



# GANDHARI

A MOTHER BLINDED BY LOVE

Vol 644 | ₹70





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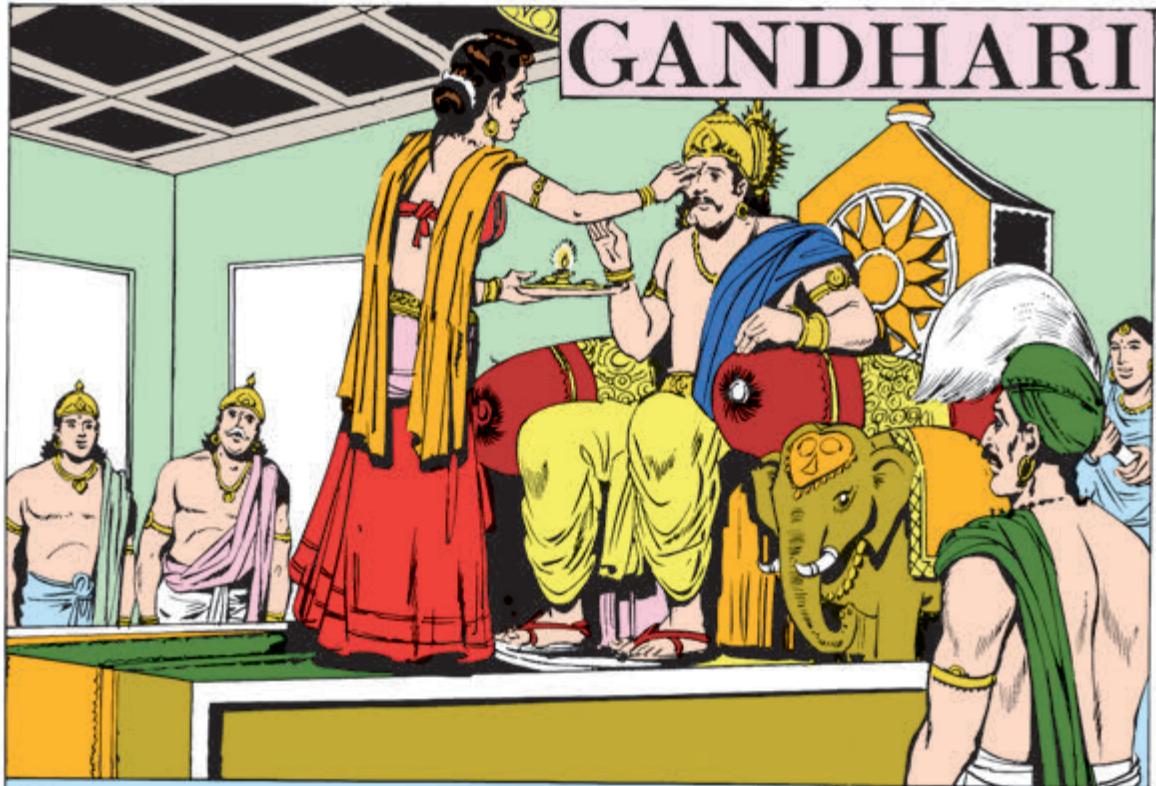
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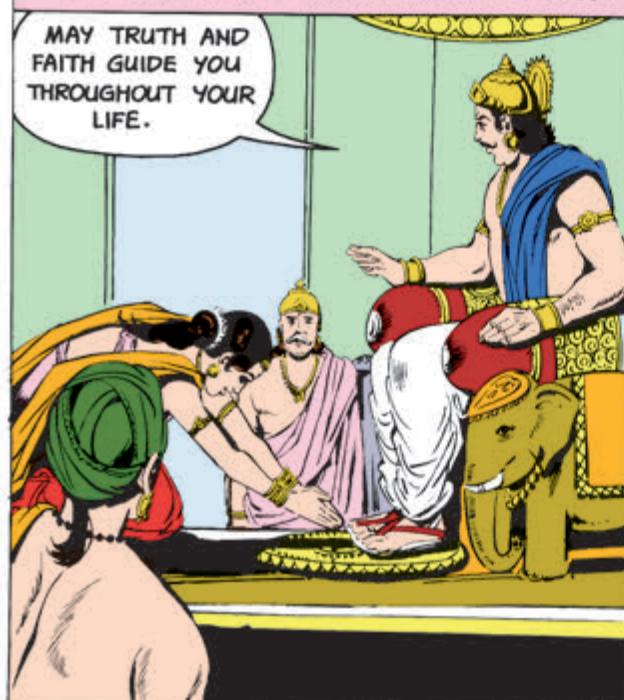
# GANDHARI



GANDHARI WAS THE DAUGHTER OF KING SUBALA OF GANDHARA.\* SHE WAS CLEVER AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT HER BEST QUALITIES WERE HER LOVE OF GOD AND OF TRUTH.

KING SUBALA LOVED HIS DAUGHTER DEARLY.

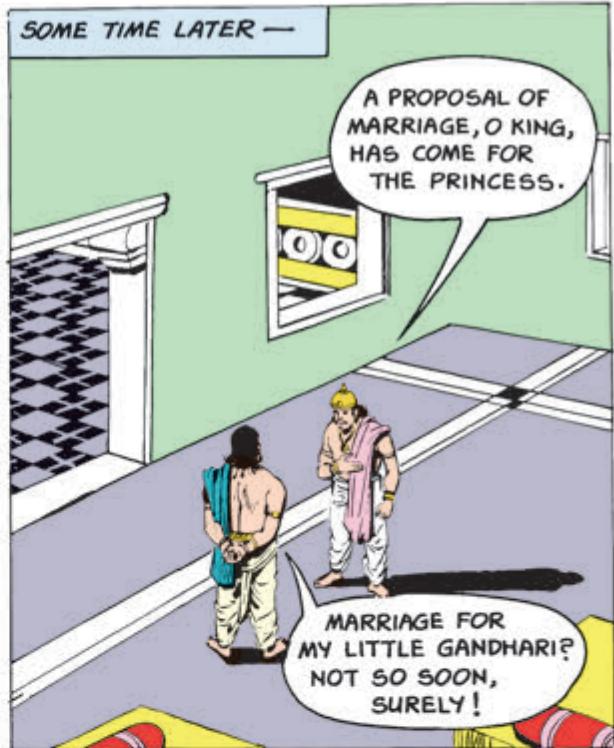
MAY TRUTH AND FAITH GUIDE YOU  
THROUGHOUT YOUR LIFE.



THOUGH GANDHARI WAS VERY YOUNG,  
SHE DID SUCH RIGOROUS FASTING AND  
PENANCE ...



\* NOW CALLED AFGHANISTAN

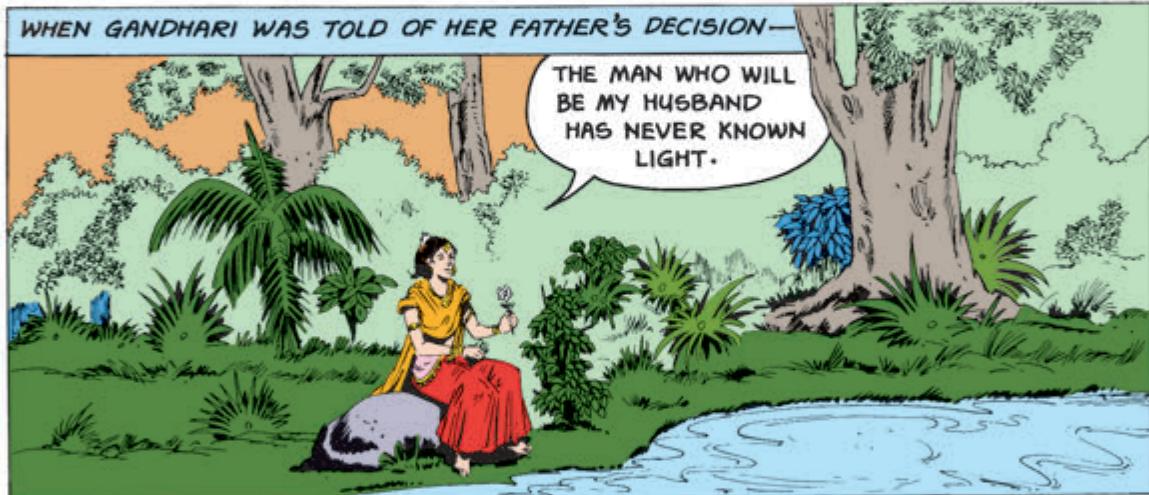




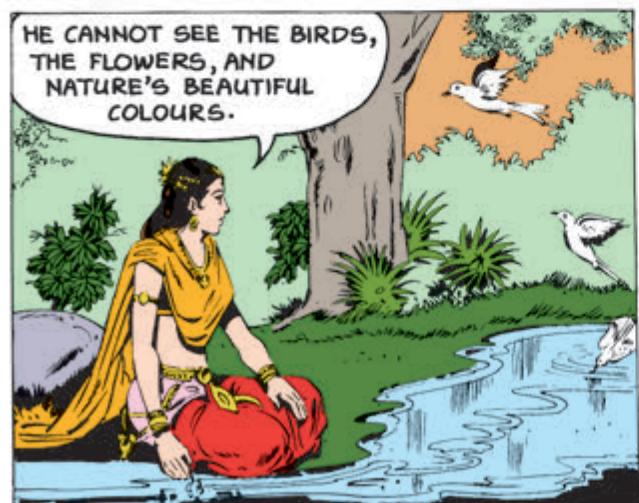
AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF HESITATION —



WHEN GANDHARI WAS TOLD OF HER FATHER'S DECISION —



HE CANNOT SEE THE BIRDS, THE FLOWERS, AND NATURE'S BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.



GANDHARI

TO PROVE HER LOVE AND RESPECT FOR HER FUTURE HUSBAND, GANDHARI TIED A SILK SCARF ROUND HER EYES.

NEED YOU DO THIS, MY CHILD, AND LIVE IN CONSTANT DARKNESS?

SINCE A WOMAN SHARES HER HUSBAND'S LOT IN LIFE AND IN DEATH, SHOULD SHE NOT SHARE HIS BLINDNESS TOO, FATHER?

SHE NEVER REMOVED THE SCARF FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE.

SOON IT WAS TIME FOR GANDHARI TO LEAVE FOR HER HUSBAND'S HOUSE.

YOU HAVE BEEN THE LIGHT OF YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE. BRING BRIGHTNESS TO YOUR NEW HOME, TOO.

GANDHARI'S BROTHER, SHAKUNI, ESCORTED HER.

BHEEASHMA RECEIVED THEM ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT HASTINAPURA.

THE BRIDE ... BLINDFOLDED? WHAT IS THIS?

SHE HAS DONE THIS TO SHARE DHRITARASHTRA'S BLINDNESS.

I CAN SEE THAT GANDHARI IS NO ORDINARY WOMAN.

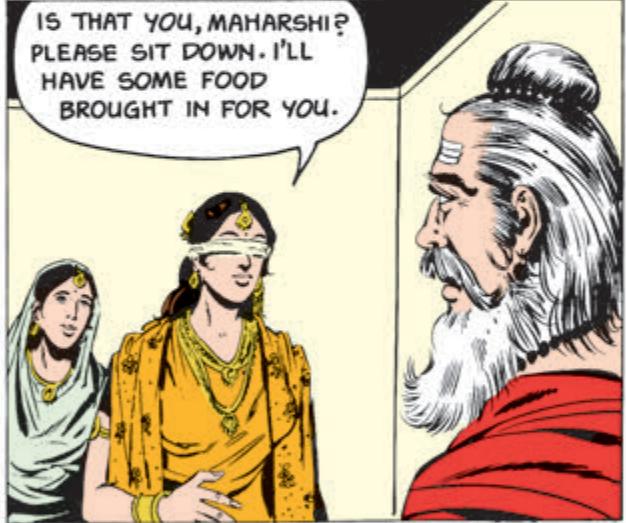
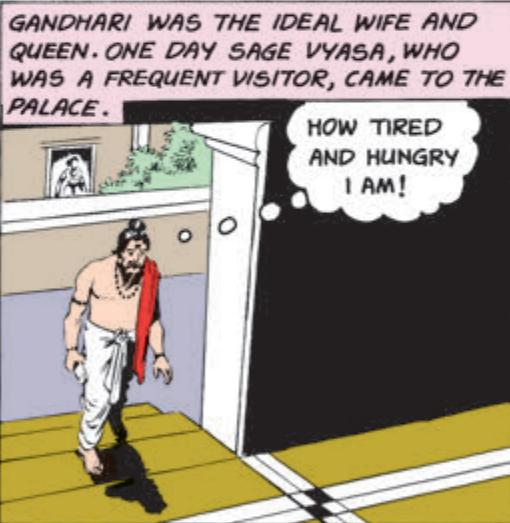
GANDHARI AND DHRITARASHTRA WERE MARRIED. BHEESHMA AND DHRITARASHTRA'S BROTHERS, PANDU AND VIDURA, WERE PRESENT AT THE WEDDING.



GANDHARI WAS THE IDEAL WIFE AND QUEEN. ONE DAY SAGE VYASA, WHO WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR, CAME TO THE PALACE.

HOW TIRED  
AND HUNGRY  
I AM!

IS THAT YOU, MAHARSHI?  
PLEASE SIT DOWN. I'LL  
HAVE SOME FOOD  
BROUGHT IN FOR YOU.



AH! THAT WAS DELICIOUS.  
GANDHARI, YOU ARE ALL  
THAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE.  
FOR YOUR CARE OF ME  
TODAY, I GRANT YOU A  
HUNDRED SONS.



SOME TIME LATER —

YOU MUST EAT WELL AND LOOK AFTER YOURSELF PROPERLY, MY QUEEN. THE SONS YOU ARE EXPECTING WILL THEN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY.

I HAVE NEVER FELT SO FIT IN MY LIFE!

MY SONS SHALL GROW UP TO BE STRONG, GOOD AND WISE.

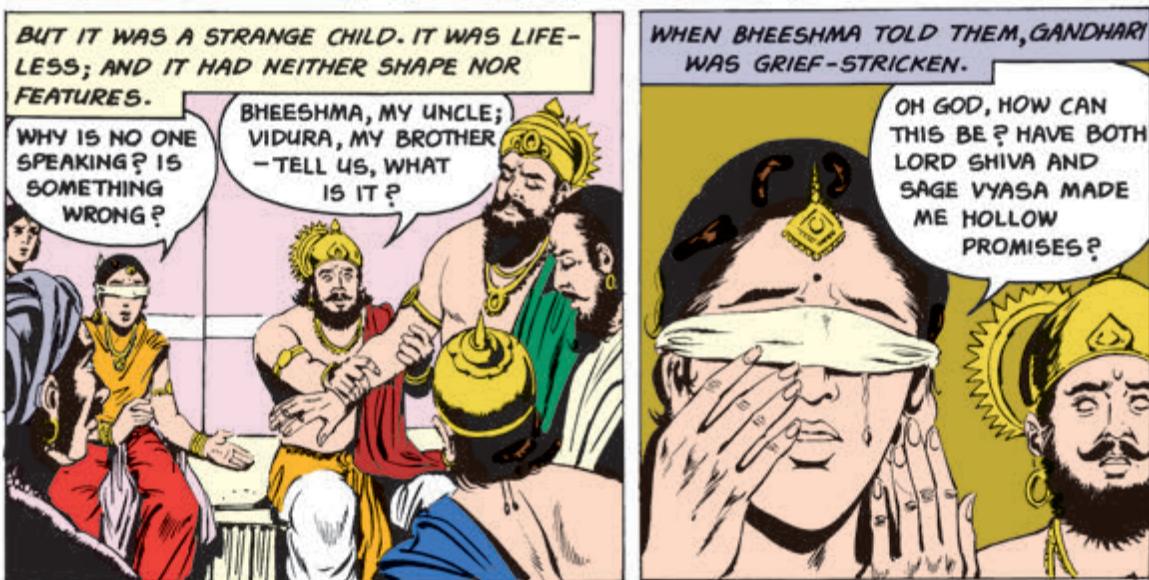
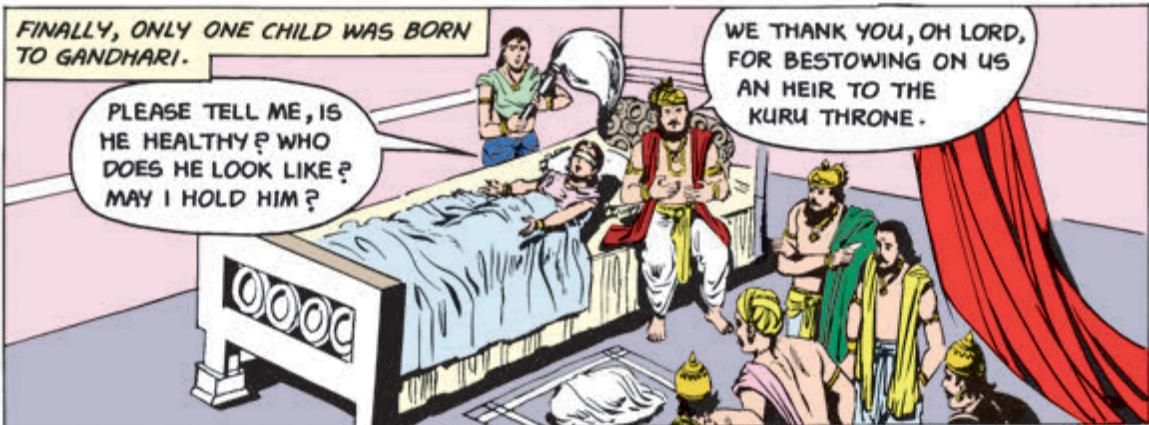
MANY MONTHS PASSED. BUT —

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG?

THE QUEEN SHOULD HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO HER SONS LONG AGO. I FEEL VERY WORRIED.

ONE DAY —

MY QUEEN, I BRING GOOD NEWS! YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, KUNTI, KING PANDU'S WIFE, HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A BOY. HE IS TO BE NAMED YUDHISHTHIRA.

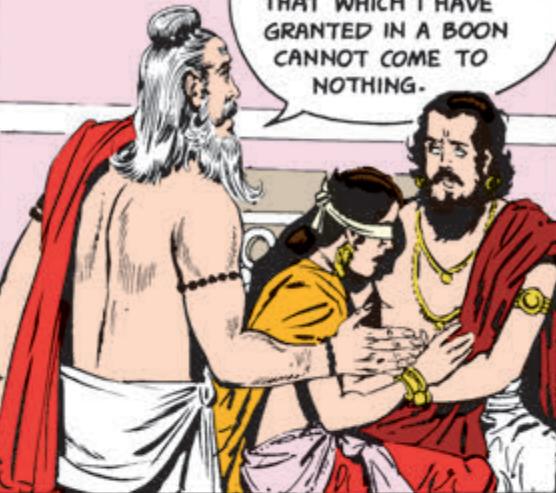


GANDHARI

SAGE VYASA CAME AT ONCE WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS —

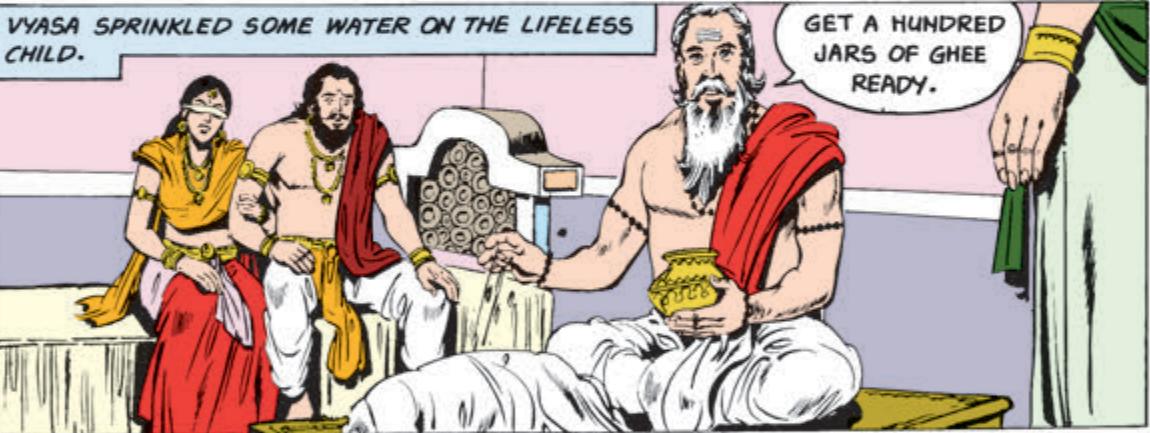
CONSOLE YOURSELF, GANDHARI. YOU SHALL HAVE A HUNDRED SONS. THAT WHICH I HAVE GRANTED IN A BOON CANNOT COME TO NOTHING.

BRING SOME COOL WATER.



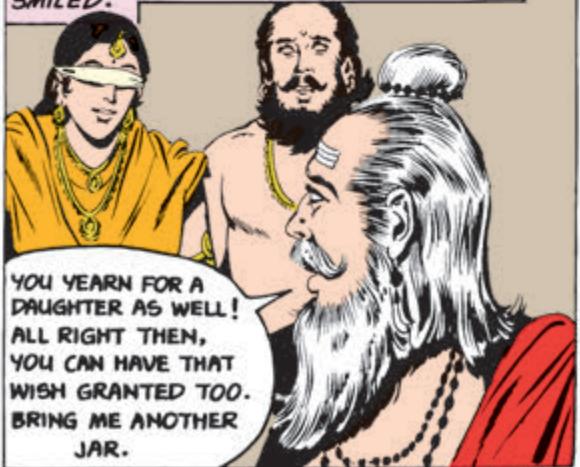
VYASA SPRINKLED SOME WATER ON THE LIFELESS CHILD.

GET A HUNDRED JARS OF GHEE READY.



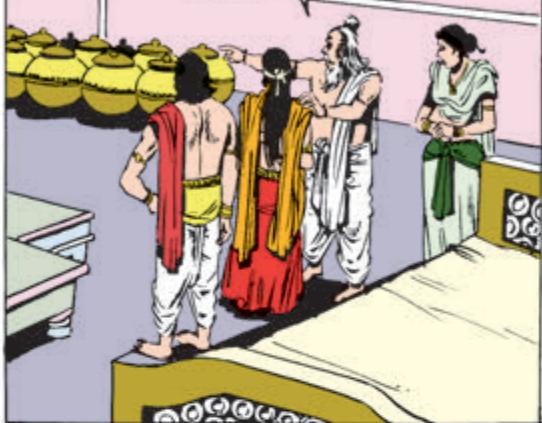
A HUNDRED SONS! BUT HOW NICE IT WOULD BE TO HAVE A DAUGHTER TOO.

VYASA READ GANDHARI'S MIND AND SMILED.



THE LIFELESS CHILD SPLIT INTO A HUNDRED AND ONE PARTS AND VYASA PUT ONE PART INTO EACH OF THE JARS OF GHEE.

OPEN THESE JARS AFTER TWO YEARS, AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HEART'S DESIRE.



THE KURU ELDERS ASSEMBLED THE NEXT DAY, TO WATCH SAGE VYASA'S MIRACLE TAKE PLACE.



GANDHARI WAITED PATIENTLY FOR TWO YEARS.

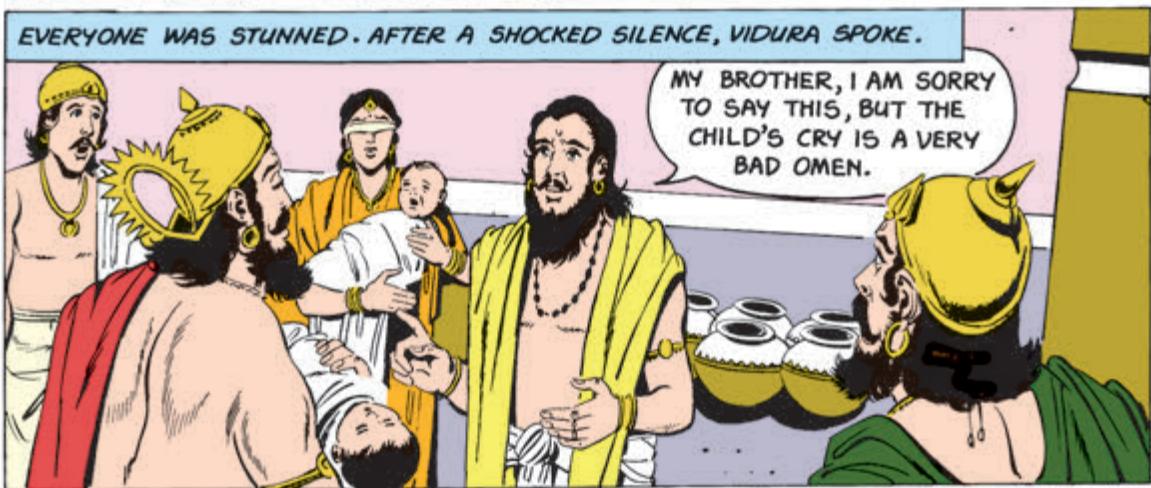
TOMORROW I CAN OPEN THE JARS. HOW EXCITED I AM!

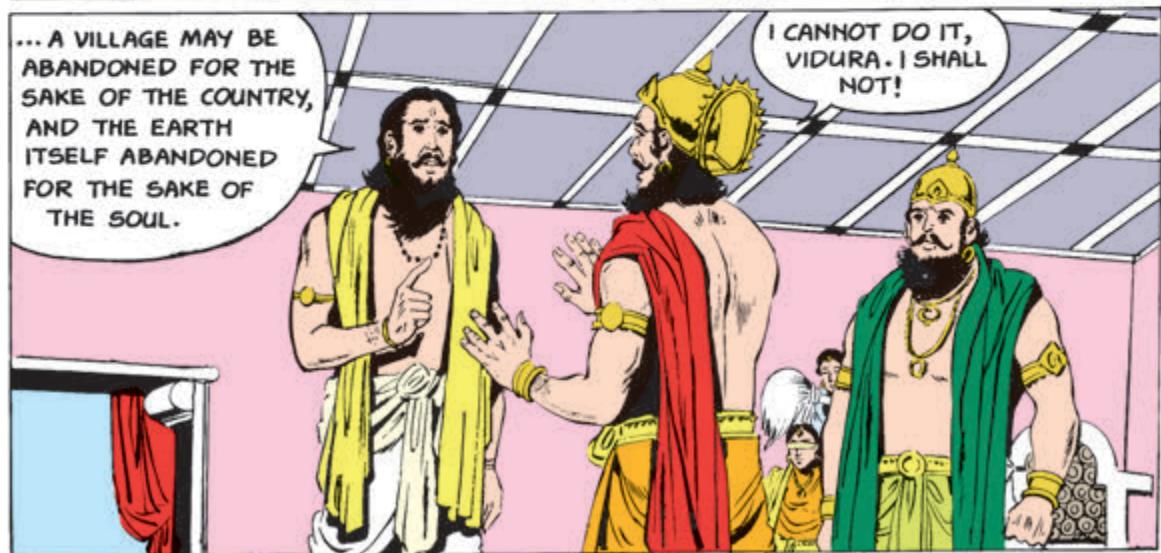
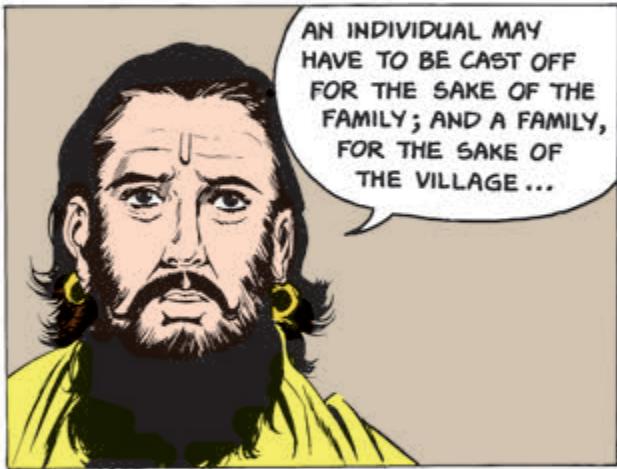


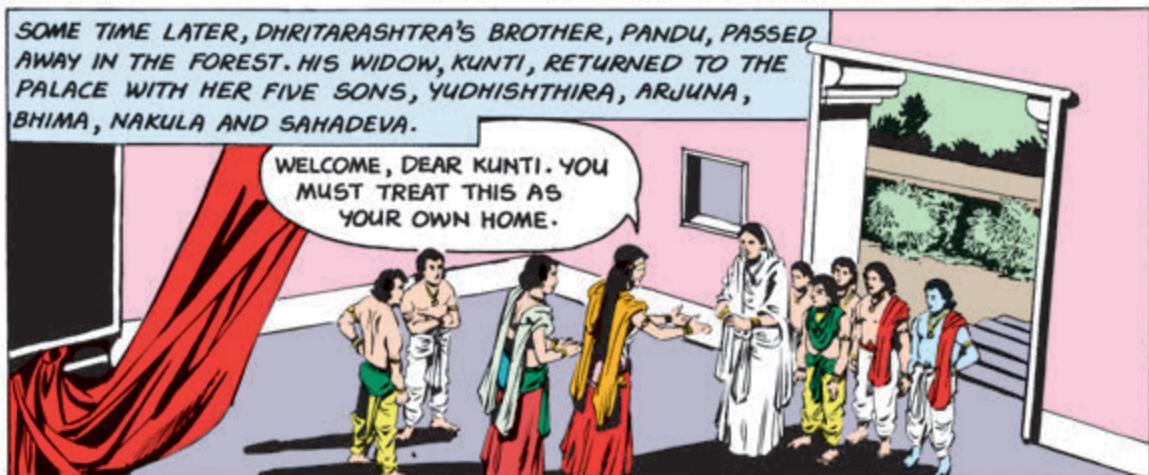
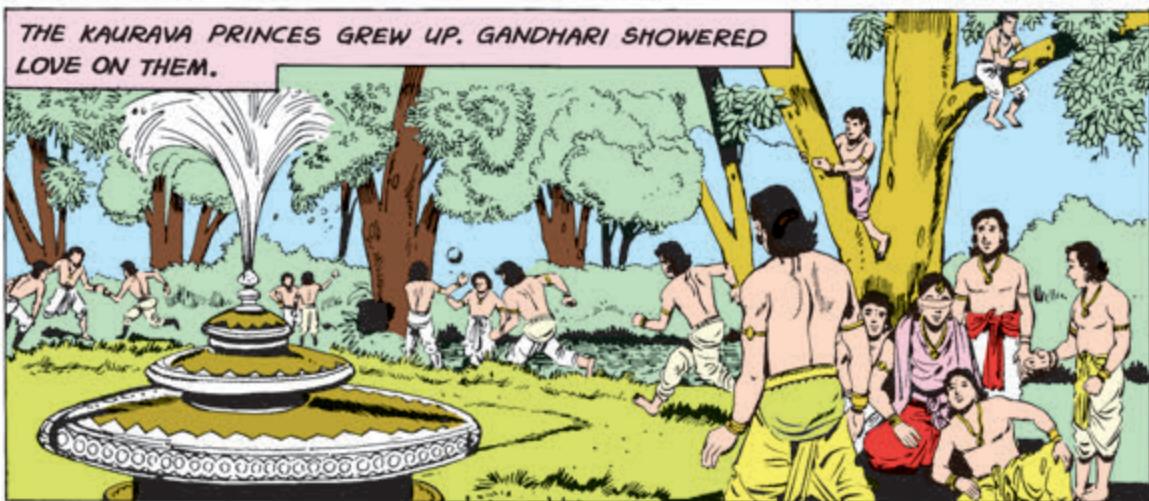
SO WERE BORN THE KAURAVA PRINCES AND THEIR SISTER.

HE SHALL BE CALLED DURYODHANA.









THESE ARE MY SONS, GANDHARI. GIVE THEM YOUR BLESSING.

YOU ARE LIKE A SECOND MOTHER TO US. GIVE US YOUR BLESSING, MOTHER.

LIVE LONG, MY CHILDREN, AND BE HAPPY.

I HAVE A HUNDRED SONS. KUNTI HAS ONLY FIVE. BUT HOW NOBLE AND BRAVE THEY SEEM!

GANDHARI AND KUNTI LOVED AND RESPECTED EACH OTHER LIKE SISTERS, BUT BETWEEN THEIR CHILDREN THERE GREW A GREAT AND FLAMING HOSTILITY.

GRADUALLY IT BECAME CLEAR THAT VIDURA'S FEARS CONCERNING DURYODHANA WERE WELL-FOUNDED. DURYODHANA TRIED TO POISON AND DROWN BHIMA WHO, HOWEVER, ESCAPED. BUT GANDHARI REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT —



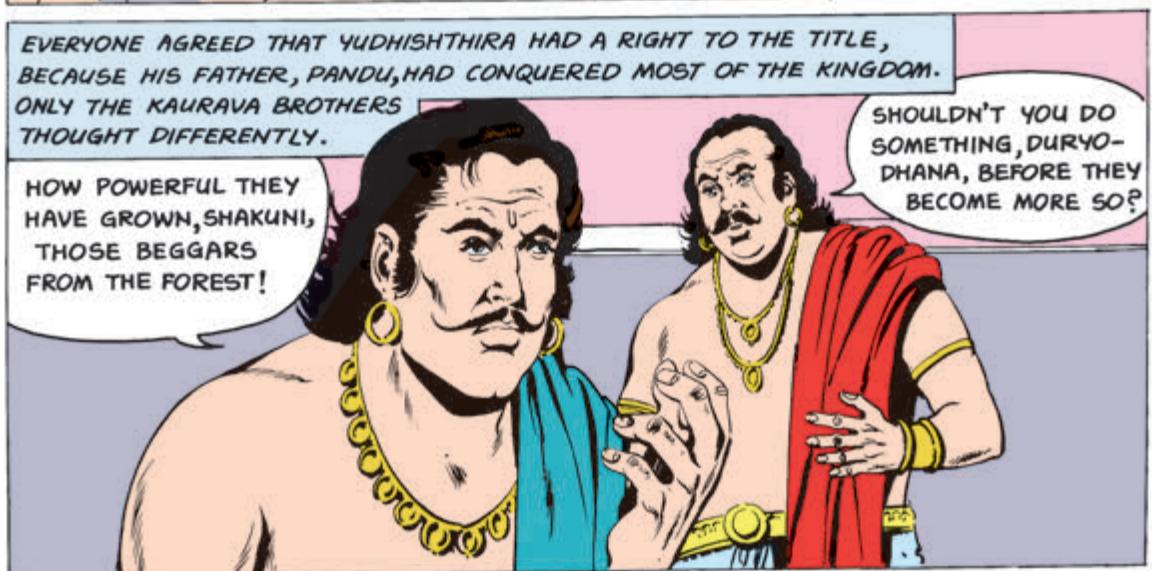
AS THE COUSINS GREW UP, THEIR HATRED INCREASED WITH THE PASSING YEARS. THINGS CAME TO A HEAD WHEN YUDHISHTHIRA WAS CROWNED HEIR-APPARENT.



EVERYONE AGREED THAT YUDHISHTHIRA HAD A RIGHT TO THE TITLE, BECAUSE HIS FATHER, PANDU, HAD CONQUERED MOST OF THE KINGDOM. ONLY THE KAURAVA BROTHERS THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY.

HOW POWERFUL THEY HAVE GROWN, SHAKUNI, THOSE BEGGARS FROM THE FOREST!

SHOULDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING, DURYODHANA, BEFORE THEY BECOME MORE SO?



ENCOURAGED BY SHAKUNI, DURYODHANA TRIED TO BURN THE PANDAVAS IN A HOUSE OF LAC.



BUT THE PANDAVAS ESCAPED. LATER, THEY MARRIED DRAUPADI, THE PANCHALA PRINCESS. DHRITARASHTRA BESTOWED HALF HIS KINGDOM UPON YUDHISHTHIRA. THE PANDAVAS BUILT A NEW CAPITAL WHICH THEY CALLED INDRAPRASTHA.

GANDHARI TRIED TO DISMISS THE EVIL DEEDS OF HER SONS. BUT HER HEART WAS IN TURMOIL.

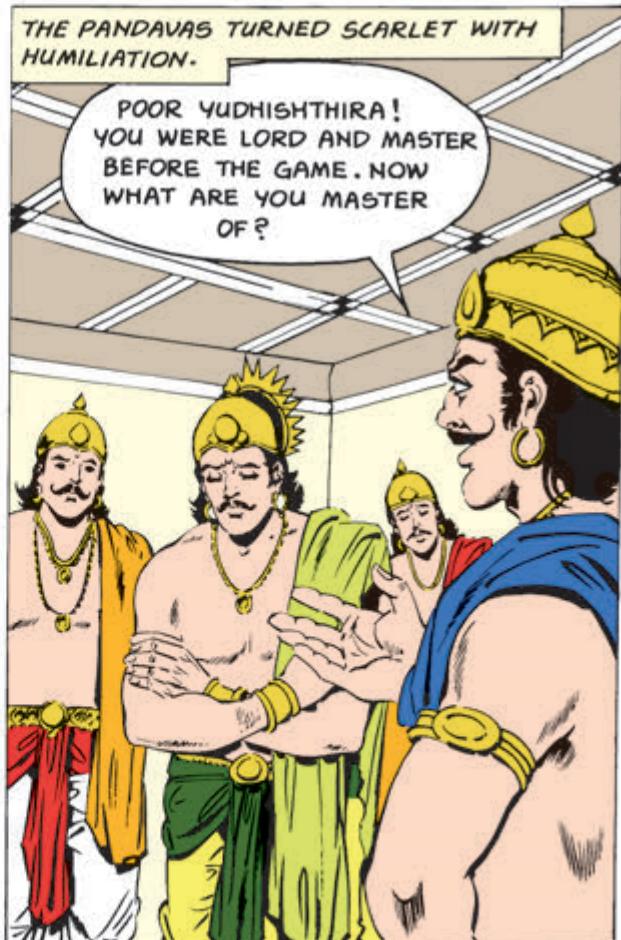


BUT A DAY CAME WHEN THE TRUTH HAD TO BE FACED. IN A GAME OF DICE, DURYODHANA AND SHAKUNI STRIPPED THE PANDAVA BROTHERS OF THEIR WEALTH, THEIR KINGDOM, AND THEIR WIFE, DRAUPADI.



DURYODHANA TURNED TO HIS BROTHER, DUHSHASANA.





AT THAT MOMENT, JACKALS BEGAN TO HOWL AND BIRDS OF PREY CRIED OUT. EVERYONE TURNED PALE.

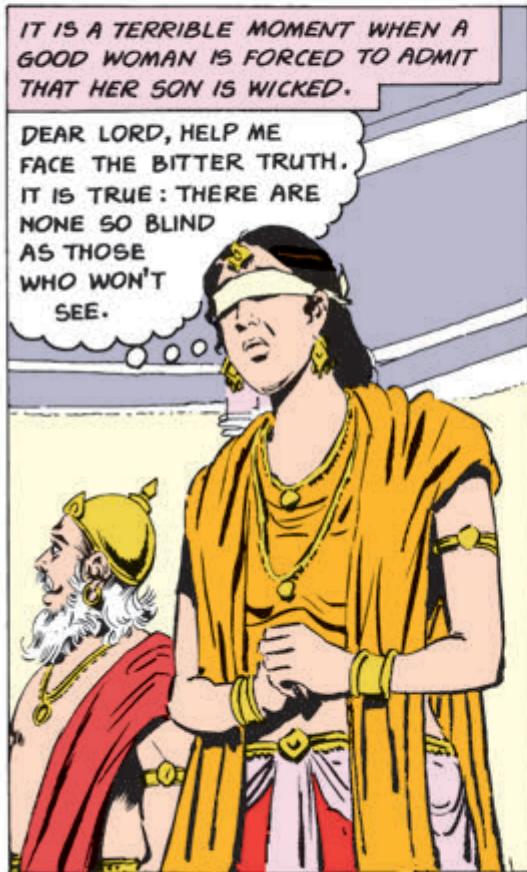


THE ELDERS CHANTED SACRED WORDS TO WARD OFF EVIL.



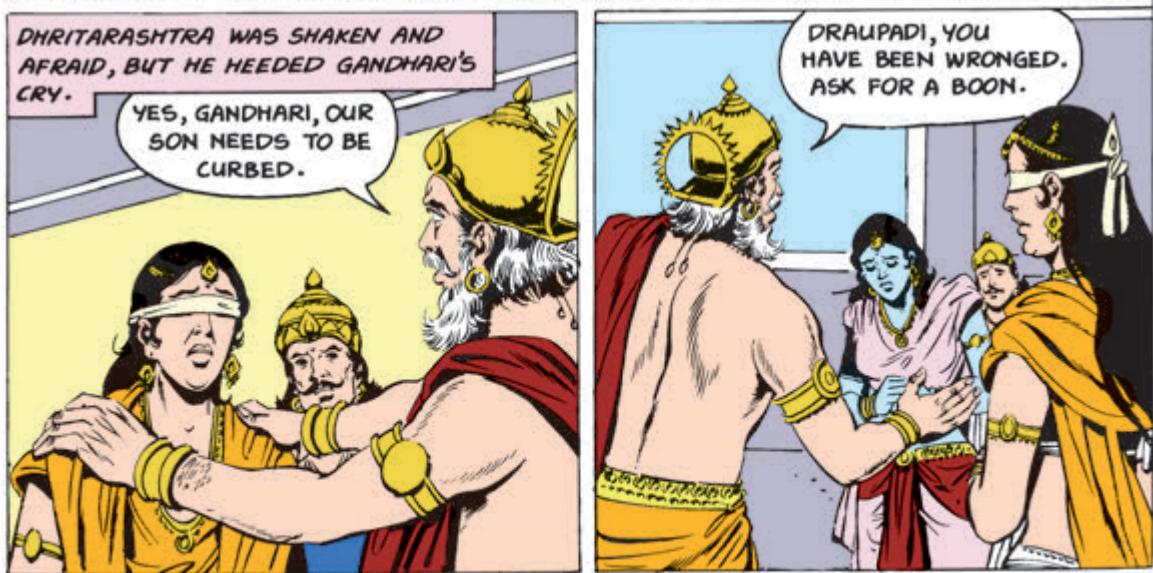
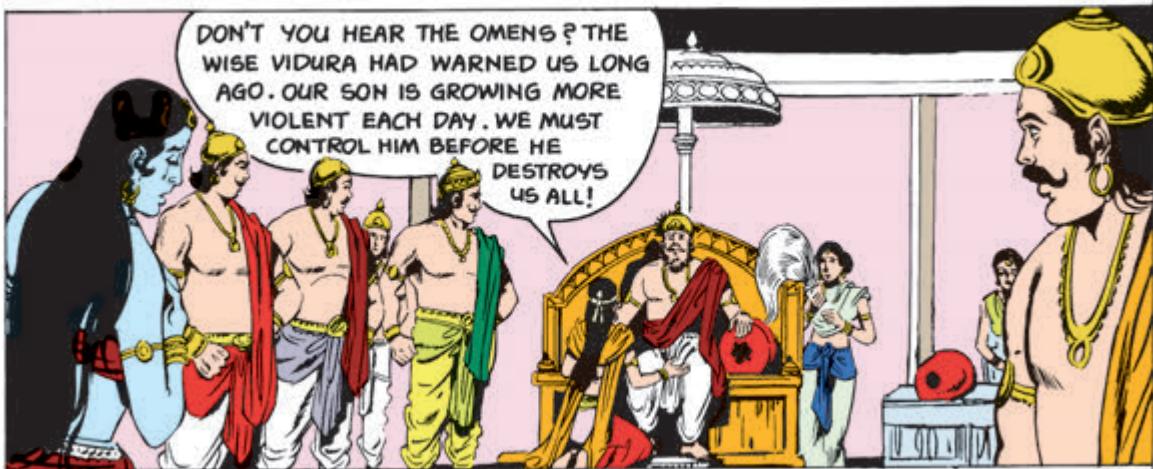
IT IS A TERRIBLE MOMENT WHEN A GOOD WOMAN IS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT HER SON IS WICKED.

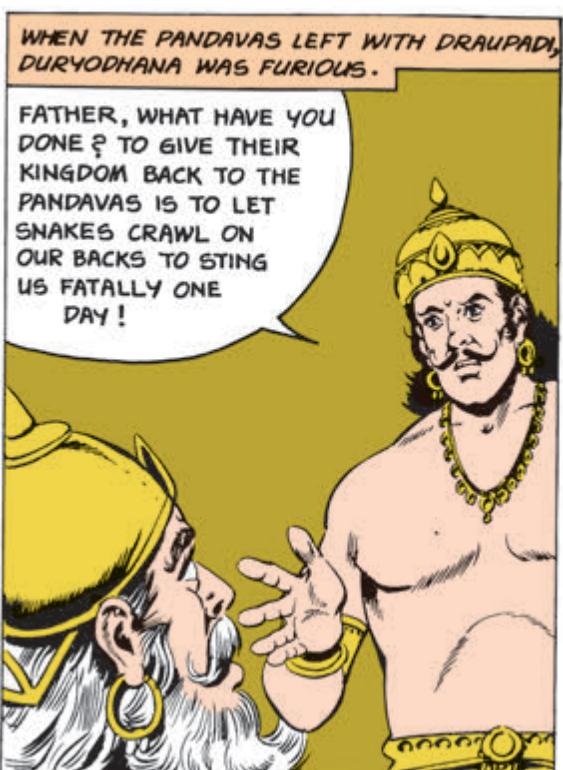
DEAR LORD, HELP ME FACE THE BITTER TRUTH.  
IT IS TRUE: THERE ARE NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.



I HAVE MADE EXCUSES FOR MY SON THROUGH THE BLINDNESS OF MY LOVE. I SEE IT ALL TOO CLEARLY NOW. MY SON IS EVIL THROUGH AND THROUGH.







AGAIN THE PANDAVAS LOST —



DRAUPADI, YOU MUST NOW FOLLOW YOUR PAUPER HUSBANDS INTO EXILE!

BUT WHY NOT CHOOSE ONE FROM AMONG US INSTEAD AND ENJOY THE COMFORTS OF THE PALACE?

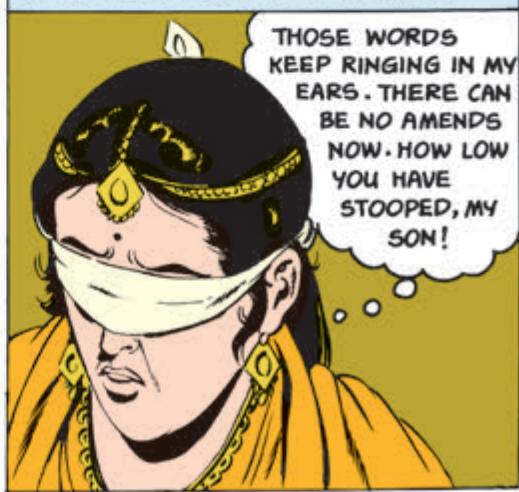
THE PANDAVAS COULD BEAR THEIR TAUNTS NO LONGER.

DURYODHANA, THE RIFT BETWEEN US IS TOO DEEP EVER TO BE CLOSED. WE SHALL BE BACK IN THIRTEEN YEARS AND THEN WE SHALL HAVE OUR REVENGE.



ARJUNA'S WORDS PUT THE FINAL SEAL ON THE DESTINY OF THE KAURAVAS.

THOSE WORDS KEEP RINGING IN MY EARS. THERE CAN BE NO AMENDS NOW. HOW LOW YOU HAVE STOOPED, MY SON!



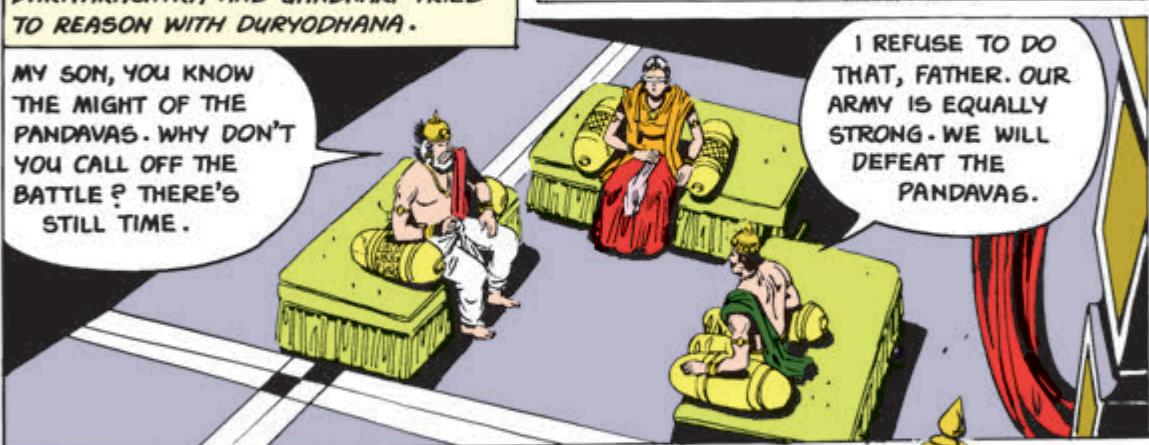
KUNTI REMAINED IN THE PALACE.

THE WAYS OF FATE ARE STRANGE, KUNTI. DO NOT Grieve. WE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.



DHRITARASHTRA AND GANDHARI TRIED TO REASON WITH DURYODHANA.

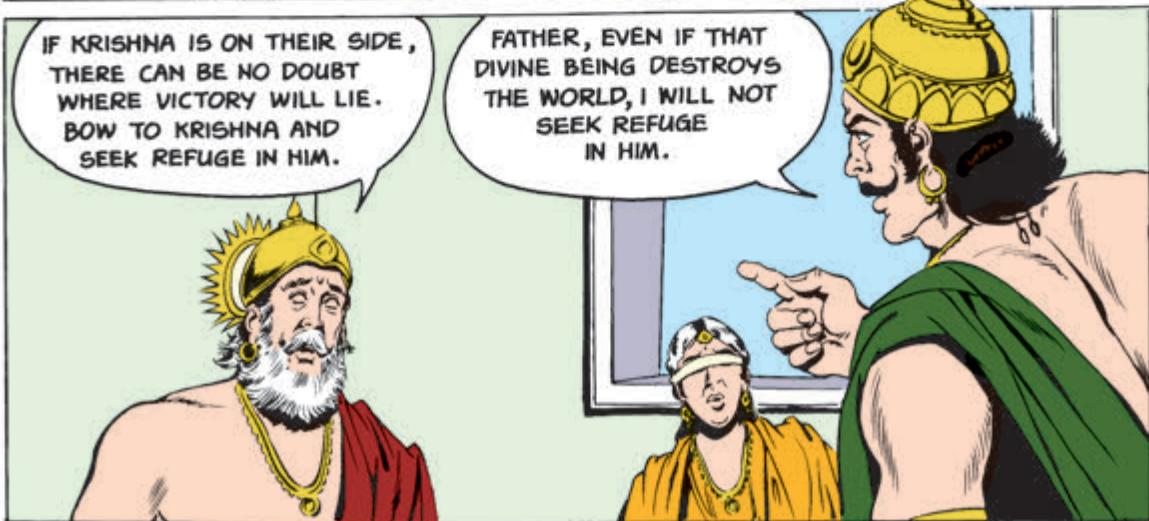
MY SON, YOU KNOW THE MIGHT OF THE PANDAVAS. WHY DON'T YOU CALL OFF THE BATTLE? THERE'S STILL TIME.



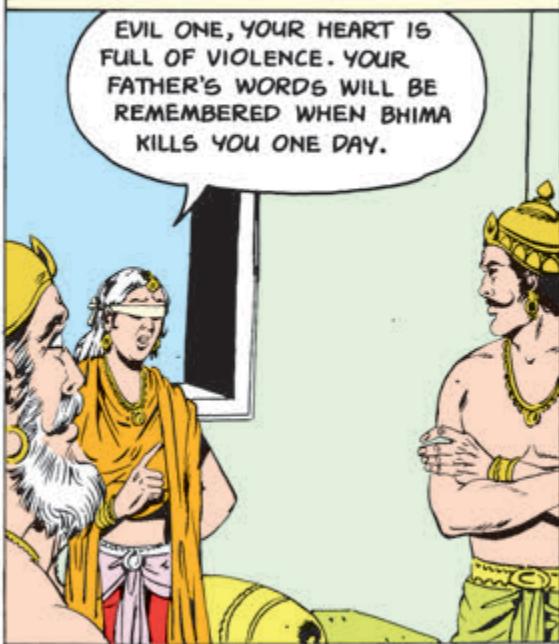
I REFUSE TO DO THAT, FATHER. OUR ARMY IS EQUALY STRONG. WE WILL DEFEAT THE PANDAVAS.

IF KRISHNA IS ON THEIR SIDE, THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT WHERE VICTORY WILL LIE. BOW TO KRISHNA AND SEEK REFUGE IN HIM.

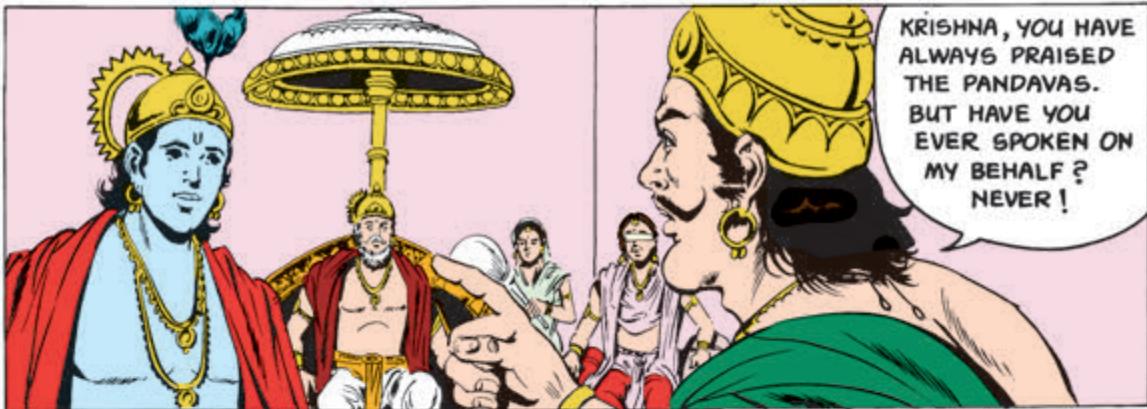
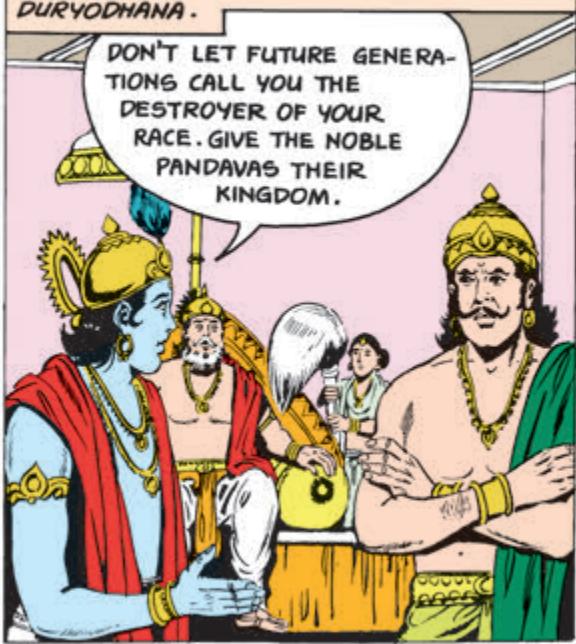
FATHER, EVEN IF THAT DIVINE BEING DESTROYS THE WORLD, I WILL NOT SEEK REFUGE IN HIM.



GANDHARI BURST OUT IN SUDDEN ANGER.



EVEN KRISHNA TRIED TO REASON WITH DURYODHANA.



AS THE DAY OF THE BATTLE DREW NEARER—

MOTHER,  
GIVE ME YOUR  
BLESSING.

MY SON, YOU HAVE MY  
BLESSING. MAY VICTORY  
LIE ON THE SIDE OF  
THE RIGHTEOUS.

GANDHARI BLESSED HER SON  
WITH THESE WORDS EVERY DAY.

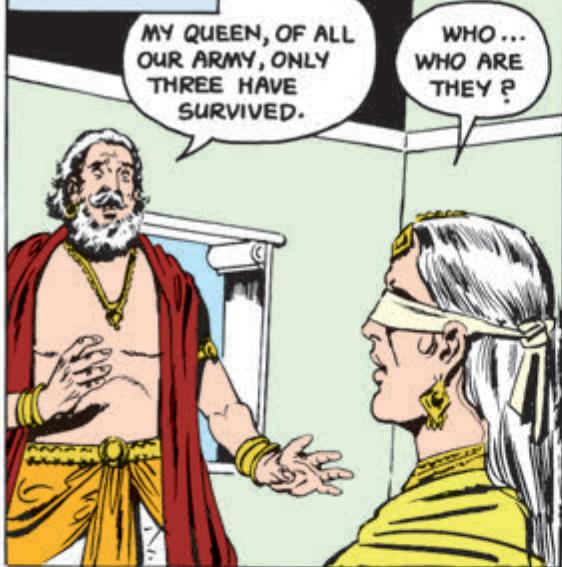
DURYODHANA KNEW THAT GANDHARI'S WORDS ALWAYS CAME TRUE.

WILL YOU  
NOT SAY THAT  
OUR SIDE WILL  
WIN?

I WILL SAY ONLY  
THIS: MAY VICTORY  
LIE ON THE SIDE  
OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

ONE FATEFUL DAY THE BATTLE BEGAN AT KURUKSHETRA. IT RAGED FOR EIGHTEEN  
TERRIBLE DAYS. THOUSANDS WERE KILLED. THE KAURAVAS MET WITH THE HEAVIEST  
LOSSES.

NUMB WITH GRIEF, DHRITARASHTRA WENT TO GANDHARI.



OUR SONS ARE NOT AMONG THE SURVIVORS, MY QUEEN.



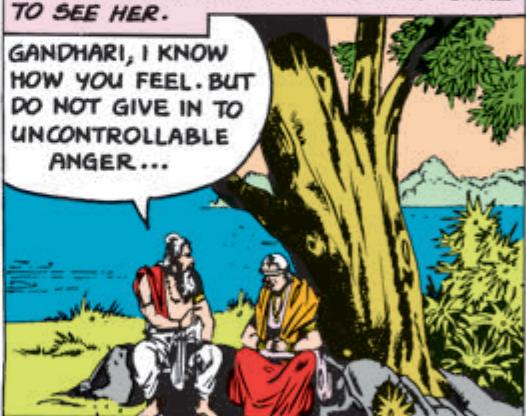
A HUNDRED SONS ... AND NOT EVEN ONE ALIVE?

NO, MY QUEEN.

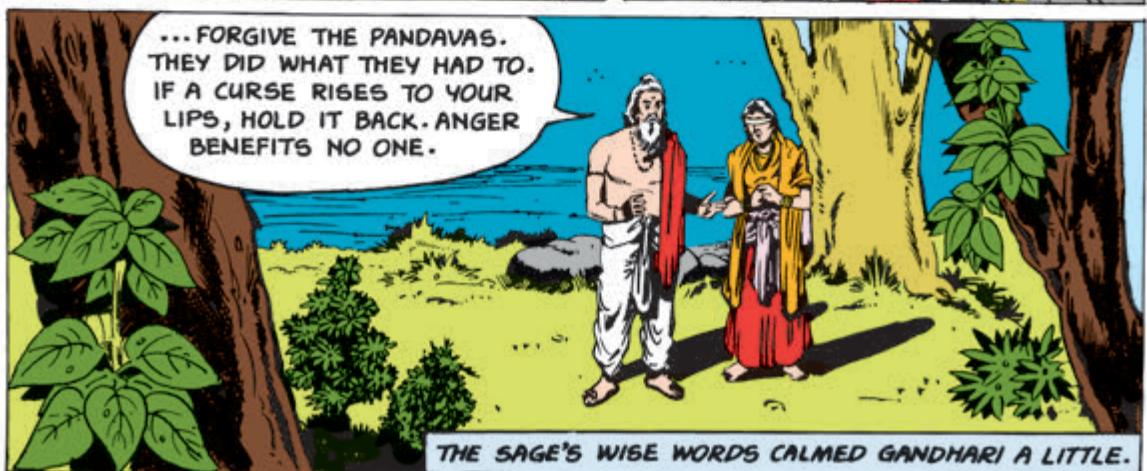
THE BEREAVED COUPLE, NOW NO LONGER KING AND QUEEN, LEFT HASTINAPURA.

A BLAZING ANGER WAS RAGING IN GANDHARI. SAGE VYASA SENSED THE GREATNESS OF HER SORROW AND CAME TO SEE HER.

GANDHARI, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. BUT DO NOT GIVE IN TO UNCONTROLLABLE ANGER...



...FORGIVE THE PANDAVAS. THEY DID WHAT THEY HAD TO. IF A CURSE RISES TO YOUR LIPS, HOLD IT BACK. ANGER BENEFITS NO ONE.



THE SAGE'S WISE WORDS CALMED GANDHARI A LITTLE.

KRISHNA CAME WITH THE PANDAVAS AND DRAUPADI TO MEET GANDHARI AND DHRITARASHTRA. DEJECTED EVEN IN THEIR VICTORY, AND AFRAID TO FACE GANDHARI, THEY STOOD HUMBLY BEFORE HER.

THE VICTORS! I CAN SEE, IN SPITE OF MY BLINDNESS, THE HAPPINESS ON YOUR FACES. THE STREETS ARE FULL OF WEEPING WOMEN. YOUR FAMOUS WAR HAS CAUSED A DEATH IN EVERY FAMILY IN ARYAVARTA. ARE THESE NOT GREAT AND HAPPY EVENTS?



THE PANDAVAS SAID NOTHING.

BHIMA, I HAD A HUNDRED SONS. YOU KILLED THEM ALL. YOU DID NOT SPARE EVEN ONE ...



... COULD YOU NOT HAVE LEFT JUST ONE CRUTCH FOR THIS POOR, BLIND COUPLE? JUST ONE?



MOTHER, FORGIVE ME, BUT YOU KNOW HOW MUCH YOUR SONS HAD WRONGED US.



KNOWING HE WAS RIGHT, GANDHARI TURNED AWAY FROM HIM.

WHERE IS  
THE KING?



YUDHISHTHIRA CAME FORWARD,  
TREMBLING.

MOTHER, IF YOU  
CURSE ME NOW,  
I SHALL NOT  
BLAME YOU.



GANDHARI'S MIND WAS  
IN TORMENT.

THE RIGHTEOUS SIDE  
HAS WON AS I MYSELF  
PREDICTED. MY SONS  
DESERVED THEIR  
FATE.



YET, I, THEIR MOTHER—  
THE MOTHER NOW OF  
A HUNDRED DEAD SONS  
—BURN WITH GRIEF  
AND RAGE. I MUST  
SHAKE THIS ANGER  
OFF SOMEHOW.



AS YUDHISHTHIRA BENT DOWN TO  
TOUCH HER FEET, GANDHARI'S GLANCE  
FELL ON HIS TOE.



YUDHISHTHIRA'S NEAT AND WELL-SHAPED  
TOE-NAIL TURNED BLUE AND SORE AT  
GANDHARI'S FLAMING GLANCE.

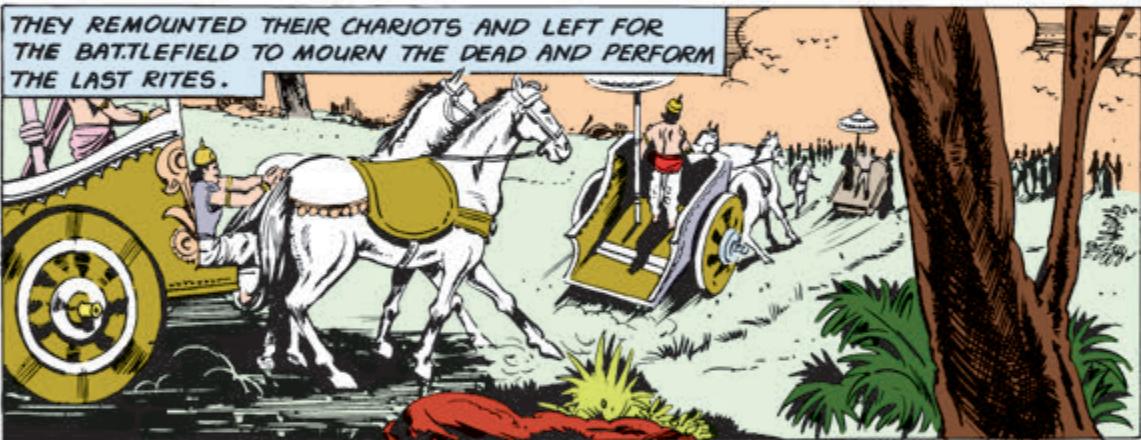


AT THIS, THE OTHERS BECAME ANXIOUSLY ALERT. BUT GANDHARI'S WRATH HAD LEFT HER NOW.

TAKE HEART, MY CHILD. YOU HAVE LOST ALL YOUR FIVE SONS TOO. WHAT IS DONE, IS DONE.

SHE IS MAGNIFICENT. SHE CONSOLES US IN HER OWN MISERY.

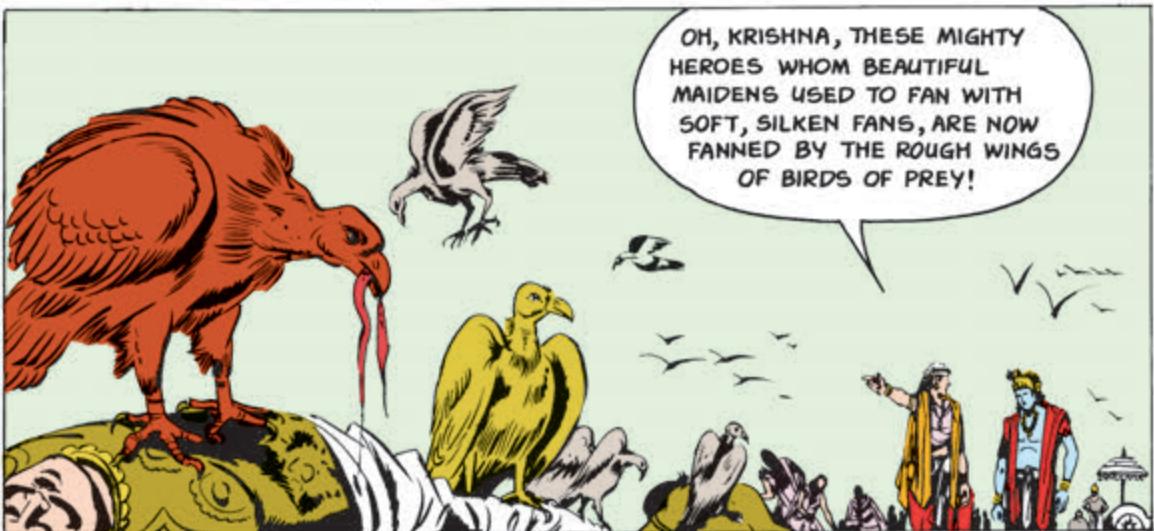
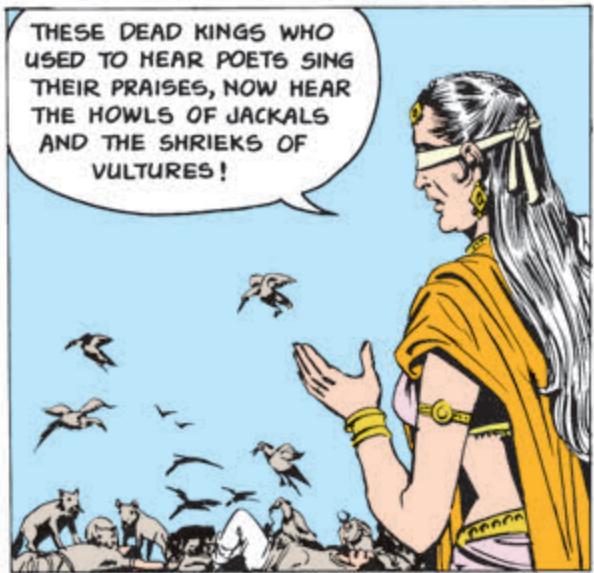
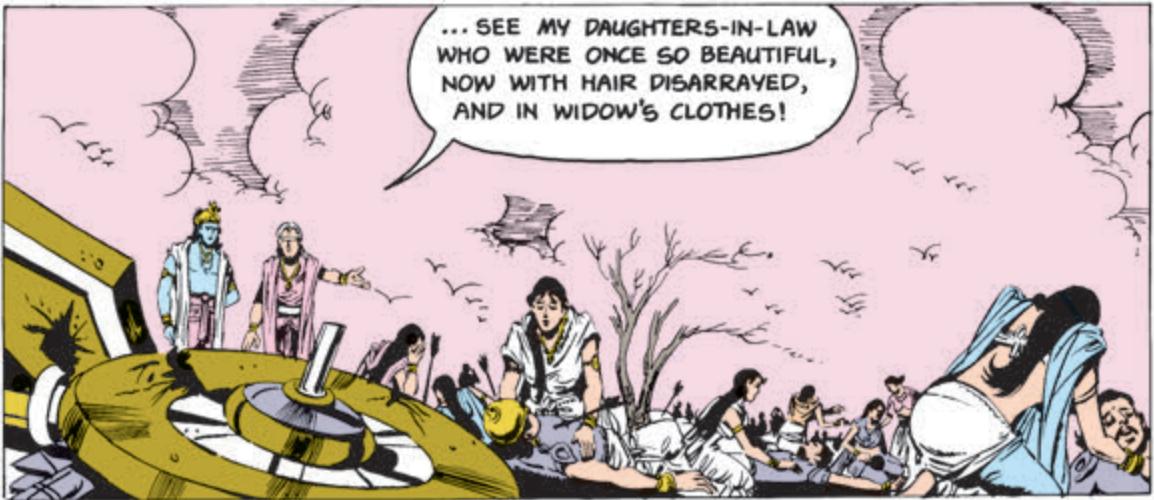
THEY REMOUNTED THEIR CHARIOTS AND LEFT FOR THE BATTLEFIELD TO MOURN THE DEAD AND PERFORM THE LAST RITES.



THEY REACHED THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION. THOUGH GANDHARI HAD THE CLOTH OVER HER EYES, EVERYTHING WAS VISIBLE TO HER THROUGH HER SPIRITUAL VISION.

SEE, KRISHNA, SEE THE SIGHTS AROUND YOU. SEE THE WOMEN, WEEPING AND RUNNING ABOUT, LOOKING FOR THEIR DEAD MENFOLK...





THE LAMENTING GANDHARI STOPPED BEFORE A FALLEN BODY AND KNEW IT TO BE DURYODHANA'S.

OH, MY SON, MY SON!  
ALAS! I, AN OLD WOMAN,  
AM STILL ALIVE—WHILE  
YOU, SO YOUNG AND  
STRONG, ARE COLD  
AND LIFELESS!



KRISHNA, WHY ARE YOU SO SILENT?  
DOESN'T THE SIGHT  
OF MY HUNDRED  
SLAUGHTERED SONS  
MOVE YOU AT ALL?

GANDHARI, YOU TRIED TO STOP YOUR SON, BUT HE DID NOT HEED YOU.



AND YOU, KRISHNA—YOU,  
WHO ARE THE LORD OF THE  
UNIVERSE, WHO CAN DESTROY  
OR CREATE WORLDS WITH ONE  
BREATH—COULD YOU NOT  
HAVE AVERTED THIS  
DESTRUCTION?



BUT YOU DID NOT! YOU, WHO  
HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE  
PEACE, DID NOT RAISE A  
FINGER TO PREVENT THIS  
BLOODSHED! IT IS YOUR  
INDIFFERENCE THAT HAS  
CAUSED ALL THIS!



KRISHNA COULD SAY NOTHING.

I HAVE LOVED YOU WELL  
BUT I CANNOT FORGIVE  
YOU FOR THIS, KRISHNA.  
WITH ALL THE MERIT  
I HAVE EARNED, I CURSE  
YOU...



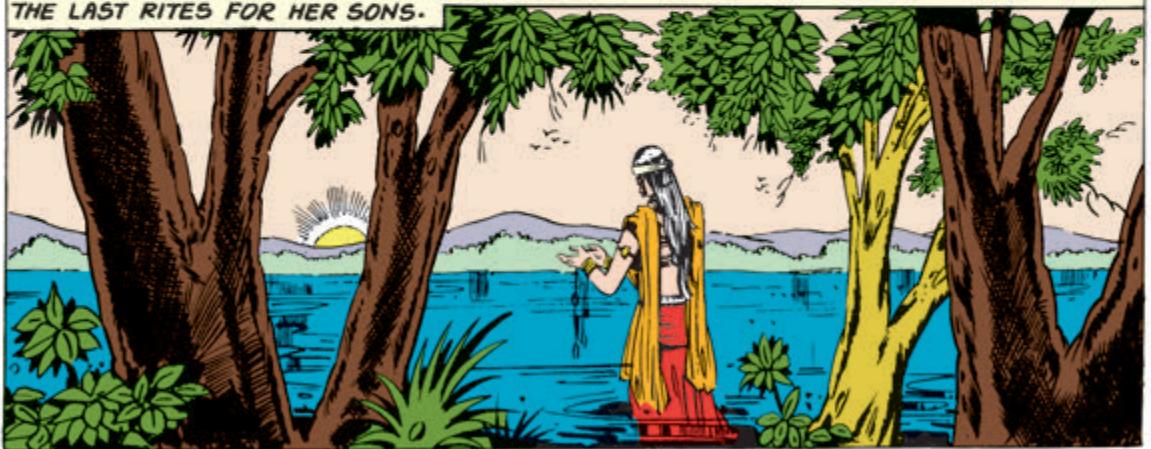
... THIRTY-SIX YEARS FROM  
TODAY MAY YOUR KINSMEN,  
THE YADAVAS, BE DESTROYED,  
AS OUR MEN HAVE BEEN NOW.  
MAY YOUR WOMENFOLK WEEP,  
AS WE WEEP NOW. AND MAY  
YOU, KRISHNA, DIE A  
WRETCHED DEATH IN  
THE FOREST!

YOU BLAME ME FOR SOMETHING  
THAT WAS INEVITABLE. IF YOU  
HAD CONTROLLED YOUR SON,  
THIS MIGHT NOT HAVE  
HAPPENED. BUT I ACCEPT  
YOUR CURSE, GOOD GANDHARI.



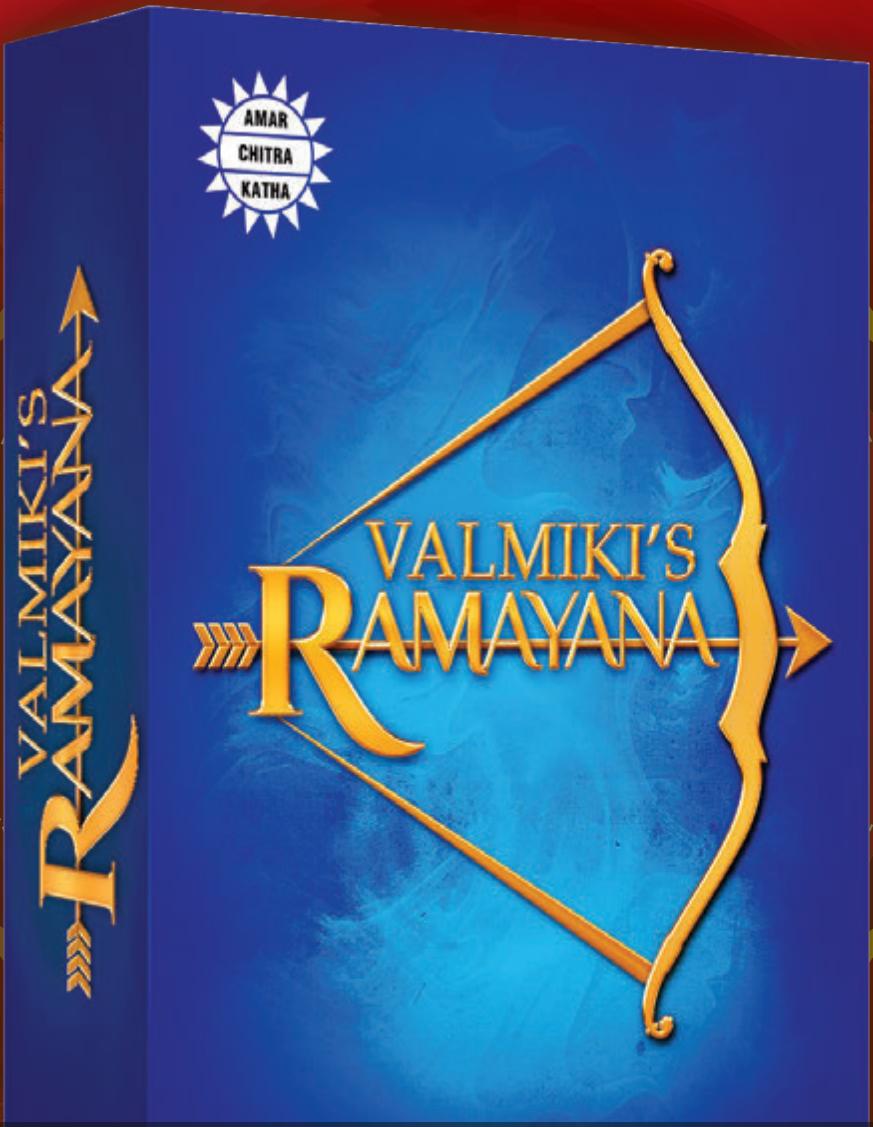
GANDHARI HAD CURSED LORD KRISHNA  
HIMSELF. BUT HER CURSE WAS TO COME  
TRUE YEARS LATER.

NOW GANDHARI, THE WOMAN WHO HAD SUSTAINED THE GREATEST PERSONAL LOSS IN  
THE BATTLE OF KURUKSHETRA, STAGGERED TOWARDS THE RIVER GANGA TO PERFORM  
THE LAST RITES FOR HER SONS.





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# WHICH OF THE ACKS HAVE YOU STILL NOT READ?

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S. Subbulakshmi</li> <li>Madhvacharya</li> <li>Mahavira</li> <li>Marie And Pierre Curie</li> <li>Megasthenes</li> <li>Mirabai</li> <li>Mother Teresa</li> <li>Narayan Guru</li> <li>Rabindranath Tagore</li> <li>Ram Shastri</li> <li>Ramana Maharshi</li> <li>Ramanuja</li> <li>Salim Ali</li> <li>Shankar Dev</li> <li>Soordas</li> <li>Sri. Ramakrishna</li> <li>Srinivasa Ramanujan</li> <li>Subramania Bharati</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Swami Chinmayananda</li> <li>Swami Pranavananda</li> <li>Tales Of Sai Baba</li> <li>Tansen</li> <li>Tulsidas</li> <li>Vidyasagar</li> <li>Vivekananda</li> <li>Zarathushtra</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>INDIAN CLASSICS</b> <i>Enchanting tales from Indian literature</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Ananda Math</li> <li>Ancestors Of Rama</li> <li>Devi Choudhurani</li> <li>Durgesh Nandini</li> <li>Kadambari</li> <li>Kannagi</li> <li>Kapala Kundala</li> <li>Kumanan</li> <li>Maarthanda Varma</li> <li>Malavika</li> <li>Manonmani</li> <li>Prince Jivaka</li> <li>Raj Singh</li> <li>Ratnavali</li> <li>Shakuntala</li> <li>The Adventures Of Pratapan</li> <li>The Elusive Kaka</li> <li>Udayana</li> <li>Urvashi</li> <li>Vasantasena</li> <li>Vasavadatta</li> <li>Veer Dhaval</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>FABLES AND HUMOUR</b> <i>Evergreen folktales, legends and tales of wisdom and humour</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A Bag Of Gold Coins</li> <li>Amrapali</li> <li>Ander Nagari</li> <li>Angulimala</li> <li>Bikal The Terrible</li> <li>Birbal The Clever</li> <li>Birbal The Genius</li> <li>Birbal The Just</li> <li>Birbal The Wise</li> <li>Birbal The Witty</li> <li>Birbal To The Rescue</li> <li>The Inimitable Birbal</li> <li>Chandralalat</li> <li>Dhola And Maru</li> <li>Friends And Foes</li> <li>Gopal And The Cowherd</li> <li>Gopal The Jester</li> <li>The Mystery Of The Missing Gift</li> <li>The Pandit And The Milkmaid</li> <li>The Pig And The Dog</li> <li>The Pious Cat</li> <li>The Priceless Gem</li> <li>The Prince And The Magician</li> <li>The Prophecy</li> <li>The Queen's Necklace</li> <li>The Rainbow Prince</li> <li>The Secret Of The Talking Bird</li> <li>The Silent Teacher</li> <li>The Tiger And The Woodpecker</li> <li>The Tiger Eater</li> <li>Thugsen</li> <li>Viduyt Chora</li> <li>Vikramaditya's Throne</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>HITOPADESHA TALES</b> <i>Choice Of Friends How Friends Are Parted</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Hothal</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>JATAKA TALES</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Battle Of Wits</li> <li>Bird Stories</li> <li>Deer Stories</li> <li>Elephant Stories</li> <li>Jackal Stories</li> <li>Monkey Stories</li> <li>Nandi Vishala</li> <li>Stories Of Courage</li> <li>Stories Of Wisdom</li> <li>Tales Of Misers</li> <li>The Deadly Feast</li> <li>The Giant And The Dwarf</li> <li>The Hidden Treasure</li> <li>The Magic Chant</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>BRAVEHEARTS</b> <i>Stirring tales of brave men and women of India</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A Nation Awakes</li> <li>Ahilyabai Holkar</li> <li>Ajatasatru</li> <li>Akbar</li> <li>Amar Singh Rathor</li> <li>Ashoka</li> <li>Babur</li> <li>Bagha Jatin</li> <li>Bajirao I</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The Mouse Merchant</li> <li>True Friends</li> <li>Kanwal And Kehar</li> <li>Kesari The Flying Thief</li> <li>King Kusha</li> <li>Manduka</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>PANCHATANTRA TALES</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Crows And Owls</li> <li>How The Jackal Ate</li> <li>The Elephant</li> <li>The Brahmin And The Goat</li> <li>The Dullard</li> <li>The Greedy Mother-in-law</li> <li>The Jackal And The Wardrum</li> <li>Raman Of Tenali</li> <li>Raman The Matchless Wit</li> <li>Sahasramala</li> <li>Sakshi Gopal</li> <li>Satwant Kaur</li> <li>Sharan Kaur</li> <li>Shrenik</li> <li>Sukhu And Dukhu</li> <li>Sundari</li> <li>Tales Of Maryada Rama</li> <li>The Acrobat</li> <li>The Adventures Of Agad Datta</li> <li>The Adventures Of Baddu And Chhotu</li> <li>The Bridegroom's Ring</li> <li>The Celestial Necklace</li> <li>The Clever Dancer</li> <li>The Cowherd Of Alawi</li> <li>The Fearless Boy</li> <li>The Fool's Disciples</li> <li>The Golden Sand</li> <li>The Green Demon</li> <li>The Unhappy Tiger</li> <li>The Learned Pandit</li> <li>The Lost Prince</li> <li>The Magic Grove</li> <li>The Miraculous Conch</li> <li>The Mystery Of The Missing Gift</li> <li>The Pandit And The Milkmaid</li> <li>The Pig And The Dog</li> <li>The Pious Cat</li> <li>The Priceless Gem</li> <li>The Prince And The Magician</li> <li>The Prophecy</li> <li>The Queen's Necklace</li> <li>The Rainbow Prince</li> <li>The Secret Of The Talking Bird</li> <li>The Silent Teacher</li> <li>The Tiger And The Woodpecker</li> <li>The Tiger Eater</li> <li>Thugsen</li> <li>Viduyt Chora</li> <li>Vikramaditya's Throne</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>CONTEMPORARY CLASSICS</b> <i>(New Category)</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The best of modern Indian literature</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The Blue Umbrella</li> </ul>
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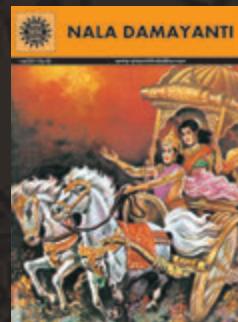
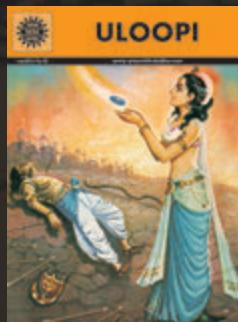
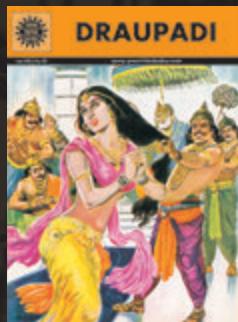


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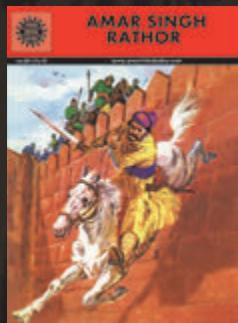
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A hundred sons, the sages say, are a hundred blessings. Gandhari's hundred Kaurava sons, however, were more of a curse. Did they become evil by some divine plan or was it because she was proudly blind to their faults? Helpless as they heaped dishonour on the family, she was furious with Lord Krishna for abetting in her sons' eventual slaughter. Unfortunately, her grief was overpowering, and threatened to wreak further havoc...

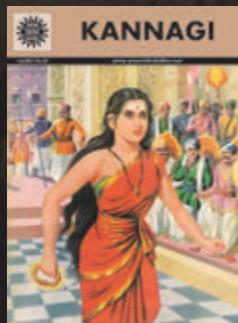
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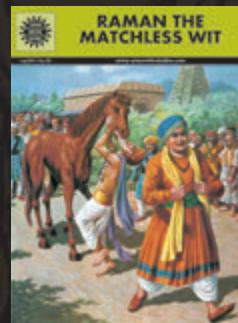
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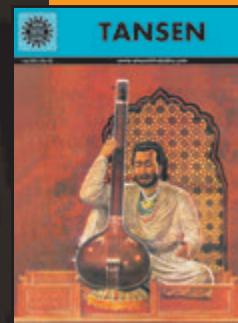
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