Snp 2.5 — Sūciloma Sutta — The Needle Haired Yakkha

English translation by Bhikkhu Candana.
Source: https://www.mindreleased.com/s/Sutta-Nipta_Bhikkhu_Candana_2026-2ggf.pdf#page=95
Source revision: ff6fa85ebaed058886a2d52b1b0d3e1b29eeca3b26995a23bff6a50066e84495
License: Candana — free distribution, unaltered contents — https://www.mindreleased.com/s/Sutta-Nipta_Bhikkhu_Candana_2026-2ggf.pdf
Copyright © Bhikkhu Candana, 2023. Free distribution only; do not alter the contents.
Layout: Physical wraps reflowed; proven printed folios omitted; source wording retained.
Review: Full automatic text-layer comparison plus visual samples; not a complete human proofread.

Text

Snp. 2.5

Sūciloma Sutta

“The Needle Haired Yakkha”

I have personally heard this.

At one time, The Blessed One resided in Gaya, near the stone carved platform within the domain of Sūciloma, the needle haired Yakkha.

Then, it so happened that both Sūciloma, the needle haired Yakkha, and his friend, Khara the Yakkha, were passing by the place where The Blessed One was staying.

Then, Khara the Yakkha turned to Sūciloma and exclaimed:

“Look, that’s a recluse!”

And Sūciloma the Yakkha replied:

“That’s not a recluse! He is a fake! A ‘wannabe’ recluse! Now wait here! I will prove to you, whether he is in fact a true recluse, or merely someone pretending to be one!”

Then, the demon Sūciloma approached The Blessed One and began leaning towards The Blessed One with his body.

But The Blessed One immediately pulled away from him, at which the Yakkha Sūciloma remarked to The Blessed One:

“Recluse, are you afraid of me?”

The Blessed One replied:

“No Friend, I do not fear you. However, your touch has the stench of evil.”

Sūciloma the Yakkha then said:

“I will ask you a question, recluse, and if you do not answer me, I will invade your mind and drive you insane, or split your heart apart, or grab you by the feet and fling you onto the farther shore of the river Ganges.”

The Blessed One then replied:

“Friend, in this world of Devas and humans, together with its Māras, Brahmās, the community of recluses and religious practitioners of all kinds, I do not see anyone who could be able to invade my mind or drive me insane, or split my heart apart, or grab me by the feet and fling me onto the farther shore of the river Ganges. Nevertheless, you may go ahead and ask whatever you wish to ask.”

Then, the Yakkha Sūciloma addressed The Blessed One in verse:

270. “Where do lust and hatred originate? Where do aversion, delight, and fear originate? From where do thinking and thoughts arise and pour out, much like when

small boys are set loose to play, gushing uncontrollably out, as if they were a flock of crows?”

271. And The Blessed One said:

“Lust and hatred originate here, in this body; the same is also true for aversion, delight, and fear. Thinking and thoughts too, arise and pour out from this very body, much like when small boys are set loose to play, gushing uncontrollably out, as if they were a flock of crows.

272. “Born out of self-adoration, they all arise from oneself, spreading out in all directions, longing to make contact with pleasurable experiences through the six sense doors; they reach out, much like the Māluvā creepers born from a banyan tree’s trunk, spreading everywhere within the forest.

273. “Now listen carefully, O! Yakkha! Those who know and understand this process as it really is, quickly apply themselves to abandon this tendency! And in doing so, they traverse this flood that is so difficult to cross; one that has never been crossed before. But by crossing it, they are never to be reborn again.”