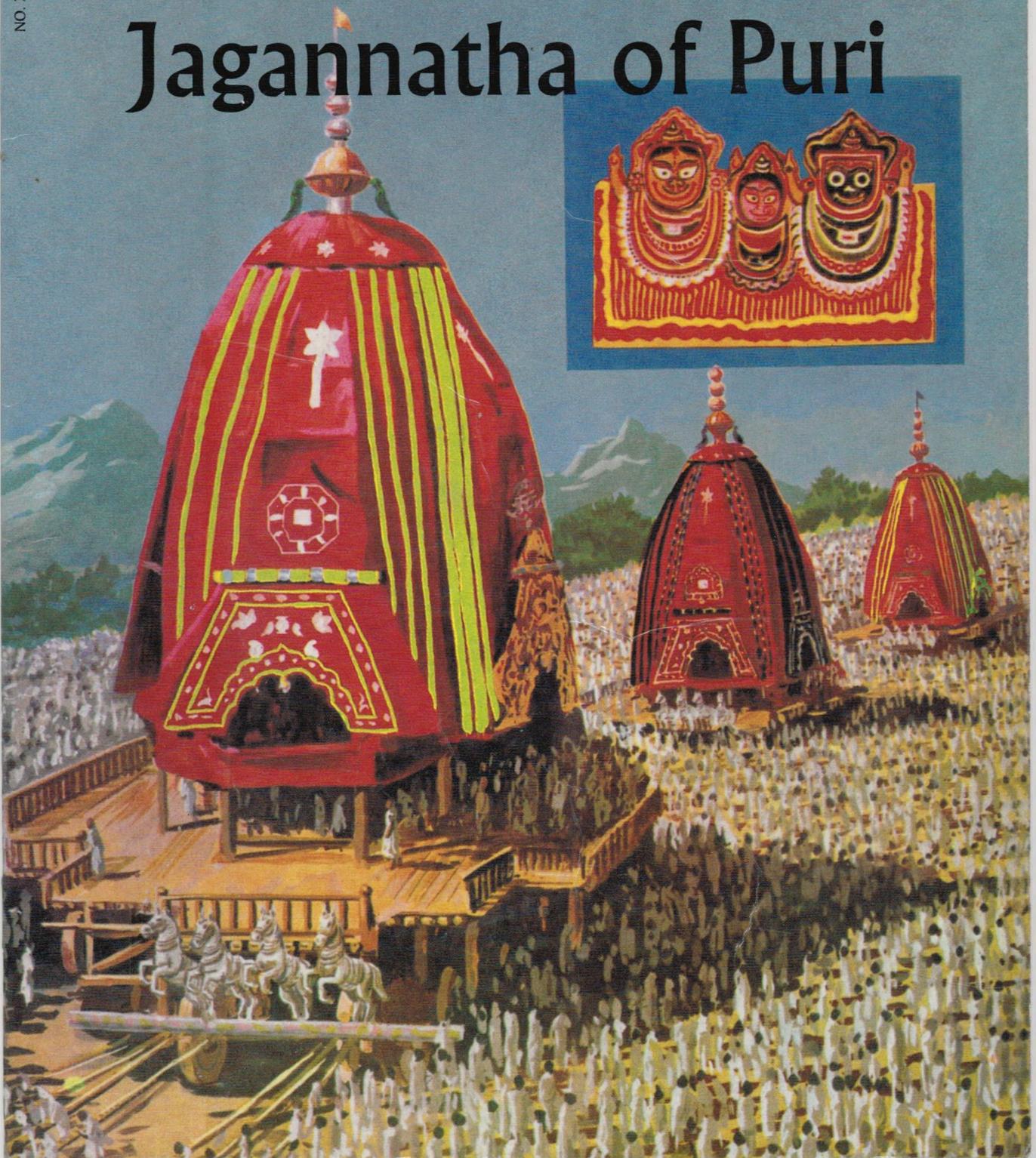
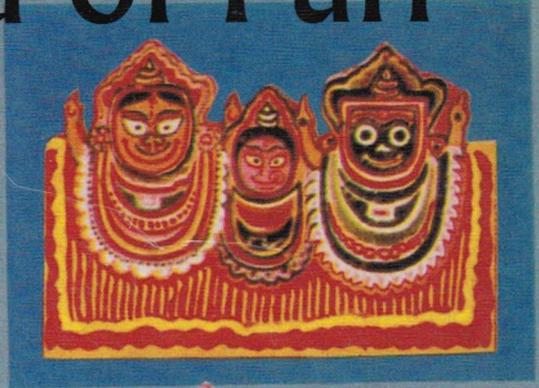


Jagannatha of Puri





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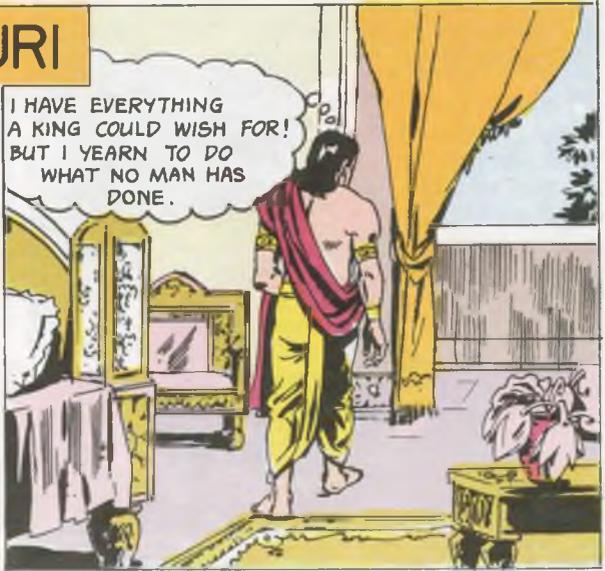
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JAGANNATHA OF PURI

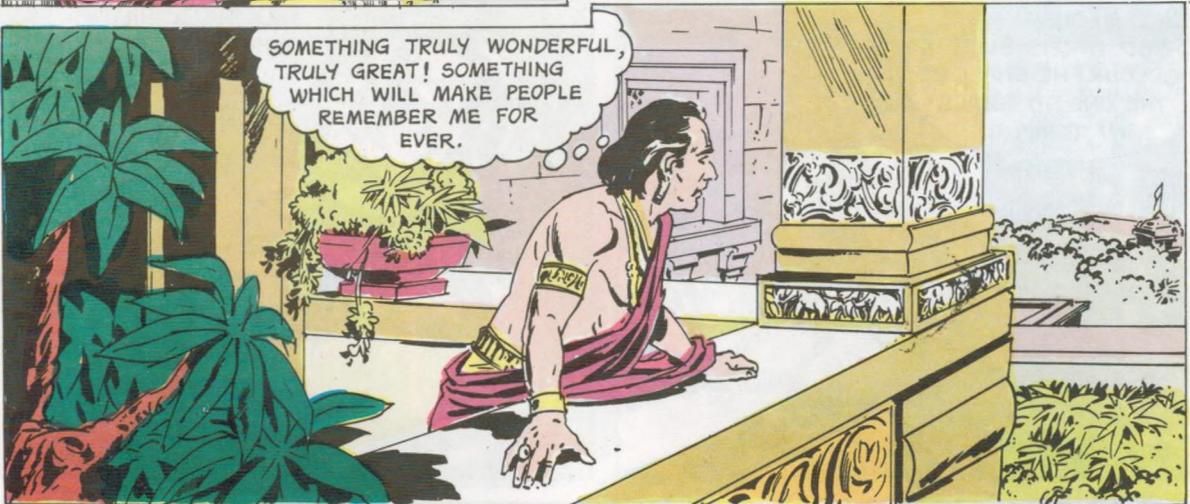
LONG LONG AGO, KING INDRADYUMNA OF THE SUN DYNASTY RULED OVER UTKAL*. HE HAD CONQUERED MANY LANDS AND WON GREAT FAME, BUT STILL HE WAS NOT HAPPY.



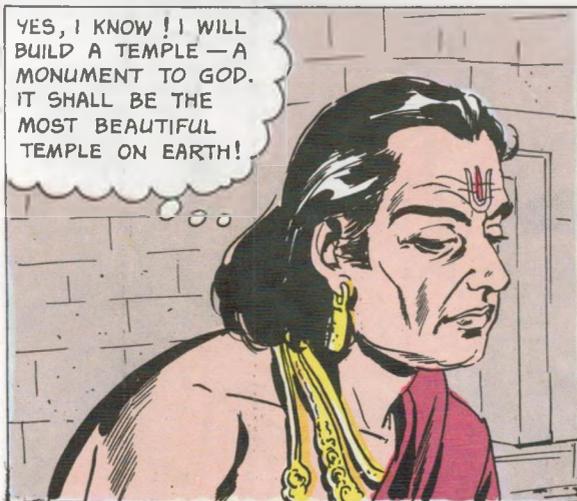
I HAVE EVERYTHING A KING COULD WISH FOR! BUT I YEARN TO DO WHAT NO MAN HAS DONE.



SOMETHING TRULY WONDERFUL, TRULY GREAT! SOMETHING WHICH WILL MAKE PEOPLE REMEMBER ME FOR EVER.



YES, I KNOW! I WILL BUILD A TEMPLE — A MONUMENT TO GOD. IT SHALL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE ON EARTH!



BUT MY BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE MUST HAVE AN EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL IMAGE. WHERE WILL I GET SUCH AN IMAGE?



* ANCIENT ORISSA

HIS QUESTION WAS ANSWERED THAT NIGHT IN A DREAM.

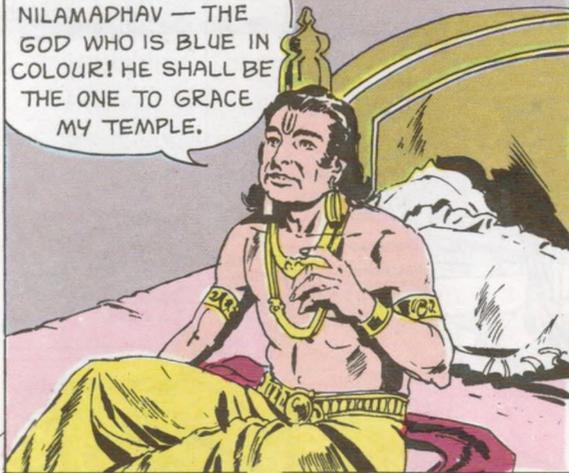
O KING, BEHOLD THIS HILL! IT IS NAMED NILACHALA. ON THIS HILL IS A CAVE.



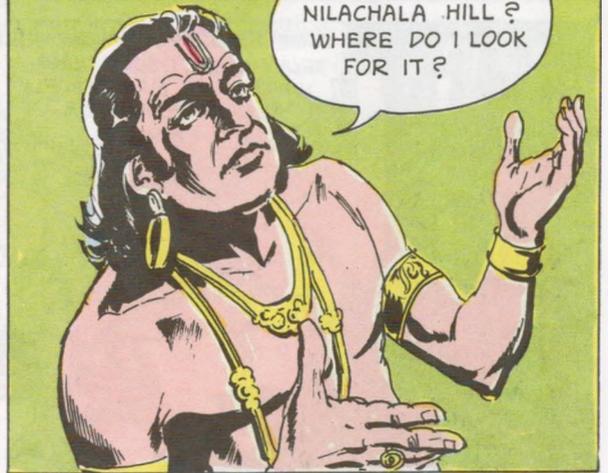
INSIDE THE CAVE YOU WILL FIND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IMAGE EVER SEEN OF NILAMADHAV — THE BLUE-COLOURED KRISHNA.



I'VE FOUND HIM! NILAMADHAV — THE GOD WHO IS BLUE IN COLOUR! HE SHALL BE THE ONE TO GRACE MY TEMPLE.



BUT... WHERE IS NILACHALA HILL? WHERE DO I LOOK FOR IT?



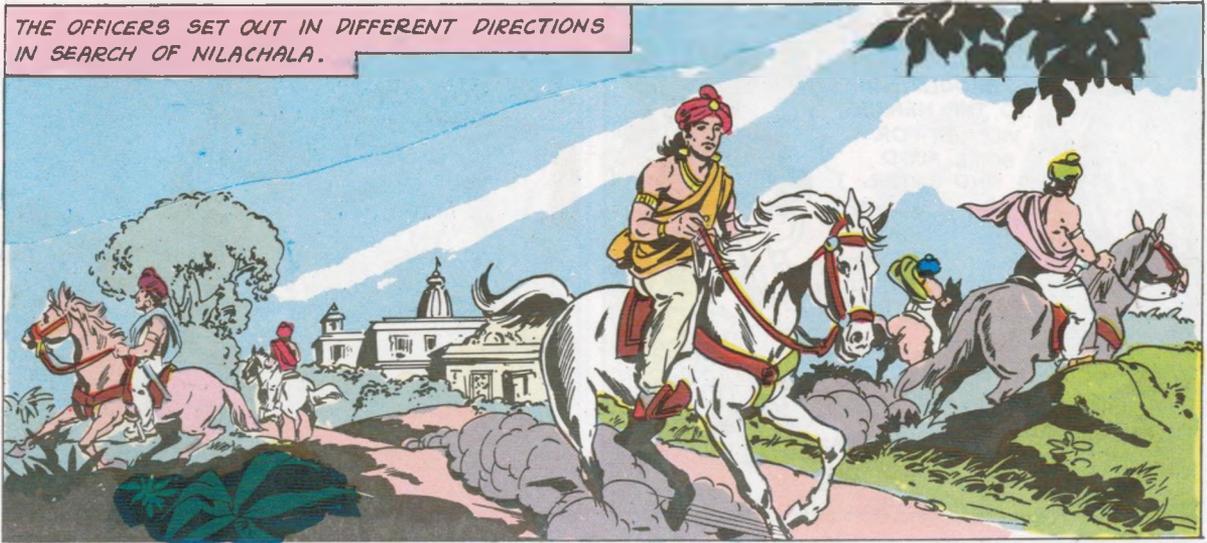
THE VERY NEXT DAY HE SPOKE TO HIS TRUSTED MEN ABOUT THE DREAM.

FIND THE HILL AND THE IMAGE AND REPORT TO ME. I SHALL THEN GO AND BRING NILAMADHAV TO UTKAL MYSELF.

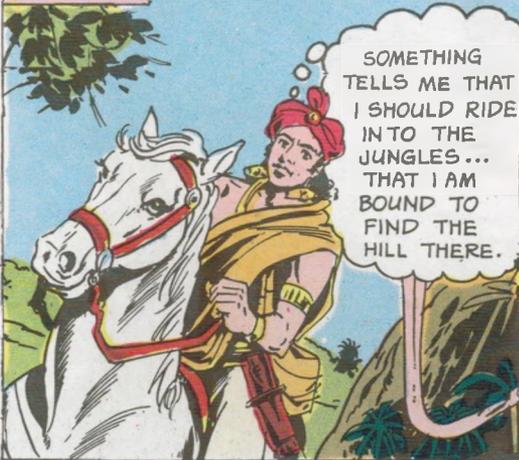
WE SHALL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, MY LORD.



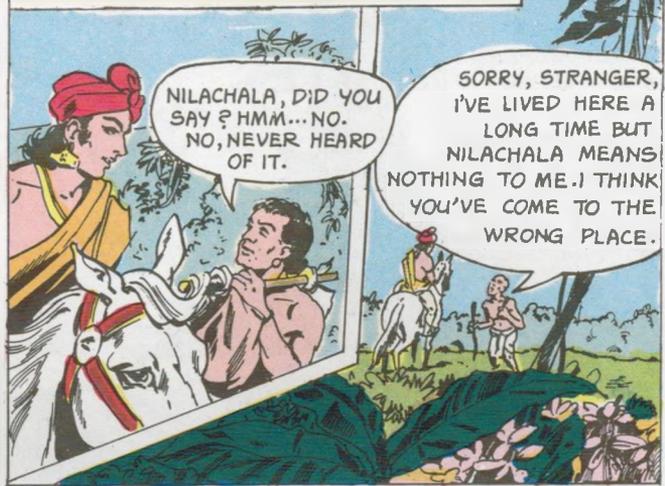
THE OFFICERS SET OUT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS
IN SEARCH OF NILACHALA.



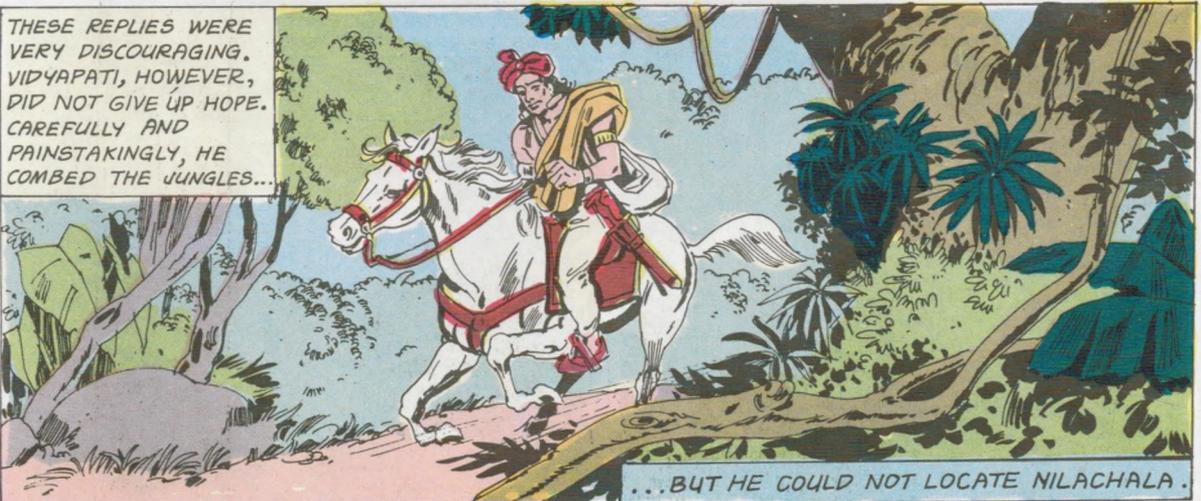
AMONG THEM WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED
VIDYAPATI.



BUT WHEN HE REACHED THE JUNGLES —

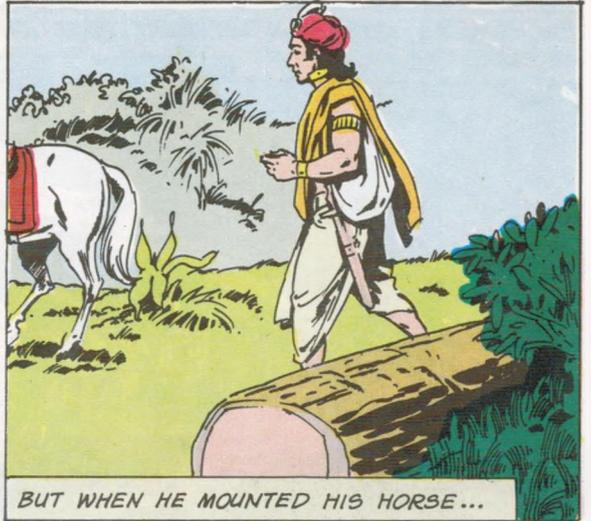
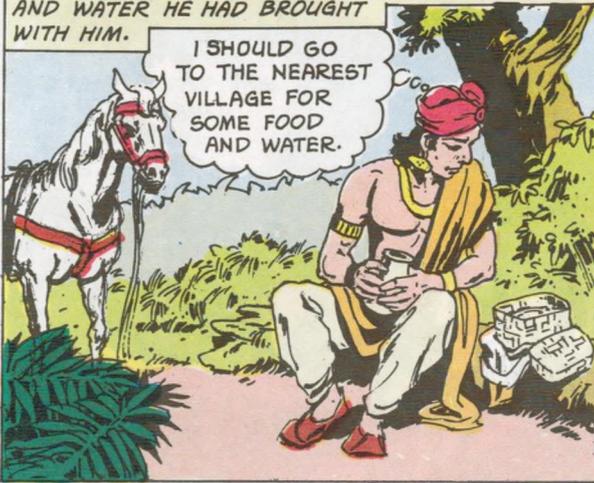


THESE REPLIES WERE
VERY DISCOURAGING.
VIDYAPATI, HOWEVER,
DID NOT GIVE UP HOPE.
CAREFULLY AND
PAINSTAKINGLY, HE
COMBED THE JUNGLES...



DAYS WENT BY. HE HAD FINISHED ALL THE FOOD AND WATER HE HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM.

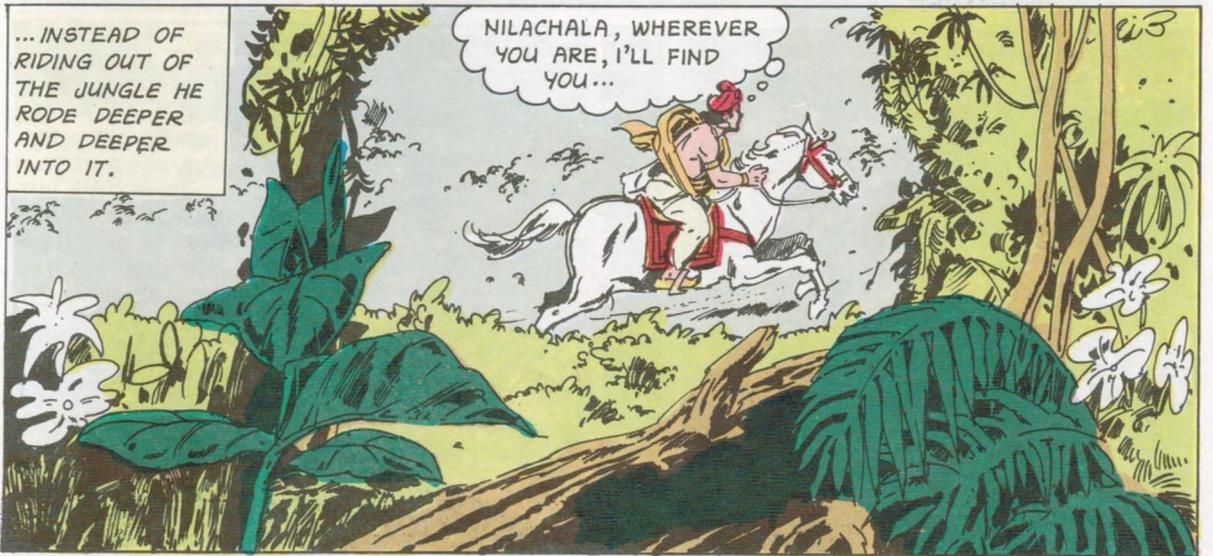
I SHOULD GO TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE FOR SOME FOOD AND WATER.



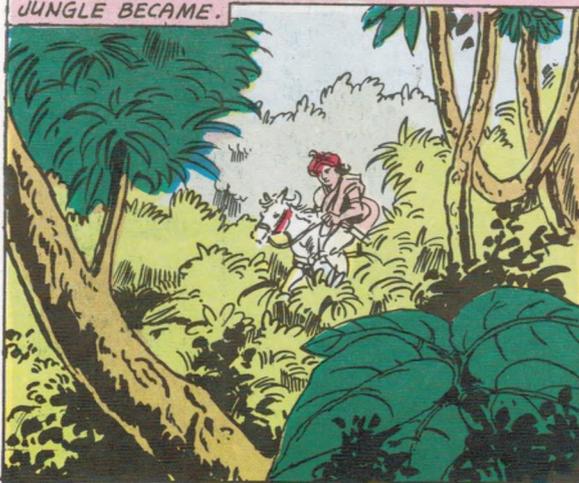
BUT WHEN HE MOUNTED HIS HORSE...

...INSTEAD OF RIDING OUT OF THE JUNGLE HE RODE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO IT.

NILACHALA, WHEREVER YOU ARE, I'LL FIND YOU...



THE DEEPER HE WENT THE DENSER THE JUNGLE BECAME.



FINALLY HE HAD TO DISMOUNT, LEAVE HIS HORSE BEHIND AND HACK HIS WAY THROUGH.



AT LAST, AFTER DAYS, HE MANAGED TO FIND HIS WAY OUT OF THE JUNGLE.

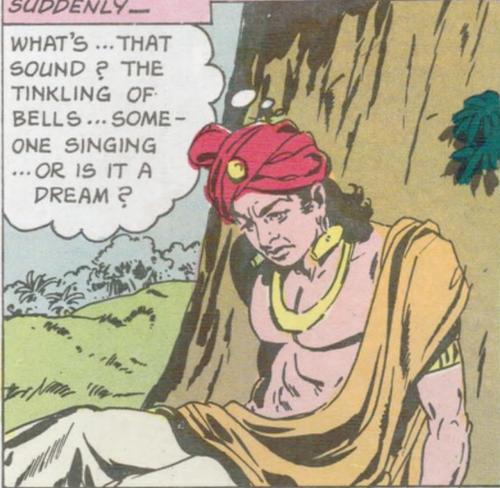


FAINT WITH HUNGER AND THIRST, HE STAGGERED UP TO A TREE...



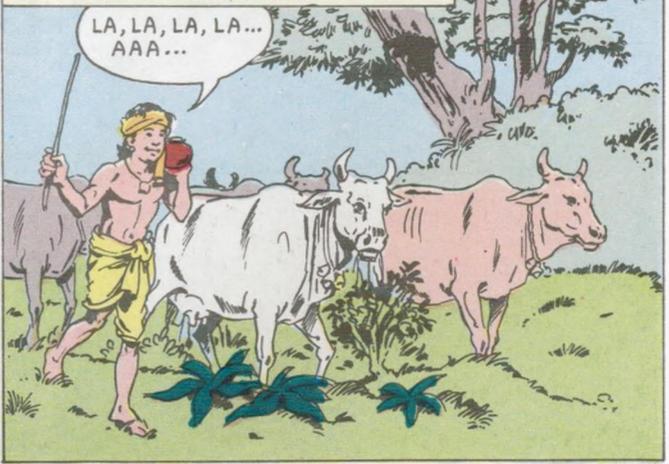
...AND LOWERED HIMSELF TO THE GROUND. SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S ... THAT SOUND ? THE TINKLING OF BELLS ... SOME-ONE SINGING ... OR IS IT A DREAM ?



IT WAS NOT A DREAM. IT WAS A REAL COWHERD COMING THAT WAY WITH HIS COWS.

LA, LA, LA, LA... AAA...



WHEN THE BOY SAW VIDYAPATI HE RAN UP TO HIM.

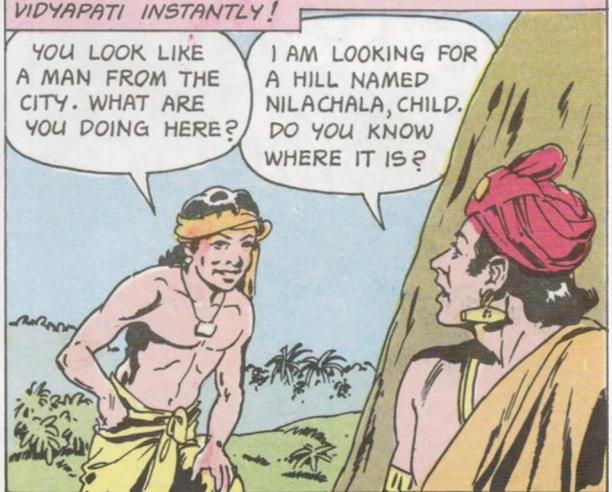
YOU POOR MAN ! HERE ! DRINK THIS.



THE MILK WAS SWEET AND WARM AND REVIVED VIDYAPATI INSTANTLY !

YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN FROM THE CITY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

I AM LOOKING FOR A HILL NAMED NILACHALA, CHILD. DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS ?



I KNOW WHERE IT IS, BUT I WON'T TELL YOU. LOOK FOR IT YOURSELF. SEARCH WITH FAITH AND SINCERITY AND I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT!



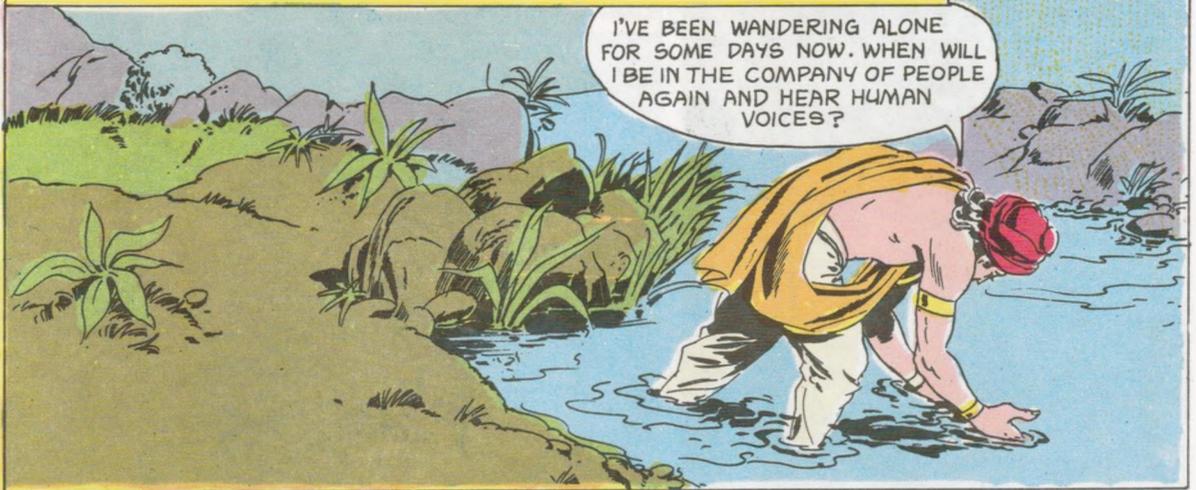
AND THE LITTLE COWHERD VANISHED. VIDYAPATI FELL TO THINKING.



COULD...COULD THAT BOY HAVE BEEN LORD NILA-MADHAV HIMSELF COME TO GIVE ME HOPE? I'M CERTAIN NOW THAT NILACHALA IS SOMEWHERE NEAR BY.



AS VIDYAPATI CONTINUED HIS SEARCH HE CAME TO A BEAUTIFUL STREAM.



I'VE BEEN WANDERING ALONE FOR SOME DAYS NOW. WHEN WILL I BE IN THE COMPANY OF PEOPLE AGAIN AND HEAR HUMAN VOICES?

JUST THEN —

HA, HA, HA! DON'T SPLASH! YOU'LL SOAK ME! HA, HA, HA!

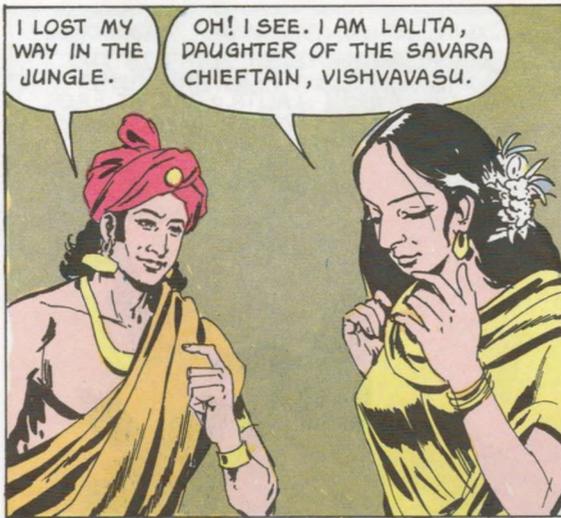
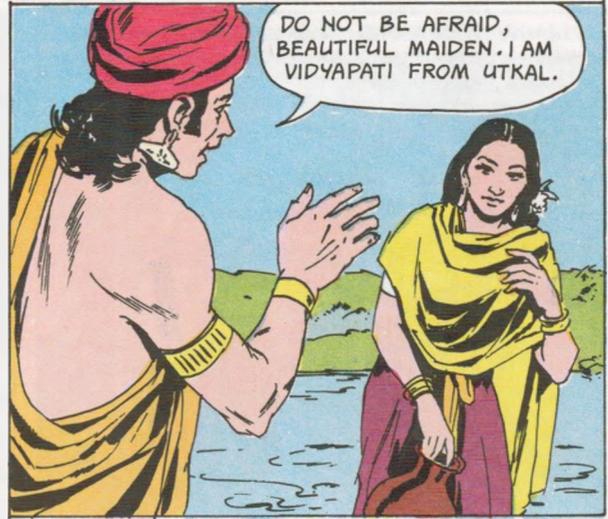
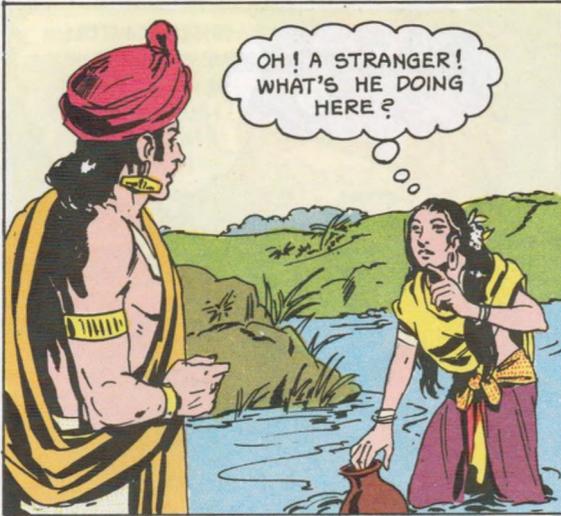
OH! MY PITCHER! MY PITCHER'S FLOATING AWAY!



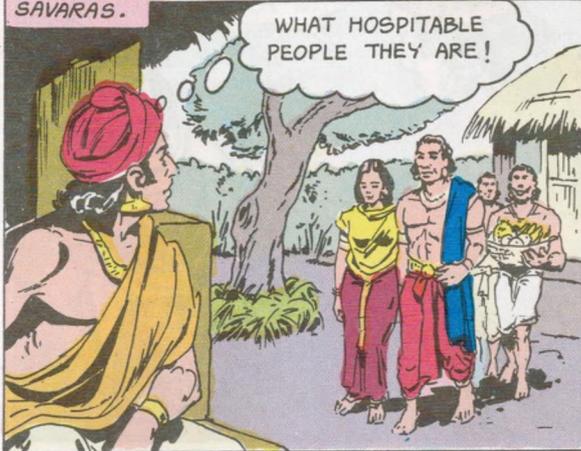
AND A GIRL APPEARED ROUND THE BEND OF THE STREAM.

I'VE GOT YOU, YOU NAUGHTY PITCHER!





VIDYAPATI, AFTER HIS DAYS OF LONELY WANDERING, WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO STAY WITH THE SAVARAS.

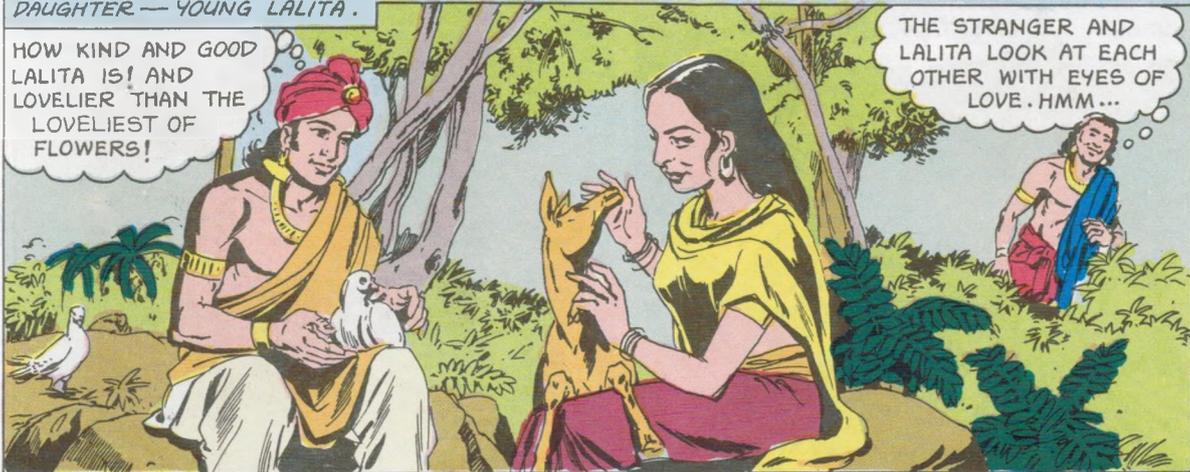


WHAT HOSPITABLE PEOPLE THEY ARE!



SHOULD I TELL THEM ABOUT MY SEARCH FOR NILAMADHAV? NOT YET, PERHAPS.

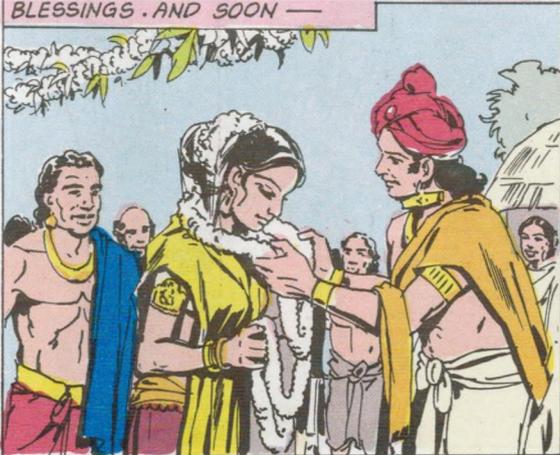
SOON VIDYAPATI'S GROWING LOVE FOR THE SAVARAS BEGAN TO CENTRE UPON THEIR CHIEF'S DAUGHTER — YOUNG LALITA.



HOW KIND AND GOOD LALITA IS! AND LOVELIER THAN THE LOVELIEST OF FLOWERS!

THE STRANGER AND LALITA LOOK AT EACH OTHER WITH EYES OF LOVE. HMM...

WHEN VIDYAPATI, AND LALITA EXPRESSED THEIR WISH TO BE MARRIED, VISHVAVASU HEARTILY GAVE HIS CONSENT AND HIS BLESSINGS. AND SOON —



THE MARRIED COUPLE SPENT MANY HAPPY HOURS TOGETHER.

IT WAS AROUND THAT TIME THAT VIDYAPATI NOTICED SOMETHING WHICH INTRIGUED HIM.



THERE HE GOES AGAIN!



SSSH! DON'T SPEAK SO LOUDLY. IT'S A CLOSELY-GUARDED SECRET.

LALITA, I SEE YOUR FATHER GOING OUT AT DAWN EVERY DAY AND RETURNING ONLY AT DUSK. WHERE DOES HE GO?



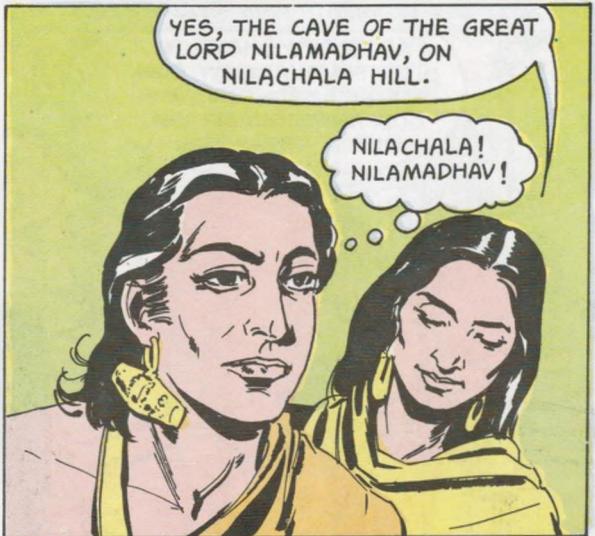
TO BE KEPT EVEN FROM YOUR HUSBAND?

NO... NO... WHY SHOULD I HIDE IT FROM YOU?



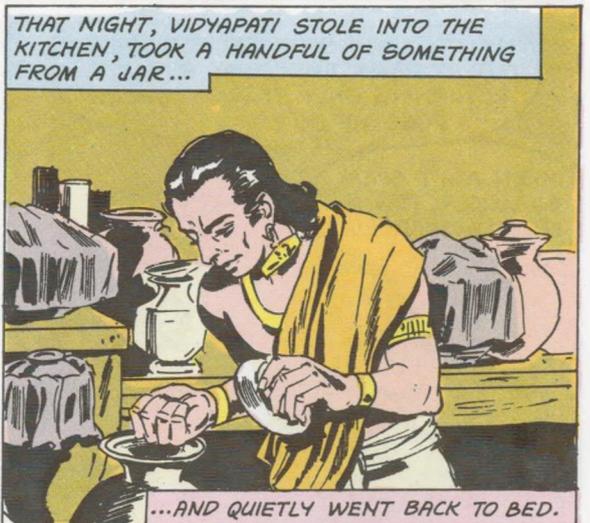
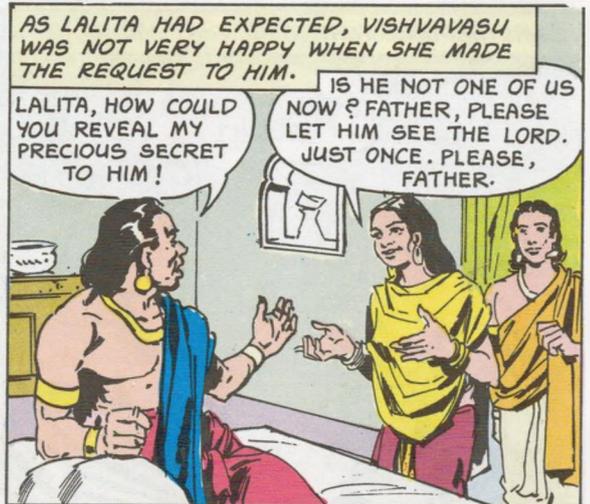
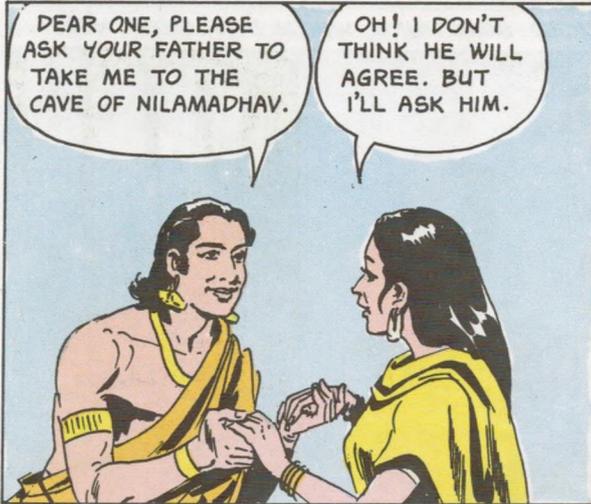
A CAVE ON A HILL, DID YOU SAY?

MY FATHER GOES DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE TO A CAVE ON A HILL.



YES, THE CAVE OF THE GREAT LORD NILAMADHAV, ON NILACHALA HILL.

NILACHALA! NILAMADHAV!



AND THE WALK TO THE CAVE BEGAN.

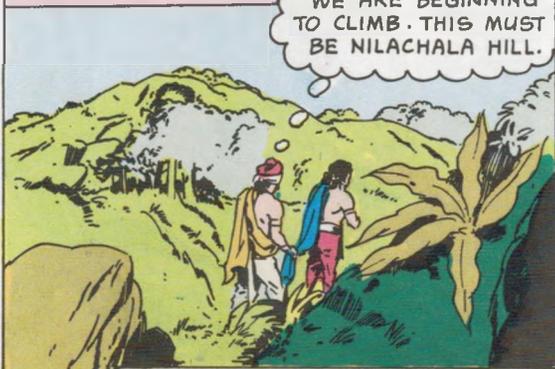


FORGIVE ME, MY FATHER-IN-LAW, BUT WHAT I AM DOING...



... I AM DOING FOR MY KING.

THE WALK SEEMED ENDLESS TO VIDYAPATI. THEN HE FELT THE LEVEL LAND GIVE WAY TO A RISING SLOPE.



WE ARE BEGINNING TO CLIMB. THIS MUST BE NILACHALA HILL.

VIDYAPATI'S HEART BEGAN TO THUMP WITH EXCITEMENT.

WHEN THEY REACHED THE CAVE, VISHVAVASU REMOVED THE BANDAGE. BUT ONLY FOR A FEW MOMENTS.



LOOK ON HIM, MY SON.

BEAUTIFUL! HE IS BEAUTIFUL...

THEN THE BANDAGE WAS BACK ON VIDYAPATI'S EYES.



LET ME GO! LET ME GO! I MUST HAVE ANOTHER GLIMPSE! I MUST...

GET A HOLD ON YOURSELF, VIDYAPATI, THIS IS MY CAVE AND MY GOD. BE THANKFUL I SHARED AT LEAST A GLIMPSE OF HIM WITH YOU. NOW, LET'S GO BACK.



AND VISHVAVASU LED VIDYAPATI BACK HOME.

BUT VIDYAPATI DID NOT HAVE TO WAIT LONG TO SEE THE IMAGE AGAIN FOR THE RAINS SOON SET IN.



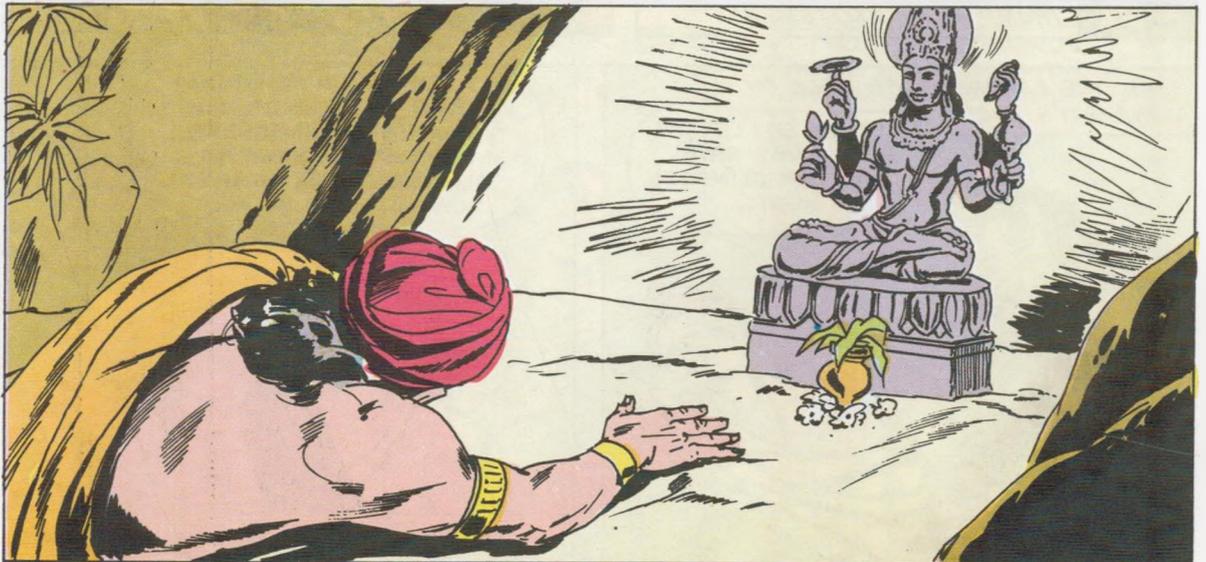
A FEW DAYS LATER —



FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF MUSTARD PLANTS, VIDYAPATI BROKE INTO A RUN...



... AND REACHED THE CAVE.



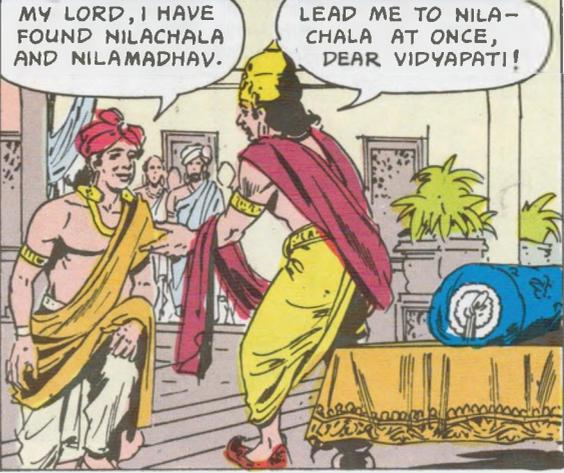
VIDYAPATI HAD FOUND NILAMADHAV FOR HIS KING! REJOICING, HE RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE AND TOOK LEAVE OF THE SAVARA CHIEF.



SIR, I MUST NOW RETURN TO MY OWN KINGDOM. PLEASE GIVE LALITA AND ME YOUR BLESSINGS.

I WILL MISS YOU.

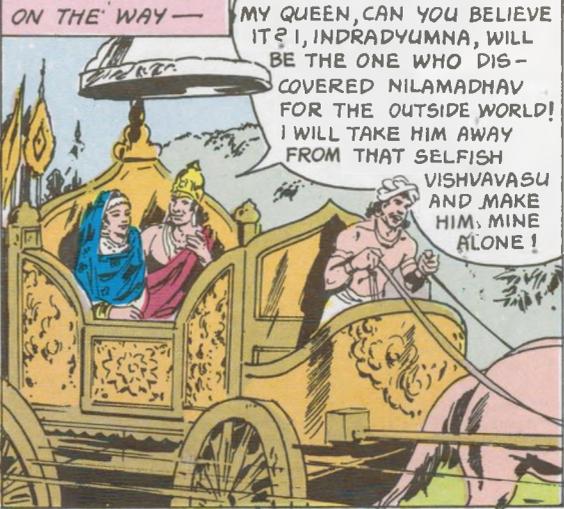
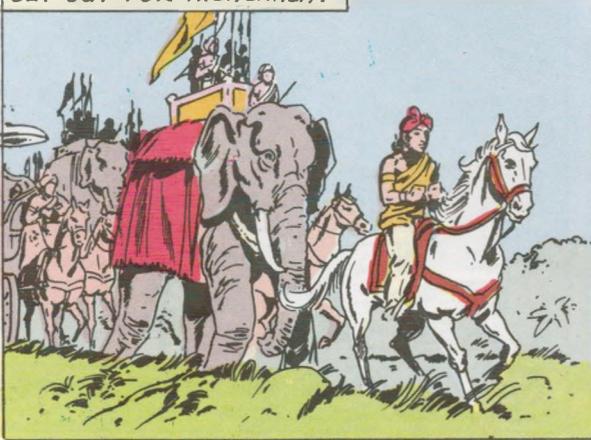
WHEN THEY REACHED UTKAL, VIDYAPATI WENT STRAIGHT TO THE PALACE.



MY LORD, I HAVE FOUND NILACHALA AND NILAMADHAV.

LEAD ME TO NILACHALA AT ONCE, DEAR VIDYAPATI!

SOON, WITH VIDYAPATI LEADING THE WAY, INDRADYUMNA AND HIS QUEEN, GUNDICHA DEVI, SET OUT FOR NILACHALA.



ON THE WAY —

MY QUEEN, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I, INDRADYUMNA, WILL BE THE ONE WHO DISCOVERED NILAMADHAV FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD! I WILL TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THAT SELFISH VISHVAVASU AND MAKE HIM MINE ALONE!

MY LORD — DON'T SPEAK SO! DON'T THINK SO! GOD BELONGS TO EVERYONE.



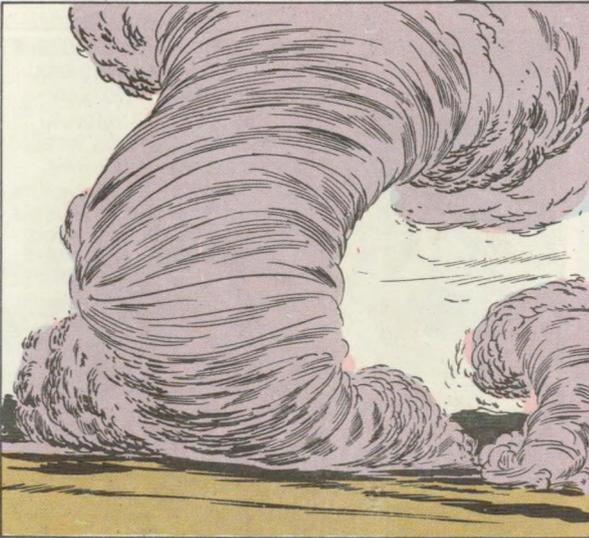
VIDYAPATI HAS TOLD US HOW POSSESSIVE THE SAVARA CHIEFTAIN IS TOWARDS NILAMADHAV. NOW YOU TOO WANT TO MAKE NILAMADHAV YOURS ALONE. BEWARE, MY LORD, OF SUCH THOUGHTS.



BUT THE DAMAGE WAS DONE. ALL GUNDICHA'S WISE WORDS COULD NOT PREVENT THE EFFECT OF INDRADYUMNA'S UNWORTHY THOUGHTS ON NILAMADHAV. THE GENTLE WINDS THAT TILL THEN HAD CARESSSED NILACHALA...



...IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, TURNED INTO A FURIOUS SANDSTORM.



THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE STORM ABATED. BUT THE HILL, THE CAVE AND EVEN THE MUSTARD PLANTS WITH THE YELLOW FLOWERS HAD VANISHED.

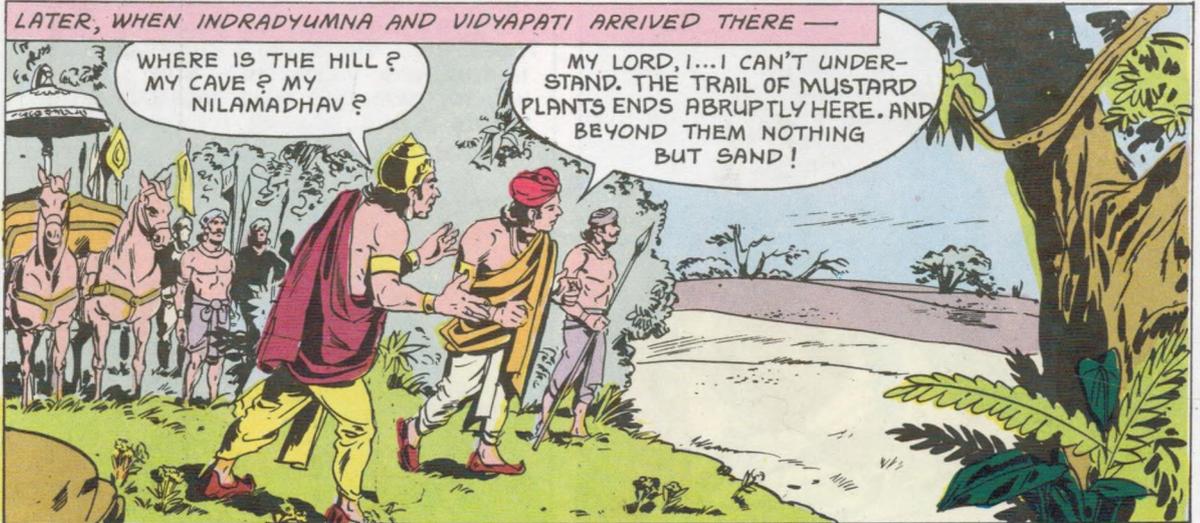


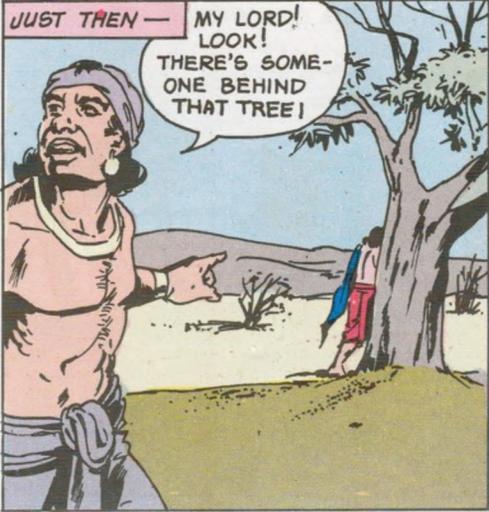
NILAMADHAV HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE EYES OF MEN.

LATER, WHEN INDRADYUMNA AND VIDYAPATI ARRIVED THERE —

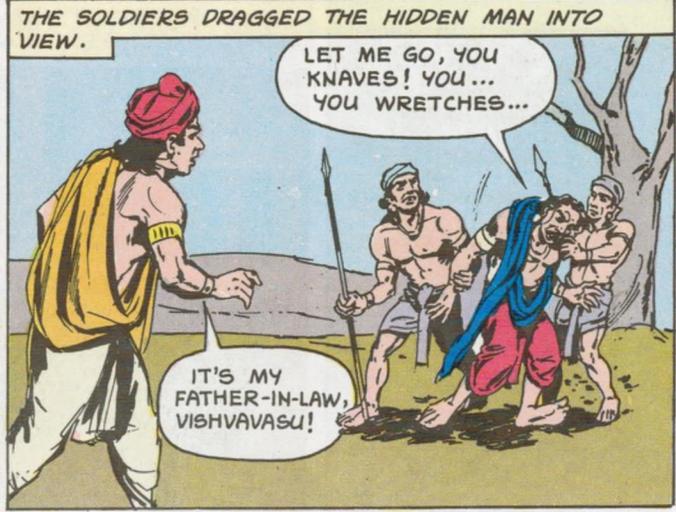
WHERE IS THE HILL ?
MY CAVE ? MY
NILAMADHAV ?

MY LORD, I... I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND. THE TRAIL OF MUSTARD
PLANTS ENDS ABRUPTLY HERE. AND
BEYOND THEM NOTHING
BUT SAND !





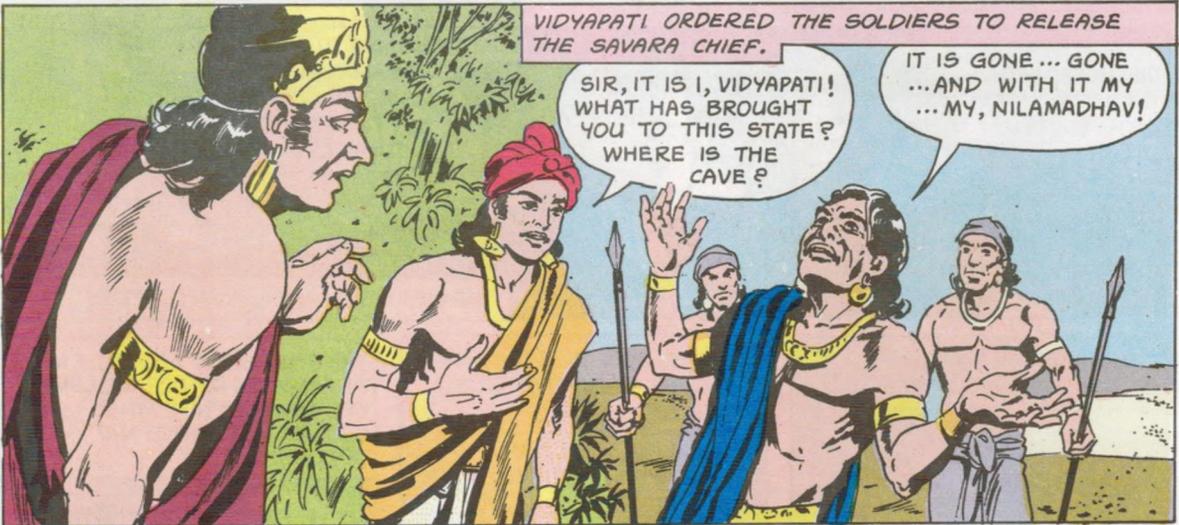
JUST THEN — MY LORD!
LOOK!
THERE'S SOME-
ONE BEHIND
THAT TREE!



THE SOLDIERS DRAGGED THE HIDDEN MAN INTO
VIEW.

LET ME GO, YOU
KNAVES! YOU ...
YOU WRETCHES...

IT'S MY
FATHER-IN-LAW,
VISHVAVASU!



VIDYAPATI ORDERED THE SOLDIERS TO RELEASE
THE SAVARA CHIEF.

SIR, IT IS I, VIDYAPATI!
WHAT HAS BROUGHT
YOU TO THIS STATE?
WHERE IS THE
CAVE ?

IT IS GONE ... GONE
... AND WITH IT MY
... MY, NILAMADHAV!



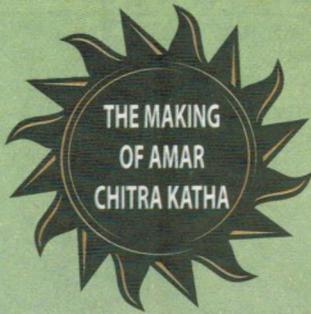
A SANDSTORM AROSE A FEW
DAYS AGO AND COVERED
EVERYTHING, INCLUDING
MY ... CAVE ... AND MY ...

SANDSTORM, EH ? NONSENSE!
YOU HAVE TAMPERED WITH
THE MUSTARD FLOWERS
TO HIDE MY NILAMADHAV
FROM ME.



AND INDRADYUMNA HAD POOR VISHVAVASU
BOUND.

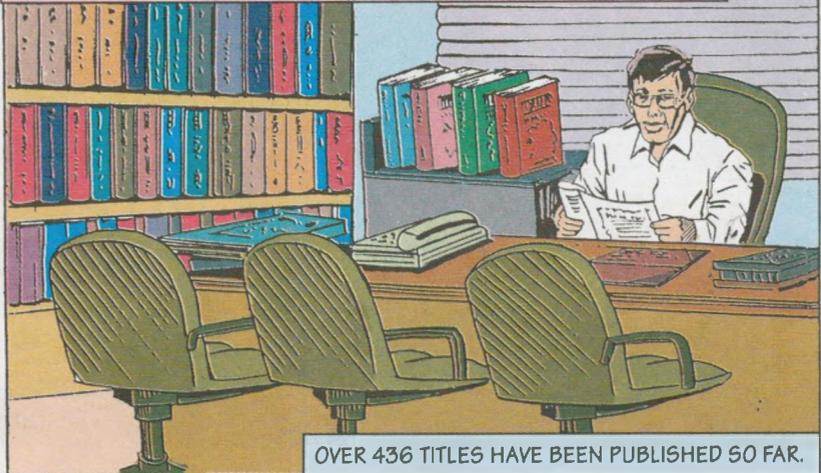
YOU WILL REMAIN MY
PRISONER TILL YOU
CONFESS.



Script:
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:
C. D. Rane

THE IDEA OF CREATING THE AMAR CHITRA KATHA COMICS ORIGINATED IN THE MIND OF THE EDITOR, ANANT PAI.



OVER 436 TITLES HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED SO FAR.

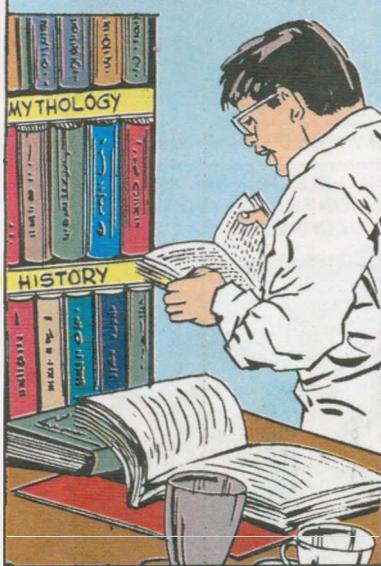
ALL NEW IDEAS ARE DISCUSSED WITH THE AMAR CHITRA KATHA EDITORIAL TEAM.



I THINK OUR NEXT TITLES SHOULD BE RAMAYAN. WHICH SOURCE SHOULD WE USE ? VALMIKI OR TULSIDAS ?

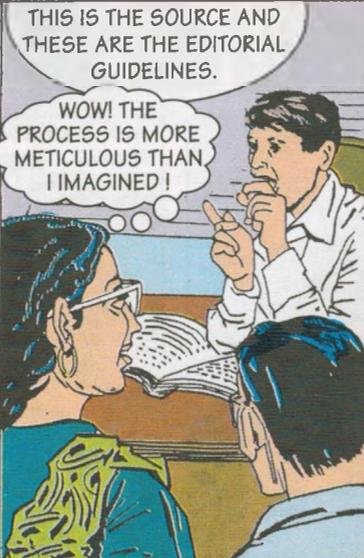
THE DISCUSSION RAISES MANY QUERIES ...

...THAT CALL FOR SERIOUS RESEARCH FROM PRIMARY SOURCES.



THIS PROCESS IS FOLLOWED FOR ALL TITLES. FROM HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY, TO LEGEND AND BIOGRAPHY.

WHEN THE SOURCE OF THE STORY IS DECIDED, A SCRIPTWRITER IS ASSIGNED THE TASK.

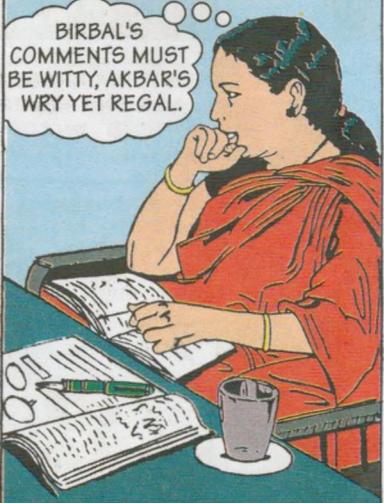


THIS IS THE SOURCE AND THESE ARE THE EDITORIAL GUIDELINES.

WOW! THE PROCESS IS MORE METICULOUS THAN I IMAGINED!

A STRINGENT EDITORIAL POLICY IS ESSENTIAL TO ESTABLISH QUALITY CONTROL.

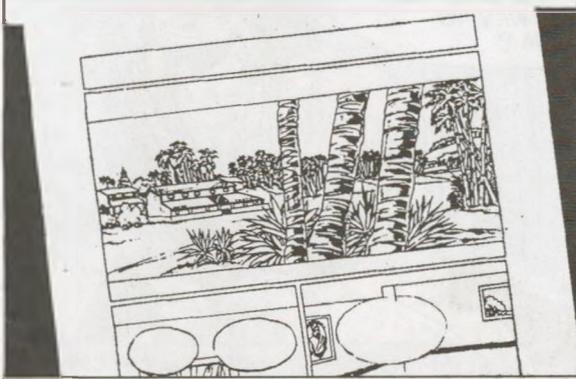
THE SYNOPSIS OF EACH TITLE MUST BE APPROVED BEFORE THE COMIC IS CREATED, COMPLETE WITH COMMENTARY PANELS AND DIALOGUES.



BIRBAL'S COMMENTS MUST BE WITTY, AKBAR'S WRY YET REGAL.

THE DIALOGUES AND THOUGHTS OF EACH CHARACTER REFLECT THEIR PERSONALITY, AGE AND STATUS.

THE STORY IS SCRIPTED IN 30-32 PAGES, EACH WITH 5-6 PANELS. THE DIALOGUES SHOULD REFLECT THE ERA IN WHICH THE STORY IS SET AND ALSO CARRY THE STORY FORWARD.



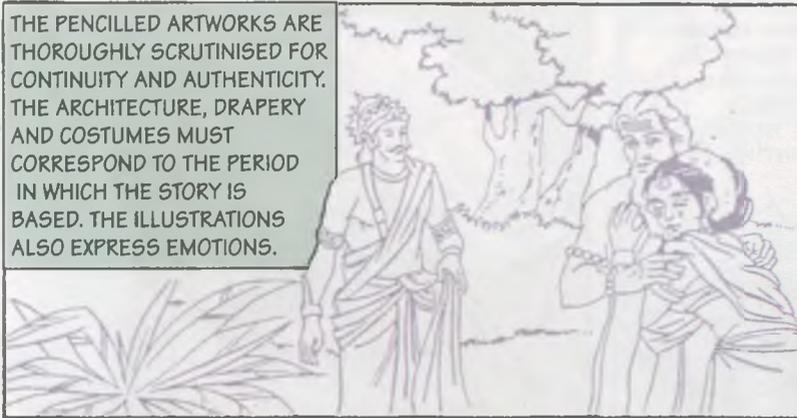
NOW THE SCRIPT-WRITER MUST ADD DETAILED VISUAL NOTES FOR THE ARTIST FOR EACH PANEL.

THE ARTIST RECEIVES THE SCRIPT WITH SEVERAL BOOKS AND PICTURES FOR REFERENCE IN ORDER TO CREATE AUTHENTIC ARTWORKS.



WITH DRAMATIC DETAIL AND VIVID IMAGINATION, THE ARTIST BRINGS THE CHARACTERS TO LIFE ON PAPER.

THE PENCILLED ARTWORKS ARE THOROUGHLY SCRUTINISED FOR CONTINUITY AND AUTHENTICITY. THE ARCHITECTURE, DRAPERY AND COSTUMES MUST CORRESPOND TO THE PERIOD IN WHICH THE STORY IS BASED. THE ILLUSTRATIONS ALSO EXPRESS EMOTIONS.



MEANWHILE, THE SCRIPT IS SENT TO LANGUAGE EXPERTS AND SOMETIMES TO SUBJECT EXPERTS TOO.



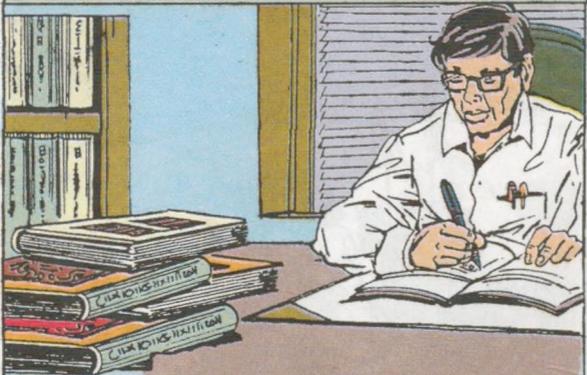
CORRECTIONS ARE CARRIED OUT IN THE ARTWORKS AND THE SCRIPT WHEREVER NECESSARY.

THE LETTERING ARTISTS PUT WORDS IN THE MOUTHS AND THOUGHTS IN THE HEADS OF THE CHARACTERS.

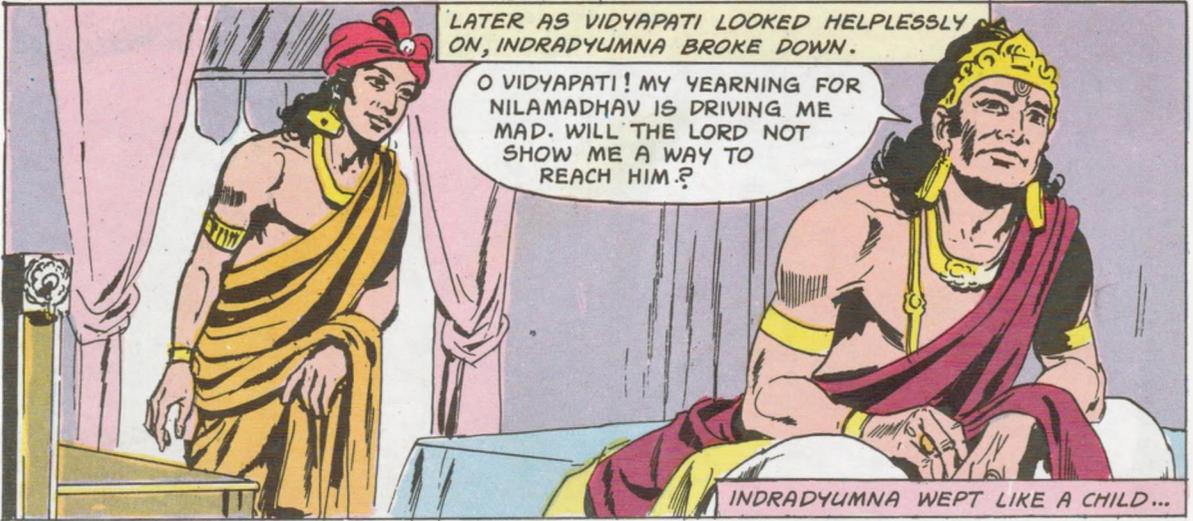


THE PAGES COME ALIVE AS THE COLOURING ARTISTS ADD VIBRANT SHADES TO THE ARTWORKS.

THE COMPLETED ARTWORKS ARE CHECKED BY THE EDITORIAL TEAM AND MUST FINALLY PASS THE CRUCIAL TEST OF THE EDITOR'S TABLE.



ONCE THE APPROVAL OF THE EDITOR IS OBTAINED, THE COMIC IS READY TO GO TO THE PRINTER SO THAT THOUSANDS OF COLOURFUL COMICS CAN REACH OUR AVID READERS !



LATER AS VIDYAPATI LOOKED HELPLESSLY ON, INDRADYUMNA BROKE DOWN.

O VIDYAPATI! MY YEARNING FOR NILAMADHAV IS DRIVING ME MAD. WILL THE LORD NOT SHOW ME A WAY TO REACH HIM?

INDRADYUMNA WEPT LIKE A CHILD...

...TILL HE FELL ASLEEP. AND THEN HE HAD ANOTHER MARVELLOUS DREAM.



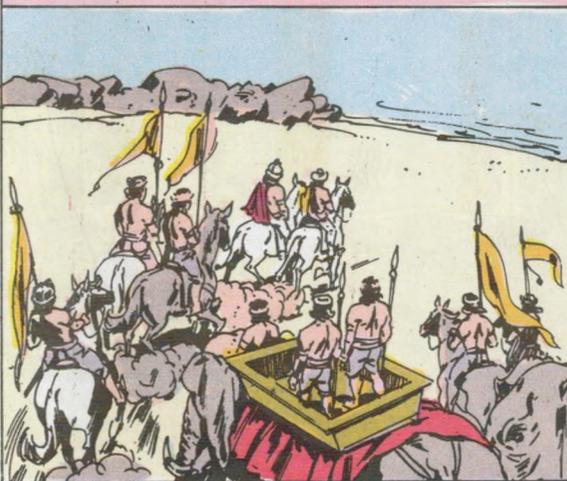
O KING, YOUR TEARS HAVE MOVED ME. BUT I CANNOT APPEAR AGAIN AS NILAMADHAV, IN WHICH FORM I AM LOST TO THE WORLD FOR EVER. INSTEAD, I SHALL APPEAR IN THE FORM OF A DAARU* FLOATING ON THE SEA.



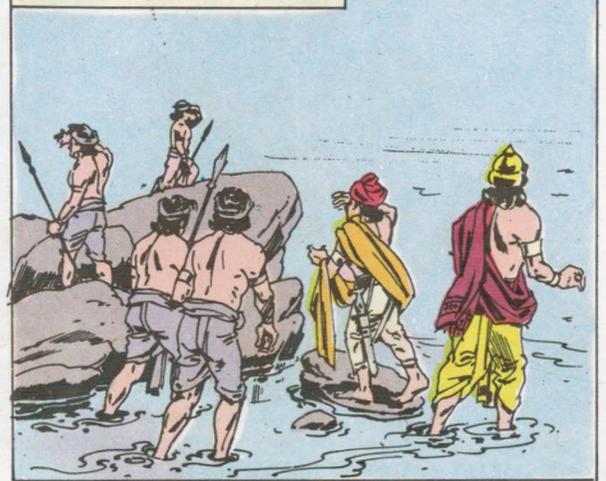
TURN BACK AND GO TO THE SEASHORE. I SHALL COME ...

AND INDRADYUMNA AWOKE, REFRESHED AND OVERJOYED.

THE NEXT MORNING INDRADYUMNA AND HIS MEN RODE SWIFTLY TO THE SEASHORE.

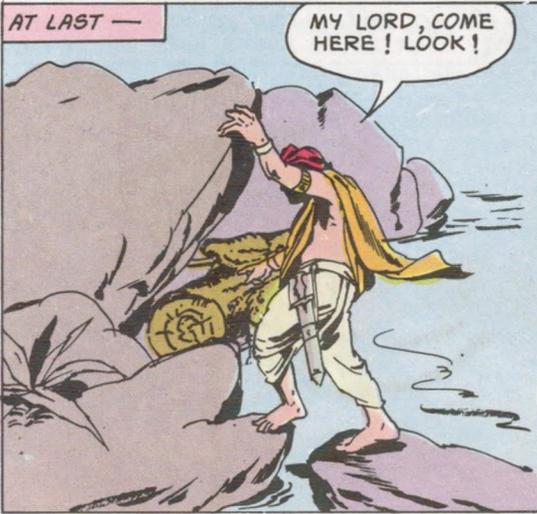


THEY STOOD ON THE BEACH, SCANNING THE SEA IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

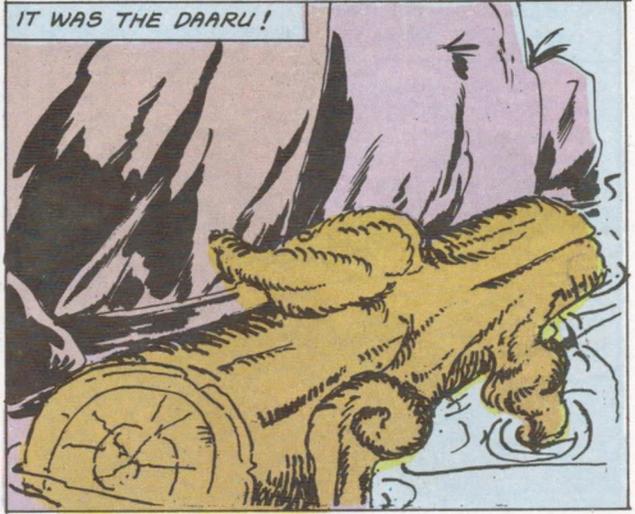


AT LAST —

MY LORD, COME
HERE ! LOOK !



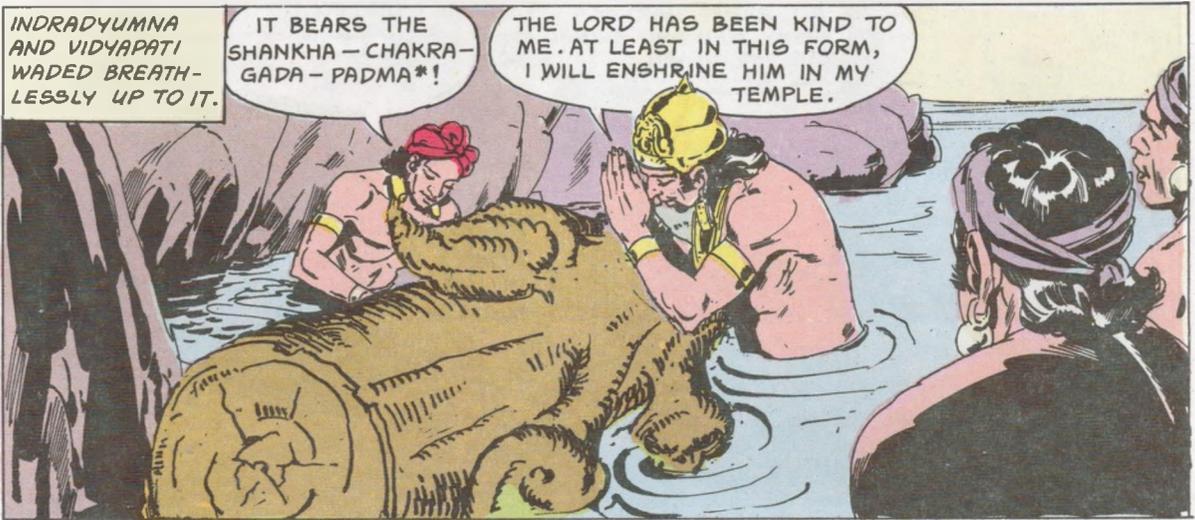
IT WAS THE DAARU !



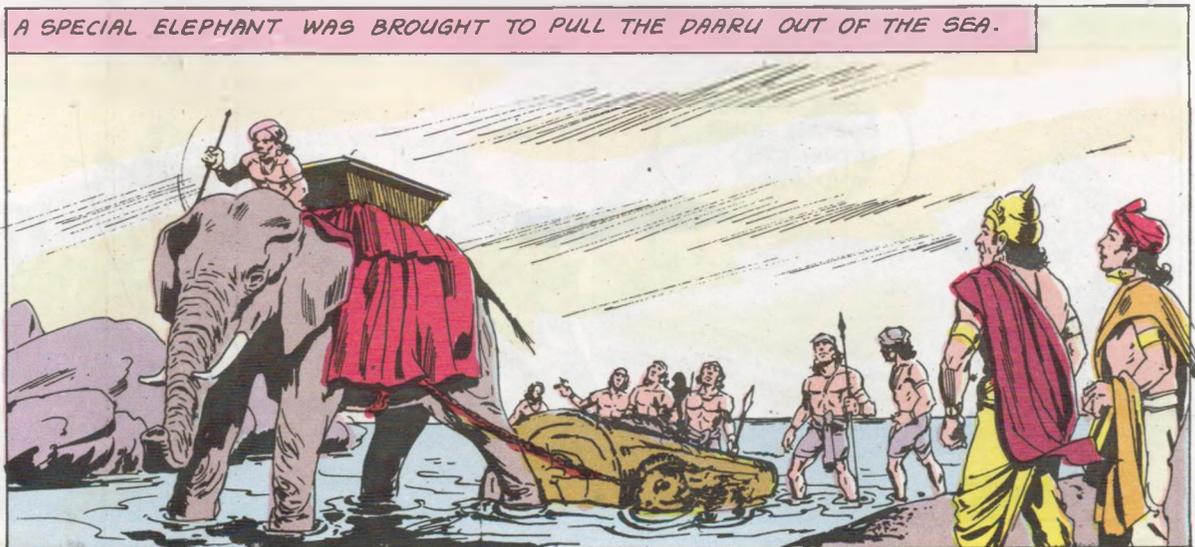
INDRADYUMNA
AND VIDYAPATI
WADED BREATH-
LESSLY UP TO IT.

IT BEARS THE
SHANKHA - CHAKRA -
GADA - PADMA*!

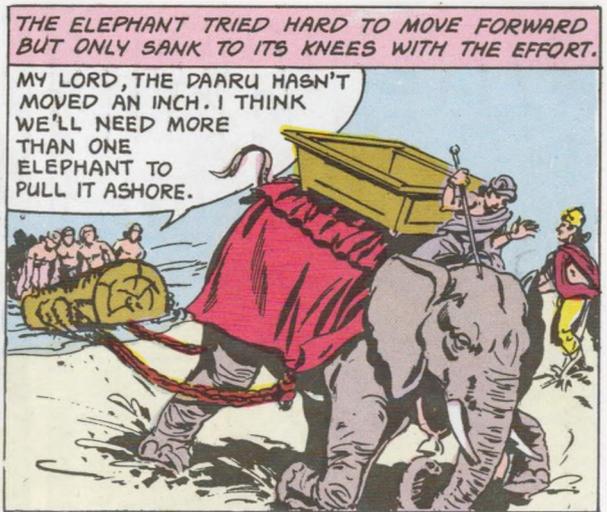
THE LORD HAS BEEN KIND TO
ME. AT LEAST IN THIS FORM,
I WILL ENSHRINE HIM IN MY
TEMPLE.



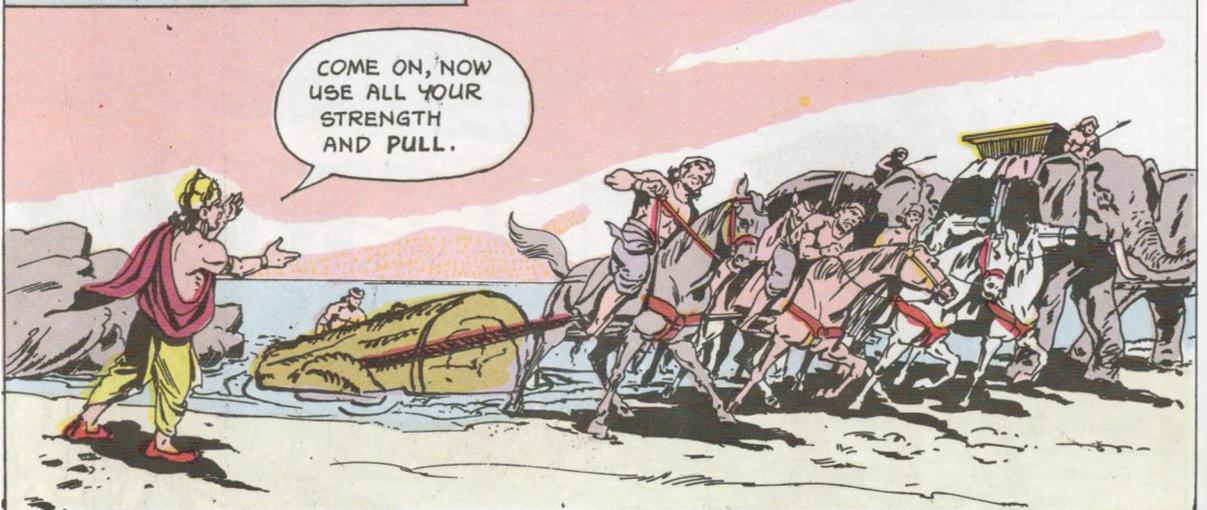
A SPECIAL ELEPHANT WAS BROUGHT TO PULL THE DAARU OUT OF THE SEA.



* THE CONCH, WHEEL, MACE AND LOTUS, THE FOUR SYMBOLS OF VISHNU



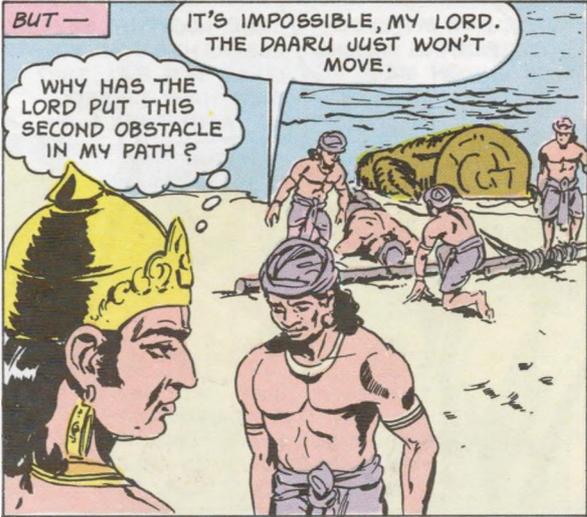
AS SOON AS THAT WAS DONE —



BUT —

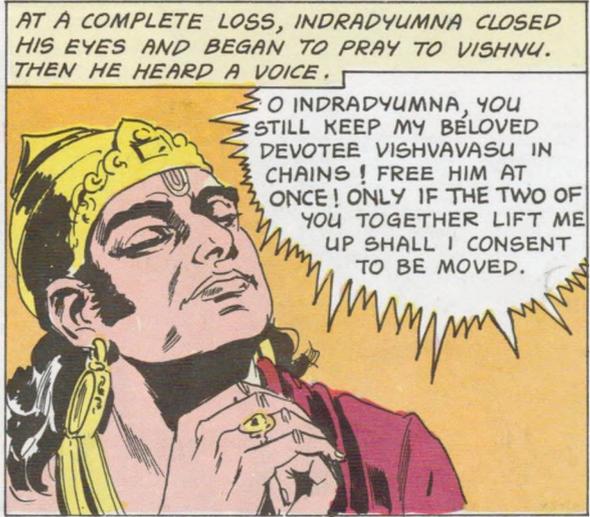
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MY LORD. THE DAARU JUST WON'T MOVE.

WHY HAS THE LORD PUT THIS SECOND OBSTACLE IN MY PATH?



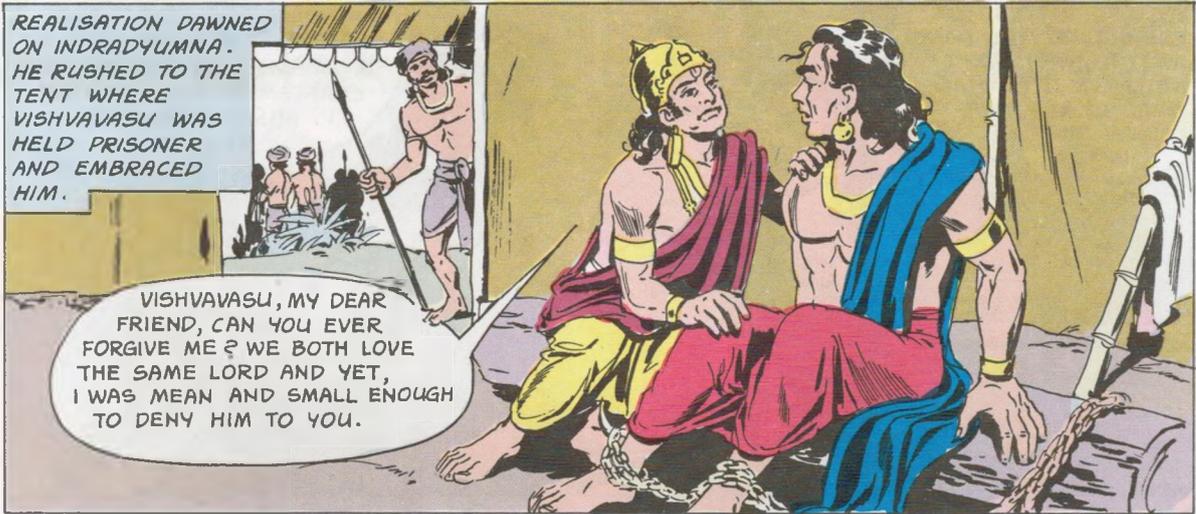
AT A COMPLETE LOSS, INDRADYUMNA CLOSED HIS EYES AND BEGAN TO PRAY TO VISHNU. THEN HE HEARD A VOICE.

O INDRADYUMNA, YOU STILL KEEP MY BELOVED DEVOTEE VISHVAVASU IN CHAINS! FREE HIM AT ONCE! ONLY IF THE TWO OF YOU TOGETHER LIFT ME UP SHALL I CONSENT TO BE MOVED.



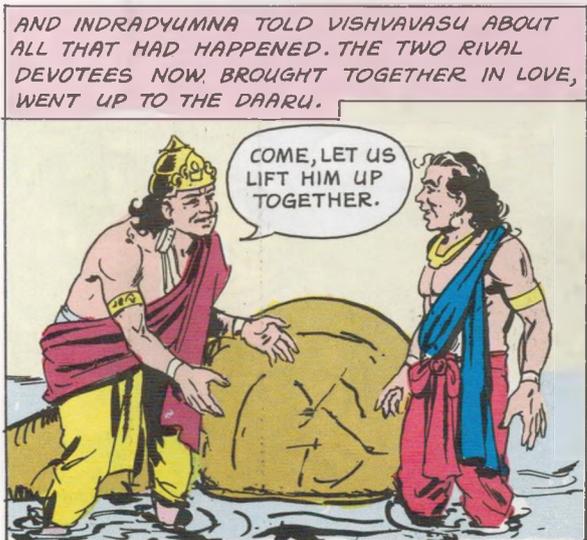
REALISATION DAWNED ON INDRADYUMNA. HE RUSHED TO THE TENT WHERE VISHVAVASU WAS HELD PRISONER AND EMBRACED HIM.

VISHVAVASU, MY DEAR FRIEND, CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? WE BOTH LOVE THE SAME LORD AND YET, I WAS MEAN AND SMALL ENOUGH TO DENY HIM TO YOU.



AND INDRADYUMNA TOLD VISHVAVASU ABOUT ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED. THE TWO RIVAL DEVOTEES NOW, BROUGHT TOGETHER IN LOVE, WENT UP TO THE DAARU.

COME, LET US LIFT HIM UP TOGETHER.



AND LO!





THE DAARU WAS BROUGHT OUT OF THE SEA AND INDRADYUMNA, WITH VISHVAVASU'S CONSENT, BEGAN TO MAKE PREPARATIONS TO ENSHRINE IT IN A TEMPLE.



BUT THOUGH MANY EXPERT CRAFTSMEN TRIED TO CARVE THE DAARU, NOT ONE OF THEM WAS SUCCESSFUL.

MY LORD, OUR FINEST AXE-BLADES BREAK THE MOMENT THEY STRIKE THE DAARU!

WE HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE EVEN TO MAKE A NOTCH IN IT.



INDRADYUMNA WAS BAFFLED BY THIS NEW OBSTACLE.

IF THE BEST CRAFTSMEN ON EARTH CANNOT CARVE THE DAARU, WHO CAN?

I CAN, O KING.

AND AN OLD MAN WALKED IN.

I THINK HE IS THE DIVINE ARCHITECT VISHVAKARMA, COME TO EARTH IN DISGUISE.



SIR, IT IS THE IMAGE OF NILAMADHAV WE WANT—BLUE-GREEN IN COLOUR, STUDDED WITH GEMS AND...

WAIT! I AM WILLING TO CARVE THE DAARU, BUT... I WILL SCULPT IT AS I LIKE.

BESIDES, I MUST BE LEFT UNDISTURBED FOR FIFTEEN DAYS IN A SEALED ROOM. ON NO ACCOUNT SHOULD YOU BREAK OPEN THE DOOR. DO YOU AGREE TO THESE TERMS?

I AGREE, NOBLE SIR. PLEASE BEGIN YOUR WORK.



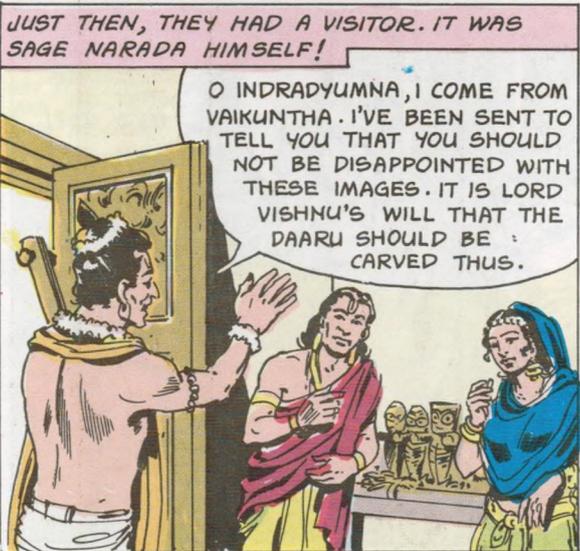
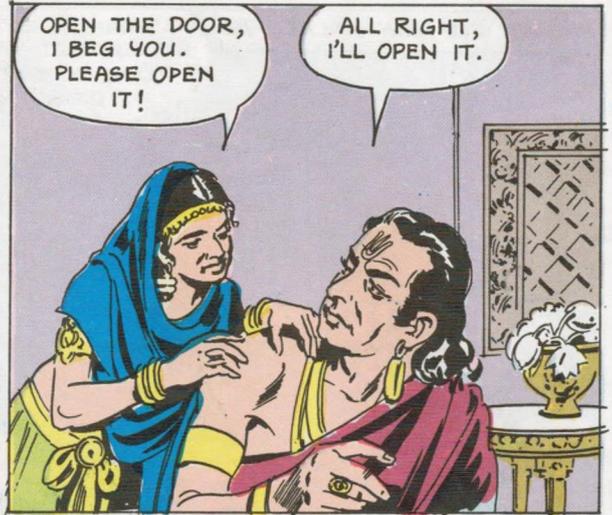
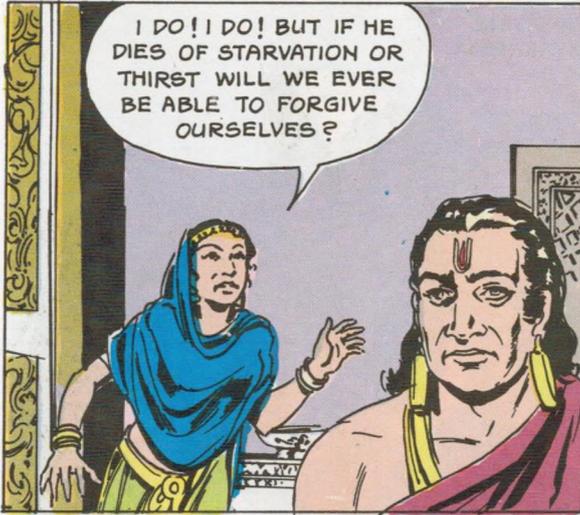
SO THE DAARU WAS TAKEN TO A GREAT HALL AND PLACED ON A MAHAVEDI* AND THE OLD MAN SEALED HIMSELF IN. WHEN TEN DAYS HAD GONE BY GUNDICHA, WHO WAS BY NATURE A PATIENT WOMAN, SUDDENLY BECAME RESTLESS.

MY LORD, WHY IS THERE NO SOUND FROM WITHIN? COULD SOMETHING HAVE HAPPENED TO THE OLD MAN? SHOULDN'T WE OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE?

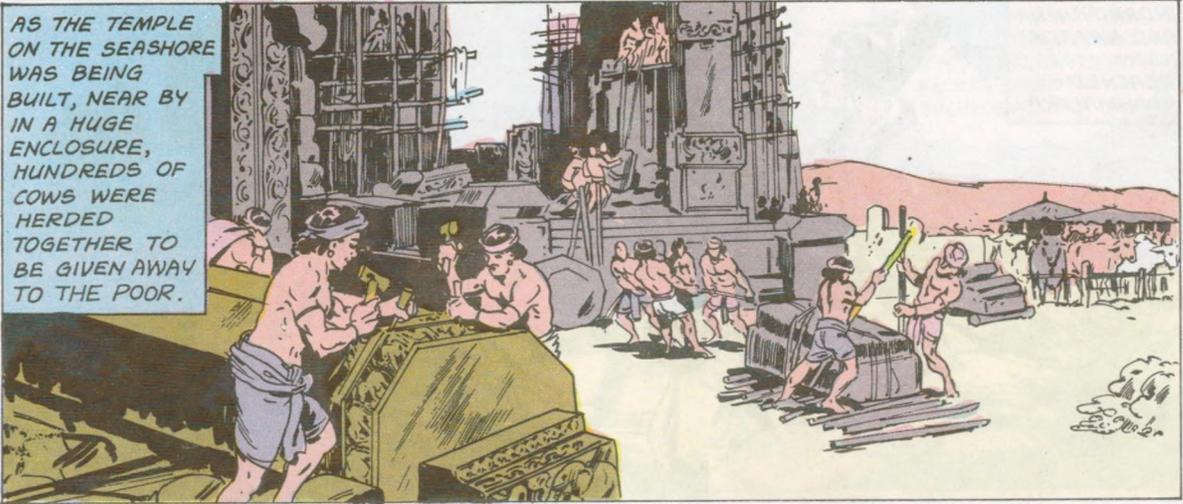
NO, GUNDICHA, DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HE TOLD US?



* A GREAT PLATFORM



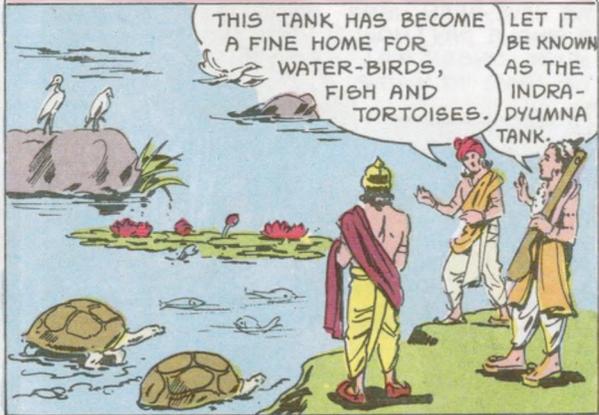
AS THE TEMPLE ON THE SEASHORE WAS BEING BUILT, NEAR BY IN A HUGE ENCLOSURE, HUNDREDS OF COWS WERE HERDED TO BE GIVEN AWAY TO THE POOR.



WHEN THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE WAS ABOUT TO BE COMPLETED AND THE COWS HAD BEEN GIVEN AWAY, A HUGE CRATER, LEFT BY THE IMPACT OF THEIR HOOVES, WAS FOUND IN THE ENCLOSURE.



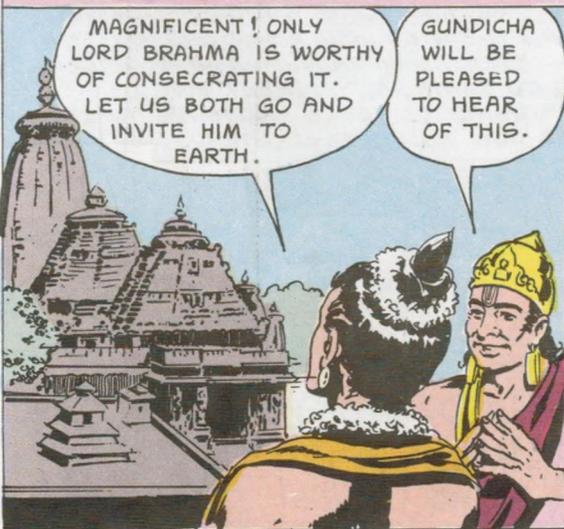
UNDERGROUND STREAMS ROSE TO THE SURFACE AND FED IT WITH CLEAR, SWEET WATER, CREATING A POND.



THIS TANK HAS BECOME A FINE HOME FOR WATER-BIRDS, FISH AND TORTOISES.

LET IT BE KNOWN AS THE INDRA-DYUMNA TANK.

WHEN THE TEMPLE WAS COMPLETED —



MAGNIFICENT! ONLY LORD BRAHMA IS WORTHY OF CONSECRATING IT. LET US BOTH GO AND INVITE HIM TO EARTH.

GUNDICHA WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR OF THIS.

BUT GUNDICHA WAS FAR FROM PLEASED.



MY LORD, YOU SAY SAGE NARADA IS TAKING YOU TO BRAHMALOKA. I AM AFRAID... I FEEL I SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

HOW TIMID YOU ARE MY DEAR GUNDICHA! I SHALL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

INDRADYUMNA AND NARADA SOON REACHED BRAHMALOKA.



BUT LORD BRAHMA WAS DEEP IN MEDITATION, SO THEY HAD TO WAIT. HOURS PASSED BY.

WE HAVE BEEN HERE A WHOLE DAY! HOW MUCH LONGER WILL WE HAVE TO WAIT?



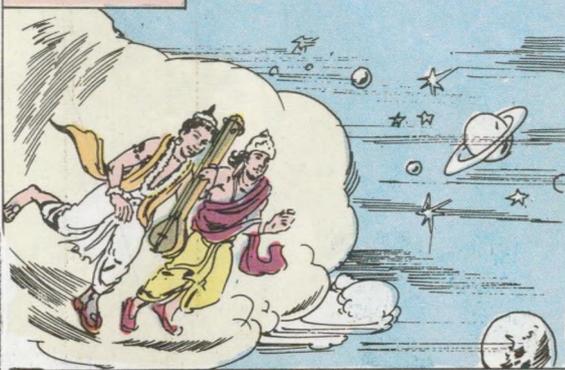
JUST THEN, BRAHMA OPENED HIS EYES.

MY LORD, KING INDRADYUMNA HAS BUILT A GLORIOUS TEMPLE TO LORD VISHNU. WOULD YOU COME TO EARTH AND CONSECRATE IT?

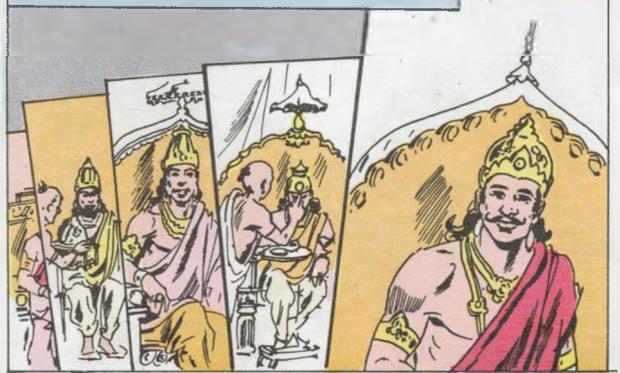
I WILL COME. YOU MAY GO AND MAKE THE PREPARATIONS.



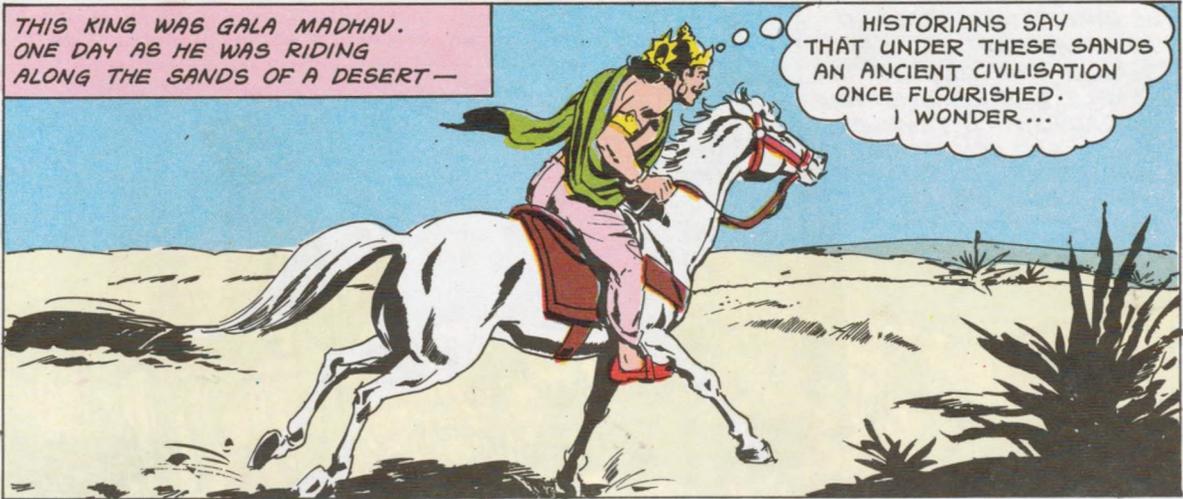
INDRADYUMNA AND NARADA HAD SPENT ONLY ONE DAY IN BRAHMALOKA. BUT WHAT THEY FAILED TO REALISE WAS THAT ONE DAY OF BRAHMA IS EQUAL TO THOUSANDS OF YEARS ON EARTH! TO THEM IT MIGHT HAVE SEEMED THAT ONLY A DAY HAD GONE BY...



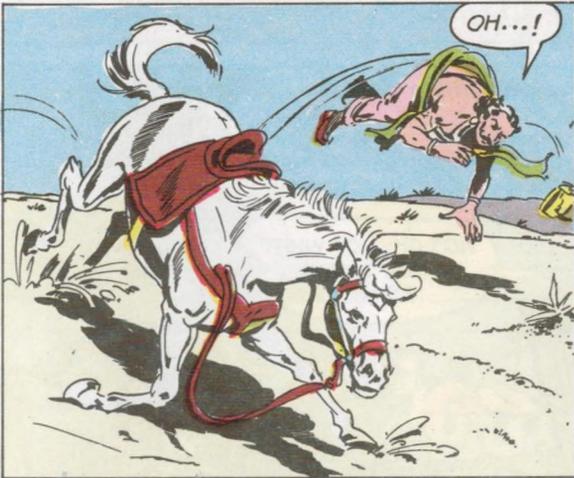
... BUT ON EARTH, MANY, MANY SUMMERS HAD COME AND GONE. A THOUSAND KINGS AND DYNASTIES HAD RISEN AND FALLEN! AND EVEN AS INDRADYUMNA WAS RETURNING TO EARTH, A DIFFERENT KING, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AFTER HIS TIME, WAS NOW RULING OVER UTKAL.



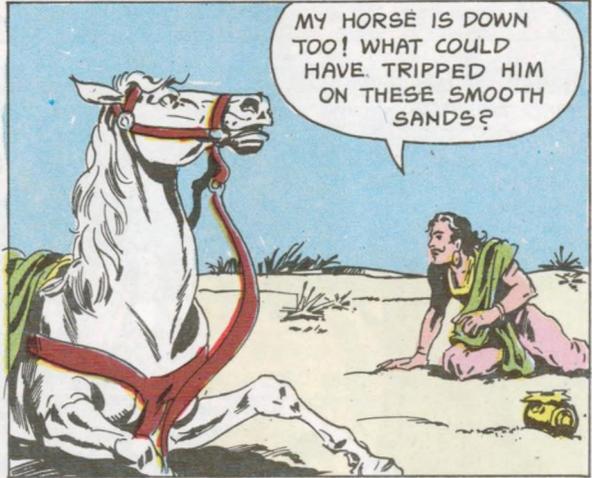
THIS KING WAS GALA MADHAV. ONE DAY AS HE WAS RIDING ALONG THE SANDS OF A DESERT —



HISTORIANS SAY THAT UNDER THESE SANDS AN ANCIENT CIVILISATION ONCE FLOURISHED. I WONDER...



OH...!

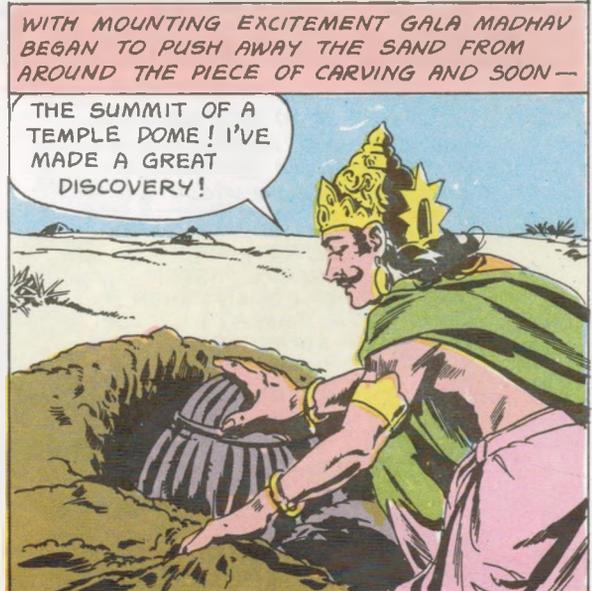


MY HORSE IS DOWN TOO! WHAT COULD HAVE TRIPPED HIM ON THESE SMOOTH SANDS?

GALA MADHAV BEGAN TO SEARCH THE GROUND NEAR HIS HORSE. THEN HE SAW AN OBJECT JUTTING OUT OF THE SAND.



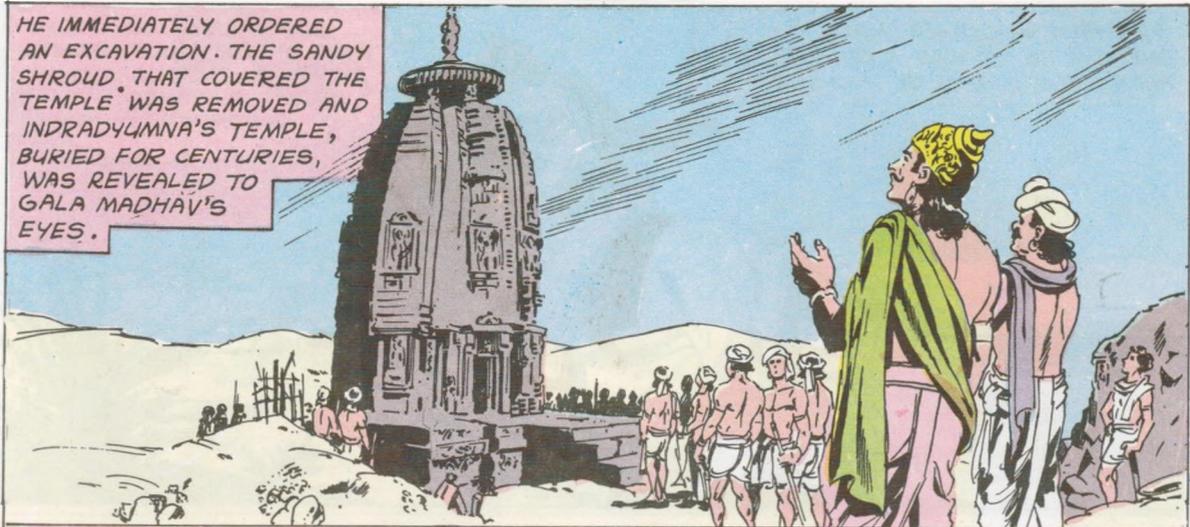
A PIECE OF CARVING? HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS!



WITH MOUNTING EXCITEMENT GALA MADHAV BEGAN TO PUSH AWAY THE SAND FROM AROUND THE PIECE OF CARVING AND SOON —

THE SUMMIT OF A TEMPLE DOME! I'VE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY!

HE IMMEDIATELY ORDERED AN EXCAVATION. THE SANDY SHROUD THAT COVERED THE TEMPLE WAS REMOVED AND INDRADYUMNA'S TEMPLE, BURIED FOR CENTURIES, WAS REVEALED TO GALA MADHAV'S EYES.



GALA MADHAV TOOK OVER THE TEMPLE AND INSTALLED HIS CHOSEN DEITY IN IT.

WHEN INDRADYUMNA AND NARADA DESCENDED TO EARTH —



O SAGE, SOMETHING SEEMS WRONG. EVERYTHING LOOKS SO... SO DIFFERENT. THIS DOES NOT LOOK LIKE THE TOWN I LEFT YESTERDAY.

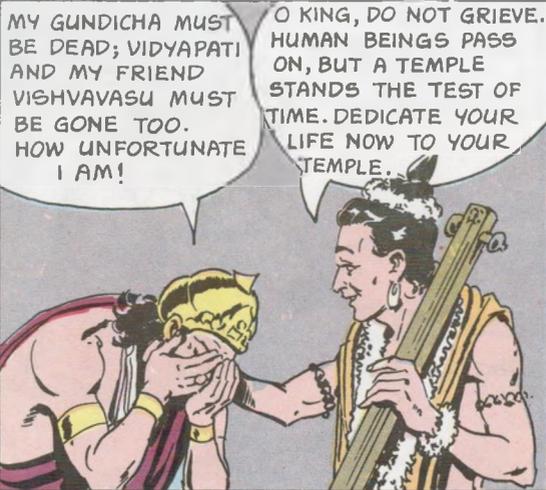
NO! OH, NO! WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN!

IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE AWFUL TRUTH DAWNED ON NARADA, BUT TOO LATE.

GENTLY HE BROKE IT TO INDRADYUMNA, EXPLAINING THE VAST DIFFERENCE IN TIME BETWEEN BRAHMALOKA AND EARTH. INDRADYUMNA WAS HORRIFIED.



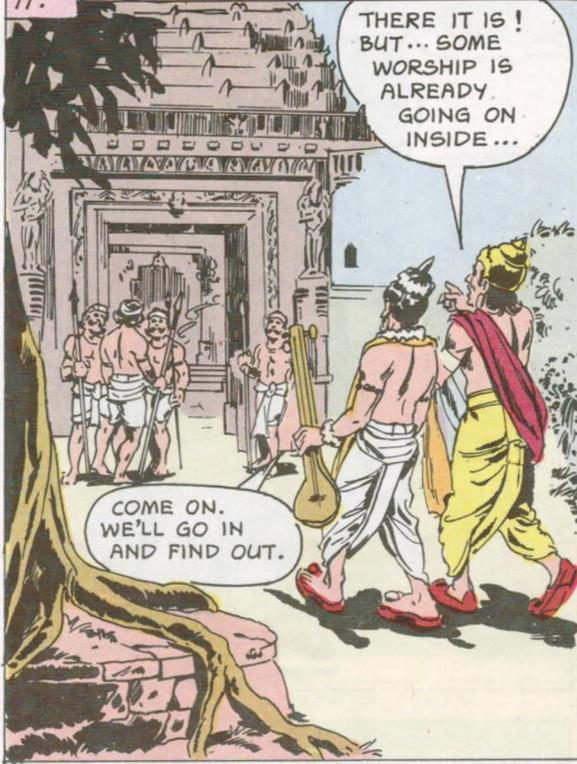
YOU... YOU MEAN THOUSANDS OF YEARS HAVE ALREADY PASSED BY? THEN... THEN ... I AM A STRANGER TO THIS UTKAL — THE ONLY LIVING HUMAN BEING OF MY TIME.



MY GUNDICHA MUST BE DEAD; VIDYAPATI AND MY FRIEND VISHVAVASU MUST BE GONE TOO. HOW UNFORTUNATE I AM!

O KING, DO NOT GRIEVE. HUMAN BEINGS PASS ON, BUT A TEMPLE STANDS THE TEST OF TIME. DEDICATE YOUR LIFE NOW TO YOUR TEMPLE.

INDRADYUMNA AND NARADA BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE TEMPLE. THEY SOON FOUND IT.



THERE IT IS ! BUT... SOME WORSHIP IS ALREADY GOING ON INSIDE...

COME ON. WE'LL GO IN AND FIND OUT.

STRUGGLING PAST THE GUARDS AT THE DOOR, THEY RUSHED INTO THE SANCTUM AND THERE —

OH, NO! THE TEMPLE I BUILT WITH SO MUCH LOVE HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY SOMEBODY ELSE!

SILENCE! HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT THE ROYAL WORSHIP OF GALA MADHAV, KING OF UTKAL! WHO ARE YOU?



I, INDRADYUMNA, AM THE KING OF UTKAL. AND THIS TEMPLE IS MINE!

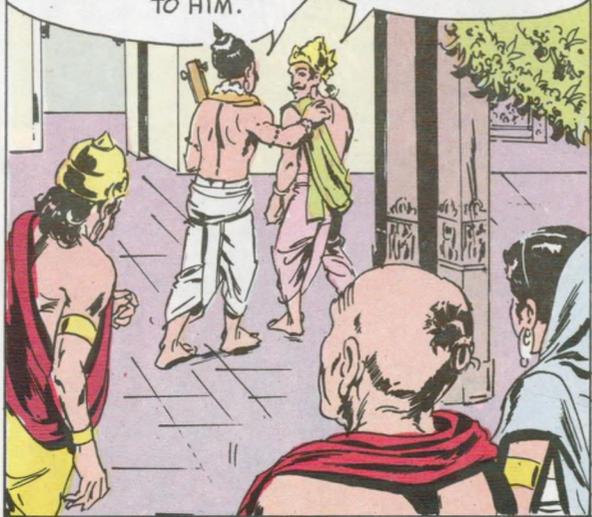
OH! SO WE HAVE A MADMAN HERE!

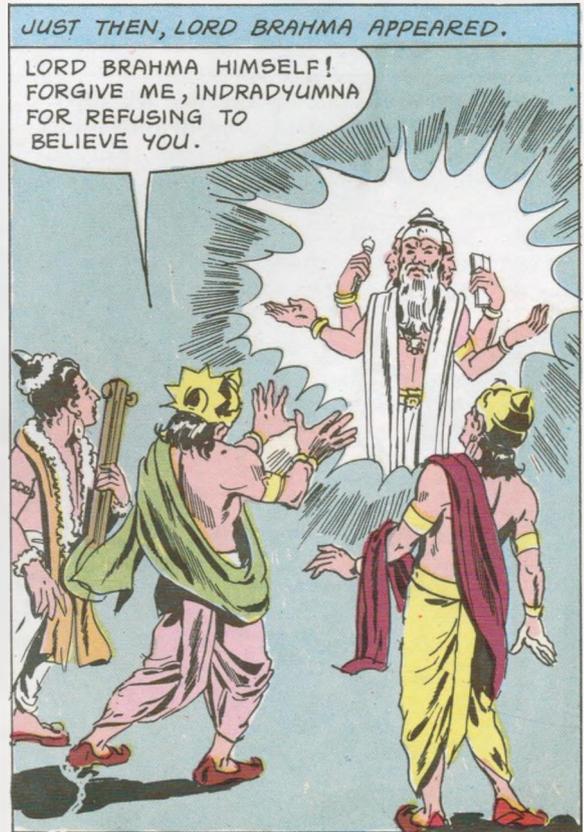
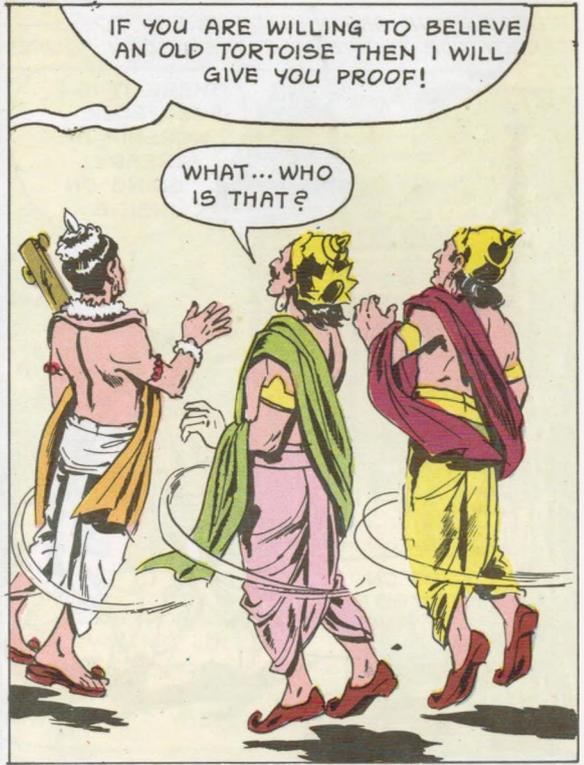
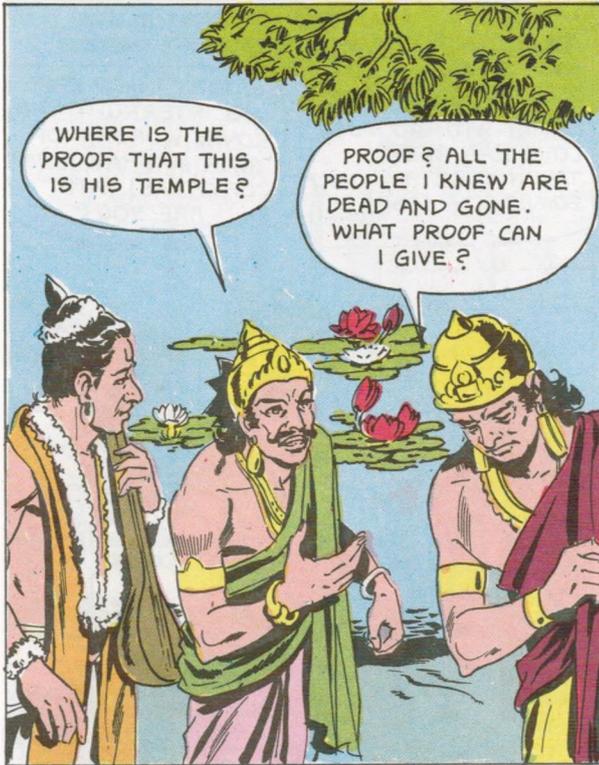


AS INDRADYUMNA STOOD TONGUE-TIED AND CONFUSED, NARADA LED GALA MADHAV OUTSIDE

LISTEN, GALA MADHAV, THIS MAN IS THE KING WHO ORIGINALLY BUILT THIS TEMPLE. HE REIGNED HERE A LONG, LONG AGO. YOU MUST GIVE BACK HIS TEMPLE TO HIM.

ARE... ARE YOU MAD TOO? A KING FROM LONG AGO? THEN HOW IS HE STILL ALIVE TODAY? WHAT KIND OF STORY ARE YOU TELLING ME?

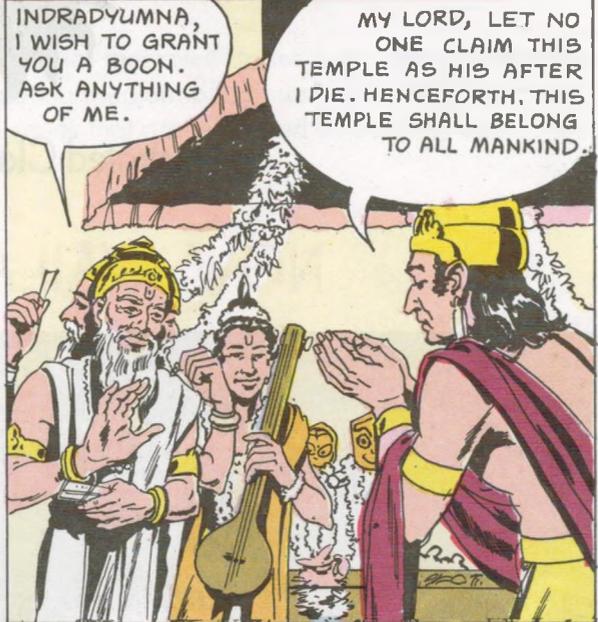




THE TEMPLE NOW HIS, INDRADYUMNA BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE THREE IMAGES. THEY TOO HAD BEEN BURIED AND FORGOTTEN. BUT SOON —



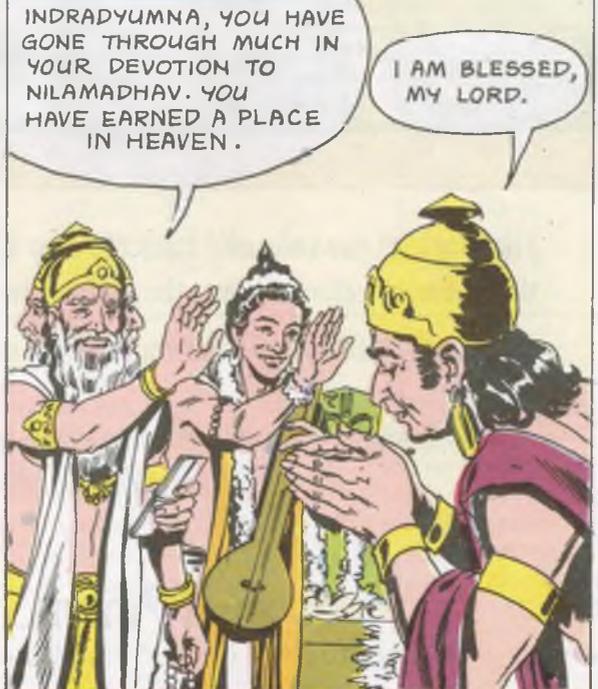
THE IMAGES WERE ENSHRINED IN THE TEMPLE, AND BRAHMA PERFORMED THE PRANAPRATISHTHA POOJA*. LATER—



BRAHMA WAS VERY PLEASED WITH INDRADYUMNA'S SELFLESS GESTURE.



THAT IS HOW THE DEITY IN THE TEMPLE BY THE SEA AT PURI CAME TO BE KNOWN AS "JAGANNATHA".



INDRADYUMNA IS REMEMBERED IN ORISSA TO THIS DAY. THOSE WHO HELPED HIM IN HIS EFFORTS ARE NOT FORGOTTEN EITHER. MEMORIES OF GUNDICHA DEVI, VIDYAPATI, LALITA AND VISHVAVASU STILL LIVE ON IN THE MAGNIFICENT CAR FESTIVAL OF JAGANNATHA — THE RATHA YATRA.



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Jagannatha of Puri

Jagannathapuri in Orissa is one of the four major centres of pilgrimage in India. Built nearly eight centuries ago, during the reign of Chodagangadeva, the gigantic temple of Lord Jagannatha enshrines wooden idols of Lord Krishna, his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. A divine dream ordained a life-long passion in King Indradyumna to enshrine Lord Krishna in a temple whose legend would live through the ages.

The annual festival of the temple is called Ratha Yatra or Gundicha Yatra, in which the three idols are taken out in chariots in a large procession. New chariots are built every year. However, new idols are carved only every 12 years. The image-making is governed by many traditions. The images must be carved from the trunk of a neem tree that grows at a crossroad; there should be no marks on it, no birds' nests built on it, and there should be a snake-hole at the foot of this tree. When the log from such a neem is brought to Puri, the heads of the families bearing the names Vishvvasu, Vidyapati and Vishvakarma (celebrated personalities whose contributions to King Indradyumna's quest were invaluable) symbolically strike it with axes of gold, silver and iron. After this, the images are carved out. Symbolically, the ratha or chariot is supposed to represent the human body; the horses, human desires; and the charioteer, judgement.

The legend of the unusual deities and customs of the Jagannathapuri Temple is unfolded in this Amar Chitra Katha.

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