

Chapter 1 The Crown Prince

Look, son, at
this fertile land.

There will be
another bumper
crop this year.

Thanks to the efforts
of our people and the
wisdom of your rule,
Father.

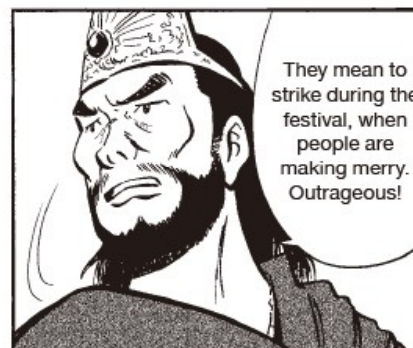
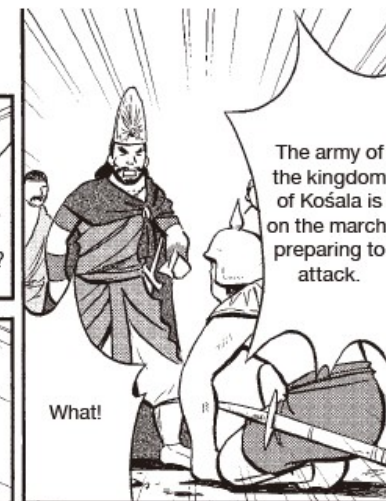
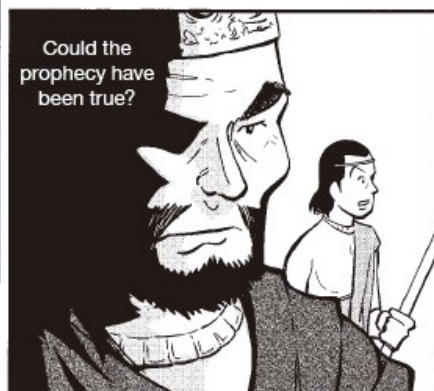
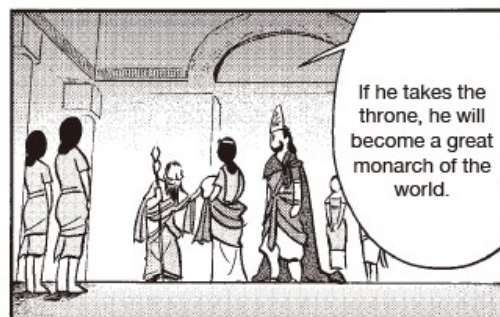
Prince Siddhārtha

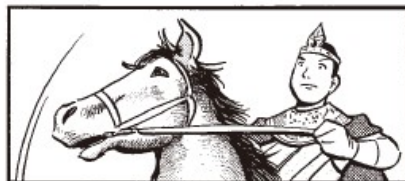
Flattery will get
you nowhere,
my son.

King Suddhodana

Ha ha!

Mm?





Good grief.
Time for
planting, and
all the young
men are off
to war!



Not again ...



If the battle
comes here,
the fields will
be trampled,
and there'll
be no crop.

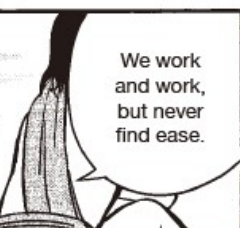
Many will
die. Only the
old men will
be left.



Our life is
hard enough
to begin with.



Ah ...



We work
and work,
but never
find ease.



I wonder.

What on
earth will
become
of us?



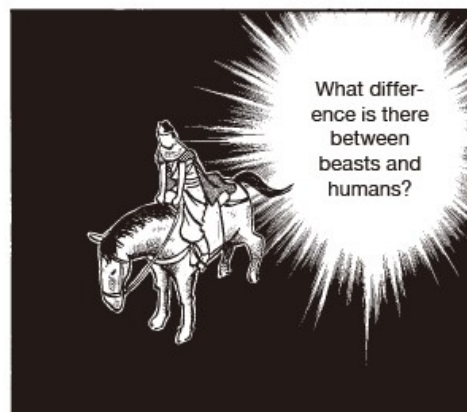
Why do we
have to go
through such
pain, just to
live?



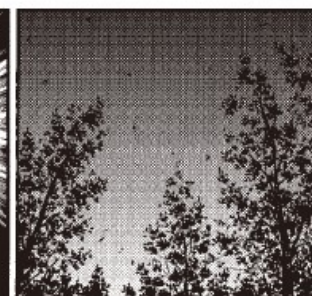
Ah! The law
of the jungle
isn't only for
beasts.

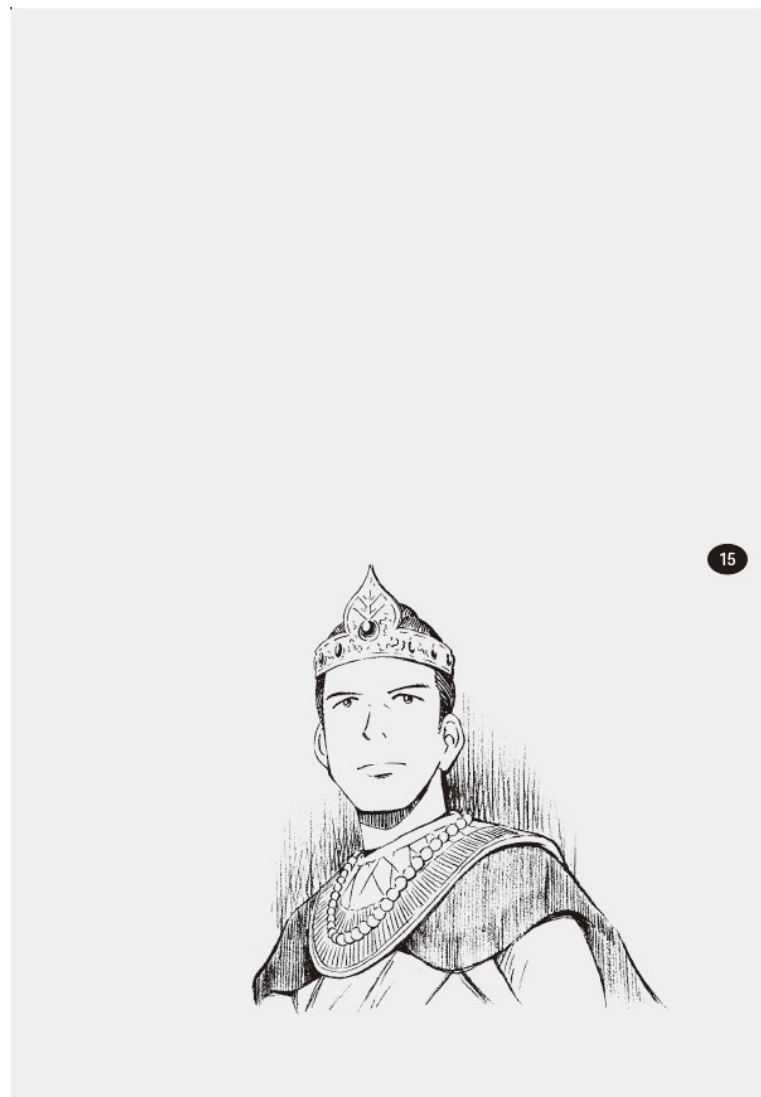
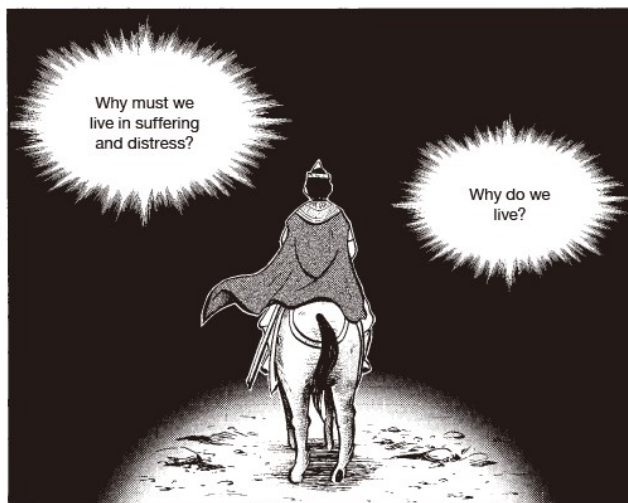


Even among
human beings,
the strong prey
on the weak in
order to survive.

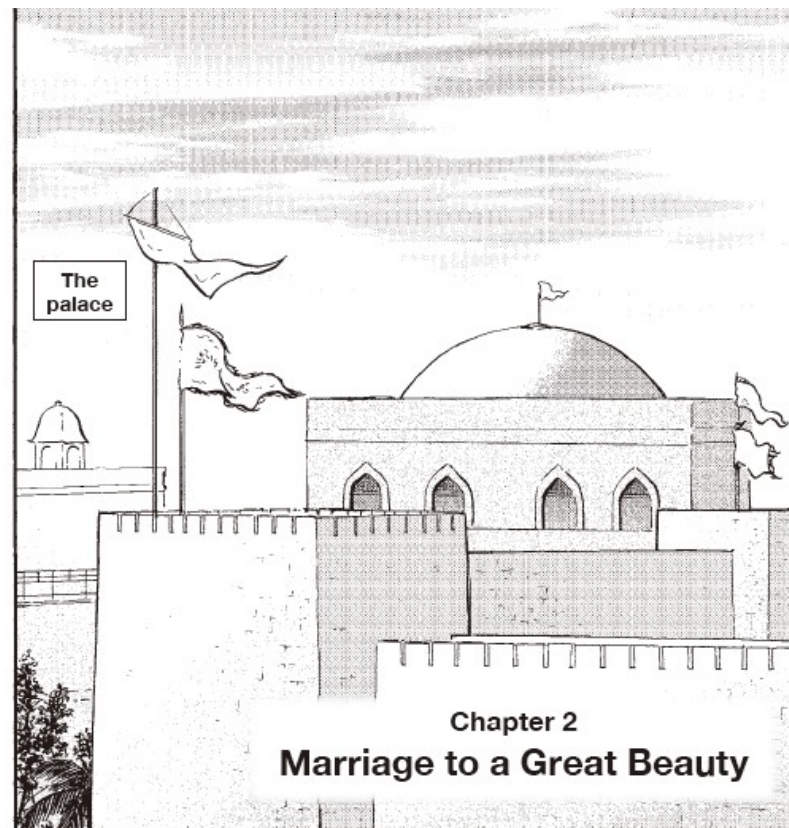


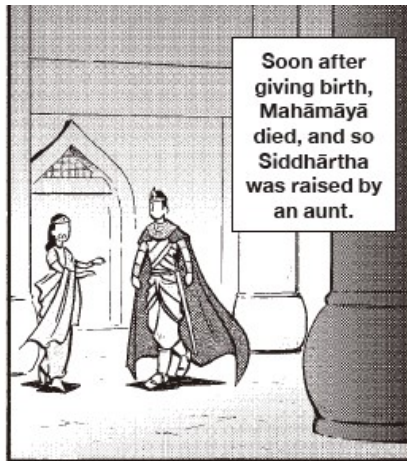
What differ-
ence is there
between
beasts and
humans?





Life is full of pain and anxiety ...
so what is the point?

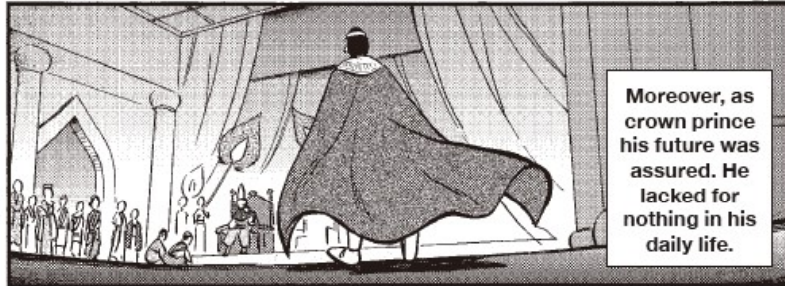




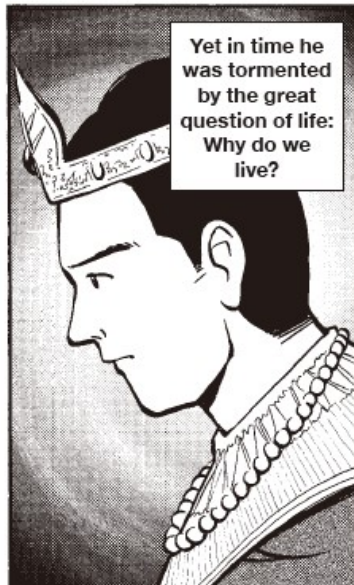
Soon after giving birth, Mahāmāyā died, and so Siddhārtha was raised by an aunt.



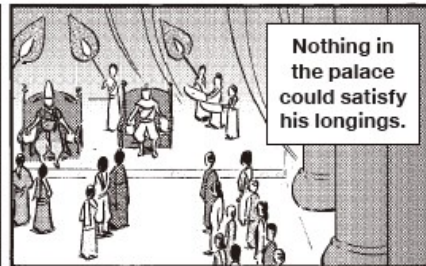
From childhood, Siddhārtha excelled at his studies and at martial arts.



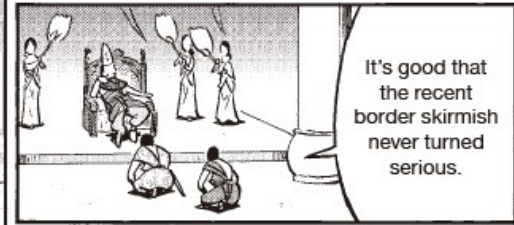
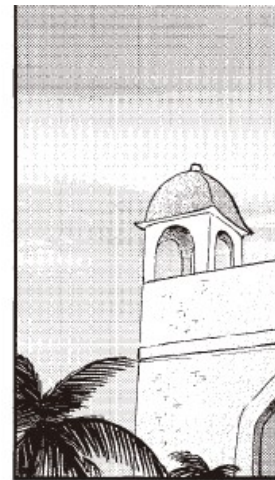
Moreover, as crown prince his future was assured. He lacked for nothing in his daily life.



Yet in time he was tormented by the great question of life: Why do we live?



Nothing in the palace could satisfy his longings.



It's good that the recent border skirmish never turned serious.



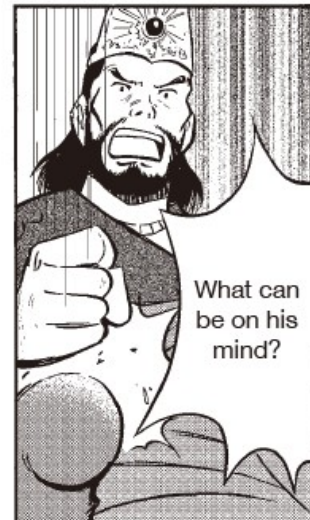
Mm ...



Is something wrong, Sire?



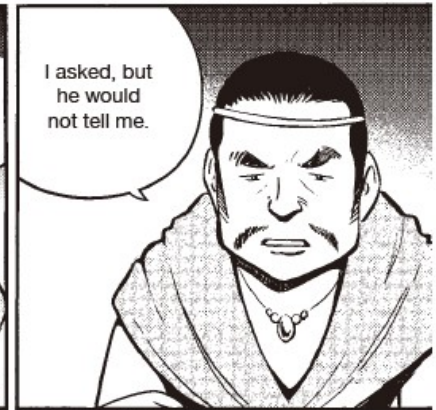
My son is depressed about something lately.



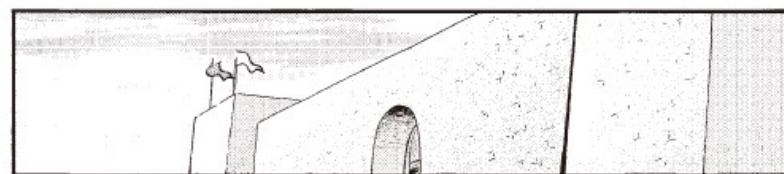
What can be on his mind?

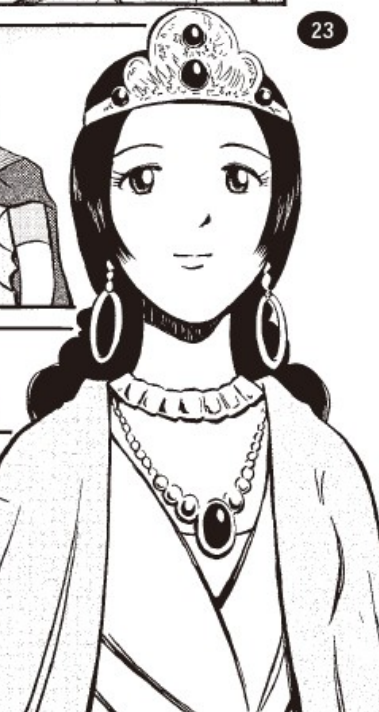
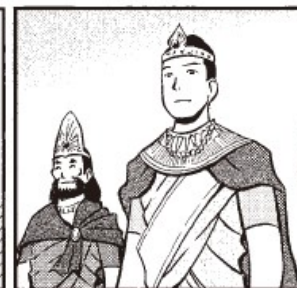
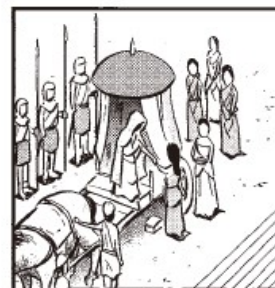
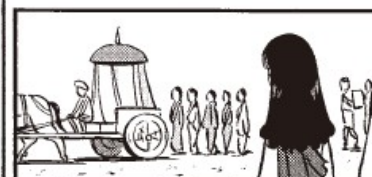


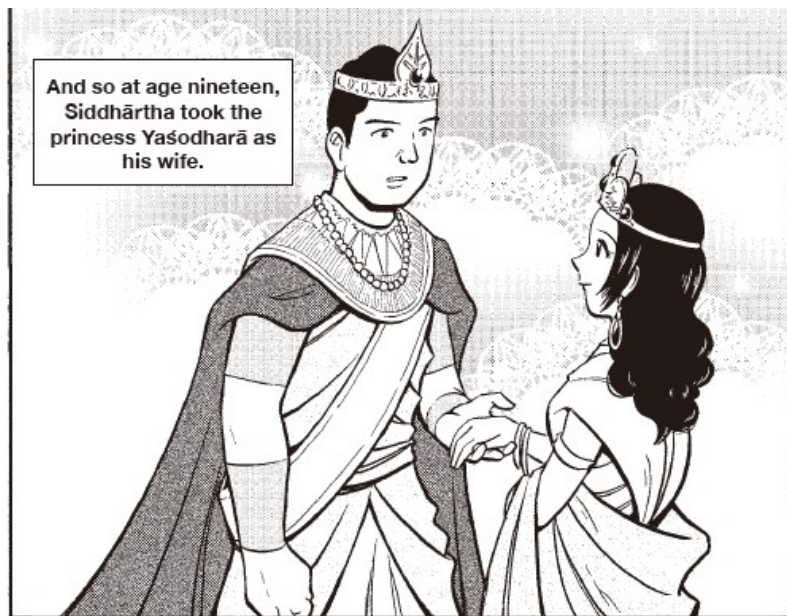
Well, Sire ...



I asked, but he would not tell me.





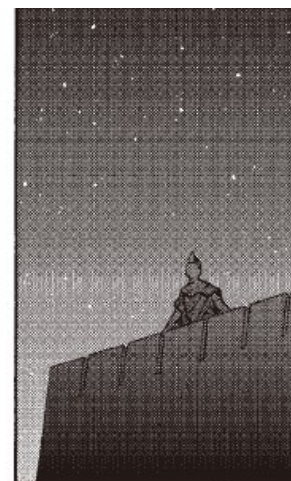


And so at age nineteen,
Siddhārtha took the
princess Yaśodharā as
his wife.

24



With gentle
Yaśodharā
at his side,
he embarked
on peaceful
wedded life.



Darling ...

What are you
looking at?

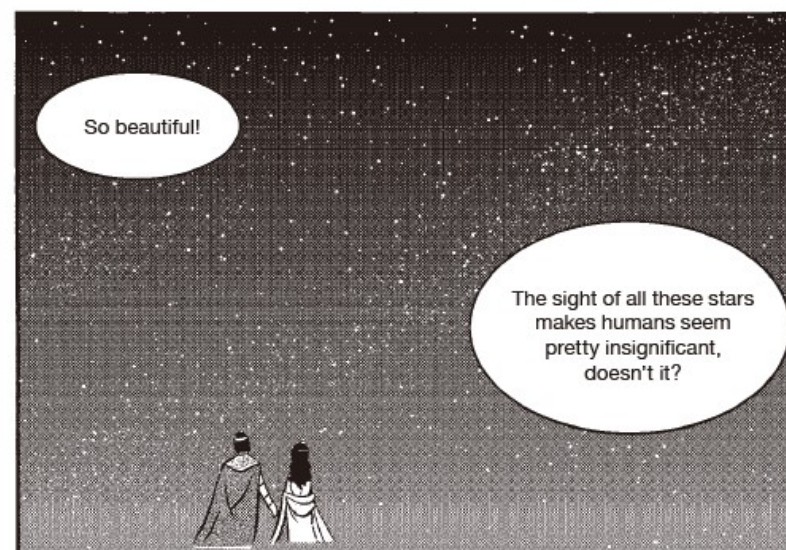


Oh,
Yaśodharā,
it's you.



Just look at
all the stars
in the sky.

25



So beautiful!

The sight of all these stars
makes humans seem
pretty insignificant,
doesn't it?



People fight wars, expand their territory, win glory—but no one has ever conquered nature.



Compared to the grandeur of the Himalayas, we are like scurrying ants.



One day you will be king, ruler of this land.

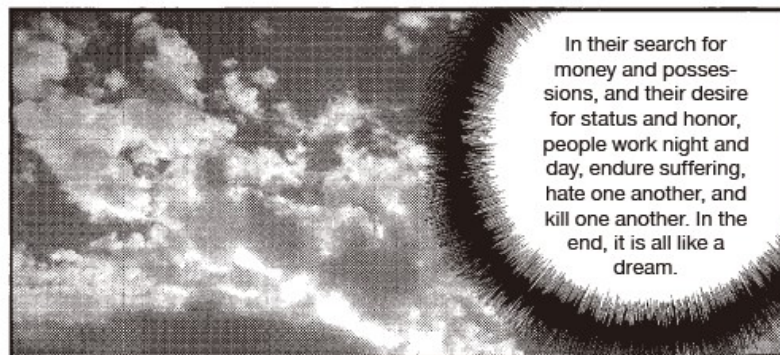
How can you compare yourself to an ant?



Please don't say such depressing things.



What does an ant make of its life? We will never know.



In their search for money and possessions, and their desire for status and honor, people work night and day, endure suffering, hate one another, and kill one another. In the end, it is all like a dream.



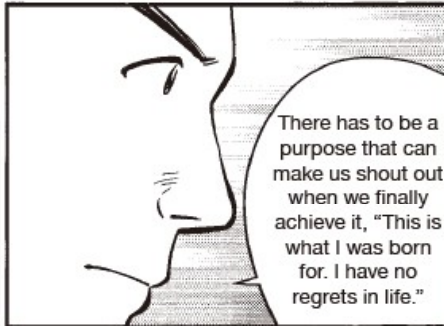
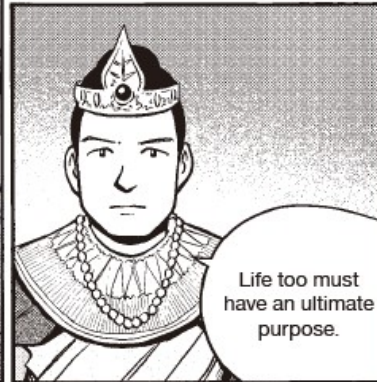
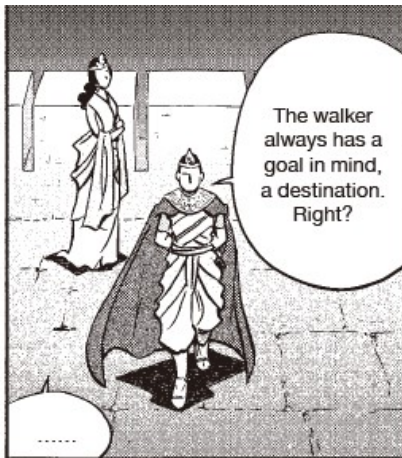
But that's the nature of life, is it not?



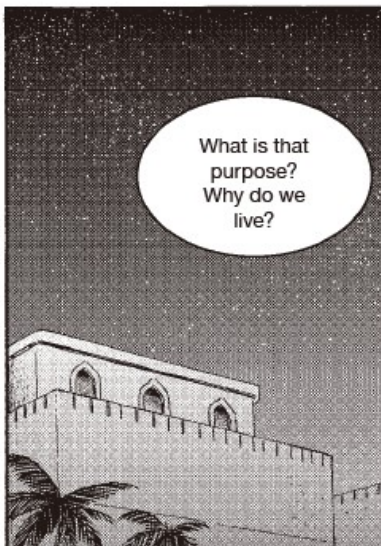
People do not live for the sake of living.



Think about it. Does anyone walk for the sake of walking?



28



29



