

Once upon a time, there was a sage called Deva Sharma who lived in a temple in the outskirts of a town.

He was widely known and respected. People would visit him, and offer him with gifts, food, money and garments to seek his blessings. The gifts that he did not need for himself, he would sell off, and got rich on the proceeds. And by nature, he trusted nobody.

He never trusted anybody. So, he kept all his money in a bag which he carried under his arm all the time. He would not part with the bag for a single moment.

One day, a swindler came across the sage, and he became sure that the bag this holy man was so possessive of, must surely contain a lot of treasure.

He planned on stealing the bag from the sage, but could not think of a way to do so. He thought, "I cannot make a hole in the temple wall, or jump over the high gates. But I can charm him with sweet words to accept me as his disciple."

He wondered, "If I can stay with him as a disciple, I can win his confidence. When I get an opportunity, I will rob him, and leave this place."

Having planned so, the swindler approached the holy man with reverence, "Om Namah Shivaya! (I bow before Lord Shiva, the God of Destruction)"