YOUNG HEROES
OF INDIA
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Baji Rout
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On a rainy evening in 1705, the fort of Anandpur Sahib* was under attack by Mughal forces. As Guru Gobind Singh^ led his men into battle, some of his family got separated.

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS, VEER JI**? I CAN'T SEE THEM ANYMORE!

PITA JI^^ IS WITH THEM, FATEH. DON'T WORRY.

Make haste! We need to find shelter.

Mata Ji***, I offer you my humble home in the village, right over there.

They were Zoravar and Fateh Singh, the Guru's young sons, just nine and seven years old, their grandmother, Mata Gujri, and their longtime cook, Gangu.

*A city in Punjab sacred to Sikhs  
^Tenth Guru of the Sikhs  
**Elder brother  
^^Father  
***Respected mother
There was a handsome bounty placed on the heads of Guru Gobind Singh and his family. Gangu was aware of this.

Gangu betrayed the three and informed the Kotwal* of his village. Soon —

That bounty will soon be mine.

The three of you are under arrest.

I hope the money serves you well, Gangu.

B-but he’s known us for years! Greed changes the heart, Fateh.

*Police Chief
Mata Gujri and her grandsons were taken to the court of Wazir Khan, the Nawab* of Sirhind.

I am a generous man. Renounce your God and accept mine. I will set you free.

Never.

The old woman will be difficult to crack but children can be made to change their mind.

Throw her into the Thanda Burj*! I want a word with the boys.

*Governor during the Mughal era  
*Cold Tower
Wazir Khan put on a kind face and turned to the boys.

Listen, I will give you whatever you ask for, if you surrender to my religion. Greed changes the heart, Fateh.

Keep your things! We don't want them.

The Nawab commanded that the boys be locked up with their grandmother.

December was always cold but the Thanda Burj made it colder. As night fell, the boys began to shiver. But Mata Gujri told them stories...

Another sakhī*, another sakhī, Dadi ji! Do you want to hear about the first martyr among us?

Yes, Dadi ji.

And it lit a flame in their hearts.

*Stories from Sikh history
*Paternal grandmother
When morning arrived, the boys were summoned to court —

Accept my religion and you will get a warm bed and a hot meal tonight.

Faith is our blanket, O false Nawab. We'll be strong, just like Guru Arjan Dev*!

Suchanand, one of Wazir Khan's ministers, was unimpressed by their courage.

Tch, the insolence! Throw them back in the burj to freeze!

*Fifth Guru of the Sikhs
Mata Gujri welcomed her grandsons with a smile.

You have made me proud, my children!

That night, they were visited by the cook at Wazir Khan’s palace, Moti Ram Mehra, who secretly brought them milk.

Sir! What if you get caught? I could not sit by and watch you suffer, young Sahib*.

The winter chill returned with a vengeance, sinking into their bones. Mata Gujri held the boys close and they chanted the Nitnem*.

As dawn broke, Wazir Khan sent for the boys again.

Mata Gujri watched her grandsons until they disappeared from view.

Something tells me this is the last time I will see my Zoravar and Fateh.

*A term of respect for men

*A set of Sikh hymns to be read at different times of the day
YOU HAVE TESTED MY PATIENCE ENOUGH. RECITE THE KALIMAH*!

THE BOYS BEGAN TO CHANT THE NITNEM AGAIN. THIS ENRAGED THE NAWAB.

WAJIR KHAN SENT FOR HIS ALLY, SHER MUHAMMAD KHAN, WHO HAD LOST TWO BROTHERS IN BATTLE AGAINST GURU GOBIND SINGH.

ZORAVAR AND FATEH WERE DRAGGED OUTSIDE TO BE PUNISHED. AS THE BRICKS WERE BEING STACKED, SHER MUHAMMAD KHAN PLEADED WITH THE BOYS.

YOU ARE TOO YOUNG FOR SUCH A FATE! IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO CONVERT.

WAJIR KHAN SANG FOR HIS ALLY, SHER MUHAMMAD KHAN, WHO HAD LOST TWO BROTHERS IN BATTLE AGAINST GURU GOBIND SINGH.

ZORAVAR AND FATEH WERE DRAGGED OUTSIDE TO BE PUNISHED. AS THE BRICKS WERE BEING STACKED, SHER MUHAMMAD KHAN PLEADED WITH THE BOYS.

YOU ARE TOO YOUNG FOR SUCH A FATE! IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO CONVERT.

*ISLAMIC PHRASES USED IN PRAYER
We were born as Sikhs and we’ll die as Sikhs.

Yes! What strength of character!

As the walls rose around them —

Suddenly, a violent dust storm swirled around them, bringing down the walls.

A miracle!

It must be the Hukam* Dadi ji told us about.

The thick dust swirled around them and the boys lost consciousness.

Frustrated by the turn of events, Wazir Khan ordered them to be pulled out and put to death by the sword. The sun set on two shining lives.

All three of them are hallowed martyrs. Baba Zoravar Singh and Baba Fateh Singh, who stood up for their faith in the face of adversity, remain inspirational till today.

Back in the burj, Mata Gujri sensed their death and breathed her last.

*Will of God
Almost every Indian is aware of those who fought for India’s freedom. Unfortunately, the contribution of some are lesser known. This is the story of Baji Rout, the Boat Boy*.

Eleven-year-old Baji lived in Bhuban Village, Dhenkanal*, with his widowed mother, who earned a meagre livelihood by husking rice.

Baji tried cheering his mother up, but his heart raged.

Don’t worry, Mother. One day we will get back what is rightfully ours.

We barely have money because we are cheated of our earnings by our own King.

Baji ferried villagers across the Brahmani river in his boat.

We pay hefty taxes for the crops we painstakingly harvest.

The Raja is so cruel! Is it not enough that we are already suffering under British rule?

We toil night and day to build the Jatan Nagar Palace**, but are paid a pittance.

Both the brothers were notorious for exploiting their subjects and supporting the British.

*BAJI FERRIED VILLAGERS ACROSS THE BRAHMANI RIVER IN HIS BOAT.
**A 100-ROOM PALACE BUILT BY PRINCE NRUSINGHA USING FORCED LABOUR.
*TOWN IN ODISHA.

During the 20th century, Dhenkanal was ruled by King Sankara Pratap and his brother, Prince Pattayat Nrusingha Pratap.

We barely have money because we are cheated of our earnings by our own King.

DON’T WORRY, MOTHER. ONE DAY WE WILL GET BACK WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS.

WE BARELY HAVE MONEY BECAUSE WE ARE CHEATED OF OUR EARNINGS BY OUR OWN KING.

BAJI TRIED CHEERING HIS MOTHER UP, BUT HIS HEART RAGED.

We barely have money because we are cheated of our earnings by our own King.

Don’t worry, Mother. One day we will get back what is rightfully ours.
At the time, Baishnab Charan Pattnayak, also known as Veer Baishnab, began the Praja Mandal Andolan* to rebel against these atrocities.

The Mandal has established the ‘Banar Sena’^, where children like you will be trained to carry messages for us.

I will definitely join the Banar Sena!

So, Baji did.

The growing movement soon began to anger Sankara Pratap and his allies.

The agitation is spreading like wildfire and needs to be suppressed!

Let us send armed troops to terrorise the villagers.

Soldiers were deployed by the kings and the British. Sankara Pratap slammed a heavy tax on his subjects.

The troops began to seize, or destroy, properties if anyone refused to pay the tax.

They are seizing Baishnab Dawdei’s** house too!

The soldiers were arresting Praja Mandal leaders in the hope that they would find Baishnab Pattnayak.

*People’s Protest
^Monkey Army
**Paternal Uncle, a respectful term
Baji had volunteered to keep vigil on the riverfront. On the night of 11 October, 1938, as Baji was leaving his house —

Mother,

this is the only lantern in the house. I can't leave you in darkness.

I can live in darkness for one night if you are going to serve our land, my dear son.

Meanwhile, someone had informed the troops that Veer Baishnab was trying to escape via the Brahmani River.

We must head to the ghat by the river right away. We cannot lose this chance.

At the ghat —

The soldiers have come! I have to stall them till Baishnab dawe! escapes.
FERRY US ACROSS TO BHUBAN VILLAGE, BOY!

NO! SURRENDER TO THE PRAJA MANDAL!

HE DARES TO DEFY US, AND ORDERS US TOO!

YOU CHIT OF A BOY! DO YOU WANT TO DIE SO YOUNG?

I’D RATHER DIE FOR MY BELOVED COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE, THAN LIVE HAVING LET THEM DOWN, LIKE YOU.

HOW DARE YOU! TAKE THAT!

ENRAGED, ONE OF THE SOLDIERS HIT BAJI WITH THE BUTT OF HIS GUN, CRACKING HIS SKULL.

BLEEDING PROFUSELY, BAJI MADE ONE LAST ATTEMPT. PULLING OUT THE CONCH HE ALWAYS KEPT WITH HIM, HE BLEW IT.

A SOLDIER RAISED HIS RIFLE AND FIRED AT BAJI, SNUFFING OUT HIS LIFE INSTANTLY.
The villagers heard the sound of the conch and came rushing...

...but were ruthlessly gunned down.

Later, Veer Baishnab carried Baji and the other fallen martyrs through the streets of Cuttack in bullock carts*, as hundreds paid homage.

Bullocks are worshipped in Odisha and are never used to carry corpses. An exception was made, as a mark of respect to the martyrs.

At the funeral, Sachidanand Rautray, a revolutionary, recited a stirring poem in honour of the martyrs —

It is not a pyre, O friends!
When the country is in dark despair,
It is the light of our liberty,
It is our freedom-fire!

Baji Rout, who laid down his life six days after his 12th birthday, will always be remembered for his heroic courage.

*Bullocks are worshipped in Odisha and are never used to carry corpses. An exception was made, as a mark of respect to the martyrs.
It was 1928 and Anand Mohan Sahay and his wife, Sati Sen Sahay, living in Kobe, Japan, were celebrating the birth of their little girl.

Let us name her Bharati, after our motherland.

And she will be known as Asha* — the hope for our country's freedom!

Bharati or Asha-san, as she was known to everyone in Japan, came from a long line of fervent patriots.

Her mother, the niece of Chittaranjan Das*, had participated in the non-cooperation movement.

Her father was a close associate of Dr Rajendra Prasad** and had moved to Japan to launch the Kobe branch of the Indian National Congress.

Although Asha had never visited India, she grew up with a fierce love for her motherland.

Have I ever told you how we joined the non-cooperation movement?

My parents have been fighting for our country their whole life. I wish I could find a way to contribute too!

*Asha means hope

**The First President of India

*A leading figure of the Non-Cooperation movement in Bengal
In 1943, when Asha was 15 years old, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose visited Japan and Asha's life was changed. Netaji's passion for freedom is unmatched. Just being around him makes one feel motivated.

That day, Netaji was also introduced to Satyadev Sahay, Asha's uncle, who went on to become the Director of the Intelligence Bureau of the INA.

Within two years, Asha decided to formally join the INA, with Netaji's blessing. She was just 17 when she became a part of the Rani of Jhansi Regiment.

She soon left for Bangkok and trained to become a soldier.

*Indian Revolutionary
*Indian National Army or Azad Hind Fauj
**The Women's Regiment of the INA
When Japan surrendered\textasteriskaccent, Asha was briefly imprisoned. Fortunately, in April 1946, she was able to travel to India and reunite with her family.

Asha, my child! For so long I have been fighting for my country from afar and now I am finally here! I feel so at peace now.

For the next few years, she toured the country with her father and uncle, spreading word about the INA’s efforts.

The young soldiers of the INA gave their entire being to the cause of freedom. Their contribution and sacrifice must never be forgotten!

In 2022, Asha was honoured by Prime Minister Narendra Modi, during the celebrations for Netaji’s 125th birth anniversary.

Her diary, written from 1943 to 1947, has been published as a memoir and is a significant personal account of India’s freedom struggle. Her passion for her country at such a tender age is a story that continues to inspire millions.

\textit{After World War II}
Lakshman Rangari lived in a tiny village called Bailhongal in Karnataka's Belgaum district. On 16 August, 1929, he became a proud father to a little boy he named Dattu.

A bright boy, Dattu grew up with an independent spirit. When he was 10 —

Some leaders of the freedom struggle are coming to Belgaum. I'm going to see them.

But what about our classes?

This is more important!

Over the years, Dattu grew more passionate about the freedom movement. In August, 1942 —

Did you hear? Gandhi ji has announced the Quit India movement. Nationwide protests have already begun.

Yes, but what can we do?

Gandhi ji has said 'To do or die.' I'm going to send the British back, or I'll die trying.
Soon —

There is a march against the British in the next village, but the protest is turning violent. I’m not afraid. Let’s go join them.

When Dattu reached the protest —

Arrest the protesters!

But Dattu and his friends were unharmed.

Soon —

We need strength in numbers. Tell all your friends and let us gather as many students as possible.

Tomorrow, we will storm the streets and march against the British. We will make sure they leave the country and never come back. Yes!
ON 23 AUGUST, 1942 —

LET'S MARCH.

GO BACK.

BRITISH, LEAVE THE COUNTRY!

BEFORE LONG —

STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!

WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF BEATINGS OR BULLETS! BRITISH, GO BACK.

THE POLICE OPENED FIRE AND —

AAAH!

BANG

HOLDING THE INDIAN FLAG HIGH, DATTU BREATHED HIS LAST.

AT THE AGE OF 13, DATTU RANGARI ATTAINED MARTYRDOM, BECOMING ONE OF THE YOUNGEST CHILD HEROES OF OUR COUNTRY.

TUM MUJHE KHOON DO AUR MAIN TUMHE AZADI DUNGA!

THOSE WORDS WILL STIR THOUSANDS OF HEARTS TODAY. I'LL JOIN THE FREEDOM MOVEMENT WITH NETAJI.

LISTENING TO THE RADIO WAS 15-YEAR-OLD RAJAMANI, WHOSE PARENTS WERE FREEDOM FIGHTERS AND HAD FLED INDIA TO ESCAPE PERSECUTION.

TRUE TO HER WORD, RAJAMANI JOINED THE RANI JHANSI REGIMENT...

YOU HAVE THE INTELLIGENCE OF DEVI SARASWATHI!! FROM TODAY, YOU’LL BE KNOWN AS SARASWATHI RAJAMANI.

...EARNING A NICKNAME FROM NETAJI HIMSELF.

RAJAMANI TRAINED FROM DAWN TO DUSK, BECOMING AN EXCELLENT CADET. WHEN SHE TURNED 16, NETAJI SENT FOR HER.

I HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, SARASWATHI.

THE INA NEEDED SPIES WHO COULD GET THEM INFORMATION ON THE ENEMY.

AFTER A HAIRCUT AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES, RAJAMANI AND HER FRIEND, DURGA, POSING AS ERRAND BOYS, INFILTRATED BRITISH MILITARY CAMPS.

WE MUST ENCOURAGE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE HINDUS AND MUSLIMS. THAT’S THE ONLY WAY TO RULE THIS COUNTRY.

*PRESENT-DAY MYANMAR

**HINDU GODDESS OF WISDOM
UNDER THE GUISE OF DOING EVERYDAY CHORES...

...they gathered information and stole weapons for the INA.

ONE DAY —

YOU! WHAT ARE YOU RIFLING THROUGH MY PAPERS FOR?

N—NO, I WAS JUST ARRANGING THEM.

THE SUSPICIOUS OFFICER HAD DURGA LOCKED UP BUT RAJAMANI HAD A PLAN UP HER SLEEVE.

THAT EVENING —

SAHIBS, WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE ME DANCE? I COULD DO WITH A FEW RUPEES IN MY PURSE.

HA HA HA! GO ON, THEN. GIVE US A SHOW.

AS RAJAMANI ENTERTAINED THE POLICEMEN, SHE MANAGED TO ADD OPium TO THEIR DRINKS. SOON —

THEY'RE KNOCKED OUT. NOW TO GET THE KEYS FROM THIS SNORER'S BELT!
Durga, get up. Quick!

Wha..! Why did you come back? It's too dangerous!

How could I leave a friend behind? Now, come on!

As they fled, the guards shot at them.

Aah! I've been hit! You run, Durga.

And leave a friend behind? No!

The two friends escaped by hiding up in a tree for two days, before returning to the INA base.

As they fled, the guards shot at them.

BANG!

The two friends escaped by hiding up in a tree for two days, before returning to the INA base.

Rajamani was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, in the Rani Jhansi regiment, for her bravery and service.

Rajamani would often despair at the futility of existence after Netaji went away. Her heroism was finally recognised in 2005, when the Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu, J. Jayalalithaa, gave her financial aid and a house.

Oh, Netaji has written me a letter of appreciation!

Eventually, Rajamani and her family, who had donated all their wealth to the INA, settled down in Madras*.

On 13 January, 2018, India’s youngest spy passed away at the age of 91, but lives on in our hearts.

*Present-day Chennai
It was 1872, and in India, the struggle for freedom from the British was gaining momentum. In Punjab, Satguru Ram Singh, a Namdhari* Sikh leader, started the Kuka* movement.

We must boycott imported goods and foreign laws. British tyranny must end now! We are with you, Satguru Ji!

The British allowed a slaughterhouse to be operated near Harmandir Sahib** in Amritsar. The Kuka Sikhs rose up in revolt, as it went against the basic tenets of their religion. How dare these foreigners insult us like this?

On 13 January, 1872, the enraged revolutionaries attacked another slaughterhouse in Malerkotla^^, where they clashed with British officials. Outnumbered, the Sikhs eventually surrendered.

How dare these foreigners insult us like this?

We can no longer remain silent. It’s time to take up arms!

*Bishan and Harnam Singh Kuka

*A sect of Sikhism
**An important place of worship for Sikhs
^^A princely state near Ludhiana, Punjab

*Bishan and Harnam Singh Kuka

*A sect of Sikhism
**An important place of worship for Sikhs
^^A princely state near Ludhiana, Punjab
Mr Cowan, the Deputy Commissioner of Ludhiana, ordered 66 Kuka Sikhs to be put to death without trial, on 17 and 18 January, 1872.

It’s time to send a clear message to these troublemakers. Blow them to bits with cannons!

On the fateful day —

My brothers, have no fear in your hearts. Sacrificing our lives for the country is an honour.

Yes, we will face our death with our heads held high.

Among the brave men, there were two young patriots. Twelve-year-old Bishan Singh, from Rarh, Punjab, stood proud, prepared to sacrifice his life for his country.

He is a child! You can’t put him to death, surely. Please, spare him.

It was Mrs Cowan who appealed to her husband.
All right then, boy. I’ll spare you... but only if you renounce your leader and your movement. What say, eh?

Suddenly —

Aaah!

I renounce the British!

With no regard for his life, the small boy grabbed Cowan’s beard and refused to let go.

What are you gaping at? Get this boy off me!

Fearless Bishan Singh met his death at the merciless swords of the soldiers.
Unfortunately, Bishan Singh was not the only innocent child to die that day. Harnam Singh, a mere boy of nine, was also amongst those condemned.

Little Harnam was unfazed. “It is my honour to lose my life like this! Long live the revolution!”

Sir, the boy is too short. We cannot use the cannon to execute him.

The courage displayed by Bishan Singh and Harnam Singh, along with the 64 other Sikhs who were put to death that day, was astounding. Their sacrifice has been immortalised by a memorial in Malerkotla.

The 66 ft tall structure, shaped like a Khanda* with three sides, has 66 holes in it, each one representing a man or child who faced the cannon that day.

*Double-edged sword used by Sikhs
In the quaint village of Sarabha in Punjab’s Ludhiana district, lived a Sikh farmer named Mangal Singh Grewal with his wife Sahib Kaur. On 24 May, 1896 —

Unfortunately, five years later, Mangal Singh passed away, leaving Kartar to be raised by his grandfather, Sardar Badaran Singh. When Kartar turned 15 —

Kartar soon left on the SS Siberia, to study electrical engineering at the University of California, Berkeley. He reached the shores of San Francisco on 28 July, 1912.

As Kartar took up small jobs to support himself, he saw more clearly how Indians were being ill-treated. One day —

*Kartar means the Lord of Creation.

*Paternal grandfather
We have come to join you in the fight against the British. We cannot tolerate this abuse in silence. It’s better to die than to live a life of humiliation.

We must have a Ghadar newspaper in as many Indian languages as possible. I will handle the Punjabi edition. Excellent idea! The newspaper will highlight the atrocities of the British.

On November 1, 1913, the first issue of Ghadar was published.

Angrezi Raj ka Dushman

‘Today there begins ‘Ghadar’ in foreign lands, but in our country’s tongue, a war against the British Raj. The time will soon come when rifles and blood will take the place of pens and ink.’ - Kartar Singh Sarabha

The newspaper was widely circulated not just in the USA but across the world.
In July 1914, when World War I broke out —

The British are concentrating on the war. We should go back and organise our people to fight them.

I will publish the decision of declaration of war against the British in Ghadar’s next issue.

By Kartar Singh Sarabha

On February 12, 1915, a meeting of Ghadarites was held in Amritsar.

A large-scale revolt against the British shall begin on 21 February. We will first capture the cantonments** of Mian Mir and Ferozepur.

A large-scale revolt against the British shall begin on 21 February. We will first capture the cantonments** of Mian Mir and Ferozepur.

But, a traitor betrayed them and a large number of revolutionaries were arrested.

Kartar was not arrested but he had no plans to run. On 2 March, 1915, he approached an army unit in Sargodha** —

We have mobilised Indian soldiers in the cantonments. They are ready for a mutiny.

In the trial, which came to be called the Lahore Conspiracy case, Kartar Singh was sentenced to death by hanging. When asked if he wanted to appeal his sentence —

Why should I? If I had more lives than one, it would have been a great honour to sacrifice each of them for my country.

On November 16, 1915, 19-year-old Kartar walked to the gallows with a smile on his face and a song on his lips, immortalising himself in the hearts of his countrymen.

In October 1914, Kartar reached Calcutta* and went to Banaras^ to meet the revolutionary leader, Rash Behari Bose.

A few of us have come now but 20,000 more Ghadarites are expected soon.

Our revolt should shake up the British.

Kartar was arrested and sent to Lahore Central Jail.

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*Present-Day Kolkata

**Areas in a Town Where the Military Stays and Trains

^Present-Day Varanasi

^^City in the Punjab Province of Present-Day Pakistan
Born in 1930, Tileswari, the only daughter of Bhabakanta Barua of Nij-Borgaon, Assam, grew up listening to the patriotic songs of Jyotiprasad Agarwala.*

We are the youth from the banks of the Luit and we do not fear death!

You know the song by heart. Will you teach it to me?

In August 1942, Gandhi gave a clarion call for freedom from Gowalia Tank Maidan in Mumbai.

Gandhi’s call woke the nation and further lit in 12-year-old Tileswari’s heart, the fire of freedom.

Uncle, I want to contribute to the freedom struggle.

Here is a short mantra that I give you. The mantra is ‘Do or Die’. We shall either free India or die in the attempt.

Her uncle, Nandiram Bhuyan, had come on a visit.

On 20 September, 1942, members of the Mrityu Bahini* led by Monbor Nath, went to the Dhekiajuli Police Station to hoist the tricolour. Tileswari also joined the procession.

Vande Mataram! Stop! Do not step forward! Allow us to hoist our tricolour. We don’t want any conflict.

Did you not participate in all the satyagraha marches? You are doing your best, child.

* A poet of the Indian freedom struggle
*A group of revolutionary satyagrahis
Monbor Nath was determined. But, as he moved closer to the rooftop —

"TAKE THAT!"

"Monbor Dada! Kumol! Didi!"

"No one can stop me! I will hoist our flag."

"AAAAH!"

The bullet hit her shoulder and she fell to the ground.

Immediately, two volunteers carried her to safety.

"Give her first aid. Quick!"

"Hoist... the... flag."

"Her uncle, Nandiram, who also happened to be there, saw her."

"She’s my niece. Let me take her to the hospital."

"Her uncle, Nandiram, who also happened to be there, saw her."

"She’s my niece. Let me take her to the hospital."
As he was running —

Stop!

It was a group of miscreants hired by the police to create violence.

They brought down their sticks on Tileswari and Nandiram, mercilessly.

Please!
Leave us.

The child is wounded.

Badly beaten and bruised, Nandiram crawled and hid in some bushes while Tileswari lay unconscious on the road.

Nandiram waited to rescue Tileswari.

Forgive me, my child. I am not brave enough to step out and save you.

In the middle of the chaos, the police picked up Tileswari’s broken body, put it in a truck and took her away. She was never seen again.

Tileswari was a child who showed willpower in the face of extreme violence. Her immense courage will never be forgotten.
When it came to the freedom of their motherland, age was just a number for some Indians. Against all odds, people across the country put their differences aside and came together to fight injustice. Even the most brutal punishments did not deter them from marching down the path of glory.

Among these were inspiring young boys and girls who did not hesitate even to sacrifice their lives. They faced merciless enemies with their heads held high.

Amar Chitra Katha brings you eight stories of such heroes, who, despite their tender age, fought valiantly for their causes. Their stories of courage and defiance should inspire every new generation to fight for what is right and just.