



ISSUE 5

THE

Sardhu™



CHOPRA | MANIKANDAN

THE SADHU

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Story so far...

James Jensen has returned to where it all began. Or so he thinks.

After having ventured with his wife Tess and infant son Jack from his native London East to India and serving in her Majesty's army, James Jensen quickly runs afoul of his commanding officer - the malevolent Timothy Townsend. Immediately at odds with the vile and power mongering Colonel, things come to a head when Jensen catches Townsend trying to rape Tess. A violent confrontation ensues during which Tess is murdered by Townsend and Jack buried by a violent blow. Horrified and enraged, James makes to kill Townsend but is subdued by Townsend's nefarious cronies. Doomed to the gallows by Townsend on trumped up charges, Jensen is broken out from his prison cell in the dead of night by a fellow officer who is swiftly executed for his treason. On instinct alone, James manages to flee for the dense jungle with Townsend's forces hot on his heels...only to wearily fall into the hands of a group of bandits, led by an enigmatic old mystic, or Sādhu, named Dada Thakur. Their bond is cemented when the natives help James allude his British pursuers, utilizing both agile martial arts as well as various powers the likes James has never witnessed.

Recovering from his rage, despair, and broken body, James initially spins out of control, unable to fully comprehend the mysterious ways of Dada and the Sādhus. Witnessing Dada's strange powers and slipping between the dimensions of time, James ultimately relents and submits himself to the will of new Guru, begging the master to teach him the spiritual and warrior ways of the Sādhu.

Still, a rage boils deep within James, a fire that he manages even to hide from himself. Now, 3 years after the start of his training, James appears back in merry old England, and yet, it's not so merry as it remains unclear what motivates his return, his new-found spiritual oath or his long sequestered instinct for revenge...

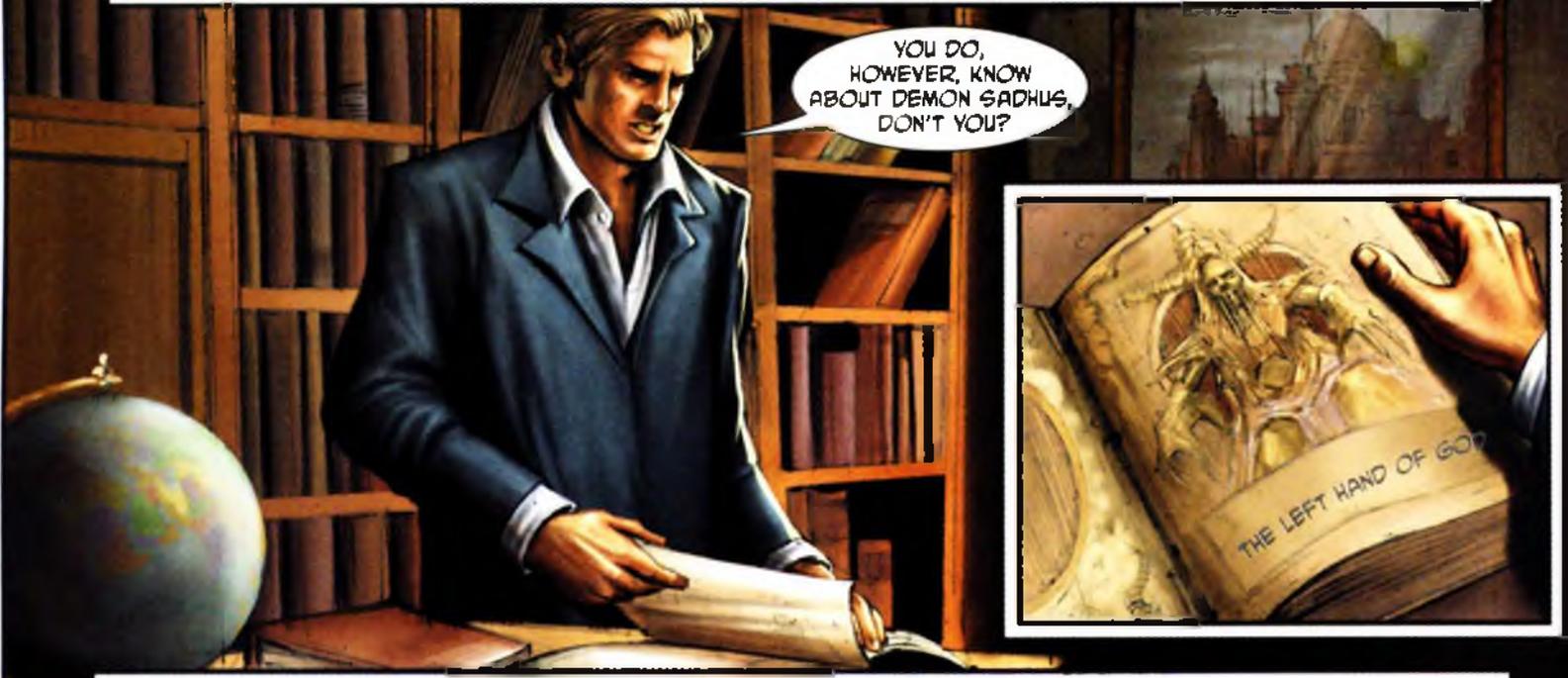




HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE NOT SOME SORT OF DEMON SADHU?



YOU DON'T.

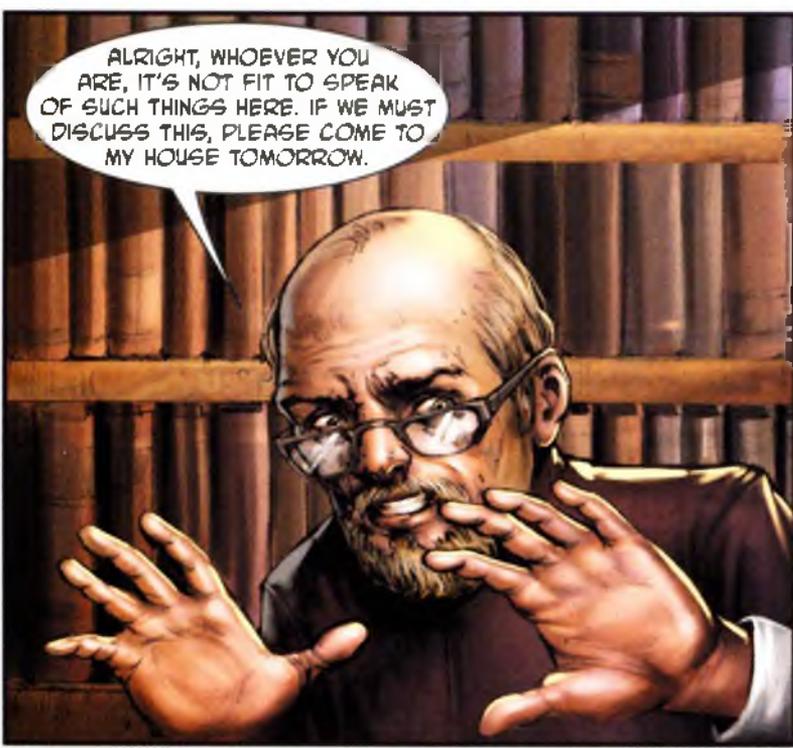


YOU DO, HOWEVER, KNOW ABOUT DEMON SADHUS, DON'T YOU?



I KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT YOU SPEAK.

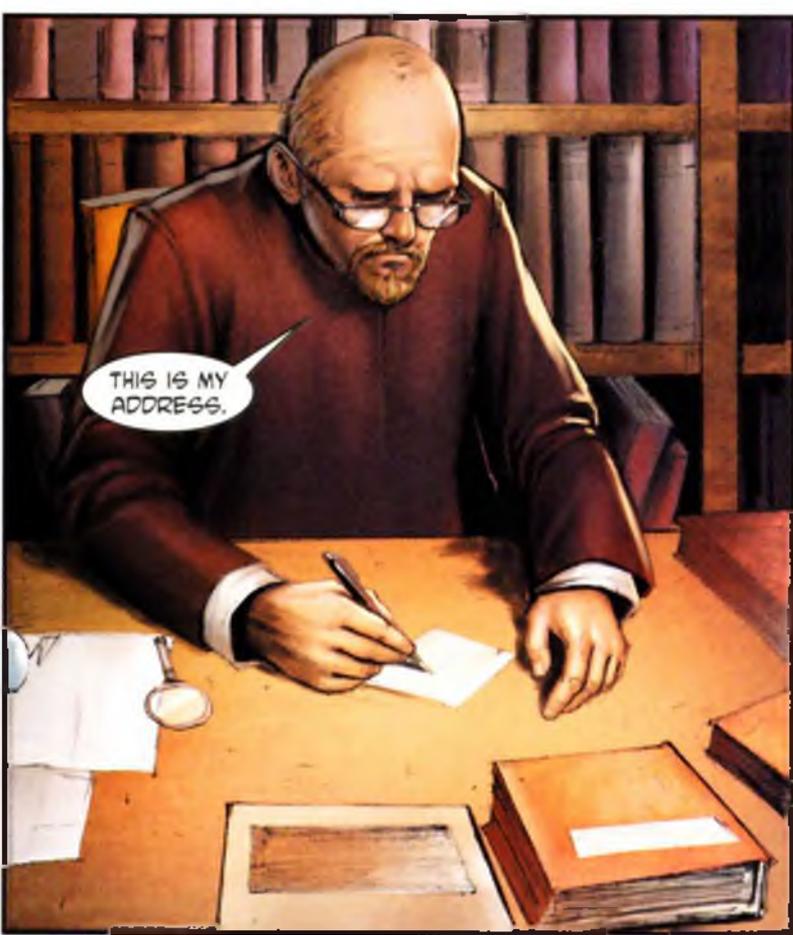
DON'T LIE TO ME, PROFESSOR. I THINK YOU KNOW A DEMON SADHU IN THIS VERY CITY.



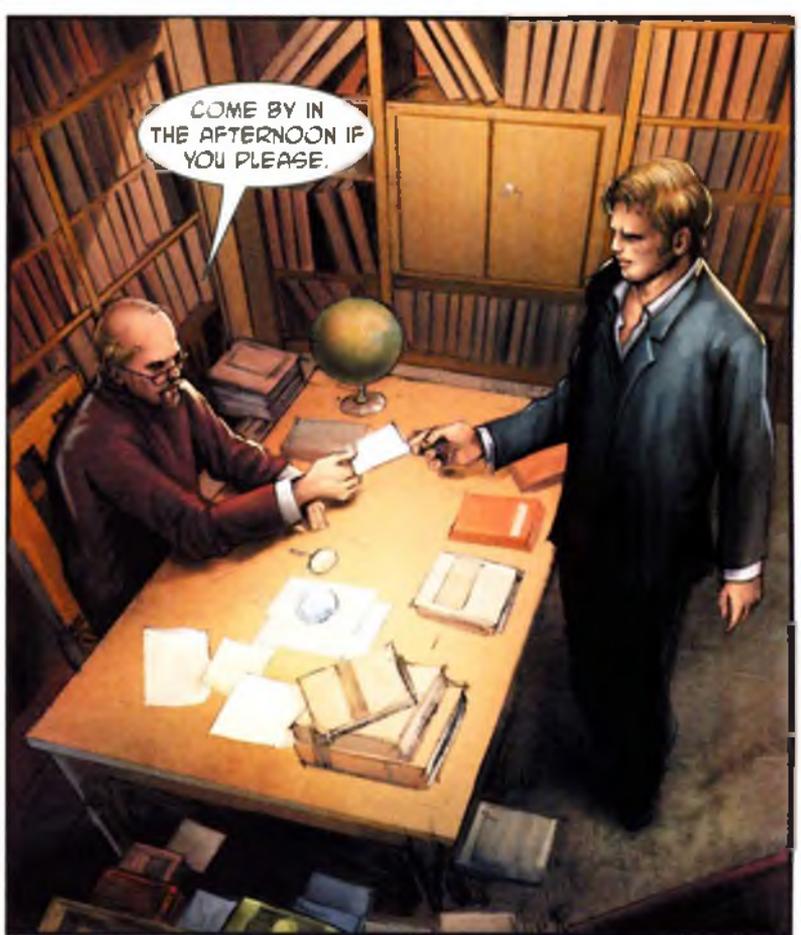
ALRIGHT, WHOEVER YOU ARE, IT'S NOT FIT TO SPEAK OF SUCH THINGS HERE. IF WE MUST DISCUSS THIS, PLEASE COME TO MY HOUSE TOMORROW.



VERY WELL.



THIS IS MY ADDRESS.



COME BY IN THE AFTERNOON IF YOU PLEASE.

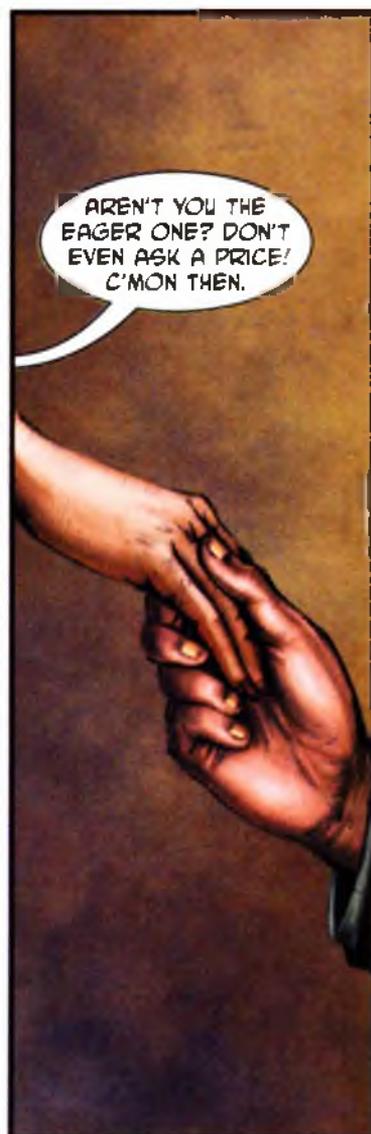
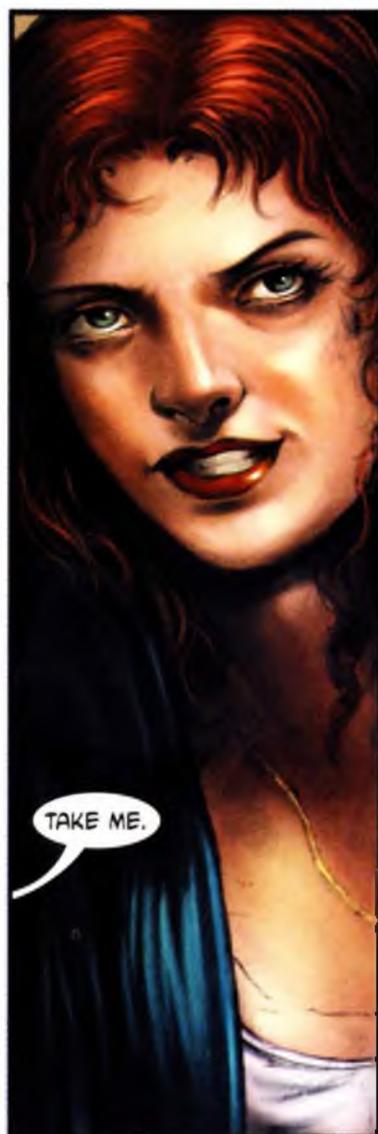


I PLEASE...

AND IF YOU CARE SO MUCH ABOUT THIS DEMON SADHU YOU INQUIRE ABOUT, PLEASE MAKE YOURSELF INCONSPICUOUS...



WELL THEN, YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THAT.





I KEEP MEANIN' TO 'AVE A DECORATOR IN TO DO UP THE PLACE.

THAT'S A JOKE, LOVE.



WHY DON'T YOU AND ME USE YOUR COAT TO LAY ON THE BED? AT'LL ADD A BIT MORE CUSHION IF YOU DON'T MIND.

WHO RUNS THE PLACE?



THAT'S NO NEVER MIND. HE'S NO FUN LIKE ME.



PLEASE--
--TELL ME WHO RUNS THE PLACE, AND I'LL PAY YOU DOUBLE.



FOR THAT, I'LL DO BETTER. I'LL TAKE YOU TO 'IS MAJESTY.



IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU WANT, YOU COMIN' TO THE RIGHT PLACE. JUST LEAVE ME OUT OF IT, IF YOU PLEASE.

THAT'S AS FAR AS THIS TRAIN GOES. I DON'T NEED KNOW TROUBLE.



'E'S THERE IN THE BACK PLAYING CARDS-THE ONE STANDING UP..



RAISE HIM, MATE. YOU GOT THE GOODS.

I DON'T KNOW...



SURE YOU DO. HE'S BLUFFING.



WILLIAM...

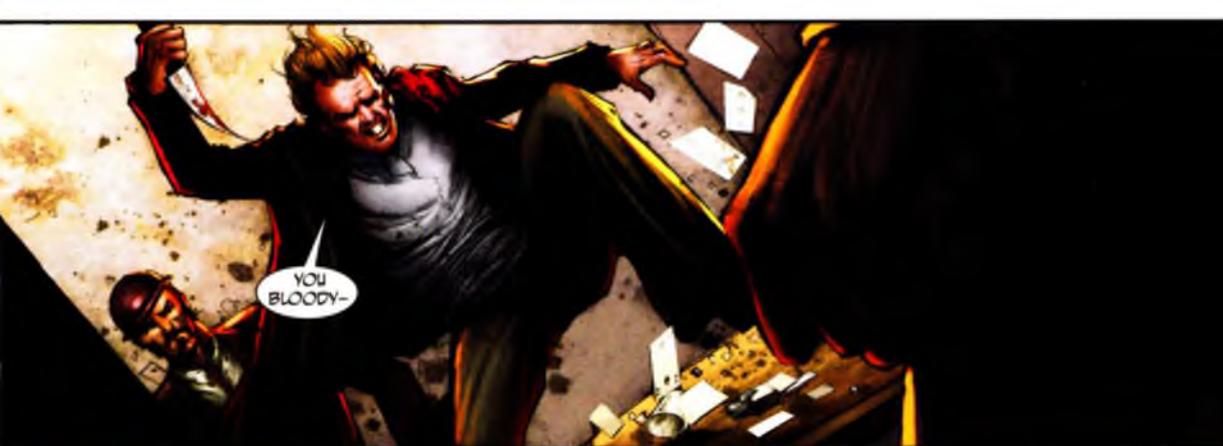


YOU KNOW THE BLOKE?

HE'S MY BROTHER...

MY MY, YOUR BROTHER'S A PIG IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING.







NOT WITH 'IM THERE.



HEY!



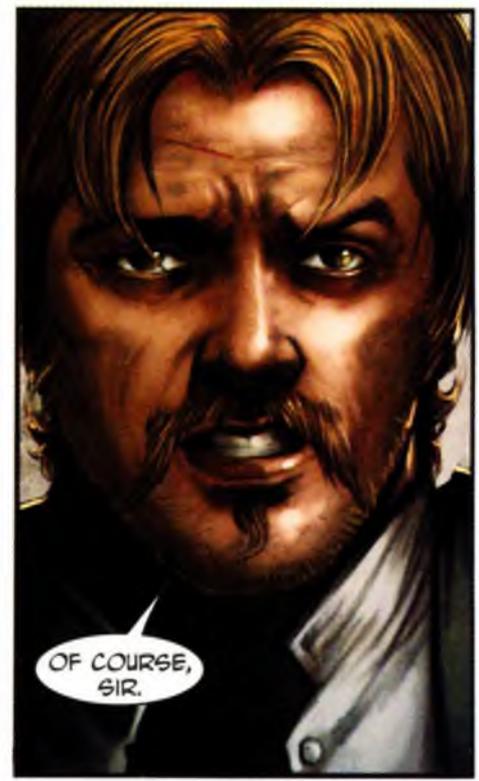
WILLIAM, WHAT'S GOING ON.



NOTHING, SIR. JUST A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT IS ALL.



WELL IF YOU MUST DISAGREE, KEEP IT OUTSIDE OF MY ESTABLISHMENT. UNDERSTAND?



OF COURSE, SIR.



WHO'S THAT? IS THIS HIS PLACE?

THEY'RE ALL 'IS PLACES. 'E RUNS THIS 'OLE CITY.

AND BEFORE YOU ASK, I WOULDN'T GO NEAR 'IM FOR A KING'S RANSOM.



IT'S COME TO MY ATTENTION, WILLIAM, THAT ONE OF YOUR LADS HAS BEEN SNEAKING AROUND ON US. ARE YOU AWARE OF SUCH NEFARIOUS THINGS?



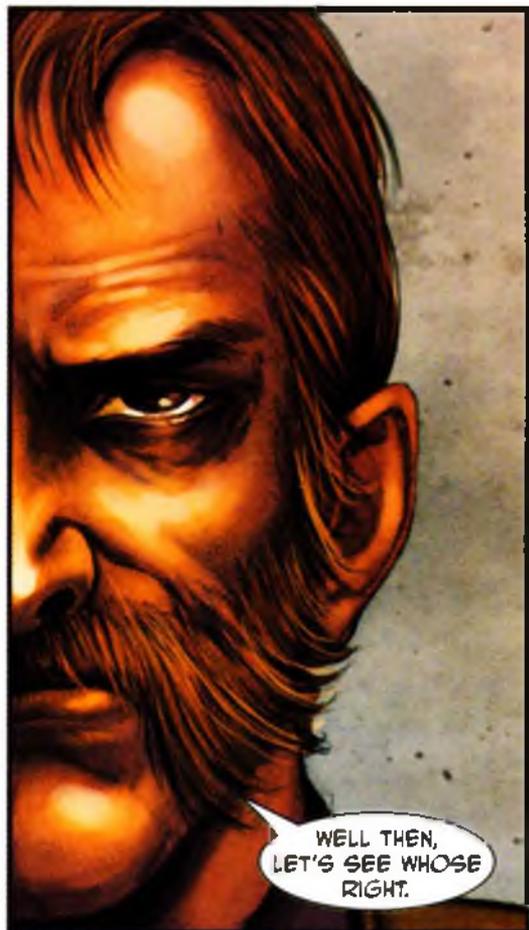
I'D NO IDEA, SIR. YOU KNOW I'D NEVER--

NEVER SAY NEVER, WILLIAM. THOUGH INDEED I HAVE FULL FAITH IN YOUR IGNORANCE FOR NOW.



YOU, WHY IS YOUR HEART BEATING SO FAST? ARE YOU NERVOUS? IS IT BECAUSE YOU STOLE FROM ME AND NOW YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. I'M NOT NERVOUS--



WELL THEN, LET'S SEE WHOSE RIGHT.



CRACKKKKK

JUST AS
I SUSPECTED.
I WAS RIGHT.

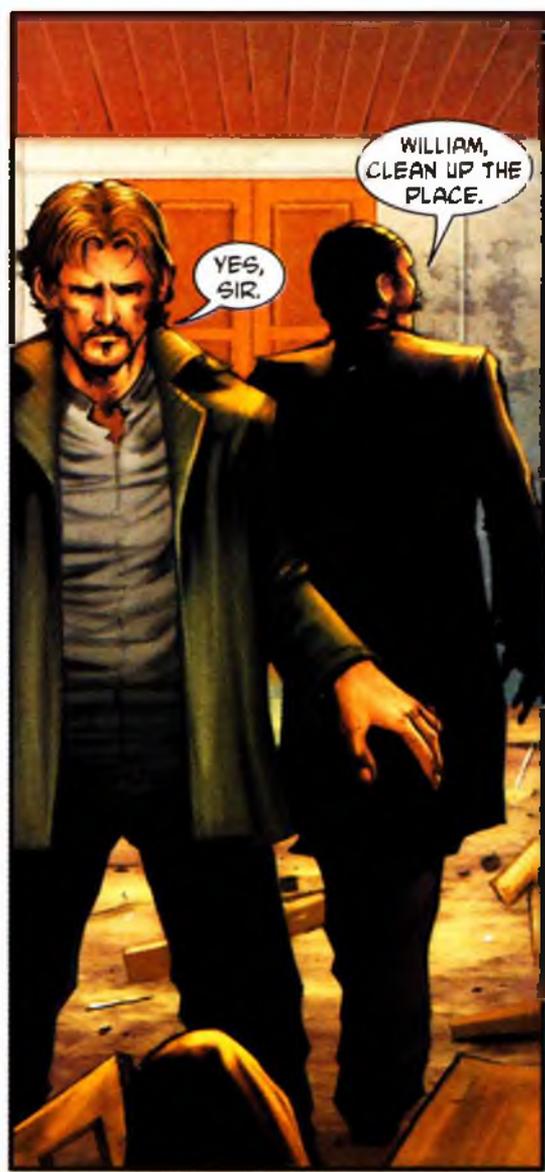


WELL
THEN, I HOPE
THAT SENDS A
MESSAGE.

WILLIAM,
CLEAN UP THE
PLACE.

YES,
SIR.

EASY
DOES IT.





WHERE ARE YOU?



HEY THERE FELLA, DID A MAN JUST COME OUT THAT DOOR?

YES SIR...A BLOKE DID COME THROUGH 'ERE JUST A MOMENT AGO.

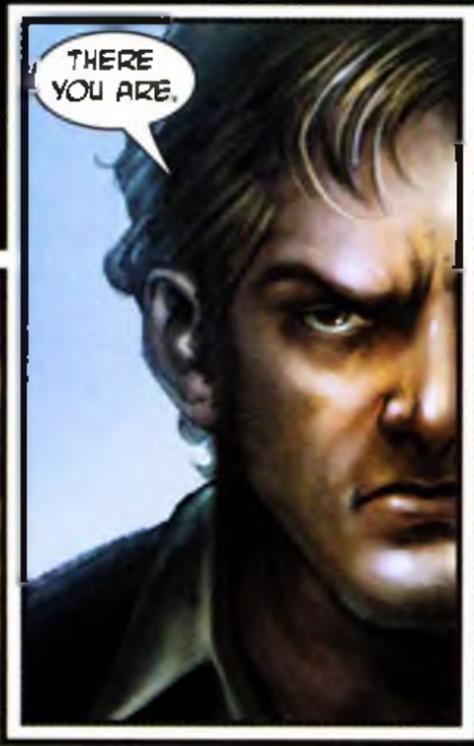
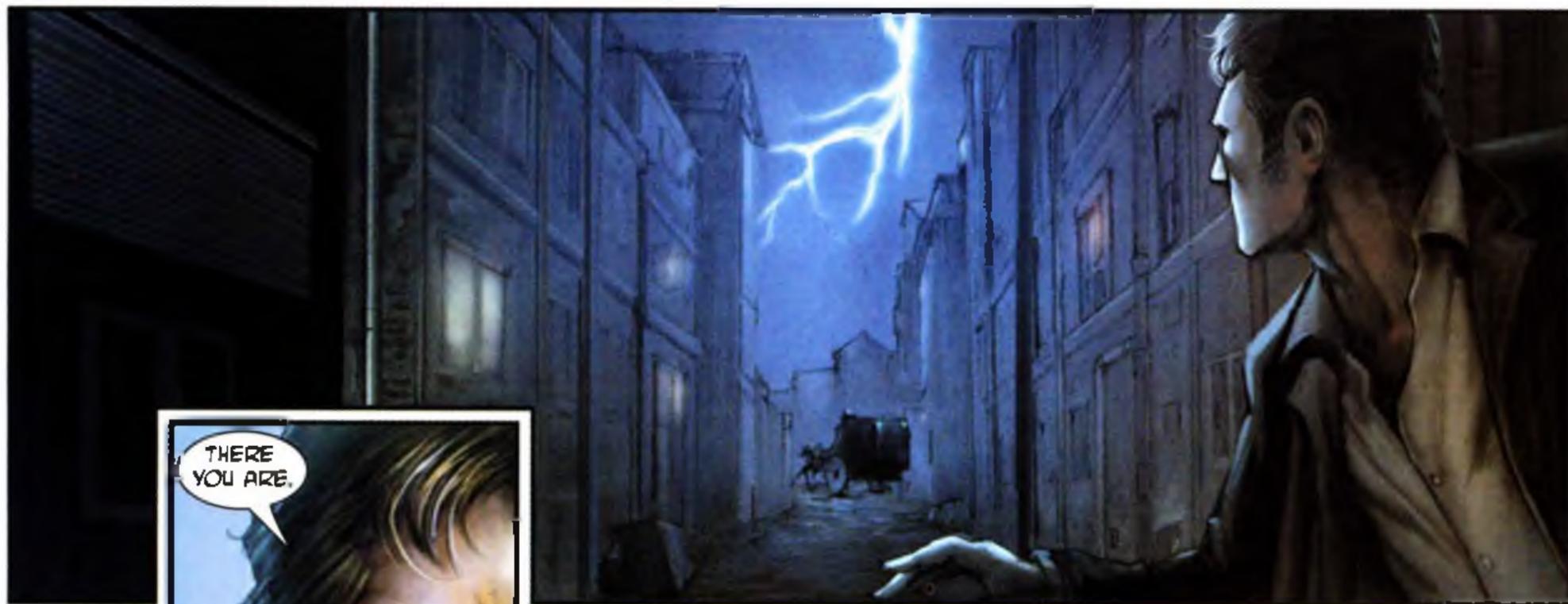


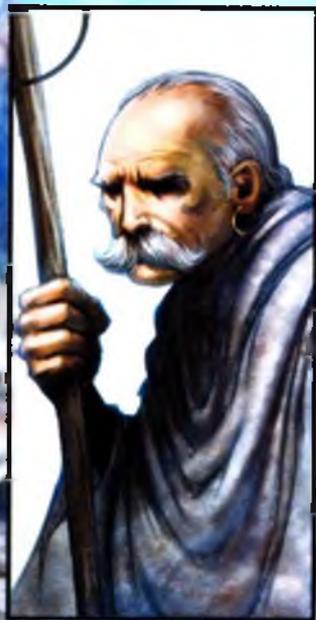
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?



IN FACT, 'E JUST KIND OF DISAPPEARED.

THEN AGAIN, I MAY HAVE HAD A DRINK OR TWO...





WHY ARE WE HERE? IT'S BLOODY FREEZING!



TO TEACH YOU TO RUN.



YOU MUST BE JOKING.



VERY GOOD. TELL ME WHEN IT IS ENOUGH.



WHEN YOU CATCH UP!



NOW... WHAT... DO... YOU... SAY, YOU... OLD... BUGGER...?

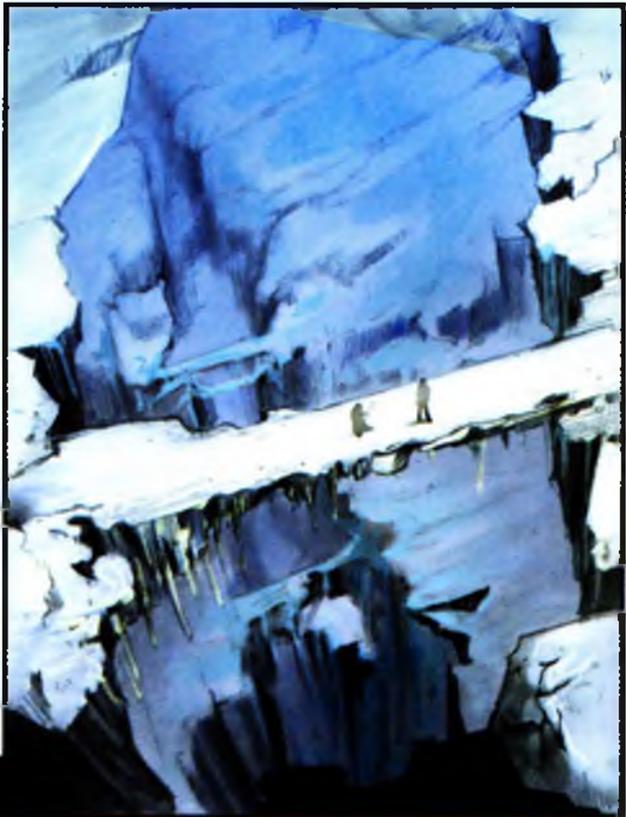




I SAY:
NOT BAD FOR
A BEGINNER.



HOW
THE HELL DID
YOU GET OVER
THERE? I WAS
FAR IN FRONT
OF YOU!



THAT WAS
PRACTICE. NOW
LET' SEE IF YOU
CAN REALLY
RUN.



SON OF
A BITCH!!!





SO I WAS RIGHT WHEN I SENSED SOME... PRESENCE BACK AT THAT SALOON?



THE FACE IS FAMILIAR... EVEN THE VOICE. FORGIVE ME THOUGH, I JUST CAN'T PLACE THE NAME. YOU CAN'T HAVE BEEN VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.

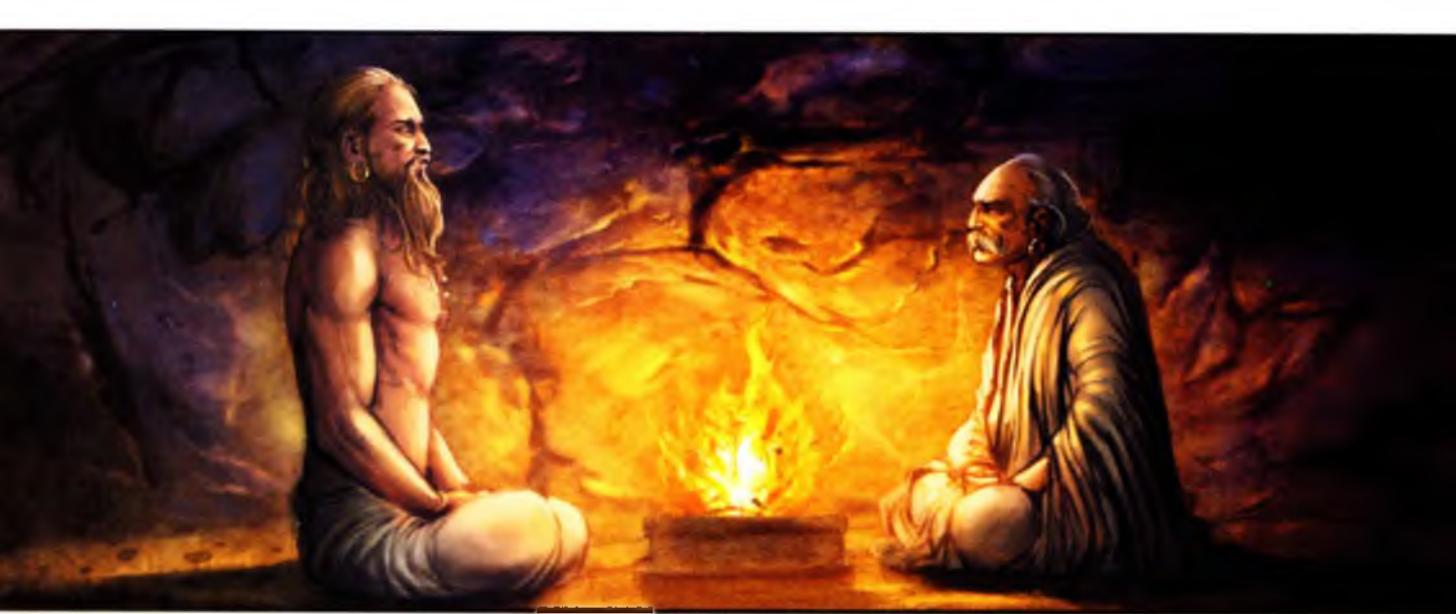


YOU MURDERED MY WIFE AND SON.

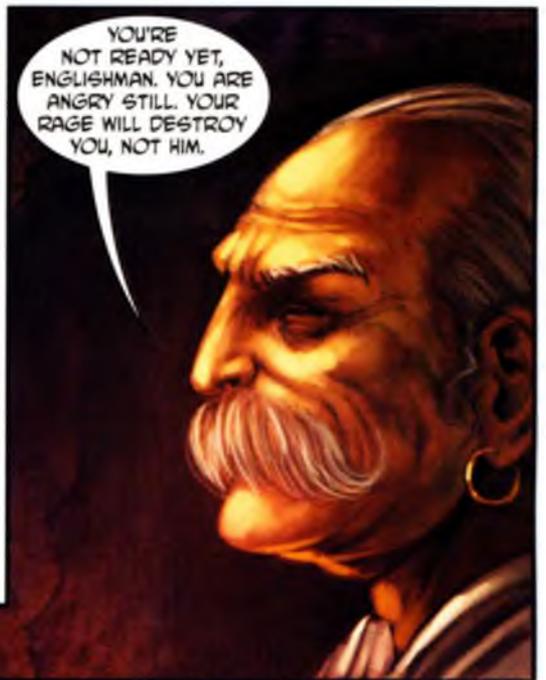
YOU BLOODY--



DID I? I DON'T RECALL. OBVIOUSLY, THEY MUSTN'T HAVE BEEN VERY IMPORTANT TO ME EITHER.



I NEED TO GO NOW, MASTER.



YOU'RE NOT READY YET, ENGLISHMAN. YOU ARE ANGRY STILL. YOUR RAGE WILL DESTROY YOU, NOT HIM.



I CAN'T DO THIS. HE'S ALWAYS IN MY MIND. I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HIM.

IT'S TRUE. HE IS INSIDE OF YOU. EVEN KILLING HIM WILL NOT EXTINGUISH THE HATE.



ENGLISHMAN, HE IS NOT WHO YOU THINK HE IS. YOU ARE NOT READY YET...



YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE UP AGAINST, MATE.



IT'S YOU THAT HAVE NO IDEA!



PLEASE.



CRACK!



YOU COME BACK WHEN YOU ARE READY TO FIGHT FOR REAL. I'VE BEEN WAITING TOO LONG TO BE DISAPPOINTED LIKE THIS.



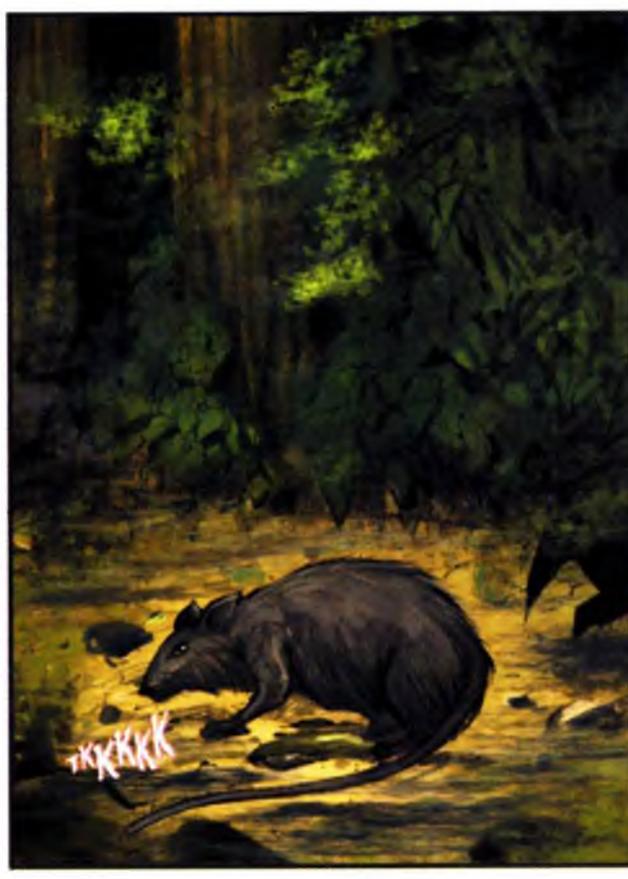




LISTEN.
TO WHAT?
TO EVERYTHING.



SPLASH

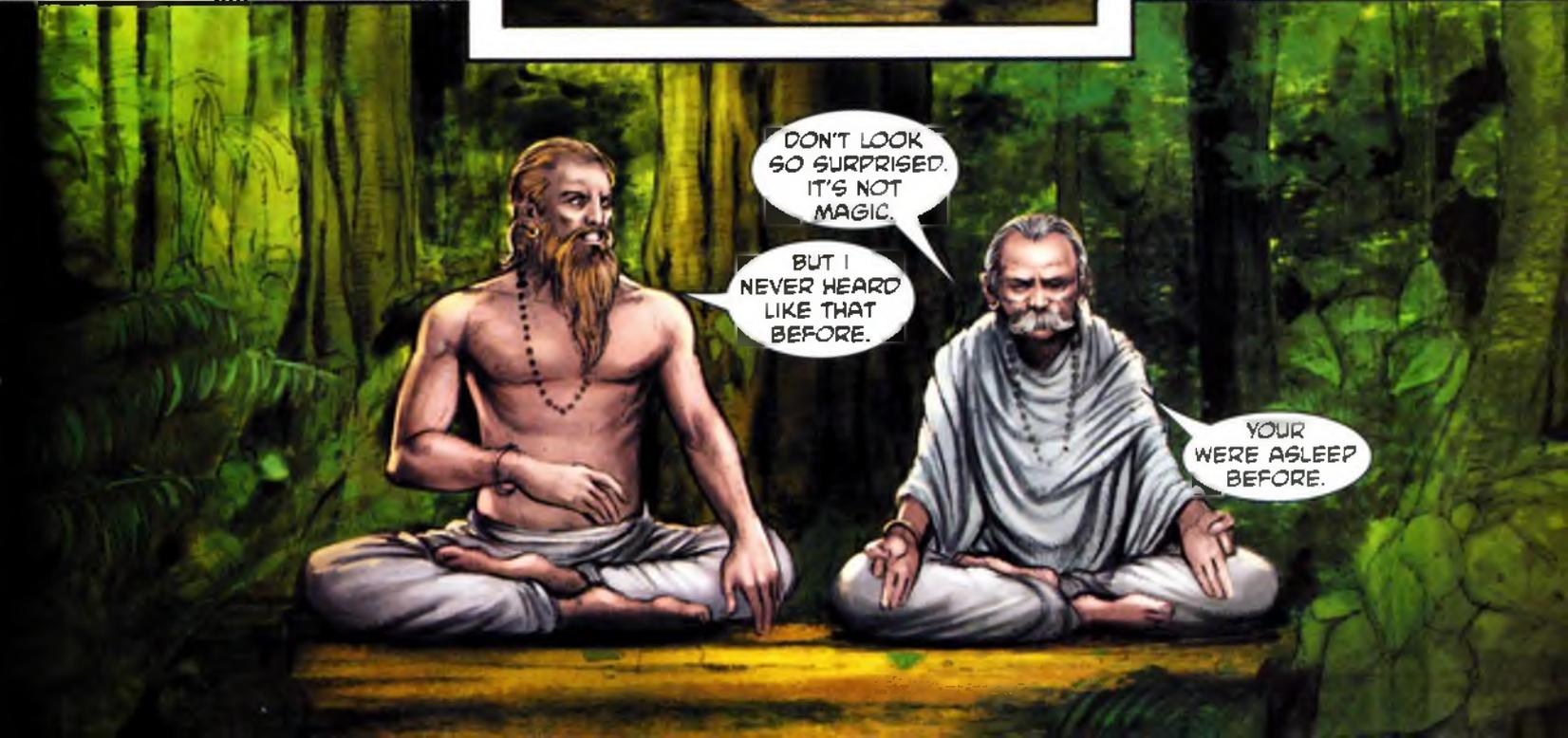


TKKKK



BZZZZ

CNGHHH



DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED. IT'S NOT MAGIC.

BUT I NEVER HEARD LIKE THAT BEFORE.

YOUR WERE ASLEEP BEFORE.

IF ALL DEMONS
LOOK LIKE HIM,
FATHER, I DON'T MIND
A TICKET TO HELL.

I NO LONGER
BELIEVE HIM TO BE
A DEMON GADHU
ACTUALLY. SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT.

HOW LONG
HAS HE BEEN
OUT?

QUITE SOME
TIME. **STOP
THAT!**

HOW LONG
IS 'QUITE SOME
TIME'?



TO BE CONTINUED...

A woman with long, curly brown hair is sitting on a bed. She is wearing a white, strapless, floor-length dress with a draped skirt. She is looking down and to the right. The room is dimly lit with warm, yellow light. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text 'TheRedStar'.

TheRedStar

