



अहिंसा

Gandhi

my life is my message

सत्याग्रह

स्वराज

a graphic novel

written by Jason Quinn
art by Sachin Nagar

9.30pm, 29th January 1948.
Birla House, New Delhi.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi is
enjoying the company of his youngest
son, Devadas and his family...

Bapu, the man
who tried to kill you
last week was not
working alone.

Please allow
the police to
guard you during
your prayer
meetings.



A prayer meeting is
no place for armed
policemen.



If I am to die
by the bullet of a
mad man, I must do
so smiling, with God
in my heart and on
my lips.

It is late and this little
one needs his bed.
We will see you
tomorrow, Bapu.

Bapu!

Goodnight,
little one.

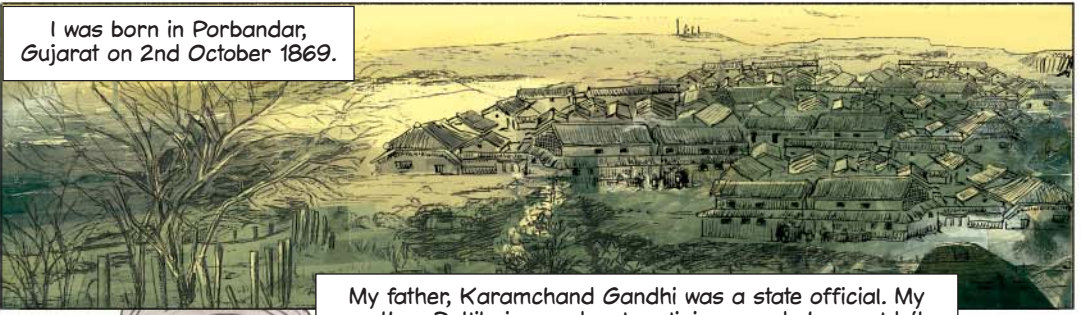


I wish they would not worry so much.
Death should be treated as a friend.
It is as necessary for a man's
growth as life itself.

And I have
had a good life...
a long life...



I was born in Porbandar, Gujarat on 2nd October 1869.



My father, Karamchand Gandhi was a state official. My mother, Putlibai, was deeply religious, and she wouldn't even dream of taking her meals without her daily prayers.



He's so beautiful.

Just like his brothers and sister.

As a child I longed to be brave and fearless, but I was a most unlikely hero.



He-e-elp!

Darkness was a terror to me, filled with imaginary thieves, ghosts, and serpents.

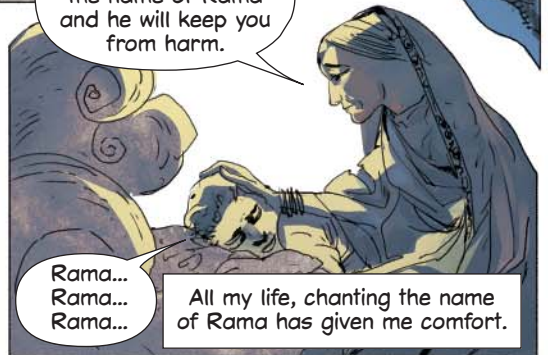
Those fears gave my family many a sleepless night.



Monia, what's wrong?

Th-th-the g-g-ghosts.

Have no fear, little one. Just repeat the name of Rama and he will keep you from harm.



Rama... Rama... Rama...

All my life, chanting the name of Rama has given me comfort.

When I was seven years old, my father became a member of the Rajasthanik Court and we all moved from Porbandar to Rajkot. This was a difficult time for me. I was so painfully shy that after school I would run home as fast as I could to avoid talking to anyone.



I befriended a young boy called Uka. He used to come to the house to clean the toilets...



Monia, I've told you not to let that child touch you. He is an untouchable. Come inside at once, a bath will cleanse you.



My Mother believed that Uka's touch would defile me, but even at that age I knew she was wrong.

Didn't an untouchable take Rama across the Ganga in his boat?



At school I was a mediocre student. Once, when the British educational officer came on inspection...

Now boys, write down the spelling of 'kettle'.

If you find yourself in difficulty, try copying from your neighbour, hmm?

But... how can copying be a good thing?

I was shy, but my elder brother Karsan had no problem making friends. One of his closest friends was Sheikh Mehtab...

Hey, Karsan, why does your brother look upset?



Hah, he didn't sleep last night. He keeps jumping at shadows, scared of ghosts and bandits.

Hey, Mohan! Come here!



There's no such thing as ghosts, and as for bandits, I could strangle them with my bare hands.

SNAP!

Really?

It's easy for me and Karsan, because we're big and strong.

You know why we're so big and strong?

Because you're older than me?



Ha! Ha! No. It has nothing to do with age. You could be as big and strong as us too...

...if you ate meat.



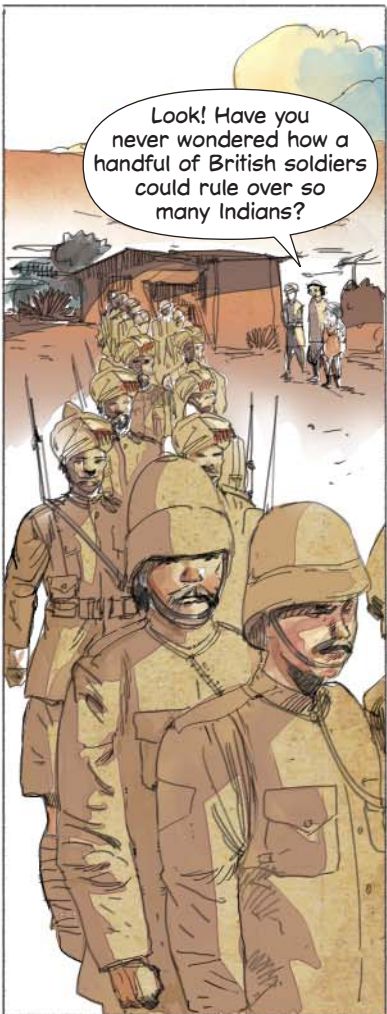
Our family were staunch Vaishnavas who abhorred meat eating. I don't think I had ever even seen a piece of meat.

Karsan, is this true? Have you eaten meat?

Just a little. But you must keep it a secret. Don't tell anyone.



Look! Have you never wondered how a handful of British soldiers could rule over so many Indians?



It is because they eat meat. It makes them bigger and stronger than us. If we ever want to be masters in our own country it is our duty to do the same, right?



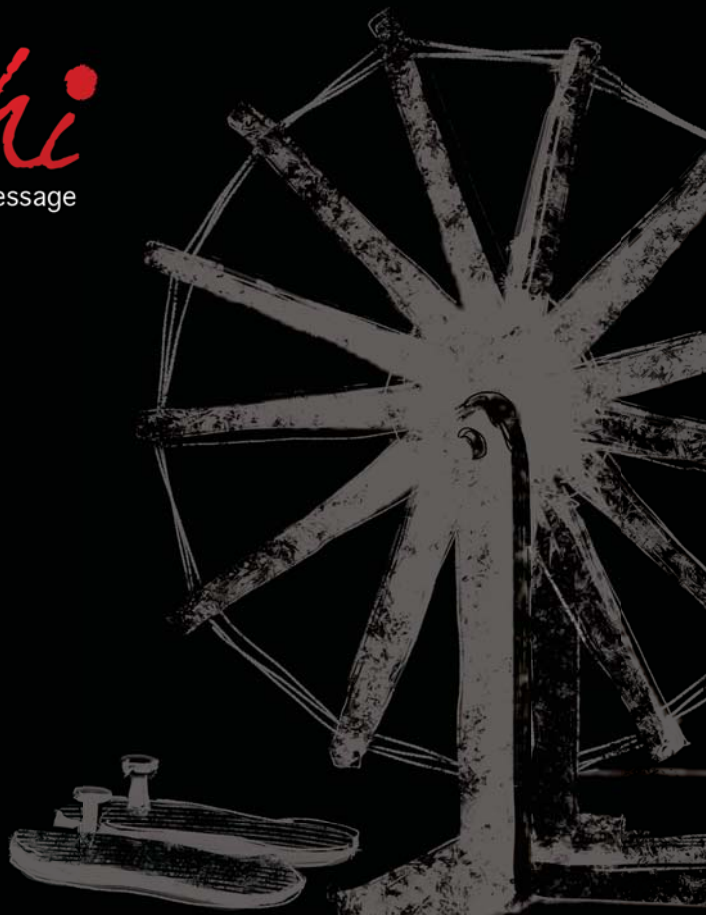


How did this shy, unassuming lawyer transform himself into the leader of India's freedom movement? Renouncing wealth, ambition, and comfort, Gandhi led by example, becoming one with the people he sought to free, facing imprisonment, hardship, and humiliation while never raising his voice in anger.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, better known as the *Mahatma* or Great Soul, took on the might of the British Empire armed only with a message of love and non-violence. In *Gandhi: my life is my message* we discover the man behind the legend, following him from his birth in the Indian coastal town of Porbandar in 1869, to the moment of his tragic death at the hands of an assassin in January 1948, just months after the independence of India.

Gandhi

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