringing him back to his body and the imperfect world that he rejected long ago. He had to wait and could not break a chain. It was his duty of fidelity, the burden of his choice.

* * *

The young man was sitting under the shadow of the huge rock which kept him from the afternoon heat. His body was weakened because of hunger and a hard journey. He was exhausted and could not even think of walking back to the nearest village.
During these three days and nights he was staying by the entrance of the cave, located near the spring of Iman.

The mythical wise man was not going to appear. The days were followed by nights, the hopes versed disappointment; sometimes he was feeling pity for himself.
These days and night were the longest in his life.
Gradually the awesome fear gave the way to despair. He failed in the pursuit of his aim. The legends were lying. He was tempted to enter the cave to see if it was inhabited, but he kept waiting patiently, since the legends taught him to stay hungry and thirsty, with no shelter, for as long as it was possible.
Abiding his being sadness and frustration obsessed him. His eyes were filled up with tears. He was sorry for himself, for the taken decision, for the burned bridges, however realising that there was no way back.

And when the black despair had come, and when the young man was at the edge, suddenly he noticed someone walking from the cave. This someone looked horrifying and the young man thought that the most frightening legends he heard were coming true.

* * *

The hermit knew that he looked wasted because of the long stay in the cave. People were frightened of his pale face. He could recall several cases when unwanted guests rushed away when they saw him.
He even remembered himself being young and awaiting at the entrance of the cave; horrified by the stories about the immortal he heard. He remembered how much he was terrified when he first met the teacher. Now, when the time has passed, he became the one who brought the same fear.
Perhaps he now looked like his teacher, with long hair; drown beard, wasted body and pale skin.
His heart started to bit faster; the memories of the teacher were the warmest and the brightest than anything else. Every time he was arriving back from the ecstasy he had to turn into a human anew. He was intentionally making himself obeyed by Maya by recalling the nice memories of the past. This way he was able to restore his life energy and fulfil the promise he gave to the teacher. Thus he was returning to his old body, reality, earth, and the cave and not dissolving in the absolute bliss.

And now he noticed the scared young man, watching him…. The hermit recalled himself long ago, in the same position, when his own fear was eased as he caught the sight of the teacher.
These memories glanced by his inner vision assembled into the single look, full of warmth and hospitality. The young man felt that the hermit was communicating with him silently, without using any single word. The hermits' eyes were smiling, while his face remained immovable. The young man found himself home. He reached the place he was longing for so long.
The hermit looked at him and the young man realised that he had to follow the teacher. They went to the spring and let the smell of flowers, singing of birds and the sun rays enter their minds.
Step by step the hermit felt that the magic of Maya captured him.
'Maybe you are the one I was waiting for?' – He thought and glanced at the young man with eyes full of encouragement. The disciple smiled back.

Chapter 3

The Training

After having some water and gifts of forest they took sit under the oak tree near the spring of Iman.
-Ask me for the gift you came for – said the hermit.

-I was taken to the fire ceremony and something happened to me that night. It cannot be expressed by words but I feel that my heart is full of faith, which led me to you. My only desire is to become your disciple, honourable!

The young man was saying this with fear and in a trembling voice, with feeling as if he was the hero from the antique legend who went to the world of dead to get the gifts from immortals.
-It seems that you are from priestly caste as you ware the holly thread. When did you start your studies?
-From the age of eight, honourable.
-Tell me what you know and I will tell you what stands beyond each and every one.

-Honourable, I have learned Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda and Atharvana – the fourth Veda.
-I was taught to the fifth Veda – legends and traditions of respecting the ancestors, sacred scriptures, the science of numbers, astromancy, logic, rules of behaviour, etymology, demonology, military science, astronomy, science on spirits and idols. But I have gained no peace.
-I know that the ancient wise man say that knowledge overcomes grief. Take me beyond the grief, honourable.
-You have studied only the headings and not the aim, answered the hermit.
Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda are just titles, that comprise names of the gods and rituals under its headings. You have to rise over them.
-Is there anything more important than the name, honourable?
- Indeed, there is.
- Tell me about this, honourable.
- Knowledge is hidden under the name itself.
Your knowledge of Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda, etc equals to just knowing the words and not the meanings. But there is the sacral knowledge of the sky and the earth, wind and space, water and heat, humans and the gods, justice and unfairness, the truth and lie, evil and good hidden under these words. Find this wisdom that will make your world wider and you will be able to comprehend what is concealed under the headings.
-Is there anything more important than knowledge, honourable?
-Indeed there is.
-Tell me about this, honourable.
-The mind stands above the knowledge. Just like you grab the nut, your mind grabs all the names and their meanings.
The mind overcomes all the names and knowledge.
As soon as he deliberates to learn Veda, he does so. When he decides to proceed, he does so. When he deliberates to gain fortune and posterity, he wishes them and gains them. When he deliberates: 'I wish this or the next world!'- He makes a wish and gains it.
-The meaning of Veda, glorified by words and images, is the truth reflected in the mind. Value the mind!
-Is there anything more significant than the mind, honourable?
-Indeed, there is.

-Tell me about it, honourable.
-The mind is just a container of the will, as the mind follows the will. Indeed, when the human deliberates - he makes a wish, which is articulated in the words and names. The Vedas are brought together in the names and words, while they comprise thoughts and actions.
The sacred scriptures like Vedas, Upanishads, the rules of respecting the ancestors and rituals are like the smoke from the holly fire. The highest will is reflected in them.
Indeed, they all are engaged in the will, exist in the will and are based on the will.
As the consequence to the highest wish and the highest will the sky and the earth, wind and the universe, water and heat, the sacral knowledge and rituals appeared.
This highest is represented in the diversity of the universe. The light of the stars and the thoughts in your mind are unified manifestation of this holly energy.
It is your will and your thoughts, indeed!
When the human thinks - he deliberates, makes wishes and articulates those using the names. The later brings together secret writings and they unite thoughts, words and actions.
And indeed, all of them are centred in thinking, exist in thinking and are based on thinking.
Even if the fool is gifted by the inspiration, he is welcomed to speak. As the thoughts are heart of all words and images, thought is essence and basis. Value the thoughts!
-Is there anything higher than thinking, honourable?
-The thoughts vary from each other. Ordinary people have trivial thoughts as their minds are polluted. But those who are surpass and pure have a different mindset. They are insightful and can contemplate.
The teacher was using the term from the ancient sacral language – contemplation. Its meaning was both to visualize and to deliberate. The young man remembered this term and knew its meaning as altered state of mind, being attained by the distinguished. Such gifted people were becoming legendary Rishi, authors of the sacral scripts. And their inspirational visions were called the Vedas.
-I have heard that word, honourable. But I do not know its meaning; don't know the state of mind that it describes. What does contemplation mean?
- It seems as if the earth, air, the sky, stars and the gods can contemplate. That is why only the distinguished can enjoy harvest of contemplation.
Those who are miserable argue, accuse and slander.
Those who reach perfection enjoy harvest of contemplation.
Learn to contemplate!
Learn it from the earth, air, the sky and the gods.
Learn it from the wise man and from their words concealed in the Vedas.
Learn how to handle your thoughts, how to visualize the universe with the help of contemplation.
This will give you the inner knowledge different from the ordinary one.
Contemplation empowers cognition.
Those who contemplate treat the sky and the earth, wind and universe, water and heat, gods and creatures, justice and injustice, the truth and the lie, good and bad, pleasure and disgust, food and drink, this and the next world in a different way.
Indeed, those who contemplate can comprehend the hidden sense of all.
You become over the cognized by cognizing. This is the realization of the supreme power.
Indeed, cognition develops into power. Owing this power human takes over the low. By doing this his mind is open for the speeches of wise man, he learns from their words and becomes

the one who truly hears, thinks in the right way, precepts, acts and achieves. The earth is held by the power, the power rules the air, sky and gods. The whole world is held by the power.
Indeed, cognition, power, will, mind are reflection of the heaven inside of you and beneath your eyes. You should take care of the fire inside of you, exactly as ritual fires are treated by adding wood and pouring oils. Make your mind pure, develop your will, percept the universe with inspiring contemplation, and overcome your weaknesses…..
Cherish the sparkle inside your heart and it will turn into fire.
This is the holly fire, light it until it blazes throughout the earth, air and heaven.
Indeed, the one who deliberates and contemplates becomes incomparable in his eloquence.
And if in the future you are told that you are perfect speaker do not hesitate.
Now get branches for fire, put them down, sprinkle with water, pick up the grass and lay it around.
The inspired young man got up and did all he was requested to do.

The hermit picked the roll of bull leather out of the hollow in the oak tree. He released the items necessary for the libation from the roll and washed them. The young man knew that the items are made of the sacral tree and its oil was kept in one of the plugged up vessels. But no stems of soma were seen.
The hermit picked several mushrooms with white spots on the red hat and started slowly rubbing them in the jar.
- What is this, honourable? – asked the disciple
- Soma - the teacher answered.
The young man seemed a bit confused so the hermit decided to clarify:

- No matter which herb is used for making the elixir. Most important is that the herb contains the sap that brings excitement to mind. There are different herbs growing in the different places, sometimes these are grass or flowers. Only mushrooms can be found up here. But the juice becomes soma only in case if one's heart is pure. The faith in your heart should refine the liquid just as I am filtering the grout using the fleece.

The disciple remembered the time consuming preparations for the rite, which took a demanding efforts of the priests.
It was twilight and the teacher was preparing for the libation in a very simple manner. He lightened the fire, set next to it, looked to the south and invited the disciple to join.
- This is the secret rite of power. We will not be holding it perfectly now, it is just for you to learn the words and actions. But in future pursue the following order strictly: after fulfilling the twenty-day ritual for preparation, clean the area around the altar, sprinkle it with water, light a fire, put grass around and put purified oils and herbs into the secret vessel. On the favourable day of the month, when the sun is moving towards the south, hold the oblation after making the elixir under the masculine constellation.
There are the varieties of herbs used in the rite all over the world. The herbs are minced, sprinkled with sour milk, honey and oils. It is essential to bring the rite to perfection, offering the major inspiration. You have to ennoble the ceremony by your thoughts, words and emotions just as an artist paints. As if your prayer navigates ship to reach the land as you

make it from the bottom of your heart. The essence of the sacrifice is achieved by the honesty of your emotions.
Indeed, your actions, thoughts and words should come from the bottom of your heart only this way the sacrifice would please the gods.
Whisper the prayers, contemplate the aim and try to leave it as the echo in your heart. Make it stay in your mind.
The Lord God, you are the one who rules and maintains the universe, please hear my prayers! - By saying this, offer the gift to the fire, pour some elixir into the flame and pour the reminder back into the vessel.
To you the one, I am offering these gifts, please hear my prayer! - By saying this, offer the gift to the fire, pour some elixir into the flame and pour the reminder back into the vessel.
I am offering the gifts to every manifestation of yours, please hear my prayer! - By saying this, offer the gift to the fire, pour some elixir into the flame and pour the reminder back into the vessel.
Let them be pleased and grant me with the fulfilment of all my desires! Please hear my prayer! - By saying this, offer the gift to the fire, pour some elixir into the flame and pour the reminder back into the vessel.
The teacher was not rushing and was giving the disciple time to feel each of the blessings made. The young man was retrieving the prayers filled up with attention and faith. Each blessing was followed by libation. The magnificent scent was spread in the air.
Blessing to the breath!
Blessing to the speech!
Blessing to the vision!
Blessing to the hearing!
Blessing to the mind!
Blessing to the earth!
Blessing to the air and haven!
The disciple was involved in a magic rhythm of the prayers. He renounced watching the process itself and was retrieving the words full of honesty.
Blessing to the spirituality!
Blessing to the duty!
Blessing to the past!
Blessing to the future!
Blessing to the universe!
Blessing to all!
Blessing to the Most High!
-Now take the vessel bring it high and state ‘Blessing to Soma!’ and drink the elixir, said the teacher. The disciple did it.

Have you been taught the Hymns of Savitri? – The teacher asked.
Yes honourable, it is a must for every true believer in my motherland. ‘We meditate on effulgent glory of the divine light, may he inspire our understanding…..We meditate on the adorable glory of the radiant sun; may he inspire our intelligence!’ - remember and have your say of these words the way that I am doing now.
‘For the faithful man the blowing of winds is joy, the rivers’ stream and the growing grass is joy with the desired shining of Savitri. Blessing to the earth!

We meditate on the holly shining. Let the nights and days be joyful. Let the air be joyful. Let the sky, our father, be joyful. Blessing to the airspace! Let him take our thoughts up! Let the sun, the moon and stars bring us joy.
Blessing to the heaven!'
The disciple repeated the hymn of Savitri.
- Now lay by the pile looking towards the east and retrieve the hymn in your mind again and again. Bless the earth, airspace, haven. Make your mind keep echo of this prayer and state your wish as the first rays of the Sun appear. The part of the young man was repeating the hymn of Savitri, while the other part went on listening to his teacher's calm voice: 'the teacher of my teacher told this to him - even if the lifeless branch is sprinkled by this elixir it would flourish! And now I am passing these words to you'….

'Remember, you will repeat these words to the one who deserves….
Even if the lifeless branch is sprinkled by this elixir it would flourish!'

'But do not convey that to anybody except your disciple or son. You were granted with the utmost gift like the magic beads that are able to fulfil the wishes. Indeed, everything that you wish will come true!'

The disciple felt as if the magic tree was growing up in his body, the leaves, flowers were flourishing and turning into the sacral fruits that were able to fulfil wishes.

* * *

The first rays of the sun brought the young man's mind out of the state of bliss. He was wandering between the dreams and the reality and the aspiration arose instantly. He was woken up with this aspiration….

The hermit broke the silence:

- What do you wish?
- I wish my father's anger was calmed.
- Your wish will come true. Your father will accept you and his anger will be calmed. Go back home and become the worthy son of your father. Remain unblemished in future. Lead the life full of the golden deeds as the custody of the nobles. Act according to the traditions of your ancestors.

Do not disregard the truth. Do not disregard the virtue.
Do not disregard the prosperity. Do not disregard the eminence.
Do not disregard learning. Do not disregard teaching.
Do not disregard your duties against the gods and ancestors.
Respect you mother as the god. Respect your father as the god.
Respect your teacher as the god. Respect the guest as the god.
Find and fulfil your destination perfectly.
Become intermediary between humans and the gods.

Beg gods for the fortune, power and greatness for yourself and others.
Remember that the one introduced to the secret of the rite achieves all his aims.

Indeed, it is the path of the power.
Choose the sons and grandsons those live hundreds of autumns.
Live as many autumns as you wish.
Choose wealthy and long life.
Be prosperous and gain everything you wish, even the wishes that are unimaginable to come true can be fulfilled in the world of mortals.

Let your body be strong and your speech eloquent.
Become famous amongst the famous. Be Blessed!
Become the best of the best, the richest of the rich, and the strongest of the strong. Be blessed!
Share your knowledge only with the one worth and not with unworthy.
You should make gifts with faith.
You should make gifts with joy and modesty.
You should make gifts with fear and understanding.
Remember what you have learned from me…

This is the order. This is the lesson. This is the mast.
'Radja Bhava!' - Stated the teacher and walked up to the cave.
The waves of thoughts were mounting in the young man's mind. He wished to learn much more. However he kept humbly remaining on his knees, following him with deep bow of respect, touching the earth with his forehead.

* * *

Chapter 4

The test

The way back home was long.
He was listening
He was observing
He was thinking
He was contemplating
So the young man who left his country did not seem young any more. His eyes became wise and his glance - penetrating. Deliberation and contemplation made him impressive because of his appearance, mimics and speech.
The power emanated from him was making even the elder Brahmins greet him as a peer.
The disciple was conscious of his distinctive feature of having profound effect on people. He knew where it came from. Every other rite was making him stronger. As he was following the path of the power he became fully occupied with this feature by attaining something magnificent in his heart. People who felt his power were giving him a way.

'Finally I am back!' - Came to the disciple's mind as he enjoyed the almost forgotten scents of his childhood. He was not planning anything, since he believed that the faith would bring him the best opportunities.
He noticed that too many people were wearing the holly threads. He was told that the king called for Brahmin to name the wisest of wise.

The king was a religious man and supported the priestly caste.
'Father will be there' – the young man thought. He went to the palace and found it full of people. Priests from the neighbouring countries were present as well. Guests were arriving. The father did not appear.

* * *

Finally the king, followed by the highest priest, appeared. The priest was carefully observing the throne-room.
-We are offering the gift- stated the king - Thousand cows are locked in the pinfold. Each carries ten pieces of gold on their horns.
Honourable Brahmins, let the wisest of wise take them.
The throne-room remained silent. Only the disciple asked a warder to show the way to the pinfold.
Perplexity of the guests turned into anger… This young man considers himself as the wisest of wise….
The highest priest questioned him: 'do you truly consider yourself to be the wisest of wise? We do respect the wise man however wishing to possess the wealth'.
The old hand priest fixed his eyes on the young man. The priest felt that the power and majesty were hidden behind the modesty of his speech. The priest was cautious as he noticed that the king was carefully watching the candidate …

And the priest started asking questions loudly, getting across the words so that his speech was clear for the audience.

- Stranger, all is embraced by death and ruled by time – how can we root out of it?
- The three worlds exist: The world of human, the world of ancestors, and the world of the gods.

The world of human is attained through the posterity and no other deeds are needed for this. While the world of ancestors in achieved through the acts of bravery and the world of the gods through the secret knowledge.
Indeed, the world of the gods is the highest and this is why they praise the knowledge in Vedas:

When the sacral fire is flared up and the flame plays,
In the course between two oil libations,
Let the one who does offering repeat with faith:
Lead me from the nothingness towards subsistence.
Lead me from the darkness towards the light
Lead me from the death towards the eternal!
Indeed, this is the way to overcome the death.

The priest fell silent and fixed his eyes on the guests…..
And then the old Brahmin took the flow:

- As the disciples we were travelling around the different nations and came across one confessor, whose daughter was obsessed by spirit. We asked the spirit: ‘who are you? He named himself as the legendary wise man – Angiras’. We asked him about the borders of the world: ‘the airspace does not hold the human body, then how can the one who fulfils the rite reach heavens?’ The spirit gave an answer.
- Do you know about it stranger?
- The rites release people from the burden of the past. The pure sole flies up in the air. Fire gives him to the wind. The wind gives him to the sun ...
As it is praised in Veda:
‘In the state of bliss and ecstasy we ride the winds. You, the mortals, can view only our bodies.
We walk above the sun towards the eternality, towards the endless glory’…..
And then the old Brahmin became silent.
Slowly, the strict faced person came up. The disciple felt the weakness in his legs when he recognised his father.
-I also was in the confessor’s house, while I was studying the ritual of oblation, stated the father. The confessor knew how to make people asleep and wake them up as obsessed ones. Not only his daughter but his wife was obsessed too. While the spirit occupying his daughter called himself – Angiras, the spirit occupying his wife called himself another legendary name – Atharvan.
This spirit taught us the ritual of the oblation. Once the spirit asked me if I knew about the neat which connected this and the other worlds and all creatures to each other. Indeed, the one who knows that neat is aware of the worlds, the gods, the Vedas and all creatures. I did not know but the spirit taught me. And if you feel pride not knowing the neat I will curse you.
- I know that neat, father!
The wave of whisper passed around.
-Everyone can insist knowing it. Tell me what you know….
- Indeed, father the neat is Prana.
Prana is the star lighting, wind in the sky, fire on the earth. Prana is the life power, essence of body parts. That is why the part of body left by Prana remains lifeless. That is why it is told that the dead man’s body parts are not connected to each other, as Prana brings unity to the live human.
Indeed, it is the notion of a vital, life-sustaining force of living.
Indeed, Prana connects this and the other worlds and all the creatures to each other.
This is praised in Vedas: ‘The essence found inside a person's heart is also found in the sun’. ....
The face of the father showed his satisfaction.
Then the young women came around and said:
-Honourable Brahmins, I will ask him questions, if he is able to answer them then nobody will overcome him in wisdom….
After the graceful pause she went on:
-I will stand versus you just like Kshatriya would attack his enemy holding an arrow and a bow.
The young man could not handle a smile on his face.
And she asked the first question: ‘everything in here is weaved on the earth. Then what is the earth itself weaved on?’

-On the worlds of the airspace.
-And what is the airspace weaved on?
-On the worlds of heaven.
-And what is the world of heaven weaved on?
-On the world of the gods.
-And what is the world of the gods weaved on?
-On the Absolute.
-And what is the Absolute weaved on?
-Do not ask too many questions not to be lost in the answers…. You are inquiring about the divine, which may not be mentioned too many times. Unlimited cannot be embraced by the limited.
And then she stated: 'honourable Brahmins, be grateful if you grant him with your respect. Indeed, none of us overcomes his wisdom!'
And she bowed low.

* * *

The disciple was asked to follow the king…
They appeared to be in the audience room alone. There were fruits and water on the table and the incense was burning in the corner.

- Take a seat and enjoy yourself. - The king pointed to the seat in front of him and took a seat himself.

And they were sitting this way while getting acquainted to each other.
-Why have you came to my palace, was it because of acquiring wealth or asking complex questions?
- For the both of them, your majesty…to be honest, I just wanted to reconcile with my father, answered the guest with simile on his face.
The king was accustomed to a different treatment. People were tensed while talking to him. Even their jokes were full of flutter. This young Brahmin behaved differently.
-What is the difference between the knowledge of yours and others?
-Their wisdom stands on the single leg, your majesty, like Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda and Atharvana, Puranas, Shlokas, Sutras, Vyakhyana…. all of that is just the pull of names for them.
They are proclaiming these names, trying showing off and pretend to be the wise men. However, the aim stands above the names. The aim is the essence of the sky and the earth, wind and space, water and heat, the gods and people, justice and injustice, the truth and lie, good and evil. The essence is not achievable for the majorities.
- But have not the respected Brahmins been learning the same sciences for the whole their lives as you have?
- They were learning just with minds and not with their hearts, your majesty. Their hearts are bound to completely different values.
- What are they bound to?
-To this world, your majesty. They respect the life as the most valuable.
-What is the essence of the value?

-Humans sacrifice to the wrong beliefs because of their affection for life. They take gifts from the wrong people and are afraid to lose them or die.
- What is valuable for you?
- The same as for you, your majesty.
-?
- I am looking for my destiny which I wish to fulfil perfectly.
The long pause followed these words.

- Do we share similar destinies?
- No, they have crossed each other here, your majesty. You are Kshatriya, and I am a Brahmin. Your field is the present world wearers mine is the next world.

The disciple let the king analyse his words. It seemed as if he could view the kings' thoughts that were going round and round their destination.

- Your life is like a huge sacrifice, your majesty. While mine is just like fuel.
- What do you offer yourself to, what do you burn for? What are you longing for?
- Can you tell me about my destiny?
- You can do it yourself, your majesty. The ancestors called it Ashvamedha.

The king could feel the strange power if the young Brahmin. The words of the young man were kind of an echo of his own thoughts.
The sacrifice of a horse is the sacral ritual from Vedas, which opens the doors to the supreme sky of Indra, the king of gods. There was no king who would not have wanted to fulfil Ashvamedha. But just a few could dare and only the best succeeded.
Suddenly the king understood the aim of the rite, from the completely different angle: leave the whole kingdom, his freedom and life on the will of his fate, to take a risk…. To fight for becoming the king of kings! Something similar he observed some time ago when the young Brahmin proclaimed himself as the wisest of wise. He took a risk and he succeeded. Shall I also do the same?
And the king let the dream wrap his heat…

Let the fastest stallion in the head of an army, rush after him during the whole year and crush every land beneath his feet…. Rush towards the unknown… play the game with the fate, win it and join the greatest kings of the past.
Even the kings sometimes let themselves hope to become great.
- You are gifted in lighting a hope with your words. Could you help me to inspire my people?
- This is my destiny, your majesty.
- I have talked to many of them but you overcame everyone.
- Yes, I am perfect in my speech, - answered the disciple, recalling the words of his teacher.
'His faith was passed to me… he lightens my people up, we will be able to reach the unreachable… May be it is worth taking a risk,' thought the king.

* * *

And he took the risk…
Ashvamedha – is the highest offer, the sacral game which is played with the fate.
Relying success of the conquest on the accident is the aim of Ashvamedha.

The fastest horse was pointing to the lands that the king was fighting for. Without any preparations, diplomacy and analysis he was leading the army to the inevitable victory. He was like a storm sweeping everything on its way.
His empire was growing….
The young Brahmin infected him and his people with the sacral madness.
He lightened their hearts up.
This was the edge of madness. But only that kind of madness enables to succeed in the greatest endeavours.
According to the legends, the ancestors came for these lands with the help of Ashvamedha from the west. And now the campaign was kind of the continuation of the ancient deeds. The king felt himself worth deserving the name of his prominent ancestors. As if they were joining the rite and their lives were serving as sacral libations.
The army never felt such unity before – the same goal, thoughts, and aspiration for all.
Their courage was unlimited.
This sacral madness had an influence on other kings as well. Alien kingdoms joined the campaign. And more and more none-Arian nobles were giving the way to this fanatic power.
The borders of the empire were expanding towards the sunrise with the speed of the rushing horse….

* * *

The years were passing.
The disciple was following the path of power.
He became a legend.
The most powerful and rich were asking him to hold rituals for them.
Not many people could succeed. He was blessing only people who were worth it. It was his creed. In the majorities of the cases the well-off and powerful people were selfish and pursued their own whims only. The disciple was keeping the teacher's gift away from these vicious people. If he was sure that the person deserves, he agreed to help without being interested in dakshina.

He lived in prosperity. The king of the kings was always generous for gifts.
The disciple recalled the words of the teacher: '…..even the wishes that are unimaginable to fulfil will come true in the world of mortals.'
He possessed all the wishes. He was respected, loved, cared and guarded.
But why was not he happy?
The teacher told that he was supposed to light the magic spark in three levels of existence in order to make the fire eternal.
He was concerned about it more and more….
Every time he was fulfilling the rite he was lighting the regular fire. This fire was brought to his heart by prayers and libations and sparkled by faith and inspiration inducing ecstatic visualisation of the world. Lightened by the shine inside him he was feeling the mystery of nature. He was able to manage the energy of the universe by his words. He could take anyone to the world of ecstasy and contemplation, by changing their minds and inspiring them. It was like inner fire lit inside the listeners' hearts. Perhaps the teacher meant this?
But what was the third level?

This question did not leave him….

* * *

But when the answer was found, it did not bring the peace. This happened during one of the rites he was performing. He had just prayed the hymn of Savitri and was going to lay down looking to the east. Suddenly he noticed that the sacral fire changed its essence.
The fire filled up the whole universe.
The stars served as its wood. The whole world was covered by it and was moving towards the end. Everything he loved and cared about was perishable, everything was disappearing….

'I have lightened the fire of the seeker, teacher', he thought; 'leave the fame and fortune for others'… 'Everything is fleeting in this world!'
He lied down and closed his eyes. He did not have to wait until the sunrise to understand his inmost wish. He knew what to wish and knew who was able to fulfil his desire. Getting asleep he felt himself young again, his path was leading to the creature living between the worlds again.

Chapter 5

The Great Passage

This time the adventure was short. He rode the fastest horse and rushed like a wind towards the cave in the mountains.
The teacher met him near the spring as if he knew he would come.
The glance of the wise man was full of compassion with a touch of irony, just like the elder looks at a boy who handled a hard test.
-Are you bored with toys?
-I asked you for a different gift, honourable. The eternal cannot be reached by temporary.
-You did not follow the path of power which the others got stuck on.
Iman mentioned "Radja Bhava "- the path of power again.

- 'Swo Bhava'- 'all things are perishable', honourable, 'let the others follow that path!'

Tell me about the great passage to the eternity.

- The human beings are given the choice of two paths: the true and the false. The souls who choose the second way wander in the darkness. Just like blind guided by blind. Just like kids playing games. They are prisoners of their bodies.

And the first path is hard and it leads to the everlasting light. This is the one you are asking about.
It is as sharp as a blade, it is hard to pursue and overcome.
You have woken up if you ask for this gift. This is the secret gift.
You have to exercise in a protected and peaceful place. Staying still you have to reverse your feelings and mind inside yourself. Keeping the breath you will have to breathe weakly through your nostrils.

With a major concentration you will have to handle your mind as a chariot led by the fastest horses.
Your mind is just like a chariot, your will is like a lead. Your feeling is a horse, which you will have to riddle with.
Learn how to control your mind otherwise you will not be able to reach the place from which they do not return to a constant flow of life.

* * *

He found a cosy place and began practicing.
The days were passing…
Sometimes the teacher was visiting him and speaking with strange, slow language:
-Without stopping the exercise control your breath, mind, following my thoughts….
There is a small lotus in the secret place of your heart.
It contains the inner, fine space.
Indeed, just like the space around, the space inside your heart is endless.
It contains the sky and the earth, wind and fire, stars and planets.
This is the secret place of the spirit.
Contemplate this by distinguishing the essence and reaching the fine.
The essence differs from the subtle and gross.
This secret is cognised inside you when your inner self connects to it as an arrow enters the target.
It is finer then fine, bigger then big.
In is unimaginable and stands for immeasurable height and depth.
It can neither be seen nor understood…
It stands beyond the vision.
It views people from the secret place in their hearts
It looks out of everyone's eyes.
It is neither an old man nor an infant.
It is neither man nor a women but not agamic.
It keeps the shape he turns into.
It does not born or dye.
It does not appear or turn into someone.
It is unborn, permanent, eternal and initial.
It cannot dye as a body does.
If the killer thinks that he kills, if the dying thinks that he dyes they are untrue.
It is immortal and eternal
It is endless, stands beyond the vision; it is thinner than thin and shiny.
It is the furthest and the nearest.
It is hidden in the secret place of your heart.

* * *

The rhythms, images, calm voice of the teacher…
The time was passing…

The teacher was seldom arriving. After he had gone his words, said by mysterious, slow rhythm, went on repeating in the disciple's mind just like echo.
There were times when he appeared over the words of the wise man and contemplated the aim of his words.
The teacher could see his mind through mysteriously.

- It cannot be reached by eyes, speech, action or selfless devotion. But if the creature is pure,

the one who contemplates can see him through. This fine atman can be realised through the mind penetrated by the fivefold set of breath.
All the thoughts of people are penetrated by this breath. When the thoughts become pure the Atman appears.
These breathes are born from the Atman.
Due to mind power they enter a body.
These breathes are occupying the subtle body as the shadows of the past.
The nadis, pranic channels, are like the single hair divided into thousands of pieces.
The place where they unite is the area in our hearts.
Here are one and hundred nadis with hundred more in each of them. The latter contains seventy two thousand branches.
The sole resides in this subtle body. It is divided into five forms of breath.
Just like the king orders his people to manage this or that kingdom, the sole gives its place to each kind of breath.
In eyes, ears, nose and mouth the breath per se is placed (prana)
In the organs of excretion downstream breath is placed (apana)
The common breath (samana) is in the middle. It equally distributes the offered food.
The latter is shared out by the breath (vyana) throughout the body.
The upstream breath (uddyana) goes through one of the nadis.
Due to kind acts the person is taken to the better world by the upstream breath.
Due to the evil acts – to the evil world.
Due to both kind and evil acts the sole is taken to the world of human.
The fire maintains prana as an external energy.
The idol in the earth strengthens apana in human.
The area between the sun and the earth strengthens samana.
Wind strengthens vyana.
The sun- the upstream breath-strengthens uddyana.
Just like the long path goes through the both-this and the other worlds, rays of the sun rich this and the other worlds too. They are laid from the sun to udiana and vice versa.
Due to udiana the human goes upwards with the feelings absorbed into mind.
He leaves his body and goes upwards with the sun rays.
He reaches the sun with the speed of mind.
He reaches the holly fire which is fuelled by the stars.
As the person is absorbed into contemplation, peace and purity he takes the supreme, shining nadi.
No evil can harm him since he is granted by the sunshine.
He enters this shining with the state of mind that he has developed.
Energy combined with the light leads his sole to the world he imagined in his thoughts.
Indeed, this is the gate of the world, which is accessible for the knowledgeable only.

This is the desired shining of Savitri
The flame placed in the middle of the heart is finer then fine and goes upstream.
It shines like lighting in clouds.
The subtle body shines like spikelet of rice, like a finest particle surrounded by the flame of energy.
It warms itself. The flame is directed to all destinations.
The rays of energy are spread all around.
This is the supreme shining which takes over the darkness.
No sun, no moon, no stars shine here…Then where does this shining come from?
Everything shines after it; the whole world shining comes from it.

* * *

The disciple succeeded in absorbing deeper into himself.
He followed all the rules that the teacher advised.
He was staying in a clean area, being pure himself and sure in the aim. He was learning, deliberating and contemplating the truth.
He was becoming different; the connection to the past was slowly disappearing, as his mind was getting rid of hopes, fear and desires.
He discovered that being free from desires is the biggest treasure.
In the past he seldom felt happiness… but now his pure mind was shining inside and out with the golden glance of bliss.
Slowly, from day to day, the words of his teacher were changing something in his perception.
Now he was able to turn his mind inside himself…
Now he could control his feelings, he could break the connection to the reality and go far inside himself.
The words of the teacher served as a guiding neat through the labyrinths of his mind.

This is the soul that keeps conscious in the one who sleeps and originates one desired image from the other.
He is pure, absolute and eternal. He comprises all the worlds.
His image cannot be seen or imagined. He stands beyond the darkness.
He stands beyond the past and future. His present is eternity.

He covers the sky and the earth. He is the reason the stars shine.
Poets weave him into oceans.
He gives the birth to the born in this world.
There is nothing finer or smaller.
He is higher than high and bigger then big.
He cannot be caught. He is all around and comprises the subtle and the gross.

The atman can get attuned into every creature, but remains aside, just like the holly fire appeared in the world does.
The atman can get attuned into every creature, but remains aside, just like the holly wind appeared in the world does.
Just like the sun shining the world is not slammed by the reality, the atman can get attuned into every creature, but not being slammed or polluted.

The atman is different from the created and not created, different from the past and the future.
He is the eternal ocean.
You have to dissolve in it.

* * *

Once, the teacher found the disciple, like an old tree, without breath and heart bit. His body was as cold as the dead man's. Just a little warmness could be felt on his forehead. Three days and three nights he was waiting his disciple to return from the state of bliss.

* * *

When arriving into his body the disciple saw the teacher waiting for him to wake up.
He was still under the impression of the endless depths of the ecstasy. It was hard for him to feel his own body…
He wanted to go back to the place where his inner self was free from the reality and sorrow; there was only endless pleasure from the perfect unity of being.
-I found myself near the ocean of light. I could dissolve in it like a salt in water…
Let me stay in that unbelievable pleasure, honourable.
-You have found the great passage but you will not be able to pass it in the nearest future. Now you will have to replace me.
- I have been waiting for the disciple like you for a long time, stated the teacher and his eyes became warmer. It has been so long….. But the time has come for me to leave.
They say that you are immortal, honourable.
- I just have slowed down the process of ageing of my body, smiled the teacher, - I promised my teacher long time ago that I would wait for the one who is worth understanding the wisdom I learned. This wisdom comes from the very first wise man who heard the god. This wisdom is the gift of the god. Our duty is to keep and teach it to the others.
Indeed, this is the greatest sacrifice and the best deed in the world. This sacrifice is being continued so the flame will never be burned. Sometimes you have to wait forever until the one who can take the wisdom is found.
You have to realise the responsibility.

- I have to say good bye to my beloved ones, honourable. Afterwards I will return here and will not leave until I find my follower, I promise.

-You have to hurry up if you want to meet your father…
The disciple broke connection to this world and concentrated on the image of his father.
He saw the face of his father wearing the trace of the imminent death.
-You are right, honourable, I have to hurry up.

* * *

Chapter 6

The Farewell

He hardly got in time.
It was night when he reached his home. He was told that the father was near the death.
He went to the central hall and ordered to move his father there as well.
The disciple initiated preparations for the most important ritual in his life.
He lit fire in the fireplace. The fireplace was located under the bearing pillar set against the centre of the golden plated paining of the sun that was covering the ceiling.

He was realising the importance of the momentum. The pillar served as the centre of his universe…. He was standing by the axis of the world that gets through all three levels of existence. He had to attend his father's final journey through these worlds. Servants carried the bed. The father was almost as pale as the linen. His dark eyes gleamed with happiness when he noticed the son.

-And which of the gods are you going to beg to forgive my sins? The weak voice of the father was not relevant to his playful tune.
-The one who respects the gods only by serving them does not possess wisdom, father. In front of the gods these people look like animals. The gods benefit from people as the people benefit from animals. Even if the single creature is missing it brings inconvenience. This is why the gods get displeased when people realise this.
This is what they are hiding, father:
In the beginning there was just the Atman, the spirit comprising all.
He comprehended only his existence and was sinless.
He was fearless while being unified.
Indeed, the leak of unity brings the fear.
He started to play and created the universe.
He embodied into his creature.
He became the creature.
He can be found in his creature.
And when they say: make a sacrifice to one god or the other, eventually they are his creatures, since he encompasses all the gods in himself.
Indeed, the universe serves as his food; he is the one who takes it.
Indeed, in the very beginning all was just the Atman, in the form of sole, father.
The gods awaken to this wisdom became like him.
The ancestors awaken to this wisdom became like him.
The humans awaken to this wisdom became like him.
And so far the one awaken to this wisdom becomes Atman,
Even the gods cannot hold him back, as he becomes their Atman as well.

The sole inside you is behind your eyes, father. He has penetrated through your body as the flame into fire, as the knife into sheath.
He cannot be seen while being fine. He is the breath for the one, who is breathing,
He is the speech for the one who is speaking.

He is the ear for the one who is hearing.
He is the mind for the one who is thinking.
These are just names of his appearance. He is neither one nor another.
He is the unified spirit, the one most valuable inside your son, father and yourself... He is the innermost.
The Atman lacks evil; it is free from aging, death or sorrow.
He reaches all the worlds, is able to fulfil all the wishes for the one who makes himself pure from the delusiveness and finds this holly truth.
He is heading upwards the wind while leaving this world.
The wind opens up for him as the outlets open for the wheels of chariot.
The sun opens up for him as the hole in the drumhead.
Because of this he goes up to the world of truth, which is free from heat, cold or sorrow. He stays there forever. No matter what kind of world he imagines or what his desires are. He achieves that world and his wishes are fulfilled.

If he strives for the world of ancestors, by his will the ancestors are brought to him.
And he becomes happy owning that world.
If he strives for the world of brothers, by his will the brothers are brought to him.
And he becomes happy owning that world.
If he is longing for the world of friends, by his will the friends are brought to him.
And he becomes happy owning that world.
If he is longing for the world of beauty and harmony, by his will the world fills up with the later.
And he becomes happy owning that world.

No matter what his desires are – they are fulfilled just in accordance to his will, father.
There are no wells, lotus ponds or rivers there, but he is the one to make them, since he is the creator.
There are no chariots, horses or roads there, but he is the one to make them, since he is the creator.
There is no bliss, happiness or pleasure there but he is the one who makes them. All who were lost here can be found there.

All unfulfilled wishes and aspirations of yours can be met there, since this is the only place where the desires are true.
Though, even the most realistic wishes remain under the cover of delusion here.
And if someone leaves this world without bearing the world of the truth in his mind, the next world will not be beneficial for him, as the Veda which was not red or the kind action that was not taken, father.
Like the people fail in the continued search for treasure in the secret place, the real world which is hidden under delusion is being sought from one life into another.
This delusion is like a mound that stands between the worlds.
Neither days nor nights or aging, death, sorrow, good or evil acts can overstep it.

The sins are stepping back from the world of the truth as it sets free from sins.
The thief is not a thief, killer is not a killer and slave is not a slave there,

The monk is not a monk, hermit is not a hermit, and wise-man is not a wise-man there,
The father is not a father, mother is not a mother and brother is not a brother there,
The Vedas are not Vedas, worlds are not worlds and the gods are not gods there.
Indeed, on the other side of the mound the blind man stops being blind, injured man is not being injured any more, the one with ill-health puts the end to his illness.
He is not followed by good or evil, he can cope with all the sorrow in his heart. Indeed, the darkness turns into light there, as the world of the truth shines all the time.
The life in the fathers 'eyes was fading away.
The son took his cold hands and started slowly whispering the words of requiem, in a hoarse voice, full of sadness.

Indeed, it is the highest sacrifice when someone is in the deathbed.
The one who knows that – reaches the highest world.
Indeed it is the highest sacrifice when a man dies.
The one who knows that – reaches the highest world.
Indeed, it is the highest sacrifice when the man's body is given to the fire.
The one who knows that – reaches the highest world.
Worship of the fire that stays on the earth and retains the world - grant the benefactor with the peace!
Worship of the wind that stays in the airspace and retains the world; grant the benefactor with the peace!
Worship of the sun that stays in the sky and retains the world – grant the benefactor with the peace!
Worship of the God that is all around and retains each and every single one - grant this benefactor with everything!
Your face is hidden under the golden shroud, open up for this benefactor. Make him see!
Make him purify in your holly shining.
Let his breath be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let his eyes, ears, tongue, nose, speech, mind and will be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let his skin, flesh, blood, fat, brain, joints and bones be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let his head, hands, feet, back and abdomen be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let the earth, water, fire, wind, space be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let the sound, touch, image, taste and smell be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let the mind, speech, body and actions be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let his sole be purified!
Let him turn into light, pure and innocent! Blessings
Let him reach the eternal!
His body finds his end in the ash!
The disciple closed the glassy eyes of his father and let the deep sorrow get into his heart.

***

It was a sunrise.
The funeral fire was burning….
The wind was taking ash away….
All his friends, relatives and even the king of kings came to the funeral. Everybody seemed mournful.
But his words made the depressing momentum even gloomier:
-I am going to devote myself to solitude. Time has come for the farewell – he looked at the people who were present….
-I am dividing my property equally between you and Katyayani– he approached one of his wives, Maitreya.
Even if I possessed the entire world with its wealth could it make me immortal? She said looking at the fire with sad smile on her face.
-No dear, those who possess wealth can have such kind of life; you could have it too. But there is no way to achieve the eternal life with wealth.
-What can I do with the thing that will not make me immortal anyway? If you are intend to leave all this it means that you have found something more important. Tell me about it, honourable.
-You had always been dear to me but have become more important now. I will explain it to you…
And you all, listen to me carefully, remember and think of it further. It is hard to understand this, as it cannot be judged. It is finer then fine. Listen to me with your heart.
Wake up! Get and realise the gifts.
I will tell you the secret of the spirit and its path upwards and back.
When the body gets old and week the sole relieves from it as the pure fruit of mango falls from the tree. The sole hurries to a new place for living.
Just like the subordinates gather around the noble when he leaves the palace, the life forces gather around the sole when the creature dies.
The secret place in the heart starts shining and the sole leaves the body through this shining from the forehead, crown of the head or other parts of the body. When the sole leaves the body all the live forces follow him as the swarm of bees follow their mother. Then he becomes occupied with knowledge, past actions and experience.
They hold him back and he comes anew for the further actions.
As a caterpillar reaches the end of a blade of grass and pulls towards the new one, the Atman leaving an old body, reaches the new one.
So he comes to this world again and again for new actions.
The friends become enemies and the enemies become friends.
The father becomes the son and the son becomes the father.
Thus, in the constant flow of life the mounting soul finds a new being.
His wish originates his will.
His will originates his acts.
His acts originate his destiny.

The deeds and behaviour determine man's nature.
The one who does good – becomes a noble, the one who does badly – becomes evil.
Pure actions result in purity, immoral actions result in dissoluteness.
Actions of his inner essence are determined by the matters to which his mind is tied up to;
He turns into the creature alike his thoughts – this is the eternal mystery!
If the thoughts are devoted to the truth the sole gets untied.
The purified thoughts destroy yields of the kind and the evil acts.

The true believers strive to ennoble by learning Vedas, sacrifice, good deeds, asceticism, fasting and meditation. They devout themselves to the solitude after abandoning their desires in children, worldly goods and glory, since these desires are just the human necessities.
Just like the jeweller urges to hand craft the beautiful jewellery and shapes it in a newer, better design, the true believers are abandoning their old bodies and turning into the new, better images that are similar to their ancestors, the gods or the Absolute itself.

Some find solution in the sacrifice, others - in asceticism or solitude.
But I am telling about the apprenticeship.
And what they name as sacrifice is the same as apprenticeship, since the world of Brahman can be achieved through the apprenticeship;
And what they name as being sacrificed is the same as apprenticeship, since the world of Brahman can be achieved by making sacrifice through the apprenticeship;
And what they name as asceticism is the same as apprenticeship, since you can save your essence only through the apprenticeship;
And what they name as solitude is the same as apprenticeship, since the only way to deliberate the truth is the apprenticeship;
And what they name as fasting is the same as apprenticeship, since the Atman that is found through the apprenticeship cannot be destroyed.
And what they name as repudiation is the same as apprenticeship, since the wisdom is being achieved through the apprenticeship.

As the duties of the disciple are fully achieved, a person becomes a householder. After being a householder for a while, he can devote himself to the solitude. Otherwise he can isolate himself from the rest of the world right after the end of apprenticeship.
No matter whether he performed the rites, kept the vows, undergone oblation or not, let him go for the solitude the day when he denies his passions.

Let him refuse to his erudition and become like a child. Afterwards he must deny childishness and learning and take the vow of silence. Only after that he has to break it, as it does not matter anymore and turn into a wise man. Since that he has to get rid of laziness and inattentiveness, make his mind rigorous and restrain it until he achieves the peace.
This is the only way to release the spirit from the mind and let it head towards the highest destiny.
This is the only wisdom and liberation, the rest are the ties to the present world.
As he achieves the peaceful state of mind, calmness, abstinence, patience and self-discipline let him contemplate the highest inside himself.

The evil cannot overcome him, as he is the one who can overcome the evil.
The evil cannot burn him, as he is the one who can burn the evil.
Being free from the evil, passion and uncertainty he becomes the unified highest spirit.
When this spirit is born and enters the body he gets in touch with the evil. After the person dies the spirit leaves the evil behind.
Indeed this is the path of the spirit in this and the next worlds before he achieves the third state, the
state of Absolute.

In this third state the sole crosses the borders of the present world and abandons images of death. Now he stands beyond the life and the death and perceives them in a way that the rider shoots a look at the wheels of the chariot.

As if he is dreaming – he is the one who destroys or creates. By his brilliance and light he rules the universal substance and the living matter.
In this universal dream he soars up, draws varieties of images, as if he enjoys the company of his friends or even follows the painful sights.
People can see the place of his entertainment, but he remains invisible for everyone.

He remains the same forever, he roams through the worlds, as if he thinks or moves. As the fish swims across the river streaming from one bank to the other, the spirit wanders in-between the life and the death.
Being bored by this world, he leaves it. No matter what did, he went through; nothing follows him, as he never gets bound to anything. After he enjoyed the next world, as he wandered around and faced the good or evil he hurries back to present world again. No matter what did; he went through, nothing follows him, as he never gets bound to anything.

He cannot be bound, since he never ties up. He is incomprehensible as he cannot be attained, he cannot be destroyed, he is not attachable and he is doubtless and immeasurable. He cannot tolerate evil and has nothing inside or outside.
He knows all while been known by no one.

The wise-man named him as imperishable.
Indeed, in accordance to the will of this imperishable the sun and the moon take their own places,
Indeed, in accordance to the will of this imperishable the haven and the earth take their own places,
Indeed, in accordance to the will of this imperishable the moments, days and years take own places,
Indeed, the one in this world who is unaware of this imperishable will not succeed, even if he makes sacrifice, holds the rite or follows asceticism, as his merits are temporary.

Even if the acts by the one unaware of this imperishable are sublime, they will be lost at the end.
Indeed, the one unaware of this imperishable leaves this world unhappily.
But the one who is aware of this imperishable leaves this world being blissful.

This is the highest, inexpressible pleasure;
The overall joy experienced by the human race makes up just the pale shadow of the highest one.

The disciple looked into the eyes of the king and stated: ‘when the person is healthy, is rich and rules others, he enjoys all benefits of the human pleasure, and it is the highest bliss for human.’

The hundredfold pleasure of the human equals to the single pleasure of the ancestors, the ones who reside in the eternal world.
The hundredfold pleasure of the ancestors equals to the single pleasure of the gods, the ones who acted accordingly and achieved divinity.
The hundredfold pleasure of the gods, who achieved divinity by their acts, equals to the single pleasure of the one who was born as the god or enlightened. The later are unbound from delusions and no desire can fight them down.
The hundredfold pleasure of the one born as the God equals to the single pleasure of the Absolute world and the one enlightened, who is unbound from delusions and no desire can fight him down.

This is the highest pleasure of the one enlightened, who is unbound from delusions and no desire can fight him down.
Indeed, this is the absolute pleasure.
The happiness attained by thoughts that are immersed into the Absolute and are purified by concentration cannot be expressed by words. This pleasure can be comprehended only in the secret place in one’s heart.

We should recognise this imperishable inside us. There is no need for knowing anything except him, the Atman, who is free from the sorrow. He is the endless among the temporary, he is the meaningful among the meaningless, and he is the only one among the numerous…. He is hidden in the finest and secret place.

He is the cresset amongst cressets, the gift amongst gifts, and the utmost amongst the important;
He is the reason why this sublime universe serves as the pathway for us.
The wife is dear not because she is the wife of yours; but due to the atman inside her.
The son is dear not because he is the son of yours; but due to the atman inside him.
The wealth is valued not because it is the wealth of yours; but due to the atman comprised in it.
The wisdom is valued not because it is the wisdom; but due to the atman comprised in it.
The duty is praised not because it is the duty of yours; but due to the atman comprised in it.
The gods are respected not because they are the Gods; but due to the atman embraced in them.
The gods are abandoning the ones who distinguish among them and the atman.
The duty abandons the ones who distinguish among the responsibility and the atman.
The world abandons the ones who distinguish among the world and the atman.
The wisdom abandons the ones who distinguish among the wisdom and the atman.

This wisdom, duties, worlds and the gods are united into the one, who is the endless universe.
Just like a flame exhales smoke, indeed, the breath of this supreme creature gave birth to this and the next worlds with all the beings. All of them were brought by his breath.
He is the centre of everything, as the ocean is the centre of all waters, as the skin is the centre of feeling an every touch; the nose is the centre of smelling all scents, as the tong is the centre of tasting all flavours, as the eyes are the centres of viewing all images.

Just like the ears are the centres of hearing all sounds, the feet are the centres of walking, the speech is the centre of all Vedas, the mind is the centre of making all decisions, the heart the centre of keeping the knowledge.
Just like a crystal of salt does not differ from inside and outside but is composed of taste, indeed, the atman does not differ from inside and outside but is composed of cognition.

Just like salt dissolves in water and it is impossible to remove it back from the substance, indeed, this great, endless and unlimited essence outlasts being composed of cognition only – remaining conscious without having object to perceive.

-You made me feel confused, blissful! I do not understand this Atman! – interrupted Maitreya.
-Indeed, I am saying nothing which is embarrassing, dear.
When the spirit is released from the old body and reaches the highest shining it turns into its true appearance and attains the perfect peace.
As it is impossible to distinguish water from water, fire from fire, space from space, the spirit dissolves in the atman and achieves its integrity.
Since the duality stands for the concept were one can see another, one can smell another, one can touch another, one can speak to another, one can hear another and one becomes known by another.
But if everything is developed into Atman, then how and who can the one see, smell, touch, speak or hear? How and who can he perceive?

How can he perceive the one who enables him to perceive all?
How can he perceive the one who perceives?
Indeed, the one who perceives cannot be viewed or heard, as he is the one who sees and hears.
He stands beyond the mind and is mindful, he cannot be perceived but perceives himself.
There is no one other than him being able to see, hear, think or perceive.
Though he cannot see, indeed he is sighted.
Since the sight of the one who is able to see cannot disappear.
As there is no one else– who is different from him and who could be seen by him.
Though he cannot smell, indeed, he is the one who owns the sense of smell.
Since the ability of the one who smells cannot disappear.
As there is no one else– who is different from him and who could be smelled by him.
Though he cannot taste, indeed, he is the one who can partake.
Since the ability of the one who tastes cannot disappear.
As there is no one else – who differs from him and who could be tasted by him.

Though he cannot touch, indeed, he is the one who owns the sense of touch.
Since the ability of the one who touches cannot disappear.
As there is no one else – who differs from him and who could be touched by him.
Though he cannot speak, indeed he is the one who can speak.
Since the ability of the one who speaks cannot disappear.
As there is no one else – who differs from him and who could he speak to.
Though he cannot hear, indeed he is the one who owns the sense of hearing.
Since the ability of the one who hears cannot disappear.
As there is no one else – who differs from him and who could be heard by him.
Though, he cannot think, indeed he is the one mindful.
Since the ability to think of the one who is mindful cannot disappear.
As there is no one else – who differs from him and who could he think about.
Though, he cannot perceive, indeed he is the one who owns cognition.
Since the ability of the one with cognition cannot disappear.
As there is no one else – who differs from him and who could be perceived by him.

He remains indivisible, as his nature is not dualistic. He is like a drop in the ocean, sparkle in the flame, shining in the sun.
And indeed, he is the light insight us, he is the one who shines in the heavens, shines for each and every creature, shines for the universe.
He is here, in our hearts, the one indivisible, unborn, and unblemished.
You should seek for him, contemplate him and cognise him.
Indeed, there is no need for knowing anything but him.
Since the rest gets effortless and gets known as soon as he is recognised.
The Atman resides in our hearts; he is smaller than the seed of rice, even the seed of mustard. He comprises all acts, wishes and images. He encloses the entire living matter.
Only the wise-man who comprehends him from inside will reach the eternal pleasure.
The Atman resides in our hearts; he is bigger than the earth, than the haven, than the universe.
He comprises all acts, wishes and images. He encloses the entire living matter.
Only the wise-man who comprehends him from inside will reach the eternal peace.
The truth overcomes the delusion….
The path of the truth leads wise-men upwards to the place where the highest haven of the truth can be found. The path serves as a bridge to reach the eternal; it is named as the great passage!
Be blessed in your way to reach the land of the truth!
With these words he took a holly thread off and dropped it in the burned flame of the funeral fire. Then he bowed low and left away.
He was followed with silence. The air around was keeping echo of his speech. He heard the ancient words from Veda on his way, declared by the old highest priest of the king:
‘After bidding farewell to his relatives let him take the holly thread off and devote himself to the solitude.
Whatever he eats in the evening is served as his evening libation.
Whatever he eats in the morning is served as his morning libation.
Whatever he eats during the new moon is served as his new moon libation.
Whatever he eats during the full moon is served as his full moon libation.

Otherwise let him go to the long journey, restrain from food, enter water or fire or die as a hero.'

* * *

Two silent men sat at the entrance of the cave. The hermit was gloomily looking at the flame, sometimes glancing at the starts, the moon or the brown contours of the mountains. He was breathing the smells of the night and listening to its sounds.
The disciple was doing his best not to interrupt the teacher.
Finally the teacher has stopped the meditation.

'Follow me!'- stated the teacher and got up. He took two torches and gave one of them to the disciple. Then he casted a farewell glance at the area and entered the cave.
The cave was steep deep in the mountain and branched out as the labyrinth.
They were walking in silence for some time. Suddenly the teacher stopped. It is time to say goodbye, he said. He looked at the disciple, as if his old reflection appeared again…

-You are not allowed to accompany me any more in order not to disturb the spirits of ancient. But you can meditate here and go out from time to time. Do not break your promise! Wait till your successor comes.
He looked at the disciple with eyes full of compassion and sorrow and went on with his last journey. Despite of his old age and worn out body he was walking easily, as he handed over his burden to the disciple.
The hermit found the even ground and took a sit.
He sent the bow of respect to the ancients. He was aware that the endless branches of the labyrinth were inhabited by them. With the living functions ceased they were remaining in-between the life and the death. The dry and cold climate inside the cave was keeping the bodies safe from the devastating influence of aging. The time had come to join them.

He calmed his breath and slowed it down.
The body gradually became stiff; he could not feel his hands and feet any more.
He ceased the processes of excretion, digestion, breathing and the heart beat, one by one.
He turned his feelings off and calmed his mind down.
He made the flow of his thoughts steady, as the stream of the purified oil.
Then he stopped this stream as if he had frozen it….
And just like a flame of the lamp remains straight in the windless night, his mind set free from the games of light and shade, the truth and the false…

His spirit reached the inconceivable, the greatness of which makes the mind to step back.
He found himself in the centre of the ocean of light, far beyond the darkness…..
His guise started to dissolve in the ocean; there were no signs of the past binding the consciousness of this pure spirit …
The torch burned down and the lifeless body of the hermit had gone to the eternal darkness.
And the spirit stepped into the Absolute world, were the darkness turns into the light….