

DARSH
CHITRA
KATHA
No. 80.

Bhadra Kundalakesha



THE PRESENT STORY IS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BUDDHIST NUN WHO LIVED IN THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. THE LIFE SKETCH OF THE NUN, NARRATED IN THIS BOOK, IS BASED ON MANUSCRIPTS ENTITLED—THERIGATHA AND PARAMATTHA DIPANI.

Our Next Title :

Jassa Singh Ahluwalia

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Bhadra Kundalakesha

LONG AGO, IN THE COURT OF RAJAGRIHA—



AMATYA,*
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

MAHARAJ,
BAD NEWS!

THE
ROYAL TREASURE
HAS TURNED
BLACK.

A Maharaj with a red turban and gold jewelry is speaking to a Purohita with a pink turban and a beard. The Maharaj is holding a golden key.

GO, IMMEDIATELY
CALL OUR PUROHITA*.

YES,
MAHARAJ.

The Maharaj is seated on a throne, looking towards the Purohita who is standing and speaking. A woman in a green sari is standing behind the Purohita.

PUROHITA,
OUR TREASURE HAS
TURNED BLACK.

I KNOW
MAHARAJ.

A close-up of the Maharaj's face as he asks a question. The Purohita is visible in the foreground, looking up at him.

WHAT IS
THE REASON ?

MAHARAJ,
MY WIFE HAS
DELIVERED
A SON.

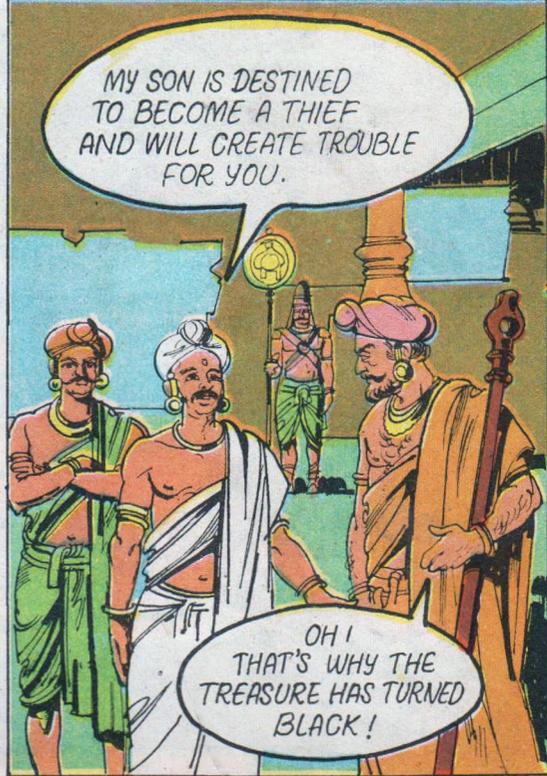
The Purohita is running towards the Maharaj, holding a golden key. In the background, a woman is carrying a large black pot on her head.

OH! THAT'S
GOOD NEWS!

NO!
NO MAHARAJ!

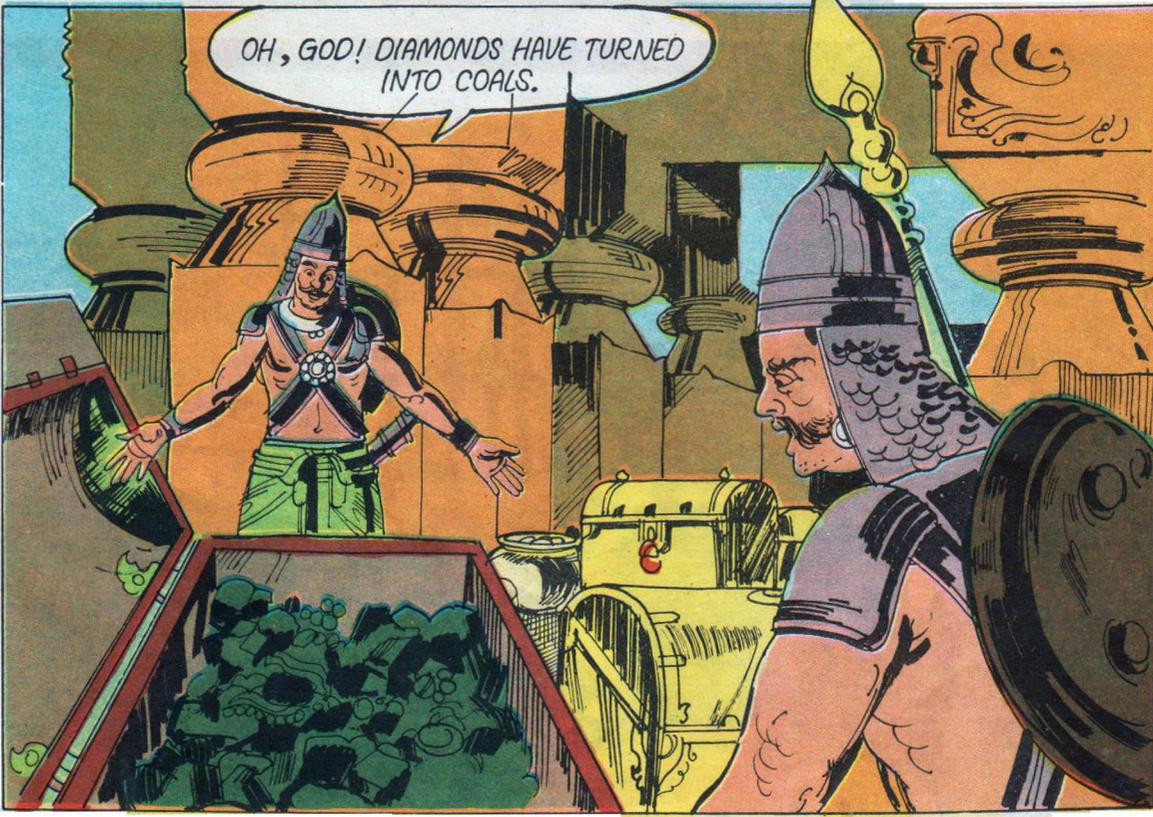


WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



MY SON IS DESTINED TO BECOME A THIEF AND WILL CREATE TROUBLE FOR YOU.

OH! THAT'S WHY THE TREASURE HAS TURNED BLACK!



OH, GOD! DIAMONDS HAVE TURNED INTO COALS.

TWENTY YEARS LATER, BHADRA, THE SIXTEEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER OF A SHRESTHI*, WAS STANDING IN HER BALCONY WITH HER MAID.



WHO IS THAT HANDSOME GUY.?

HE IS SHATRUKA, SON OF PUROHITA.



* SHRESTHI = WEALTHY MERCHANT





SHAMELESS THIEF.
LOOKING INTO YOUR
EYES!



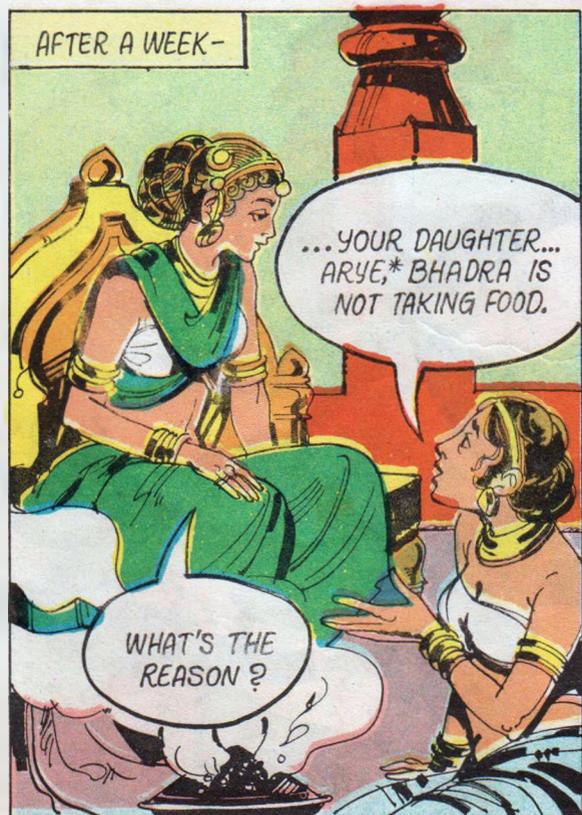
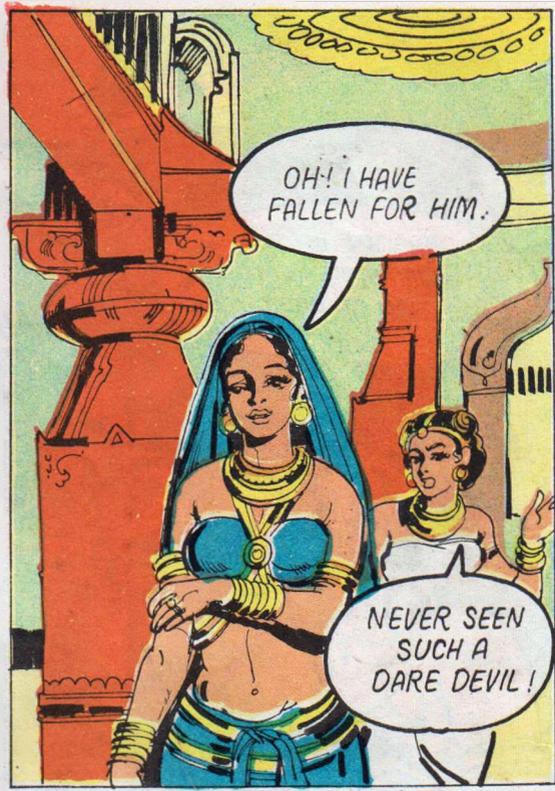
BHADRA, YOU
ARE A DAUGHTER OF
A SHRESTHI.

SO, WHAT ?

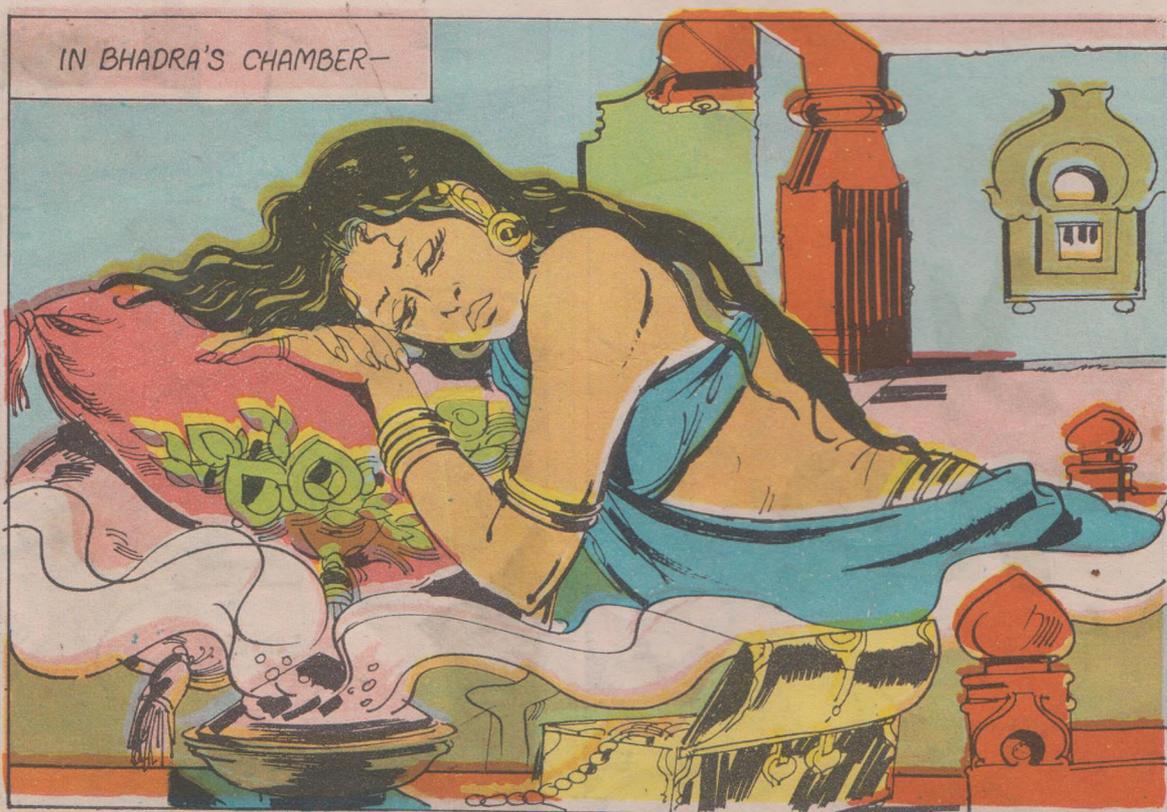


MAINTAIN
YOUR DIGNITY.

HUM--



* ARYE = NOBLE LADY, MAIDEN



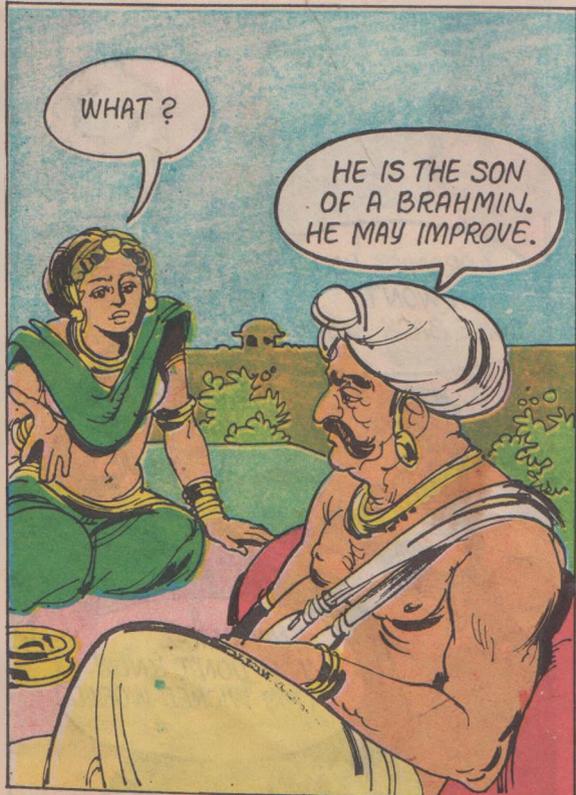


BHADRA'S PARENTS DISCUSSED THE PROBLEM.



SHE IS DETERMINED.

IF THAT IS SO, LET HER MARRY.



WHAT ?

HE IS THE SON OF A BRAHMIN. HE MAY IMPROVE.



BUT, HE IS SENTENCED TO DEATH.

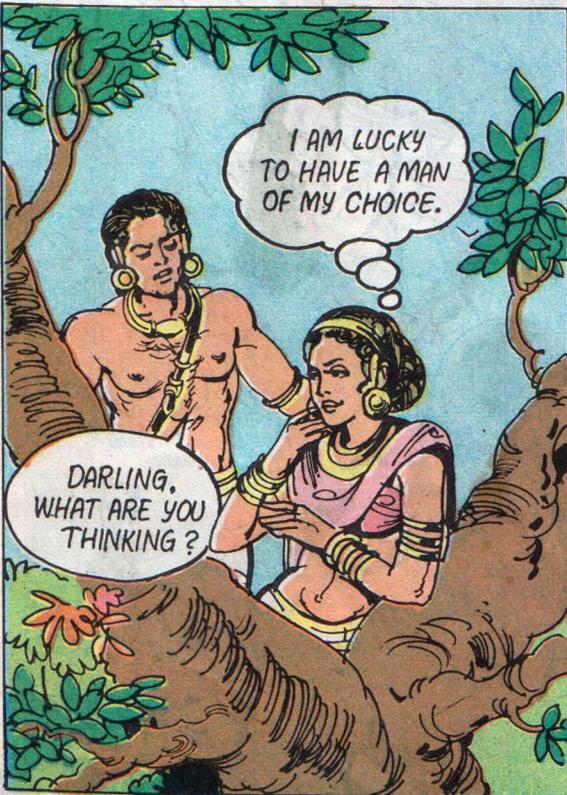
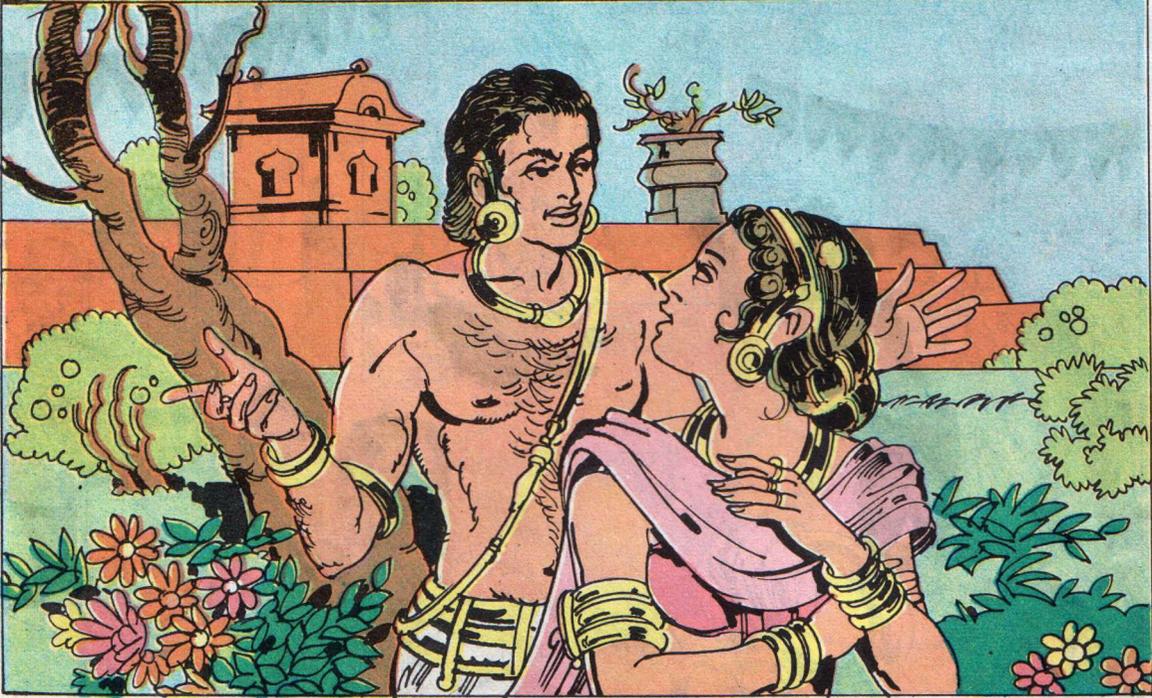
DON'T WORRY, I WILL MANAGE.

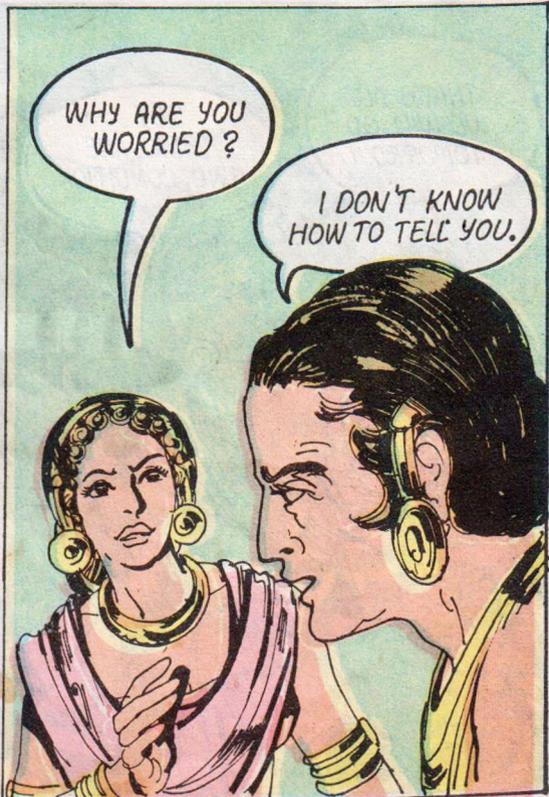
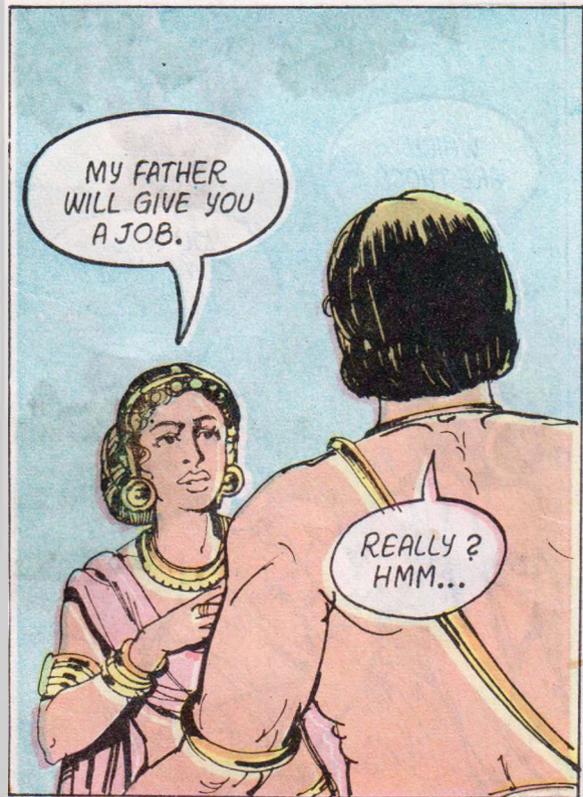
I WILL BRIBE THE OFFICER.

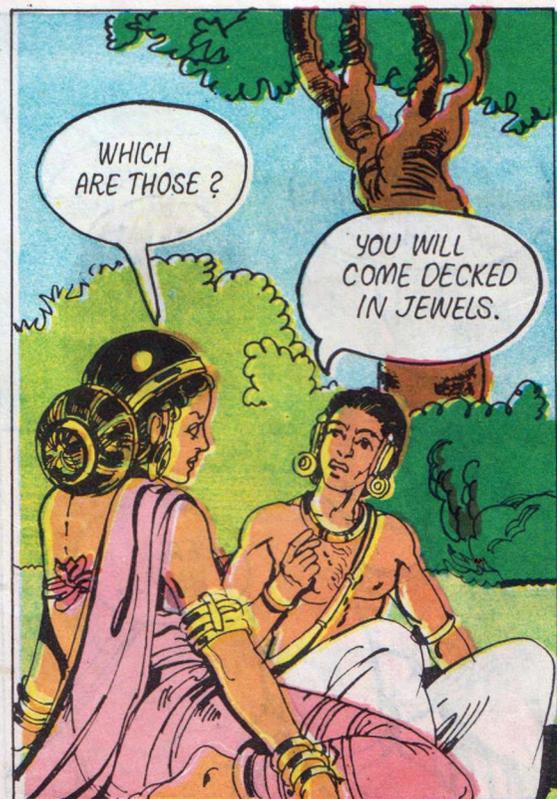
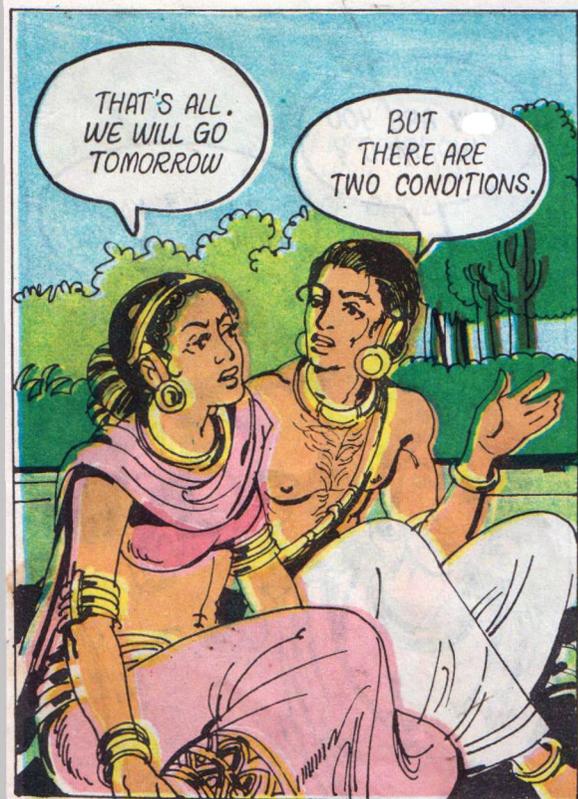
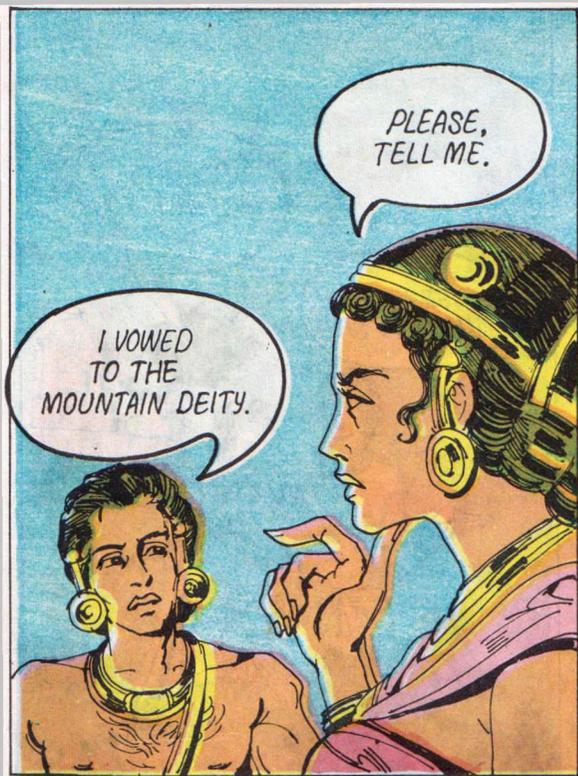
THUS BHADRA GOT MARRIED TO SHATRUKA.



AFTER MARRIAGE, THE NEW COUPLE WERE STROLLING IN THE GARDEN.







BHADRA WAS CONFUSED.

SECONDLY,
YOU WILL CLIMB
ALONE WITH ME.

AS YOU
PLEASE.

WON'T YOU
COME, DARLING ?

YES,
I WILL.

NEXT DAY, AT THE FOOT OF MOUNTAIN—

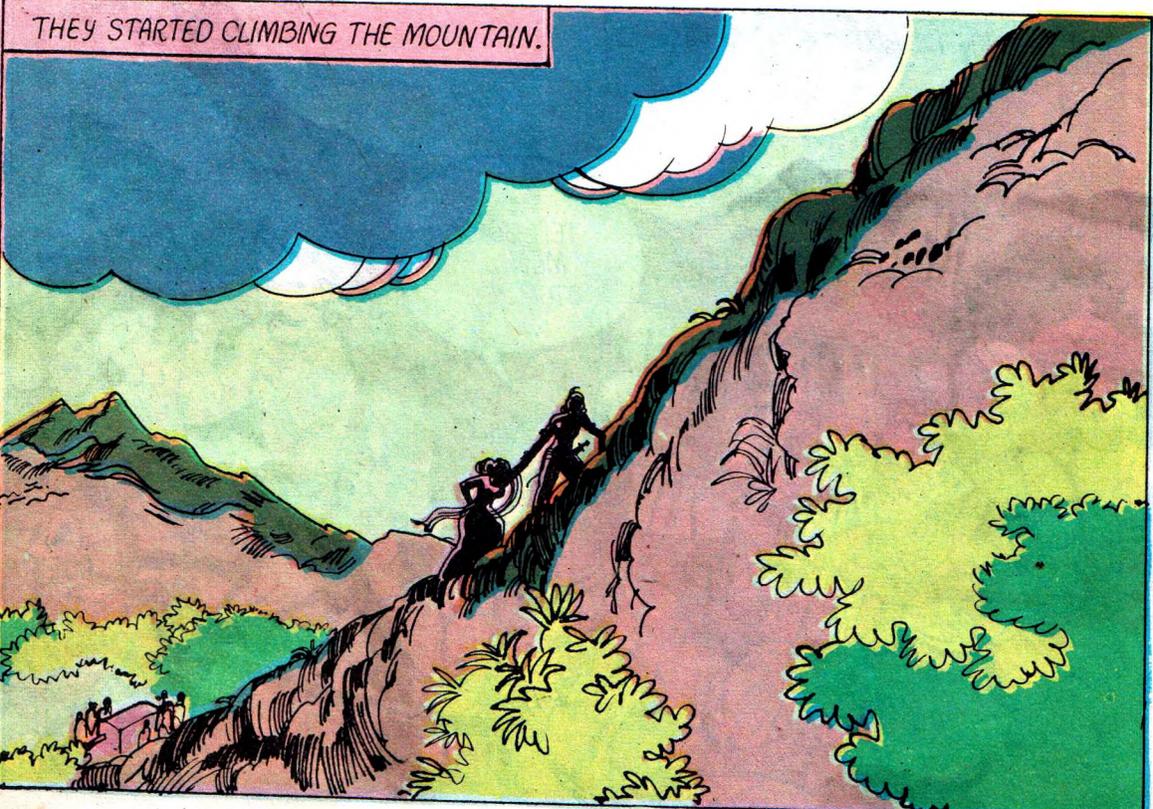
TELL YOUR
MEN TO
STOP HERE.



WE TWO WILL CLIMB UP.

YES, DARLING.

WE WILL WAIT FOR YOU, MASTER.



THEY STARTED CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.

SOON THEY CLIMBED TO THE TOP.

ISN'T IT A PLEASURE TO CLIMB ?

HMM....

WHERE IS THE TEMPLE ?
WHERE IS THE GODDESS ?

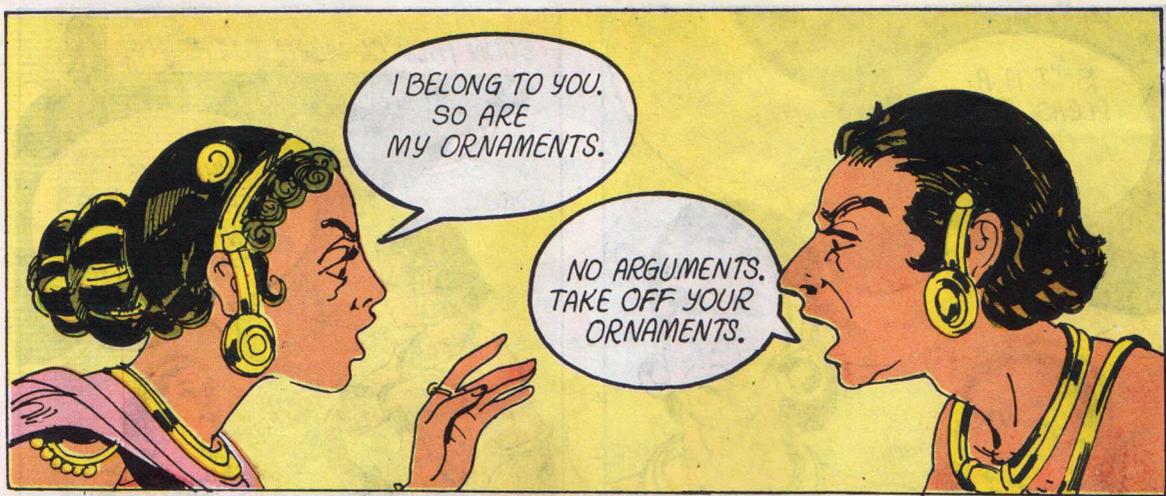
YOU FOOL,
DO YOU THINK
I HAVE COME TO
MAKE OFFERINGS ?

DEAR ONE,
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ?

I HAVE
COME TO GET
YOUR ORNAMENTS.

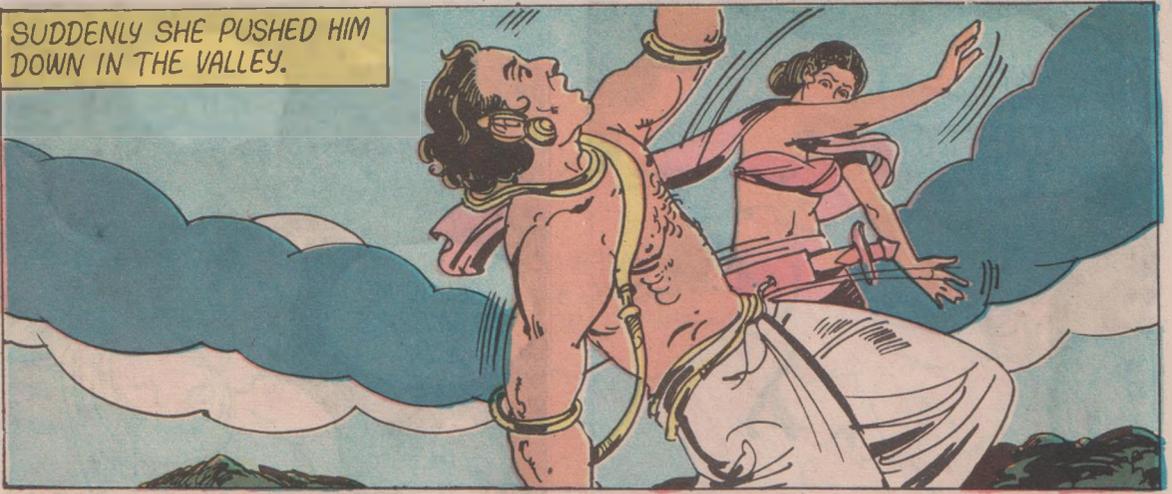
DON'T YOU
LOVE ME ?

I LOVE YOUR
ORNAMENTS.

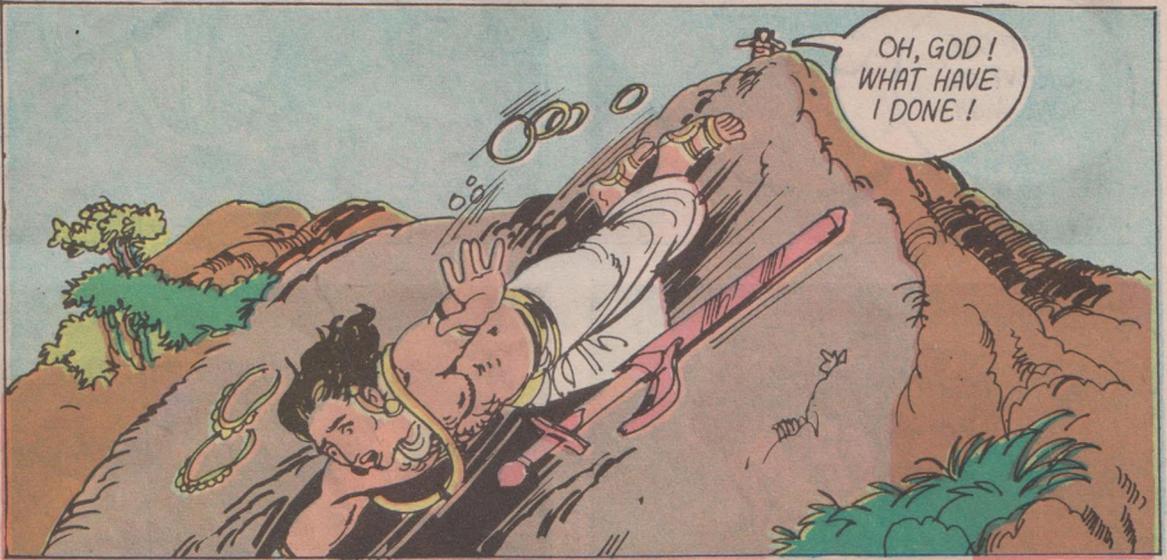




SUDDENLY SHE PUSHED HIM
DOWN IN THE VALLEY.



OH, GOD!
WHAT HAVE
I DONE!



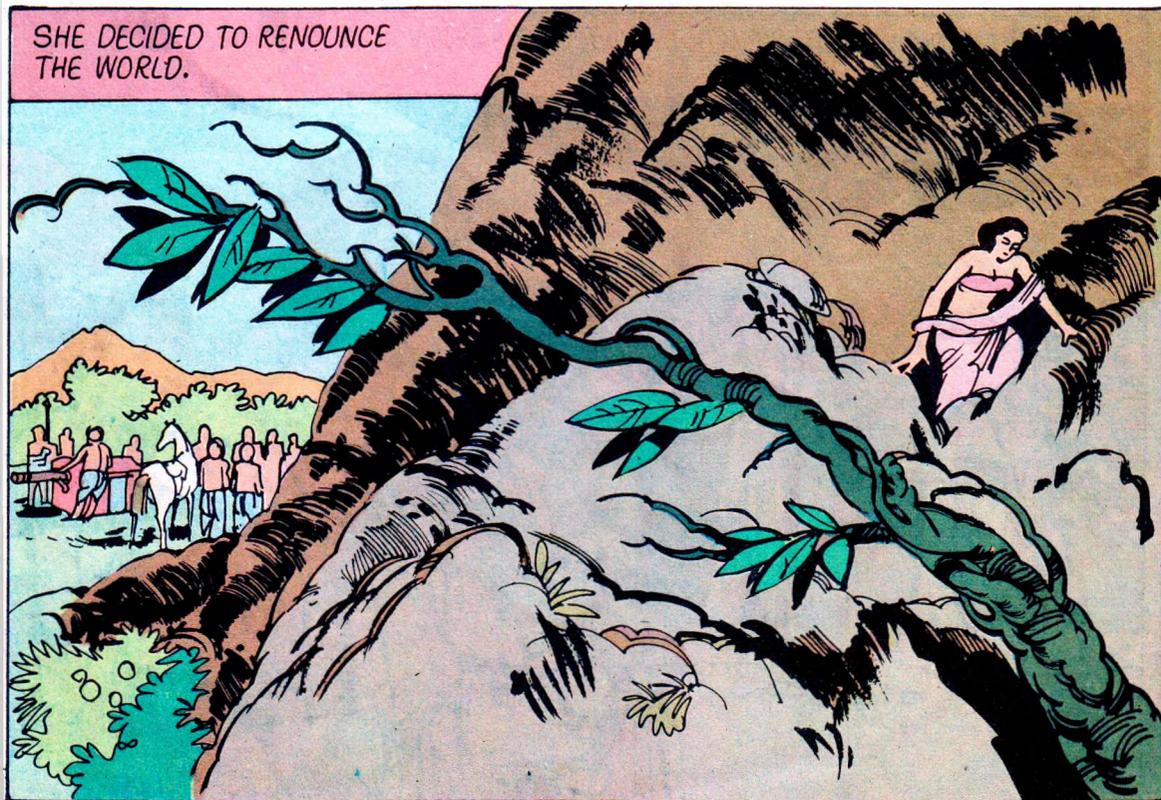
WELL DONE
BHADRA!

WHO
IS IT?



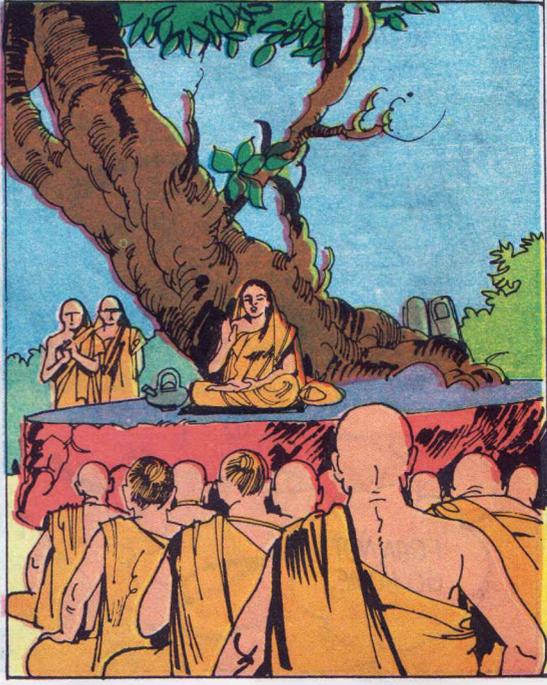
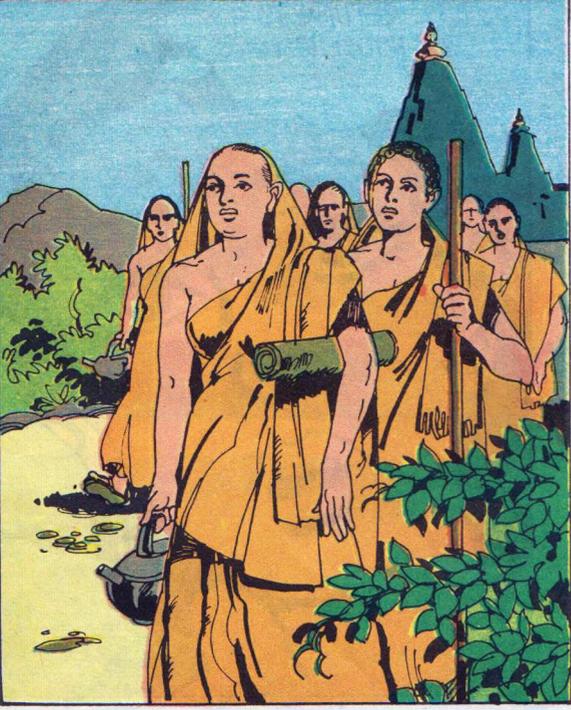
I AM
VANADEVATA.*
YOU TAUGHT A
GOOD LESSON
TO THE
WICKED ONE.





AND ENTERED THE ORDER OF THE NUNS.

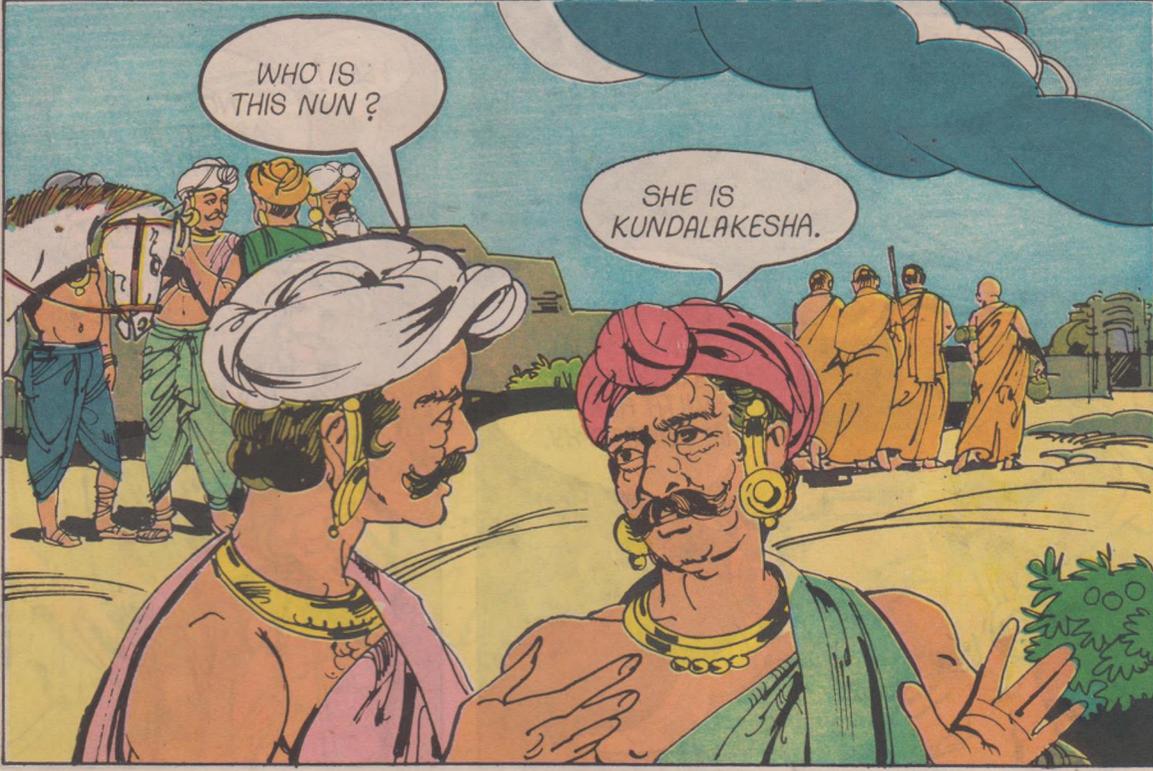
SOON HER HAIR GREW IN CURLS AND PEOPLE CALLED HER KUNDALAKESHA*.



SHE WENT FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, CARRYING A BRANCH OF A TREE IN HER HAND.



* KUNDALAKESHA = CURLY HAIRE D ONE



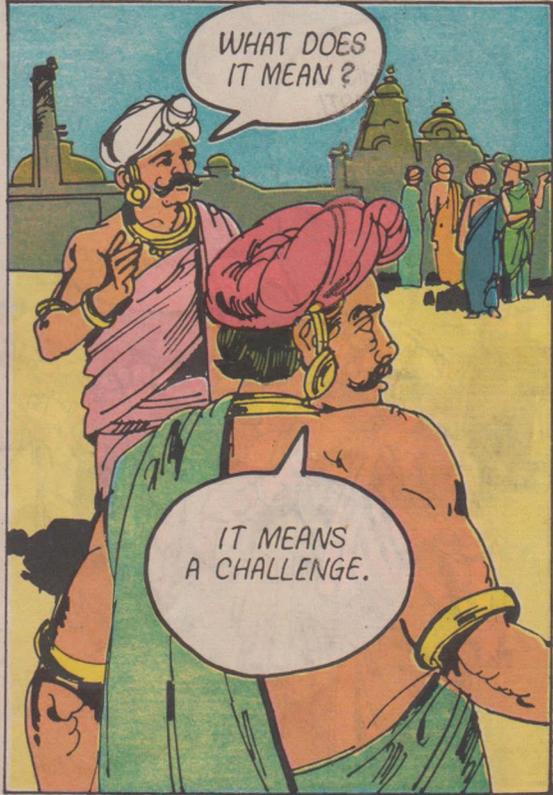
WHO IS THIS NUN ?

SHE IS KUNDALAKESHA.



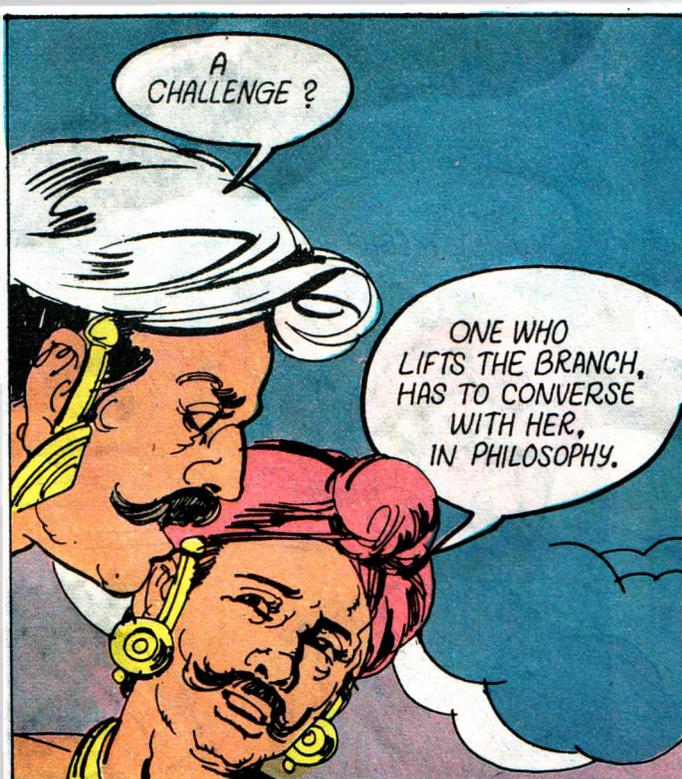
WHY IS SHE CARRYING THE BRANCH ?

SHE SETS A BRANCH IN A HEAP OF SAND AT THE CITY GATE.



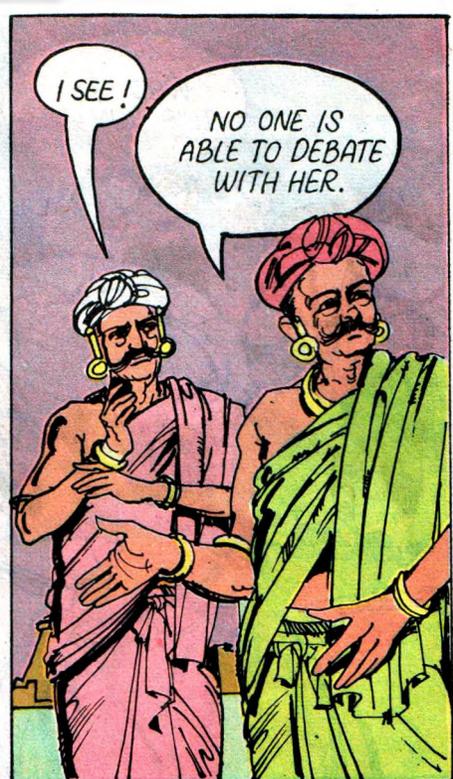
WHAT DOES IT MEAN ?

IT MEANS A CHALLENGE.



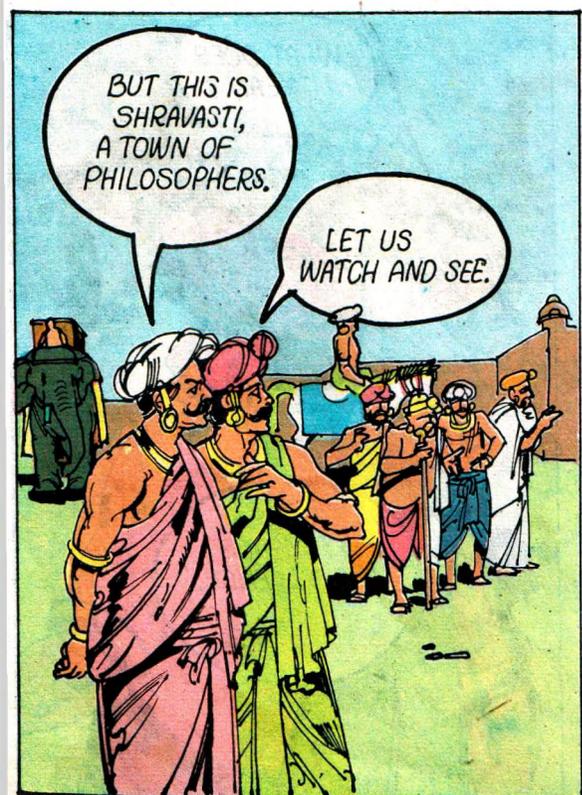
A CHALLENGE ?

ONE WHO LIFTS THE BRANCH, HAS TO CONVERSE WITH HER, IN PHILOSOPHY.



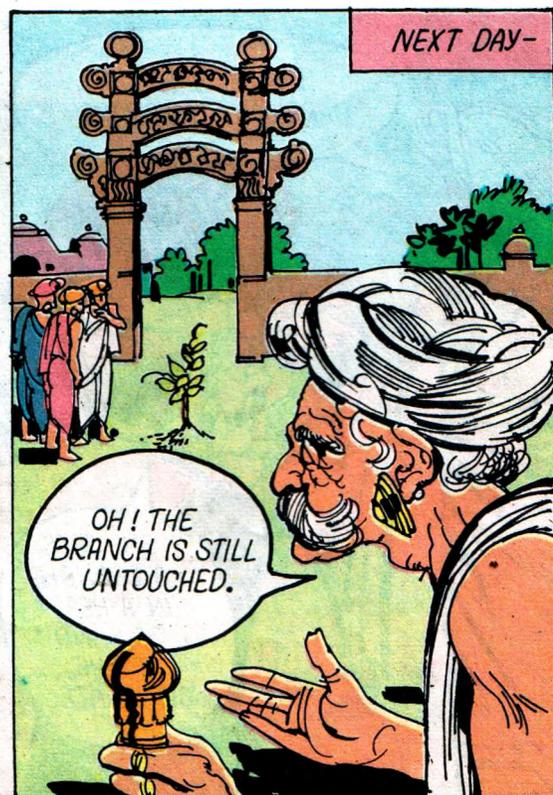
I SEE!

NO ONE IS ABLE TO DEBATE WITH HER.



BUT THIS IS SHRAVASTI, A TOWN OF PHILOSOPHERS.

LET US WATCH AND SEE.



NEXT DAY-

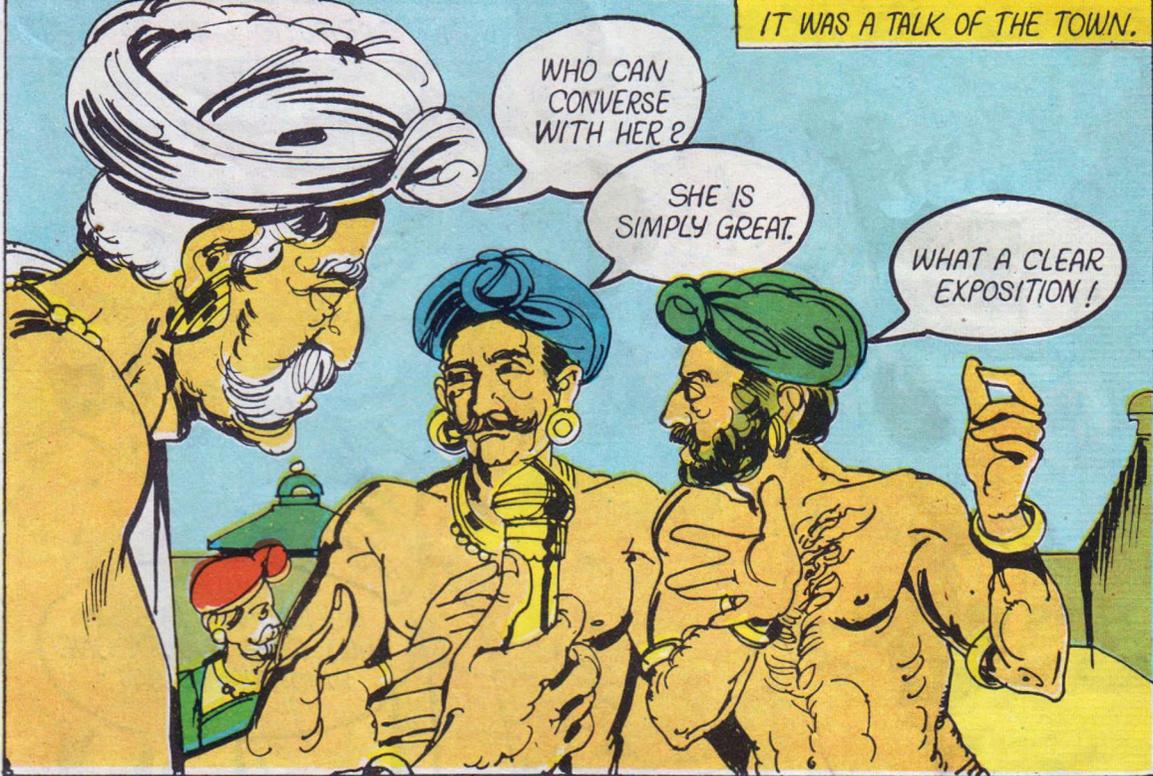
OH! THE BRANCH IS STILL UNTOUCHED.

IT WAS A TALK OF THE TOWN.

WHO CAN CONVERSE WITH HER?

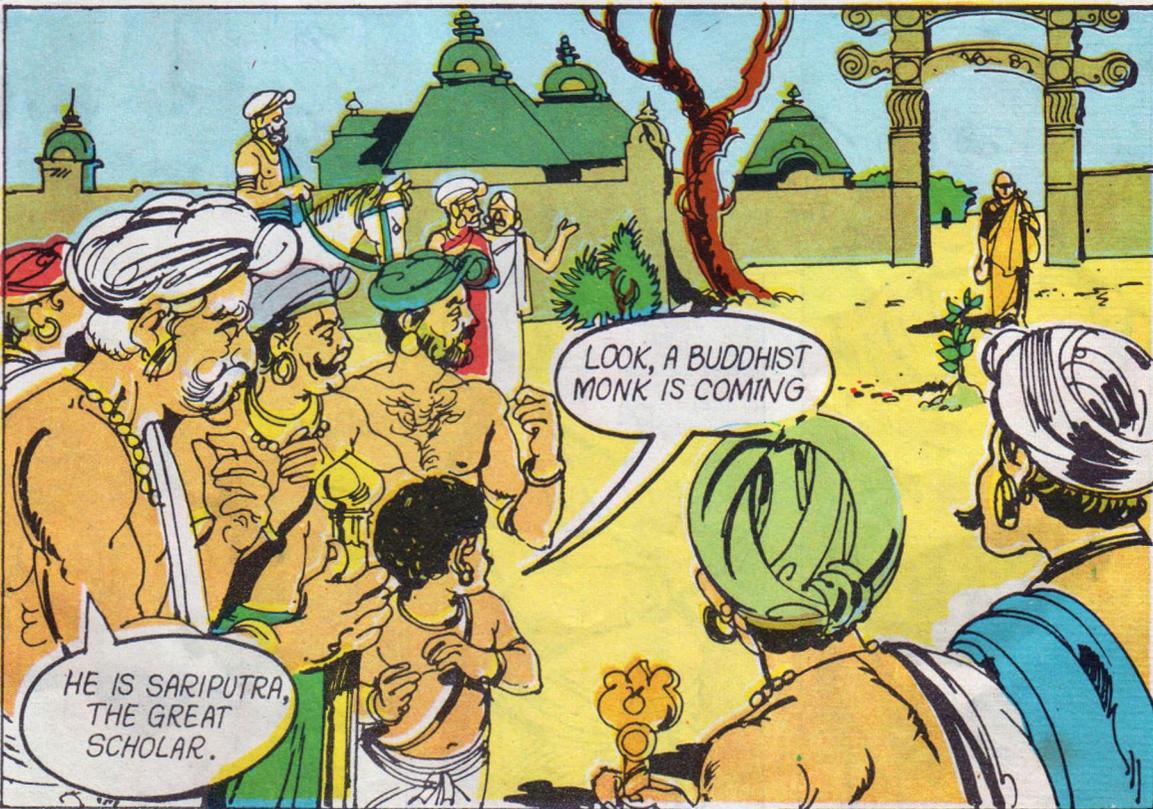
SHE IS SIMPLY GREAT.

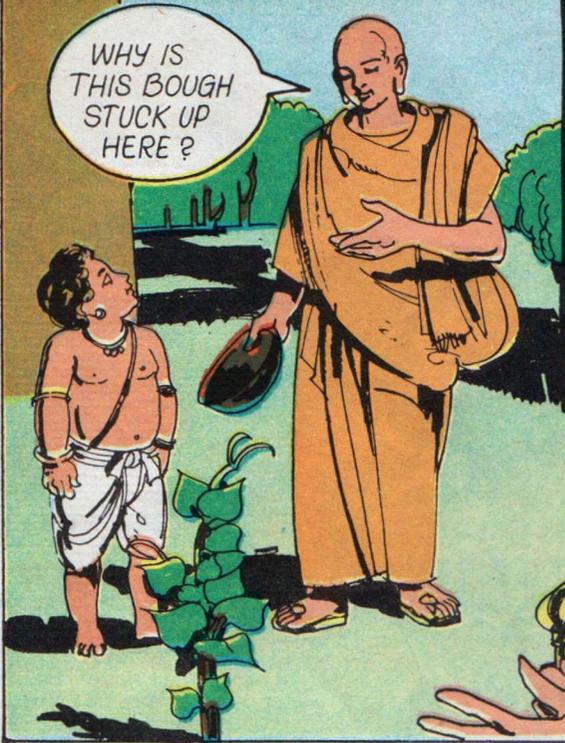
WHAT A CLEAR EXPOSITION!



LOOK, A BUDDHIST MONK IS COMING

HE IS SARIPUTRA, THE GREAT SCHOLAR.





WHY IS THIS BOUGH STUCK UP HERE ?



NUN KUNDALAKESHA WILL DEBATE WITH ONE WHO TRAMPLES IT.



OH BOY, TRAMPLE THE BOUGH.



ALL RIGHT, BHADANTA.*



* BHADANTA = REVERED ONE

NEXT DAY A MEETING WAS HELD.



LET
NUN KUNDALAKESHA
ASK QUESTIONS TO
BHADANTA.

VERY WELL,
SIR.

THE CONVERSATION WENT ON FOR HOURS.

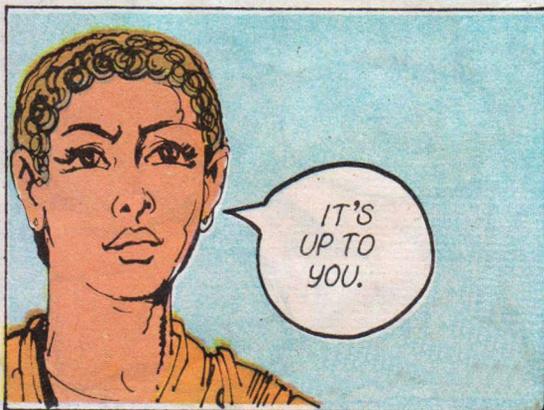


ANY MORE
QUESTIONS ?

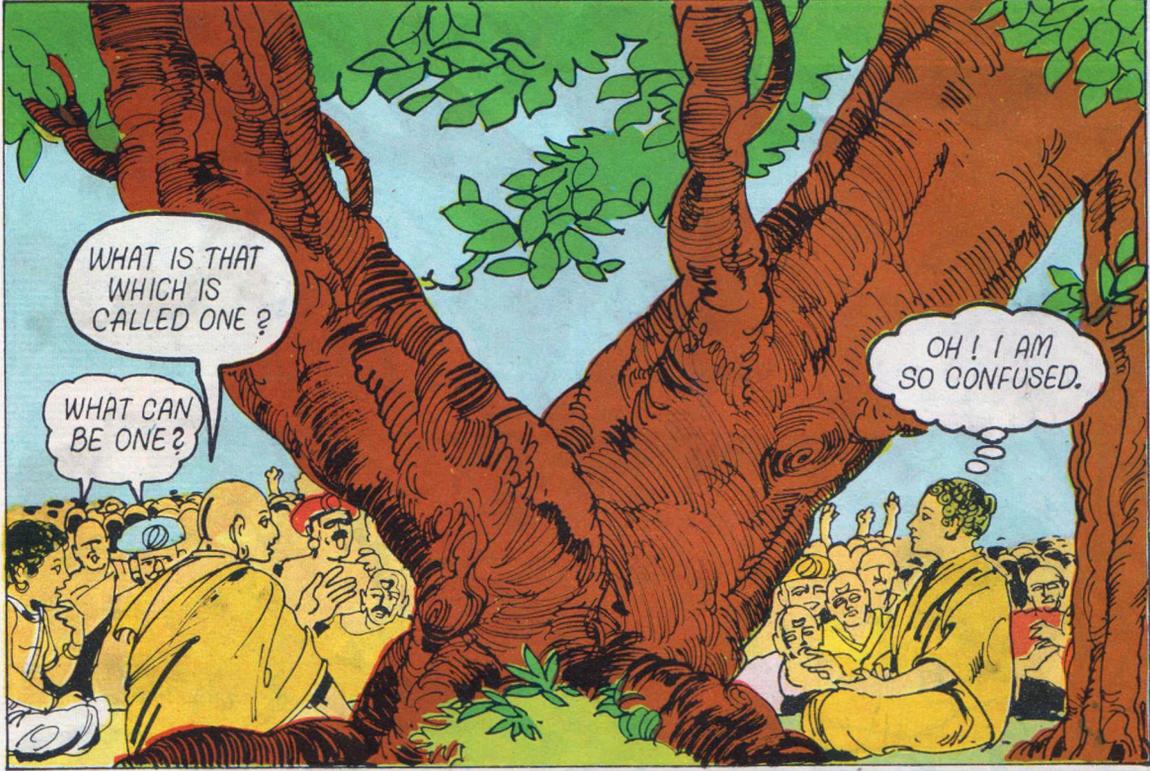
NO, LET HIM
ASK ME.



I SHALL
ASK ONLY
ONE
QUESTION.



IT'S
UP TO
YOU.



WHAT IS THAT WHICH IS CALLED ONE ?

WHAT CAN BE ONE ?

OH ! I AM SO CONFUSED.

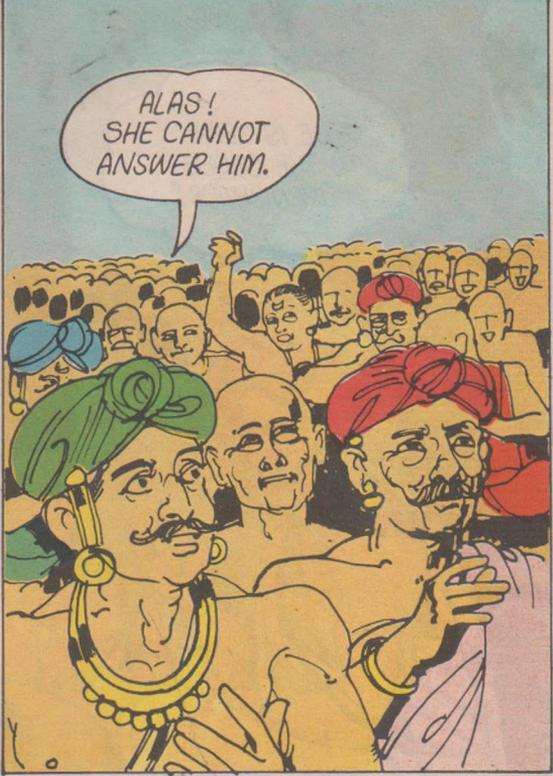


NUN, WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER ?

I KNOW NOT, SIR.



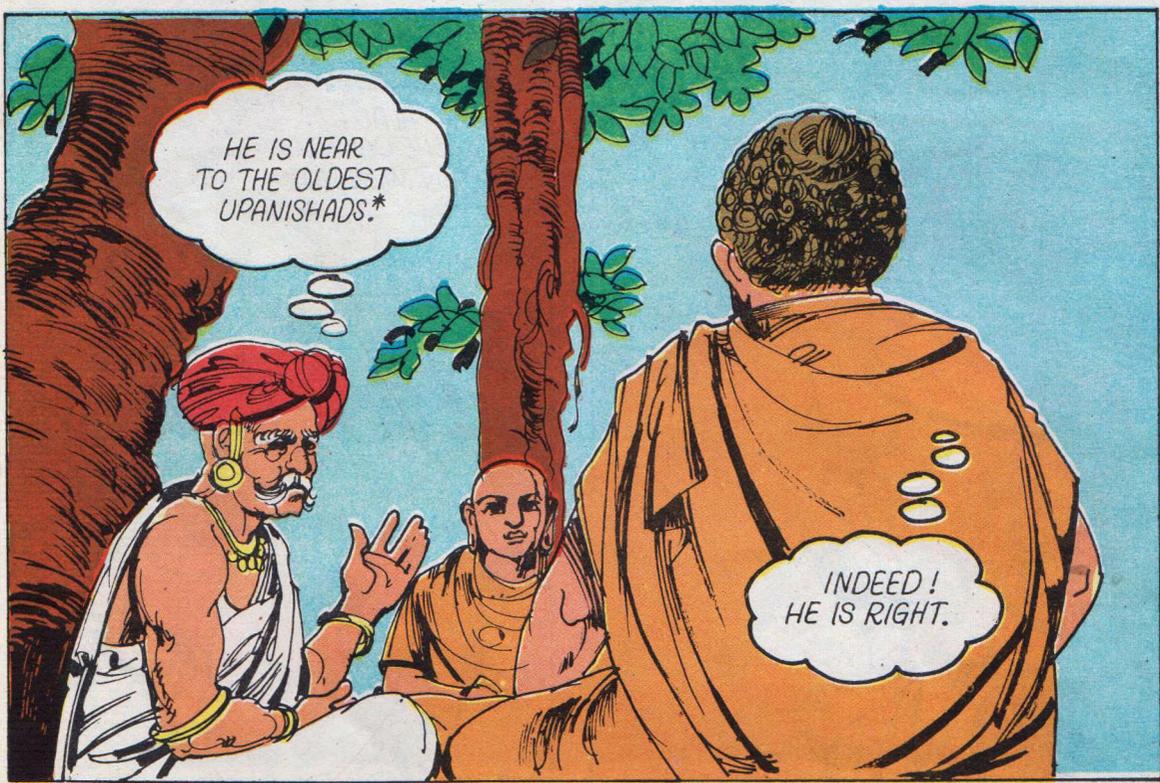
BHADANTA,
YOU GIVE THE
ANSWER.



ALAS!
SHE CANNOT
ANSWER HIM.

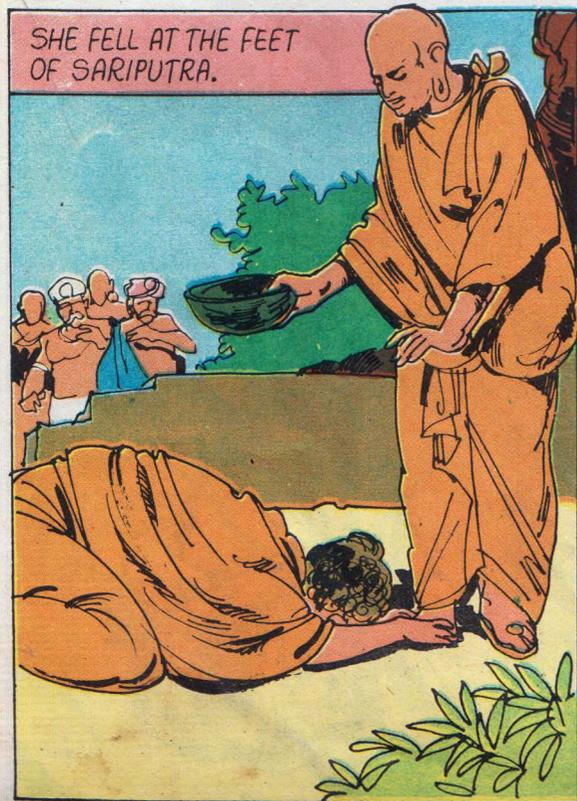


'PRADNYA', ALL THINGS
BECOME ONE IN
PRADNYA WHICH IS
PURE KNOWLEDGE.



HE IS NEAR TO THE OLDEST UPANISHADS.*

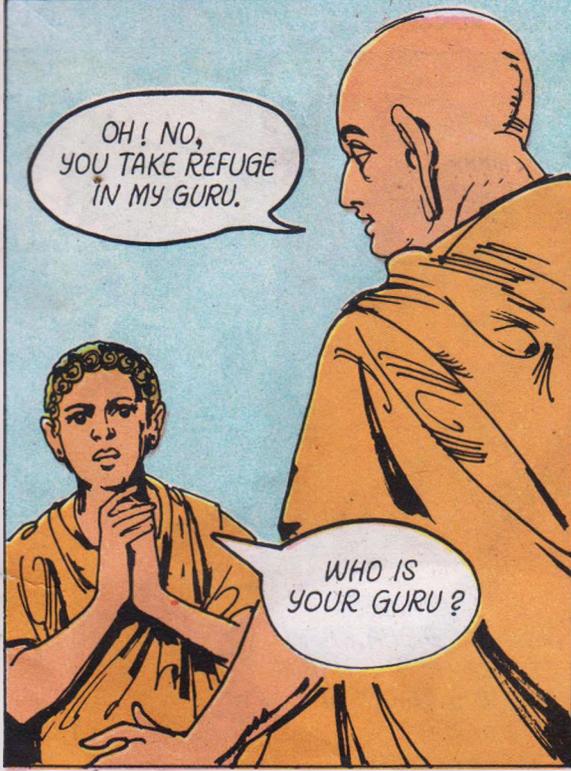
INDEED!
HE IS RIGHT.



SHE FELL AT THE FEET OF SARIPUTRA.

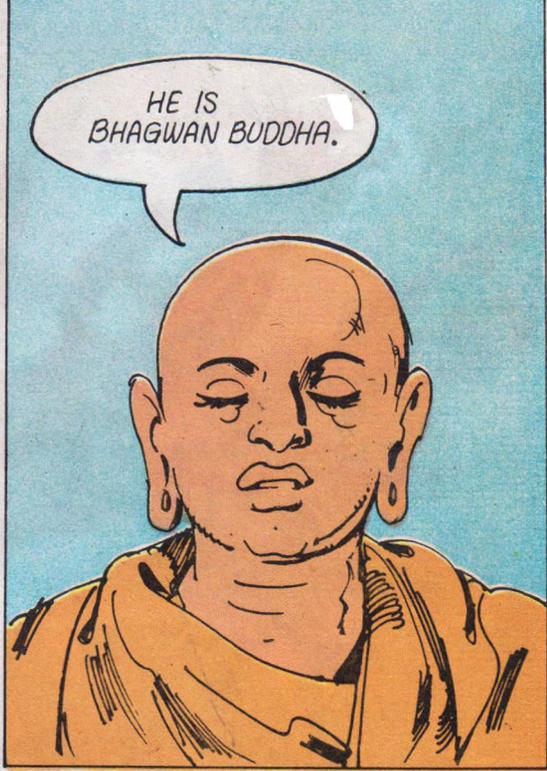


BHADANTA,
ACCEPT ME AS
YOUR DISCIPLE.



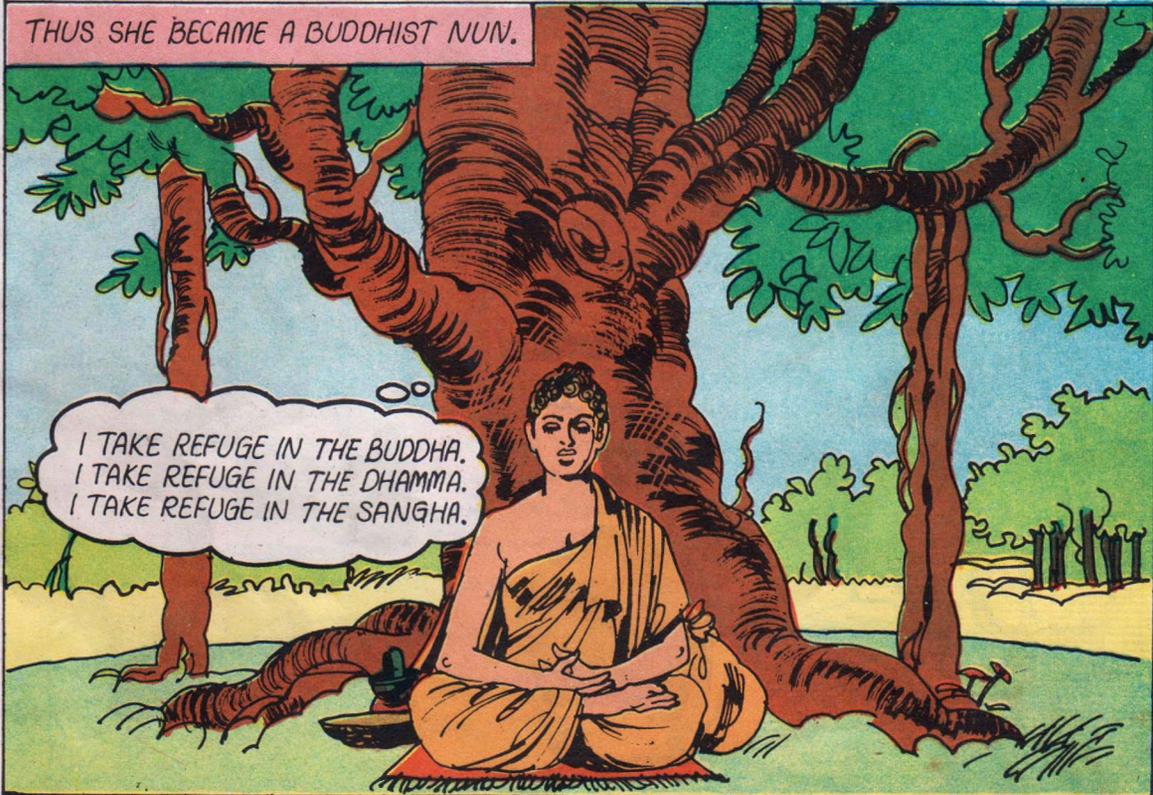
OH! NO,
YOU TAKE REFUGE
IN MY GURU.

WHO IS
YOUR GURU?



HE IS
BHAGWAN BUDDHA.

THUS SHE BECAME A BUDDHIST NUN.



I TAKE REFUGE IN THE BUDDHA.
I TAKE REFUGE IN THE DHAMMA.
I TAKE REFUGE IN THE SANGHA.

SHE WANDERED FROM PLACE TO PLACE AND IN HER VERSES SHE SAID:-

SISTERS, I WANDERED
FROM ANGA, MAGADHA, KASHI
KOSHAL PREACHING THE NORMS
AND REPAYING THE DEBT
TO SOCIETY.





Kerala's Kaikottikali is a dance performed during the festival of Onam, in which the dancers move in a circle of flowers, with rhythmic hand movements symbolising the emergence of shoots and leaves. Handclaps accompany the graceful foot movements to the beat of popular melodies.

The Koli dance of Maharashtra is the folk dance of coastal fisher-folk and tells the story of their trials and tribulations, the swaying back and forth of the waves, and the brooding wait for the catch to be brought home. In two parallel rows they dance their laborious lives in mime; the arduous rowing against the tide, the waves breaking on the shore, the culminating joyousness of a good catch, as the beat quickens and the dancers break apart to fall, exhausted but happy, to the ground.

ARGUS CENTRAL ENTERPRISES (PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT)

OUR NEXT TITLES:

No 6 THE BATTLE OF WITS No 7 AHALYA No 8 BHADRA (KUNDALAKESH)
No 9 THE SONS OF BHARADWAJA AND RAIBHYA

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