SN 11.22 — Ugly

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
Source: https://suttacentral.net/sn11.22/en/sujato
Source revision: 3bc8665e0e28e70518eba94304a2fafcab80f933
License: CC0-1.0 — https://creativecommons.org/publicdomain/zero/1.0/

Text

Linked Discourses 11.22

Chapter Three

Ugly

Near Sāvatthī in Jeta’s Grove.

“Once upon a time, mendicants, there was a native spirit who was ugly and deformed. He sat on the throne of Sakka, lord of gods.

But the gods of the thirty-three complained, grumbled, and objected, ‘Oh lord, how incredible, how amazing! This ugly and deformed spirit is sitting on the throne of Sakka, the lord of gods.’ But the more the gods complained, the more attractive, good-looking, and lovely that spirit became.

So the gods went up to Sakka and told him what had happened. He replied, ‘Surely, good fellow, that must be the anger-eating spirit!’

Then Sakka went up to that spirit, arranged his robe over one shoulder, knelt on his right knee, raised his joined palms toward the anger-eating spirit, and pronounced his name three times: ‘Good fellow, I am Sakka, lord of gods! Good fellow, I am Sakka, the lord of gods!’ But the more Sakka pronounced his name, the uglier and more deformed the spirit became, until eventually it vanished right there.

Then Sakka, lord of gods, guiding the gods of the thirty-three, spoke this verse:

‘My mind isn’t easily upset;

I’m not easily drawn into the maelstrom.

I don’t get angry for long,

anger doesn’t last in me.

When I do get angry I don’t speak harshly,

nor do I advertise my own virtues.

I carefully restrain myself

out of regard for my own welfare.’”