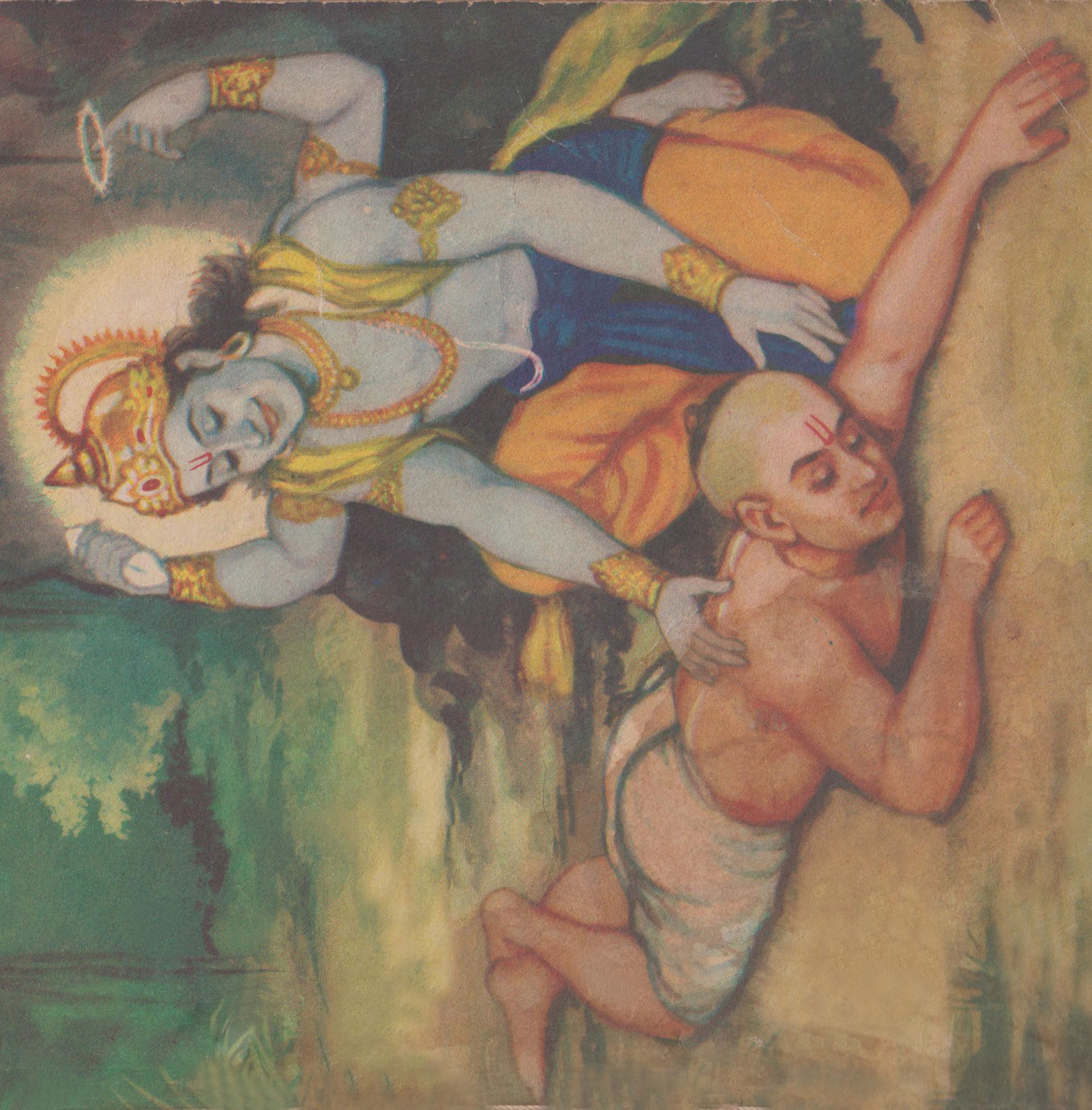


VISHNU

SAHASRANAMA OF 999 NAMES

AND OTHER STORIES



DDARSHI
DHTRA
KATHA
s. 3.00
22

In this volume, we present three unusual yet delightful stories about man and his relationship with God.

Each one of us has a vital and inseparable contact with the Divine and to the degree of our identification with It, we get our rewards. The stories are all different, yet thematically the same and illustrate the merits of a strong identification with the Supreme Power, whom we call God.

OUR NEXT TITLE:

THE ADVENT OF SRI KRISHNA

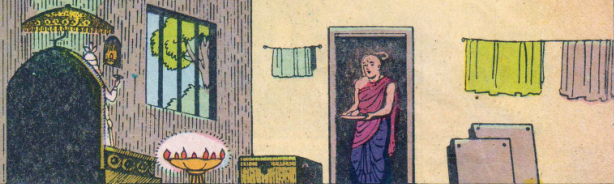
Editor : D. Kumar

Script : Bharati Sukhetankar

Art Work : Sunita Kalewar

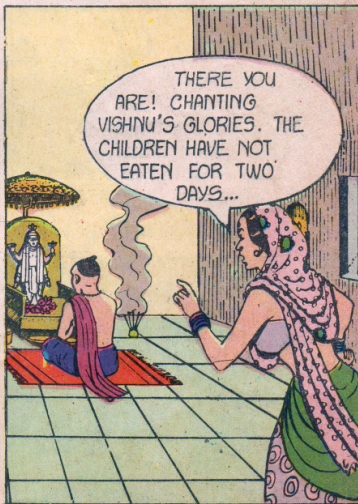
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VISHNU SAHASRANAMA OF 999 NAMES



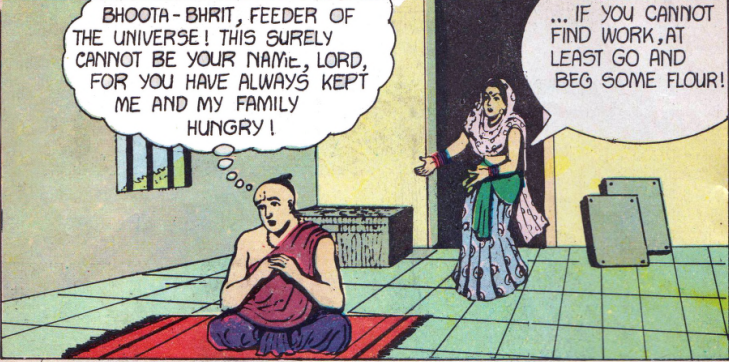
ONCE UPON A TIME, ON THE BANK OF THE GANGES, THERE LIVED A VERY POOR BRAHMIN CALLED DEVADATTA.

HIS MIND WAS FOREVER ABSORBED IN THE WORSHIP OF LORD VISHNU. ALL DAY LONG HE WOULD CHANT THE VISHNU SAHASRANAMA.* AS A RESULT, OFTEN THERE WOULD BE NOTHING TO EAT IN THE HOUSE.



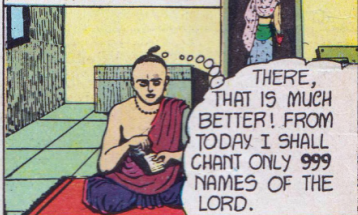
BHOOTA-BHRIT, FEEDER OF THE UNIVERSE! THIS SURELY CANNOT BE YOUR NAME, LORD, FOR YOU HAVE ALWAYS KEPT ME AND MY FAMILY HUNGRY!

... IF YOU CANNOT FIND WORK, AT LEAST GO AND BEG SOME FLOUR!



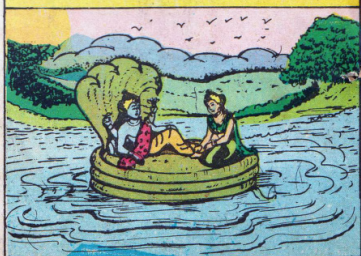
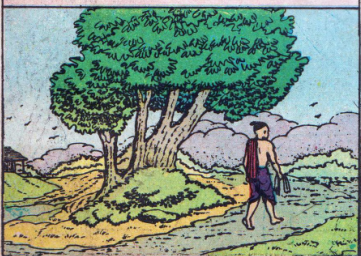
BHOOTA-BHRIT. LORD, YOU HAVE REALLY SHIRKED YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE CALLED BHOOTA-BHRIT.

HE TOOK A PIECE OF CHARCOAL AND CROSSED OUT THE WORD BHOOTA-BHRIT FROM HIS TEXT-BOOK. THEN HE FELT A LITTLE SATISFIED—



WITH HIS MIND AT PEACE, HE WENT DOWN TO THE GANGES FOR A BATH.

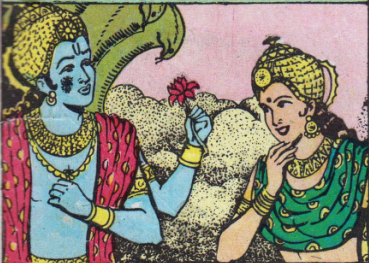
IN VAIKUNTHA LAKSHMI LOOKED AT VISHNU AND SUDDENLY GIGGLED.



WHAT IS THE MATTER,
LAKSHMI, WHY ARE YOU
LAUGHING ?

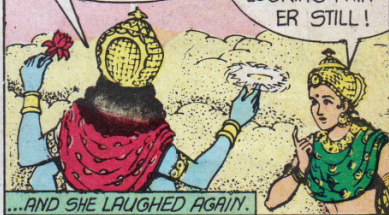


*BUT LAKSHMI JUST SHOOK HER HEAD
AND DOUBLED UP WITH FITS OF
LAUGHTER !*



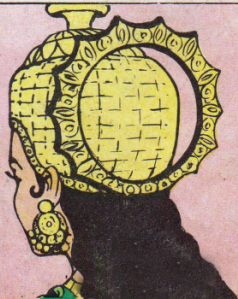
COME ON, LAKSHMI,
BE A SPORT. TELL
ME WHY YOU ARE
LAUGHING.

MY LORD ! AS
IT IS YOU ARE
SO FAIR, BUT TO-
DAY YOU ARE
LOOKING FAIR-
ER STILL !



...AND SHE LAUGHED AGAIN.

I AM LOOKING
FAIRER ? WHY...

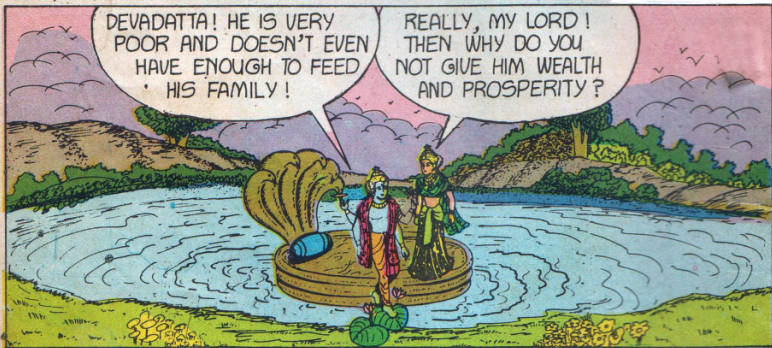


... AND HE HASTILY PASSED A HAND OVER HIS FACE.

IT WAS FULL OF COAL DUST!



IS THAT A NEW KIND OF SANDAL-PASTE YOUR DEVOTEE HAS OFFERED YOU TODAY ?



DEVADATTA! HE IS VERY POOR AND DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH TO FEED HIS FAMILY!

REALLY, MY LORD! THEN WHY DO YOU NOT GIVE HIM WEALTH AND PROSPERITY?



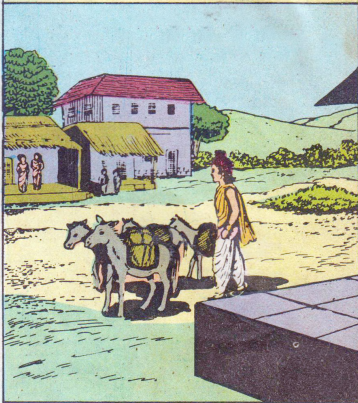
WHY, LAKSHMI ? SO THAT HE SHOULD SHIFT HIS DEVOTION TO YOU ? NO. THAT IS NOT THE SOLUTION.

PLEASE LORD. HE IS POOR AND SO SINCERE IN HIS DEVOTION. I WILL PESTER YOU TILL YOU LISTEN TO ME!

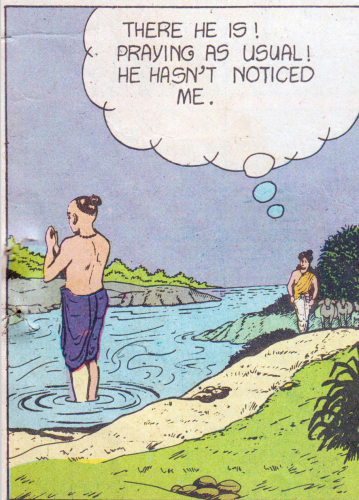
WHICH MAN HAS EVER WON AN ARGUMENT WITH HIS WIFE? LAKSHMI WATCHED AS THE LORD SET OUT TO BLESS HIS DEVOTEE.



AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT THE LORD, DISGUISED AS A MULETEER, WITH A NUMBER OF LOADED MULES, CAME TO DEVADATTA'S VILLAGE.



THERE HE IS!
PRAYING AS USUAL!
HE HASN'T NOTICED
ME.



SO THE MULETEER WENT STRAIGHT TO DEVADATTA'S THATCHED HUT—

MOTHER, ARE
YOU DEVADATTA'S
WIFE?

YES I
AM, GOOD
SIR.



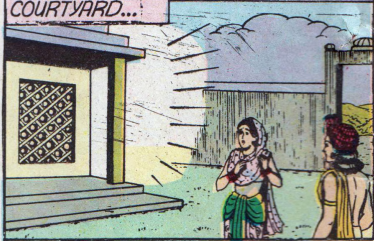
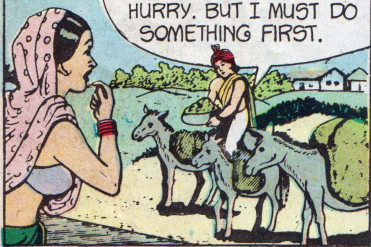
GOOD LADY, PLEASE ACCEPT THESE GIFTS. I MET YOUR HUSBAND ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER AND LOST A BET WITH HIM.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, SIR. PLEASE COME IN AND WAIT FOR MY HUSBAND. HE SHOULD BE BACK NOW.



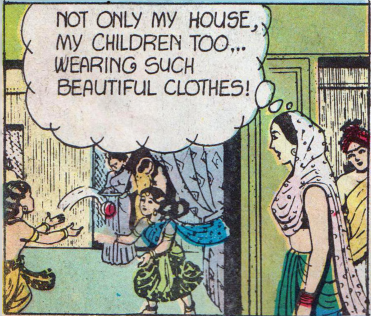
O I AM SORRY I CANNOT WAIT. I AM IN A BIT OF A HURRY. BUT I MUST DO SOMETHING FIRST.

WITHIN A FLASH, HE CREATED A HUGE MANSION WITH A LOVELY GARDEN AND COURTYARD...



... A NUMBER OF SERVANTS WERE BUSY CARRYING OUT THEIR DUTIES. DEVADATTA'S WIFE WAS BEWILDERED AND ASTONISHED!

NOT ONLY MY HOUSE, MY CHILDREN TOO... WEARING SUCH BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES!



GOOD SIR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND ALL THIS. A MOMENT AGO, WE WERE AS POOR AS MICE. NOW ALL THIS WEALTH... O DO WAIT FOR MY HUSBAND.

NO, MOTHER. I CANNOT WAIT. I MUST LEAVE NOW.



IS THERE AT LEAST A MESSAGE FOR HIM ?

INDEED YES, THERE IS! PLEASE ASK HIM TO WIPE OFF THE SPECIAL CHANDAN* HE APPLIED ON MY FACE THIS MORNING.

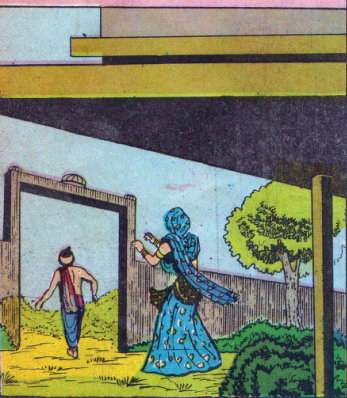
SPECIAL CHANDAN ? WHAT COULD HE MEAN ? O I FEEL SO CONFUSED.

SOON AFTER, DEVADATTA RETURNED FROM HIS BATH IN THE GANGES—

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT MANSION! WHOSE COULD IT BE ? I HAVE LOST MY WAY AND COME TO THE WRONG PLACE.

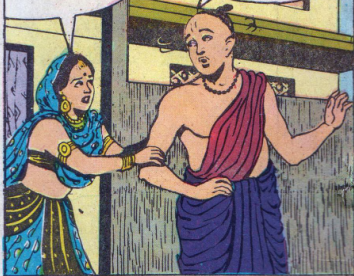
SO HE TURNED TO RETRACE HIS FOOTSTEPS IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH HE HAD COME.

AS HE WAS LEAVING, HIS WIFE,
DRESSED IN RICH CLOTHES AND
JEWELS, CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE
HOUSE -



O I AM SO
GLAD TO SEE
YOU BACK.
PLEASE COME
INSIDE
QUICKLY.

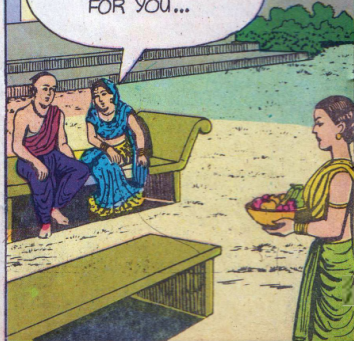
EH? WHAT
IS ALL THIS?
WHO ARE
YOU?



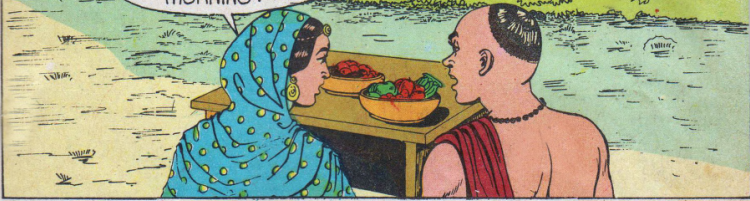
YOU HAVEN'T
RECOGNISED ME?
YOUR WIFE, MY
LORD?

SHE DREW HIM ASIDE AND TO HIS
IMMENSE SURPRISE, SHE RELATED
ALL THE EVENTS THAT HAD
OCCURRED IN HIS ABSENCE.

... AND HE LEFT
A STRANGE MESSAGE
FOR YOU...



HE SAID, "TELL HIM TO WIPE OFF THE SPECIAL CHANDAN HE APPLIED ON MY FACE THIS MORNING!"



DEVADATTA AT ONCE UNDERSTOOD THE MEANING OF THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE, FOR HIS MIND DWIFT CONSTANTLY ON LORD VISHNU.

O LORD! YOU GAVE HER DARSHAN, WHO ALWAYS SCORNE YOUR BLESSED NAME! HOW COULD YOU, O HOW COULD YOU? —



HE RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE —

O LORD, NARAYANA! NARAYANA!! WHAT ANGUISH YOU HAVE GIVEN ME!

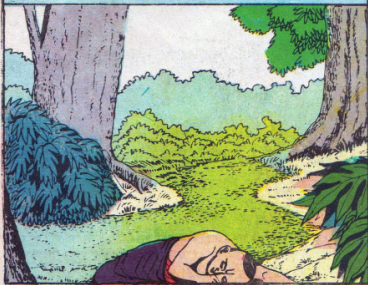


THUS, CRYING OUT THE LORD'S NAME, HE PENETRATED DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE.

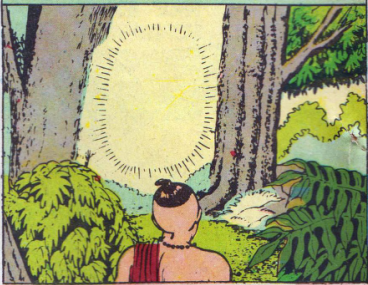
NARAYANA!
C VISHNU!!



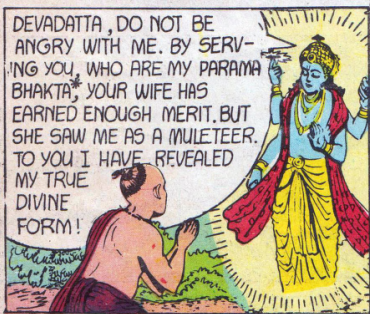
AND, DUE TO IMMENSE EMOTIONAL FATIGUE, HE SWOONED.



HE WOKE UP AFTER A WHILE AND OPENED HIS EYES TO AN INEXPLICABLE BRILLIANCE.

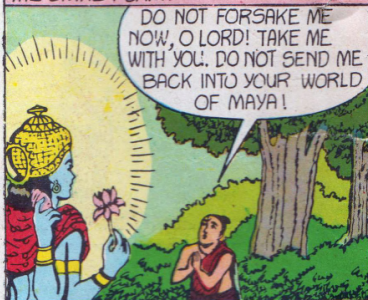


DEVADATTA, DO NOT BE ANGRY WITH ME. BY SERVING YOU, WHO ARE MY PARAMA BHAKTA, YOUR WIFE HAS EARNED ENOUGH MERIT. BUT SHE SAW ME AS A MULETEER. TO YOU I HAVE REVEALED MY TRUE DIVINE FORM!

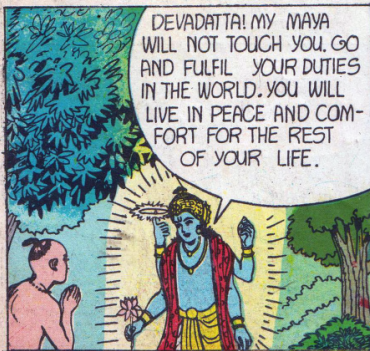


DEVADATTA LOOKED UP IN ADORATION AT THE DIVINE FORM.

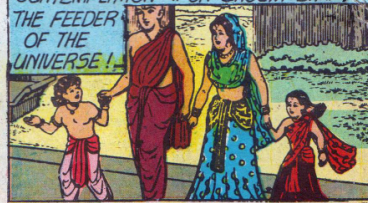
DO NOT FORSAKE ME NOW, O LORD! TAKE ME WITH YOU. DO NOT SEND ME BACK INTO YOUR WORLD OF MAYA!



DEVADATTA! MY MAYA WILL NOT TOUCH YOU. GO AND FULFIL YOUR DUTIES IN THE WORLD. YOU WILL LIVE IN PEACE AND COMFORT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.



WITH THE BLESSING OF THE LORD, DEVADATTA WENT BACK HOME. NO ONE PESTERED HIM FOR FOOD AND CLOTHES AND HE SPENT THE REST OF HIS DAYS IN CONTEMPLATION UPON BHOOTA-BHRIT, THE FEEDER OF THE UNIVERSE!



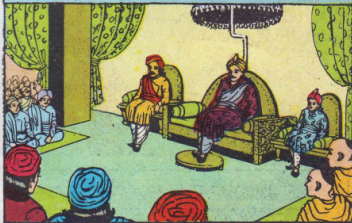
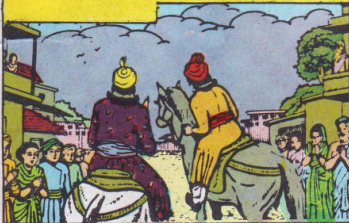
WHO IS GOD?..



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A PIOUS AND BENEVOLENT KING WHO RULED THE COUNTRY MOST EFFICIENTLY, WITH THE HELP OF HIS WISE MINISTER, SATVAURITA.

EVERYONE RESPECTED THE KING, AS WAS HIS DUE. BUT THEY LOVED HIS MINISTER DEARLY, FOR HE WAS KIND AND ALWAYS SYMPATHETIC TO THEIR PROBLEMS.

THE KING AND HIS MINISTER OFTEN HELD LEARNED DISCUSSIONS ON PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION. VERY OFTEN, THE CROWN PRINCE WOULD BE PRESENT.

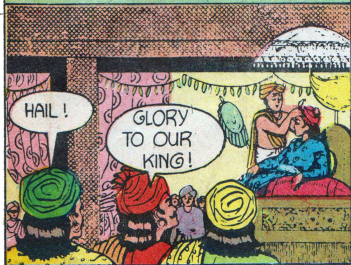


BUT HE WAS YOUNG AND UNINITIATED AND THEREFORE TOO IMMATURE TO FOLLOW THEIR DISCUSSIONS.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING? WHY DO THEY TALK SO MUCH ABOUT GOD? I WISH I COULD UNDERSTAND!



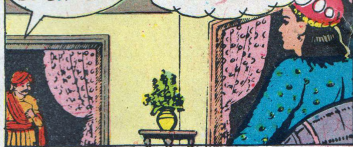
TIME PASSED ON AND THE OLD KING DIED. THE PRINCE WAS CROWNED KING.



SATYURITA WAS DEVOTED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY AND ALTHOUGH HE MISSED THE OLD MONARCH, HE SERVED THE YOUNG KING FAITHFULLY.

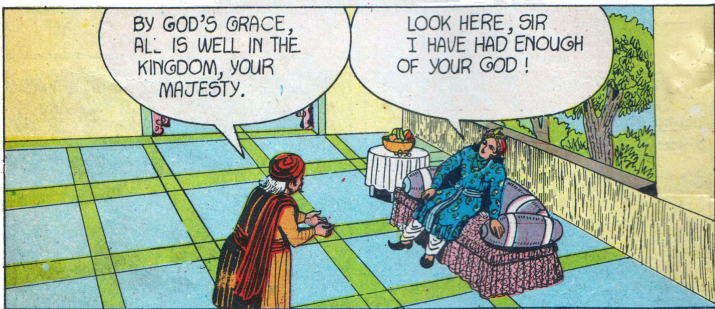
MAY THE LORD'S BLESSING BE ON YOU!

I RESPECT THE OLD MAN BUT WHY DOES HE PRAISE GOD SO MUCH?



BY GOD'S GRACE, ALL IS WELL IN THE KINGDOM, YOUR MAJESTY.

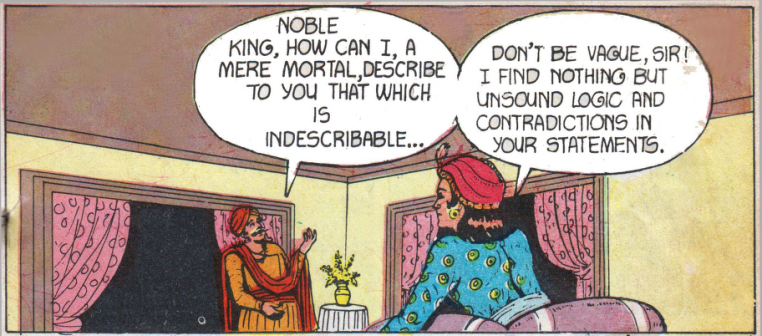
LOOK HERE, SIR I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR GOD!



THE MINISTER WAS PAINED, FOR HE KNEW THAT THE YOUNG KING ENTERTAINED DOUBTS ABOUT THE VERY EXISTENCE OF GOD.


YOU ARE FOREVER TALKING OF GOD AND HIS GRACE. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?






NOBLE KING, HOW CAN I, A MERE MORTAL, DESCRIBE TO YOU THAT WHICH IS INDESCRIBABLE...


DON'T BE VAGUE, SIR! I FIND NOTHING BUT UNSOUND LOGIC AND CONTRADICTIONS IN YOUR STATEMENTS.




MY QUESTIONS ARE SPECIFIC, AND I WANT SPECIFIC ANSWERS TO THEM. WHO IS GOD? WHERE IS GOD? AND WHAT DOES HE DO?



FORTY-ONE DAYS I GIVE YOU, SIR, TO CONVINCE ME OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. ELSE, I WILL TAKE STEPS TO DESTROY SUCH SUPERSTITION IN MY KINGDOM.



LORD, ALL YOUR GLORY! GIVE ME THE POWER TO COMMUNICATE TO HIM A GLIMPSE OF THY GLORY! FOR HIS DOUBT IS HONEST.



THE MINISTER VISITED MANY SAINTS AND SAGES, TO SEEK THE ANSWERS TO THE KING'S QUESTIONS.

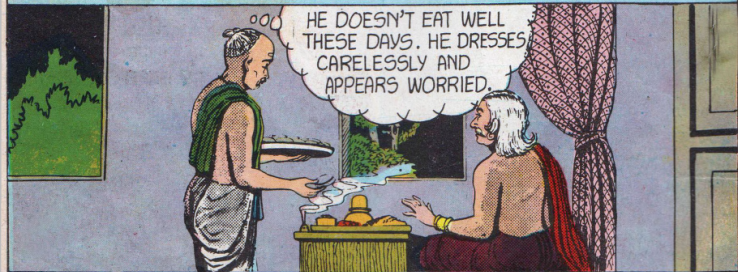
HE MET LEARNED SCOLARS AND PUNDITS. BUT THEY ALL GAVE STANDARD ANSWERS WHICH ARE FOUND IN THE SCRIPTURAL TEXTS.

THEY ALL CONFIRM WHAT I ALREADY KNOW. BUT THE KING HAS A RATIONAL MIND AND MY TIME IS RUNNING OUT...



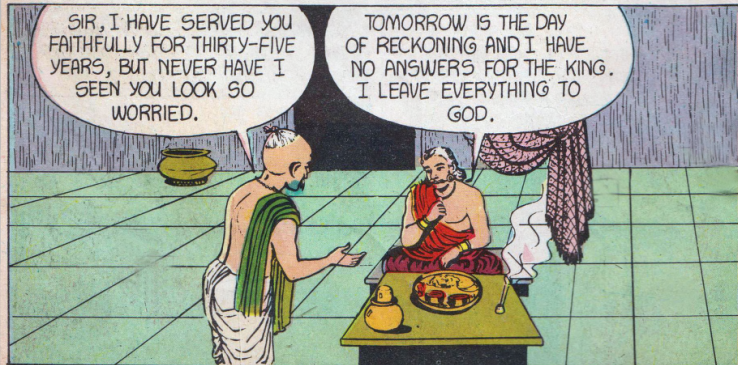
THAT NIGHT, AS HIS OLD BRAHMIN COOK WAS SERVING HIM HIS MEAL -

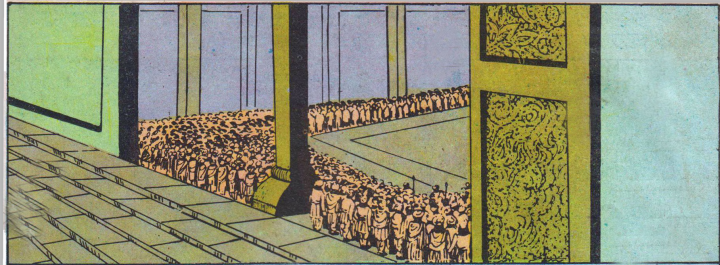
HE DOESN'T EAT WELL THESE DAYS. HE DRESSES CARELESSLY AND APPEARS WORRIED.



SIR, I HAVE SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, BUT NEVER HAVE I SEEN YOU LOOK SO WORRIED.

TOMORROW IS THE DAY OF RECKONING AND I HAVE NO ANSWERS FOR THE KING. I LEAVE EVERYTHING TO GOD.





NEXT DAY, THE DURBAR WAS PACKED TO CAPACITY. THE ATMOSPHERE WAS TENSE AND FULL OF EXPECTANCY.

THE KING, TOO, WAS SEATED.

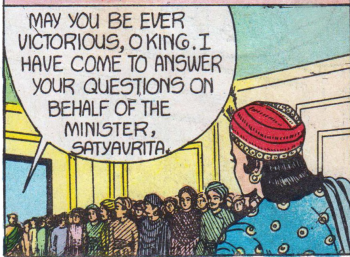
OUR MINISTER HASN'T ARRIVED YET.

DO YOU THINK HE WILL COME?



JUST AS THE TENSION WAS MOUNTING —

MAY YOU BE EVER VICTORIOUS, O KING. I HAVE COME TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS ON BEHALF OF THE MINISTER, SATYAVRITA.



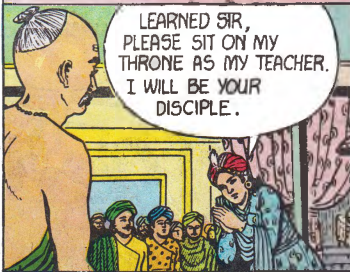
YOU HAVE, HAVE YOU? ALRIGHT. WHO IS GOD?

O KING, I CANNOT TEACH YOU SPIRITUAL WISDOM UNLESS YOU BECOME MY DISCIPLE, SUCH IS OUR TRADITION.

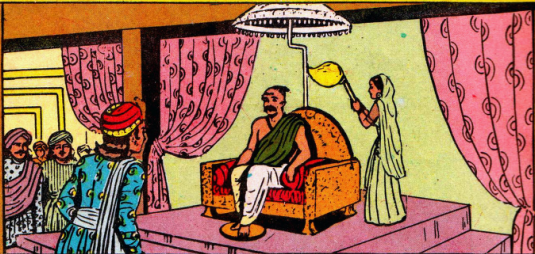


THE KING WAS AN HONEST STUDENT. HIS URGE TO KNOW WAS GENUINE. SO HE GOT UP FROM HIS THRONE AND —

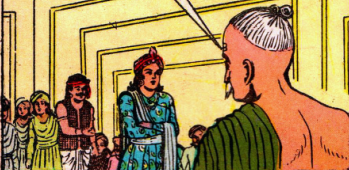
LEARNED SIR, PLEASE SIT ON MY THRONE AS MY TEACHER. I WILL BE YOUR DISCIPLE.



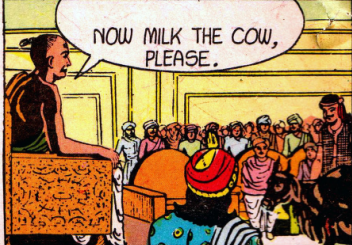
WITH GREAT DIGNITY, THE BRAHMIN SAT ON THE KING'S THRONE. EXCITEMENT MOUNTED IN THE COURT AND ALL EYES WERE UPON HIM.



NOW, BRING A BLACK MILCH COW FROM THE ROYAL COW-SHED.



AND A BLACK COW WAS BROUGHT TO THE COURT.

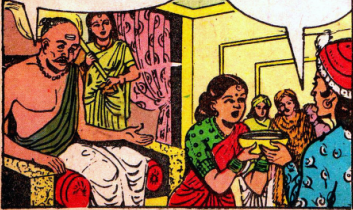


NOW MILK THE COW, PLEASE.

THE BOWL OF MILK WAS THEY HANDED TO THE WONDERING KING AT THE INSTRUCTION OF THE OLD BRAHMIN.

DO YOU SEE, O KING, THE MILK IN THE BOWL?

I DO, MAHARAJ!



WHAT COLOUR IS IT, RAJAN?

IT IS ABSOLUTELY WHITE, SIR.

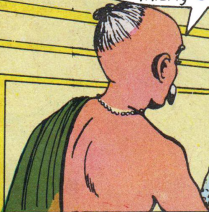




WHAT IS THE COLOUR OF
THE COW THAT GAVE
THIS WHITE MILK?



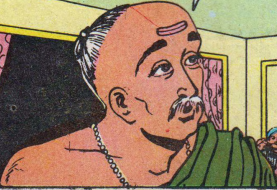
IT IS BLACK,
SIR.



GOOD. WHAT DOES THE
BLACK COW EAT TO
PRODUCE THE WHITE
MILK, O KING?



WHY, GREEN
GRASS, OF COURSE.



VERY WELL THEN.
AND WHO CONVERTS
GREEN GRASS INTO
WHITE MILK IN A BLACK
COW, PLEASE? CAN
YOU DO IT RAJAN?



O THIS
BRAHMIN IS
CLEVER!

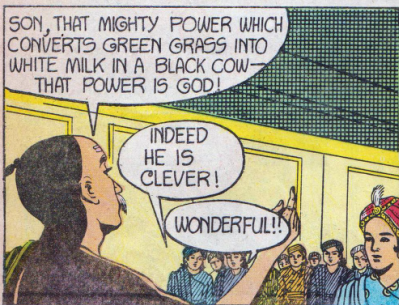
THERE WAS A HUSHED SILENCE.
THE YOUNG KING LOOKED THOUGHTFUL.



SON, THAT MIGHTY POWER WHICH
CONVERTS GREEN GRASS INTO
WHITE MILK IN A BLACK COW—
THAT POWER IS GOD!

INDEED
HE IS
CLEVER!

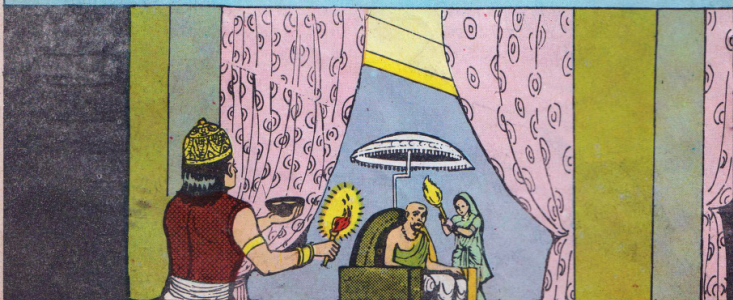
WONDERFUL!!



THAT WAS A
GOOD ANSWER,
NOBLE SIR.
NOW TELL
ME, WHERE
IS GOD?

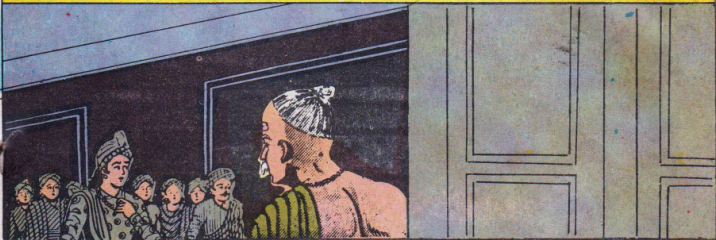


THE BRAHMIN THEN GAVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR AN OIL LAMP AND A BURNING
TORCH TO BE BROUGHT INTO THE DARBAR HALL.*

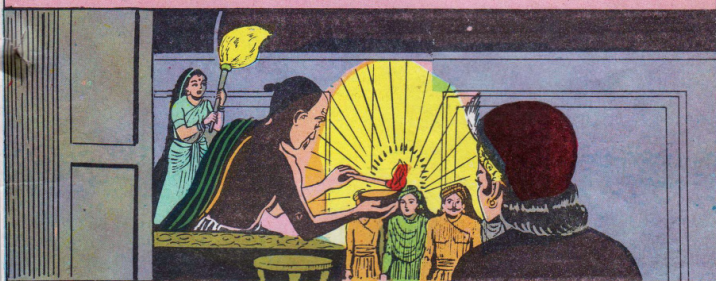


* COURT ROOM

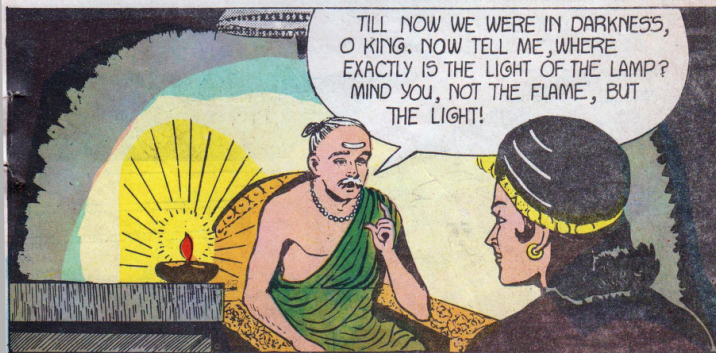
HE ORDERED ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS OF THE COURT TO BE SHUT, THEREBY PLUNGING IT INTO TOTAL DARKNESS.



THEN HE TOOK THE TORCH AND LIT THE LAMP.

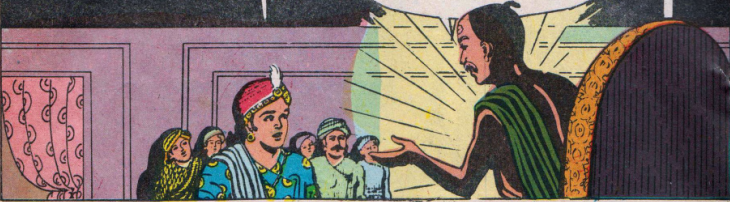


TILL NOW WE WERE IN DARKNESS, O KING. NOW TELL ME, WHERE EXACTLY IS THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP? MIND YOU, NOT THE FLAME, BUT THE LIGHT!



WHY? IT IS EVERYWHERE,
MAHARAJ!

YOU ARE QUICK AND
INTELLIGENT O KING.
SO TOO, GOD IS
EVERYWHERE!



THE KING WAS PLEASED WITH THE BRAHMIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS. HE STOOD BEFORE HIM WITH FOLDED HANDS.

NOW SIR, MY LAST
QUESTION. WHAT
DOES HE DO?

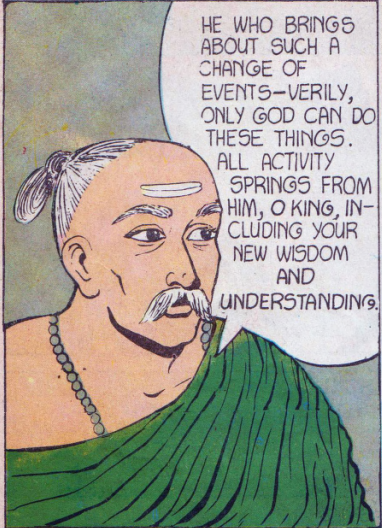


JUST THEN, THE WISE OLD MINISTER, SATYAVRITA, ENTERED THE COURT. HIS HEART WAS HEAVY AND HIS COUNTENANCE GRAVE.

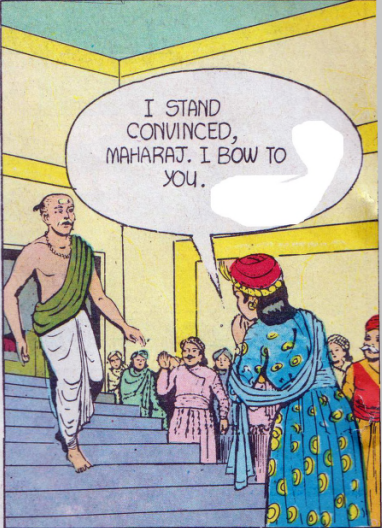


AFTER DOING OBEISANCE TO THE THRONE, HE TOOK HIS SEAT. ONLY THEN DID HE SEE—





HE WHO BRINGS ABOUT SUCH A CHANGE OF EVENTS—VERILY, ONLY GOD CAN DO THESE THINGS. ALL ACTIVITY SPRINGS FROM HIM, O KING, INCLUDING YOUR NEW WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING.



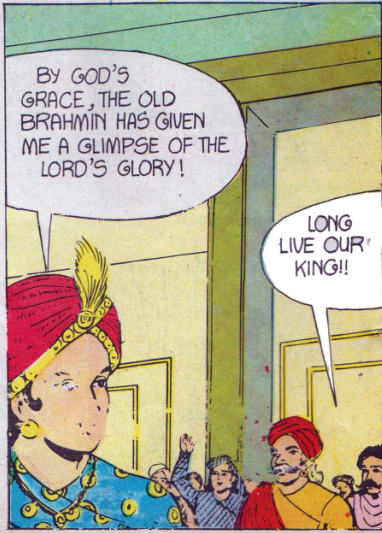
I STAND CONVINCED, MAHARAJ. I BOW TO YOU.

THE KING ALSO SOUGHT SATYAVRITA'S BLESSINGS.



SIR, HELP ME TO GOVERN WITH COMPASSION AND WISDOM.

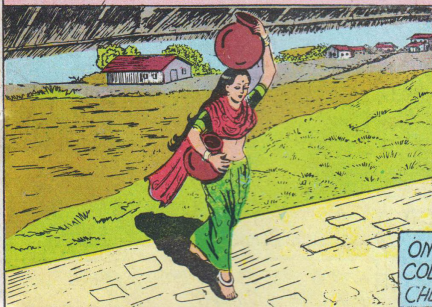
YOU ARE HONEST AND NOBLE, O KING. GOD'S BLESSINGS WILL ALWAYS BE UPON YOU.



BY GOD'S GRACE, THE OLD BRAHMIN HAS GIVEN ME A GLIMPSE OF THE LORD'S GLORY!

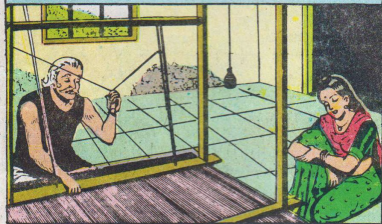
LONG LIVE OUR KING!!

SUARNAREKHA



ONCE, THERE LIVED IN A CERTAIN WEAVER'S COLONY A BEAUTIFUL YET SIMPLE GIRL CALLED SUARNAREKHA.

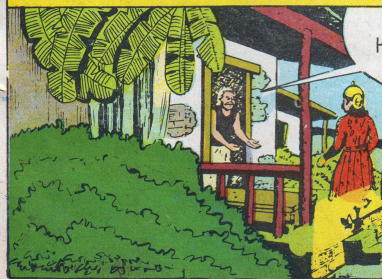
HER FATHER WAS THE CHIEF OF THE WEAVERS AND WAS ONE OF THE BEST WEAVERS IN THE KINGDOM.



ONE DAY, THE KING OF THE LAND, DESIRING TO KNOW HOW HIS WEAVERS LIVED AND WORKED, VISITED THEIR COLONY.



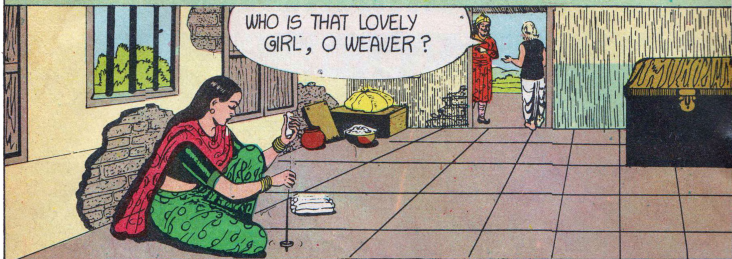
HE STEPPED DOWN HIS HORSE AND WALKED UP THE TWO STEPS TO THE CHIEF WEAVER'S HOUSE.



RAJAN! I AM GREATLY HONOURED BY YOUR VISIT. DO COME IN.



THE KING STOOD AT THE DOOR AND LOOKED INSIDE. HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SUVARNA AS SHE SAT AND SPUN THREAD.



NOW WHICH PARENT IS INDIFFERENT TO THE PRAISES OF ITS OFFSPRING? THE WEAVER WAS PLEASED THAT THE KING HAD NOTICED HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

RAJAN, SHE IS MY DAUGHTER. SHE IS NOT ONLY BEAUTIFUL, BUT ALSO HAS A UNIQUE TALENT...



AND IN SINGING SUVARNA'S PRAISES, HE GOT CARRIED AWAY.



THE KING HEARD THIS WITH AMAZEMENT.

IF THIS IS TRUE, WEAVER, SHE SHALL BE MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW. I SHALL TAKE HER WITH ME TO THE PALACE. GET READY, GIRL.



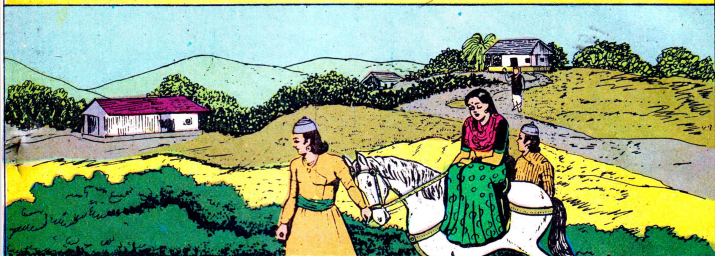
THEN HE TURNED AND LEFT. SUVARNA WAS GREATLY AGITATED. FOR IN TRUTH, WHO CAN SPIN GOLD THREAD FROM HAY?

FATHER! O FATHER, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHAT WILL BE MY FATE NOW?

I AM SORRY TO HAVE LANDED YOU IN TROUBLE MY CHILD. NOW PRAY TO GOD AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.



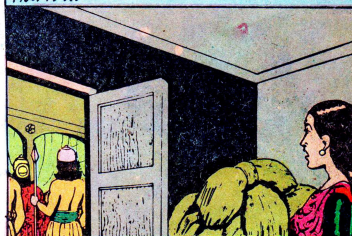
SO AFTER BIDDING HER FATHER A TEARFUL FAREWELL, SHE LEFT FOR THE PALACE WITH THE KING'S ESCORT.



WHEN SHE ARRIVED THERE, SHE WAS LED, TO HER UTTER DISMAY, INTO A ROOM WITH A HUGE STACK OF HAY.



SUVARNA LOOKED ON, HORRIFIED, AS THE KING AND HIS GUARDS TURNED AWAY...



... AND LOCKED THE DOOR ON HER. A GREAT BIG TEAR COURSED DOWN HER CHEEK.

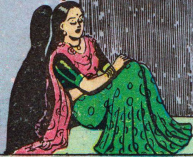


MY LORD, O RAMA!
WHAT AM I TO DO? HOW
CAN I SPIN THIS INTO GOLD
THREAD?



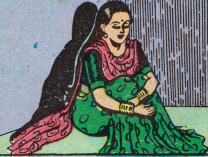
NIGHT CAME, BUT SHE COULD NOT SLEEP. SHE SAT IN A CORNER, HELPLESS AND DESOLATE.

LORD RAMA! FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS! HELP OF THE HELPLESS!



FIXING HER MIND ON THE LORD, SHE CHANTED -

SRI RAM, JAI RAM,
JAI JAI
RAM!



SUDDENLY, SHE HEARD A KNOCKING SOUND ON THE SMALL SIDE DOOR.



SHE ROSE, WALKED TO THE DOOR AND LIFTED THE LATCH.



WHEN SHE OPENED THE DOOR, SHE SAW STANDING BEFORE HER, THREE OF THE UGLIEST SPECIMENS OF WOMANKIND THAT SHE AND EVER SEEN!

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

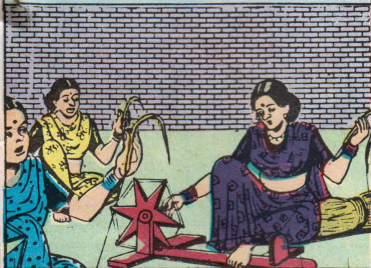
DO NOT BE AFRAID. CLOSE THE DOOR. WE ARE HERE TO HELP YOU.



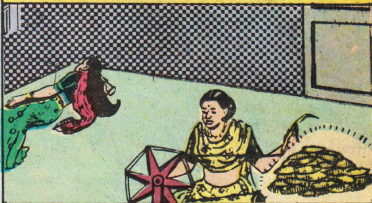
SUARNAREKHA LATCHED THE DOOR AGAIN, WHILE THE THREE LADIES GOT BUSY SORTING OUT THE HAY. THEY REALLY WERE UGLY. ONE OF THEM HAD BIG BROAD FEET...



... ANOTHER HAD AN UNBECOMING, HANGING LOWER LIP, WHILE THE THIRD HAD A HUGE UGLY THUMB.



THEY TOLD SUVARNA TO LEAVE THE WORK TO THEM AND GO TO SLEEP, FOR SHE SEEMED VERY TIRED AFTER ALL THE UNEXPECTED EVENTS OF THE DAY. AND WHILE SHE SLEPT, THE SPOOLS OF GOLD THREAD PILED UP!



AS DAWN APPROACHED—



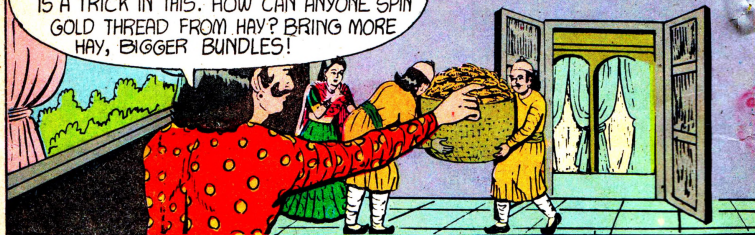
IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE KING VISITED SUVARNA, HE WAS OPEN-
MOUTHED IN ASTONISHMENT.



YOU HAVE REALLY DONE
IT! BUT HOW? HOW?

THEN SUDDENLY, HE SNAPPED ORDERS AT HIS MEN—

TAKE ALL THIS THREAD AWAY. SURELY THERE
IS A TRICK IN THIS. HOW CAN ANYONE SPIN
GOLD THREAD FROM HAY? BRING MORE
HAY, BIGGER BUNDLES!

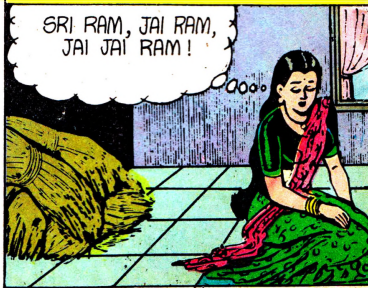


NOW HERE
IS MORE HAY. FINISH
THIS BY TOMORROW
MORNING, GIRL,
OR ELSE...

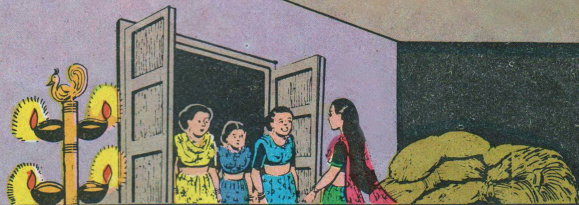
O LORD,
HELP ME,
HELP ME.

THE HAY LAY PILED UP. BUT THE POOR
GIRL COULD DO NOTHING. SHE SAT UN-
HAPPILY, TRYING NOT TO THINK OF
WHAT THE MORROW WOULD BRING.

SRI RAM, JAI RAM,
JAI JAI RAM!



THE NIGHT WORE ON. THEN, TO SUVARNA'S GREAT RELIEF, THE THREE UGLY LADIES OF THE NIGHT BEFORE, CAME AGAIN. THEY SAW THE BUNDLES OF HAY AND SET THEMSELVES TO THE TASK OF CONVERTING THEM INTO GOLD THREAD.



AFTER THEY HAD FINISHED THE WORK-

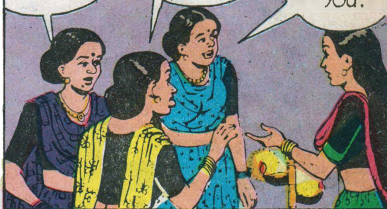
GOOD LADIES. I DO NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR FROM WHERE YOU HAVE COME. I HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE YOU IN APPRECIATION BUT THIS LITTLE GOLD RING. PLEASE TAKE IT.



NO, NO. WE DON'T WANT YOUR RING.

BUT DO INVITE US TO YOUR WEDDING FEAST.

AND SEE THAT WE ARE SEATED NEXT TO YOU.



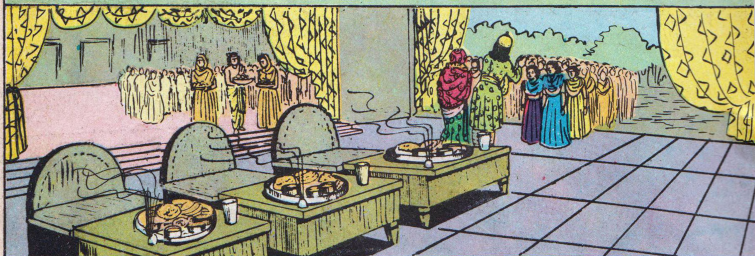
NEXT DAY, WHEN THE KING SAW THE NEAT PILE OF THE SPOOLS OF GOLD THREAD, HE WAS VERY HAPPY.

AND WITH GREAT POMP AND SHOW, SUVARNA WAS MARRIED TO THE PRINCE.

THIS GIRL IS A TREASURE INDEED! START THE WEDDING PREPARATIONS IMMEDIATELY!

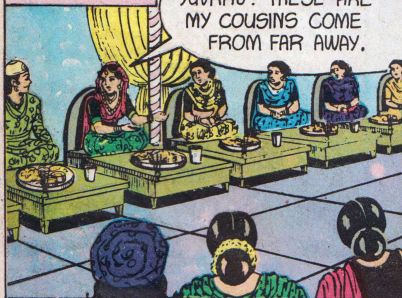


AS THE WEDDING FEAST WAS ABOUT TO START, THE THREE UGLY LADIES APPEARED! THE PRINCE AND HIS NEW BRIDE WELCOMED THEM.



SUVARNA INTRODUCED THEM TO HER HUSBAND—

YUVRAJ! THESE ARE MY COUSINS COME FROM FAR AWAY.



AND THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS WONDERED AMONG THEMSELVES—

THE BRIDE IS SO BEAUTIFUL!

BUT HOW UGLY HER COUSINS ARE!




NOW ONE OF THE GUESTS WAS A VERY INQUISITIVE LADY. SHE COULDN'T HELP ASKING—

BECAUSE I SPIN ALL THE TIME.

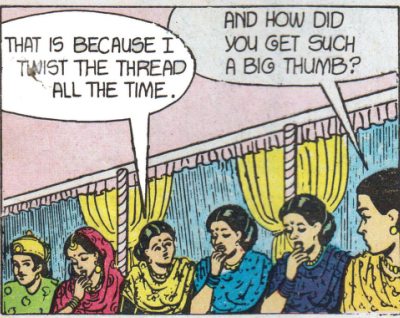
HOW IS IT THAT YOU HAVE SUCH BROAD FEET?





O, BECAUSE
I HAVE TO CONSTANTLY
WET THE THREAD.

AND YOU, HOW DID
YOU GET SUCH A
LARGE LOWER LIP?




THAT IS BECAUSE I
TWIST THE THREAD
ALL THE TIME.


AND HOW DID
YOU GET SUCH
A BIG THUMB?

NOW THE PRINCE HAD LISTENED TO
THIS CONVERSATION VERY CARE-
FULLY. HE THOUGHT—

MY BRIDE IS SO BEAUTIFUL
AND PERFECT IN EVERY WAY. IF
SPINNING DOES SUCH AWFUL
THINGS TO A
PERSON...



LISTEN TO ME,
O HONOURED GUESTS.
FROM NOW ONWARDS,
MY WIFE WILL NOT SPIN
A SINGLE THREAD!



WHAT A
SURPRISING THING
TO SAY!

SHE WILL
NOT SPIN
ANY MORE!

SUVARNA LOOKED AT HER "COUSINS"
WITH AFFECTION AND DEEP
GRATITUDE—

AND SUVARNAREKHA, WHO WAS NOW
A PRINCESS, OFFERED A SILENT
PRAYER TO THE LORD.

O MY SISTERS,
I CANNOT
THANK YOU
ENOUGH!

WE HAVE
DONE NOTHING.
THANK THE
GOOD LORD!

LONG LIVE
THE
PRINCE!

LONG LIVE
THE
WEDDED
COUPLE!!

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