

AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH



Once there was a rich merchant in Baghdad and he wanted to entertain his friends.



Servant
come here.

Go to the market and buy a few things necessary to entertain my friends tonight.



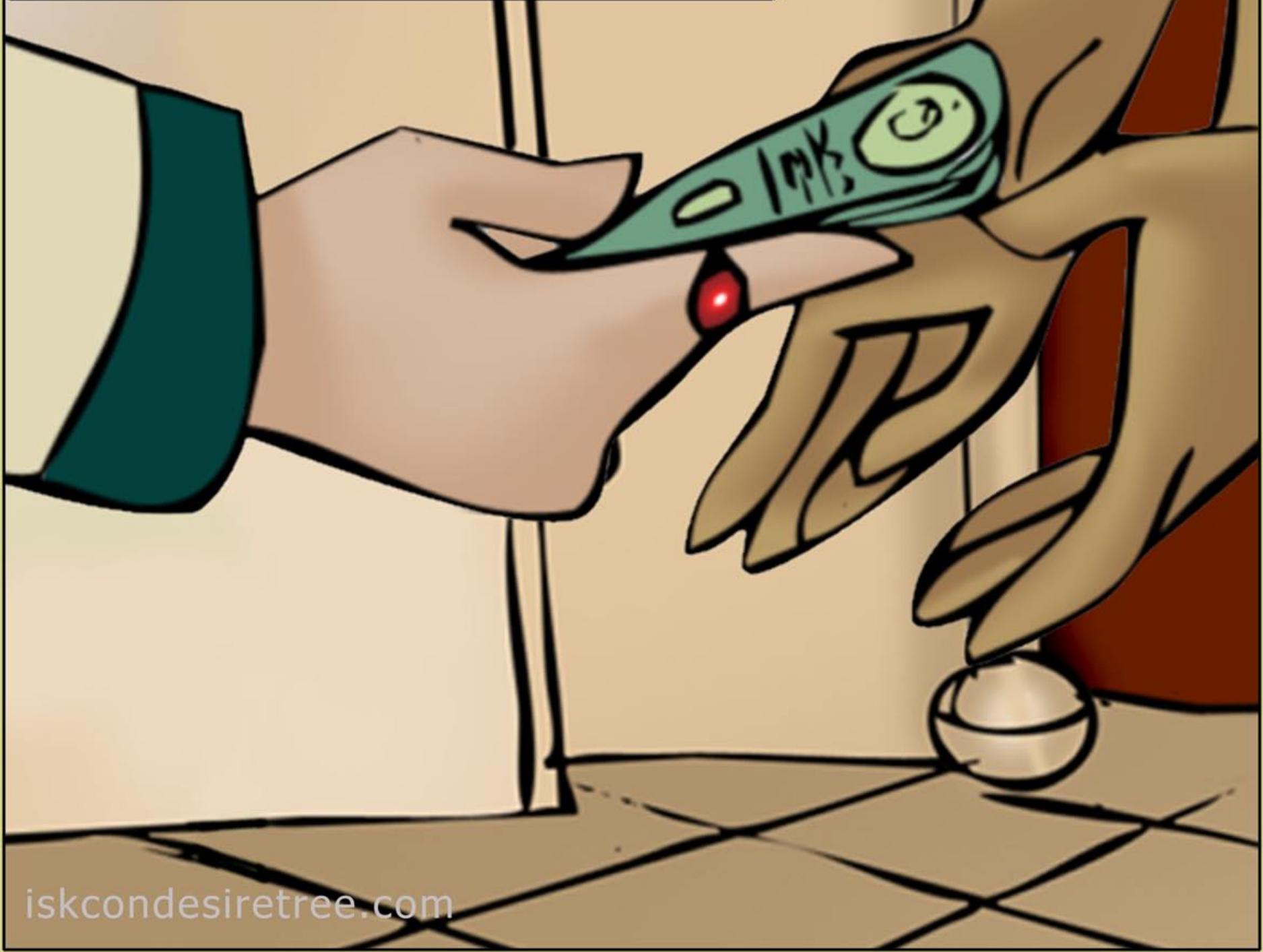


As you wish
my master.



Here take this money to get the necessary things

He took some money from the master and went to the market.



What should I purchase?



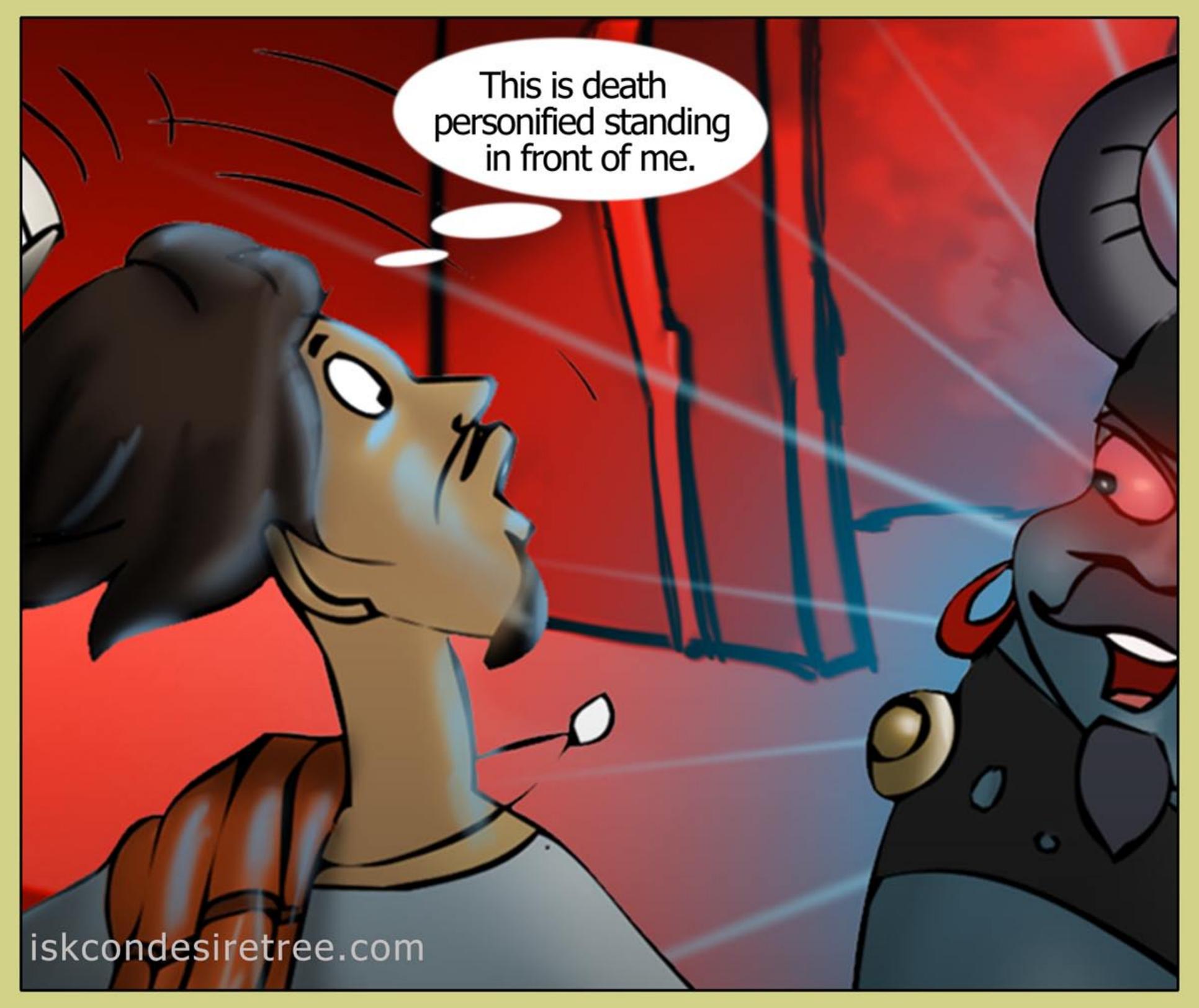
Meantime, someone pushed him from the back.

Oh!
Who is that
let me see!



He turned around to see who it was and got shocked . He got scared when he saw him.





This is death personified standing in front of me.

And he ran back to his master.

I don't
want to
die!





Why are you looking worried?
Why have you come empty
handed? What about the things
which I asked you to get?



Please master, excuse me. I went to the market and was trying to buy a few things. But as I was looking somebody pushed me...



When I turned around I was horrified to see death personified standing there in the market.



Please save me, I don't want to die.



I
should help him
out in some way



All right. Go to the stables. In the stables we have fast horses. Take one fast horse, and ride to the neighboring town which is known as Samara. Within two hours you will reach Samara and you will be completely safe.



That's great idea!
Master is very kind
to me .

He went to the stable, took a horse and started for Samara.

I will reach Samara
within two hours and
I will be safe.



A cartoon illustration of a man with a white beard and hair, wearing a white robe and a green headband with yellow stripes. He is looking thoughtful, with his hand to his chin. A large white speech bubble above him contains the text. The background features red curtains and a window with a plant. There are also two smaller, empty speech bubbles above the main one.

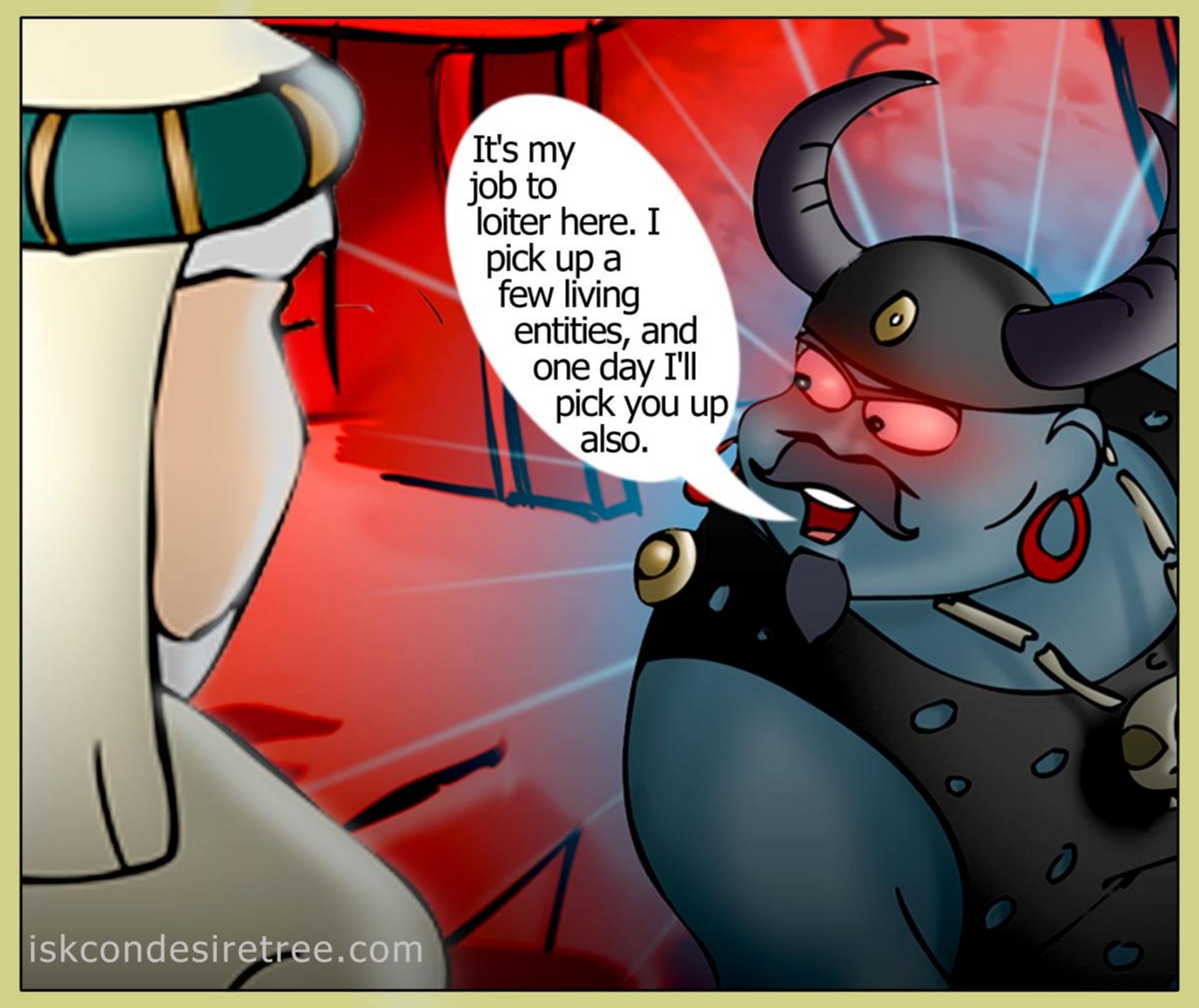
What is this death personified?
Let me go and see in the market

He looked around, and saw death lurking in a corner.





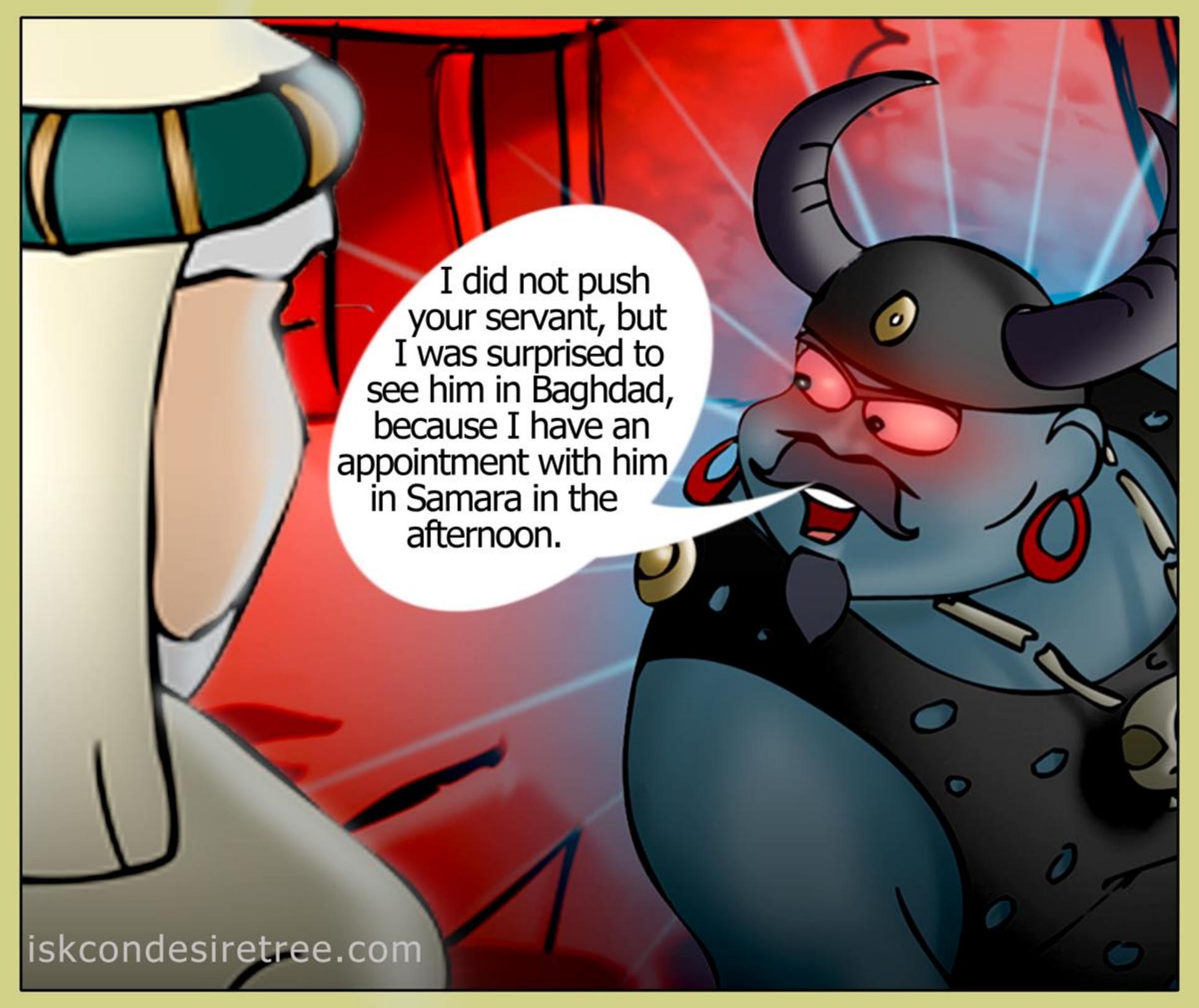
Hey, what are you doing here, why are you loitering here



It's my
job to
loiter here. I
pick up a
few living
entities, and
one day I'll
pick you up
also.



Forget about me but tell me, why you pushed my servant?



I did not push
your servant, but
I was surprised to
see him in Baghdad,
because I have an
appointment with him
in Samara in the
afternoon.

MORAL :

One cannot escape death.

- Srila Prabhupada