

Born Of The Sun



King Soora was one of the Vrishnis. He had a son called Vasudeva and a daughter called Pritha. This king had a cousin called Kuntibhoja who had no children. Soora was very fond of his cousin, he was sorry for him because he was childless. He gave his dear daughter Pritha to Kuntibhoja to be brought up as his own. Pritha was a very beautiful child, her manners were excellent, she was the most cherished possession of her foster-father, she was given the name Kunti.

Once, the sage Durvasa came to the capital of Kuntibhoja. He was famed throughout the world for his penance and for his temper. He wanted to spend a few days with the king Kuntibhoja, Kunti had been appointed by her father to attend to the wants of the sage. Entrusted with such a difficult task, Kunti conducted herself admirably, indeed the sage was so pleased with her that he wanted to grant her a boon. He summoned her to his presence and told her that he would teach her a certain incantation. If she recited it any deva whom she thought of would come to her. She received the gift with the humility becoming the daughter of a king and Durvasa went away.

The child, she was hardly a girl, did not understand what Durvasa meant when he said that the deva whom she invoked would come to her. She was as excited as a child with a new toy. It was early in the morning, through the eastern window she could see the sun just rising. The east was drenched in the colour of liquid gold, the waters of the river were lapping against the walls of the palace, it was an unforgettable scene. The sun and his soft beams, beams which had the coolness of the dawn, and the beautiful river with her path glowing with the red and gold of the rising sun. The scene touched the heart of the young child, she lost herself in the beauty of it. The sun looked gorgeous, Kunti thought how wonderful it would be if the sun could be there by her side. In a flash, she remembered the incantation which the great Durvasa had taught her, why, if she recited it, the sun would come to her! Yes, that was the way it was said: HE WOULD COME TO HER. The poor child, in blissful ignorance, held her palms together, palms which looked like a lotus bud, and invoked the sun, with the incantation she had learnt.

She opened her eyes, a miracle was happening. Along the watery path of the river, the sun's rays travelled fast. She was blinded by a sudden brilliance, the sun stood by her side. He stood looking at her with a smile of teasing amusement, Kunti was now extremely pleased with the success of the incantation, she smiled a sweet happy smile. She clapped her hands together in excitement and said: "Sage Durvasa said that it would work. I stood looking at you, rising in the east, the scene was so beautiful and you were so beautiful that I wanted you to come here, so I recited the incantation which had been taught me by the sage. You have come! How wonderful!"

Written by Kamala Subramaniam

Sunday, 07 August 2011 20:31 - Last Updated Sunday, 21 August 2011 22:21

