

DEEPAK CHOPRA PRESENTS

india  authentic™

# GANESHA





# DEEPAK CHOPRA PRESENTS GANESHA

india  
authentic™

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GANESHA  
IS A STATE



OF AWARENESS

Gods and Goddesses of Vedic literature are often looked upon as external deities, when in fact they are symbolic and specific expressions of higher archetypal states of consciousness. When that archetypal state of consciousness is expressed or incarnates through us, we become capable of grand and extraordinary accomplishments.

Lord Ganesha is one of the most popular archetypal expressions. Every aspect of his appearance expresses a faculty of higher consciousness. He has an enormous head because he's a deep thinker, and, having mastered the ability to go inward beyond his internal dialogue, he eavesdrops on the mind of the cosmos. He knows that the ground of being beyond his mental activity is the ground of existence beyond all the intelligent activity of the Universe. His large flapping ears indicate that he is a deep listener. He listens with the instruments of the flesh, the mind, and the soul. His elephant's trunk denotes power as well as discernment. It can uproot a tree and also pick out a needle in a haystack. He has two tusks, one broken and one whole, to remind him that life comes in pairs of opposites. However, he knows enlightened awareness means going beyond opposites—good and evil, light and shadow, sacred and profane. He has a huge stomach because he takes on everyone's problems and creatively "digests" them. Frequently he wears a snake as a belt, a symbolic expression of subduing the ego. His four hands hold a rope for climbing the tree of knowledge, an axe to destroy ignorance, a book of sacred wisdom (Vedas) and the fruit of knowledge, respectively. One foot is in the ground and the other is elevated because he is simultaneously local and non-local, imminent and transcendent, in this world and not of it, time-bound and timeless all at the same time. A mouse is frequently seen beside his feet reminding us that even in higher consciousness, greed can be a temptation. Two Goddesses stand by his side, the first one is Siddhi. She represents super-natural powers. The other one is Riddhi who represents control over the elements and forces of nature.



Each and every God in the pantheon, like Ganesha, represents various forces and elements that lay in embryo in each of us. Look at Ganesha. Emulate him. Cultivate the qualities of consciousness that he represents in your awareness and you too can become the remover of obstacles, the Lord of knowledge, with two beautiful goddesses Siddhi and Riddhi as your allies. Now that's a real superhero.

Deepak Chopra







THE HEART OF THE *COSMOS*  
IS *DUALITY*...A BALANCE OF  
ANTITHESES, THE CYCLE OF  
LIFE AND DEATH.

EVERY BIRTH  
EVENTUALLY LEADS  
TO DEATH, AND DEATH  
BEGETS NEW LIFE.

LIKE A KARMIC KALEIDOSCOPE,  
EACH TWIST AND TURN IN THIS  
ETERNAL CYCLE UNLEASHES A NEW  
PATTERN. THE SILENT REVOLUTIONS  
OF THIS COSMIC WHEEL PRODUCE  
IN THEIR WAKE A COLLECTION  
OF *MEMORIES*.



IN THE END, THIS IS ALL THERE IS.  
THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL THINGS IS  
BUT A HANDFUL OF MOMENTS, SOME  
THAT WE CHERISH, OTHERS WHOSE  
PASSING WE LAMENT--A LEGACY OF  
DRIFTING INSTANCES, LIKE GRAINS  
OF SAND IN ONE'S FIST.

*CURSED* ARE THOSE THAT  
FORGET THEIR MEMORIES, FOR  
IN DOING SO, THEY FORGET  
PARTS OF THEMSELVES, LITTLE BY  
LITTLE, MOMENT BY MOMENT.

BUT WHAT OF THOSE THAT  
NEVER FORGET? FOR EVERY  
SMILE ONE REMEMBERS, THERE  
IS A TORRENT OF TEARS THAT  
HAUNTS THE HEART.

IMAGINE THEN, WHAT  
IT MUST BE LIKE FOR  
AN ELEPHANT, FOR IT  
IS SAID THAT...



...ELEPHANTS  
NEVER FORGET!



CREATED BY EURHYTHMICS CO-FOUNDER DAVE STEWART  
WRITTEN BY JEFF PARKER (*X-Men:First Class*; *Interman*)

DAVE STEWART'S



"SPECIAL  
ISSUE WITH  
STORY AND ART BY  
JEFF PARKER"



ISSUE 6



ON STANDS MAY 2007



LIFE IS A  
MYSTERIOUS  
THING.

FOR WHAT  
DOES IT MEAN  
TO BE TRULY  
*ALIVE*?

WHAT IS IT TRULY THAT  
BRINGS AN INANIMATE  
FORM TO *LIFE*?

I CLAIM NOT TO KNOW  
THE ANSWER, BUT IF I  
WERE TO VENTURE  
FOR ONE...

...I WOULD  
CHOOSE *LOVE*.

FWHOOOSH

WHAT MAKES LIFE  
TRULY WORTH LIVING  
IS *LOVE*.

AND THERE IS  
NO LOVE PURER...





ISSUE 11

SHEKHAR KAPUR'S

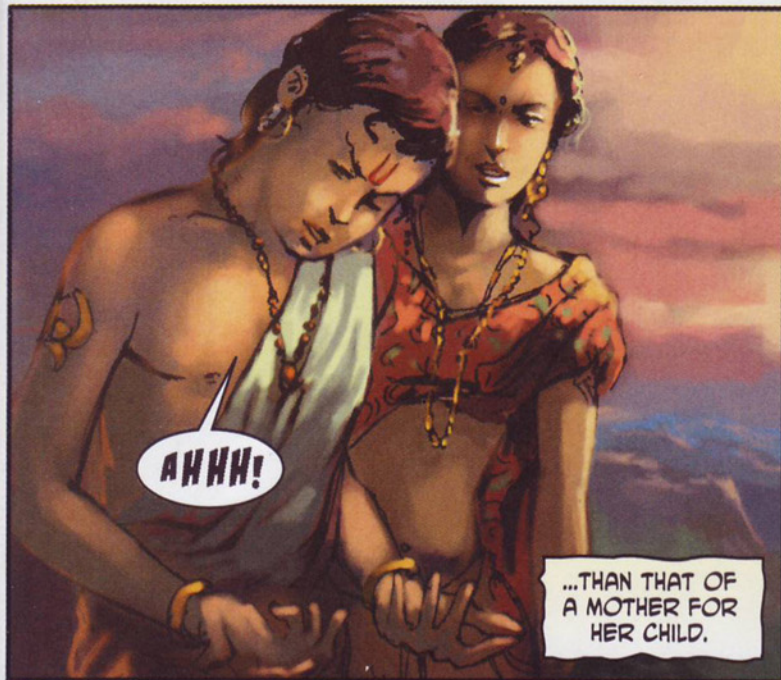
# DEVIL

TM

**NEW STORY  
ARC!**

**ON STANDS MAY 2007**





AHHH!

...THAN THAT OF  
A MOTHER FOR  
HER CHILD.



IT IS TRULY THE GREATEST  
OF ALL BECAUSE IT IS  
LOVE RECIPROCATED...

WHO AM I?  
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?  
WHO ARE YOU?



"HUSH, MY SON! I SHALL  
LET YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS IN  
TIME! IN THIS MOMENT ALL THAT  
YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT  
I AM YOUR MOTHER AND YOU  
ARE MY SON."

FOR A SON LOVES HIS  
MOTHER AS DEARLY AS  
SHE LOVES HIM.



THAT IS THE  
SECRET OF  
LIFE...

...NO PROMISE  
**BIGGER** THAN ONE  
MADE TO A MOTHER...

...AND NO LIFE MORE  
**WORTHY** THAN IN  
THE SERVICE OF  
A MOTHER.



THAT IS A LESSON THE HEART  
LEARNS WITHOUT BEING TOLD,  
THE FIRST SPARK OF WISDOM  
THAT TWINKLES IN THE EYES  
OF A *NEWBORN*.

...AND THIS,  
MY SON, IS  
OUR HOME...

IT IS...  
*BEAUTIFUL*  
MOTHER.

THIS IS *KAILASH*,  
THE GREATEST OF  
MOUNTAINS...

...AND I AM *UMA*,  
THE *ALL-MOTHER*.



IT IS THE DEAR WISH OF  
EVERY SON TO REMAIN  
FOREVER IN A WORLD WHERE  
THERE IS A NARY A SOUL  
BUT HIM AND HIS MOTHER.



FOR SHE IS THE ONLY ONE  
WHO GIVES UNTO HIM WITH  
*SELFLESSNESS*, PUTTING HIS  
WHIMS BEFORE HERSELF.



IT IS *SHE* WHO TEACHES  
HIM THE ART OF BEING A  
PERSON, *COMPLETE*  
AND *WHOLE*.



IT TAKES TIME FOR A SON TO COMPREHEND THAT HIS MOTHER HAS OTHER ROLES, THAT OTHERS HAVE CLAIM ON HER, AS DO HIS SIBLINGS, AS DOES HIS SIRE.

BUT IF YOU ARE MOTHER TO *ME*, HOW CAN YOU BE THE *ALL-MOTHER*?

THE MOTHER IS PATIENT. SHE EXPLAINS.

MY CHILD, A MOTHER'S LOVE DOES NOT DECREASE IF SHE HAS NOT BUT ONE CHILD. IT IS ONE WHICH IS TRULY ENDLESS IN THIS UNIVERSE. THE MORE IT IS SHARED, THE MORE IT GROWS.

I MUST NOW COMMUNE WITH MY CHILDREN AND I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU. AS I ENTER MANGAROVAR, THIS LAKE OF ETERNITY, I SHALL BE IN A DEEP TRANCE. IT IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE THAT I NOT BE DISTURBED WHILE I AM MEDITATING.

WILL YOU, MY SON, GUARD THIS THRESHOLD AND LET NO ONE PASS LEST THEY INTERRUPT MY COMMUNION?

THE CHILD LEARNS AND IT *REAFFIRMS* HIS RESPECT FOR HER.

MOTHER! I WOULD GLADLY DO IT FOR YOU. BUT IF SOMEONE WERE TO COME, HOW CAN I STOP THEM? I AM BUT A MERE CHILD.

HE REALIZES THAT IT IS BUT A PART OF HER GREATNESS THAT SHE CARES FOR HIM THE MOST, WHILE THERE ARE OTHER THINGS THAT VIE FOR HER ATTENTION.

ONE THING YOU SHALL LEARN, MY SON! IT IS NOT YOUR *STATURE* THAT INDICATES YOUR *MIGHT*!

IT IS A LESSON THAT THE SON LEARNS...

...ONE OF HUMILITY...

AM *UMA*, I AM THE *ALL-MOTHER*, BUT I TOO AM *SHAKTI*, THE *POWER-DIVINE*!

...A SENSE OF SELFLESS PURPOSE...



...TO OBEY *EVERY*  
WORD OF THE MOTHER.

I *PROMISE* YOU,  
MOTHER, NONE SHALL  
CROSS THIS THRESHOLD  
AS LONG AS A BREATH  
IS LEFT IN MY BODY.

...TO CARRY OUT  
HER WISHES TO THE  
FULLEST.

...AND IF HE MAKES  
A *PROMISE*.

...HE INTENDS  
TO *KEEP* IT.

COME *HELL*  
OR *HIGHWATER*...

...A COMMITMENT  
TO BE *HONORED*.

*WHATEVER* THE  
COST MIGHT BE.



AS THE CHILD WATCHED THE ALL-MOTHER ENTER THE LAKE OF ETERNITY FOR HER COSMIC COMMUNION, LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT THE DIE OF FATE HAD ALREADY BEEN CAST. HE KNEW NOT OF HER CONSORT, **LORD SHIVA** WHO WAS RETURNING FROM A LONG SOJOURN IN THE SOLITUDE OF **THE HIMALAYAS**.

CALL FOR NANDI!



GO AND INFORM **LADY UMA** THAT WE HAVE RETURNED FROM OUR ICY SOJOURN AND THAT SHE SHOULD GRACE US WITH HER PRESENCE.



YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, MY LORD!

NANDI SAW THE BOY GUARDING THE THRESHOLD AND THOUGHT NOTHING OF HIM. SO **DRUNK** ON HIS OWN PROWESS AS A **WARRIOR** WAS HE.



**STOP!** GO NO FURTHER, FOR I SHALL LET **NO ONE** CROSS THIS THRESHOLD.



**CHILD**, I AM IN NO MOOD FOR TRIFLES. I AM SENT BY THE LORD OF LORDS, THE MASTER OF THIS MOUNTAIN. STAND NOT IN MY WAY FOR I AM **NANDI**, **WARRIOR SUPREME**, SECOND ONLY TO MY LORD, **SHIVA**.



IT AMUSED NANDI THAT A BOY WOULD DARE STOP HIM.

MIGHTIER THAN YOU HAVE FALLEN WHEN THEY HAVE STOOD BEFORE ME.

AS HE TOOK HIS PLACE ON HIS ICY THRONE AND SUMMONED **NANDI**, THE FEROCIOUS MINATOUR, HIS MIGHTY **MAN-AT-ARMS**...

...EVENTS WERE BEING SET INTO MOTION WHICH WOULD CHANGE THE BOY'S DESTINY FOREVER...

YOU CALLED, **LORD OF LORDS**?

THE PROUD FALL THE **HARDEST**...



...AS NANDI LEARNT TO HIS DISMAY.



# ON STANDS MAY 2007

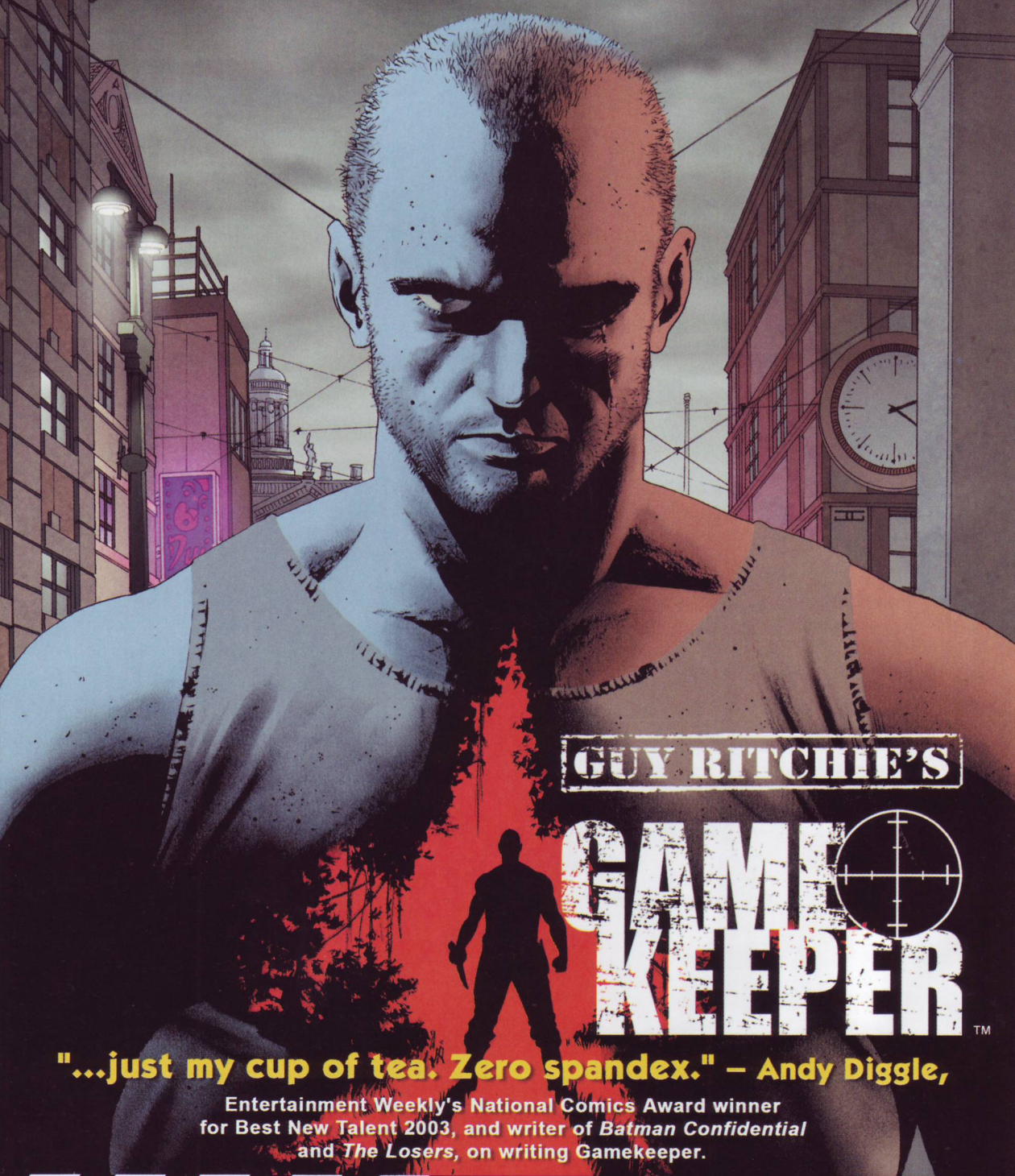
## GUY RITCHIE - ANDY DIGGLE - MUKESH SINGH

Created by Filmmaker **GUY RITCHIE** [Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Snatch]

Written by **ANDY DIGGLE** [Batman Confidential; The Losers]

with artwork by **MUKESH SINGH** [Devil]

Cover by **JOHN CASSADAY** [Astonishing X-Men]



"...just my cup of tea. Zero spandex." – Andy Diggle,

Entertainment Weekly's National Comics Award winner  
for Best New Talent 2003, and writer of *Batman Confidential*  
and *The Losers*, on writing *Gamekeeper*.

DIRECTOR'S CUT



HE WAS SEETHING WITH  
*RAGE* FOR HAVING BEEN  
BESTED BY A *CHILD*...



...AND THUS, HE  
*CHARGED*, HUFFING  
AND PUFFING LIKE A  
MAD BULL.

ENOUGH! I SHALL  
*CRUSH* YOU LIKE AN  
*INSECT*! AND SHALL  
TAKE *PLEASURE* IN  
DOING SO!



THE BOY  
FOUGHT NANDI  
WITH *SKILL*...

...AND WITH  
*POISE*.

WHAPPPPPPPPP!



TILL NANDI  
BIT THE DUST  
*AGAIN*.





PERHAPS IT WAS NOT HIS FAULT THAT HE BORE THE HEAD OF A *BULL*.

...NANDI'S FOLLY WAS BEING *BULL-HEADED*.

**WHACKKKKKKKKK!**

WEARILY, HE GOT UP.  
NOT KNOWING *WHAT*  
HURT MORE...

THE PAIN FROM  
HIS *WOUNDS*...

...OR THE VITRIOLIC  
*SHAME* THAT BURNT  
INSIDE.

OFF HE WENT,  
CURSING THE BOY.

THIS BATTLE IS YOURS  
CHILD, BUT BE WARNED, THE WAR  
HAS JUST BEGUN. I PROMISE  
YOU, I SHALL RETURN TO TEACH  
YOU A LESSON IN HUMILITY...

A SLOW, PAINFUL  
LESSON! ONE I SHALL  
TAKE *PLEASURE* IN  
TEACHING!





...AND THE CHILD  
THOUGHT NO MORE  
OF IT.



FOR HE DID NOT  
*KNOW* OF THINGS SUCH  
AS RUFFLED PRIDE...

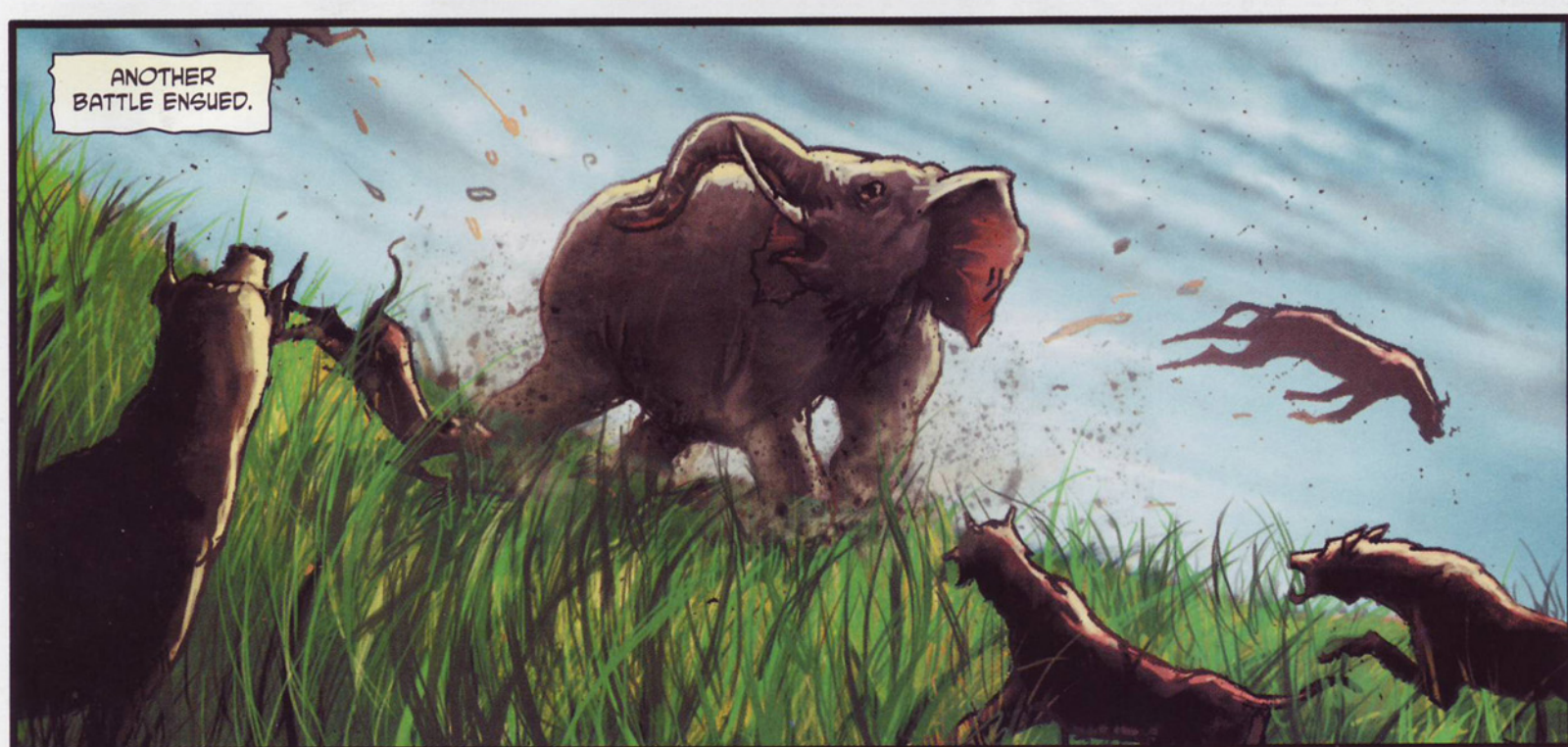
NONE WAS A BETTER MASTER  
AT THE ART OF BEING A SORE  
LOSER THAN THE ONCE PROUD  
MINATOUR, WHO HAD FORGOTTEN  
HIS ORIGINAL TASK...



...ALL HE WISHED FOR  
NOW WAS TO BEST  
THE CHILD...



...AT ANY COST  
POSSIBLE.



ANOTHER  
BATTLE ENSUED.



THE BOY FOUGHT  
BRAVELY.



THEY ATTACKED IN  
A RABID FRENZY...



...WITH BUT ONE  
END IN MIND...TO  
BRING THE CHILD  
DOWN...



HE FOUGHT  
BRAVELY...



...THOUGH THE ATTACKERS  
HAD THE STRENGTH OF  
NUMBERS ON THEIR SIDE.







BITTEN BY THE FANGS  
OF THE WILD BEAST,  
THE CHILD FELL TO  
THE GROUND...



THERE WAS LITTLE THE  
MOTHER COULD DO BUT  
WATCH HER SON FALL.

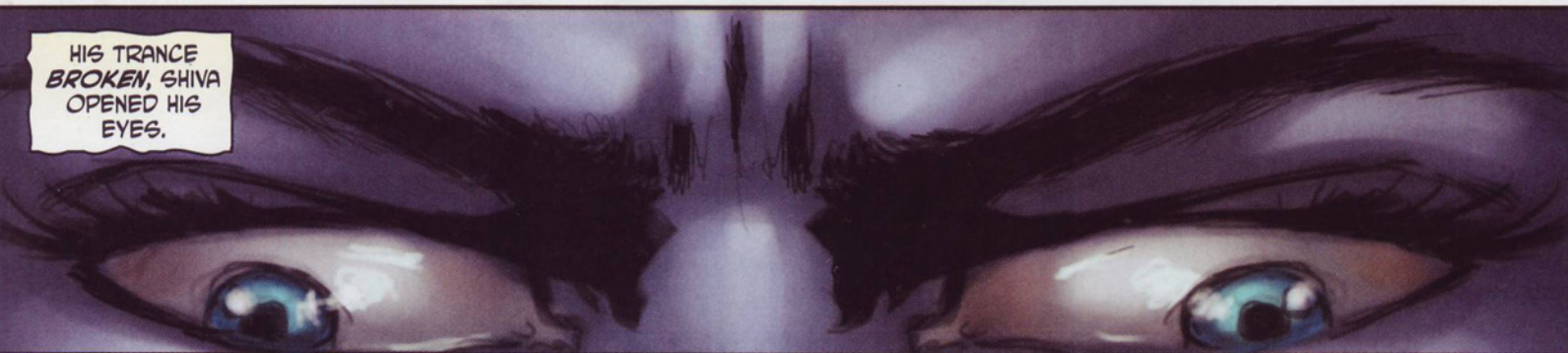


OBLIVIOUS TO THE  
BATTLE, THE LORD OF  
LORDS SAT IN A TRANCE,  
MEDITATING.



...UNTIL A RUDE  
AWAKENING  
CHANCED UPON HIM.

**CRASSSSSSSSSH**



HIS TRANCE  
BROKEN, SHIVA  
OPENED HIS  
EYES.



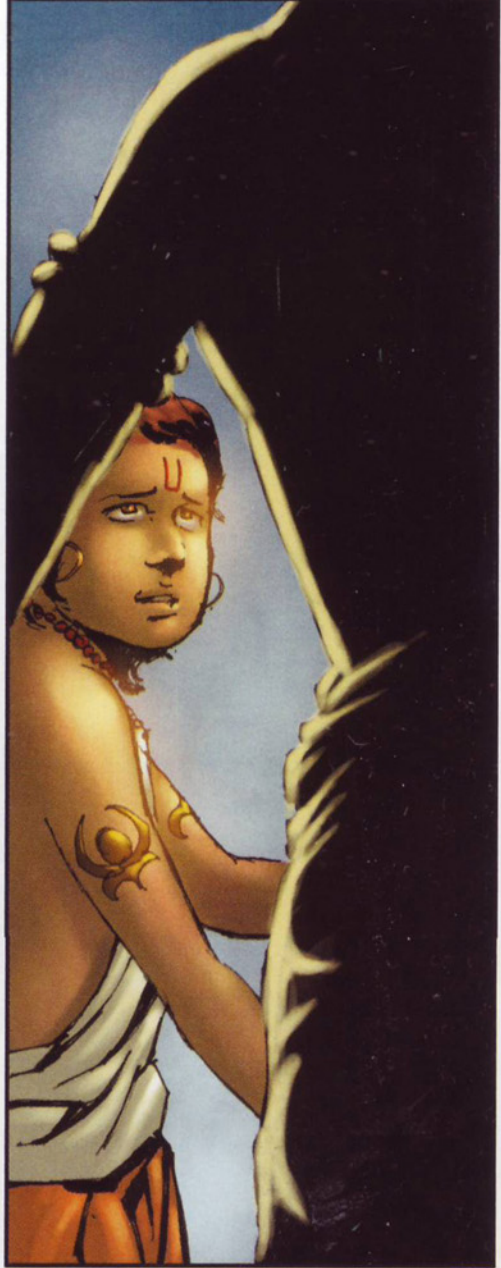


AS HE REACHED THE SOURCE OF THE COMMOTION, A STRANGE SIGHT GREETED THE LORD OF LORDS.

HE FOUND HIS ARMY BESTED BY A BOY.

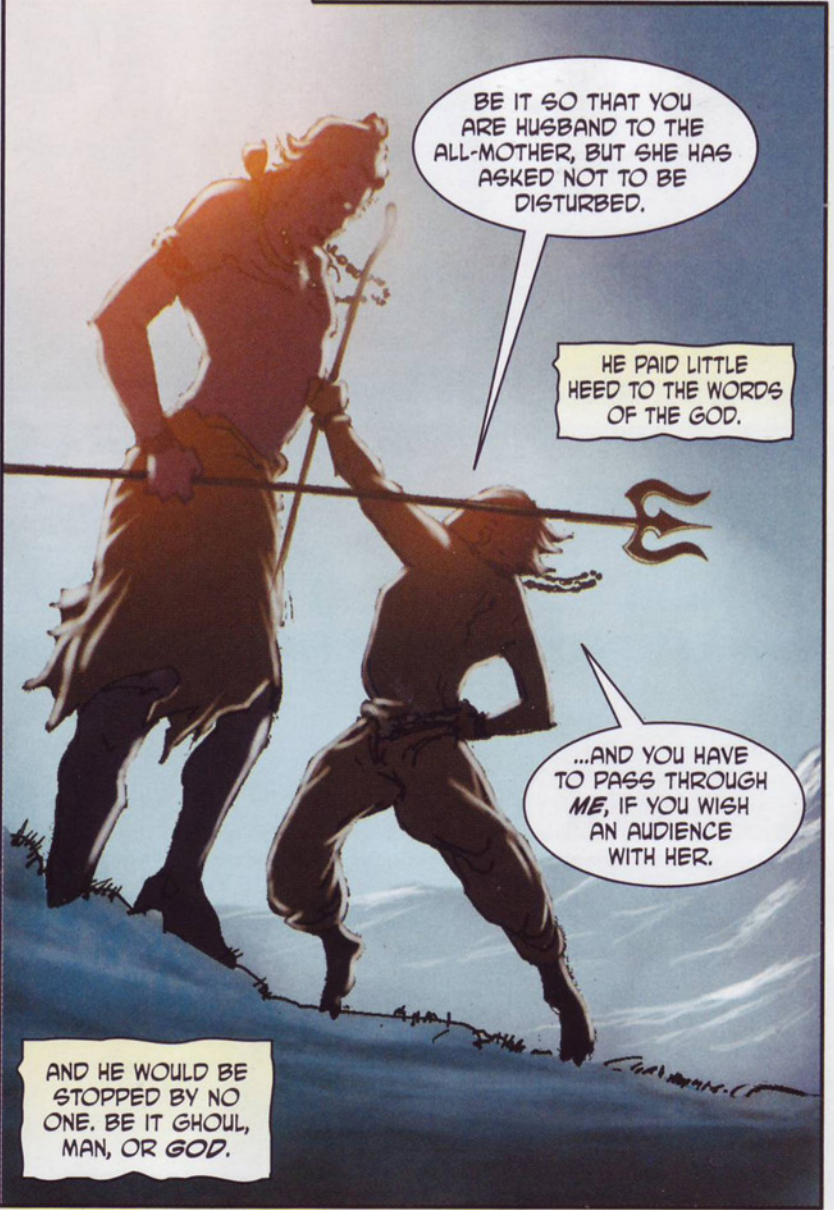


HE SPIED HIS MIGHTIEST WARRIOR AT THE MERCY OF A MERE CHILD.



WHO MAY YOU BE, O VALOROUS ONE? STAND NOT IN MY WAY FOR I AM *SHIVA*, THE LORD OF LORDS, THE MASTER OF KAILASH! LET ME PASS, FOR I DEMAND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE ALL-MOTHER, AS IS MY RIGHT AS HER *HUSBAND*.

THE BOY WAS BUT OF ONE MIND. HE HAD A PROMISE TO UPHOLD, A THRESHOLD TO DEFEND.



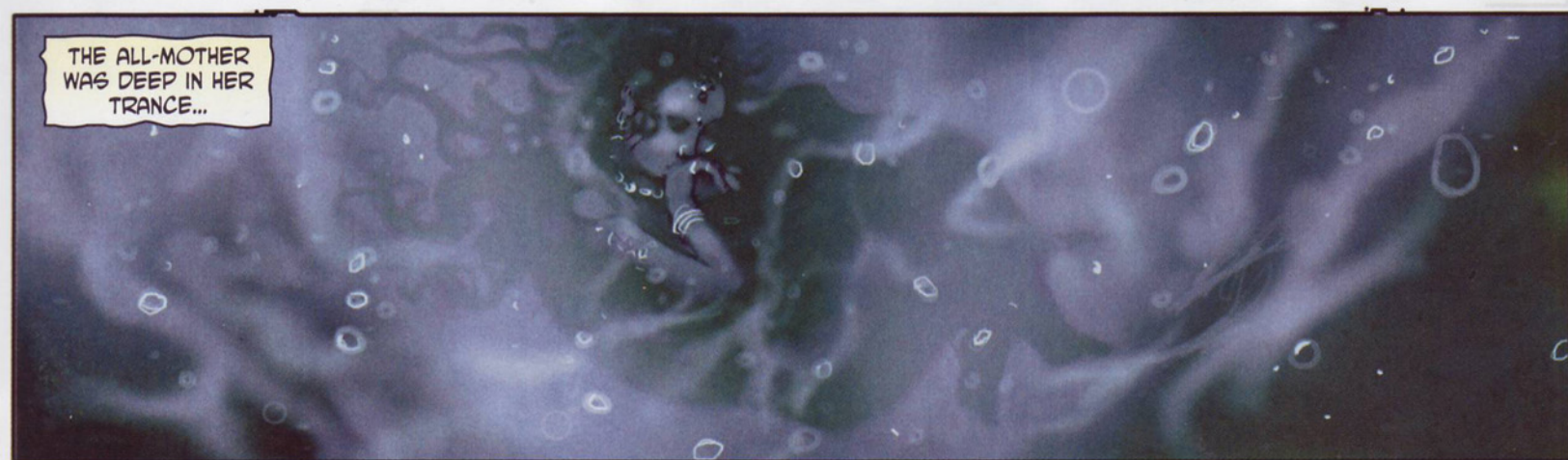
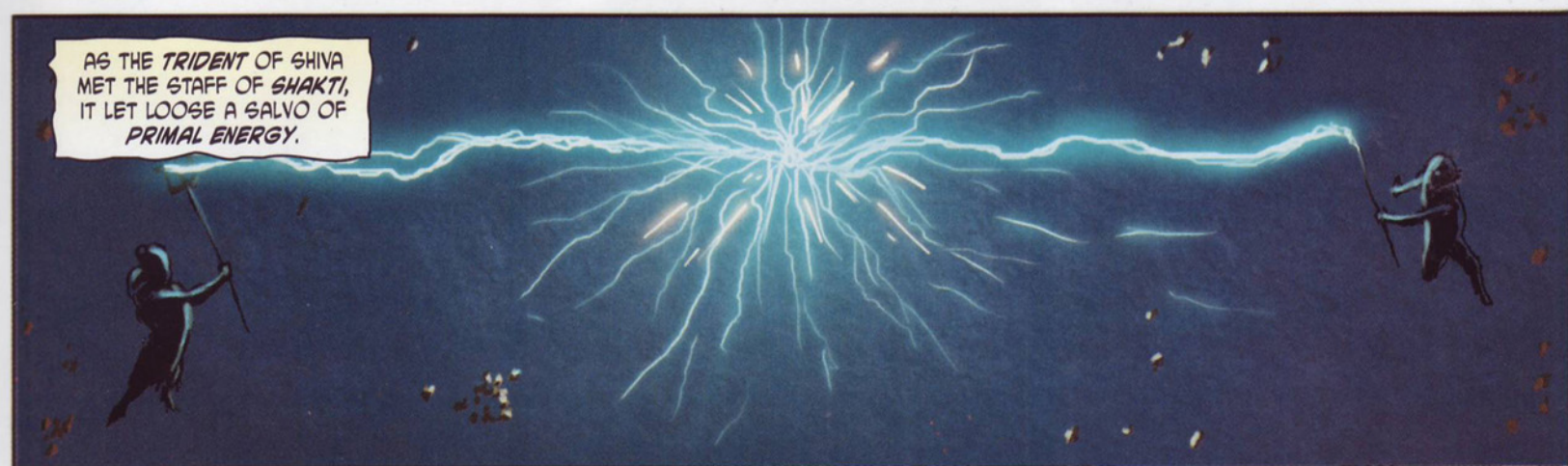
BE IT SO THAT YOU ARE HUSBAND TO THE ALL-MOTHER, BUT SHE HAS ASKED NOT TO BE DISTURBED.

HE PAID LITTLE HEED TO THE WORDS OF THE GOD.

...AND YOU HAVE TO PASS THROUGH ME, IF YOU WISH AN AUDIENCE WITH HER.

AND HE WOULD BE STOPPED BY NO ONE. BE IT GHOUL, MAN, OR GOD.







THEY FOUGHT LIKE  
THE *FURIES*.

AND THE MIGHT OF  
SHIVA WAS *MATCHED*  
BY THE VALOR OF  
THE CHILD.

IT WAS A BLOW  
FROM THE *TRIDENT*  
THAT FINALLY BESTED  
THE BOY.

THE TRIDENT HAS FELLED *DEMONS*,  
*GODS* AND *MEN* ALIKE, AND THE  
CHILD WAS NO MORE MATCH TO  
ITS MIGHT THAN THE FLAME OF  
A LAMP TO A HURRICANE.

THE BOY FELL...

NOW *ANSWER* ME  
CHILD! *WHO* ARE YOU AND  
*WHY* DO YOU FIGHT ME,  
THE MASTER OF  
KAILASH.

UMA?

WHO IS THIS CHILD?  
AND WHY DOES HE  
BEAR THE STAFF OF  
SHAKTI?





A DULL HAZE  
CROWDED THE  
BOY'S MIND.

STOP, MY  
LORD!

THERE WAS BUT A  
SINGLE BREATH LEFT IN  
HIS BOSOM...

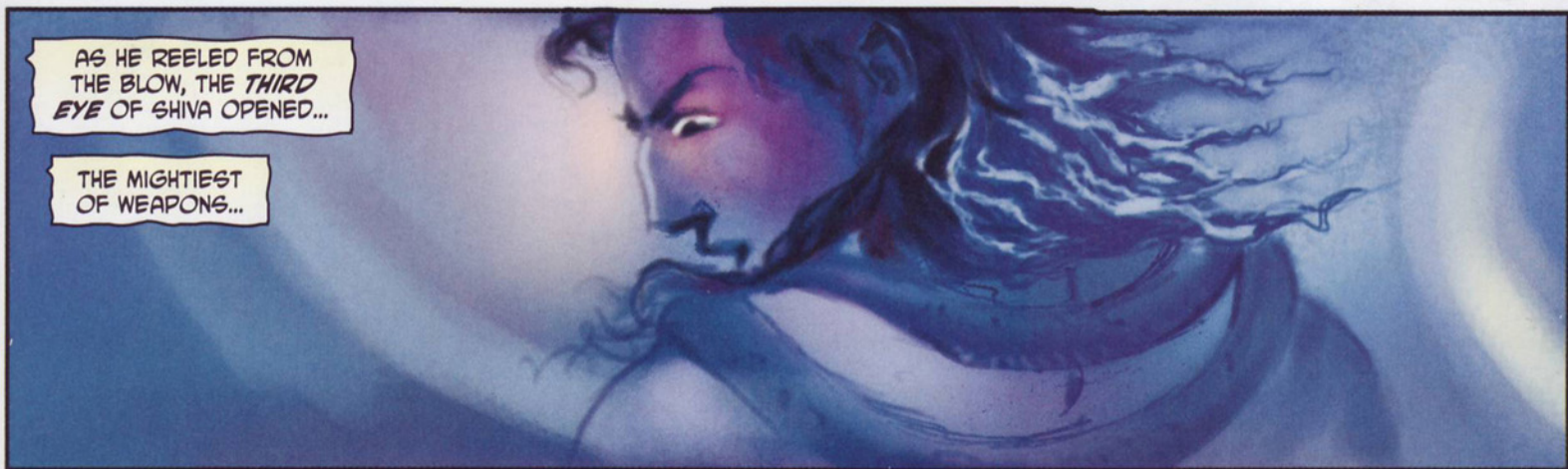


...AND WITH HIS DYING  
BREATH THE SON TRIED  
TO UPHOLD A PROMISE  
MADE TO HIS MOTHER.



WHAPPPPP!

NOT TO LET  
ANYONE PASS.



AS HE REELED FROM  
THE BLOW, THE *THIRD*  
*EYE* OF SHIVA OPENED...

THE MIGHTIEST  
OF WEAPONS...



THE *HARBINGER*  
OF DOOM...



WHAT CHANCE DID  
A MERE BOY HAVE  
AGAINST THE *FIRE* OF  
*DESTRUCTION*?

HE IS MY  
*SON!*



DEATH CLAIMED  
THE CHILD.



AS THE BEREAVED  
MOTHER WAILED AT HER  
SON'S DEATH...



...A *FRENZY* ROSE IN  
HER, BORN FROM HER  
GRIEF...



SOON, IT SEIZED HER  
LIKE THE DARK CLOUDS  
OF MONSOON.

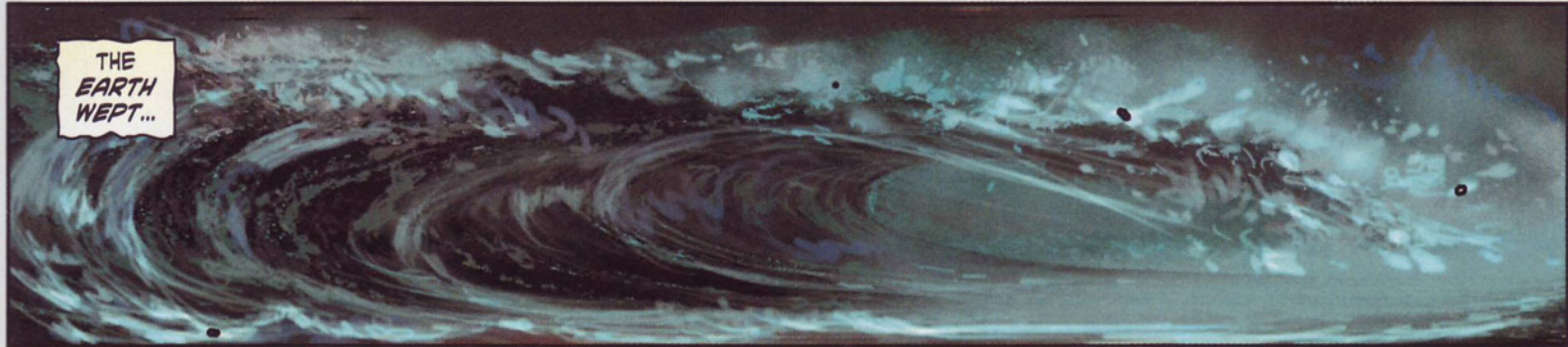


AS THE ALL-MOTHER  
CRIED, A *DARKNESS*  
FELL...

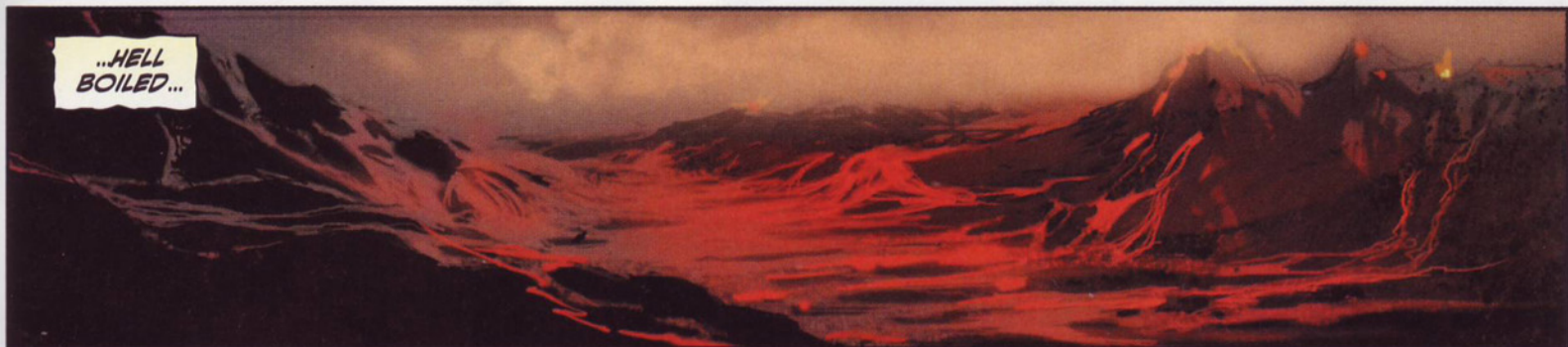




THE  
EARTH  
WEPT...



...HELL  
BOILED...



...AND THE  
HEAVENS  
TREMBLED.



VISHNU, THE WISEST OF  
THE HOLY TRINITY, FELT THE  
COSMOS MOVE FROM THE  
MAELVOLENCE OF THE  
ALL-MOTHER'S GRIEF.



EVEN THE ABODE OF  
SOMEONE AS MIGHTY AS  
THE PRESERVER HIMSELF  
WAS NOT IMMUNE.



VISHNU REACHED MOUNT  
KAILASH AND SAW A  
BEREAVED UMA WITH  
A MELANCHOLY SHIVA.







5:30AM, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1995: A MAN IN THE INDIAN CAPITAL CITY OF NEW DELHI WAKES UP FROM A DREAM IN WHICH, ALLEGEDLY, THE ELEPHANT HEADED GOD GANESHA IS CRAVING MILK. HE HUSTLES TO THE NEAREST TEMPLE AT TWILIGHT AND OFFERS THE GANESHA STATUE SOME MILK IN A SPOON... AND SEES IT DISAPPEAR IN FRONT OF HIS VERY EYES!

Within a few hours, the news spreads like wildfire all across the Indian sub-continent, from the bustle of Delhi in the north to the port cities in the south, and from the hubbub of Bengal in the east to the outer deserts of Rajasthan in the west: Ganesha and his family, Shiva, Uma and Karthikeya are accepting milk offerings. Tens of millions of people of all ages flock to the nation's temples. The bizarre incident brings the nation's capital to a standstill, and its vast stocks of milk—more than a million liters—are sold out within hours.

By noon, the news has spread beyond India, and Hindu temples in Britain, Canada, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Dubai and Nepal among other countries

report identical phenomena. Many stores in areas with significant Indian communities see a massive jump in the sales of milk, with one grocery store in England selling over 25,000 pints of milk in a single day. People throng and queue in the streets, long gridlocks form in front of temples, and when the media arrives, even the most skeptical journalists are humbled when they hold their milk-filled spoons to the Gods and watch as the milk disappears!

In the days following, scientists and experts come up with the theory of capillary action, where a fluid's surface tension causes it to be "pulled out" of the spoon when brought in contact with a denser object. Theories of mass hallucination are also offered. But this is not a sufficient explanation for most, as there were hundreds of gallons of milk offered in each temple. Where did it all go? And if it truly was capillary action, then, in the words of a believer days later, "why is it that for thousands of years, this had not happened before? And why does it not happen today?"

Or perhaps even more aptly put, when questioned by a foreign journalist about the so-called "milk miracle," a sadhu in the city of Varanasi responds without any hint of irony, "Welcome to India."





...AND VISHNU  
CONSOLED THEM.

SHIVA, THERE MIGHT BE A  
WAY TO SAVE YOUR SON'S LIFE,  
IF HIS BODY WERE TO BE MADE  
WHOLE AGAIN, BY A HEAD THAT IS  
GIVEN OF *FREE WILL* AND NOT  
*TAKEN* BY FORCE.

THUS, COUNSELED BY  
VISHNU, SHIVA WENT TO  
ANOTHER BEREAVED  
MOTHER.

OFTEN I WONDER WHAT  
SHE THOUGHT OF WHEN  
THE GODS GAVE HER  
THE *CHOICE*.

MY CHILD, THERE  
IS STILL HOPE FOR  
YOUR SON IF HE WERE TO  
BOND WITH ANOTHER WHO HATH  
BEEN, BUT *LOST* TO THE MISTY  
TOUCH OF *DEATH*.

...THE TWO SHALL  
BECOME ONE AND I CAN  
GRANT HIM THE BOON OF LIFE  
EVERLASTING. THINK NOT OF IT AS  
YOU LOSING YOUR SON, BUT OF A  
*REBIRTH*, A BETTER LIFE AS  
THE SON OF *SHIVA*.

WHAT CHOICE DID SHE HAVE?  
SHE WAS A MOTHER AND SHE  
CHOSE *LIFE* FOR HER SON.

TWO SONS BECAME  
*ONE* AND A *GOD* WAS  
BORN THAT DAY.

YEARS HAVE PASSED  
SINCE THE DAY I WAS  
CHRISTENED *GANAPATI*,  
THE *COMMANDER* OF  
*SHIVA'S FORCES*...

MANY HAVE SINCE  
ADDRESSED ME WITH  
DIFFERENT NAMES...





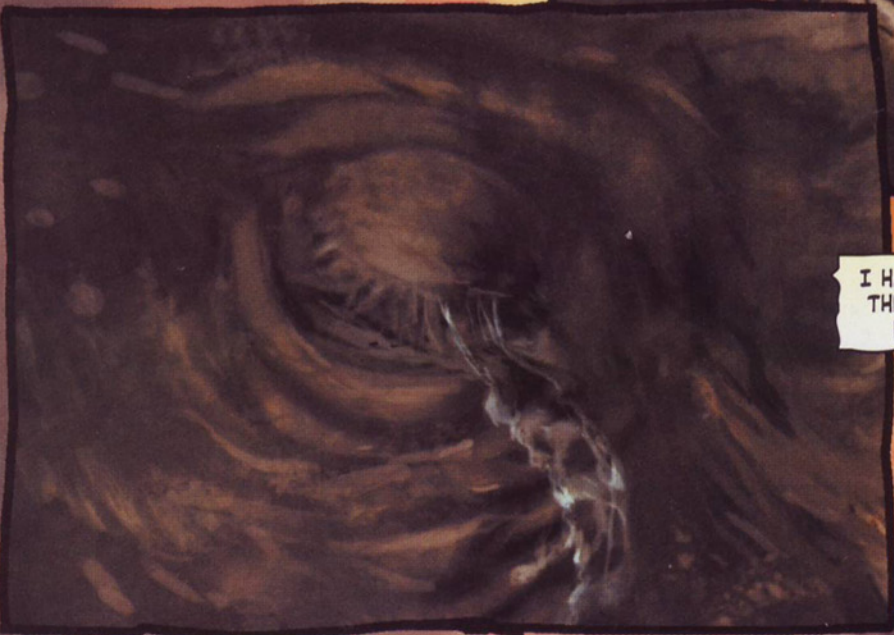
I AM CALLED  
VIGHNESHWAR,  
REMOVER OF  
OBSTACLES...

...VINAYAK, THE  
ENABLER OF  
ENDEAVORS...

YET, TODAY I WISH  
TO DO SOMETHING THAT  
ANY SON WOULD DO.



I HAVE COME TO EASE  
THE PAIN OF PASSING  
FOR MY MOTHER.



THEY SAY *ELEPHANTS*  
NEVER FORGET...



NEITHER  
DO *SONS*.



# INSIDE VIRGIN COMICS

## SNAKE WOMAN # 0

It seems impossible that it has been almost a year since three new Virgin titles braved the wilds of the comic book stands, but here we are, ten months, fifty issues, and more than a thousand pages later, and we've barely broken a sweat (okay, maybe a light sheen). Those three original titles—*Devi*, *The Sadhu* and *Snake Woman*—have all come a long way, and each continues to grow in its own way. *Devi* and *The Sadhu* are getting for their ten-month birthdays a makeover from story guru Ron Marz (you guys should definitely check them out); *Snake Woman*, on the other hand, is getting ready to turn a corner. As we get ready to begin the new *Snake Woman* miniseries, *Tale of the Snake Charmer* (on stands June 2007!), we thought it would be a nice tribute to our girl in snakeskin to take a look back—way back—and give our long-time readers a little something extra, while letting our newest readers jump on board for one of Virgin Comics' landmark series.

That's where we got the idea for *Snake Woman*, Issue #0. Writer Zeb Wells has taken a step out of the current *Snake Woman* timeline to look at the myth of this Goddess on a historical scale, giving us a deeper insight to the Naga spirit itself. And, while regular *Snake Woman* artist Vivek Shinde plunges straight ahead into *Tale of the Snake Charmer*, we thought, who better to render this

century-spanning tale than original artist from issues #1-#5, Michael Gaydos? Nobody, that's who. His brooding moody style is perfect for our journey through the dark history of the *Snake Woman*.

In addition, to help Zeb and Michael shed more light on the interwoven histories of the *Snake Woman* and the 68, we're packing Issue #0 with tons of bonus material to further expand the world of Jess, Harker and Raj. It's a big story, and we're going to tell it in as many ways as possible.

Lastly, in addition to all the stuff we're doing for Jess and her crew, we wanted to do something special for you guys as well. So, we decided to throw caution to the wind and stick a 99¢ price tag on this puppy. That's right, all this for under a buck.

So, whether you've been with Jess since *Snake Woman* premiered the Director's Cut line last July, or if you're thinking that maybe this is something you'd like to check out, throw down the buck and step into this thrilling world, and get pumped (and caught up) for *Snake Woman: Tale of the Snake Charmer*.

Virgin Comics Editorial Team





I AM NAGA. IN THE DARKNESS OF THE OLD DAYS, BEFORE HUMAN EYES GAZED UPON THE UNIVERSE, I WAS THERE.

I WILL DESCRIBE THE WAY THINGS WERE. MY TALE WILL SOUND SIMPLE, BUT THAT IS BECAUSE YOUR MIND CAN NEVER COMPREHEND...

BEFORE HUMAN FEET MARRIED THE EARTH, THE GODS ABOVE PARSED OUT THE ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY.

BUT WE DID NOT MAKE IT FAR.

THE ELIXIR WAS WRENCHED FROM OUR GRASP--ONLY A FEW PRECIOUS DROPS WERE LEFT BEHIND.

US NAGAS, HUNGRY FOR ETERNAL LIFE, STOLE THE ELIXIR...

IN OUR DESPERATION, WE FELL TO OUR HUNGRY BELLIES, AND SO LOST OUR ARMS AND LEGS.

WE OPENED OUR MOUTHS TO THE GRASS, AND OUR TONGUES WERE CUT ON THE BLADES...

THE NAGAS BECAME THOSE WITH THE FORKED TONGUES. THOSE WHO SLITHER ON THE GROUND. WE BECAME THE SNAKE GODS...

SNEAK-PEEK OF  
**SNAKE WOMAN #0**  
ON SALE JUNE 2007!



WE OBTAINED  
IMMORTALITY IN  
A DIFFERENT WAY.



FROM OUR REPTILE  
BRAINS SPRUNG THE  
MINDS OF EVERY  
THINKING CREATURE  
ON THE EARTH.

WE ARE THE INSTINCT  
CORTEX OF YOUR  
MAMMALIAN MIND. WE  
PROVIDE FEAR OF  
THAT WHICH MAY  
BURN YOU...

... AND THE LUST FOR  
THAT WHICH MAY  
PLEASE YOU.



AND SO WE HAVE BEEN  
WORSHIPPED BY THOSE  
NOT YET MADE STUPID BY  
THEIR INTELLIGENCE.



EVEN IN THIS LATE AGE,  
SOME OF US NAGAS  
SURVIVED. STRENGTHENED  
BY OUR WORSHIPPERS,  
SUSTAINED BY THEIR LOVE.



AND IN TURN WE  
OFFERED PROSPERITY.



SNEAK-PEEK OF  
**SNAKE WOMAN #0**  
ON SALE JUNE 2007!



Only in Snake Woman #0!

ON STANDS MAY 2007!

## The Diary of a Snake Woman:

April Manning (1945-1980)

February 6, 1980

It's gotten worse—the headaches, that heavy feeling that greets me each morning. My dreams are becoming more intense, more real, and I wake afterwards, drenched in sweat. It's like I've been chasing something all night. Something I desperately need. I just can't remember what. Michael says they're merely nightmares, but he should understand. He's a part of this somehow. I can feel it. It's almost instinct.

SPECIAL  
BONUS  
MATERIAL

From the desk of  
Dr. Stanley Braskowitz

February 12,

First meeting with patient F. G. today. He was referred to me by a colleague, apparently my specialization in dream phenomena makes me well or better suited for this gentleman's more unique problem. I am doubtful; over 99% of the cases of abnormal phenomena reported from dreams end up being either fabricated or symptoms of a deeper psychological disorder. I've garnered a certain skepticism when it comes to these referrals. F.G. is a successful investment banker, has a (rather beautiful) wife and two children. He lives in an upper-class suburban town and works Downtown. A self-described "regular guy," he enjoys spending time with his family, spicy food and football. Says about six months ago, he began having increasingly vivid nightmares about snakes. A common theme in dreams; in certain cultures, a bad omen, portending business or money troubles, or even death. Here, more likely, it seems like patient has seen too many Indiana Jones films. I've advised him to keep a dream journal, and prescribed a mild sedative.



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ON STANDS JUNE 2007



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