

IN02003 Changu Narayana Pillar West Shaft Inscription (translation)

Regmi, D. R. *Inscriptions of Ancient Nepal*. Vol. 2. New Delhi: Abhinav Publ, 1983:3-4.

West Side I (c)

Skilled in the use of offensive and defensive arms, and by that way known for his bravery; his arms are majestic and graceful, his complexion imparting brightness, he himself looking cleansed and pure like the refined gold, his shoulders are broad, the blooming of the petals of the blue lotus rival his eyes; just like the love incarnate (*Kāmadeva*) in beautiful body, this king that causes the merry-making of the coquetry of loved ones; such was *Mānadeva*, and he was now saying:

“My father has embellished the earth with elegant pillars that he erected; I myself received the baptism of the *Kṣatriyas* in the practice of battles; I march to destroy my enemies towards the east very soon and the princes who will recognize my suzerain authority, I will reinstate them as vassal kings.”

It is in these terms that the king spoke to his mother, who was now free from her mourning and bent before her, “No, my mother, I cannot acquit myself from duties towards my father by stainless religious austerity but it is by the use of weapons, in which I am trained, through services to him that I shall be able to pay an honour to his holy feet.” His mother all joyful at his brave words gave him her consent.

The king then departed by the eastern road and there, all the disloyal princes in the provinces of the east had to prostrate themselves and bow their heads and letting fall festoons and diadems from their crowns, they came under his orders. Then fearless like a lion, furious and shaking his profuse mane, he proceeded towards the western lands.

Hearing that a mischievous feudatory was misbehaving he shook his head, touched his arm slowly which was like an elephants trunk and said proudly, “If he does not come to my call, he must, however, submit to my prowess. What need is there for a long discourse or use of many rods? I say it in brief:

“Today Oh! My maternal uncle, you who are dear to me, cross the *Gaṇḍakī* which is so large, rough and trembling so choppy as to vie with the ocean, with its dreadful whirlwinds and its undulating billows.

“Escorted by hundreds of excellent and caparisoned horses and elephants I follow your army in crossing the river.” His decision taken, the king kept his word and marched forward.

Having conquered the town of *Malla*, he returned to his country by gradual stages; and then with a happy heart he gave the *Brāhmaṇas* his inexhaustible riches. And queen *Rājyavatī* was thus spoken to with a firm voice by his virtuous son. “With a serene heart, Oh my mother, give you also devoutly this as an offering.” (The narrative is not complete. If the pillar is taken out in its full size, it might reveal many more untold stories.)