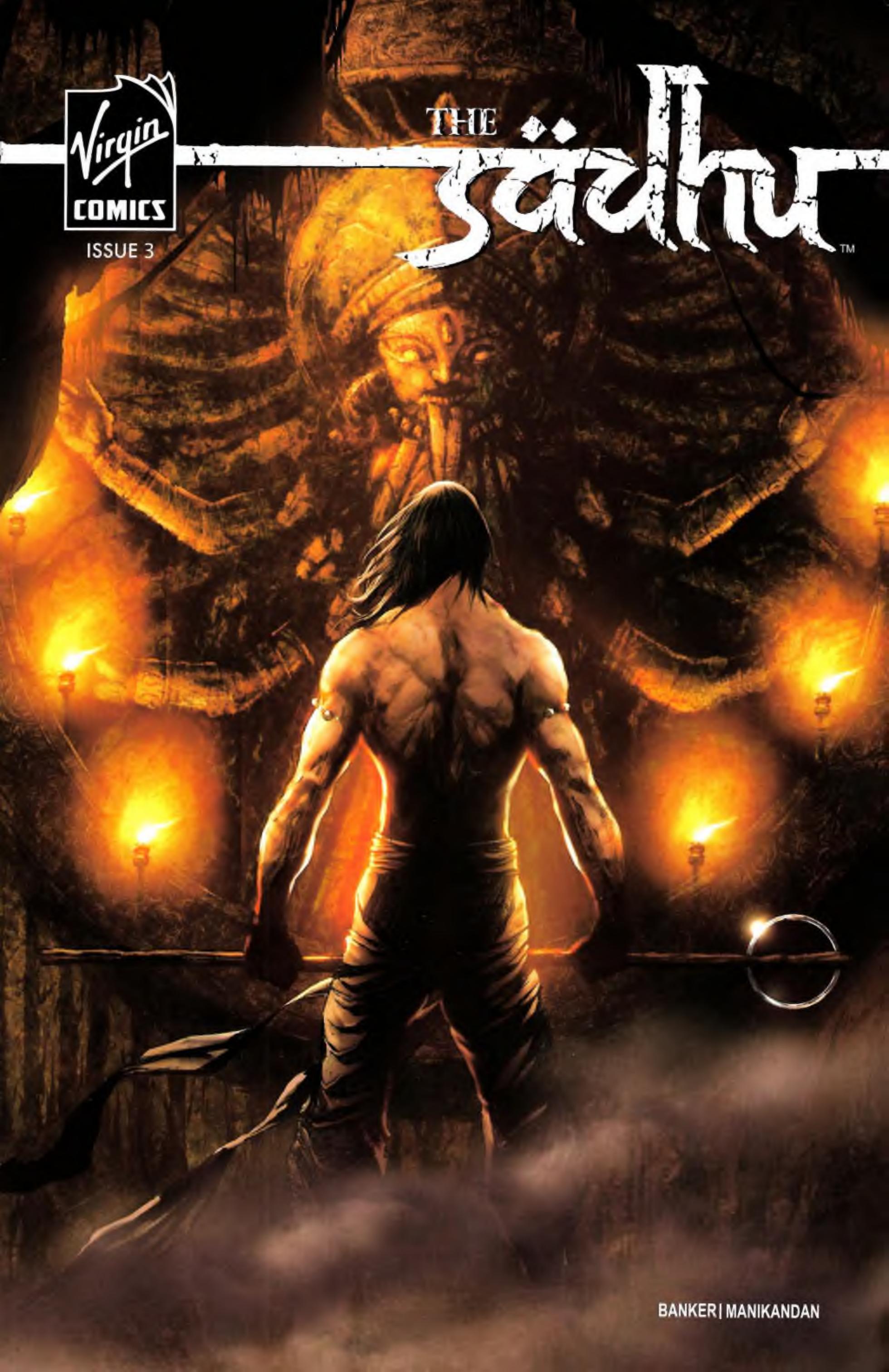




ISSUE 3

THE

Sardhu™



BANKER | MANIKANDAN

THE SADHU

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Script **ASHOK BANKER** Breakdowns/Layouts **RAJ GOLAY**
Art **R. MANIKANDAN**
Color **S. SUNDARAKANNAN** Letters **RAVIKIRAN B.S.**
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Special Thanks to

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Story so far...

Having left Victorian England for a life in the army, now in India, James Jensen finds himself in a unit commanded by the ruthless Colonel Timothy Townsend - a man charged with the task of suppressing a recent mutiny amongst the native soldiers. The two are instant adversaries.

One evening, during a casual break from regular military regimen, and in the company of his wife Tess and his fellow soldiers, James rebukes a drunk Townsend for coming onto his wife.

In the weeks that follow, Tess announces that she is carrying another child, and James draws the final straw with Townsend when he refuses to kill his Indian platoon mate Ravi Mandai, upon Townsend's orders. Later that evening, soldiers loyal to Townsend corner James in the barracks and start beating him up. To add to James' agony, they bring in Tess and their boy Jack, and make James watch as Townsend tries to sexually assault her. James retaliates but is outnumbered and at the mercy of the gun wielding soldiers. Townsend, in one horrendous move, kills Tess, slitting her throat, leaving a defeated James to his henchmen.

However, under the cover of midnight, James is set free by his friend Hugh Riley, who is summarily shot dead by Townsend for his collaboration. James, weak and in delirium, flees into the forest as the soldiers give chase. As he gets deeper and deeper into the dense jungle, exhausted, he runs into a band of Indian outlaws who subdue him with their native weapons. One of the brutes prepares to deliver the final blow when he is stopped by an old man... their leader... a shaman...





...KILL ME...MAKE IT QUICK...

DADA, SHALL I--?

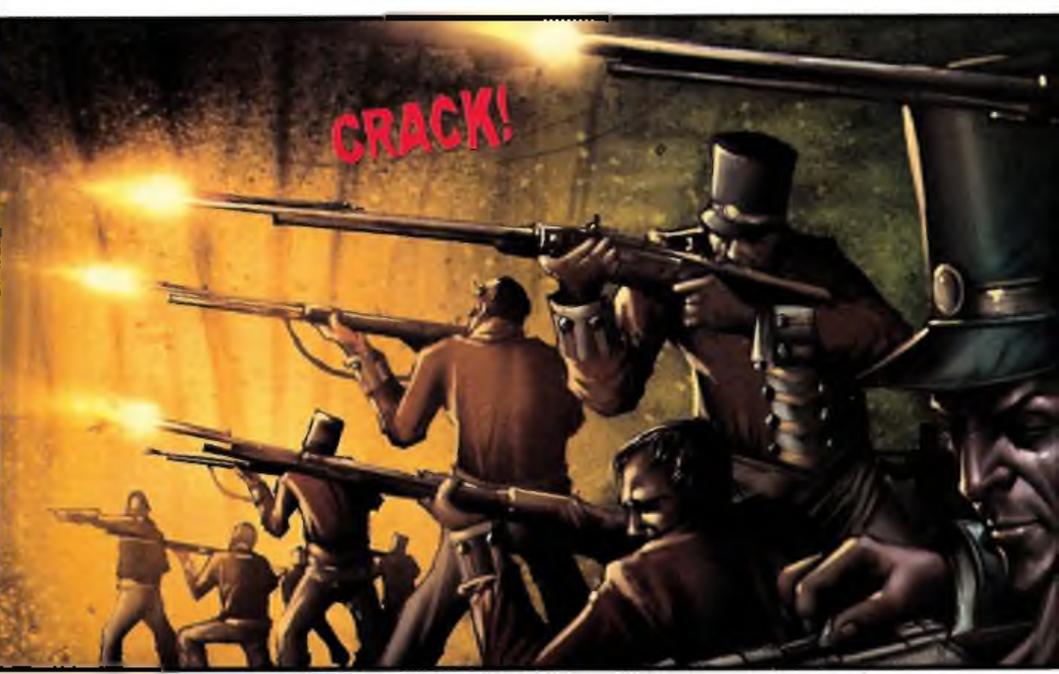
NO. THIS IS THE MAN. THE ONE.





SLAUGHTER
THE BROWN
NIGGERS.

AND BRING ME
THAT BLOODY
DEserter JENSEN.
OR HIS BODY.



CRACK!



-JAMES
JENSEN-

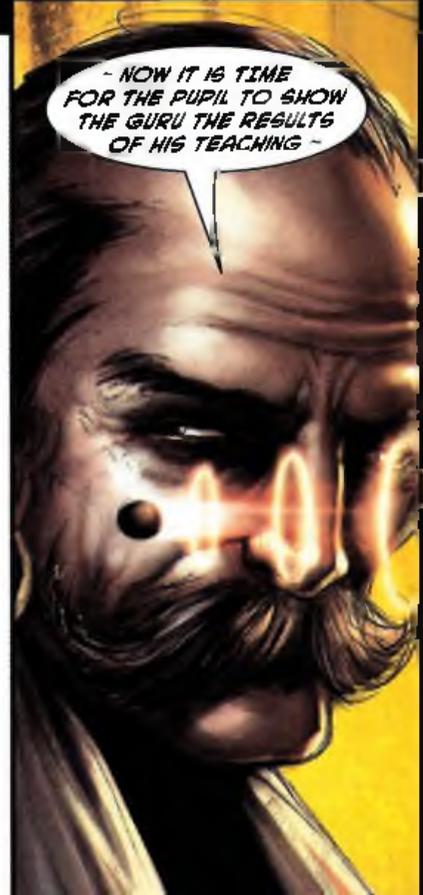
...SPEAKING...
IN MY HEAD?...
HOW?



-YOU TAUGHT
ME, MY GURU-



-YOU TAUGHT ME
MUCH ELSE-



-NOW IT IS TIME
FOR THE PUPIL TO SHOW
THE GURU THE RESULTS
OF HIS TEACHING-

ON STANDS OCTOBER 2006



ISSUE #1

SHERMAN KAPUR'S
DEVI.



9450 | 5600



TO BE MINUTE
AS AN ATOM, OR ENORMOUS AS
A MOUNTAIN, LIGHT AS AIR, OR HEAVY
AS ROCK; TO BE INVISIBLE AT WILL, HAVE
ONE'S DESIRES FULFILLED, OR SUBJECT
OTHERS TO ONE'S WILL, AND TO HAVE
LORDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

THESE
ARE THE EIGHT
SIDDHIS...

HE WHO ACHIEVES
MASTERY OF ALL EIGHT
EARNS THE RIGHT TO
CALL HIMSELF...

SADHU!

DAVE STEWART'S

WALK IN



VIRGIN VOICES LINE
PREMIERE ISSUE

COVER BY CELIA CALLE
SCRIPT BY JEFF PARKER

Voices

Virgin
COMICS

ON STANDS DECEMBER 2006

WHERE...
ARE WE?

REDUCED TO
THE SIZE OF ATOMS.
I SWALLOWED YOU UP AND
AM CARRYING YOU WITH ME
NOW AS I MAKE MY WAY
DOWN THE PATHWAY TO
THE RIVER.

BUT...
TOWNSEND...
THE SOLDIERS?

HAH! THE
ENGLISH ARE NOT
ACCUSTOMED TO
EVENTS BEYOND THEIR
UNDERSTANDING. THIS IS
WHY THEY USE BRUTE
FORCE TO
RULE US.

THEY WILL FAIL.
THERE ARE FORCES
MORE POWERFUL THAN
GUNPOWDER, MORE
DESTRUCTIVE THAN
BULLETS OR
CANNONBALLS.

THIS IS...
IMPOSSIBLE.

IMPOSSIBLE?
IT WAS YOU WHO TAUGHT
ME THAT NOTHING IS
IMPOSSIBLE TO
THE SADHU.



I'M NOT A...SAD
HUE? I'M JAMES
JENSEN, SOLDIER IN
HER MAJESTY'S
ARMY

THEY KILLED
MY WIFE, MY SON,
OUR UNBORN
CHILD.

IT WAS THAT
INJUSTICE WHICH CAUSED
YOU TO WALK THE PATHWAY
OF THE SIDDHIS, TO BECOME
THE GREATEST YOGIC
PRACTITIONER OF
THIS AGE.

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IN SUCH THINGS.
I AM...WAS...A
CHRISTIAN.

AND JESUS
NEVER WALKED ON
WATER OR RETURNED FROM
THE DEAD? THIS IS BEYOND
RELIGION AND RITUALS, MY FRIEND.
IT'S WHAT A MAN CAN ACHIEVE
THROUGH SPIRITUAL MASTERY
OF HIS SELF.

IMAGINE MY SHOCK
WHEN I FIRST MET YOU. WHAT
IRONY! AN ENGLISHMAN, ONE OF
OUR OPPRESSORS, TURNS OUT
TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL
SADHU OF ALL?

BUT TIME
ENOUGH FOR TALK
LATER, JAMES
JENSEN.

YOU NEED REST.
YOUR WOUNDS ARE
GRIEVOUS, AND YOU HAVE
JUNGLE FEVER.

ON STANDS OCTOBER 2006



WITAM KUMAR & SURESH KUMAR
Rāmāyaṇ
BOOK 1



DISTRIBUTION/ADVERTISING



TESS!!!

LATER...

COLONEL TOWNSEND,
IT WAS OUR UNDERSTANDING
THAT THE SITUATION IN YOUR
DISTRICT WAS UNDER
CONTROL.

YET NOW WE RECEIVE
THESE ALARMING REPORTS...
A MUTINOUS OUTBREAK IN YOUR
OWN BARRACKS. AN ATTACK BY
INSURGENTS. A DESERTER
WHO MAGICALLY
VANISHED?

PERHAPS
YOU COULD
EXPLAIN EXACTLY
WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?



IT WAS JAMES
JENSEN'S DOING, SIR. MAN
WENT BERSERK. KILLED HIS OWN
WIFE AND CHILD, MURDERED TWO
SOLDIERS IN THEIR SLEEP, AND
LET THE DAMN DACOITS
INTO THE CAMP.

OF COURSE
NOT, SIR. I MUSTERED
THE MEN, WE GAVE CHASE AND
ENGAGED THE ENEMY IN THE
JUNGLE. BUT THEY KNEW THE
TERRAIN BETTER THAN US,
AND...GOT AWAY.

LEAVING
YOU WITH A HALF
DOZEN DEAD AND ALMOST
AS MANY WOUNDED. NOT
COUNTING THE WOMAN
AND CHILD.

AN ENGLISH
WOMAN AND
CHILD.

AND WHERE WERE
YOU WHILE ALL THIS WAS
GOING ON? SNOOZING IN
YOUR BUNGALOW?

SEEMS THEY
GOT THE BETTER OF
YOU, COLONEL.





ONLY BECAUSE THAT BLEEDING GOD JENSEN HELPED THEM.

HE LET THEM INTO THE COMPOUND TO DO THEIR DIRTY BUSINESS. THEN HE DESERTED AND DECAMPED WITH THEM.



IT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW YOU SUSTAINED SO MANY FATALITIES WHILE THEY GOT AWAY SCOT-FREE.

BLOODY NATIVE LUCK, SIR. WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

WHAT'S THIS RUBBISH ABOUT A SORCEROR SPIRITING THEM AWAY MAGICALLY?

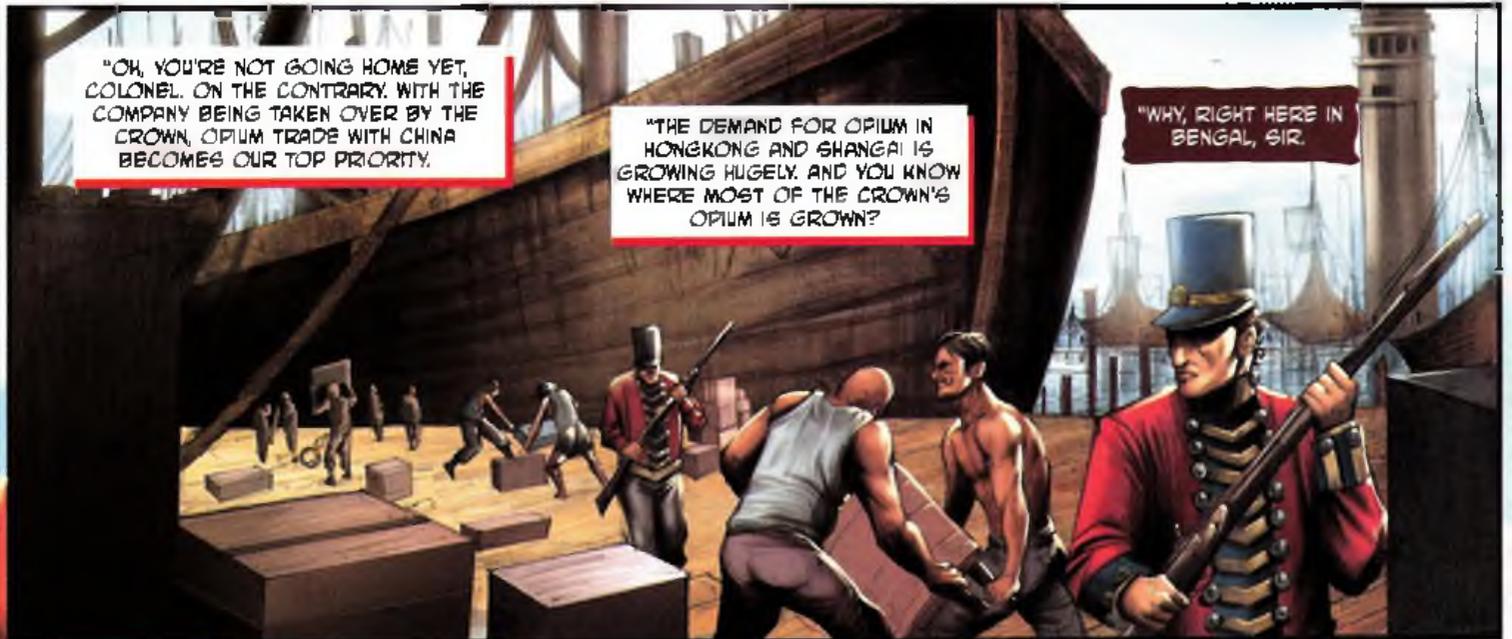


DRUNKEN DRIVEL. NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS, SIR.

ONE OF YOUR OWN LIEUTENANTS SAYS HERE--

MAN WAS DRUNK ON GENTRY DUTY, SIR. I'VE REPRIMANDED HIM FOR THE LAPSE. NOW HE'S JUST LYING TO SPITE ME.

YOU HAVE MY WORD. THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL NOW.





"AFTER ALL, INDIA IS A PLUM PRIZE FOR ANY MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE HER YIELD HER WEALTH."



"RIPE FOR THE PICKING INDEED, SIR."

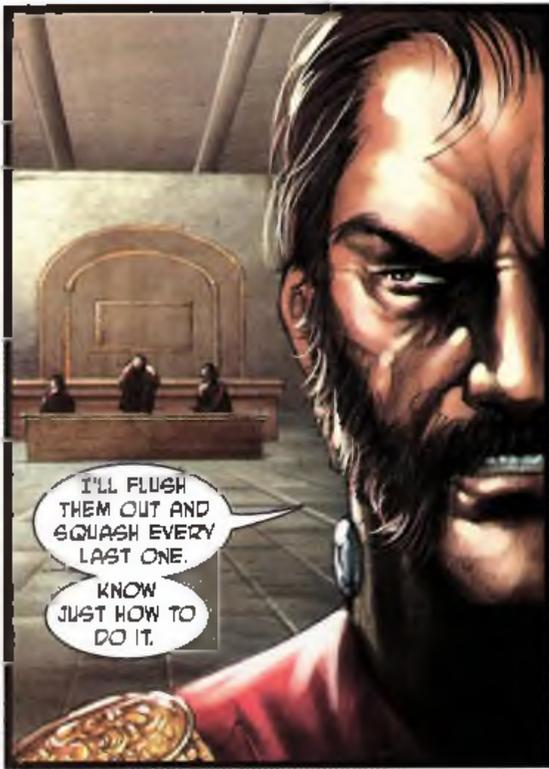


"WE CAN'T ALLOW A GANG OF HALF-NAKED NATIVES TO DEPRIVE US OF OUR HARD-EARNED SPOILS, CAN WE?"

"NO SIR, WE SURELY CANNOT."



THEN DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM, COLONEL!
TRACK DOWN THIS DESERTER JENSEN AND HIS GANG OF THUGS. ELIMINATE THEM BEFORE THEY BECOME A NUISANCE.



I'LL FLUSH THEM OUT AND SQUASH EVERY LAST ONE.
KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT.

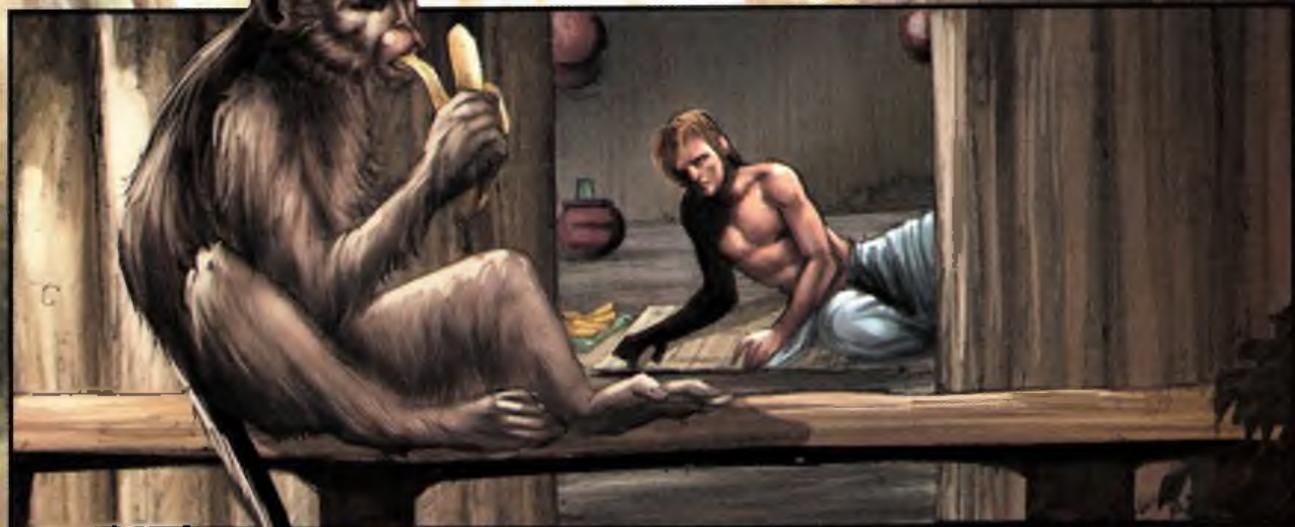
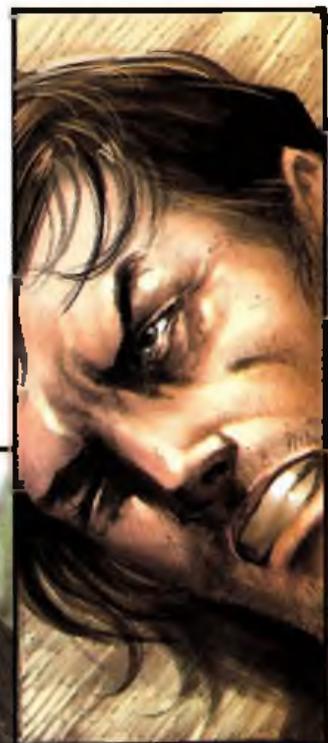
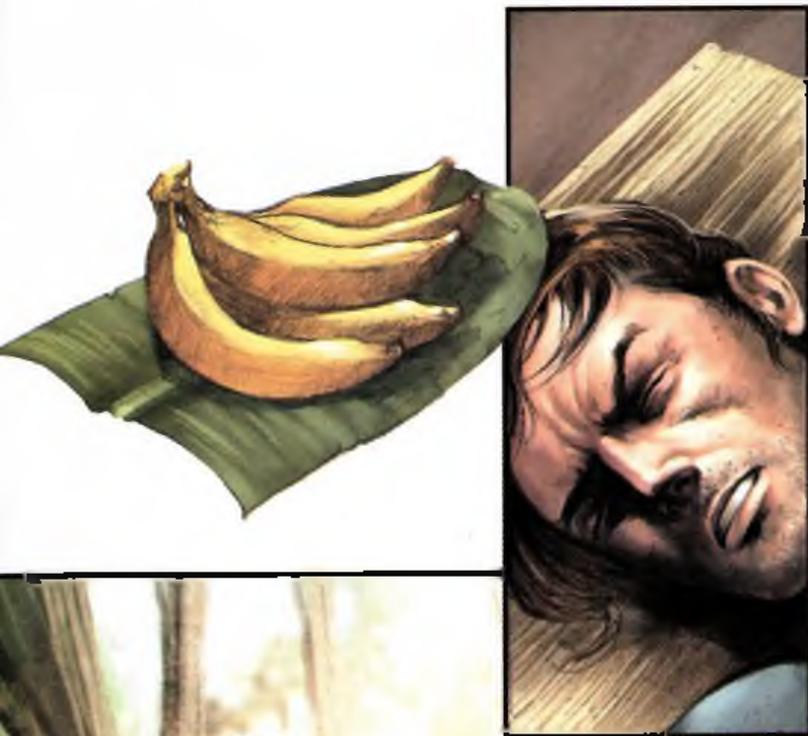
ENNIS | WOO

COMICS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN



ISSUE 1 COVER BY **YOSHITAKA AMANO**

ON STANDS OCTOBER 2006





FIVE LITTLE
MONKEYS SITTING ON
A TREE...



TEASING
MR. ALLIGATOR?

CAN'T CATCH ME,
CAN'T CATCH ME.



JACK?
TESS?





ISSUE 1

VIRGIN COMICS SHAKTI/LINE PRESENTS

END OF STORY

M I T R A S H E D



ON STANDS NOVEMBER 2006





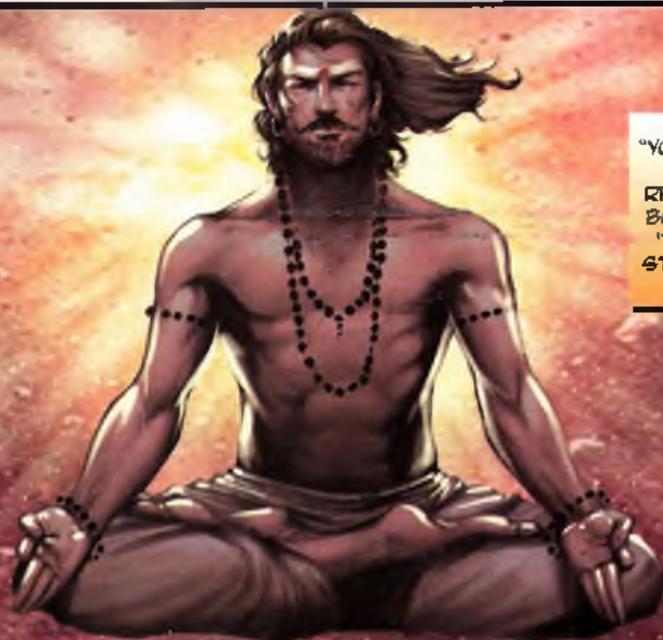
WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU ON ABOUT? ME--A SADHU? PERFORMING INDIAN SORcery? AND YOU GO ON ABOUT ME BEING YOUR TEACHER AND FRIEND?

BUT I'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON YOU UNTIL THE DAY YOU CAME UPON ME IN THE JUNGLE.

AND IF YOU THINK I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE, THEN YOU'RE DEAD WRONG. YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME FOR DEAD, OR BETTER YET, KILLED ME WHERE I LAY.



YOUR ANGER IS UNDERSTANDABLE. BUT EVERY WORD I SAY, EVERYTHING I DO, IS ON YOUR OWN EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS.



"YOU EVEN HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PREDICT YOUR OWN REACTIONS--'HE'LL BE MAD AS BOLLOCKS AT YOU', YOU SAID, 'THE YOUNGER ME MAY EVEN STRIKE OUT AT YOU, DADA, SO WATCH YOURSELF.'



STOP SAYING THAT.

AND YOU SAID YOU WOULD NEVER BELIEVE ME UNTIL...

UNTIL WHAT, GODAMNIT?

SOMU? DEB?
OKEY MARO.

WHAT THE
HELL'S THIS?

TWO TO ONE, MUH?
COME ON, THEN. I'VE GOT
NOTHING TO LIVE FOR ANYWAY.
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A
FEW WITH ME.

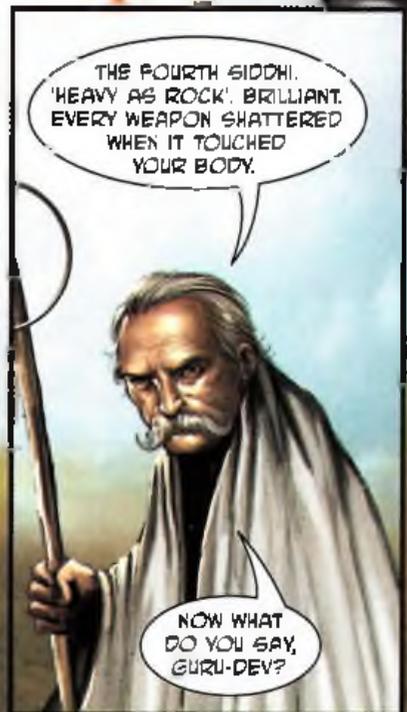
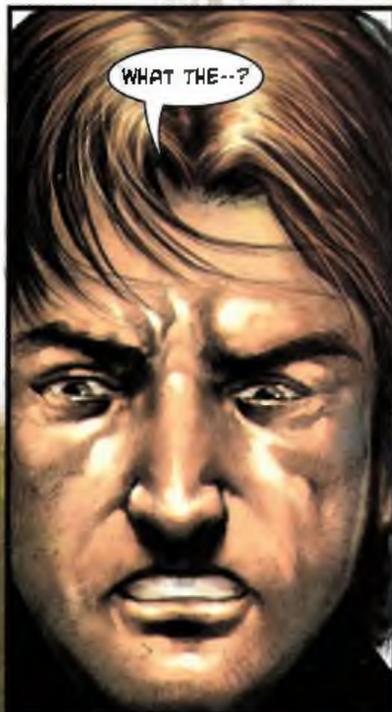
MARO
OKEY.

DAMN YOU!

GOOD,
BUT ANY TRAINED
WARRIOR MIGHT
DO THIS,
YEAH?

SOMU, DEB,
OSHOK, OMIT,
RABIN, DEVA, BIPPU?
SABH MARO OKEY.
WITH WEAPONS!







YOU USED YOUR BLOODY SORCERY, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF NECROMANCER?

IT IS NOT SORCERY. MERELY THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE MASTERED AND CONTROLLED BY ONE'S WILL.



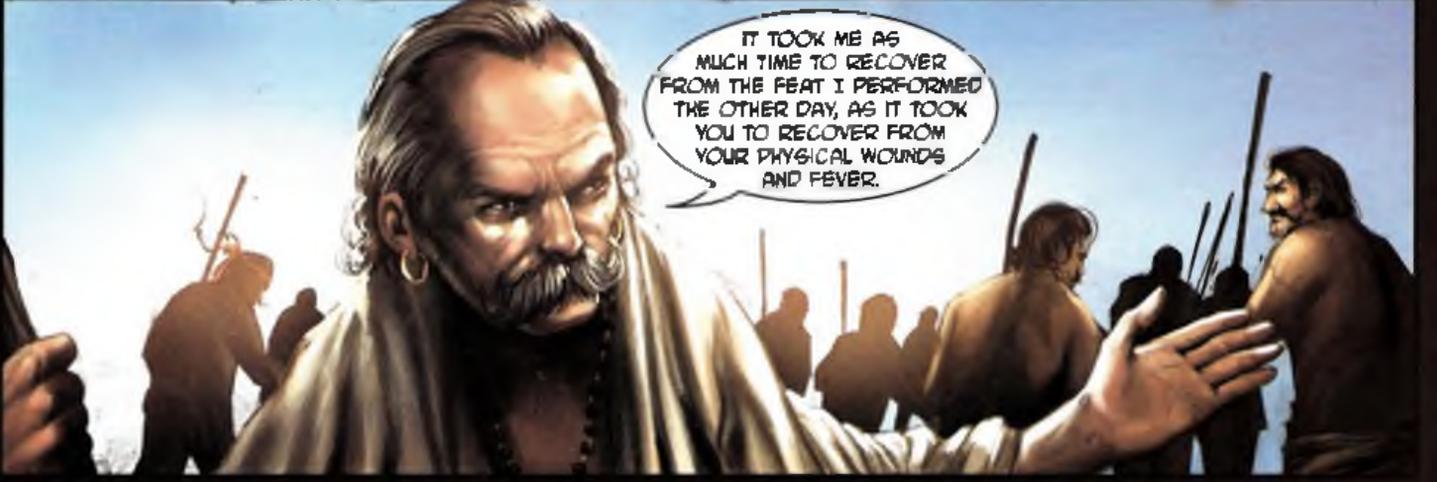
"AS YOU YOUR SELF TAUGHT ME, THE FORCE OF BRAHMAN PERVADES EVERY OBJECT IN THE UNIVERSE, EVERY ELEMENT, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE THROUGH YOGADA, ONE ATTAINS ONENESS WITH BRAHMAN

"AND BY SUSTAINING THAT EXALTED STATE OF HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS, ONE CAN ATTAIN THE EIGHT SIDDHIS.

"BUT NOT EVERYBODY CAN ATTAIN SUCH HEIGHTS. I MYSELF HAVE ATTAINED ONLY THE FIRST SIDDHI. AND EVEN THAT COSTS ME EVERY OUNCE OF MY ENERGY.



"BUT YOU, JAMES, YOU HAVE ACHIEVED GREATER THINGS..."



IT TOOK ME AS MUCH TIME TO RECOVER FROM THE FEAT I PERFORMED THE OTHER DAY, AS IT TOOK YOU TO RECOVER FROM YOUR PHYSICAL WOUNDS AND FEVER.

ENOUGH! STOP TALKING ABOUT ME AS IF I'M SOMEONE I'M NOT. I'M NO GODDING BADDU.

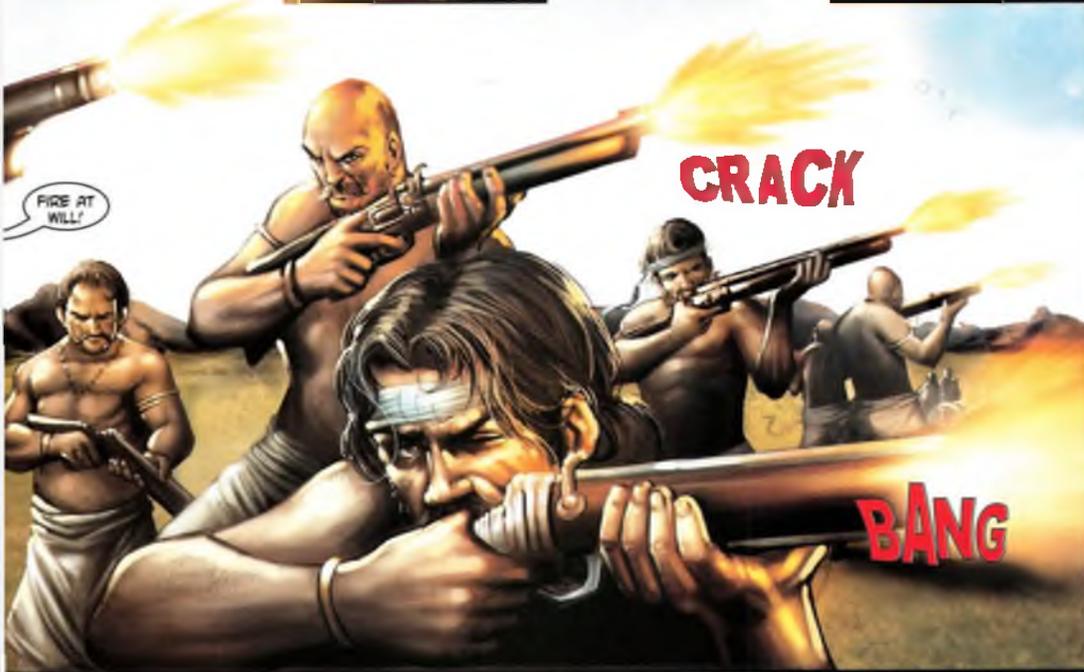
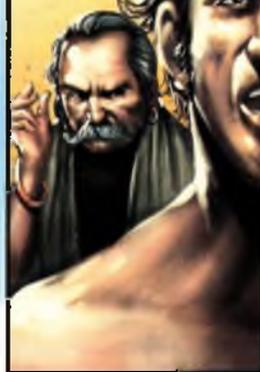
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER WHO YOU TRULY ARE, JAMES JENSEN.

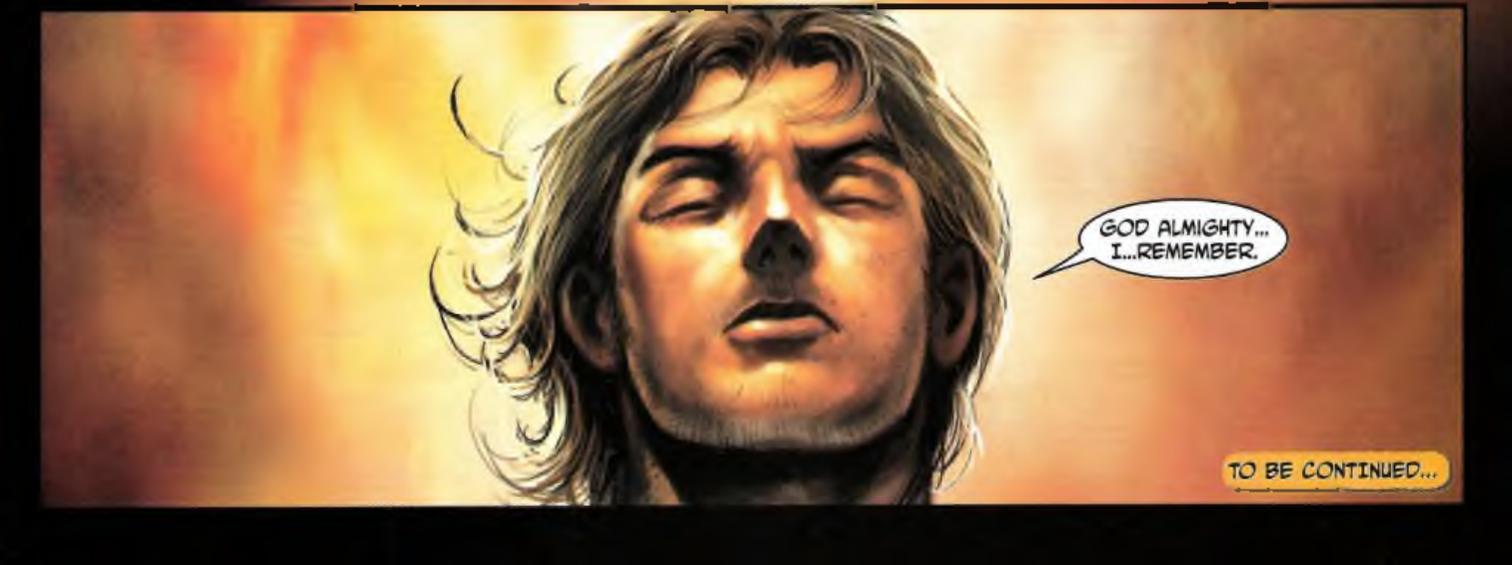


BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO DO, AND AS YOUR DISCIPLE, I AM OATHBOUND TO OBEY YOU...UNTO DEATH IF NEED BE.





THE THIRD SIDDI.
'LIGHT AS AIR'. CHANGING
ONE'S MOLECULAR STRUCTURE
SO THE BULLETS PASS
THROUGH THE CELLS OF ONE'S
BODY AS EASILY AS
PASSING THROUGH
AIR ITSELF.



GOD ALMIGHTY...
I...REMEMBER.

TO BE CONTINUED...



Xplorations



"Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it." - Goethe

And so I did.

From the tender age of four, I immersed myself in comics. I laughed, I cried, I feared, I raged, I learned, I fought, I cared, I evolved and I dreamt with the multitude of characters, comicbook after comicbook. They took me on flights of imagination, showed me new worlds, helped me face my inner-demons, entertained me and enthralled me. They taught me how to live and what to live for. It was said somewhere, of an artist of great acclaim, that comics rescued him. And many years later, through his art, he returned the favor.

Two decades and many, many comicbooks later, from the time I picked up my first, I stand at the beginning of what I dream I can do.

Make comicbooks. Create worlds. Entertain. Tell stories. And, possibly, even in the smallest way, return the favor.

When you dream with conviction, providence itself starts making way for you. So, I stand at the beginning with many other dreamers, truly gifted people who I've had the honor of knowing, crazy enough to dream the same dream.

I thank them all for being part of the vision and making this a crazy, but thoroughly enjoyable ride so far.

So here's to the crazy ones. The misfits. The rebels. The ones who see things differently. They do not respect rules. And they have no respect for the status quo. They annoy. Question. Disregard. Are pains in the proverbial ###. You can praise them, disagree with them, quote them, disbelieve them, exalt or vilify them. But the one thing you can't do is ignore them.

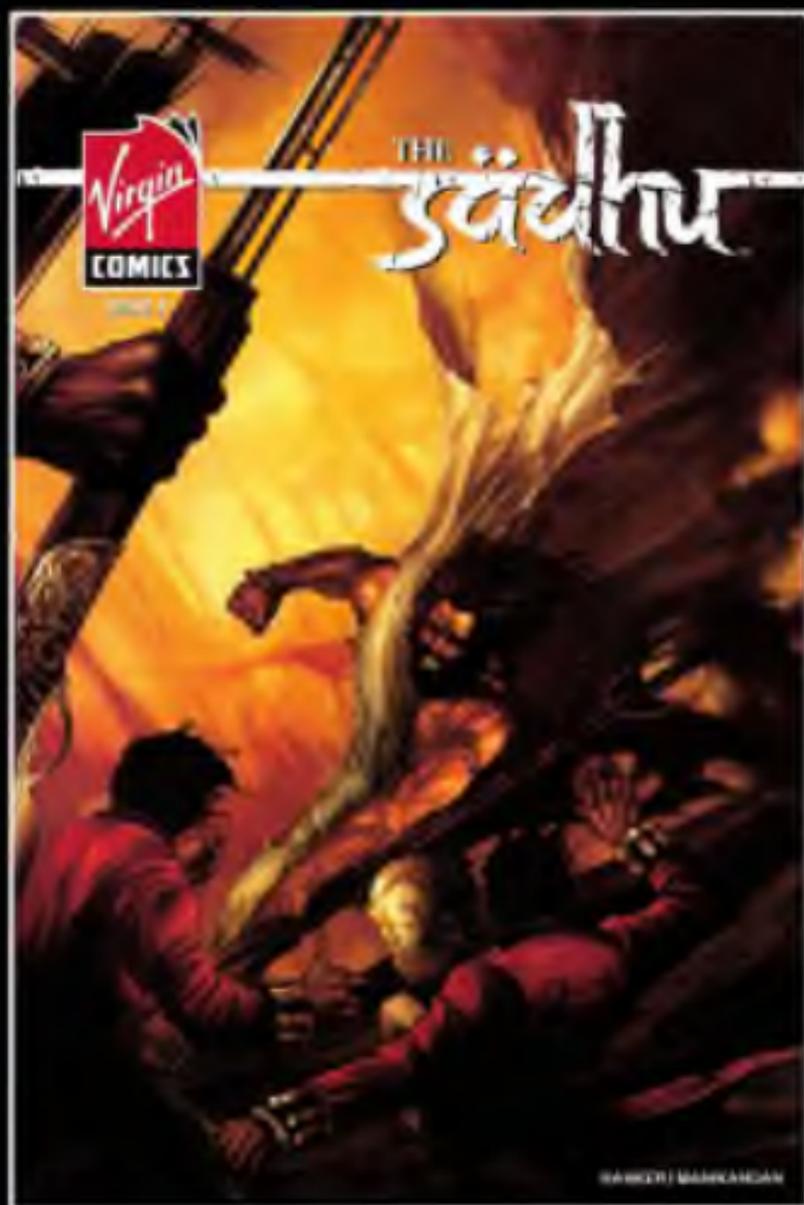
Because they imagine. They create. They inspire. They can stare at an empty canvas and see a work of art. Or sit in silence and hear a song that's never been written. Or create beings that can fly faster than a speeding bullet and change the course of mighty rivers out of thin air.

I thank them because if they are crazy enough to think they can change the world, they probably will. And it'll be one hell of a ride.

- Jeevan J. Kang
16th August 2006



ON STANDS OCTOBER 2006



VIRGIN COMICS AT COMICON 2006



SAN DIEGO COMICON. THE PLACE WHERE THE FAN BOYS AND GIRLS, THE CONNOISSEURS OF GREAT STORY AND ART, THE SELF-PROCLAIMED ARBITERS OF REALLY AWESOME TASTE ARE GIVEN THE CHANCE TO VIEW AND REVIEW THE NEXT BIG THING IN ENTERTAINMENT.

As first-time participants in this year's frenzy, Virgin Comics may have been the budding flower, but we didn't have to wait very long to be plucked.

Alongside Spider-Man and the X-Men were suddenly Devi and Ramayan. The artwork of the great Alex Ross was accompanied by the visual stylings of India's up-and-coming talents Mukesh Singh (*Devi*) and Jeevan Kang (*Sadhu*). And Zeb Wells' signing line at the Virgin Booth was the

longest he'd ever had at a con (auctioning off an original piece of *Snake Woman* artwork from Michael Gaydos didn't hurt, either).

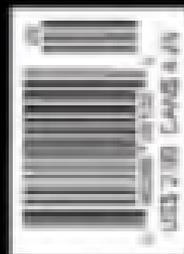
But the event that marked Virgin's coming-out was the meeting of two great storytellers – comics legend Grant Morrison and Virgin Comics' Chief Visionary Deepak Chopra. At the Virgin panel, "The Seven Spiritual Laws of the Super-Hero," Morrison and Chopra mused on the shared archetypes of the world's cultures, promoted the ability of story to influence social change, and invited the audience to help them define these seven spiritual laws. In so doing, that collective began the dialogue on the creation of the super-heroes of the new era. What those will be is as yet undefined. But it will be storytellers like Morrison, Chopra and the members of that audience who will create them.*

For Virgin Comics, Comicon was as much a success for getting our work out there as it was for offering an event such as the panel to get people talking about what the new mythologies are and will be. So, thanks to the fan boys and girls, the creators and the well-wishers who made our first time so special.



*for clips from the panel and to let us know what you think, visit us at: www.virgincomics.com or www.myspace.com/virgincomics

EXPERIENCE THE UNKNOWN



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