

THE ADVENTURES OF
BHAKTA MUSIKA
AND THE LION



As told and illustrated by
Manya das (Michael Pickup)

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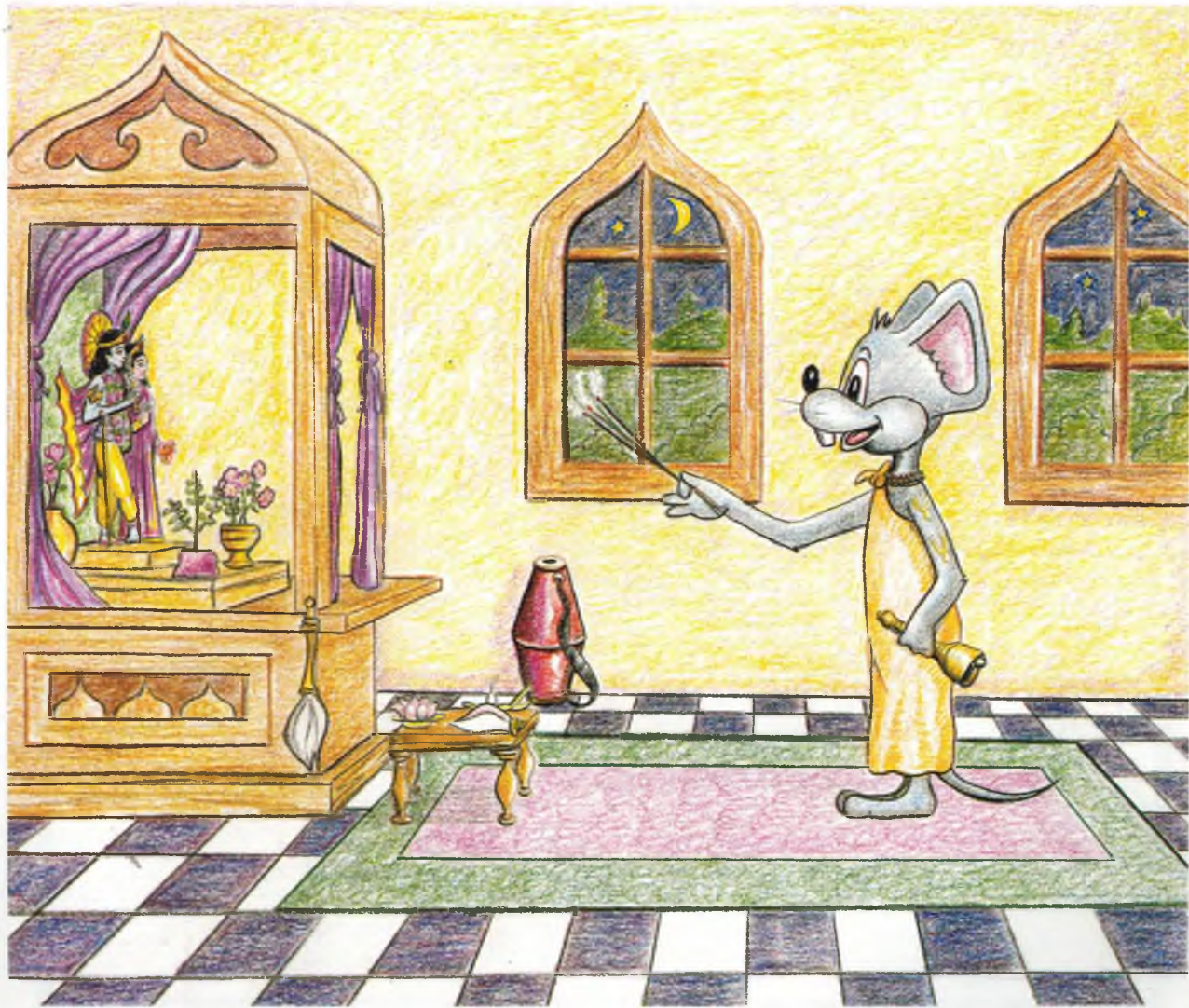


All Glories to Srila Prabhupada





Once there was a mouse who was a great devotee of Lord Krsna. His name was Bhakta Musika. Every day he would rise early in the morning to offer puja to his beloved Lord Krsna.

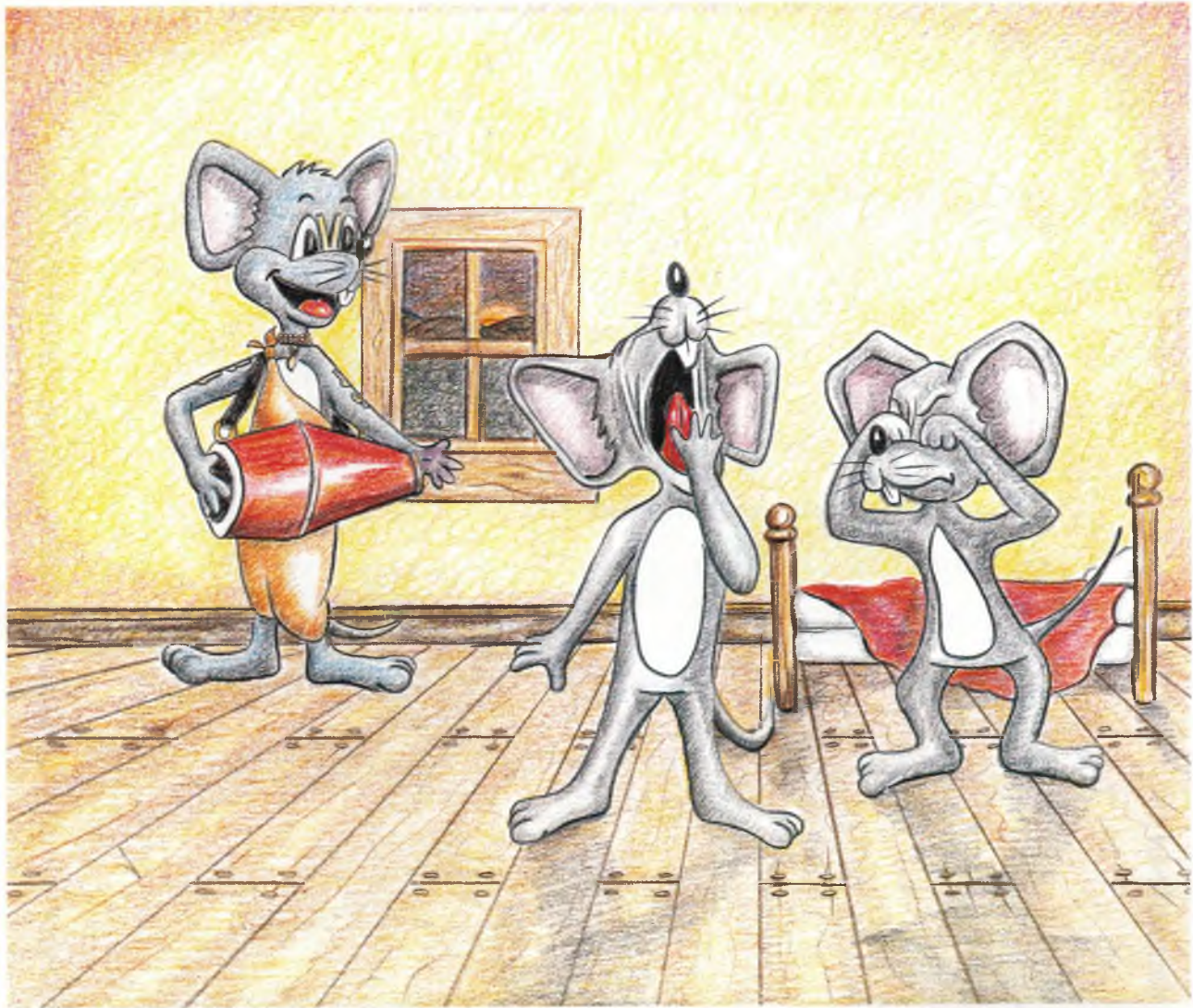




Bhakta Musika would awaken all the other mice by his very loud chanting of:

**HARE KRSNA HARE KRSNA KRSNA KRSNA HARE HARE
HARE RAMA HARE RAMA RAMA RAMA HARE HARE.**

All the other mice knew it was time to rise when they heard the kirtana. Sometimes they would complain, “Why do you get up so early in the morning and chant this HARE KRSNA? We want to sleep!”





“SLEEP?” Bhakta Musika replied. “Why do you want to waste your days in useless sleep? Rise up and chant the names of Lord Krsna and He will protect you from all danger.”

“Will He protect us from the lion?” asked one of the mice.

“Oh yes!” answered Bhakta Musika, “even from the lion.”





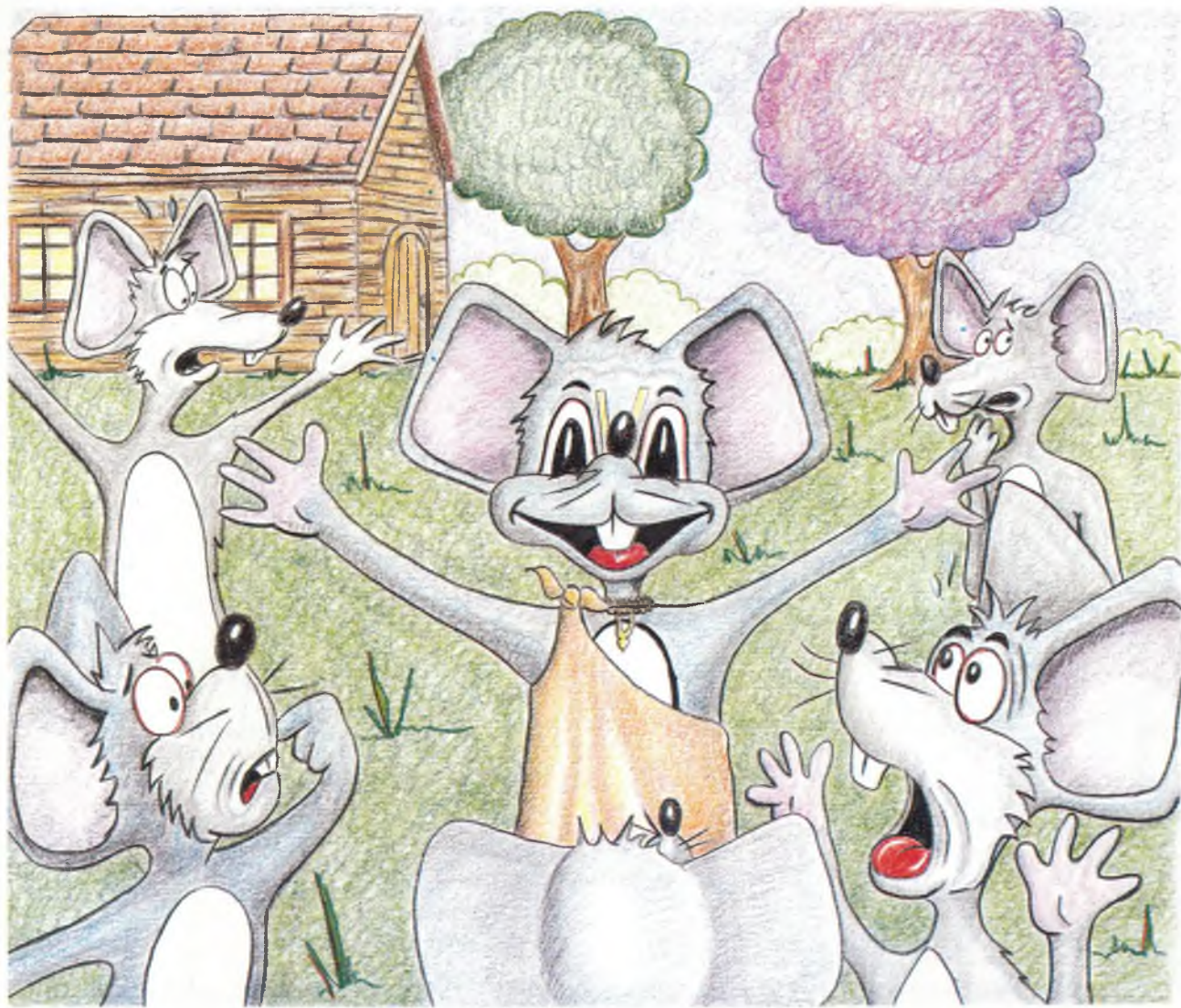
One day after his morning puja, Bhakta Musika got all his friends together and informed them that he was running low on grains and must cross the great meadow to gather the winter supply.

“Who would like to accompany me on my quest?” he asked.

Everyone was silent, for they knew the lion lived within that meadow and would gobble them up as soon as he saw them.

Bhakta Musika said, “We shall chant Hare Krsna and he will not bother us. Lord Krsna is sitting within the heart of the lion and every living entity.”

Still trembling with fear, the other mice declined to volunteer. “Alright then, I shall go alone.” exclaimed Bhakta Musika.





All the other mice gasped in fear for Bhakta Musika. As he departed from the village, he heard “Don’t do it!” and “You’re a fool!” But depending on Lord Krsna, Bhakta Musika set out on his mission, thinking, “If Krsna likes, He can kill me. Or if He likes, He can protect me. No matter what, I am His eternal servant birth after birth.”





All of a sudden he was standing right in front of the lion. Bhakta Musika thought, “Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare.” Bhakta Musika was fearless in the face of death, for he knew Lord Krsna was with him.





Without any warning Bhakta Musika felt the iron grip of the lion grab his tiny body. The lion picked him up and roared, “You dare come into my meadow! You will make a nice snack, for I am hungry.”

“My dear sir, I have only come to ask permission from you to borrow grains to offer to Lord Krsna,” cried Bhakta Musika. “Perhaps if you let me go free, someday in the future I may be able to help you.”





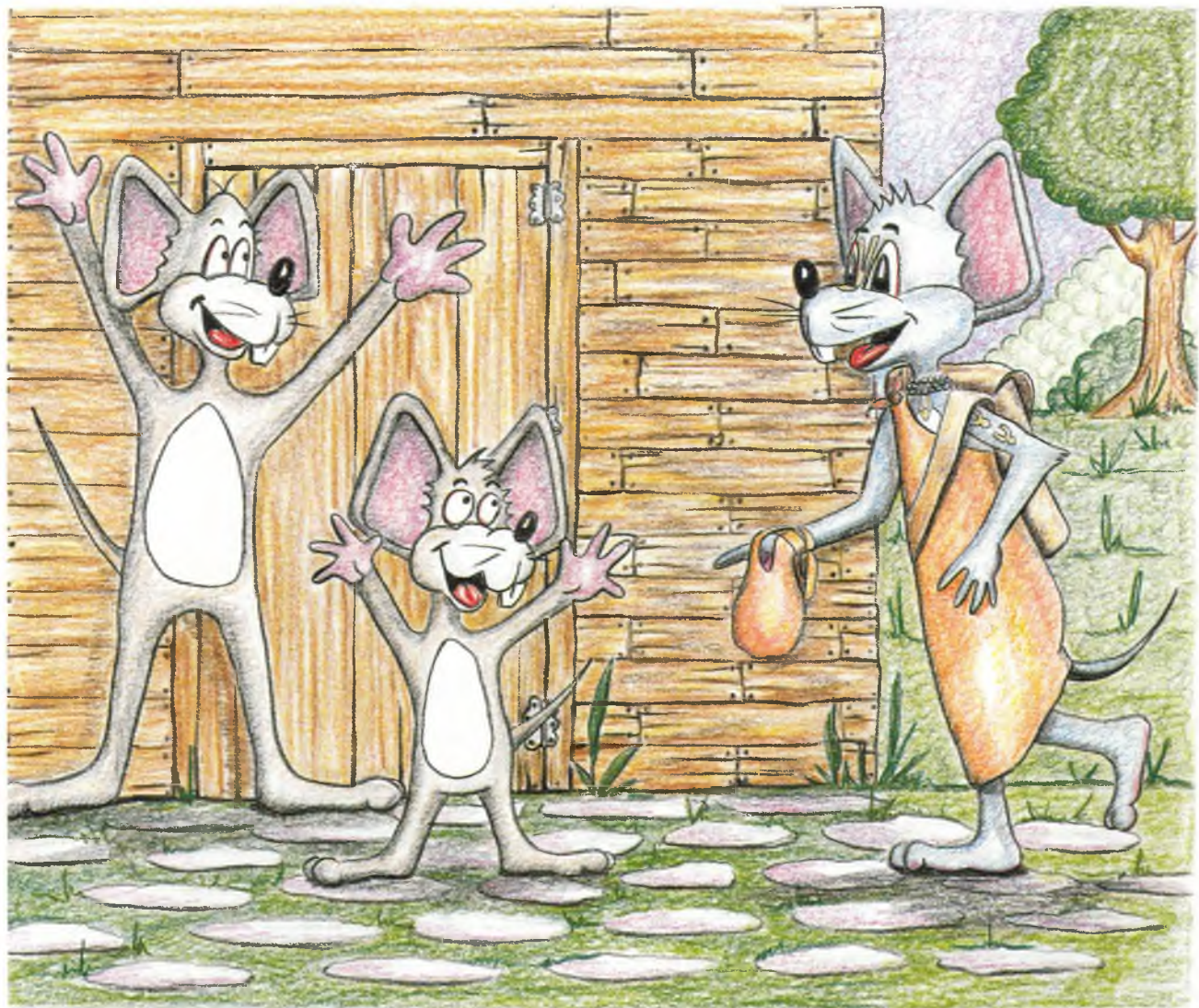
The lion roared with laughter. “You must be crazy. How could a little rodent like yourself ever help such a great personality as I? I shall let you go, for you must be crazy and not worthy of being a snack for me.”





Bhakta Musika ran back to the village, where his friends and family were surprised to see him. They all chanted, “Bhakta Musika, you're back!”

Bhakta Musika began to tell the other mice about his encounter with the lion and how Lord Krsna saved him from the jaws of death. When he had finished, some of the villagers were astonished. Some were in disbelief and laughed at Bhakta Musika. He didn't care; he just went back to performing devotional service to his beloved Lord Krsna.





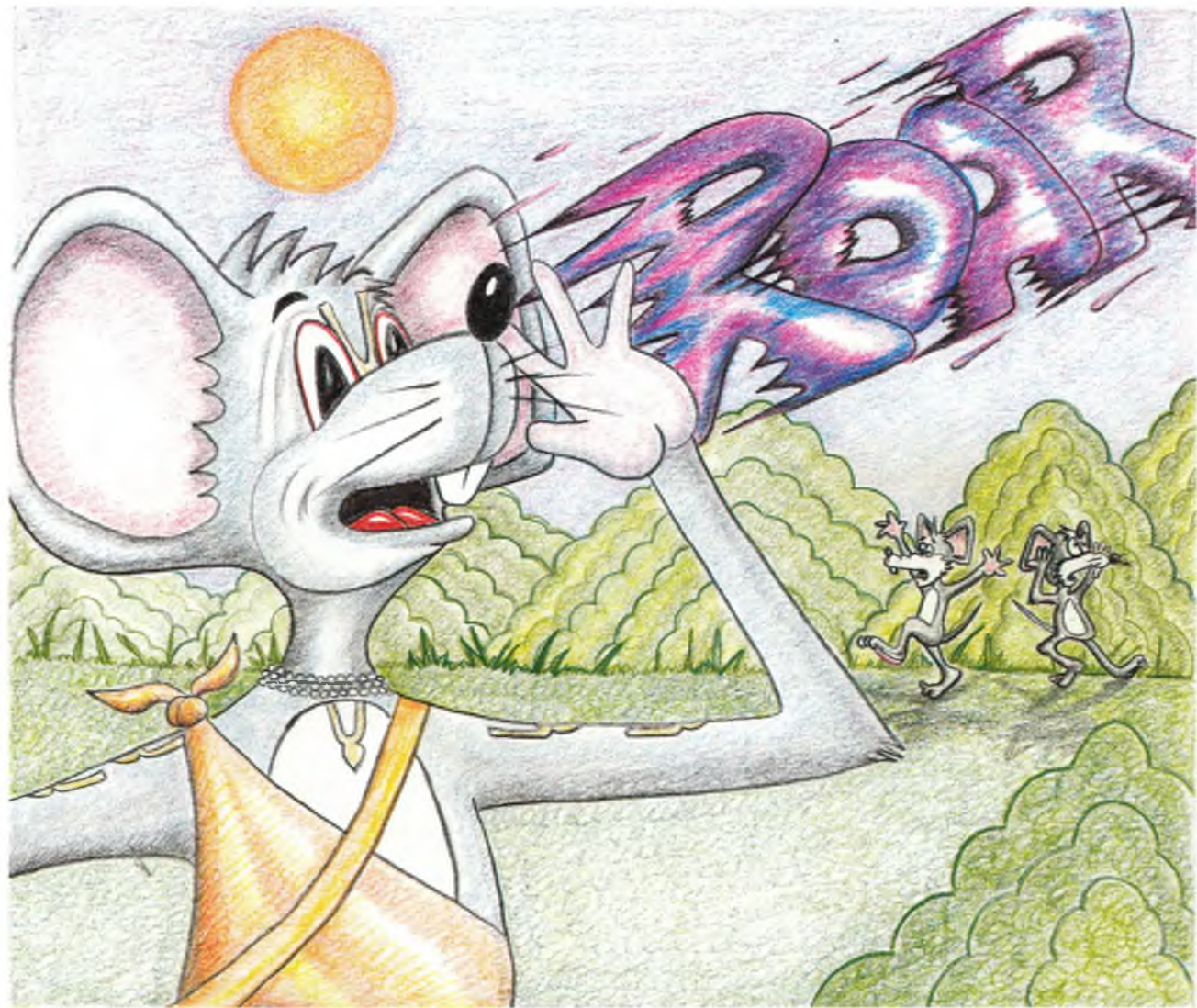
Two days later, while the lion was prowling in the meadow for food, he stumbled into a hunters trap. **SWOOSH!** went the ropes. The lion, confined and embarrassed, let out a tremendous roar. He thrashed about in the net, trying desperately to free himself. But the more he thrashed, the more he became entangled. Roaring and struggling in the net for two days, he gave out a last, desperate roar that could be heard across the meadow, through the valley and over the mountain where Bhakta Musika lived.





“I know that roar,” shouted Bhakta Musika, “it’s the lion. He must be in trouble.” As a devotee of Lord Krsna, he knew he must honor his promise to the lion. So he set out to see if he could help.

The other mice in the village could not believe their eyes as they saw Bhakta Musika leaving, chanting Hare Krsna and determined to help the lion. As he left he reminded the mice in the village, “No matter how large or small, Lord Krsna accepts your service all the same.”





Bhakta Musika ran down the mountain,
through the valley, until he reached the
meadow. There he saw the lion caught in
the hunters net, high in a tree.



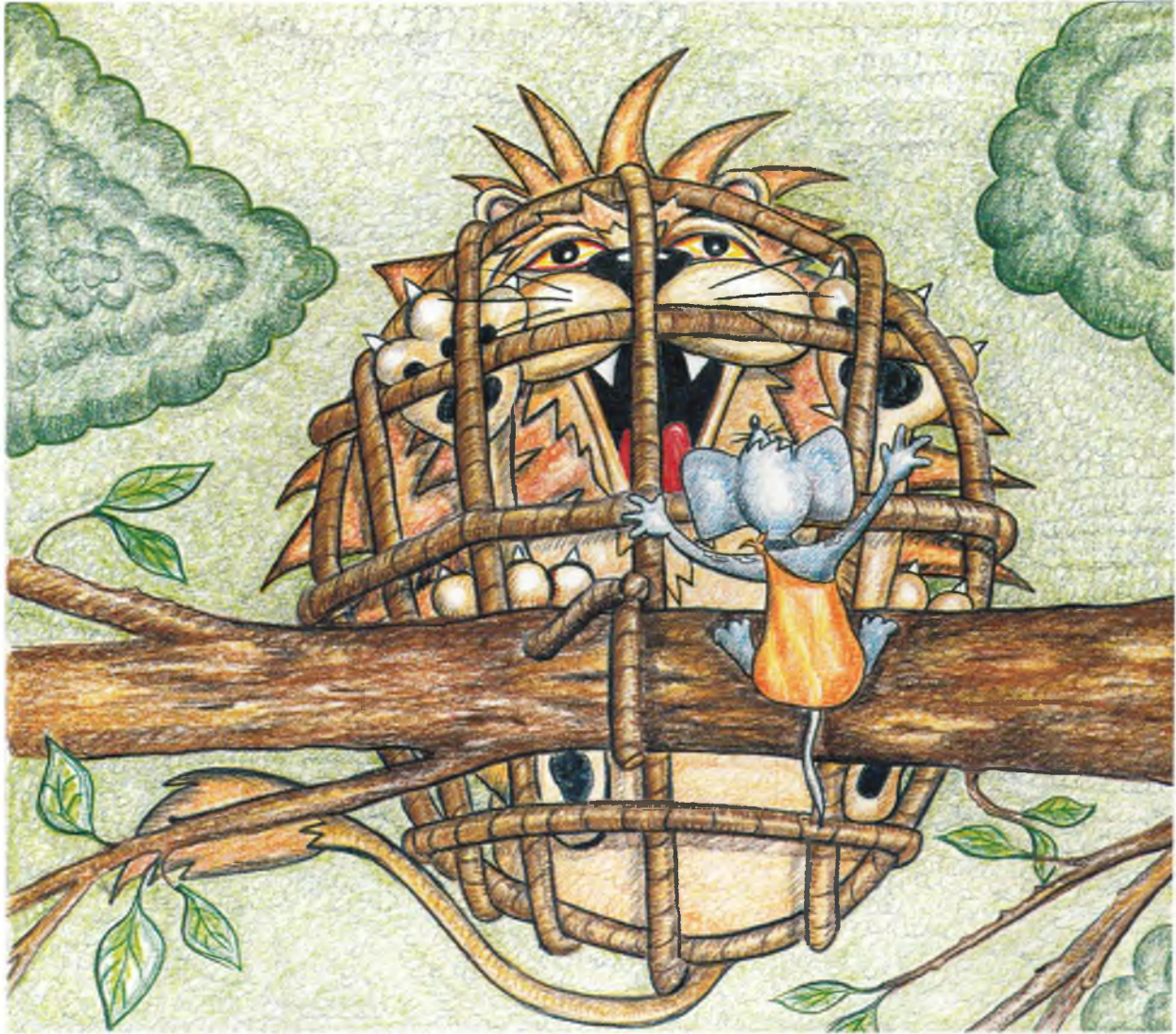


Bhakta Musika raced up the tree, down the branch to the rope which held the net. “Hare Krsna!” Bhakta Musika said to the lion, who was still roaring and struggling in the net and unable to hear him.

Then the meek and humble devotee said at the top of his voice, “HARE KRSNA!!!” This captured the lions attention. “It is I, Bhakta Musika, at your service, Prabhu.”

The lion felt warmth in his heart to see the devotee but was unable to comprehend how this small creature could assist him with his problem. The lion cried, “How can you help me?”

Bhakta Musika replied, “Lord Krsna teaches us that if you just chant Hare Krsna, anything is possible.”





The lion roared, “Hare Krsna!”

Upon hearing the chanting of the lion, Bhakta Musika said, “Hari Bol!”

Inspired by Krsna’s mercy, with his sharp little teeth, he began to gnaw the rope which held the lion captive. The more the lion chanted Hare Krsna, the faster and harder Bhakta Musika gnawed at the rope. Finally with a SNAP, the rope broke and the lion was free.





“I am free!” shouted the lion in great jubilation. He then began to glorify Bhakta Musika over and over again, but Bhakta Musika insisted that it was only by Krsna’s mercy that he was able to free the trapped lion. The lion proclaimed, “From this day on, I shall protect, not harm every creature in these meadows.”





Placing Bhakta Musika on his head, the lion
paraded the tiny mouse all around the meadow,
through the valley, until they reached the
mountain village of Bhakta Musika.





Seeing the gigantic form of the lion coming into their village, all the mice ran for their lives.



From the top of the lion's head they heard a familiar voice. "Hare Krsna! Dont be afraid."

Someone shouted, "It's Bhakta Musika." The heads of the tiny mice began to pop out from their hiding places all over the village.

"Yes, it is I, Bhakta Musika, and my new friend, the lion." With amazement in their eyes all the mice understood that, by the mercy of Lord Krsna, Bhakta Musika had befriended the most fierce of all creatures, the lion.

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