

CRIPPLED MAN AND THE PROSTITUTE



Once upon a time, there lived a crippled man.



This man was married, but he was attracted to the prostitute who lived in the house opposite to his.



One day his wife noticed that he was quite morose.






What's wrong,
my dear husband?

**Even though
I am married to you...**



**I am attracted
to the prostitute.**





**I wish
I could enjoy
with her.**

**My duty is to fulfil
my husband's desire. However,
I don't have any money to pay her.
What should I do?**



**May be I can try
to please her by doing some
menial services. That's all I can
do to pay her.**



She began going to the prostitute's house when no one was home.




She would clean the prostitute's house.



It went on like this for a few days. When the prostitute would return home, she used to be surprised to see her house so clean.

Oh!
Again?



A woman with brown hair in a bun, wearing a white shirt and a green sari, is shown in a state of surprise. Her eyes are wide open, and her hand is pressed against her mouth. She has a bindi on her forehead and is wearing a yellow earring and a brown bangle. The background consists of brown curtains and a wooden structure.

**Whenever I return
back home, I find my house
totally cleaned up. This is
strange!**

Let me
find out who has
been cleaning my
house.




So one day the prostitute stayed back, and after some time the crippled man's wife came and began cleaning.



The prostitute approached her.

Why are you doing this?



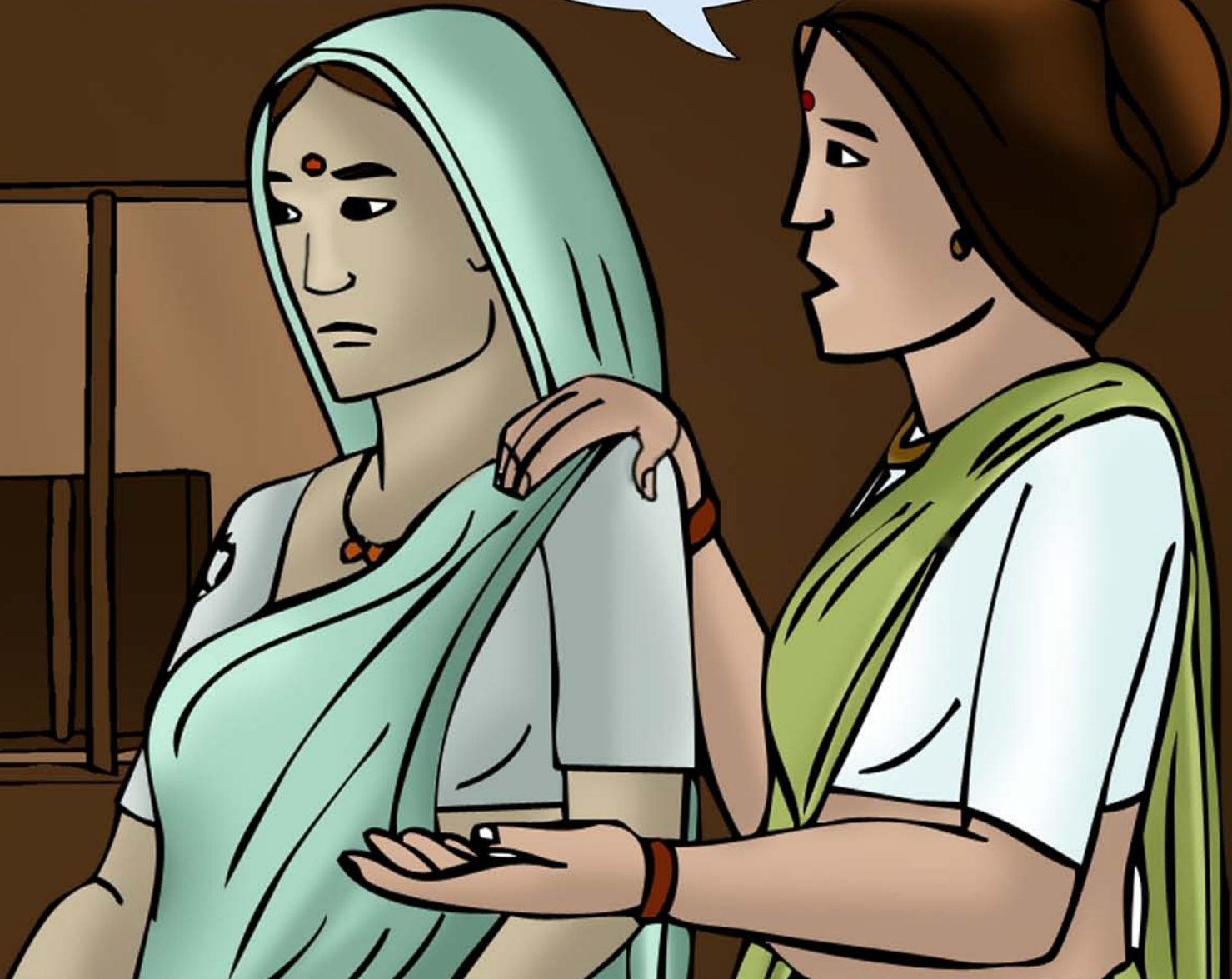


My husband is very attracted to you. He wants to enjoy you. But we are very poor and can't afford to pay you.

So instead
I am offering some
service.



**Very well,
send him over
tonight.**



That night the prostitute prepared a sumptuous feast of rice, dal, sabji, etc.

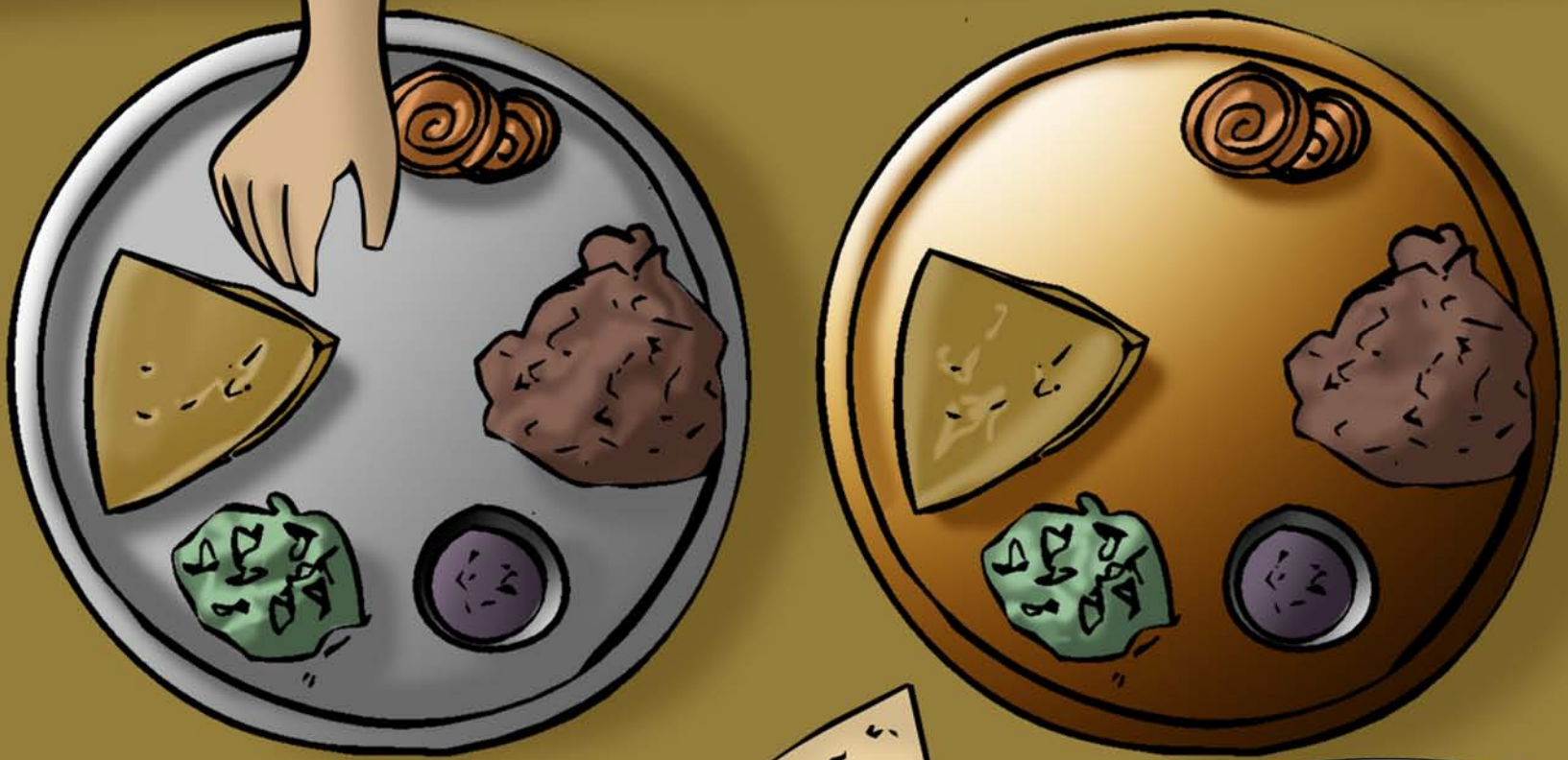


She served a portion of each of these preparations onto two plates, one gold and one silver.

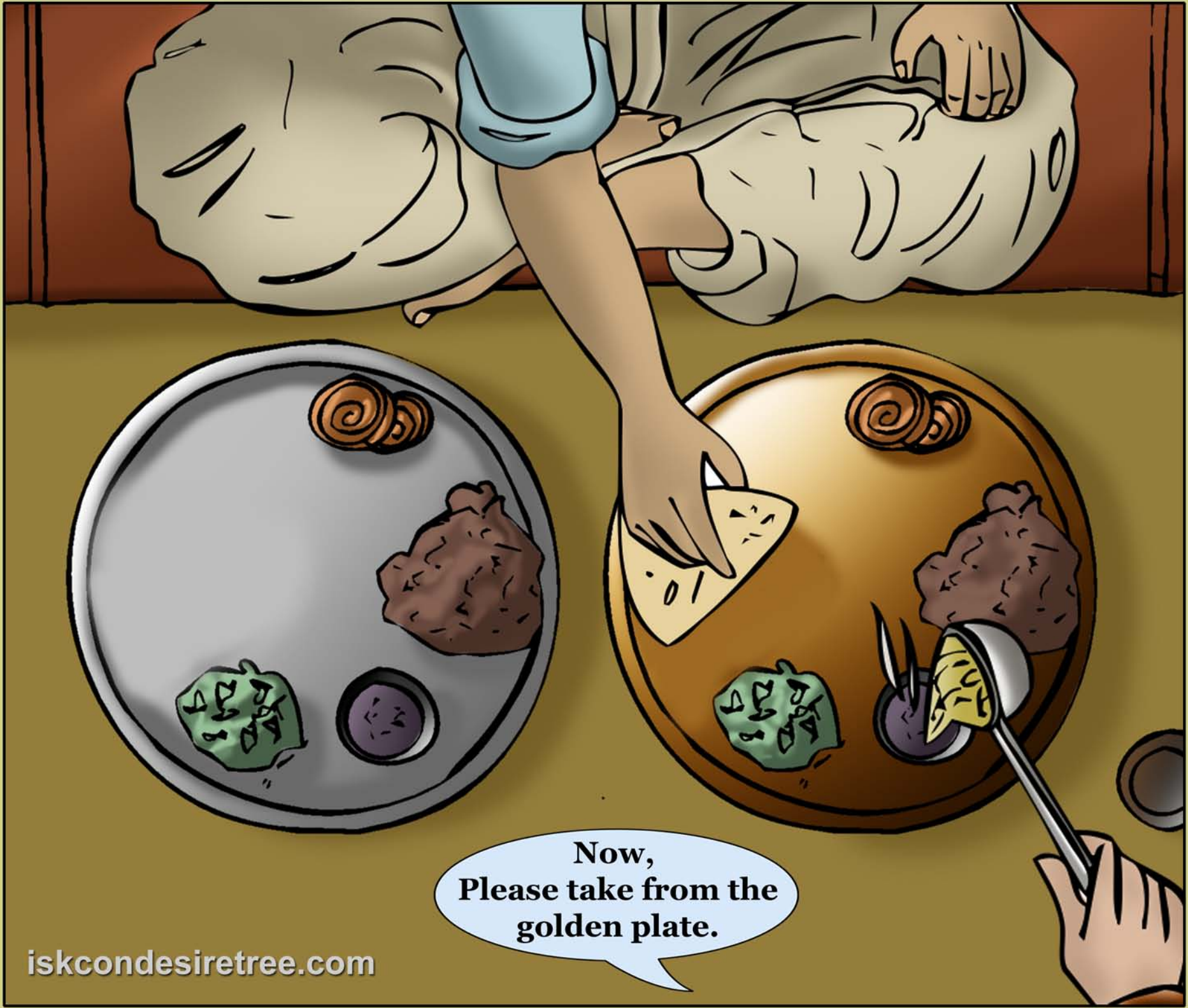


When the man arrived, she offered him to eat the dinner she had prepared.





Please take from the silver plate.



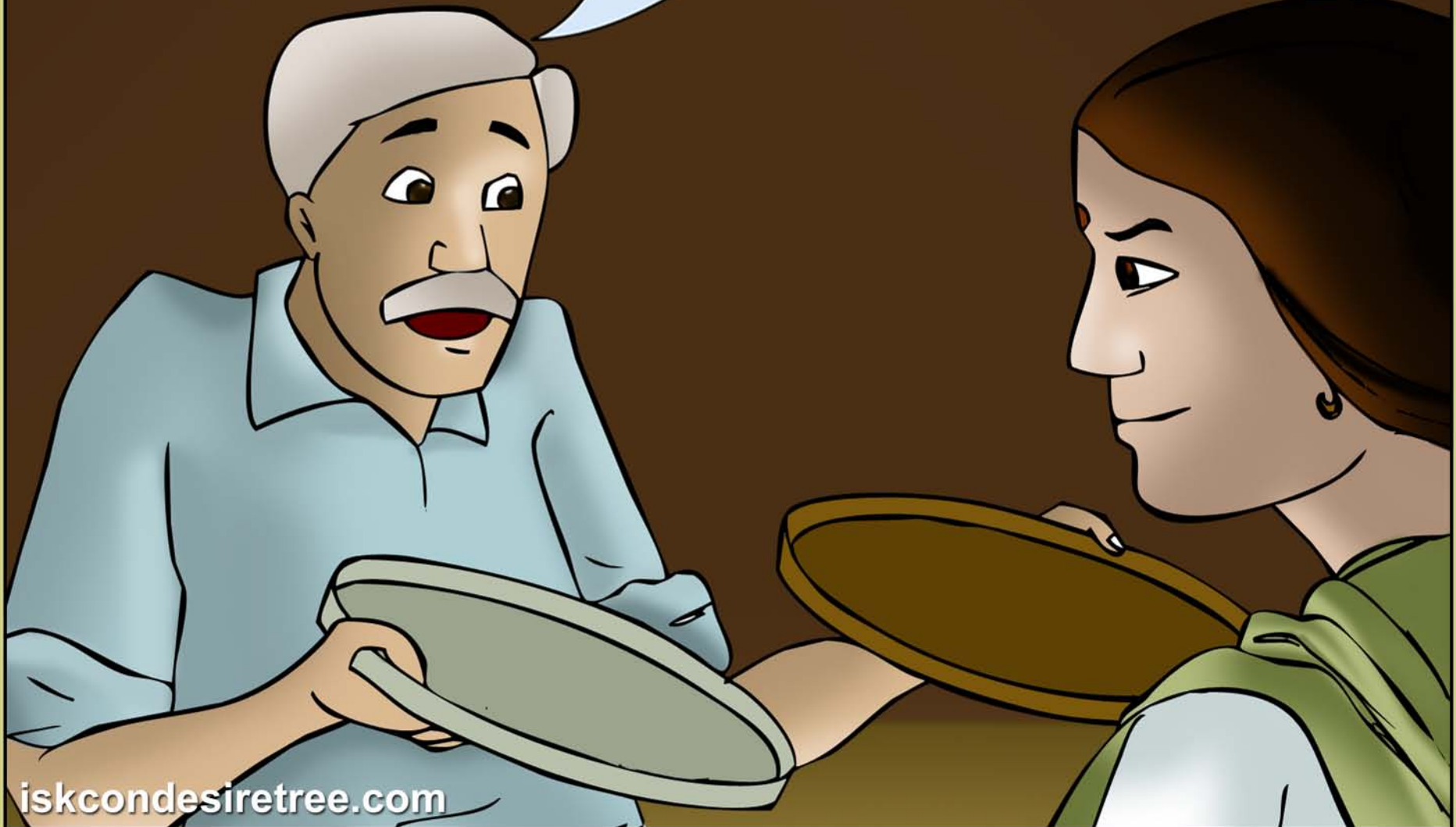
Now,
Please take from the
golden plate.


When he finished eating his dinner, the prostitute asked him:

**Was the food
in the silver plate tasting any
different from the one in
golden plate?**


Surprised, the man replied...

**These are exactly
the same preparations, only
served on different plates.**



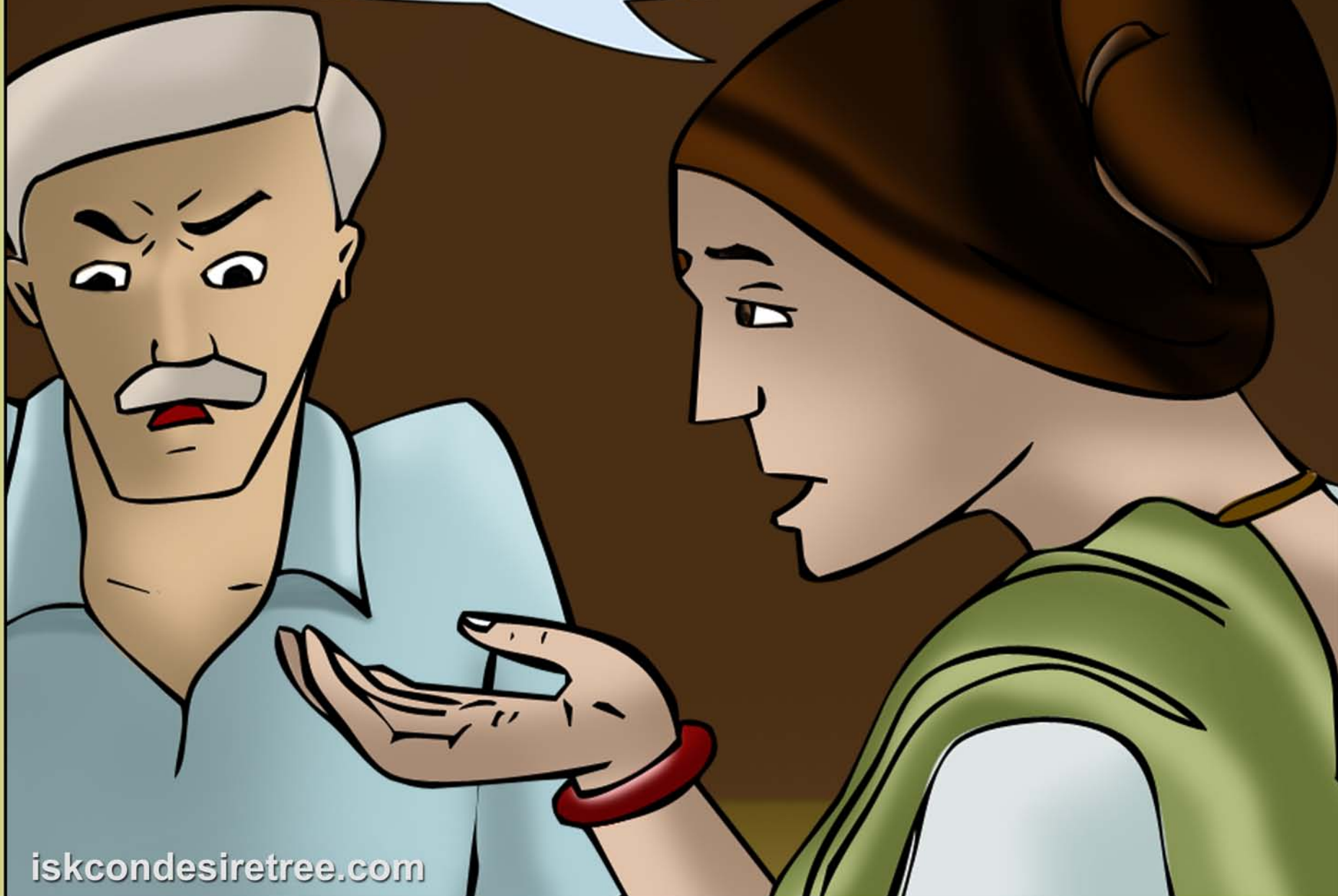


**How can it be
different you must be crazy to
ask such question.**



No, you are the crazy one!

You are thinking that there is more enjoyment in my body than there is in your wife's body, but actually the ingredients are the same. Only the covering is different.



MORAL :

Often we judge things externally. This material world is the perverted reflection of the spiritual world. we try to enjoy this world but the underlying reality is that the ingredients is same for everyone, ie; birth, death, oldage and disease.