

58. O mother, give me to lord Śiva. O mother, agree to my humble entreaty. I request you.

59. If you do not give me to Śiva, I am not going to woo anyone else. How can a jackal, the cunning cheat, seize the share of the lion ?

60. O mother, Śiva has been wooed, yes, wooed by me mentally, verbally, and physically. You can do what you please.

*Brahmā said:—*

61-62. On hearing these words of Pārvatī, Menā, the beloved of the lord of mountains lamented much. She became angry. She caught hold of Pārvatī and thrashed her with fists, elbows gnashing her teeth. She was greatly agitated and furious.

63. O dear one, O sage, you and other sages who were there, separated her from the mother and took her far off.

64. Menā then rebuked them again and again. She hurled harsh repulsive words at all of them.

*Menā said:—*

65. See what I will do to Pārvatī of evil inclination. I will give her deadly poison or I will push her down in a deep well.

66. Or I will cut her into many pieces with weapons and arrows. Or I will drown my daughter Pārvatī in the deep sea.

67. Or I will certainly cast off my body. But I will never give my daughter to Śiva of hideous form.

68. What an awful bridegroom has been secured by this wicked girl ? The mountain and I, nay the whole family, has been made a laughing stock.

69. He has neither a mother nor a father. He has no brother no kinsman. He has not even a fellow clansman. He has no beauty, no skill, not even a house of His own !

70. He has no good dress, no ornaments, no assistants. His vehicle is not good. He is neither rich nor even in the prime of youth.

71. He has no tidiness about him. He is not learned.