

On one occasion the Blessed One was walking on the highway between Ukkattha and Setavya. And it happened that the brahmin Dona was also walking along that road. Dona the brahmin saw on the footprints of the Blessed One the wheel marks with their thousand spokes, with felly and hub, perfect in every respect. Seeing these marks, he thought to himself: “It is truly wonderful, it is astonishing! These certainly cannot be the footprints of a human being!”

Meanwhile the Blessed One had left the highway and had sat down under a tree not far off, with legs crossed, keeping his body erect, having set up mindfulness before him. Then Dona the brahmin, following the Blessed One’s footprints, saw him seated under a tree, of pleasing appearance, inspiring confidence, with calm features and calm mind, in perfect composure and equipoise, controlled and restrained [like] a well-trained bull elephant.

Seeing the Blessed One, Dona approached him and said:

“Will your reverence become a deva?”

“No, brahmin, I shall not become a deva.”

“Then your reverence might become a gandhabba?”

“No, brahmin, I shall not become a gandhabba.”

“Then will your reverence become a yakkha?”

“No, brahmin, I shall not become a yakkha.”

“Then will your reverence become a human beings?”

“No, brahmin, I shall not become a human being.”

“Now when I asked whether your reverence will become a deva or a gandhabba or a yakkha or a human being, you replied, ‘I shall not.’ What, then, will your reverence become?”

“Brahmin, those taints whereby, if they were not abandoned, I might become a deva – these taints are abandoned by me, cut off at the root, made barren like palm-tree stumps, obliterated so that they are no more subject to arise in the future.

“Those taints whereby, if they were not abandoned, I might become a gandhabba, a yakkha or a human being – these taints are abandoned by me, cut off at the root, made barren like palm-tree stumps, obliterated so that they are no more subject to arise in the future.

“Just as, a blue, red or white lotus, though born and grown in the water, rises up and stands unsoiled by the water, so, brahmin, though born and grown in the world, I have overcome the world and dwell unsoiled by the world. Consider me, O Brahmin, a Buddha.”

Numerical Discourses of the Buddha

An anthology of Suttas from the Anguttara Nikāya

Selected and translated from the Pāli by Nyanaponika Thera and Bhikkhu Bodhi



▣ [Get Sutta delivered by email](#)