

# Damodara

## COLORING BOOK



**Dedicated to His Divine Grace  
A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda**

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY GOVINDA DAS.  
(BASED ON THE 10th CANTO ŚRĪMAD-BHĀGAVATAM,  
TRANSLATION & COMMENTARY BY HIS DIVINE GRACE  
A. C. BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI PRABHUPĀDA.)

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## KRISHNA, THE BUTTER THIEF

**S**WISH! SWOOSH! SWISH! went the yogurt in the churn.

“It’s getting thicker,” Yasoda observed. “Soon it will be butter.” Mother Yasoda was working hard. Beads of sweat sparkled on her beautiful forehead, and soft white flower blossoms fell from her dark silken hair, leaving their sweet fragrance in the air. Her delicate gold bangles went “jingle-jangle” as she moved, and her earrings glittered as they shook back and forth.



“Swish! Swoosh!” Back and forth, her saffron-yellow sari shimmered, making silky swishing sounds as she pulled the ropes of the churn. Her arms were tired, but simply by thinking of her adorable son, she felt refreshed.

“My little Krishna,” she mused, “such a naughty boy! But, oh! So wonderful! So very wonderful!” Her mind drifted to thoughts of her son, His childish playfulness, His pastimes, and His games.

“This butter will be for Krishna,” she reflected. Mother Yasoda did not always churn the milk. Usually this work was done by the maids, but today they were busy with other household chores. Besides, this milk was special! There were thousands of cows in Gokula, but this milk came from Yasoda’s very own selected cows, who ate grasses so flavorful that their milk was like nectar!

“Yes,” she reasoned, “this butter shall be so tasty that my child Krishna shall eat His fill! He’ll not roam about the neighborhood stealing butter and yogurt from others!” Yasoda felt slightly distressed at the thought that her beloved son was dissatisfied with the butter at home and sought it elsewhere.

“Yes, now He shall have the best butter in all of Gokula!” she smiled with a sigh of relief. Then, pulling hard on the churning ropes, she closed her eyes and remembered the various pastimes of her wonderful son Krishna.

Softly, she began to sing in a rich, velvetlike voice, filled with loving affection for her son. Her poetic songs of praise filled the entire room, nay, filled the entire universe! Even the birds outside were enchanted by the sound. They chirped and twittered, warbling a chorus for her sweet refrains. Dreamily she worked and sang, and her breasts grew moist with milk, simply thinking of her love for Krishna.

Suddenly, she felt a tug on her skirt. She opened her eyes to behold her child, Krishna, staggering/sleepy-eyed before her, rubbing His beautiful lotus eyes with tiny clenched fists. With both hands, He reached up and caught hold of the churning rod in order to stop His mother’s work. Awake from His nap, He wanted to drink His mother’s milk.

Mother Yasoda smiled and swept Him into her arms, holding Him close to her bosom. She sank into a soft sofa cushion to rest and nurse her dear child Krishna. As He suckled her breast, she brushed back His soft black curls with her fingertips, then kissed His beautiful forehead and cheeks. His round cheeks were reddish like the bimba fruit, and His broad forehead shone radiant like the moon. Indeed, He was a handsome child!

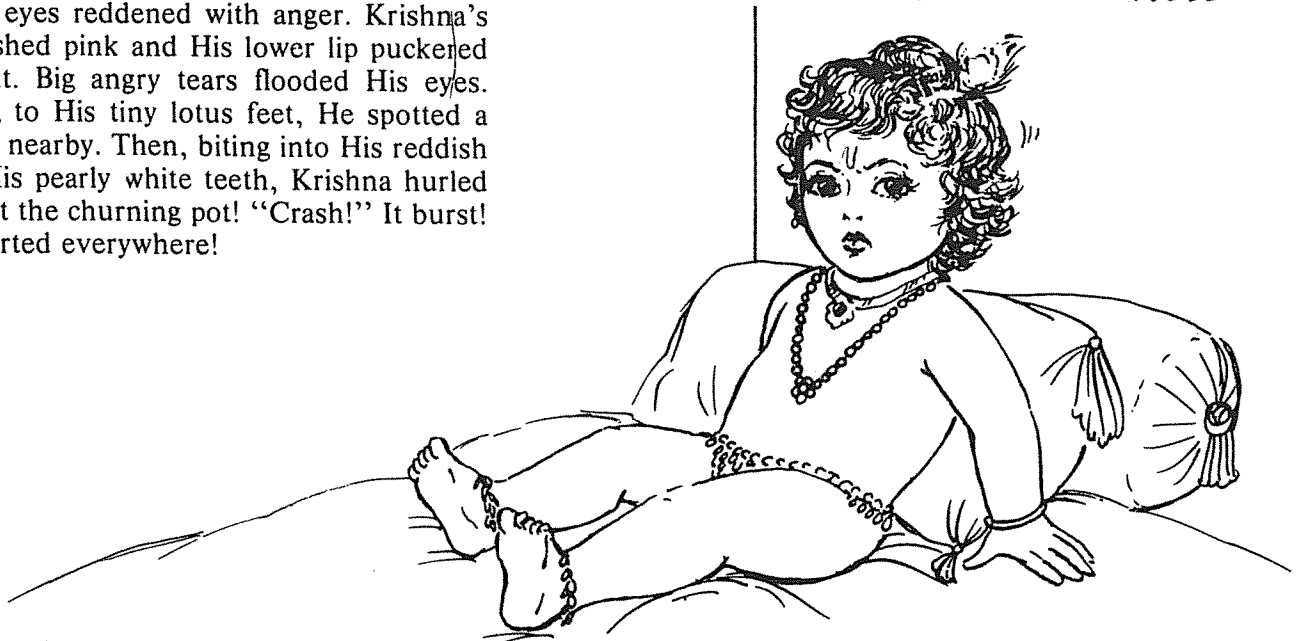
“Such a beautiful boy!” reflected Mother Yasoda. “And so wonderful, too! What wonderful things my child Krishna has done; truly He is amazing!” As she recalled His conquests of the demons Putana and Trinavarta, she embraced Him more tightly, as if to protect Him from future danger.

Mother Yasoda could hear the mooing of cows in the distance. She was reminded of how Krishna loved cows, and especially how He liked to play with the calves. She chuckled softly as she recalled how Krishna had once grabbed a calf’s tail and been pulled around the courtyard. What fun! The peacocks’ far-away cries reminded her of Krishna’s favorite feather. How He loved to wear a bright peacock feather in His lustrous black curls! So many delightful memories filled her mind as she gazed into the moonlike face of her child Krishna.

“S-s-s-s-s-s...” came a sound from the kitchen. It broke Yasoda’s reverie.

“Oh! The milk!” she cried. She jumped up and ran to fetch the boiling milk pot, leaving baby Krishna lying on the cushion alone. He sat up, jolted and annoyed by the abrupt end of His meal.

“How dare she leave Me like this!” He sulked. “I was not finished drinking!” Thinking thus, His dark lotus eyes reddened with anger. Krishna’s cheeks flushed pink and His lower lip puckered into a pout. Big angry tears flooded His eyes. Scrambling to His tiny lotus feet, He spotted a stone lying nearby. Then, biting into His reddish lips with His pearly white teeth, Krishna hurled the stone at the churning pot! “Crash!” It burst! Yogurt spurted everywhere!



Krishna scooped up the fresh butter and yogurt in His two tiny fists, relishing each mouthful's delicate flavor. His large lotus eyes darted this way and that and He concluded it best to run quickly and hide. He soon found a storeroom where crocks filled with butter and yogurt were hanging. Nearby He spotted a spice-grinding mortar, standing upside down, which filled the room with exotic fragrance. Krishna scrambled onto the big wooden mortar, and, standing on the tips of His toes, He tipped the crocks. "Splash! Splash! Kerplop!" The yogurt and butter landed in a heap.

"Yummy, yummy butter!" exclaimed child Krishna, clapping His hands in delight. He sat on the mortar and began scooping fistfuls of butter and yogurt into His mouth. As He ate, butter smeared over His lips and cheeks and entire body, giving Him a glossy look, like a bluish marble sculpture. Indeed, His beauty surpassed even the finest work of art!

"Chitter! Chatter! Chitter!" Krishna ran to the window and peered out. He saw that many monkeys had gathered, hoping to beg some food. Krishna chortled and clapped His tiny palms with joy. He ran back to the mortar and began scooping out handfuls of butter and yogurt and tossing it to the monkeys.

"Chitter! Chitter! Chatter!" They gulped down the food and danced in glee!

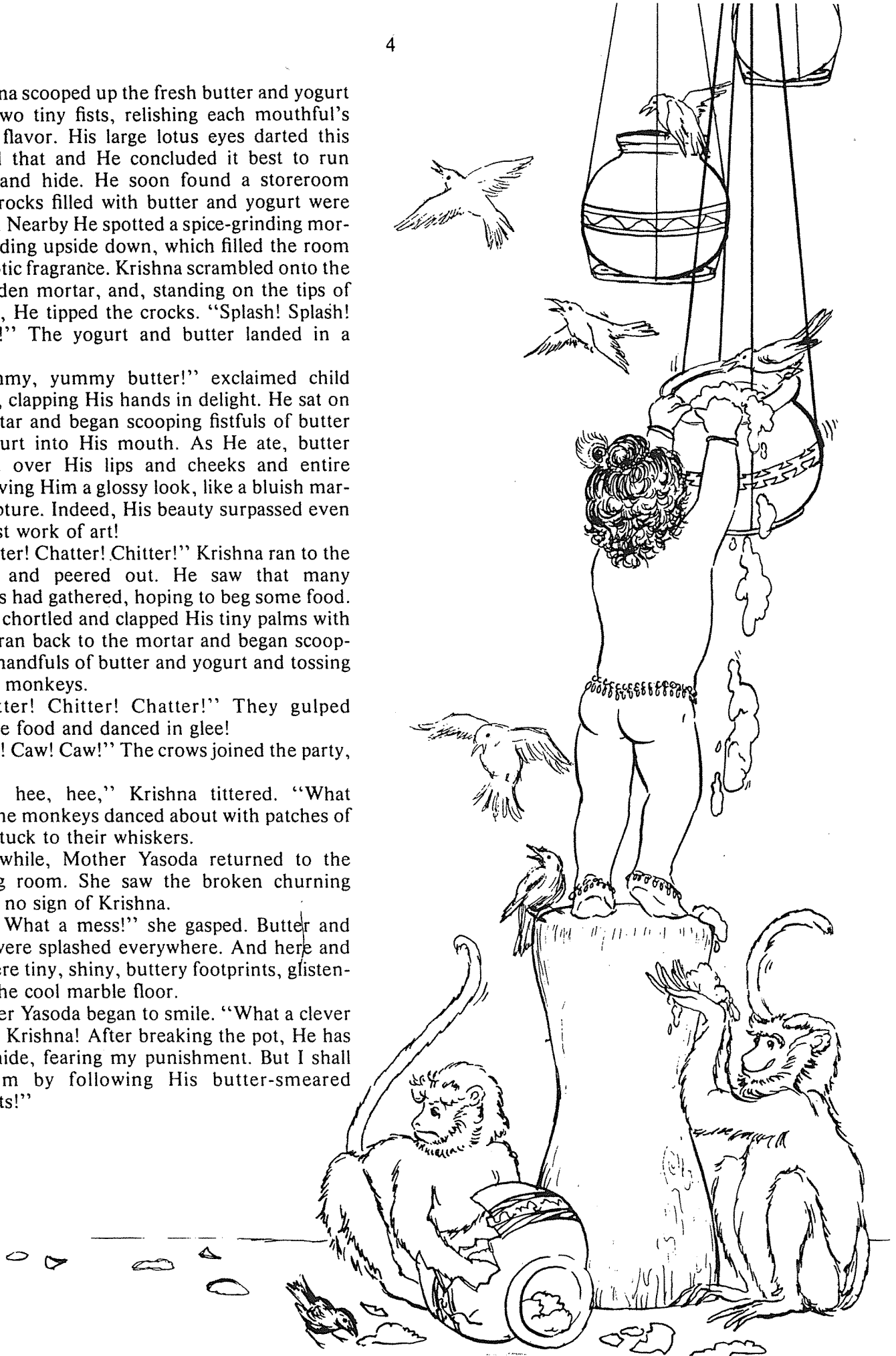
"Caw! Caw! Caw!" The crows joined the party, too!

"Tee, hee, hee," Krishna tittered. "What fun!" The monkeys danced about with patches of yogurt stuck to their whiskers.

Meanwhile, Mother Yasoda returned to the churning room. She saw the broken churning pot, but no sign of Krishna.

"Oh! What a mess!" she gasped. Butter and yogurt were splashed everywhere. And here and there were tiny, shiny, buttery footprints, glistening on the cool marble floor.

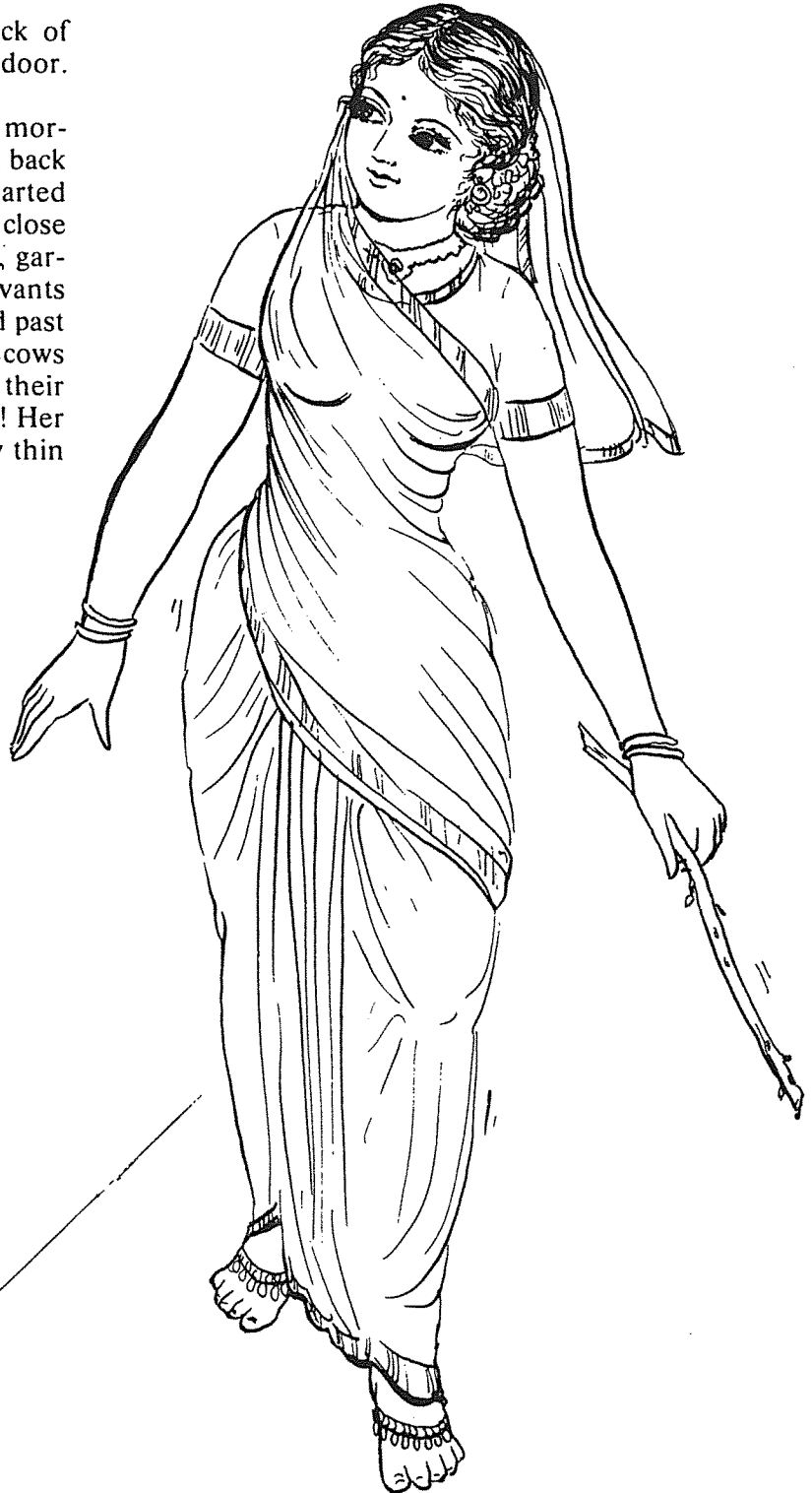
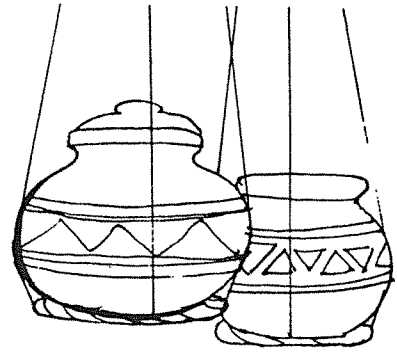
Mother Yasoda began to smile. "What a clever boy, my Krishna! After breaking the pot, He has run to hide, fearing my punishment. But I shall find Him by following His butter-smeared footprints!"



With stick in hand, Mother Yasoda set out tracking child Krishna. The shiny, slippery footprints led to the storeroom. As Mother Yasoda tiptoed in, she spotted Krishna and His monkey-feeding party. When she saw her son stealing butter, she smiled to herself. Krishna was perched atop the big wooden mortar, tossing butter this way and that, and glancing about in anxiety. His dark lotus eyes darted to and fro, for fear His mother might find Him.

“Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw!” The flock of frightened crows flew noisily out the door. Mother Yasoda had been spotted!

Quickly, Krishna jumped down from the mortar and fled, His eyes full of fear! He glanced back at His mother, with Her stick in hand, and darted away more swiftly. Mother Yasoda was close behind! They zigzagged through courtyards, gardens, and fields. Even the cows and maidservants stopped their work to watch. Krishna dashed past the cowshed and into the meadow, where cows stopped their cud-chewing and pricked up their ears. Mother Yasoda was quite out of breath! Her full-bosomed chest pressed hard on her tiny thin



waist, and her large rounded hips grew weary from running. White flowers fell from her scattered dark hair and peppered her trail through the meadow. Still, Yasoda ran on, even more quickly, determined to catch her naughty runaway son.

Great yogis and mystics can never catch Krishna with penance, austerity, and prowess. Yet catch Him she would, and catch Him she did, but with love and devotion alone.

“Caught You!” Mother Yasoda heaved breathlessly. “Whew! Finally!” But her son appeared so terrified that she instantly forgot her own exhaustion. Krishna was crying in choked little sobs, nodding His dark curly head, and rubbing His tiny clenched fists across His beautiful tear-stained eyes. His black eye-ointment was smeared by the tears gushing forth. His crimson red lips trembled and His pearl necklace shook from His short quick breaths. Yasoda was alarmed to see her child so frightened! She tossed away her stick, thinking that might relieve Him, and chastised Him only with words after all.

“Naughty Krishna! Naughty rascal Krishna!” she scolded. “You should be punished! I left You only to stop the pot of boiling milk! I was coming right back! There was no need for You to become angry—to break the churn and steal the butter!” Her voice softened, for the child’s sobs were still intense. “After all, my Krishna, the boiling milk was for You, my darling child, and the yogurt and butter in the churn were also for You! So where is the need for stealing them? It is Your naughtiness only!”

Krishna peered up at His mother with wild, restless eyes, trembling with fear, His breath coming in quick little squeaks.

“Oh, dear,” Yasoda worried, “He has become



too much afraid. He has certainly been terrified by seeing my stick, and knows now that He should not do such naughty things like breaking the crocks and feeding butter to the monkeys. But if He is too fearful of me, what will become of Him?" Her mind became anxious.

Thinking of her son's welfare, she was determined to bind Him with rope so that He could not leave the house. As she carried her tiny, sobbing son back to their courtyard, she caught sight of a large wooden grinding mortar. "I will tie Him to that mortar," she decided. "That will keep Him from further mischief!" Because Mother Yasoda loved Krishna as her own child, she thought only of His welfare. Actually, Krishna is beyond the reach of everyone, yet by her love she nonetheless desired to bind Him with rope.

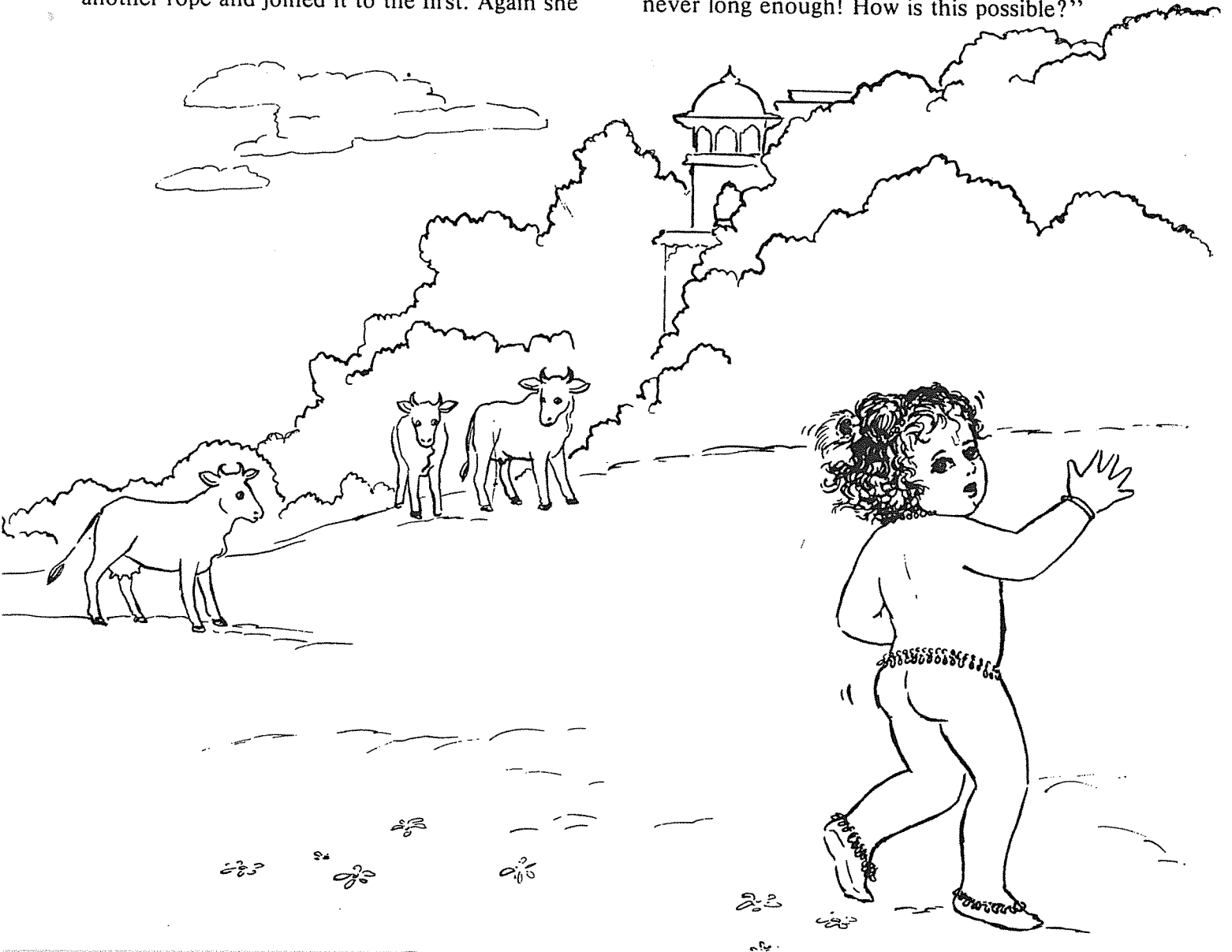
Mother Yasoda fetched a rope and sat Krishna down by the mortar. She wrapped the rope around her child, but to her surprise, the rope was two inches too short! She busily searched out another rope and joined it to the first. Again she

tried to tie Him, and again the rope was two inches too short! Feeling somewhat perplexed, she found another longer rope and tried again. This time the same thing happened! The rope was still two inches too short! Now Mother Yasoda was becoming bewildered! She gathered up all the ropes in the entire household, long ones and short ones, big ones and small ones. When she tried to tie the final knot, the rope was still two inches too short!

By now, Yasoda's friends, the other cowherd women, had come to see the fun. Though struck with wonder, they were all smiling and enjoying this funny affair!

"Just see," one Gopi mused, "no matter how many ropes Yasoda brings, Krishna can't be bound!"

"Yes," exclaimed another, "but Krishna's hands and wrists are so tiny that only a short rope should suffice! Yet Yasoda has tried dozens of ropes, and even tied them together! Still they are never long enough! How is this possible?"



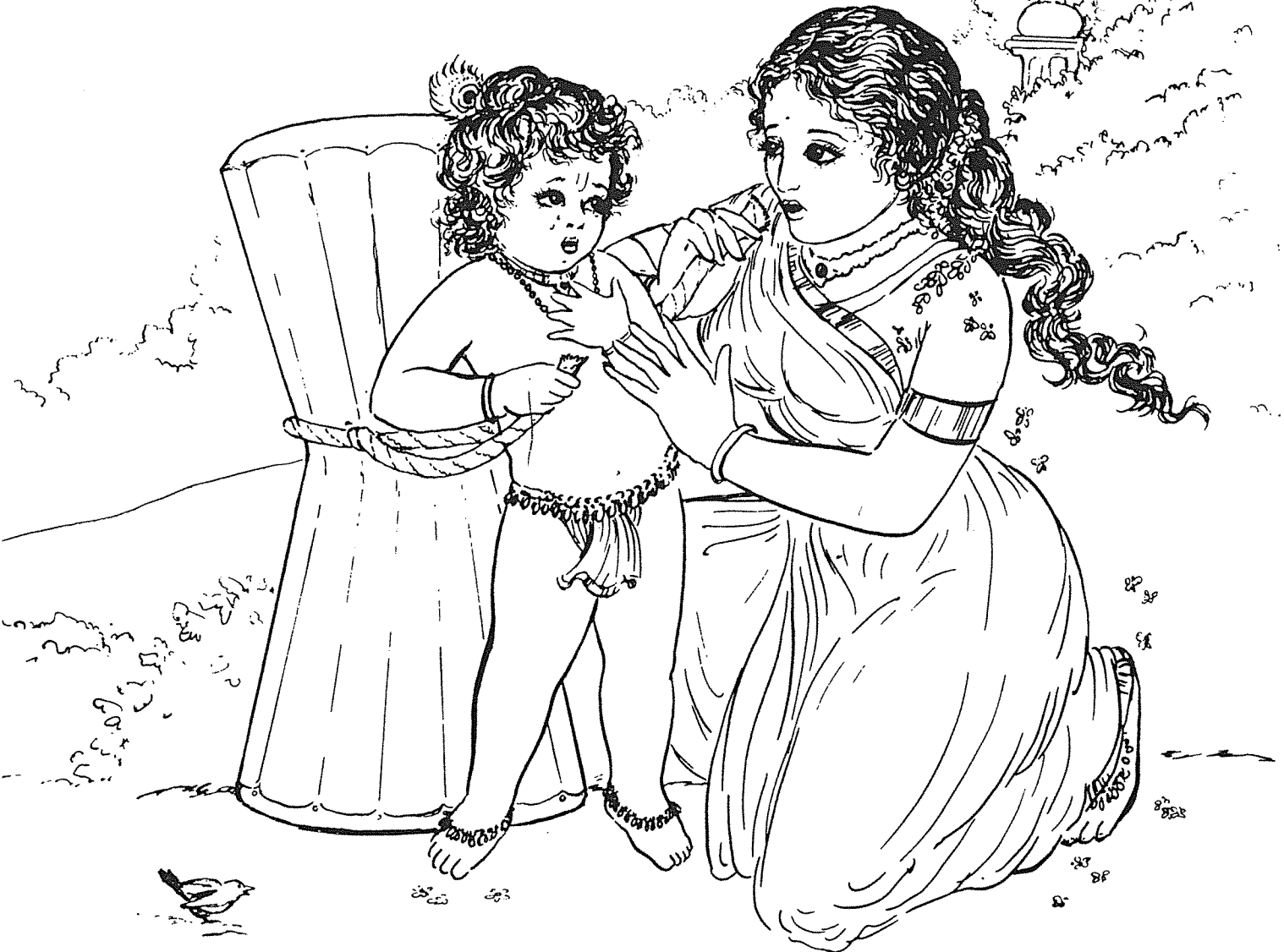
“It is truly astonishing!” cried another. “Krishna is decorated with many small bangles and anklets—still He cannot be bound by all the ropes in the house!”

“Krishna is so fortunate,” one Gopī concluded, “that He cannot be bound by any material condition!”

“Yes,” giggled a younger Gopi, “and just see how Mother Yasoda is working so hard! And Krishna is simply enjoying the fun!”

Indeed, Yasoda was becoming fatigued. Beads of sweat sparkled on her beautiful forehead, and the flowers and combs had fallen from her loosened hair.

Seeing His mother laboring so hard, Krishna felt compassion and agreed to be tied. At that very moment, Yasoda tied the knot tight and Krishna was bound to the grinding mortar! Only when Krishna had agreed to be bound could He be bound; and only then by love, not by any number of ropes or any amount of effort.





## PART II

**K**RISHNA SAT QUIETLY on the grass. He was being punished. His tear-stained eyes studied the big wooden mortar, then glared at the rope 'round His waist. Sunshine danced brightly on His blue-black curls, catching sparkles of jewels and pearls. His gold bangles glittered and jingled. Nearby He could hear His mother humming busily about her household chores.

"How could she do this!" He sulked. "First she rushed off before I had finished My milk-drinking, and now she has tied Me to this mortar! I broke the pot and fed the monkeys, and she was upset. But now I shall do something even more mischievous!" His eyes brightened as they fell on the two tall trees standing before Him. He thought of pulling them down.

Krishna reflected on the tall Yamala-Arjuna trees. By His mystic power, Krishna could understand the history of the trees. Formerly they were the royal sons of Kuvera, treasurer of the demigods. They were born in great pomp and splendor, and were known as Nalakuvera and Manigriva. They were handsome, wealthy, and accustomed to worldly enjoyments. But due to a curse, they had become trees. Their story follows.

Once upon a time, Kuvera's two sons were roaming about in the beautiful Kailasa garden of Lord Shiva. They were favored devotees of Lord Shiva, and by his grace, they had all material opulence. As a rich man's sons often become addicted to wine and women, so were they addicted. As they wandered about the garden, they drank deeply from their cups, filled with the intoxicating liquor, Varuni. Lovely young maidens kept them company, singing sweet songs as they strolled amidst the lush foliage. Fragrant flowers blossomed everywhere. Nalakuvera and Manigriva inhaled the perfumed air and their eyes rolled in drunkenness. Sounds of laughter and merry-making filled the air.

Nearby flowed the clear blue waters of the Mandakini Ganges, with lotus blossoms bobbing about the surface. Naked, the party plunged into the river, thrashing and churning the water in sport. The drunken boys splashed about, enjoying the giggling young girls just like a male elephant enjoys female elephants in the river water.



By chance, the great sage Narada was walking nearby. Playing his vina and singing sweet songs, Narada Muni travels everywhere. His devotional songs in praise of Lord Krishna fill the hearts of great souls all over the universe. In this way he was playing and singing, his mind absorbed in love of God. "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare. Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare..." He stopped short.

There, just before him, were Nalakuvera and Manigriva absorbed in their drunken affair. On seeing Narada, the young girls were greatly ashamed. Afraid of being cursed, they quickly dressed and offered respects. The two boys, however, were so intoxicated, both with liquor and with pride, that they did not bother to dress. Not caring that the great saint Narada stood before them, they remained naked.

Narada was outraged! "How degraded they have become!" he exclaimed. "They have lost even their sense of common decency! Being puffed-up with pride and prestige, they care for no one. It is the ruinous effect of wealth!"

Narada considered the rich man's lot. "A rich man is trapped and degraded by his wealth. Generally he becomes addicted to wine, women, and gambling. He becomes merciless, caring for no one, and even kills poor animals for sport. Maddened by pride and false prestige, he forgets that death awaits him. Thinking his body is all in all, he forgets it shall soon turn to dust. The body is not really his to enjoy; it is but a product of Nature. Dust to dust and ashes to ashes. In the beginning it was nothing, and in the end it will be nothing. A rich man forgets all this!"

Narada then pondered the merits of poverty. Formerly the son of a maidservant, he attained perfection by humble service to Vaishnava saints. Thus he knew the value of poverty and simplicity.

"A rich man becomes blind," Narada reflected, "and poverty is the proper cure for such blindness. A poor man becomes humble; he knows well the distress of poverty and does not wish to make suffering for others. If one has been pinpricked, he can thus know the pain of another who is pinpricked. But one who has not known pain cannot know another's suffering.

"A poor man must undergo hardships, thus his false pride is finished. He then becomes purified and free of false ego. His senses grow weak for lack of much food, and thus he cannot become violent.

"The poor man's home may welcome a saint, but the rich man's door is closed. How great is the rich man's misfortune!" Narada compared the position of the poor man to that of the rich man.

Feeling compassion, he considered it his duty to punish these foolish boys. "They are sons of a responsible and respected father, yet they are behaving just like wild beasts, naked in the jungle. How unfortunate they are!" he exclaimed. "Never mind their so-called wealth and prestige! They are simply wasting their valuable human form of life! Being drunken and naked, they have become just like trees. Trees are naked and unconscious. They cannot move; thus they can do no harm. It is best that they become trees," he concluded, "yet retain their memory of this lifetime. After one hundred years of the gods, they shall be fortunate to see Lord Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, face to face!"



Thus Narada proclaimed, "My dear sons of Kuvera, you wish to be drunken and naked, so you should become trees!" Narada then departed, and the boys, cursed by the great sage, turned into trees. In this way they stood for many hundreds of years.



Suddenly, from the two fallen trees sprung two dazzling young men, as bright as blazing fire! Their shining beauty illuminated all directions! They bowed to child Krishna and spoke with folded hands.

“O Lord Krishna,” they prayed, “You are the Original Person, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, the Cause of all causes. You are the Master of all mystic powers! That we should be delivered by the blessing-curse of Narada was all Your plan! You are indeed the Master Mystic, the Supreme Seer! Everything past, present, and future is known to You. Yet You have appeared as a small boy to deliver us. This is Your wonderful pastime! Because You are the Supreme Godhead, You can do anything!”

“O Krishna,” they continued, “You are the controller of everything. You are Time and You are Nature. You are the sole cause of creation. You are the Supersoul, thus You are within the heart of every living being. Yet You exist before the creation. Therefore, who, trapped within a perishable body, can begin to understand You? O Krishna, You are everything and You are the origin of everything! We offer our humble, respectful obeisances unto You!”

“O Krishna, You appear in this world in many different forms. These forms of Yours are not material. You come as a big fish, a tortoise, a

Meditating on the two trees before Him, Krishna decided, “I must now fulfill the wish of My dear devotee Narada by releasing the two foolish sons of Kuvera. I’ve really nothing to do with these rich man’s sons, for they are not My devotees. Only because Narada wanted Me to meet them face to face shall I do so!”

Thinking in this way, Krishna began to move very slowly toward the two trees. Tiny child Krishna was pulling the big wooden mortar behind Him! The rope tied to His waist grew taut with the weight of the mortar. Krishna entered the narrow space between the two trees and the mortar stuck crosswise between them! He pulled hard on the rope, and the trees began to tremble! They quivered and quaked, their branches swishing about in the air, and their trunks began crackling and splintering! Then with one powerful tug, both trees cracked at their roots! Down they crashed!

“Crack! Crack! Crash!” The thundering crash was heard for miles around! Everyone thought a thunderbolt had struck! People clapped their ears and looked this way and that!



boar, and many others, and You perform wonderful activities in all these forms. Such incarnations are not material but are fully powerful and nondifferent from You! Now, O Lord Krishna, You have appeared in Your full potency for the benefit of all beings!

“O Krishna,” they implored, “please accept our respectful obeisances again and again! Whatever You do is always all-good. O Lord, we are always servants of Your servants, especially Narada! It is by his grace that we are seeing You face to face! We pray that from now on, our lips may forever praise Your pastimes, and our ears may always hear Your glories. May our hands and legs and senses be used in Your service, and may our minds always think of Your lotus feet. Our heads are eternally bowed to You, O Lord Krishna, the Supreme Godhead, and the Master of Gokula!”

Child Krishna smiled sweetly and His bright black eyes sparkled. Indeed, He was the Lord of Gokula, though tied by a rope to a grinding mortar. In truth He was bound by Mother Yasoda’s love.

“My devotee Narada is indeed very merciful,” Krishna affirmed. “By his curse he has shown you the greatest favor! You were blinded by material opulence, and thus you were mad. He has saved you from the greatest suffering! All this is already known to Me. That you saw the saintly Narada was your good fortune! Indeed, when one is facing the sunshine, there can be no darkness. Similarly, when one meets My devotee, there can only be light! If by chance, someone happens to meet such a saint, who is serene and kind to everyone, surely he shall soon be freed from the bondage of worldly existence!

“Indeed, O sons of Kuvera, this is your last birth in this world! Now you may return to your



father's home. Rest assured that your desire to be always absorbed in devotion to Me shall be fulfilled in this very life!"

Thus blessed by Lord Krishna, the two young men bowed low before Him, and circled Him again and again, then departed for their father's abode. Krishna remained there, bound to the grinding mortar.

Hearing the thunderclap crash, the cowherd men ran swiftly to the spot. They were shocked to find child Krishna sitting there alone, between the two fallen trees, and tied to a mortar.

"What has happened! What has happened!" they cried, looking this way and that. "How have these two huge trees fallen?"

"Oh! My child!" cried King Nanda, "You are safe! What has happened here?" Nanda was alarmed to see his child bound in such a way! He quickly caught Krishna into his arms and untied the rope at His waist.

Looking about in disbelief, the bewildered cowherd men excitedly talked among themselves.

"What could have caused this?" one man asked gravely. "Those trees were stout and strong and very, very old. Only a band of elephants could break them in this way!"

"Yes, you are right!" agreed another. "But there are no signs of elephants; it must be the work of some demon!"

"That's it!" another exclaimed. "It must be! So many demons have tried to harm Krishna! Perhaps some demon met Him at this spot! God has so kindly protected Him!"

The perplexed cowherd men inquired from the children playing nearby.

"Baby Krishna broke the trees!" they replied. "We saw Him! He went between the two trees, but the mortar was topsy-turvy. So it stuck between them and Krishna pulled hard. Crash! They made a big scary sound! Then two shiny men came out of the trees! They bowed their heads and talked to Krishna and then they went away."

Most of the men did not believe the children. Due to fatherly affection for Krishna, they could not accept such a thing. It was, after all, impossible for a small child to knock down big trees! But some of them had doubts.

"He may have done it as the children say," one man suggested. "Remember the astrologer, Gargamuni, predicted, 'This child Krishna shall equal Narayan!'"

Some of the men agreed. They told King Nanda, "Your child is different from other children! He just might have done it!"



King Nanda smiled, proudly hearing the praise of his wonderful child. He was surprised that Mother Yasoda had bound Krishna in such a way. He simply smiled and removed the rope. After all, it was King Nanda and Mother Yasoda who were actually bound. Krishna binds them in parental affection; that is His pastime.

Relieved, King Nanda carried his child into the courtyard. There he placed Him on the laps of the older cowherd women, who received Him lovingly. They all began to clap and sing, praising child Krishna's wonderful pastimes. Krishna clapped and danced with them, smiling with childlike sweetness, and playing just like a puppet in their hands.

















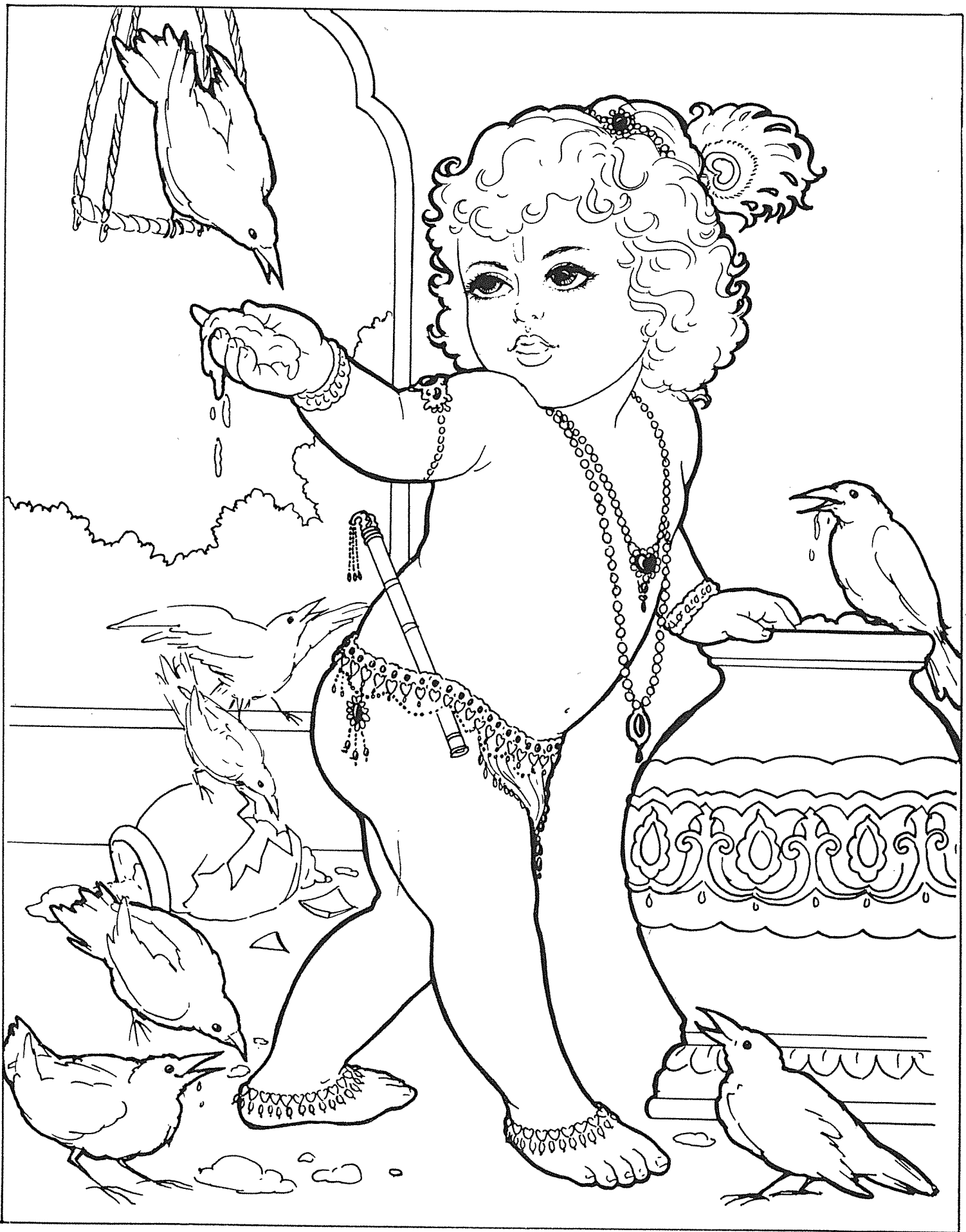






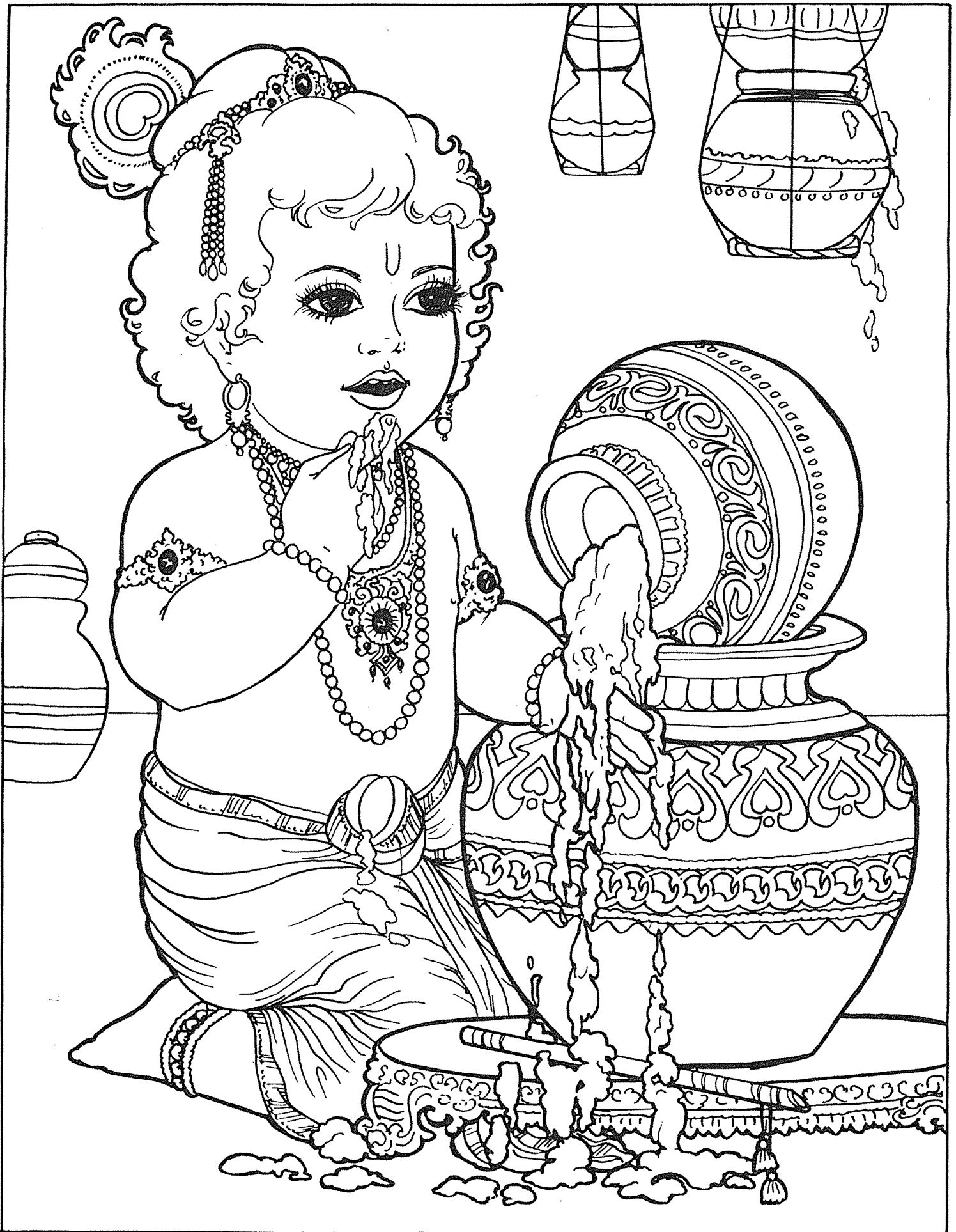






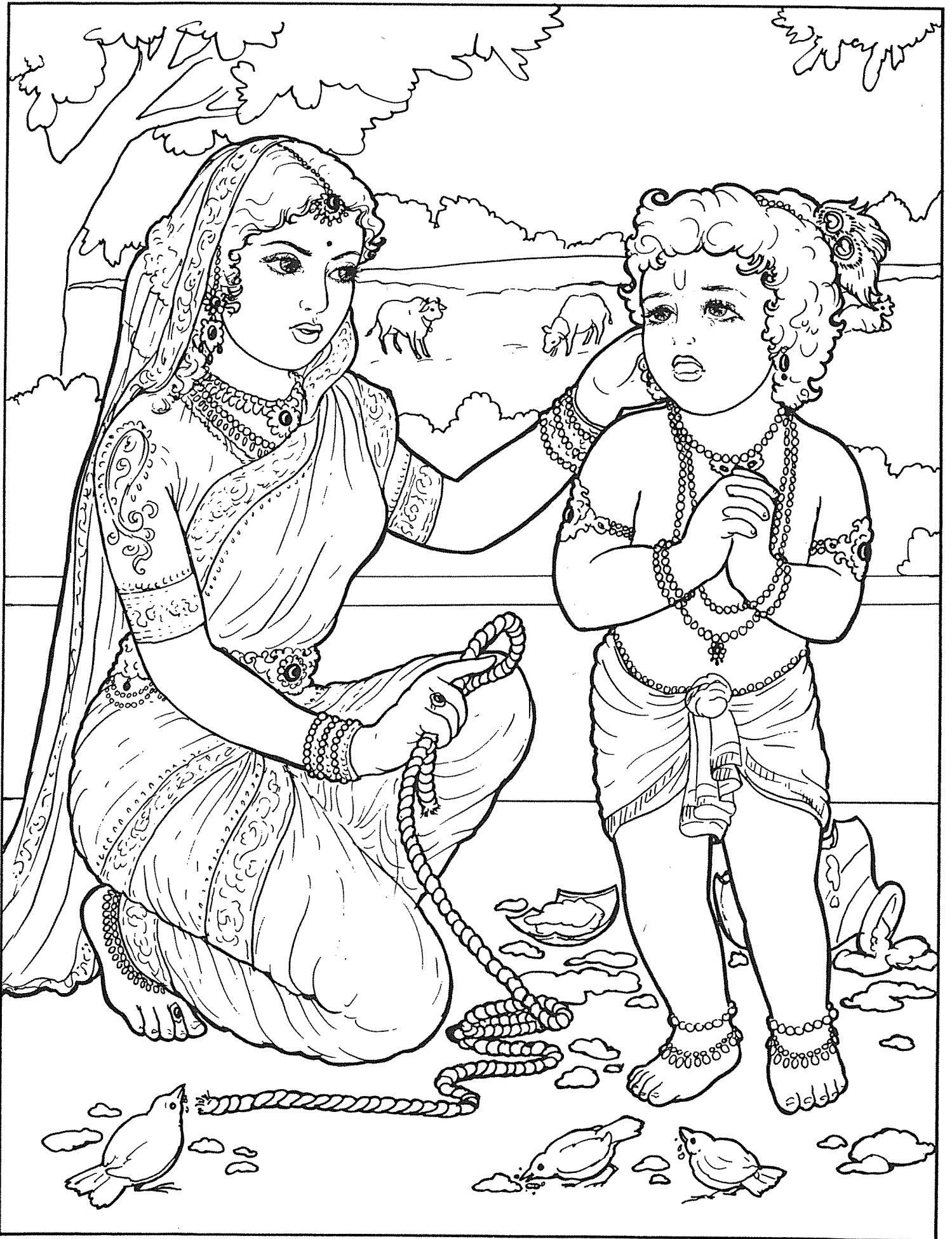












## DAMODARA SONG

Refrain:

O Damodara Krishna!  
In ropes You are wound,  
Yet ropes do not bind You,  
By love are You bound!

O Damodara Krishna!  
In ropes You are bound,  
Child Prince of Braja  
You shall be crowned!

\*\*\*\*\*

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| 1) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Your mother in silk,<br>While You were a-napping<br>Was churning the milk.     | 10) O Damodara Krishna!<br>With eyes full of tears,<br>Your lotus face darkened<br>With eye-ointment smears. | 19) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Please hear my praise!<br>You showed Your pastimes,<br>The world to amaze! |
| 2) O Damodara Krishna!<br>With necklace of pearls,<br>Your sweet lotus face<br>Encircled by curls.       | 11) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Lord of Gokula,<br>Bound by Your mother<br>To a grinding tool.                    | 20) O Damodara Krishna!<br>The world rests on You,<br>Yet You are beyond it<br>And known by so few.   |
| 3) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Cheeks bimba-fruit red,<br>With bright peacock feathers<br>Adorning Your head. | 12) O Damodara Krishna!<br>With such childlike ease,<br>You broke into splinters<br>The twin arjuna trees.   | 21) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Your childhood play<br>Is sweeter than nectar—<br>I'll drink it each day!  |
| 4) O Damodara Krishna!<br>On You the world rests,<br>Yet You rest on Yasoda<br>And suckle her breasts!   | 13) O Damodara Krishna!<br>You set them free—<br>Cursed sons of Kuvera<br>To live in a tree.                 | 22) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Please grant me a boon—<br>May I always remember<br>To sing You this tune! |
| 5) O Damodara Krishna!<br>She left You alone—<br>The butter crock cracked,<br>Struck by Your stone!      | 14) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Bound up in rope,<br>Let me recall You,<br>That is my hope!                       |   |
| 6) O Damodara Krishna!<br>You threw the rock,<br>Your lips pressed in anger<br>As You broke the crock!   | 15) O Damodara Krishna!<br>How I long to see<br>You feeding the monkeys<br>While they dance in glee!         |   |
| 7) O Damodara Krishna!<br>How swiftly You fled!<br>The butter and yogurt<br>To monkeys You fed.          | 16) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Please hear my prayer!<br>By mercy You freed<br>The two sons of Kuvera.           |   |
| 8) O Damodara Krishna!<br>You ran off in fear,<br>Chased by Your mother,<br>Whose stick was quite near!  | 17) O Damodara Krishna!<br>Please smile upon me!<br>Grant me Your mercy,<br>So I may be free!                |   |
| 9) O Damodara Krishna!<br>You ran in alarm;<br>Yasoda's stick scared You!<br>She meant You no harm.      | 18) O Damodara Krishna!<br>By Your childlike charm<br>You capture all hearts<br>In this eternal form!        |   |





Mother Yasoda smiled and swept Him into her arms, holding Him close to her bosom. She sank into a soft sofa cushion to rest and nurse her dear child Krishna. As He suckled her breast, she brushed back His soft black curls with her fingertips, then kissed His beautiful forehead and cheeks. His round cheeks were reddish like the bimba fruit, and His broad forehead shone radiant like the moon. Indeed, He was a handsome child!

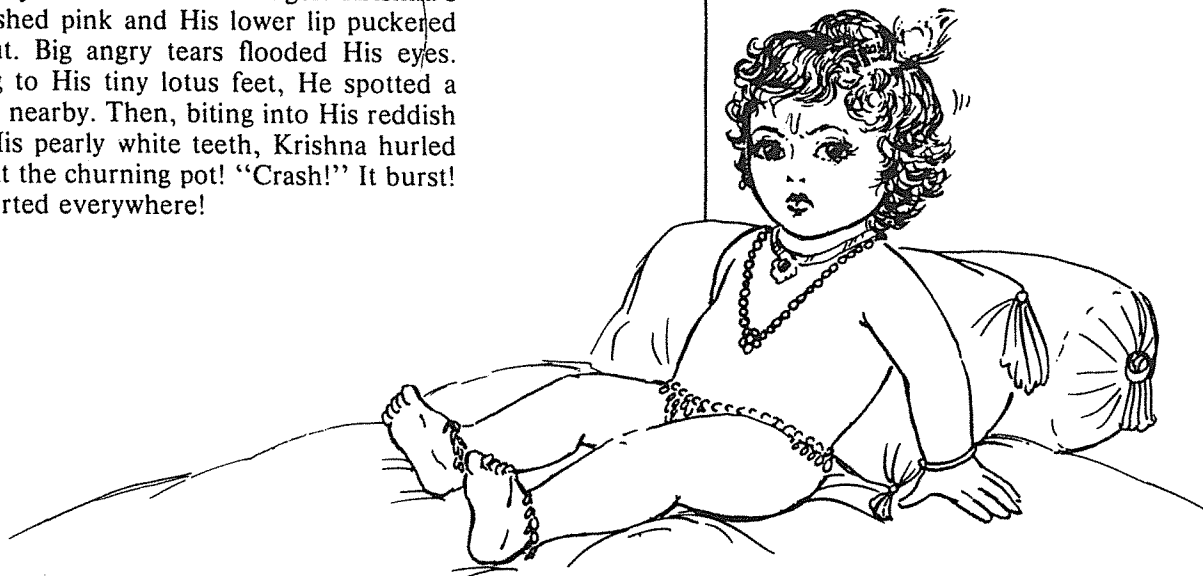
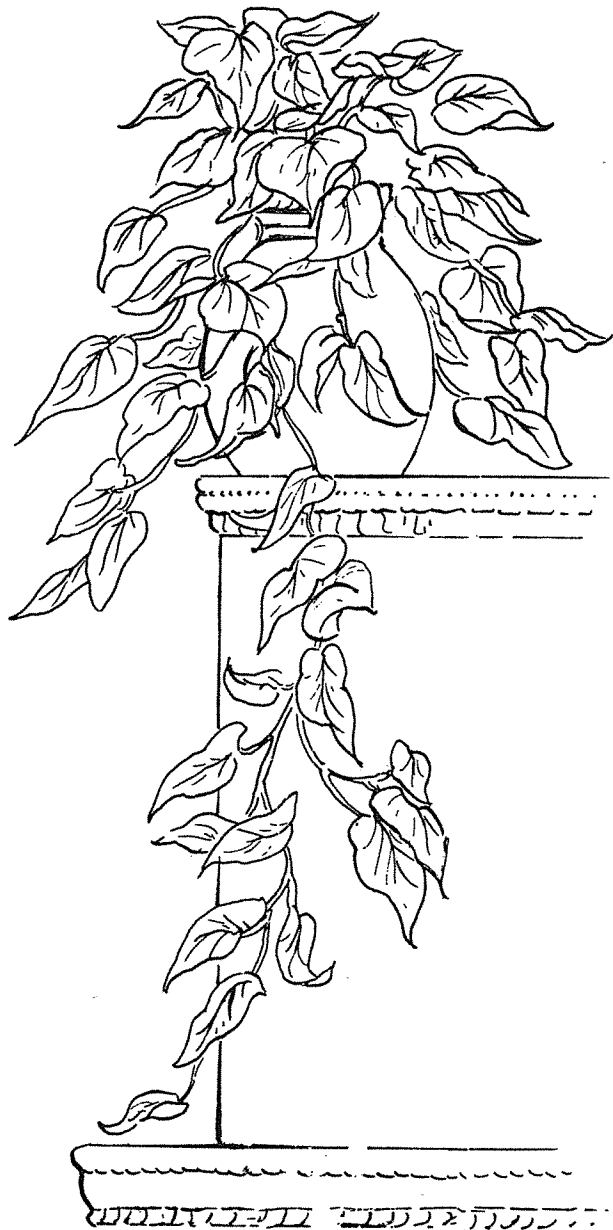
“Such a beautiful boy!” reflected Mother Yasoda. “And so wonderful, too! What wonderful things my child Krishna has done; truly He is amazing!” As she recalled His conquests of the demons Putana and Trinavarta, she embraced Him more tightly, as if to protect Him from future danger.

Mother Yasoda could hear the mooing of cows in the distance. She was reminded of how Krishna loved cows, and especially how He liked to play with the calves. She chuckled softly as she recalled how Krishna had once grabbed a calf’s tail and been pulled around the courtyard. What fun! The peacocks’ far-away cries reminded her of Krishna’s favorite feather. How He loved to wear a bright peacock feather in His lustrous black curls! So many delightful memories filled her mind as she gazed into the moonlike face of her child Krishna.

“S-s-s-s-s-s...” came a sound from the kitchen. It broke Yasoda’s reverie.

“Oh! The milk!” she cried. She jumped up and ran to fetch the boiling milk pot, leaving baby Krishna lying on the cushion alone. He sat up, jolted and annoyed by the abrupt end of His meal.

“How dare she leave Me like this!” He sulked. “I was not finished drinking!” Thinking thus, His dark lotus eyes reddened with anger. Krishna’s cheeks flushed pink and His lower lip puckered into a pout. Big angry tears flooded His eyes. Scrambling to His tiny lotus feet, He spotted a stone lying nearby. Then, biting into His reddish lips with His pearly white teeth, Krishna hurled the stone at the churning pot! “Crash!” It burst! Yogurt spurted everywhere!



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