



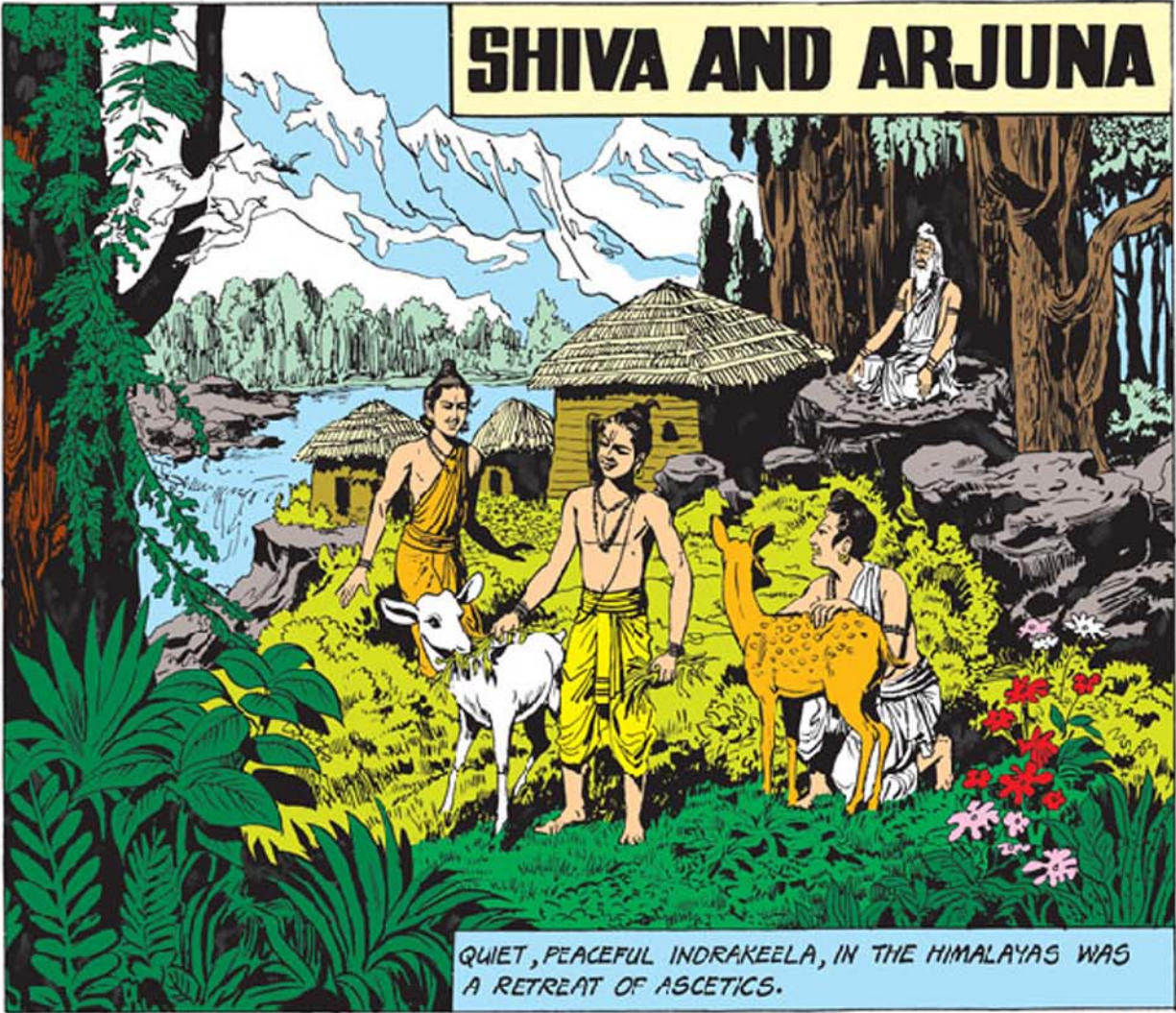
TALES OF SHIVA

THE MIGHTY LORD OF KAILASA

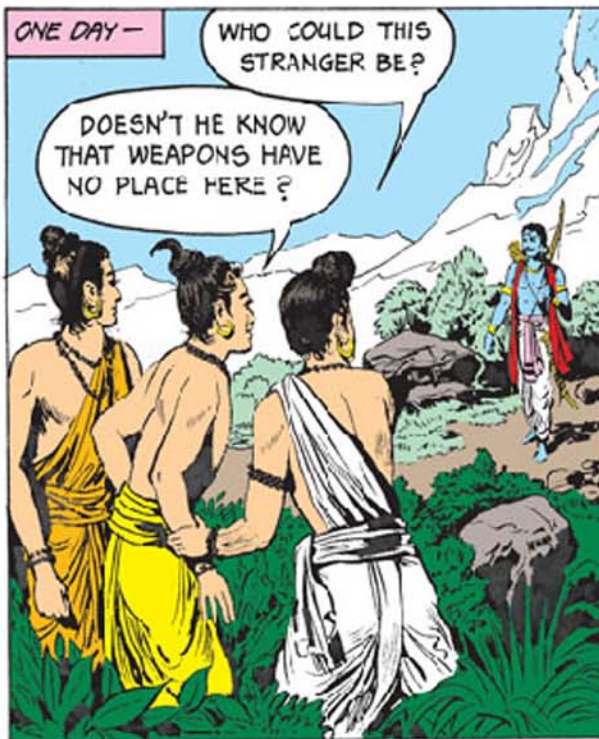
www.amarchitrakatha.com

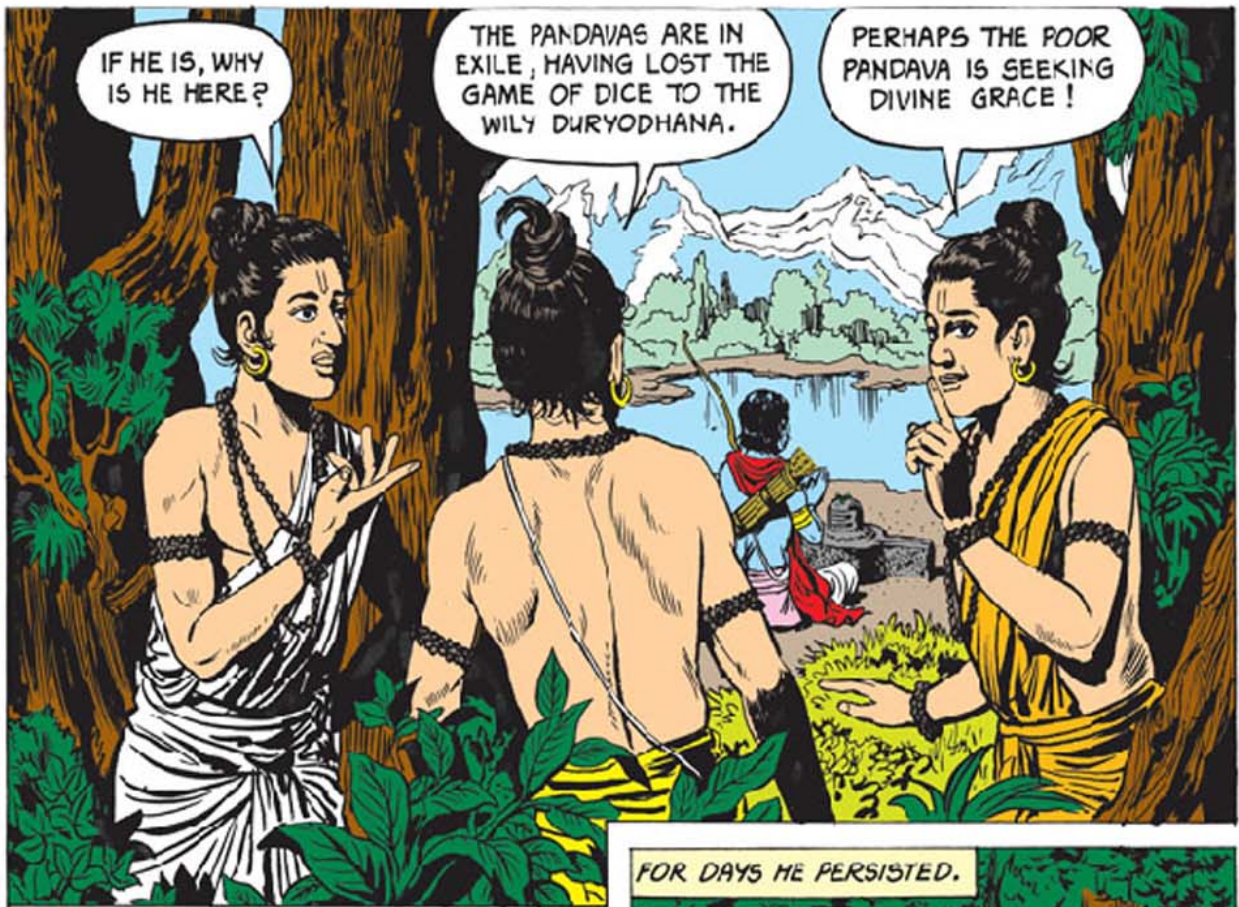


SHIVA AND ARJUNA



QUIET, PEACEFUL INDRAKEELA, IN THE HIMALAYAS WAS A RETREAT OF ASCETICS.





FOUR MONTHS LATER—



WE CANNOT GO ANY NEARER.

THE HEAT OF THE TERRIBLE PENANCE IS SPREADING FAR AND WIDE.

IT SOON CHOKED THE WHOLE FOREST.



THE SAGES OF INDRAKEELA SET OUT FOR KAILASA, THE ABODE OF LORD SHIVA.



AT KAILASA —



LORD, GRANT ARJUNA HIS WISH, AND RELIEVE US OF THIS SUFFERING.

SO BE IT.

WHEN THE SAGES DEPARTED —

WHAT DOES ARJUNA WANT, MY LORD?

HE WANTS CELESTIAL WEAPONS.



CAN HE WIELD THEM, MY LORD?

I WILL FIND OUT BY TESTING HIM.



I'LL APPEAR BEFORE HIM AS A KIRATA* AND ENGAGE HIM IN A DUEL.

MAY I ACCOMPANY YOU?



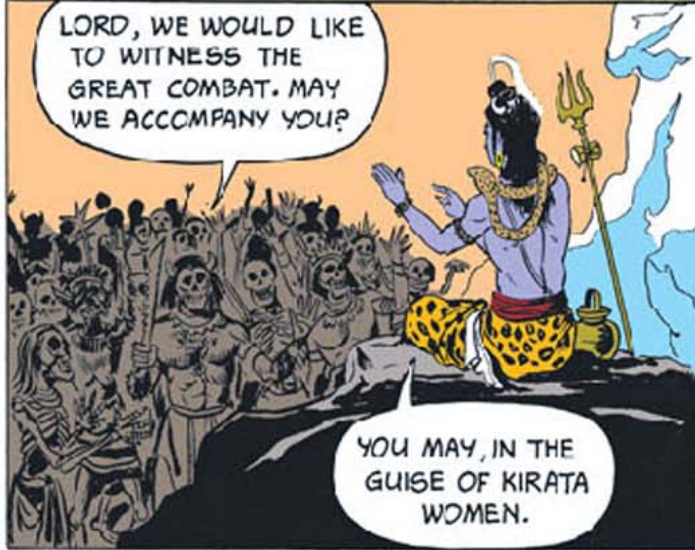
YOU MAY, BUT IN DISGUISE.

I SHALL COME AS A KIRATA-WOMAN.



WHEN THE HORDES OF SHIVA HEARD ABOUT IT —

LORD, WE WOULD LIKE TO WITNESS THE GREAT COMBAT. MAY WE ACCOMPANY YOU?



YOU MAY, IN THE GUISE OF KIRATA WOMEN.

SOON —



AS THEY APPROACHED INDRAKEELA —

SEE THAT BOAR RUNNING WILD, MY LORD.

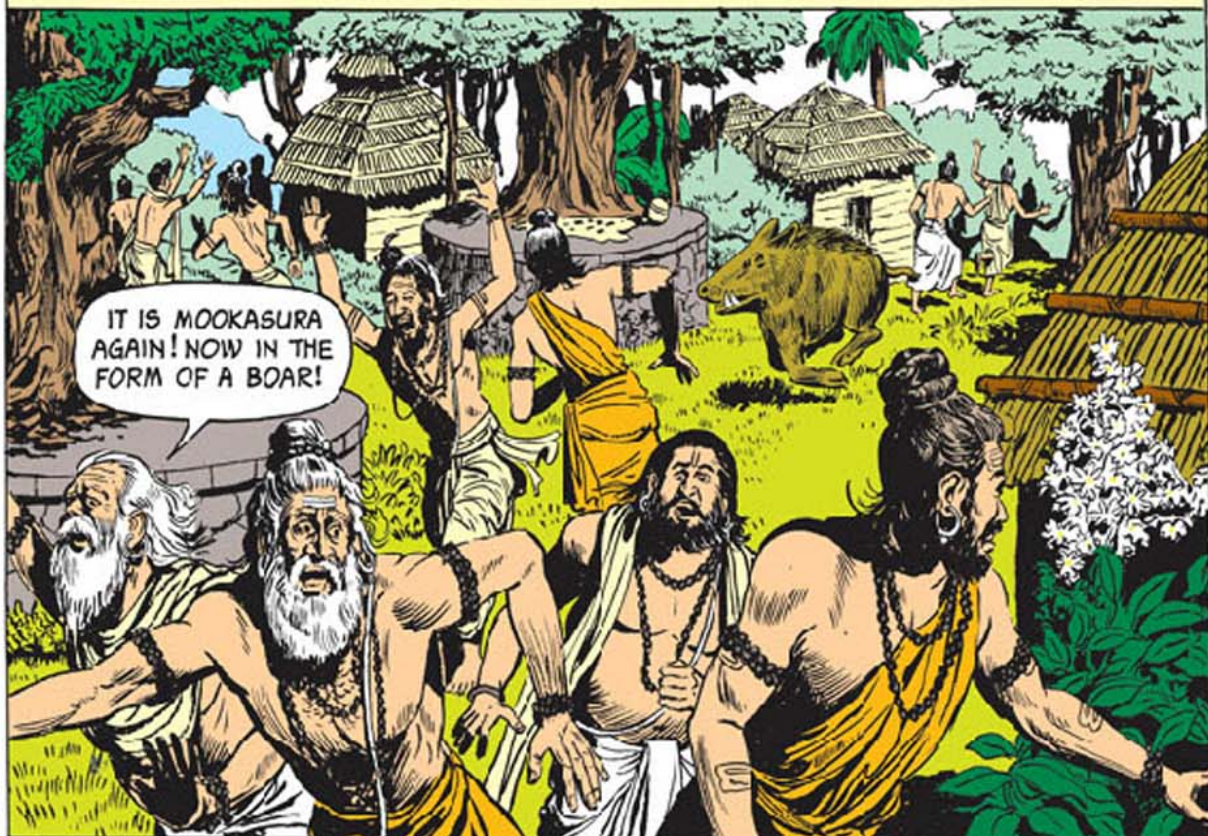


HAH! A FIT TARGET FOR MY ARROW!

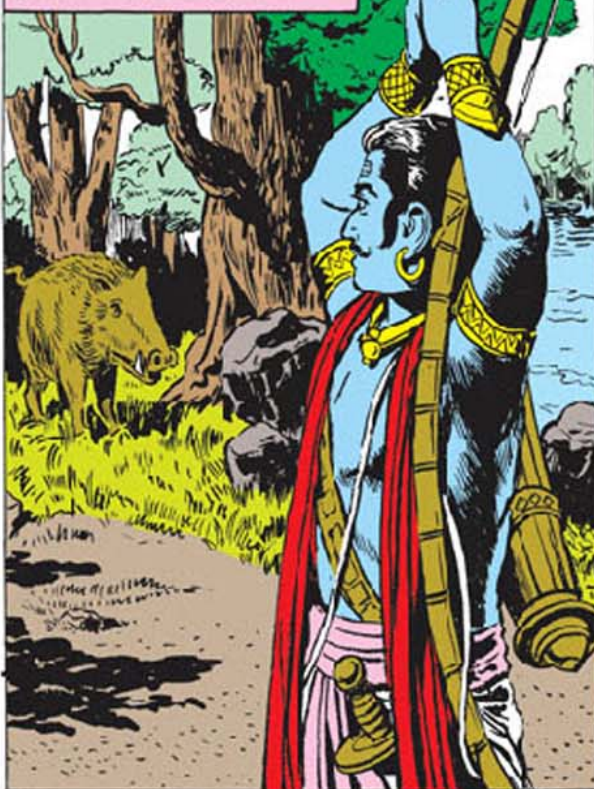
BUT THE WILY, SWIFT BOAR OUTDISTANCED THE KIRATA...



...AND CHARGED INTO THE QUIET HERMITAGE, DRIVING THE ASCETICS HELTER-SKELTER.



HIS PENANCE DISTURBED BY THE DIN, ARJUNA OPENED HIS EYES...



...RAISED HIS BOW AND TOOK AIM.





* DEMON MOOKA

THE WILD EXULTATION OF THE KIRATA WOMEN AMUSED ARJUNA.



O KIRATA, DOES NOT THIS THICK FOREST TERRIFY YOUR WOMEN FOLK ? AND YOU THEIR ONLY ESCORT ?



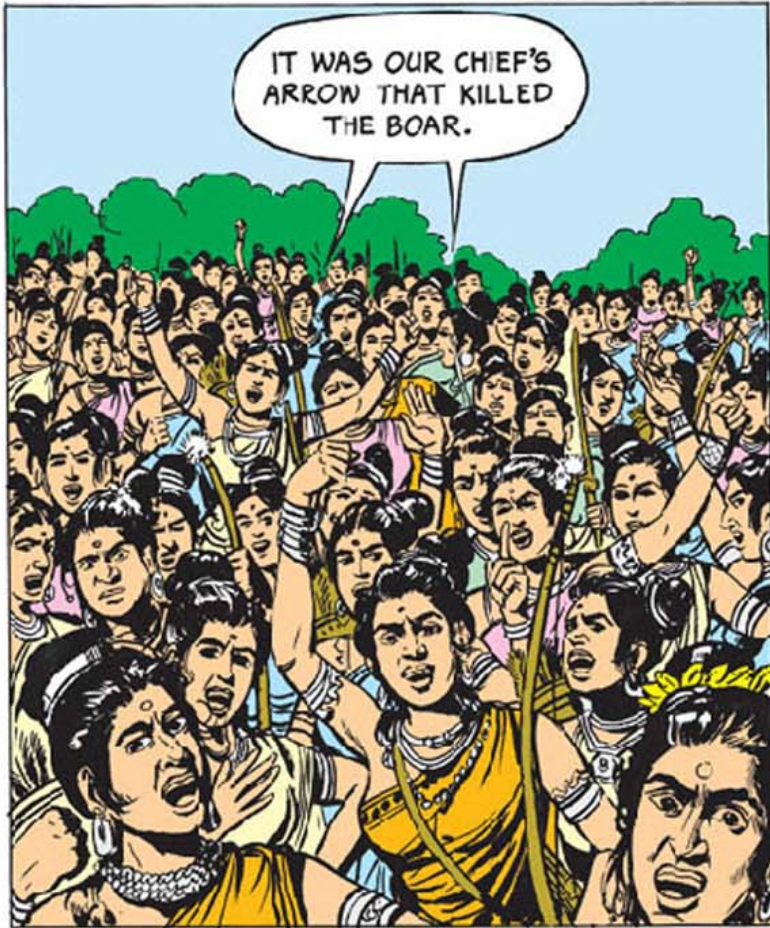
YOUNG MAN, WE FEAR NOTHING.



PERHAPS YOU ARE TERRIFIED. YOU DO APPEAR SOFT !



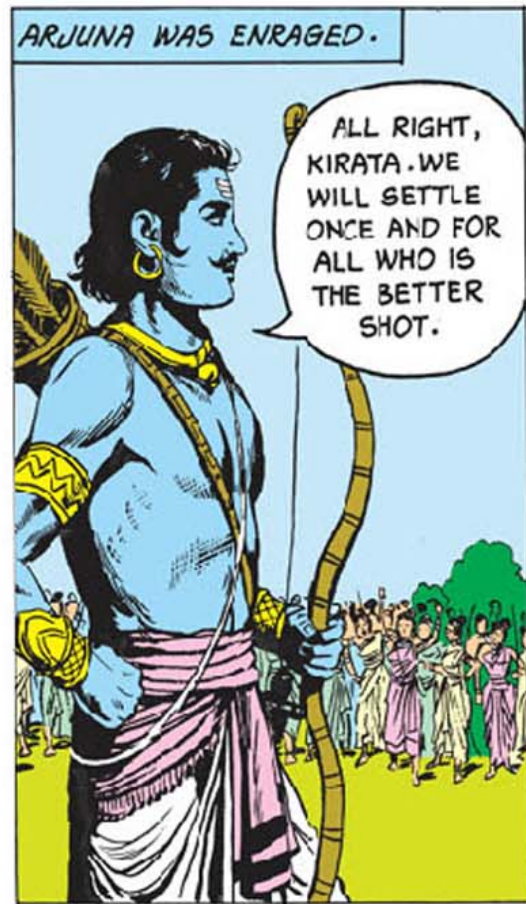
SOFT ? ME ? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE FORCE OF MY ARROW PIERCING THE BOAR ?



IT WAS OUR CHIEF'S ARROW THAT KILLED THE BOAR.



THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH, YOUNG MAN. YOUR ARROW HIT A DEAD BOAR.



ARJUNA WAS ENRAGED.

ALL RIGHT, KIRATA. WE WILL SETTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO IS THE BETTER SHOT.



ARROWS WHIZZED PAST AS THE TWO ARCHERS MATCHED THEIR SKILLS.

AFTER A WHILE —



MY QUIVER IS EMPTY AND NOT A SCRATCH YET ON THE KIRATA.



O MIGHTY ARCHER, SHALL I LEND YOU A FEW ARROWS?

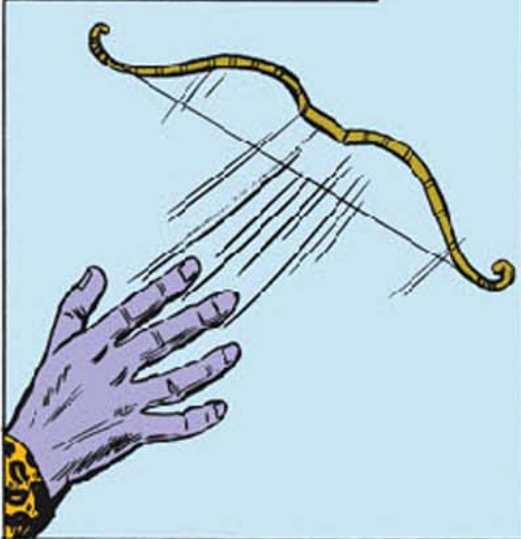
IN A DEFT MOVE, ARJUNA CAUGHT THE KIRATA IN HIS BOWSTRING.



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE KIRATA WRESTED THE BOW FROM ARJUNA...



... AND THREW IT AWAY.



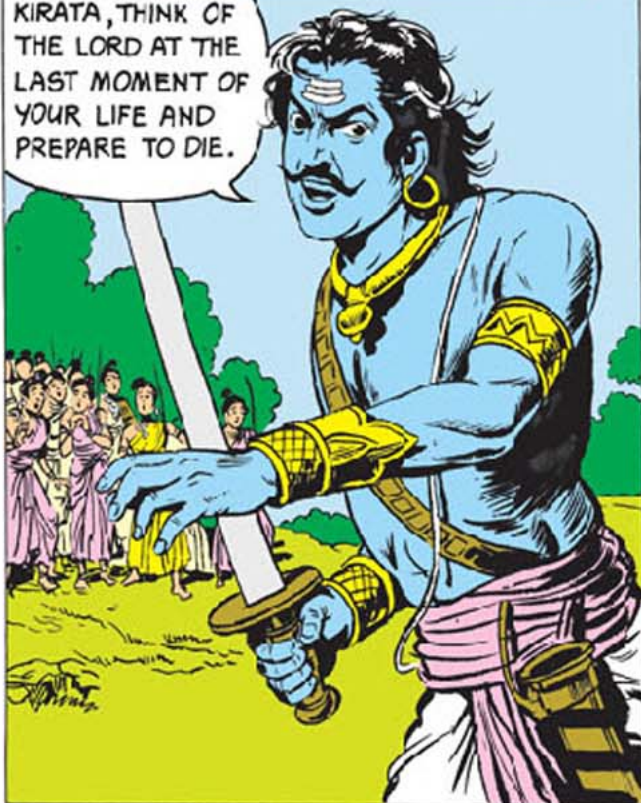
THE KIRATA WOMEN DANCED FOR JOY.



THE ASCETIC IS BEATEN!

UNDAUNTED, ARJUNA WITH HIS SWORD RAISED, RUSHED TOWARDS THE KIRATA.

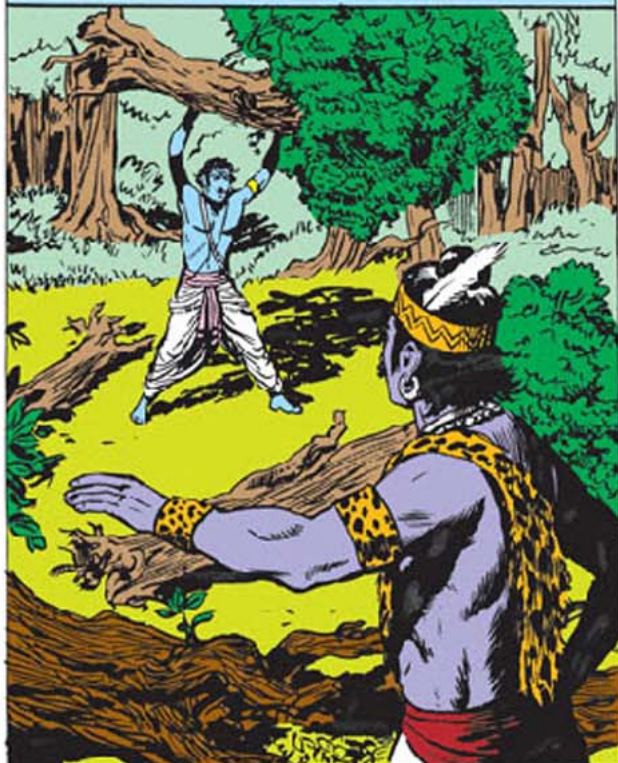
KIRATA, THINK OF THE LORD AT THE LAST MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE AND PREPARE TO DIE.



AS ARJUNA SMOTE THE HEAD OF THE KIRATA WITH HIS HEAVY SWORD, IT BROKE.



SHORN OF HIS ARMS, ARJUNA CONTINUED THE FIGHT WITH UPROOTED TREES.



BUT THE KIRATA REMAINED UNSCATHED.

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT, ARJUNA CHARGED AT THE KIRATA WITH BARE HANDS.



WITH A FLICK OF HIS WRIST, THE KIRATA
LIFTED ARJUNA...



...AND FLUNG HIM DOWN.



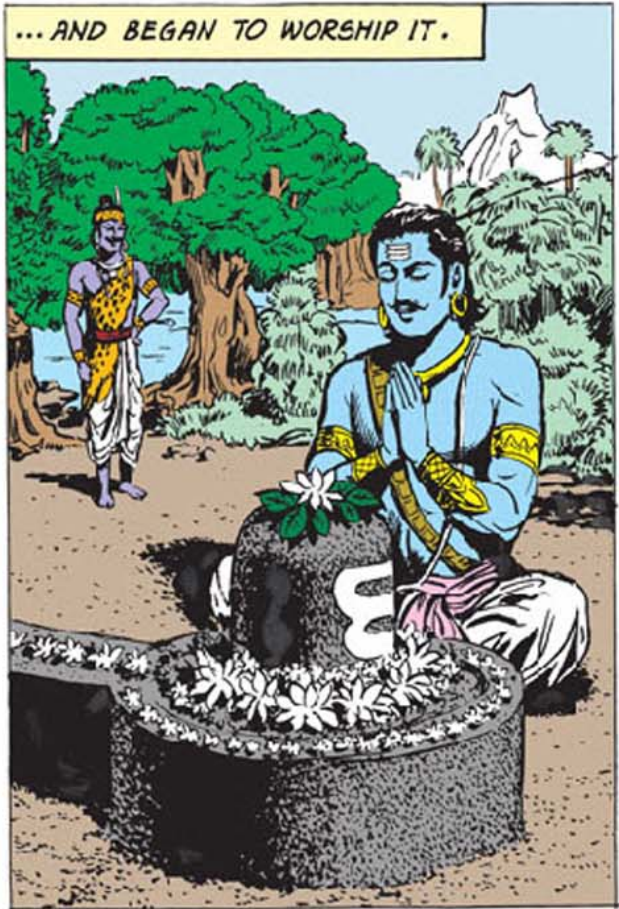
A HUMBLER
ARJUNA THOUGHT
OF SHIVA AND
HIS GRACE.



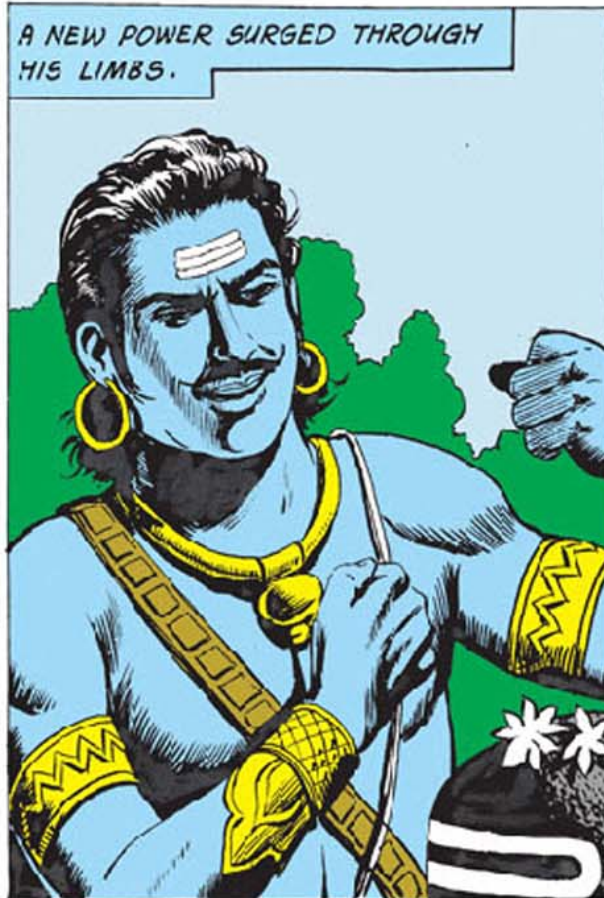
RIGHT ON THE SPOT HE
MADE A LINGA ...



... AND BEGAN TO WORSHIP IT.



A NEW POWER SURGED THROUGH
HIS LIMBS.



A REJUVENATED ARJUNA AGAIN
CHALLENGED HIS RIVAL.



BUT HE STOPPED, AS IF TRANSFIXED.

THE FLOWERS, I OFFERED TO MY LORD SHIVA, ON YOUR HEAD ! I SEE NOW. YOU ARE NONE OTHER THAN HIM !



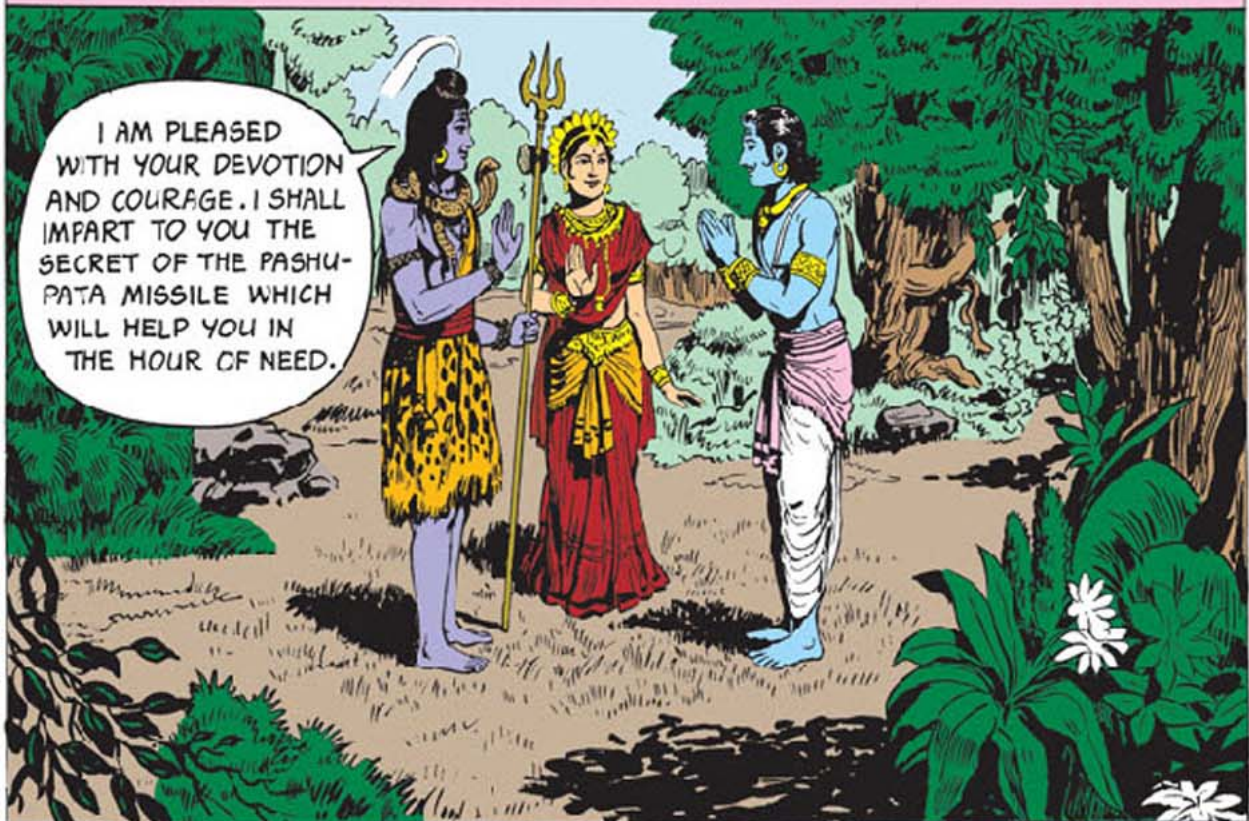
ARJUNA FELL AT THE FEET OF THE KIRATA.

O LORD, PARDON ME AND MY VANITY.



SHIVA THEN REVEALED HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE FORM AND SO DID PARVATI IN HERS.

I AM PLEASED WITH YOUR DEVOTION AND COURAGE. I SHALL IMPART TO YOU THE SECRET OF THE PASHUPATA MISSILE WHICH WILL HELP YOU IN THE HOUR OF NEED.



SHIVA'S WORD CAME TRUE. LATER IN THE MAHABHARATA WAR, IT WAS ONLY WITH THE PASHUPATA THAT ARJUNA COULD KILL HIS ARCH-RIVAL, KARNA.

SHIVA THE FISHERMAN



ONCE IN KAILASA, SHIVA STARTED EXPOUNDING THE MYSTERY OF THE VEDAS TO PARVATI WHO WAS LISTENING ATTENTIVELY.

YEARS PASSED BY. SHIVA CONTINUED WITHOUT A BREAK.



GRADUALLY, IN SPITE OF HER BEST EFFORTS, PARVATI'S ATTENTION FLAGGED AND SHIVA WAS ANNOYED.



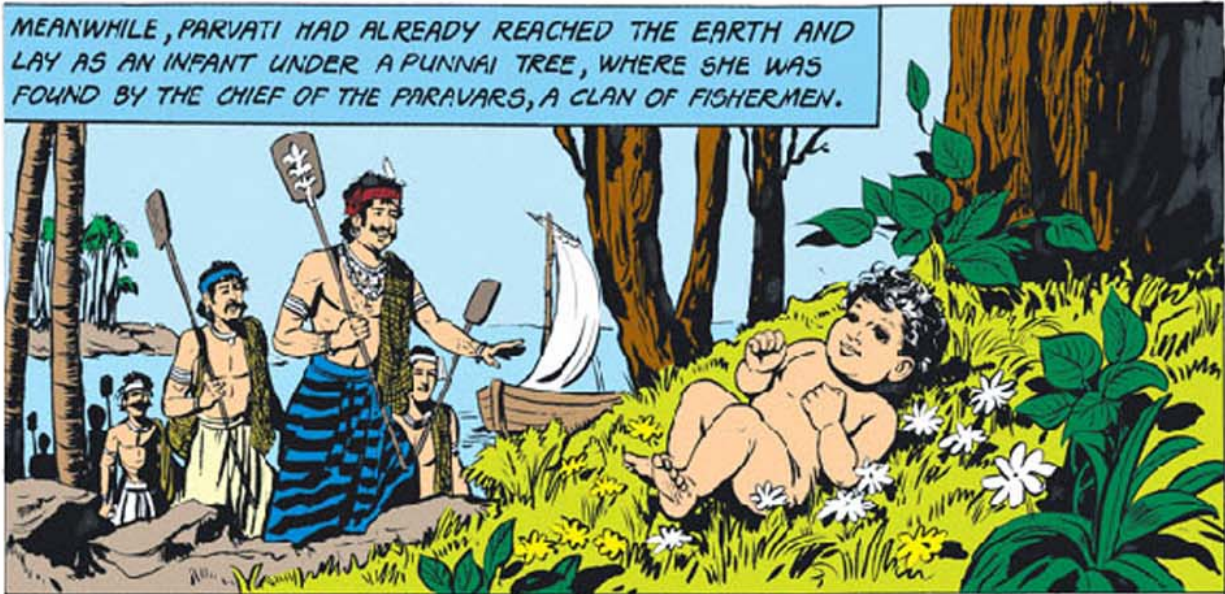


SHIVA'S STATE OF MIND DID NOT ESCAPE NANDI, HIS TRUSTED SERVANT.

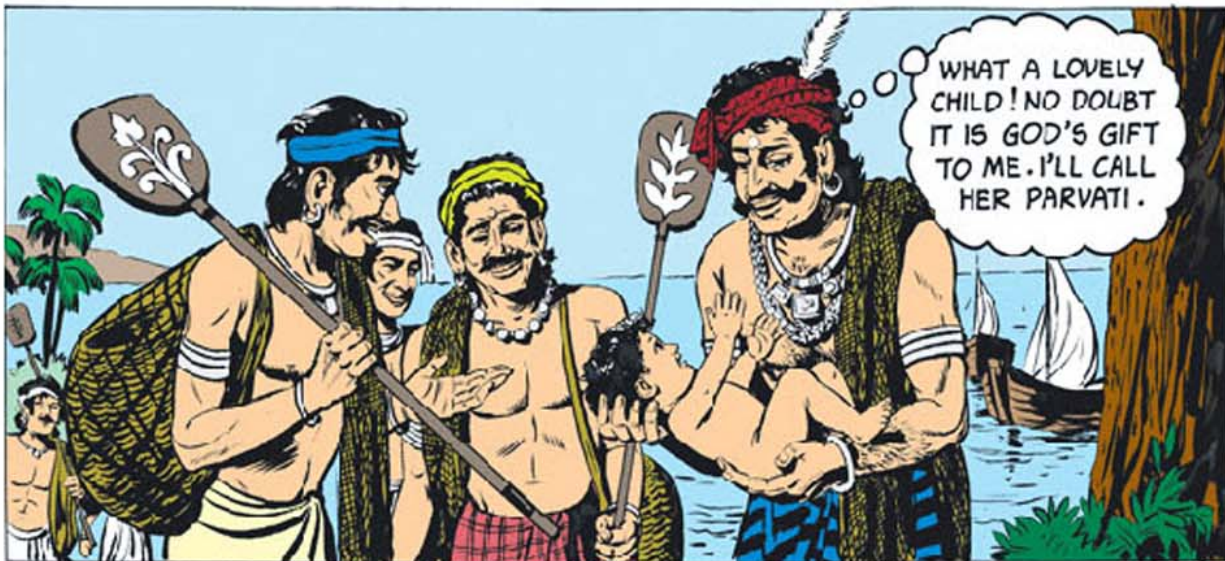
NOW MY MASTER WILL KNOW NO PEACE UNTIL MOTHER PARVATI RETURNS.



MEANWHILE, PARVATI HAD ALREADY REACHED THE EARTH AND LAY AS AN INFANT UNDER A PUNNAI TREE, WHERE SHE WAS FOUND BY THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS, A CLAN OF FISHERMEN.



WHAT A LOVELY CHILD! NO DOUBT IT IS GOD'S GIFT TO ME. I'LL CALL HER PARVATI.



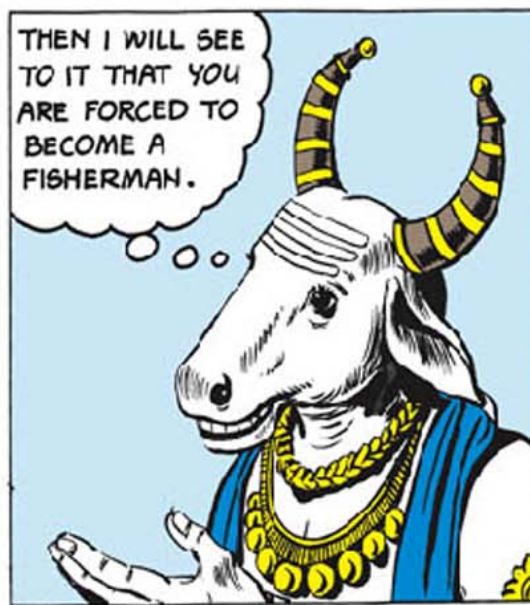
LITTLE PARVATI USED TO GO WITH HER FOSTER FATHER WHENEVER HE WENT FISHING .



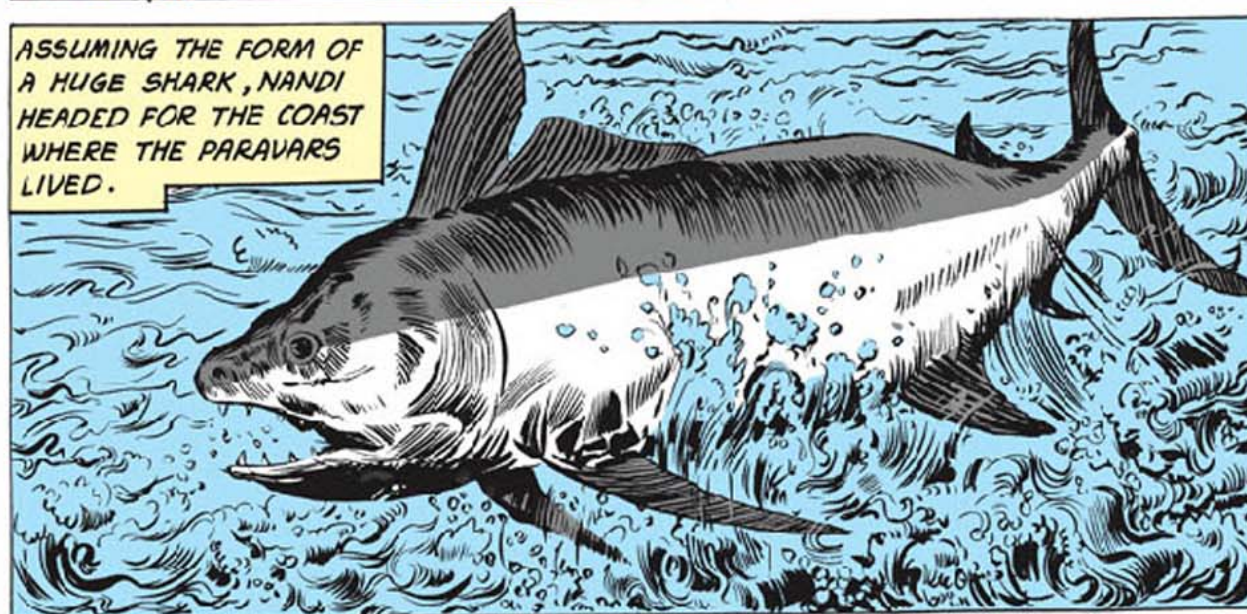
AS SHE GREW UP, SHE EVEN LEARNT TO ROW THE BOAT .

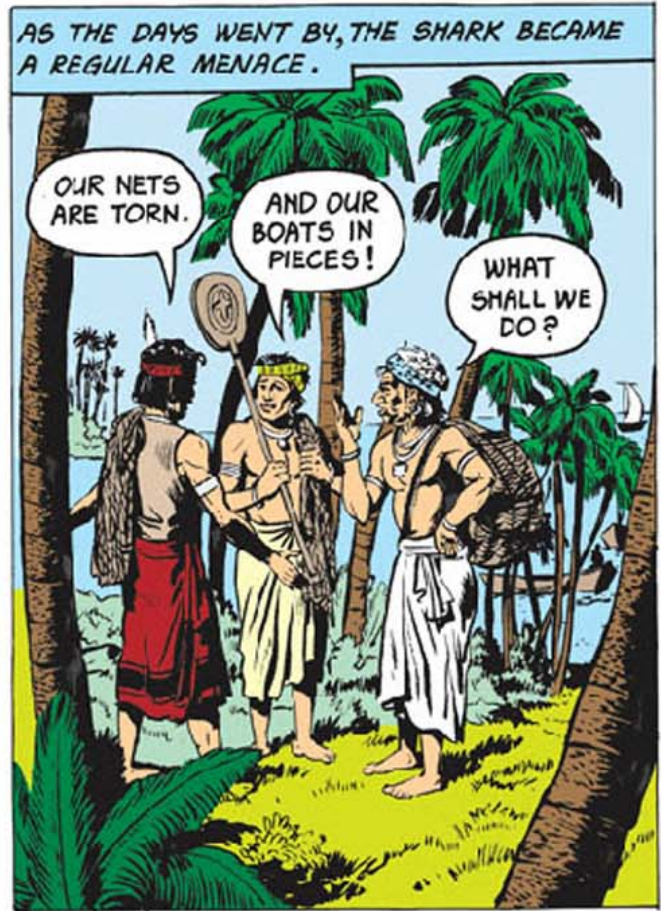
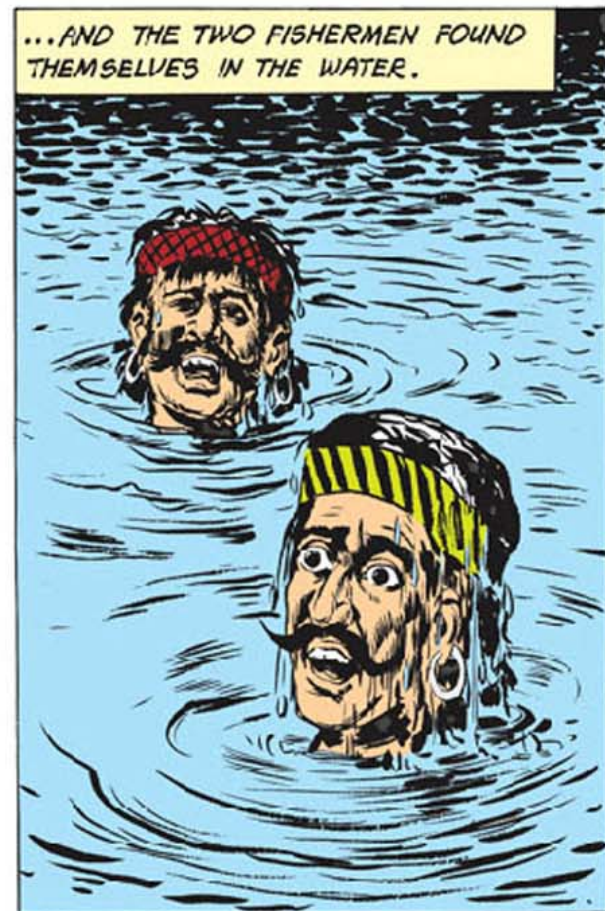
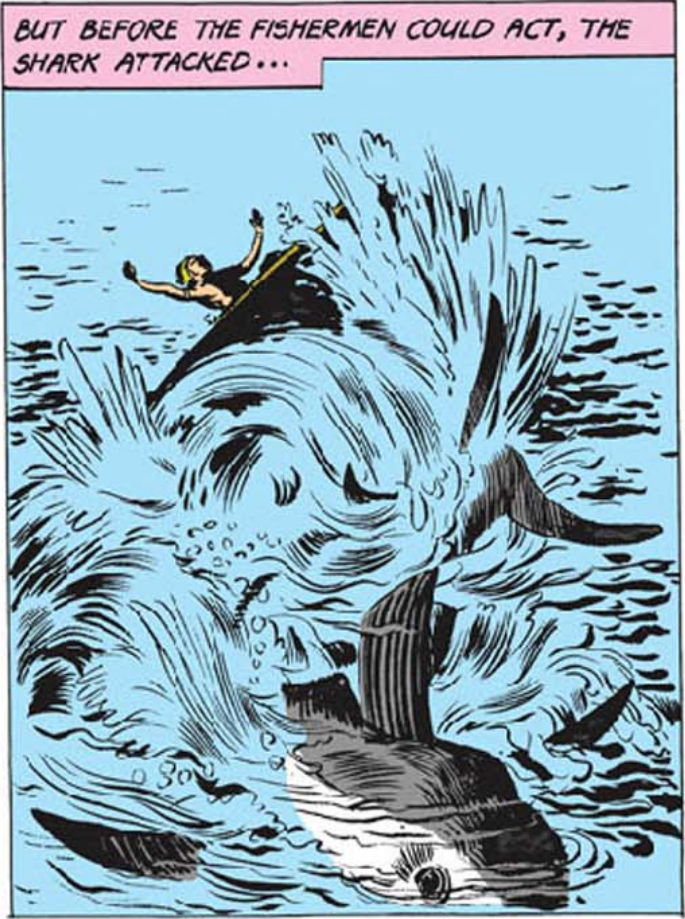


MEANWHILE AT KAILASA —

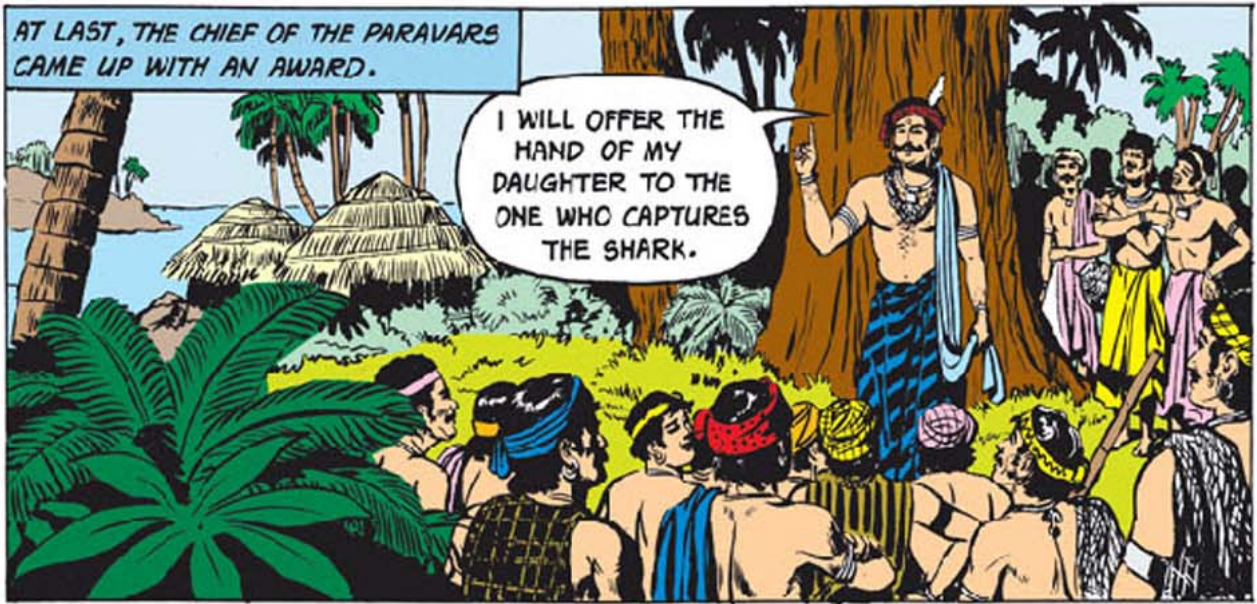


ASSUMING THE FORM OF A HUGE SHARK, NANDI HEADED FOR THE COAST WHERE THE PARAVARS LIVED.





AT LAST, THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS
CAME UP WITH AN AWARD.



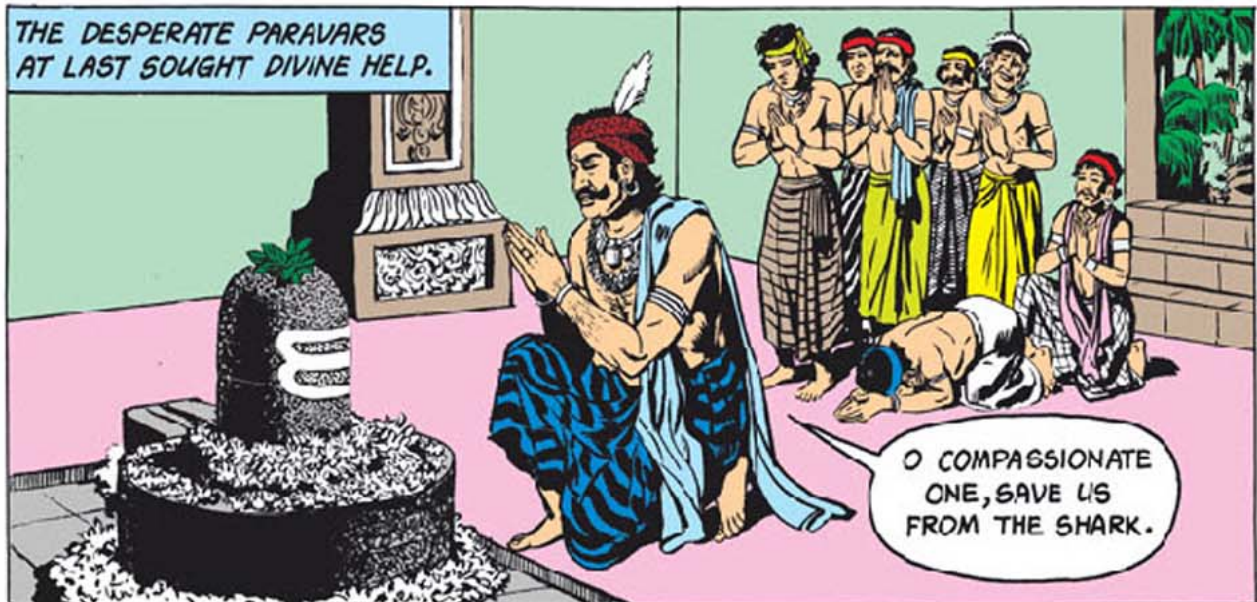
MANY A YOUNG MAN TRIED ...



...AND FAILED.



THE DESPERATE PARAVARS
AT LAST SOUGHT DIVINE HELP.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS TOO PRAYED.



LORD, COME TO OUR RESCUE. DON'T FAIL US IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

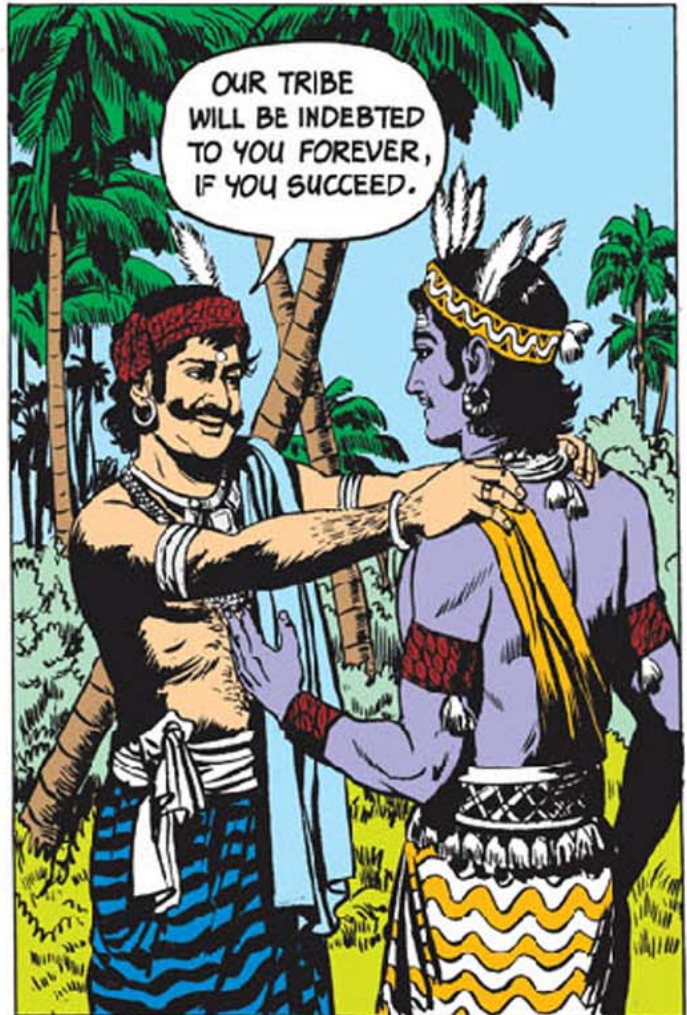
SHIVA HEARD HER PRAYER.



HE APPEARED BEFORE THE CHIEF OF THE PARAVARS AS A YOUNG FISHERMAN.



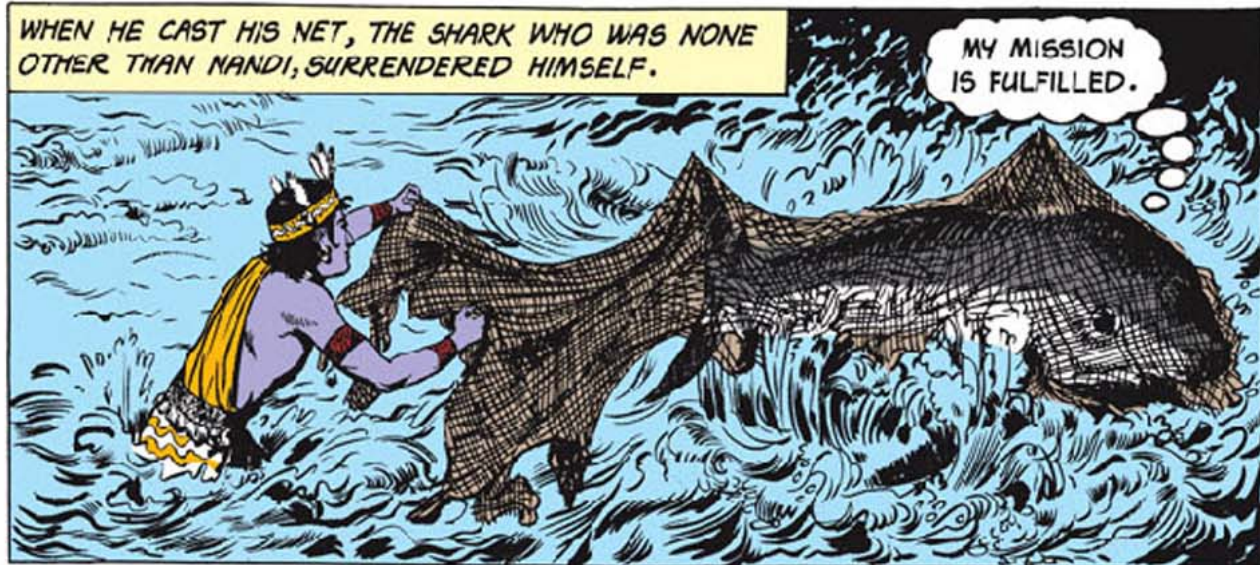
I HAVE COME TO CATCH THE SHARK.



OUR TRIBE WILL BE INDEBTED TO YOU FOREVER, IF YOU SUCCEED.

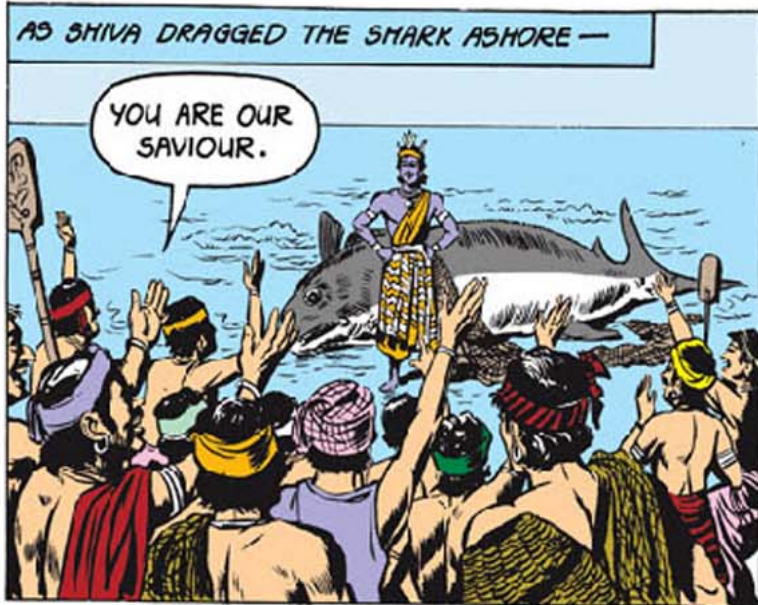


NET IN HAND, SHIVA WENT DOWN INTO THE SEA.



WHEN HE CAST HIS NET, THE SHARK WHO WAS NONE OTHER THAN NANDI, SURRENDERED HIMSELF.

MY MISSION IS FULFILLED.

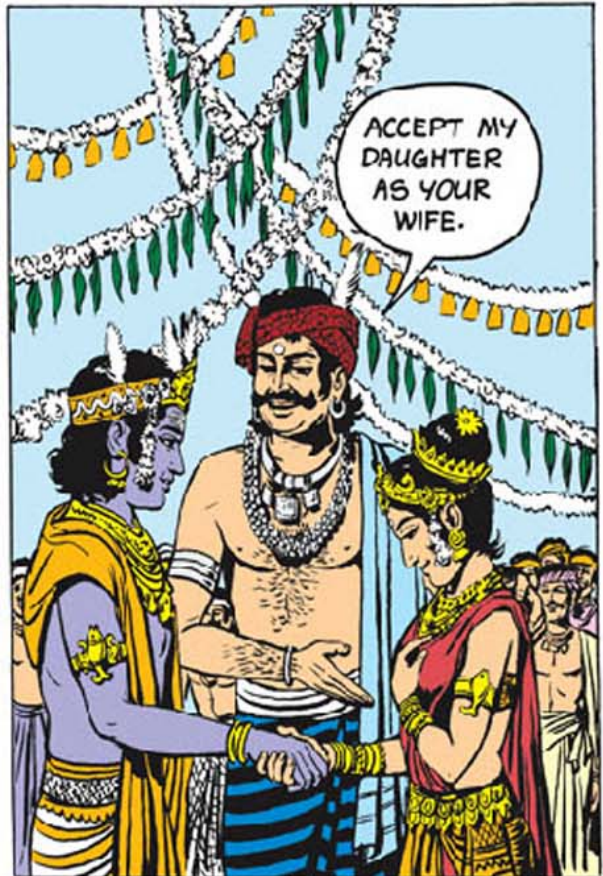


AS SHIVA DRAGGED THE SHARK ASHORE —

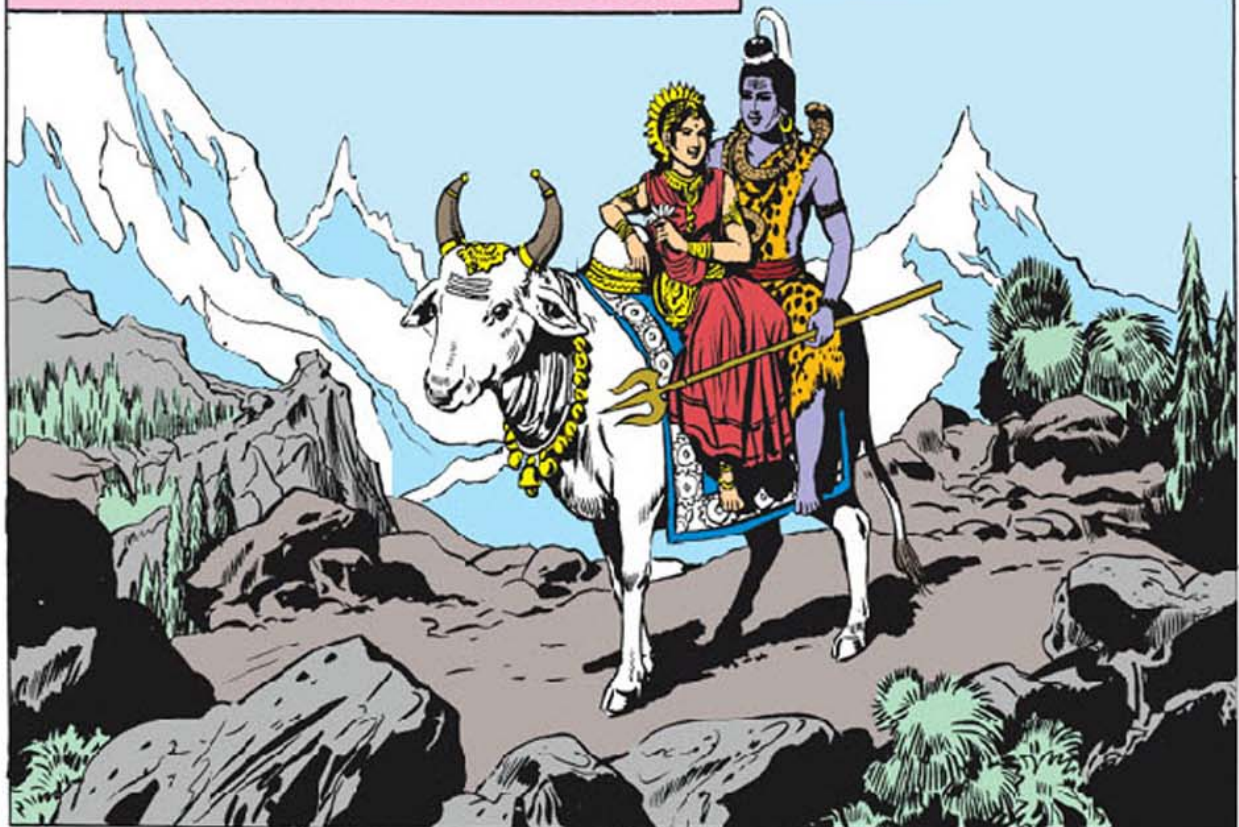
YOU ARE OUR SAVIOUR.



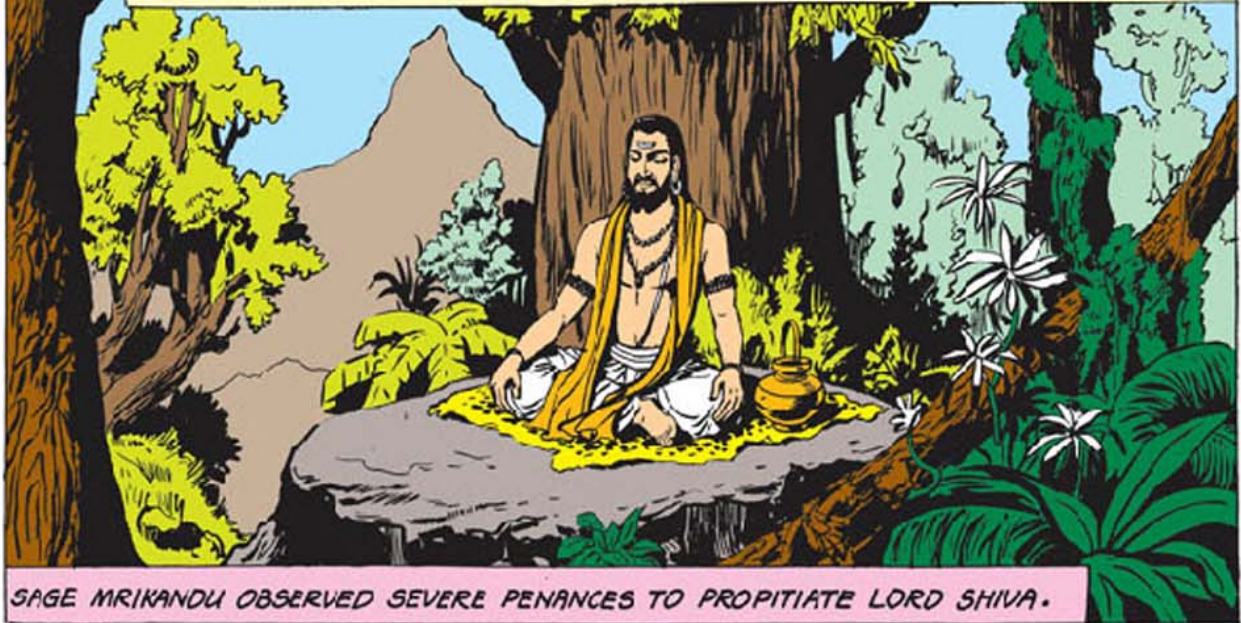
HOW FORTUNATE FOR ME THAT THIS BRAVE MAN HAS CAUGHT THE SHARK!



SHIVA, THE FISHERMAN, MARRIED PARVATI, THE FISHERWOMAN. NANDI ASSUMED HIS TRUE FORM AND CARRIED THE TWO TO KAILASA.



SHIVA AND MARKANDEYA

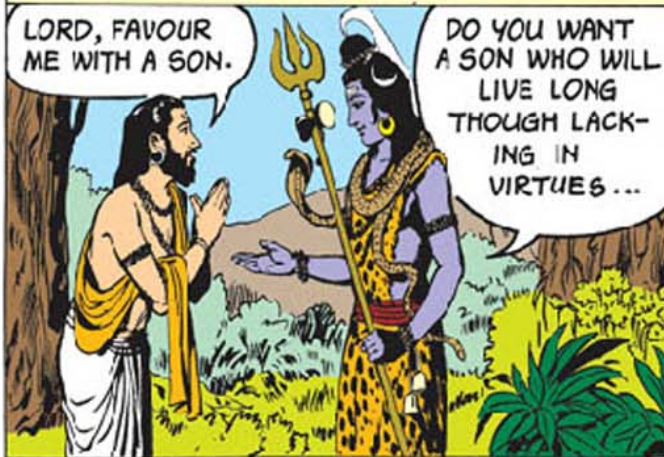


SAGE MRIKANDU OBSERVED SEVERE PENANCES TO PROPITIATE LORD SHIVA.

WHEN LORD SHIVA APPEARED BEFORE HIM —

LORD, FAVOUR ME WITH A SON.

DO YOU WANT A SON WHO WILL LIVE LONG THOUGH LACKING IN VIRTUES ...



...OR A SON WHO WILL BE WISE AND VIRTUOUS BUT WILL LIVE FOR ONLY SIXTEEN YEARS?

I WILL HAVE THE VIRTUOUS SON, MY LORD.



GRANTING THE WISH OF THE SAGE, LORD SHIVA VANISHED.

IN DUE COURSE, MARUDVATI, MRIKANDU'S WIFE, GAVE BIRTH TO A SON.



THE BOY SHALL BE NAMED MARKANDEYA.

WHILE BARELY SIXTEEN, MARKANDEYA HAD MASTERED THE VEDAS.

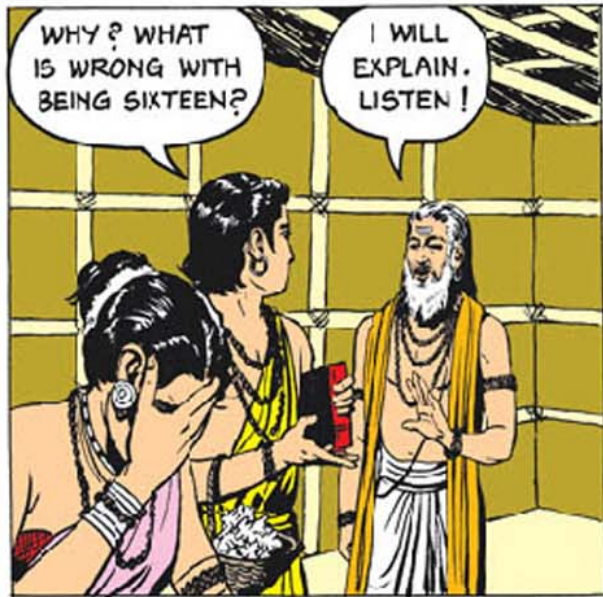
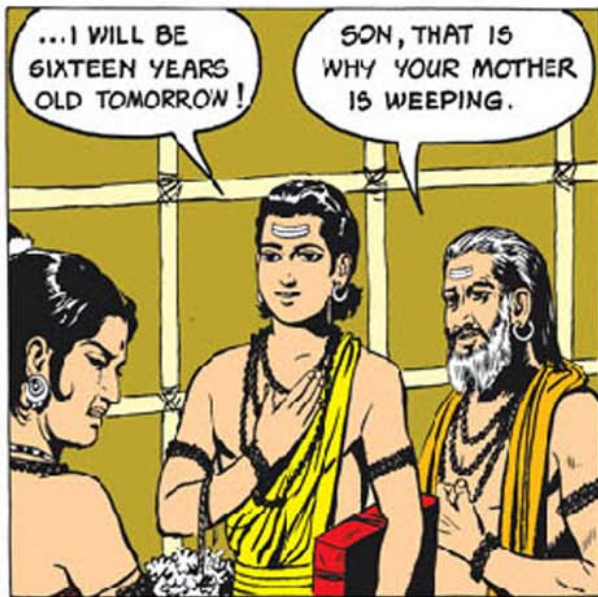


WHEN THE VISITING SAGES LEFT —

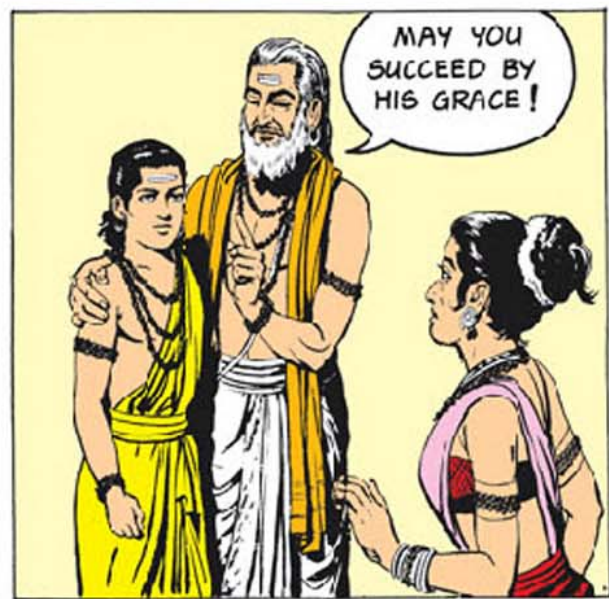
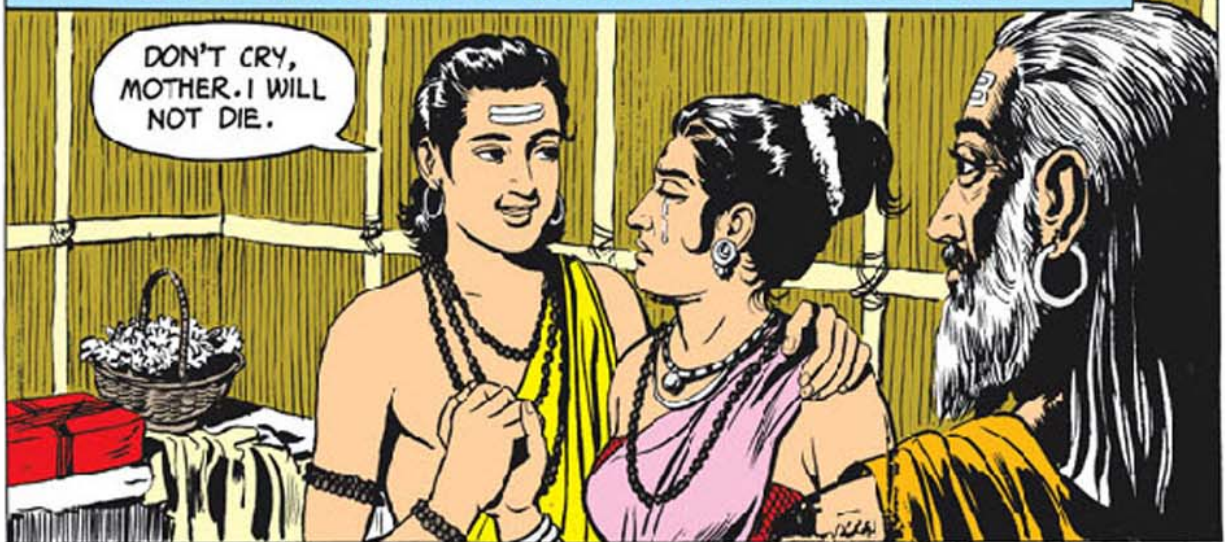


JUST THEN MARKANDEYA CAME HOME WITH THE FLOWERS FOR WORSHIP.





WHEN MRIKANDU TOLD HIM ABOUT THE EVENTS LEADING TO HIS BIRTH —

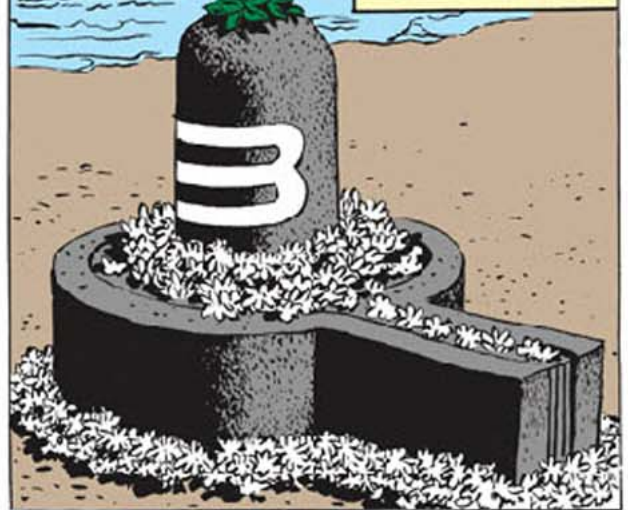




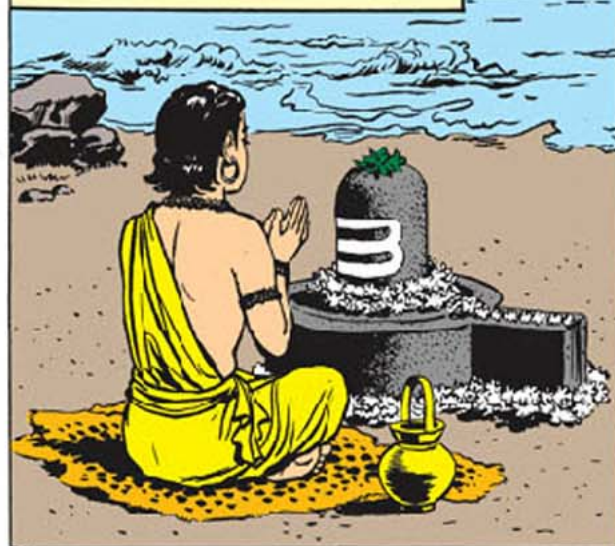
EARLY NEXT MORNING, MARKANDEYA REACHED THE SEA-SHORE WHERE HE MADE A SHIVA LINGA OUT OF THE WET SAND ...



...AND ADORNED IT WITH FLOWERS.



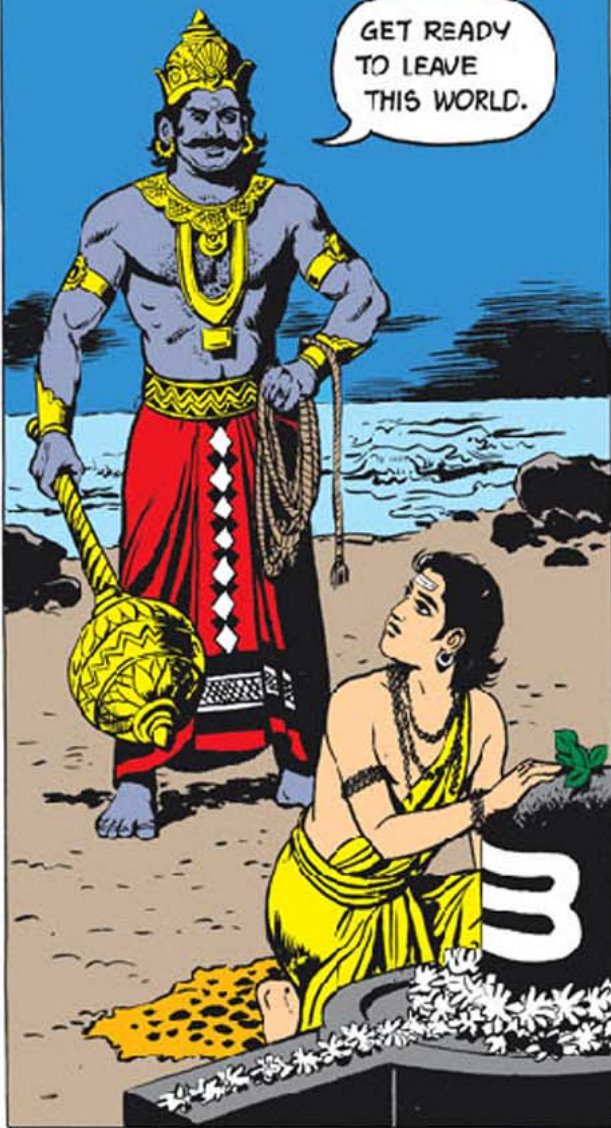
THEN HE SAT DOWN TO PRAY.



TOWARDS NIGHTFALL, HE BEGAN TO SING AND DANCE BEFORE THE LORD.



SUDDENLY —



GET READY TO LEAVE THIS WORLD.

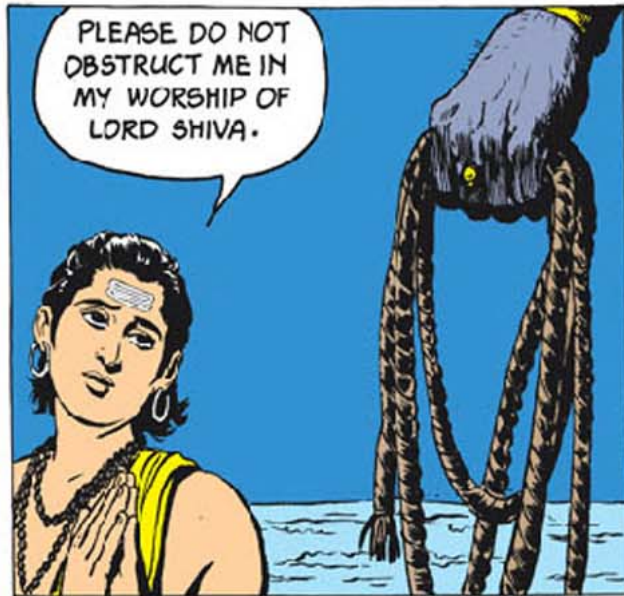
IT WAS YAMA, THE GOD OF DEATH.

O LORD OF DEATH, PLEASE WAIT. I HAVE NOT YET FINISHED MY WORSHIP.

FOOLISH BOY, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT DEATH WAITS FOR NONE ?



PLEASE DO NOT OBSTRUCT ME IN MY WORSHIP OF LORD SHIVA.



FOOL ! DO YOU HOPE TO ESCAPE FROM ME BY CLINGING TO SHIVA ? THE GRIP OF DEATH IS FATAL AS YOU SHALL NOW KNOW.



YAMA CAUGHT MARKANDEYA'S NECK IN THE NOOSE ...



... AND DRAGGED HIM.



THE NEXT MOMENT, SHIVA SPRANG FROM THE LINGA AND KICKED YAMA ON THE CHEST.



