

64. O king, you are the emperor of all the Daityas. You have been mockingly disparaged by the sage, a pitiable penance-monger. Indeed he considers the three worlds insignificant by his poor understanding. He has Viraka as his bodyguard whom he thinks to be very strong.

65. "Where am I? Where are the terrible weapons? Where is the fight that terrifies even Death? Where is this Viraka of Simian facial features? Where is this Nisācara (night-stalker) senile and rickety in limbs?

66. Where is this hideous man? Where is this unfortunate wretch? Where is your strength? Where are the spreading creeping plants? If you are mighty, attempt to fight with him. Come, do something.

67. Here we have weapons equal to thunderbolt, fierce and capable of destroying people like you. Where is your body as tender as lotus? Pondering over this do as you please."

68. O gentle lord of Dānavas, these and similar words were uttered by that sage. O king, he says all this because he is proud and conceited. Is it not proper then to fight with him?

69. If you are going to be enlightened by these words of no substance uttered by that sage and conveyed by us, you will think and act accordingly.

*Sanatkumāra said:—*

70. On hearing these words crooked and piercing yet professing to be true and beneficial the dull-witted (Dānava) blazed furiously like fire sprinkled with clarified butter.

71. Proud of the boons granted to him he seized a sword. He emulated the fierce gust of wind. He got ready to go there smitten by the arrows of the cupid though fate was adverse to him.