AN 1.331 — AN 1.331

English translation by Bhikkhu Candana.

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Text

331. “Bhikkhus, just as even a tiny bit of dried-up pus smells badly with its potent stench, in the same way, I declare that there is nothing in all of the realms that is worth cherishing or aspiring to be reborn for, even if for the tiny fraction of time it takes for you to snap your finger.