

# GRANT MORRISON'S 18 DAYS

ISSUE 2



**THE RAGE  
OF BHIMA!**

# I Will Bathe In Your Blood

Written by **Sharad Devarajan,**  
**Gotham Chopra**

Art by **Jeevan J. Kang**

Colors by **S. Sundarakannan**

Letters by **Aditya Bidikar**

Chapter 3

## The Greatest Astra

Written by **Samit Basu**

Art by **Francesco Biagini**

Colors by **Lee Loughridge**

Letters by **Aditya Bidikar**

18 Days Created by **Grant Morrison**

Edited by **Sharad Devarajan,**  
**Gotham Chopra**  
& **Ashwin Pande**

Print Production **Nilesh S. Mahadik**

Project Manager **Arun Roshan Jacob**  
& **Andrew Lu**

The story so far...

After losing everything in a dice game to the Kaurava Emperor Duryodhana, King Yudish of the Pandavas and his four brothers, Arjuna, Bhīma, Nakula and Sahadeva, along with their Queen, Draupadi, were exiled to live in the woods for 14 years. Now the Pandavas are back and want what is theirs by birthright.

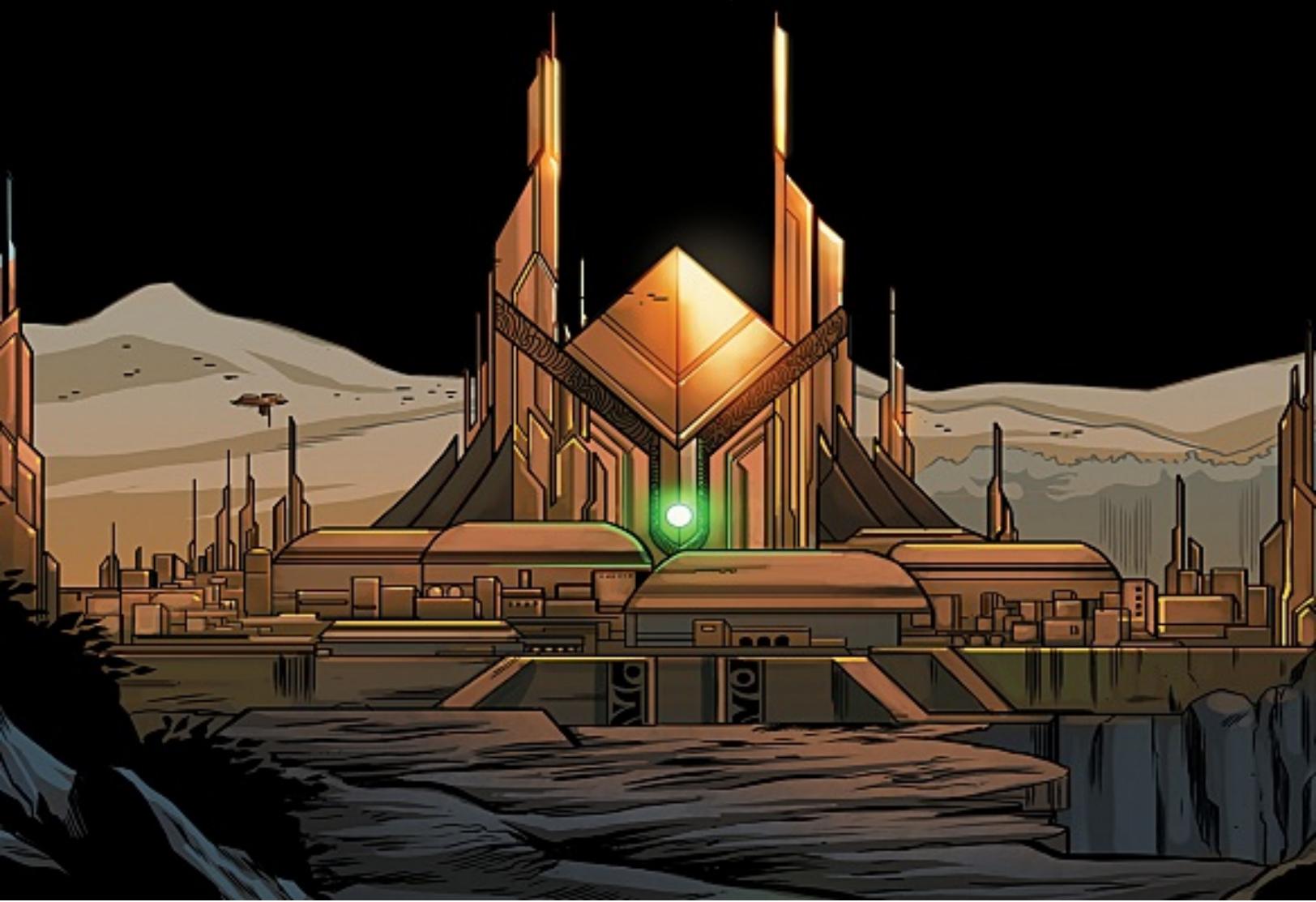
## GRAPHIC INDIA

Co-Founder & CEO **Sharad Devarajan**

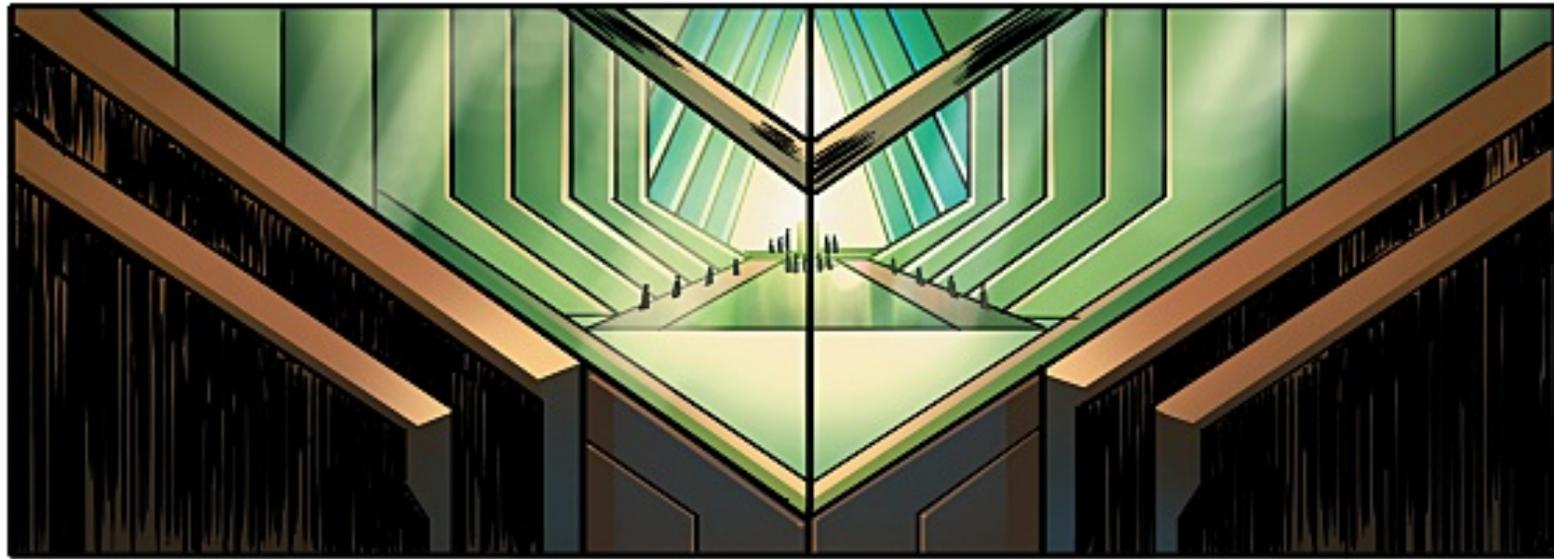
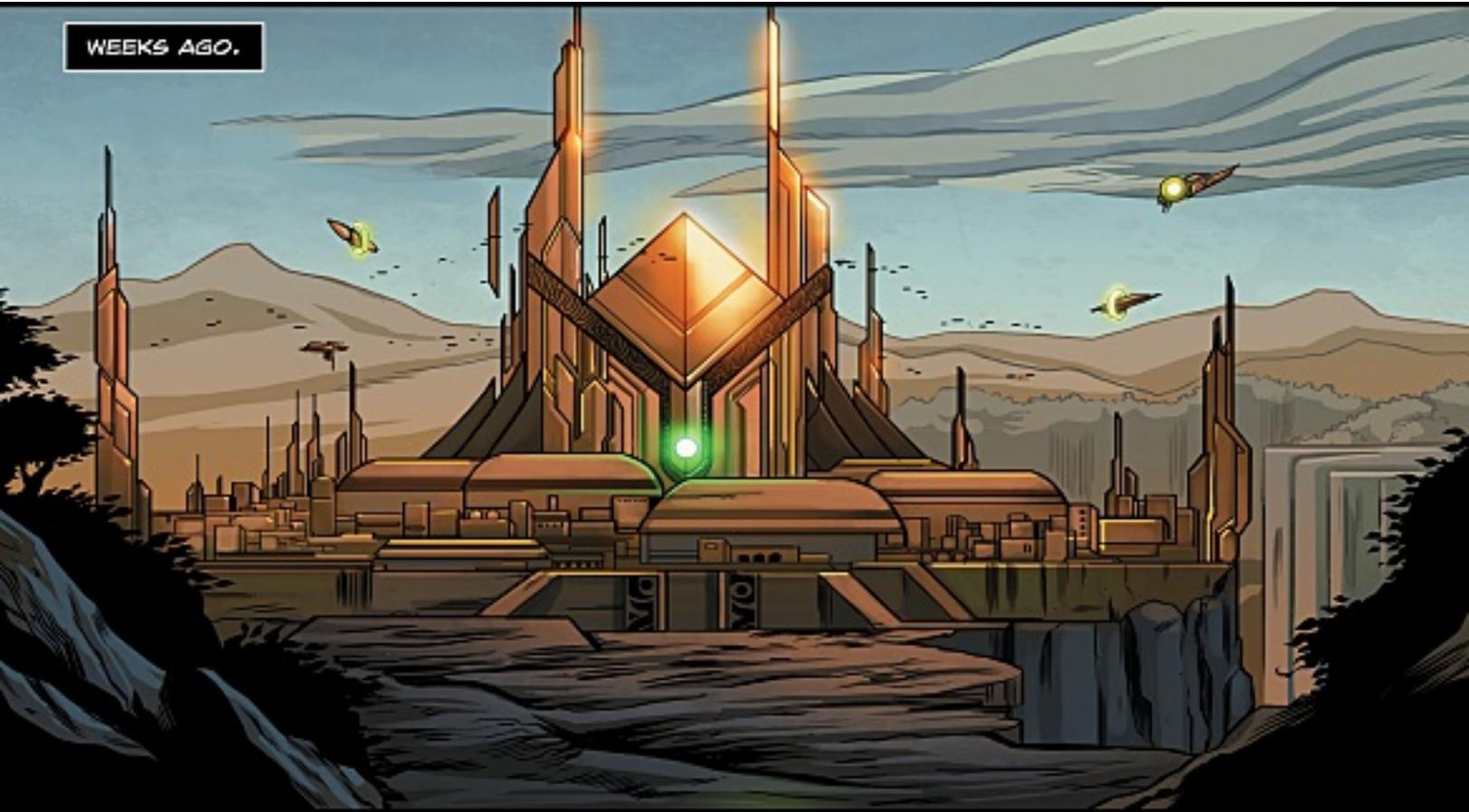
Co-Founder **Gotham Chopra**

Co-Founder **Suresh Seetharaman**

18 DAYS™ Issue Number 2, published by Graphic India Pte. Ltd., 10 Collyer Quay, #10-01 Ocean Financial Centre, Singapore 049315. 18 DAYS™ & © 2014 Graphic India Pte. Ltd. and Space Engine Entertainment, LLC. All Rights Reserved. Graphic India & the Graphic India logo © 2014. All Rights Reserved. The characters included in this book and the distinctive likenesses thereof are properties of Graphic India Pte. Ltd. and Space Engine Entertainment, LLC. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Graphic India Pte. Ltd., except for review purposes. The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. For press, licensing, media, or other activities please contact [info@graphicindia.com](mailto:info@graphicindia.com). Visit [www.GraphicIndia.com](http://www.GraphicIndia.com) for more information.



WEEKS AGO.









ACCIDENTS HAPPEN...



OUR BARGAIN HAS ENDED. WE HAVE RETURNED AND ARE ENTITLED TO GET BACK OUR KINGDOM.



THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU, YUDISH--YOU THINK YOU'RE ENTITLED TO EVERYTHING.



ALL MY LIFE I HAVE HEARD OF HOW GREAT AND MIGHTY THE PANDAVA BROTHERS ARE. HOW THE PEOPLE WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU.

WELL I HAVE SAD NEWS, COUSIN. NO ONE CARED WHEN YOU WERE BANISHED... JUST AS NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOU NOW.





THAT ALONG  
WITH BHIMA TOOK  
ON A LEGION OF  
NAGA GUARDS  
ATOP THEIR SNAKE  
FORTRESS?

THEY  
STILL SING SONGS  
ABOUT OUR VALOR  
THAT DAY.



I KNOW THOSE  
TIMES SEEM LOST TO  
US NOW. BUT I SWEAR  
TO YOU, COUSIN, I AM  
THE SAME MAN WHO I  
WAS THEN.



PLEASE, THERE MUST BE A  
WAY TO SOLVE THIS AND MAKE  
THINGS RIGHT BETWEEN ALL  
OF US ONCE MORE.



ARJUNA,  
YOUR WORDS  
SPEAK TRUE.

MY KING, I  
URGE YOU TO KEEP  
THE WORDS OF THIS  
GREAT WARRIOR, FOR  
HE IS TRULY THE  
BEST OF MEN.



GREAT  
WARRIOR?  
BEST  
OF MEN,  
IS IT?

FORGIVE ME,  
GRANDFATHER, BUT  
I THOUGHT GREAT  
WARRIORS TAKE WHAT  
THEY WANT, THEY DON'T  
ASK FOR IT LIKE  
BEGGARS.



TELL ME  
THEN, 'GREAT WARRIOR',  
IS WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY  
TRUE? WHAT REALLY  
HAPPENED TO YOU IN THE  
FOREST...? I HAVE HEARD  
THE WHISPERS.



ENOUGH  
TAUNTS, COUSIN. YOU  
KNOW YOU CANNOT WIN A  
WAR AGAINST US. I OFFER  
YOU A CHANCE AT  
PEACE.



YOU DARE TO OFFER ME TERMS FOR PEACE? YOUR TIME CLIMBING TREES HAS MADE YOU FORGET WHO STANDS WITH ME.



MASTER DRONA, YOUR FORMER TEACHER AND THE GREATEST STRATEGIST IN ALL THE WORLDS--A LIVING WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION...



KARNA, WHOM YOU MOCKED AND HUMILIATED, BUT WHO IS TWICE THE ARCHER AND THE MAN YOU ARE. ONLY I HAVE SHOWN HIM THE RESPECT HE DESERVES.



AND BHEESHMA THE IMMORTAL. THE LAST OF THE ANCIENT ONES, WHO COULD CRUSH YOUR SKULLS WHERE YOU STAND BEFORE YOU EVEN BLINKED.



I SHOULD  
HAVE YOU  
ARRESTED.

EXECUTED  
FOR THREATENING  
YOUR KING.



THEN,  
DURYODHANA,  
THERE IS ONLY ONE  
PATH BEFORE  
US NOW.



I CHALLENGE  
YOU BY THE CODE  
OF KINGS, TO COMBAT  
IN THIRTY DAYS ON THE  
BATTLEFIELDS OF  
KURUKSHETRA.











BHEESHMA.  
KILL THEM  
ALL.



MY  
KING...  
PLEASE.  
DON'T ASK  
ME...

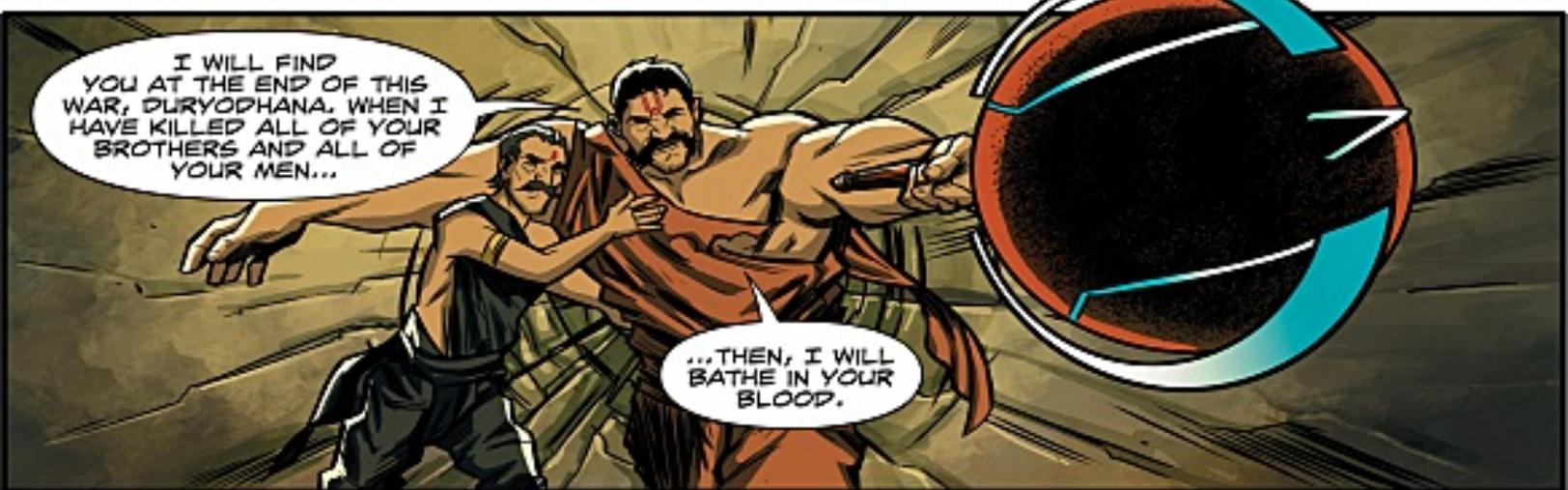
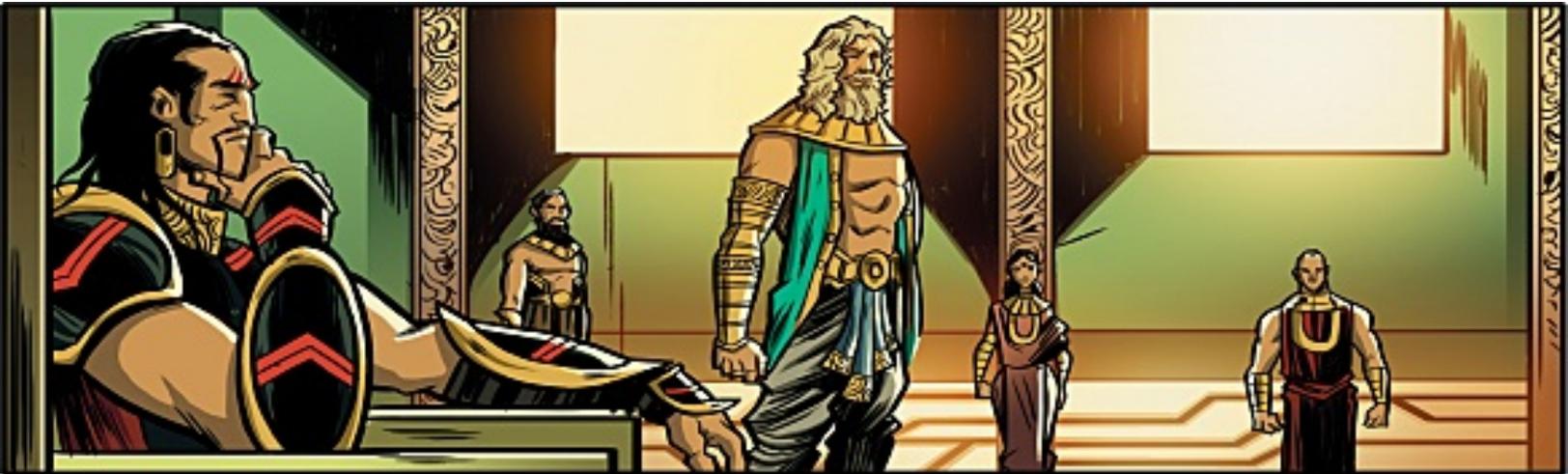
I BELIEVE  
I JUST DID. KILL  
THESE TRAITORS  
NOW.



BUT MY  
KING, THEY HAVE  
CHALLENGED YOU  
TO COMBAT ON THE  
BATTLEFIELD, TO KILL  
THEM NOW WOULD  
DISHONOR THE CODE  
OF WARRIORS...

...AND THE CODE OF KINGS  
CREATED BY  
YOUR ANCES-  
TORS.













## CHAPTER 3

# The Greatest Astra



OUR AGE IS GLORIOUS. WARRIORS, PHILOSOPHER-SCIENTISTS STILL SHAPE THE EARTH AT THEIR WILL, AND BEND EVEN THE FORCES OF THE GODS TO THEIR WHIMS.



BUT IT IS MEN WHO SAY THIS, AND MEN WHO RULE THIS AGE.



I SEE THEM NOW FROM AFAR, BOYS AND THEIR GRAND-FATHERS, ASTRAS AND EYES BRIGHT AS THEY SOW THE EARTH AGAIN WITH BLOOD AND FIRE.



IN FIRE WAS I BORN, NOT THE WARM BLAZE OF THE WELCOMING HEARTH, BUT THE ICY FLAMES OF REVENGE.



IF FIRE IS THEN MY MOTHER, I WONDER--IS MY REAL FATHER THE MAN WHO SET OFF THE SPARK?



THEY CALL ME *DRAUPADI*,  
AND THE MAN WHO SIRED  
ME IS *DRUPAD*, KING  
OF *PANCHALA*--A KING  
AMONG KINGS.



IF ONLY HE CHOSE HIS  
FRIENDS MORE WISELY.



A FEW YEARS AGO, *DRONA*,  
WAR-COMMANDER OF THE  
*PANDAVA* KING, SENT HIS  
PUPILS TO VISIT HIS OLD  
FRIEND *DRUPAD*.



SUCH BRAVE, BOLD VISITORS. THE  
SMILING PRINCES CAME TO *PANCHALA*  
NOT TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS, NO.



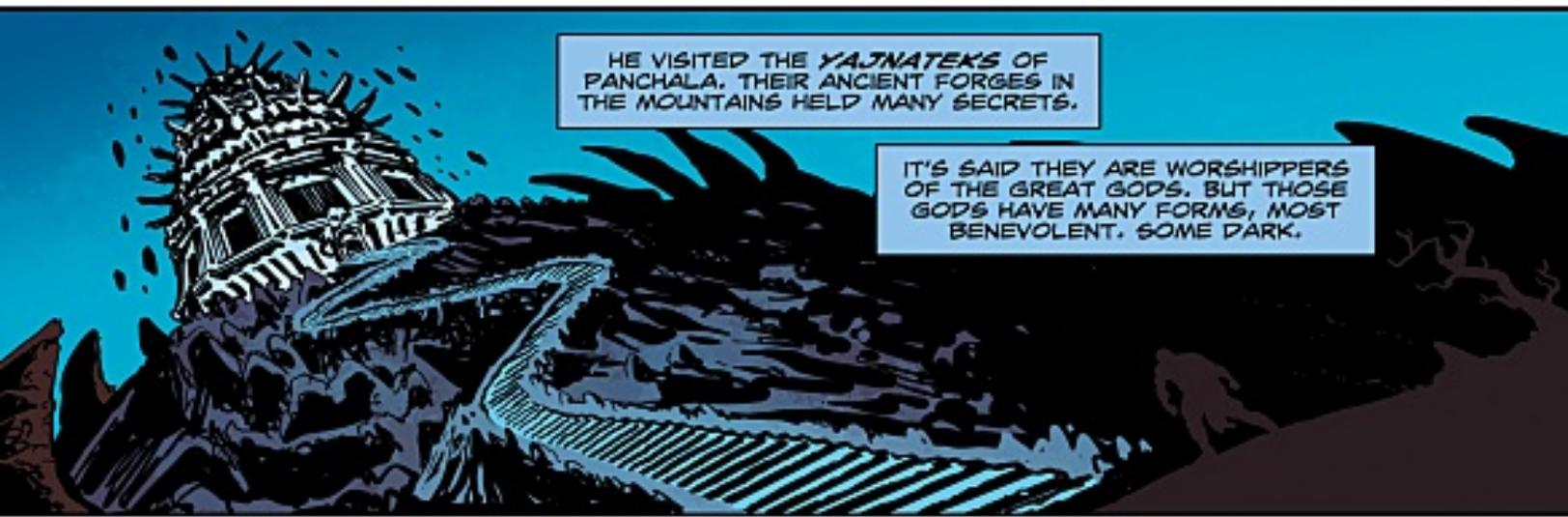
THEY HAD COME TO TAKE  
MY FATHER'S KINGDOM.



THEY BROUGHT MY FATHER  
BOUND, *HUMILIATED*, TO  
THE *KIRU* COURT, AND HE  
BENT THE KNEE, AND GAVE  
AWAY HALF HIS KINGDOM.



BUT MY FATHER WAS NEVER A MAN WHO EASILY FORGOT. OR FORGAVE. HE KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO TO REGAIN HIS PRIDE.



HE VISITED THE *YAJNATEKS* OF PANCHALA. THEIR ANCIENT FORGES IN THE MOUNTAINS HELD MANY SECRETS.

IT'S SAID THEY ARE WORSHIPPERS OF THE GREAT GODS. BUT THOSE GODS HAVE MANY FORMS, MOST BENEVOLENT. SOME DARK.



MY FATHER PAID A TERRIBLE BLOOD-PRICE.

IN ANCIENT FIRES HIS SPIRIT AND FLESH SCREAMED IN TORMENT, MERGING WITH THE *YAJNATEK'S* ARCANES SONGS AND HAMMER-BLOWS.



THEY SCULPTED, FROM UNKNOWN MATERIALS, A SUPER-BEING TO STRIKE HIS ENEMIES MORE FIERCELY THAN DRUPAD HIMSELF EVER COULD.

AND SUCH WAS THE FORCE OF HIS ANGER THAT FROM THEIR FLAMES EMERGED NOT ONE--BUT TWO. A PAIR OF PERFECT BODIES, FULLY FORMED, CLAD IN ARMOUR.



ONE TO AVENGE HIM.



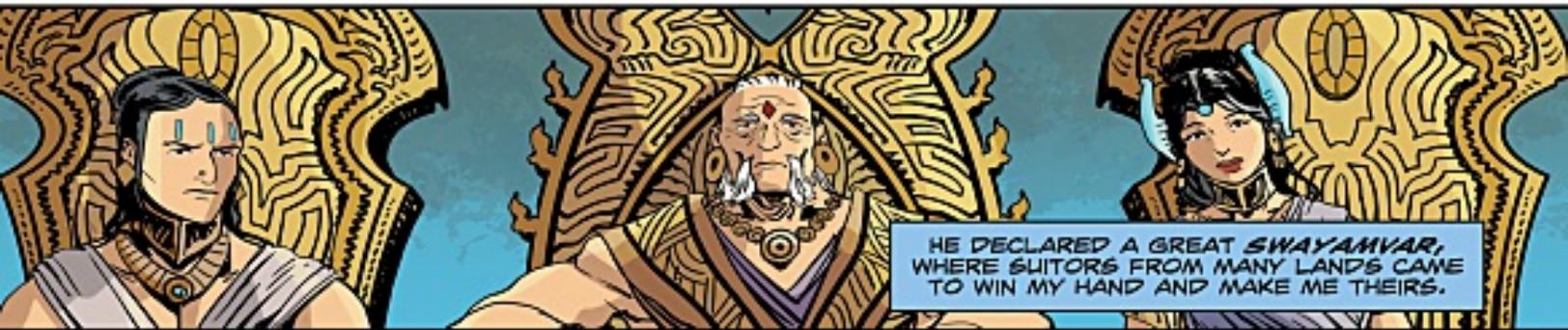
AND ONE TO CONQUER HIS ENEMIES, THE *GREATEST* ASTRA OF THEM ALL.



THEY SAY I AM THE MOST *BEAUTIFUL* WOMAN IN THIS AGE. BUT THEN, MEN SAY THIS. AND THEY SAY THAT OF MOST QUEENS, DON'T THEY?



ONCE THE KINGDOM HAD COME TO KNOW AND LOVE ME, DRUPAD DECIDED IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO WED.



HE DECLARED A GREAT *SWAYAMVAR*, WHERE SUITORS FROM MANY LANDS CAME TO WIN MY HAND AND MAKE ME THEIRS.



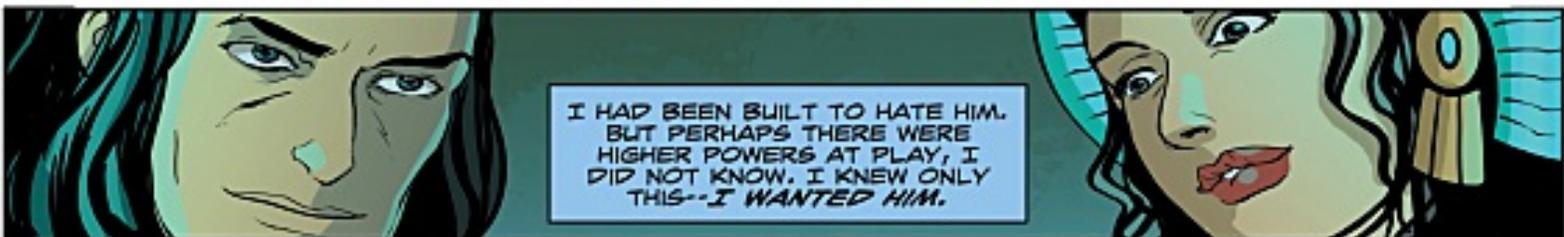
BUT THE TRUTH IS THE TASK MY FATHER HAD SET, THE QUEST MY SUITORS HAD TO ACCOMPLISH TO WIN MY HAND, WAS OF SUCH DIFFICULTY...



...THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE WITH THE SKILL TO WIN ME.



*PRINCE ARJUNA.*  
HE'D VANQUISHED MY FATHER IN BATTLE, AND NOW HE HAD COME, DISGUISED AS A MONK, TO TAKE AWAY HIS DAUGHTER.



I HAD BEEN BUILT TO HATE HIM, BUT PERHAPS THERE WERE HIGHER POWERS AT PLAY, I DID NOT KNOW. I KNEW ONLY THIS--I WANTED HIM.



OUR EYES MET ACROSS ROWS OF SUITORS, AS ONE BY ONE THEY FAILED THE TEST. I WAITED ANXIOUSLY, NOT EVEN NOTICING THE MANY PRINCES AS THEY BROKE BEFORE ME.



BUT THE ROAD TO VICTORY IS NEVER FREE OF OBSTACLES.



I'D NEVER SEEN SUCH SKILL. THE STRANGER'S WOLFISH EYES TOLD ME HE THOUGHT ME A PRIZE ALREADY WON. BUT WHO WAS HE?



KARNA, THEY SAID. SWORN BROTHER TO THE SNAKE-PRINCE DURYODHANA. A WARRIOR WHOSE EYES BURNED WITH A COLD FURY.



AND THEN THEY TOLD ME HIS FATHER WAS A CHARIOTEER. A LOW-BORN UPSTART, ASPIRING TO MY HAND?



WAIT!



YET EVEN AS THE GREAT HALL FELL INTO SILENCE AND I COULD HEAR MY NEXT WORDS BEFORE I SPOKE THEM, DOUBT FILLED MY MIND.



WHAT IF THIS HARD-EYED STRANGER WAS MY DOORWAY TO ESCAPE? TO A DIFFERENT LIFE?



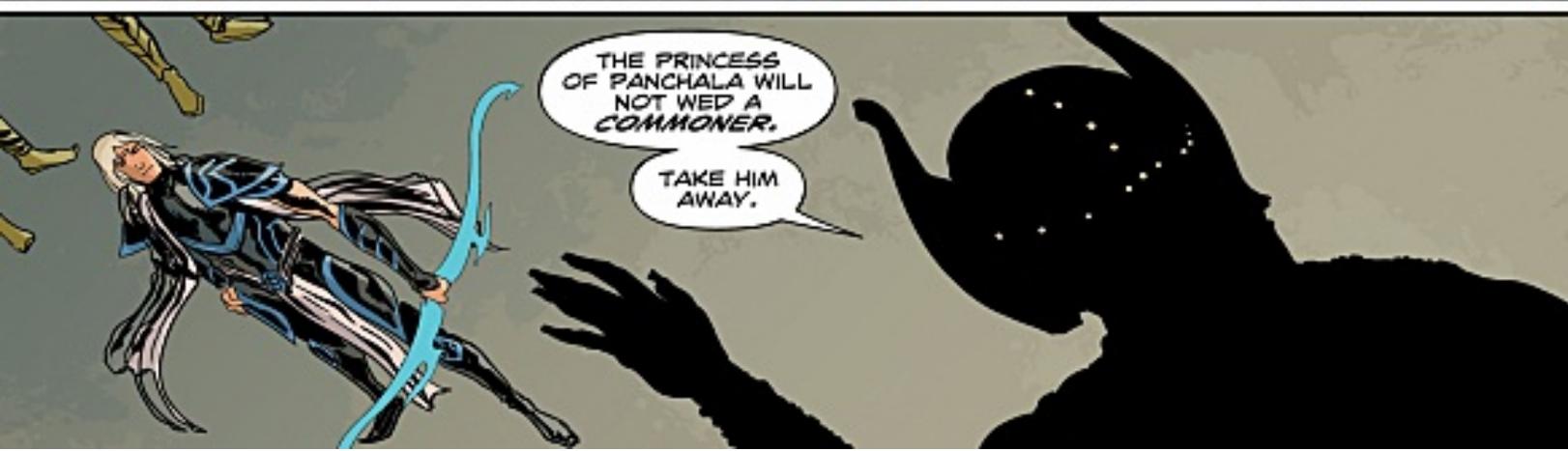
WAS I NO MORE THAN AN INSTRUMENT OF MY FATHER'S REVENGE? WAS I JUST SOME PRIZE? WHAT IF I LET HIM TRY?



MY DESTINY HAD BEEN WRITTEN--TO BE ARJUNA'S BRIDE. TO ENSURE MY FATHER'S COMPLETE VICTORY WHILE MY TWIN ENACTED HIS REVENGE.



BUT WHAT IF I CHANGED IT ALL? WHAT IF I STRAYED OFF THE PATH? IN THAT SECOND, I MADE MY CHOICE.



THE PRINCESS OF PANCHALA WILL NOT WED A COMMONER.

TAKE HIM AWAY.



I AM *DRAUPADI*, TRUE QUEEN OF THIS LAND. A CATALYST FOR COSMIC EVENTS. THIS IS NOT JUST MY BURDEN--IT IS MY *CHOICE*.

HEH. I KNEW IT.



AND AS HE WALKED AWAY, MY INSULT BURNING IN HIS HEART, I KNEW ONE THING... THIS WASN'T OVER. HE WOULD MAKE ME *PAY*.



BUT BY THEN THE WHEEL HAD TURNED, AND EVENTS LONG FORETOLD HAD BEEN SET IN MOTION. IT WAS *ARJUNA'S* CHANCE.







AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT PRINCE ARJUNA OF THE PANDAVA LINE, THE GREATEST WARRIOR OF THE AGE, WON WITH HIS VALOUR THE HAND OF THE PERFECT WOMAN.



BUT SOMEHOW, THROUGH IT ALL, I FELT AS IF I WERE JUST PLAYING A PART. AS IF I WERE JUST A MACHINE. A PAWN IN SOMEONE ELSE'S GAME.



AND LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE BROTHERS BROUGHT ME TO MY NEW HUMBLE HOME, FATE HAD ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR ME.



MOTHER, SEE WHAT WE HAVE BROUGHT FOR YOU!

WHATEVER IT IS, YOU MUST SHARE IT EQUALLY, MY SONS.



AND SUDDENLY, I HAD FIVE HUSBANDS, NOT ONE.



THEY SAY A PERFECT WOMAN DESERVES A HUSBAND WITH FOURTEEN STELLAR QUALITIES, BUT NO MAN HAS THEM ALL IN THE THIRD AGE.



BUT BETWEEN MY FIVE? I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED.



AND I HAVE EVERYTHING TO LOSE. MY FIVE BRAVE PANDAVAS, MY SONS AND DAUGHTERS. MY LIFE.

I SIT HERE, AWAY FROM BATTLE, AND ALL I CAN DO IS WORRY AND PRAY.



I WAS BRED PERFECT. I COULD HAVE BEEN A SUPER-WARRIOR.

I COULD HAVE BEEN OUT THERE, WINNING THEIR BATTLES.



BUT THIS IS A WORLD OF MEN.

ONE DAY, AN AGE WILL COME WHEN THAT CHANGES. AND THEN, I PROMISE YOU, DRAUPADI WILL COME AGAIN...AND ALL STORIES WILL CHANGE FOREVER.

**End.**

# THE POWER OF STORY



[www.graphicindia.com](http://www.graphicindia.com)