



TINKLE

No.
177

₹ 120

DOUBLE DIGEST



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THE ADVENTURES OF SUPPANDI

'THE MOON AT NOON'

Script : Dev Nadkarni

Illustrations: Ram Waeerker



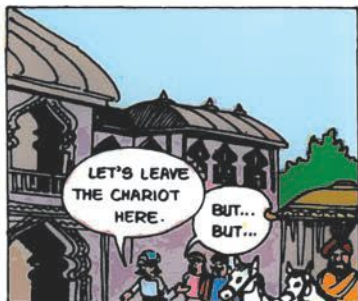
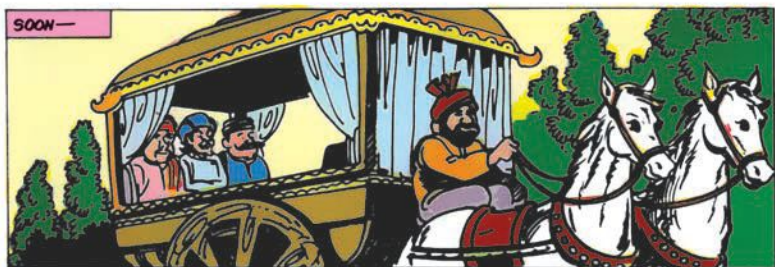
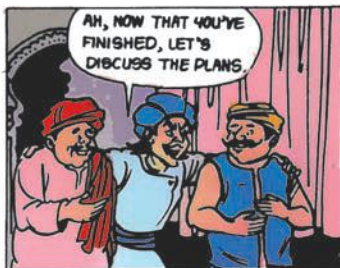
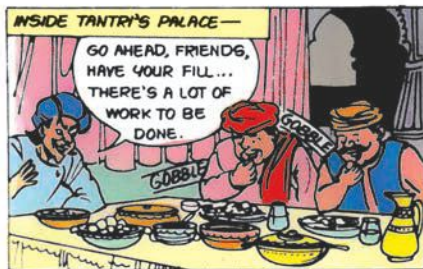
TANTRI THE MANTRI

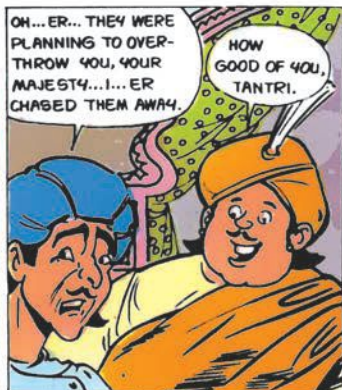
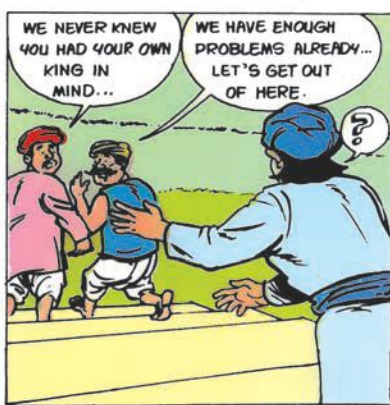
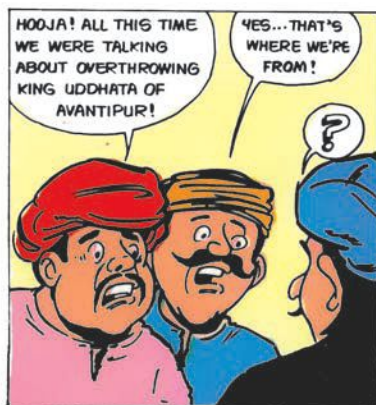


Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre

ONE FINE MORNING IN TANTRI'S GARDEN—







The Magic Cap



Based on
a story sent by
Kemal Nath,
Saharanpur

Illustrations
V.B. Halbe

YOUNG POKA WAS
GOING TO THE WEEKLY
MARKET IN THE NEXT
VILLAGE FOR THE
FIRST TIME.

I HOPE I GET A
GOOD PRICE FOR
THE COW.



AS HE WALKED ON —

HELLO,
YOUNG MAN!

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?



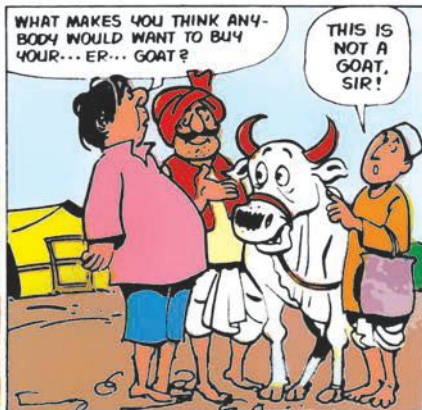
TO THE
MARKET,
SIR. TO
SELL MY
COW.

COW, DID
YOU SAY?



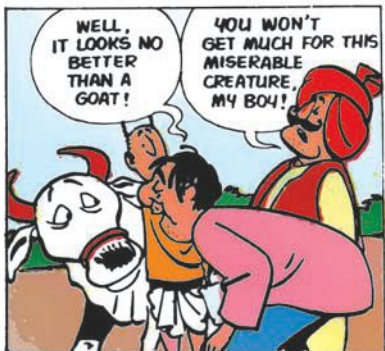
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANY-
BODY WOULD WANT TO BUY
YOUR... ER... GOAT?

THIS IS
NOT A
GOAT,
SIR!



WELL,
IT LOOKS NO
BETTER
THAN A
GOAT!

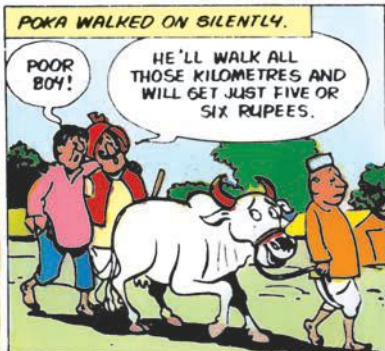
YOU WON'T
GET MUCH FOR THIS
MISERABLE
CREATURE,
MY BOY!



POKA WALKED ON SILENTLY.

POOR
BOY!

HE'LL WALK ALL
THOSE KILOMETRES AND
WILL GET JUST FIVE OR
SIX RUPEES.

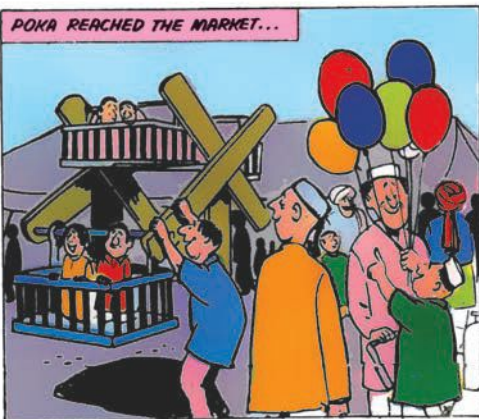




WHY SHOULD I RETURN SO SOON?
I'LL GO TO THE MARKET
AND HAVE SOME FUN.

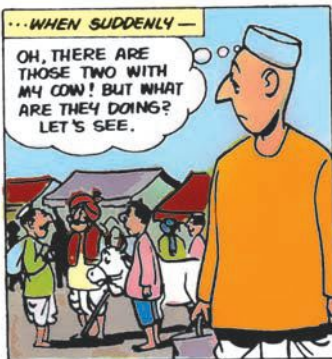


POKA REACHED THE MARKET...



...WHEN SUDDENLY —

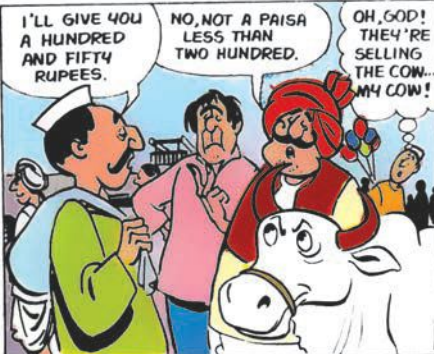
OH, THERE ARE
THOSE TWO WITH
MY COW! BUT WHAT
ARE THEY DOING?
LET'S SEE.



I'LL GIVE YOU
A HUNDRED
AND FIFTY
RUPEES.

NO, NOT A PAISA
LESS THAN
TWO HUNDRED.

OH, GOD!
THEY'RE
SELLING
THE COW...
MY COW!



AH! WELL!
HERE ARE
TWO HUNDRED
THEN.

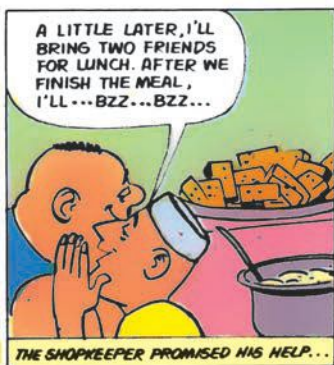
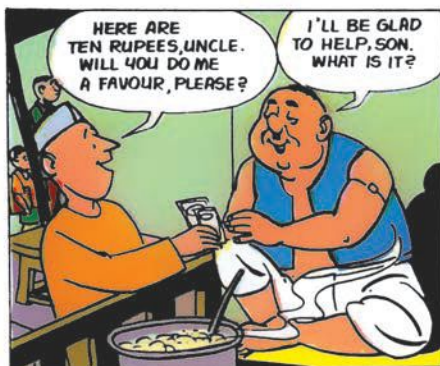
SCOUNDRELS!
THEY SWINDLED
ME! BUT
THEY'LL PAY
FOR IT!



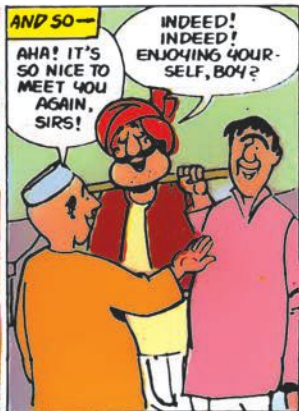
LATER, AS POKA WAS HAVING SOME TEA—

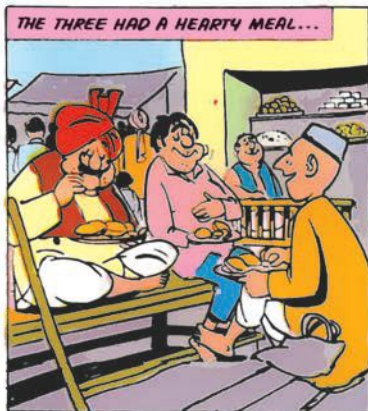
AHA! I KNOW
WHAT I'LL DO!

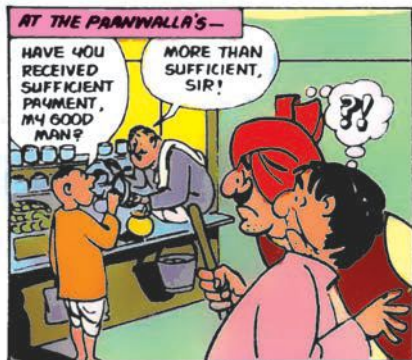


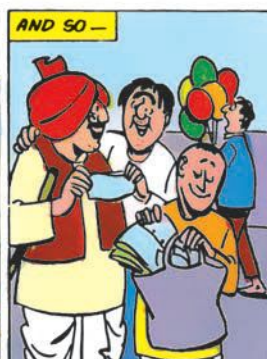


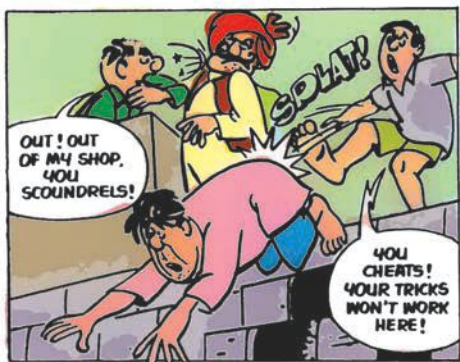
... AS DID THE PANNWALLA AND THE KULFIWALLA.











See and Smile

By
Savio A. Mascarenhas

I WANT THE BOOK
"CURE FROM FEAR OF
HEIGHTS" BY
DR LONG.

YOU'LL
FIND IT ON
THE TOP
SHELF.

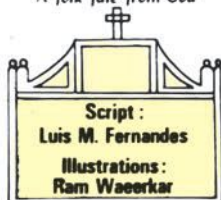
LIBRARIAN

HEY OPEN
UP... WASN'T
THAT A
PERFECT
LANDING?



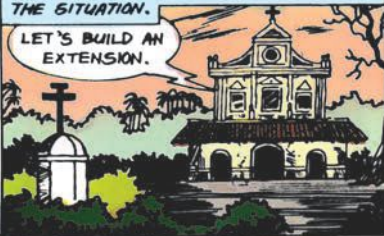
THE WISE FOOLS OF MOIRA

A folk tale from Goa



THE CATHOLIC VILLAGERS OF MOIRA HAD LONG FELT THAT THEIR CHURCH WAS NOT BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE LARGE CONGREGATION. ONE DAY THEY HELD A MEETING TO DECIDE HOW TO REMEDY THE SITUATION.

LET'S BUILD AN EXTENSION.



AN EXTENSION WOULD LOOK VERY UGLY.



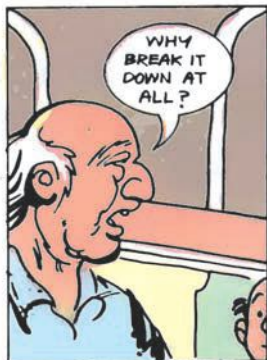
LET'S BREAK DOWN THE WHOLE STRUCTURE AND BUILD A NEW CHURCH.



IT WOULD REQUIRE A LOT OF MONEY TO BREAK DOWN THE CHURCH AND BUILD A NEW ONE.



WHY BREAK IT DOWN AT ALL?



WHEN A COCONUT OR MANGO TREE IS STUNTED, WHAT DO WE DO ?

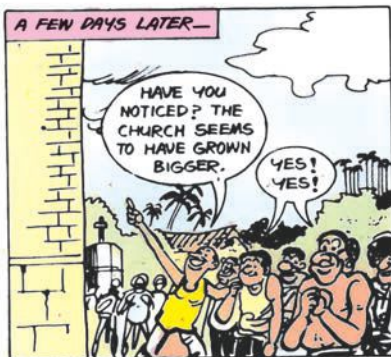
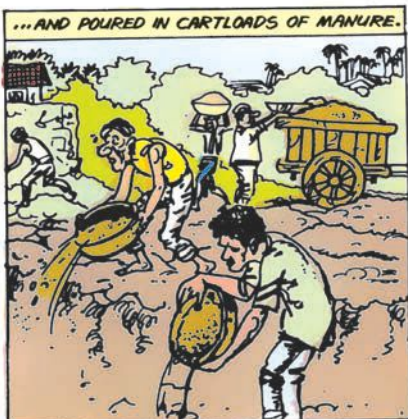
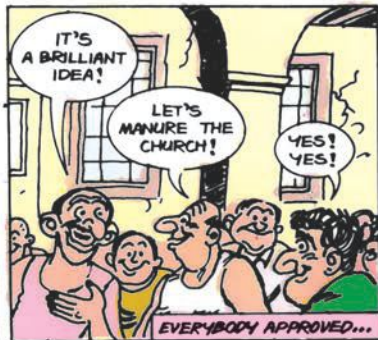


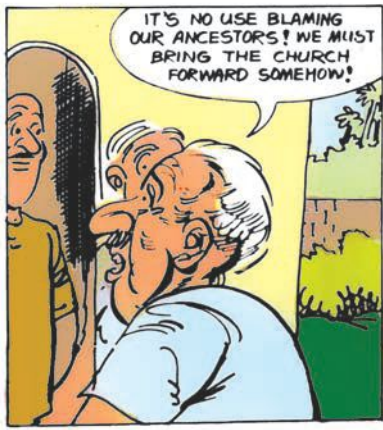
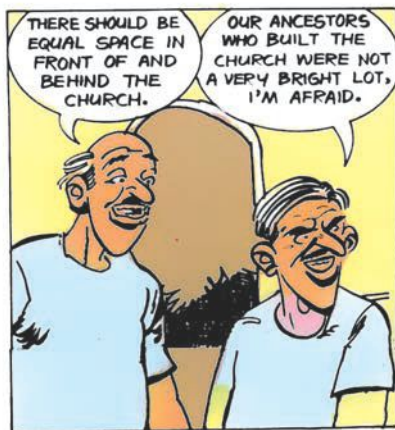
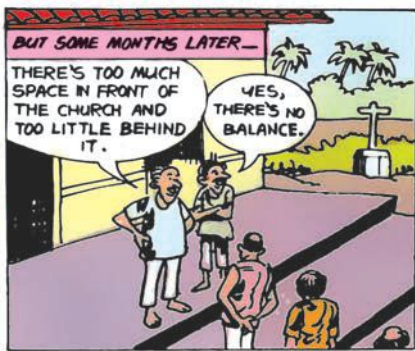
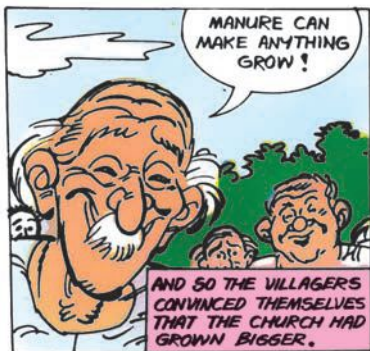
WE LOOSEN THE SOIL AT THE BASE, DIG IT UP...

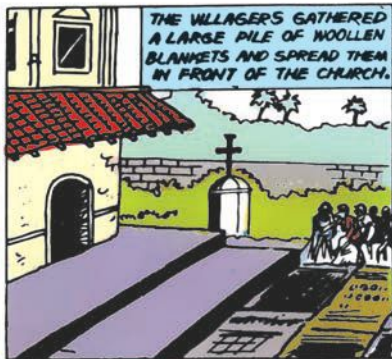
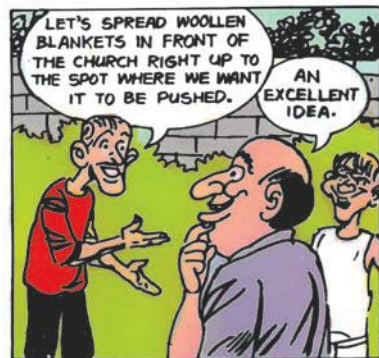
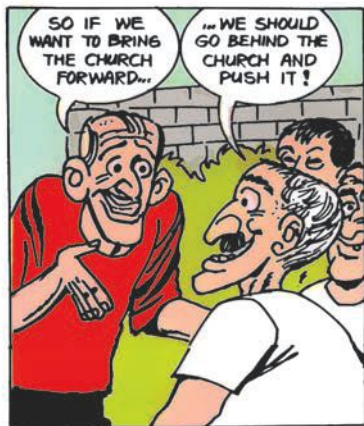
...AND LAY MANURE.

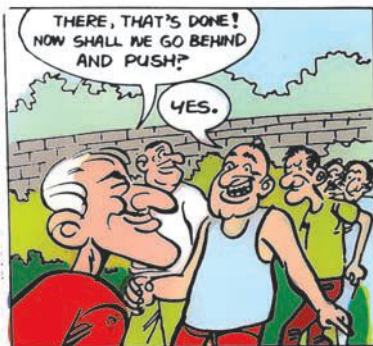


EXACTLY.









... AND KEPT THEM THERE.



THEN HE
RAN OUT
AGAIN, AND
AFTER SOME
TIME —

STOP!
STOP!



IT'S REACHED
THE LIMIT!



THE VILLAGERS RAN
TO THE FRONT OF
THE CHURCH.

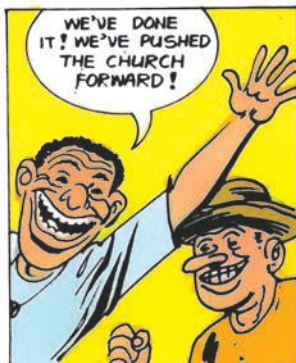


SEE, ALL
THE BLANKETS
HAVE GONE
UNDER.

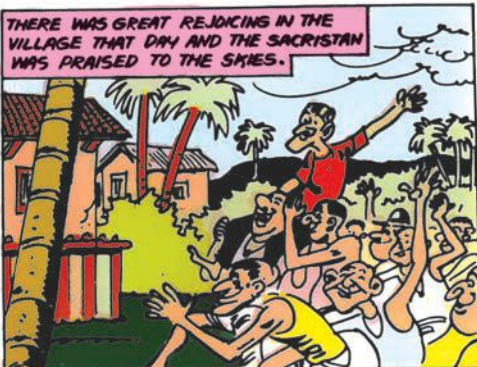
THEY HAVE
INDEED!



WE'VE DONE
IT! WE'VE PUSHED
THE CHURCH
FORWARD!



THERE WAS GREAT REJOICING IN THE
VILLAGE THAT DAY AND THE SACRISTAN
WAS PRAISED TO THE SKIES.



THE STUPID THIEF

Illustrations: Ram Weerker

Based on a story sent by
Snigdha Bose, Cuttack



BUDDHURAM WAS PASSING THROUGH A FOREST ONE DAY WHEN—



HE QUIETLY SLIPPED AWAY.

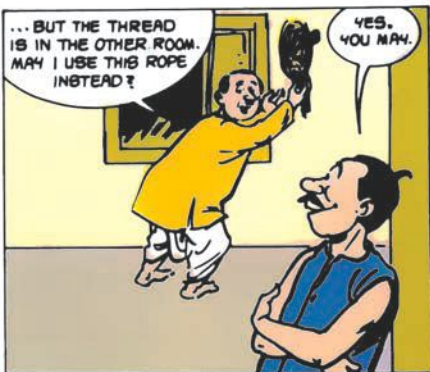


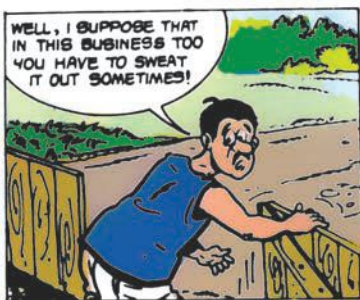
SO THE NEXT NIGHT, ARMED WITH A KNIFE AND A SACK, BUDDHURAM SET OUT.

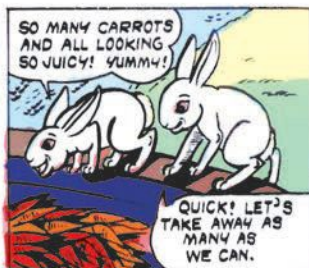


HE WENT ROUND THE HOUSE.

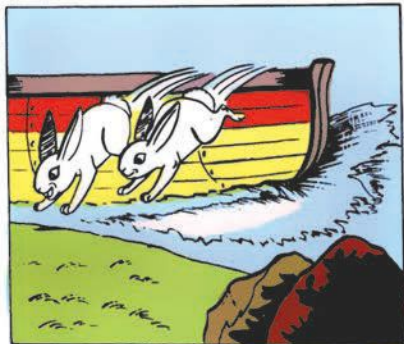










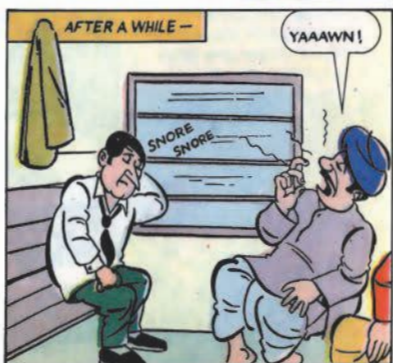
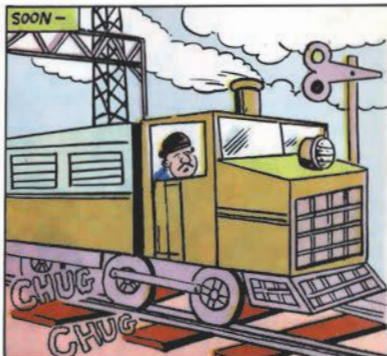


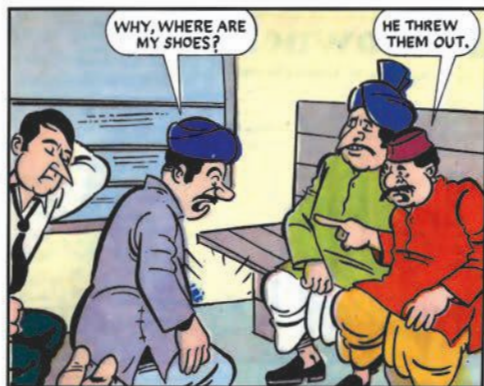
A FITTING REPLY

Based on a story sent by Anindya Mitra

Illustrations: Suresh Kshirsagar

ONE DAY A NATTILY DRESSED MAN BOARDED A TRAIN COMPARTMENT.





The Boastful Landowner

Illustrations: Anand Toraskar

Based on a story sent by Ashish Dhruve



A RICH LANDLORD WHO LIVED IN THE VILLAGE OF BHLUPUR WAS FOREVER BOASTING. ONE DAY HE HAD A VISITOR—

I HAVE THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE. HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE?

HUMPH!

A FITTING RESIDENCE FOR THE RICHEST AND MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE VILLAGE!

HE BOASTS SO MUCH. I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD PULL HIM DOWN A PEG OR TWO! HMM... I HAVE AN IDEA.

I MUST BE GOING NOW. SEE YOU SOON.

THE VISITOR WENT HOME...

...AND RETURNED A LITTLE LATER IN A DISGUISE.

EXCUSE ME, BUT WHERE CAN I FIND THE SARPANCH?

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR?

I'VE HEARD THAT HE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE VILLAGE.

IMPORTANT... HUH! THAT PIP-SQUEAK!

I AM THE RICHEST AND BIGGEST LANDOWNER IN THIS VILLAGE. YOU CAN STATE YOUR BUSINESS TO ME.

THE DISGUISED ONE RUMMAGED IN HIS BAG—

YOU SAY YOU ARE THE BIGGEST LANDOWNER IN THIS VILLAGE...

HEH HEH! THAT'S RIGHT.

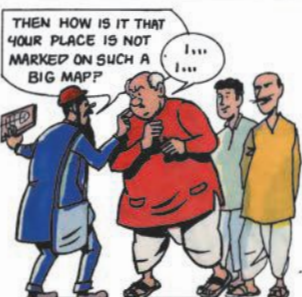
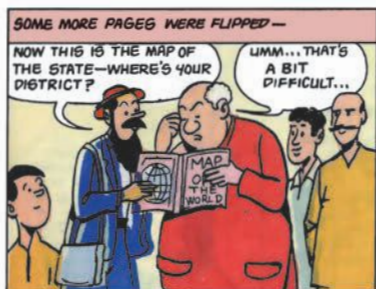
NOW HERE'S A MAP OF THE WORLD. CAN YOU POINT OUT WHERE INDIA IS?

OF COURSE, I CAN. THERE IT IS.

A FEW PAGES WERE TURNED, AND —

THIS IS THE MAP OF INDIA. CAN YOU POINT OUT YOUR STATE?

SIMPLE. THAT'S THE ONE.



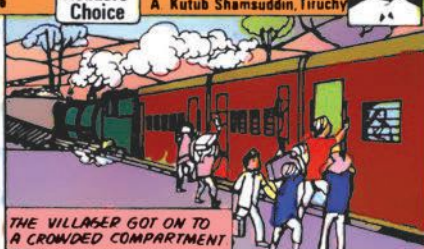
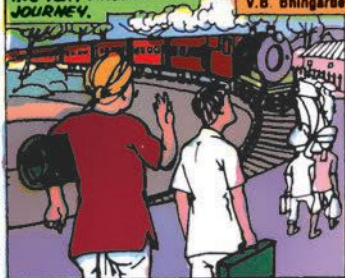
A VILLAGER WAITED IMPATIENTLY AT THE RAILWAY PLATFORM, IT WAS HIS VERY FIRST TRAIN JOURNEY.

PROUD MAN IN THE TRAIN

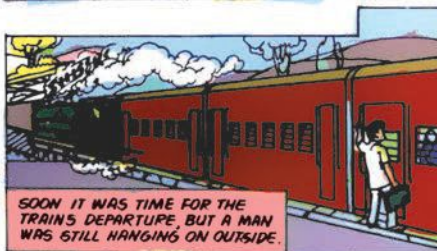
Illustrations:
V.B. Bhingardeva

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
A. Kutub Shamsuddin, Tiruchy



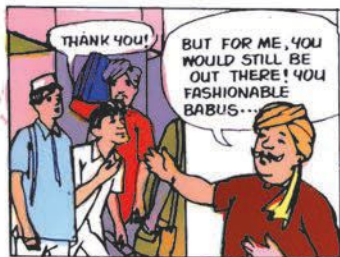
THE VILLAGER GOT ON TO A CROWDED COMPARTMENT



SOON IT WAS TIME FOR THE TRAIN'S DEPARTURE, BUT A MAN WAS STILL HANGING ON OUTSIDE.



COME, I'LL HELP YOU!

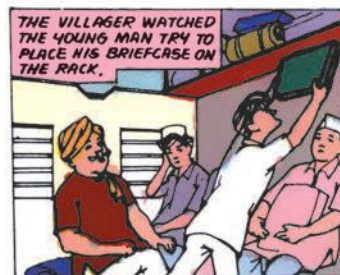


THANK YOU!

BUT FOR ME, YOU WOULD STILL BE OUT THERE! YOU FASHIONABLE BABUS...



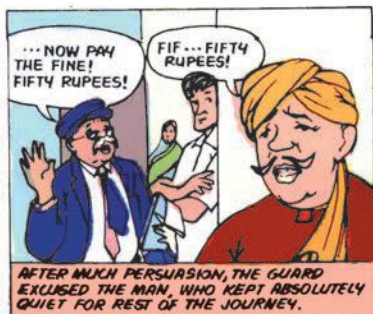
...YOU HAVE NO STRENGTH AT ALL! LOOK AT ME!



THE VILLAGER WATCHED THE YOUNG MAN TRY TO PLACE HIS BRIEFCASE ON THE RACK.



HEY, YOU! GIVE IT TO ME.



A SON-IN-LAW COMES TO DINNER

Illustrations: Ram Woerker
Based on a story sent by
Mainik Shome, Kohima

Readers' Choice

**GOPAL'S WIFE WAS A NAG. RECENTLY SHE
HAD BEGUN NAGGING HIM ABOUT INVITING
THEIR SON-IN-LAW OVER FOR DINNER.**



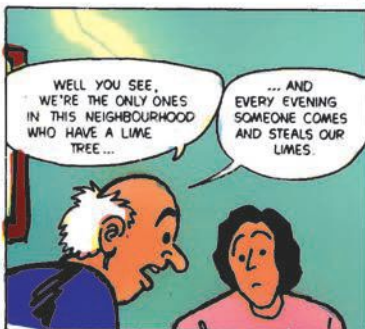
GOPAL'S WIFE WENT ON AND ON, UNTIL —

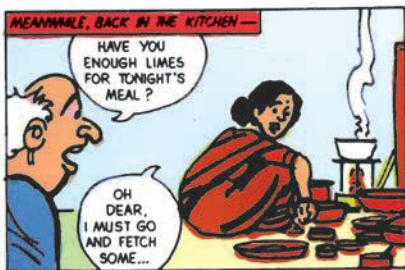
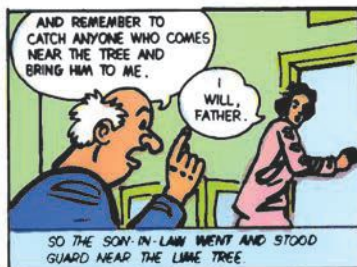


THE NEXT EVENING —



**WHILE THE MOTHER-IN-LAW WAS
BUSY IN THE KITCHEN —**





Anger to the Rescue

Based on a story sent by Latief Khan, Srinagar

READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations: Bapu Patil

THE KING OF RATNAPUR HAD JUST INAUGURATED THE KINGDOM'S NEW LOOK-OUT TOWER.

I'D LIKE TO VIEW THE CITY FROM ATOP THIS SPIRE.

UP WE GO.

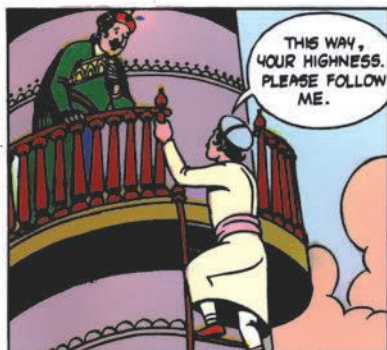
WHAT A FABULOUS VIEW!

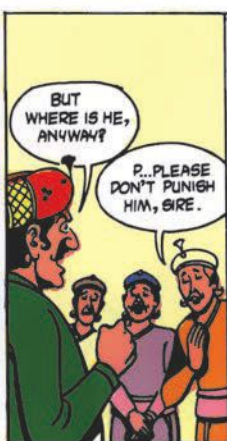
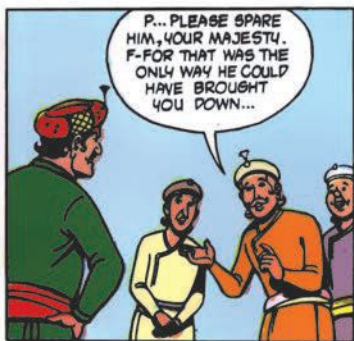
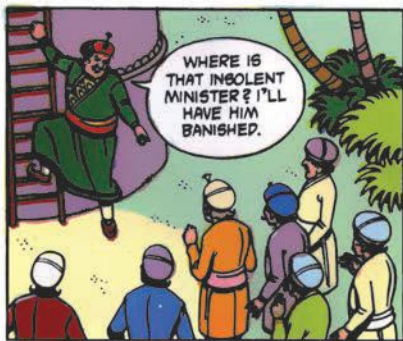
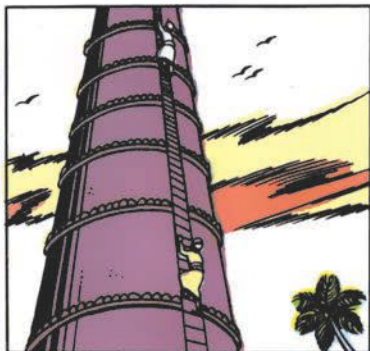
SHALL WE GO DOWN, YOUR MAJESTY?

N...NO...

...W... WHAT IF I FALL DOWN?

DON'T WORRY. WE'LL GO AS WE CAME - SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY.





MOTION PICTURES

Script:
Dev Nadkarni

Illustrations:
Goutam Sen

THE FIRST MOTION PICTURES WERE A FAR CRY FROM THE ONES YOU SEE TODAY. IN FACT, THE FIRST FILM WHICH WAS PUBLICLY DEMONSTRATED AT THE LUMIERE THEATRE IN FRANCE IN 1895, WAS A SERIES OF 10 REELS - EACH OF ONLY A MINUTE'S DURATION. IN INDIA, DADASAHEB PHALKE MADE THE FIRST INDIAN FILM, "RAJA HARISHCHANDRA", IN 1913.



A Still From Raja Harishchandra



DADASAHEB PHALKE

EARLY FILMS HAD NO COLOUR, NO SOUND AND NO SPECIAL EFFECTS! TODAY, FILM-MAKING IS NOT ONLY AN ART FORM WITH SPECIALISED TECHNIQUES, BUT ALSO A MULTI-MILLION-RUPEE BUSINESS.

IT TAKES MORE THAN JUST ACTORS AND A CAMERA TO MAKE FILMS. FILM-MAKING IS VERY EXPENSIVE, AND THE FIRST PERSON NEEDED IS THE PRODUCER WHO RAISES THE MONEY FOR THE FILM. HE ALSO LOOKS AFTER ITS BUSINESS SIDE. A FILM ALSO NEEDS A DIRECTOR. HE DECIDES HOW THE ACTORS SHOULD ACT AND HOW THE FILM SHOULD BE MADE.



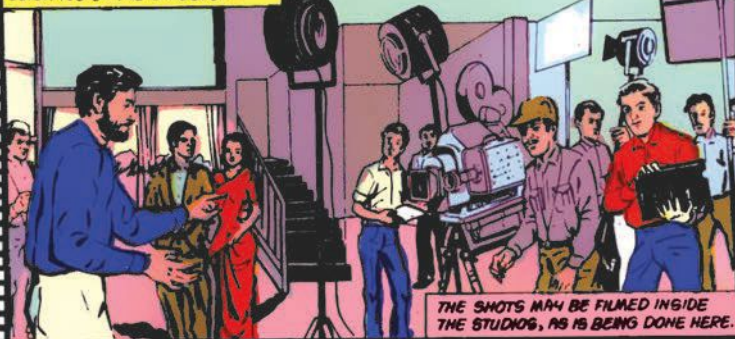
I FIND THE THEME, THE DRAMA AND THE CONCEPT TO BE VERY GOOD. HOW ABOUT 400?

I AGREE. THIS SCRIPT IS WORTH INVESTING IN.

ONCE THE SCRIPT IS CHOSEN, THE PROCESS OF FILM-MAKING BEGINS. THE ACTORS ARE CHOSEN. THEIR COSTUMES ARE DESIGNED AND TAILORED. THE SETS ARE PLANNED AND BUILT. THE MUSIC DIRECTOR, MAKE-UP MAN AND OTHER SPECIALISTS ARE ALSO EMPLOYED.

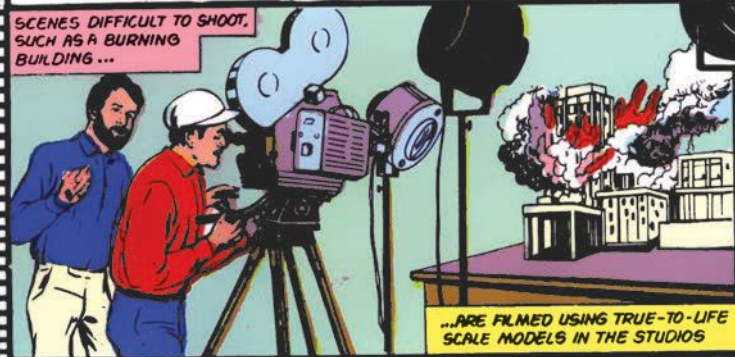


IT IS THEN THAT THE ACTUAL
FILMING BEGINS. FILMING IS DONE
BY CAMERAMEN UNDER THE
GUIDANCE OF THE DIRECTOR.



THE SHOTS MAY BE FILMED INSIDE
THE STUDIO, AS IS BEING DONE HERE.

SCENES DIFFICULT TO SHOOT,
SUCH AS A BURNING
BUILDING ...



...ARE FILMED USING TRUE-TO-LIFE
SCALE MODELS IN THE STUDIOS



THE SCENES ARE LATER
MAGNIFIED AND LOOK REAL.

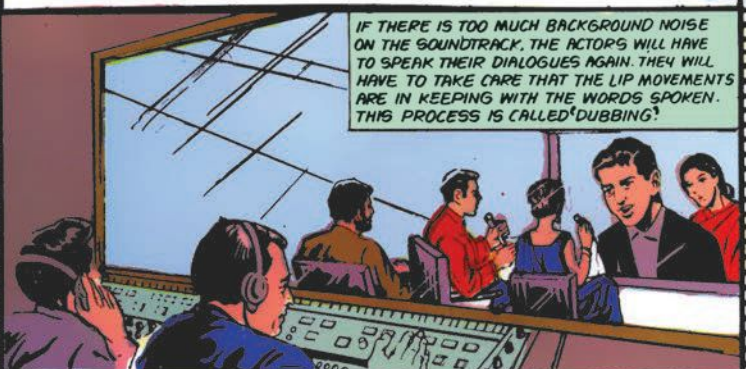
SHOTS MAY ALSO BE FILMED "ON LOCATION", WHICH MEANS OUTSIDE THE STUDIOS.



AFTER ALL THE SEQUENCES IN THE SCRIPT ARE SHOT, THE FILM IS PROCESSED AND EDITED. DURING EDITING, THE SHOTS ARE PUT INTO THE CORRECT SEQUENCE SO THAT THE STORY MOVES SMOOTHLY AND IN A MANNER IN WHICH IT CAN BE UNDERSTOOD. ONLY THEN ARE THE SOUND-EFFECTS AND MUSIC ADDED.



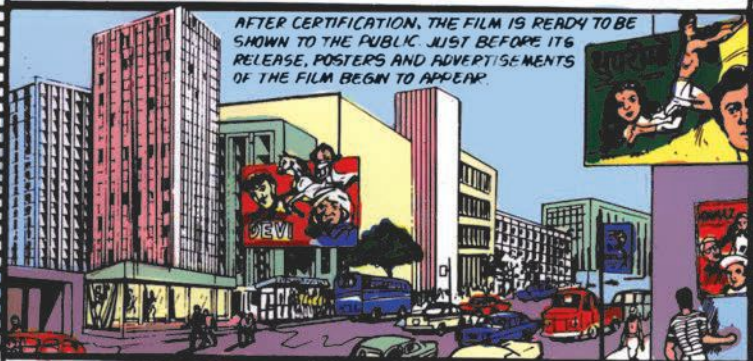
IF THERE IS TOO MUCH BACKGROUND NOISE ON THE SOUNDTRACK, THE ACTORS WILL HAVE TO SPEAK THEIR DIALOGUES AGAIN. THEY WILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE THAT THE LIP MOVEMENTS ARE IN KEEPING WITH THE WORDS SPOKEN. THIS PROCESS IS CALLED 'DUBBING'.



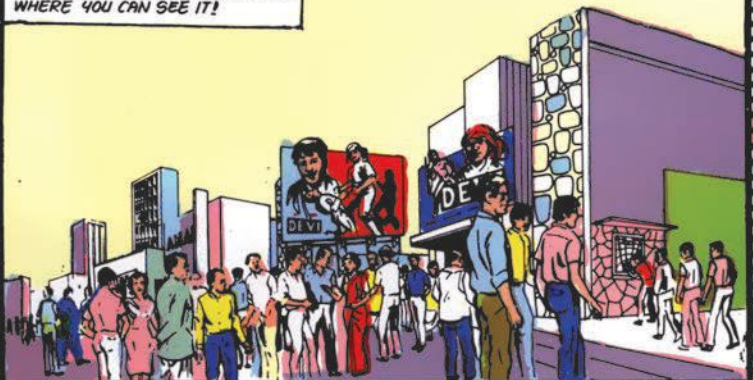
WHEN THE FILM IS READY, IT IS SHOWN TO A GROUP OF RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT. THIS GROUP IS CALLED THE CENSOR BOARD. THEY SEE TO IT THAT THE FILM DOES NOT INCLUDE OBSCENE AND OBJECTIONABLE SCENES OR IDEAS. THEY ALSO CERTIFY THE FILM FIT FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITION AFTER CLASSIFYING IT 'A' (FOR ADULTS ONLY) OR 'U' (UNIVERSAL).



AFTER CERTIFICATION, THE FILM IS READY TO BE SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC. JUST BEFORE ITS RELEASE, POSTERS AND ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE FILM BEGIN TO APPEAR.



SOON, IT COMES TO THE THEATRE WHERE YOU CAN SEE IT!

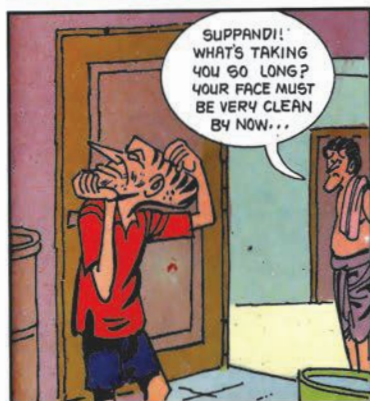


CLEANLINESS DRIVE

A Suppandi Tale

Based on a story sent by
Limatenijen, Dimapur

Illustrations:
Ram Waerker



THE RIGHT QUESTION



Based on a story sent by:
Nandan Lalwani

READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations: Buddhadev

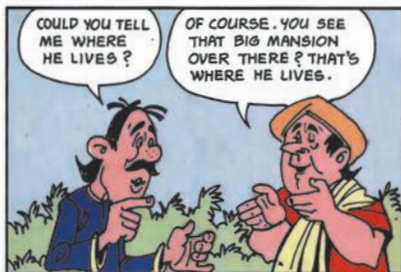
ONCE THERE LIVED A KING WHO HAD A VERY CLEVER MINISTER NAMED CHATUR. ONE DAY—

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR. I COME FROM A DISTANT VILLAGE. AND I'M A GREAT ADMIRER OF THE FAMOUS MINISTER, CHATUR...



COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE HE LIVES?

OF COURSE. YOU SEE THAT BIG MANSION OVER THERE? THAT'S WHERE HE LIVES.



THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I'LL BE OFF THEN.



LATER AT THE PALACE—

PLEASE LET ME GO IN. I WANT TO MEET CHATUR, THE MINISTER. I WENT TO MEET HIM AT HIS RESIDENCE BUT HE WASN'T THERE.



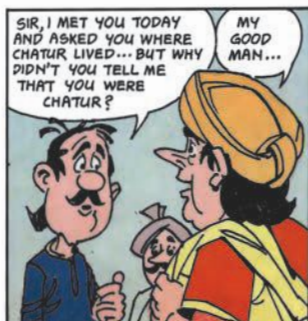
LOOK. THERE HE COMES.

BUT... BUT...



SIR, I MET YOU TODAY AND ASKED YOU WHERE CHATUR LIVED... BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT YOU WERE CHATUR?

MY GOOD MAN...



... YOU ONLY ASKED ME WHERE CHATUR LIVED. HAD YOU ASKED ME WHERE HE COULD BE FOUND...



... I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT I MYSELF WAS CHATUR.



Adventures of **SUPPANDI**

"TO TAME THE FLAMES"

Illustrations: Ram Waerker

Based on a story sent by
Yogesh C.S., Bombay

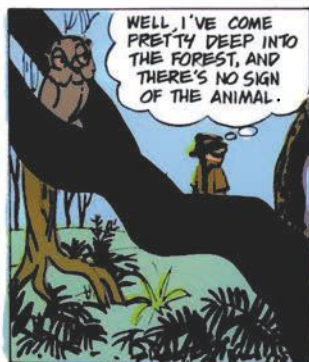
Readers' Choice

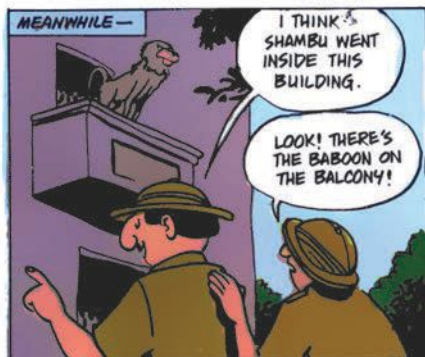




Based on an idea
sent by Sanjay Pai,
Bengaluru

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe







ONE MORE VICTIM

Readers' Choice

Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar

Based on an idea
sent by K. P. Satish Kumar,
Mumbai



HORROR MOVIE

Based on a story sent by Tagender Singh

READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations:
Suresh Kshirsagar

ONE DAY —

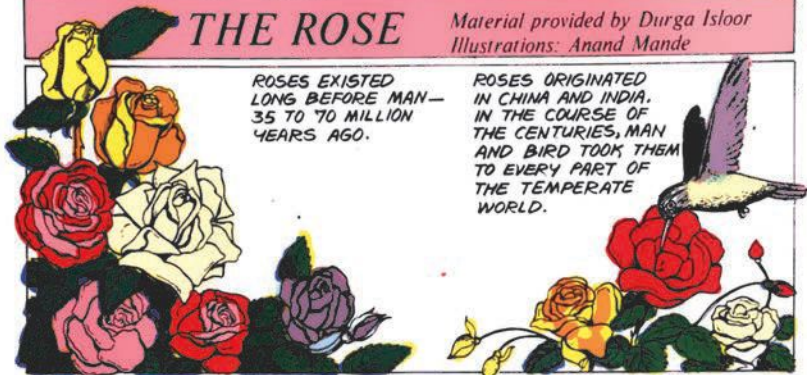


THE ROSE

Material provided by Durga Isloor
Illustrations: Anand Mande

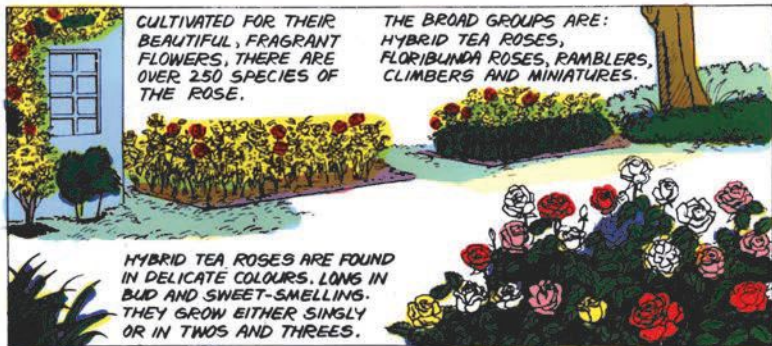
ROSES EXISTED
LONG BEFORE MAN—
35 TO 70 MILLION
YEARS AGO.

ROSES ORIGINATED
IN CHINA AND INDIA.
IN THE COURSE OF
THE CENTURIES, MAN
AND BIRD TOOK THEM
TO EVERY PART OF
THE TEMPERATE
WORLD.



CULTIVATED FOR THEIR
BEAUTIFUL, FRAGRANT
FLOWERS, THERE ARE
OVER 250 SPECIES OF
THE ROSE.

THE BROAD GROUPS ARE:
HYBRID TEA ROSES,
FLORIBUNDA ROSES, RAMBLERS,
CLIMBERS AND MINIATURES.



HYBRID TEA ROSES ARE FOUND
IN DELICATE COLOURS. LONG IN
BUD AND SWEET-SMELLING.
THEY GROW EITHER SINGLY
OR IN TWOS AND THREES.

FLORIBUNDAS BLOOM IN
CLUSTERS AND FLOWER
PROFUSELY.



CLIMBERS ARE GROWN TO COVER WALLS AND FENCES. ALTHOUGH THEY GROW SLOWLY, THEY LIVE LONGER. THE FLOWERS ARE INDIVIDUAL AND BLOOM IN SUMMER.



RAMBLERS HAVE A HEAVY CROP OF SMALL FLOWERS WHICH GROW IN CLUSTERS.



MINIATURE ROSES ARE VERY SMALL AND IDEAL FOR ROCK GARDENS AND WINDOW BOXES.



WILD ROSES HAVE ONLY FIVE PETALS AND MANY STAMENS. THE SEEDS ARE FOUND AT THE BASE OF THE FLOWER.



CULTIVATED OR HYBRID ROSES HAVE MANY PETALS AND COMPOUND LEAVES (LEAVES DIVIDED INTO LEAFLETS). THE STEMS HAVE THORNS—THESE PROTECT THE PLANT FROM BEING EATEN BY ANIMALS.

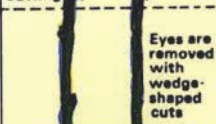


ROSEBUSHES HAVE SEEDS WHICH ARE FORMED IN LITTLE FRUITS CALLED ROSEHIPS. ROSEHIPS CONTAIN ASCORBIC ACID (VITAMIN C) AND ARE USED TO MAKE SYRUP.



MOST ROSEBUSHES HOWEVER, ARE RAISED BY CUTTINGS OR BUDDING.

Cutting



Eyes are removed with wedge-shaped cuts



Planting the cuttings in rows

Budding



Removing buds



Fixing the prepared bud to the shoot



Securing the shoot

ROSEBUSHES HAVE TO BE PRUNED PERIODICALLY. THE WEAK OR DEAD SHOOTS MUST BE REMOVED.



ROSES ARE ALSO CULTIVATED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF "ATTAR," AN OIL USED IN PERFUMES. OVER 2000 ROSE FLOWERS HAVE TO BE DISTILLED TO YIELD JUST 1 GRAM OF OIL! IT IS SAID THAT NOOR JAHAN'S MOTHER BROUGHT THIS ART WITH HER TO INDIA.



THE ROSE FAMILY (ROSALES) IS A VERY LARGE AND IMPORTANT FAMILY. APPLES, PLUMS, PEACHES, PEARS, APRICOTS, CHERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES ARE ALL COUSINS OF THE ROSE!



Apple



Plum



Peach



Strawberry



Blackberry



Apricot



Pear



Cherry



Raspberry

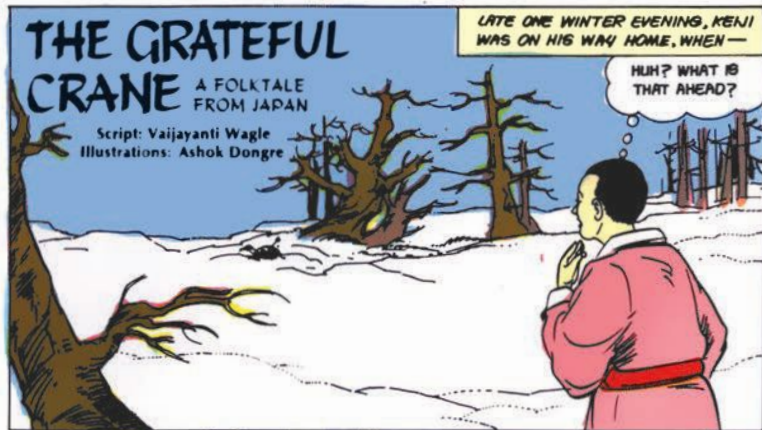
THE GRATEFUL CRANE

A FOLKTALE
FROM JAPAN

Script: Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre

LATE ONE WINTER EVENING, KENJI
WAS ON HIS WAY HOME, WHEN —

HUH? WHAT IS
THAT AHEAD?



A WOUNDED
CRANE! WHO
COULD HAVE
BEEN SO
CRUEL?



YOU ARE
HURT. DON'T
WORRY, I WILL
HELP YOU.



NOW KEEP STILL
WHILE I REMOVE
THIS ARROW.

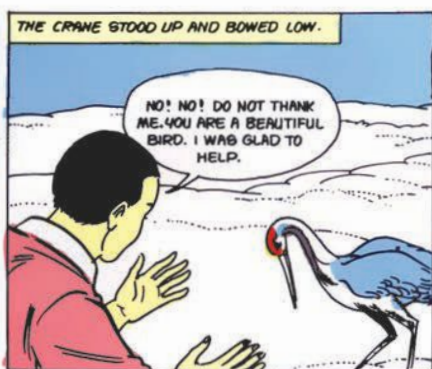


YOU ARE LUCKY.
YOUR FEATHERS
HAVE PROTECTED
YOU.



THE CRANE STOOD UP AND BOWED LOW.

NO! NO! DO NOT THANK
ME. YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL
BIRD. I WAS GLAD TO
HELP.



WITH A FLUTTER OF ITS WINGS THE CRANE FLEW AWAY INTO THE AIR AND THEN KENJI RETURNED HOME.



THE DAYS PASSED. ONE DAY, WHILE KENJI AND HIS FATHER WERE WORKING IN THE FIELDS, A LOST YOUNG ORPHAN GIRL ARRIVED AT THEIR HOME.



KIND LADY, CAN YOU TELL ME THE PATH OUT OF THESE WOODS?

WHY, CERTAINLY, MY CHILD.



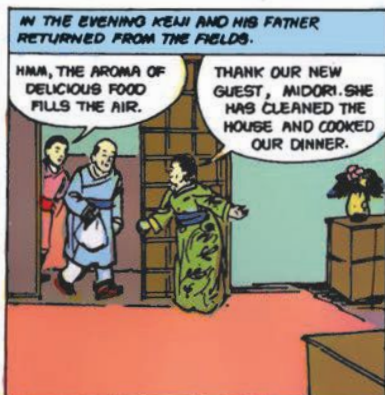
BUT YOU LOOK TIRED. SPEND THE NIGHT HERE. TOMORROW YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY, REFRESHED.

THAT WOULD BE VERY NICE, THANK YOU.



THROUGHOUT THE DAY THE GRATFUL GIRL HELPED KENJI'S OLD MOTHER IN THE HOUSE

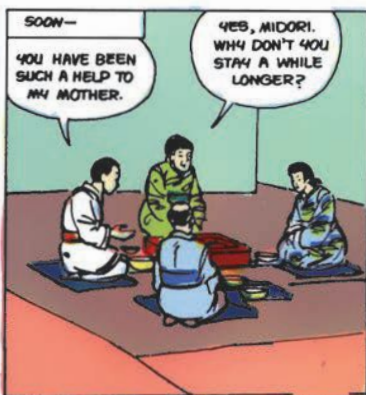
WHAT A NICE YOUNG GIRL.



IN THE EVENING KENJI AND HIS FATHER RETURNED FROM THE FIELDS.

HMM, THE AROMA OF DELICIOUS FOOD FILLS THE AIR.

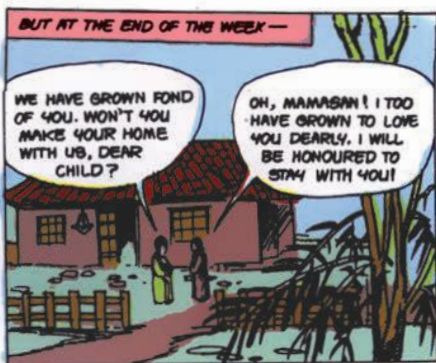
THANK OUR NEW GUEST, MIDORI. SHE HAS CLEANED THE HOUSE AND COOKED OUR DINNER.

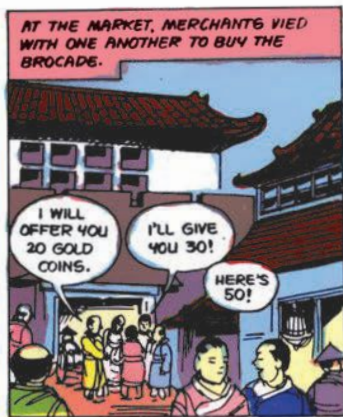
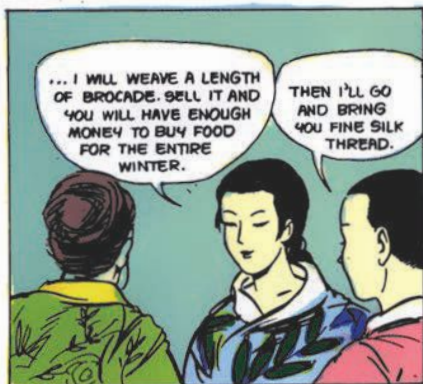


SOON—

YOU HAVE BEEN SUCH A HELP TO MY MOTHER.

YES, MIDORI. WHY DON'T YOU STAY A WHILE LONGER?





THAT EVENING KEIJI CAME HOME WITH A BAG FULL OF GOLD COINS.



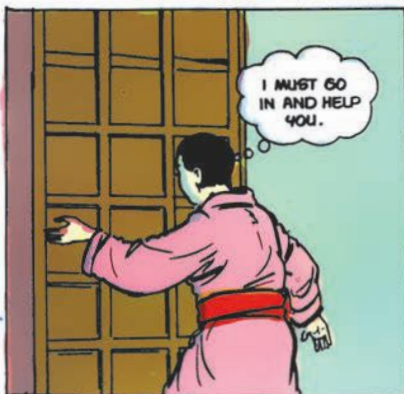
WHEN SPRING CAME, MIDORI DECIDED TO WEAVE ANOTHER LENGTH OF BROCADE.

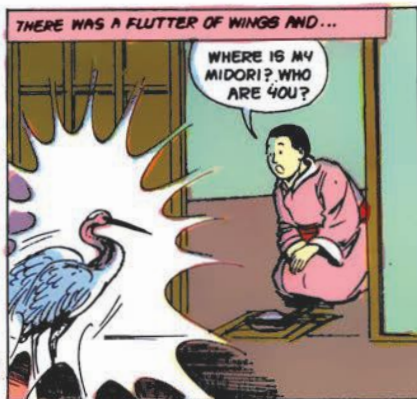


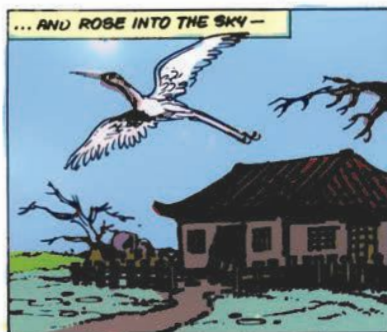
THE FAMILY PROMISED NOT TO DISTURB HER AS MIDORI SHUT HERSELF IN A ROOM.



EVERY EVENING KEIJI PLACED A BOWL OF RICE AND RADISH OUTSIDE MIDORI'S DOOR.









SHUKLAPAKSHA ONCE WENT TO A MONEYLENDER.



I WANT TO
PLEDGE THIS GOLD
CHAIN, SIR.

HAMMM...



I WILL GIVE YOU
TEN RUPEES WHICH
YOU WILL HAVE TO
REPAY WITH AN
INTEREST OF 50 PAISE
EVERY WEEK.



SHUKLAPAKSHA RELIGIOUSLY PAID BACK HIS
INSTALMENTS ...



... FOR WEEKS AND MONTHS ...

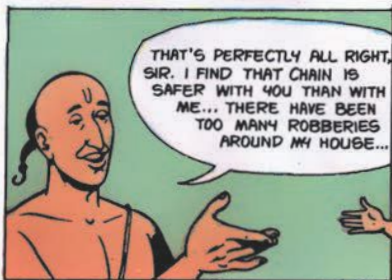


THEN ONE DAY —

SHUKLAPAKSHA, YOU'VE
ALREADY REPAYED
THE LOAN WITH
INTEREST...



THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT,
SIR. I FIND THAT CHAIN IS
SAFER WITH YOU THAN WITH
ME... THERE HAVE BEEN
TOO MANY ROBBERIES
AROUND MY HOUSE...



... AND I DON'T
MIND PAYING
YOU A SMALL FEE
FOR YOUR
SERVICES!



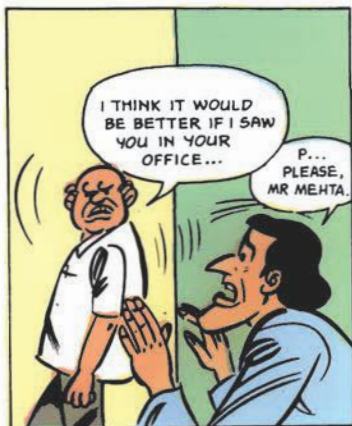
'CHOR' Lalmon Plays Policeman

Story: Swapna Dutta
Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

This story won the
Consolation Prize in the
Tinkle Original Story
Competition







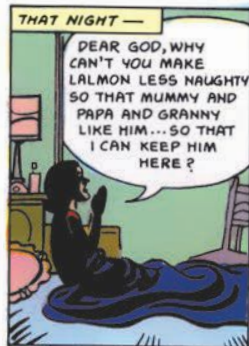


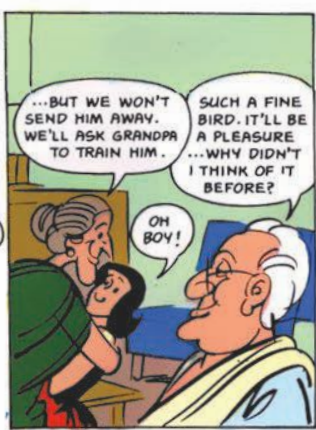


...AND SOON ENOUGH, LALMON BECAME AN
EVEN GREATER MENACE BECAUSE OF HIS
NEW-FOUND FREEDOM!









BAGGING A SEAT

Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Huma Mustafa, Srinagar

A YOUNG MAN ONCE GOT INTO
A CROWDED TRAIN.

IT'S PACKED...
LOOKS LIKE I'LL
HAVE TO TRAVEL
STANDING.



HEY! THERE'S
A VACANT SEAT
OVER THERE.



EXCUSE ME, IS THIS
YOUR BAG?

NO, IT'S NOT.
IT BELONGS
TO MY
FRIEND.



WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING
IT ON THE OVERHEAD
RACK?

MY FRIEND
IS GOING TO JOIN
ME SOON. TILL HE
DOES THE BAG
MUST REMAIN
HERE.



JUST THEN, THE TRAIN STARTED.

OH! MY
BAG!



WHY DID YOU
DO THAT?

SINCE YOUR
FRIEND MISSED
THE TRAIN...



...I DIDN'T WANT
HIM TO LOSE
HIS BAG AS
WELL!



MONEY POWER

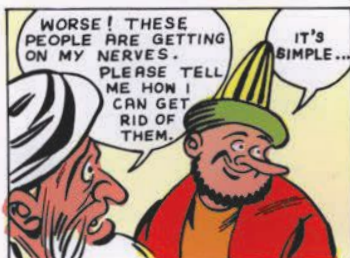
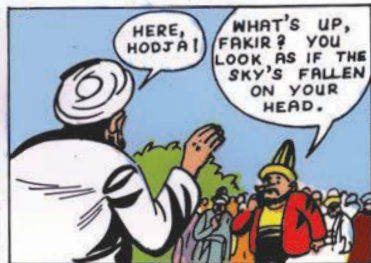
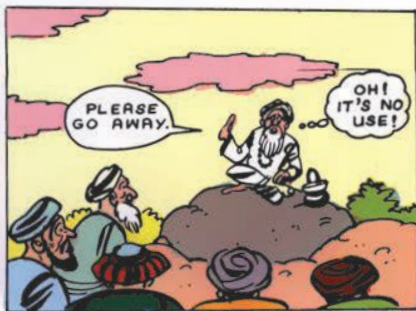
A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

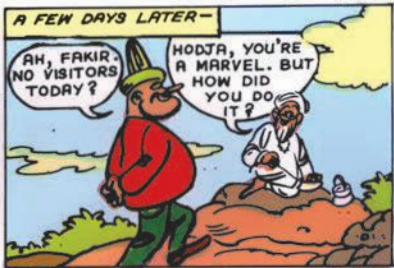
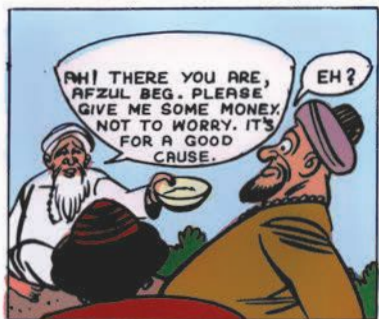
Script:

Iyer Prasad B.

Illustrations:

Ram Waoerkar





BIRDS' NESTS

Script: Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations: Goutam Sen

THERE IS FURIOUS
ACTIVITY IN THE BIRD
WORLD JUST BEFORE THE
MATING SEASON. BIRDS
GET BUSY BUILDING
THEIR NESTS AND
SOME ARE VERY UNUSUAL
NESTS INDEED!

WOODPECKERS

WOODPECKERS USE THEIR
STRONG BILLS TO BORE A
DEEP HOLE IN TREE-TRUNKS.
AT THE END OF THE LITTLE
TUNNEL IS A CHAMBER.
HERE, ON A SOFT LAYER OF
WOOD DUST, THE WOODPECKER
LAYS HER EGGS.



HORN BILLS

HORN BILLS
LAY THEIR EGGS
IN THE HOLLOW OF
A TREE-TRUNK. AS
THE FEMALE SETTLES DOWN TO
HATCH HER EGGS, THE MALE HELPS HER
TO BLOCK THE ENTRANCE WITH MUD AND
SALIVA. NOW THE FEMALE AND HER EGGS
ARE SAFE. ONLY A NARROW SLIT REMAINS
THROUGH WHICH THE MALE FEEDS HIS
FAMILY!



TAILOR BIRDS

THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE TAILOR BIRD SEWS
HIS OWN NEST. HOLES ARE PUNCHED ALONG
THE EDGES OF TWO OVERLAPPING LEAVES.
STRANDS OF FIBRE ARE DRAWN THROUGH
THE HOLES AND KNOTTED AT EACH END TO
HOLD THE LEAVES TOGETHER. LO AND
BEHOLD, A LITTLE POUCH IS READY. THE
INSIDE IS LINED WITH SOFT COTTON
OR REEDS.



WEAVER BIRDS

THESE ARE NOT THE FRUITS OF A PALM TREE. THEY ARE THE HANGING NESTS OF THE WEAVER BIRD. WEAVER BIRDS CUT FINE STRIPS FROM PALM FRONDS OR GRASS STEMS. THE STRIPS ARE WOVEN INTO A NEAT HOLLOW BALL. THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEST IS A LONG, DOWNWARD-POINTING TUBE.



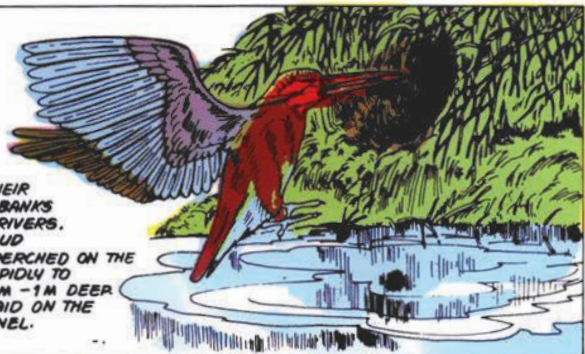
SWIFTLETS

THE SWIFTLETS OF SOUTH EAST ASIA DO NOT HUNT FOR NESTING MATERIAL AT ALL. THEY USE THEIR OWN STICKY SALIVA TO WEAVE A NEAT CRADLE. THE NESTS ARE THEN FIXED ON TO A WALL.



KINGFISHERS

KINGFISHERS DIG THEIR NESTS IN THE MUD BANKS ALONG LAKES AND RIVERS. THEY LOOSEN THE MUD TO FORM A LEDGE. PERCHED ON THE LEDGE, THEY DIG RAPIDLY TO FORM A TUNNEL, $\frac{1}{2}$ M - 1 M DEEP. THEIR EGGS ARE LAID ON THE FLOOR OF THIS TUNNEL.



HUMMING BIRDS

PERCHED ON THIS TWIG IS THE RUBY THROATED HUMMING BIRD'S NEST—A DELICATE LITTLE CUP MADE OF MOSS AND SPIDERS' WEBS. IN THIS NEST, NO BIGGER THAN HALF A WALNUT, THE HUMMING BIRD LAYS TWO PEA-SIZED EGGS.



BRUSH TURKEY

THE BRUSH TURKEYS OF AUSTRALIA BUILD THEIR NESTS BY KICKING TWIGS AND LEAVES INTO A MOUND. THE FEMALE LAYS HER EGGS IN THE MOUND AND LEAVES THE MALE TO FUSS OVER THE NEST. THE MALE POKES HIS BILL INTO THE MOUND TO TEST THE TEMPERATURE, FOR IT IS THE HEAT INSIDE THE NEST THAT HATCHES THE EGGS.



OVEN BIRDS

THE OVEN BIRDS OF SOUTH AMERICA BUILD THEIR NESTS AFTER THE FIRST RAINS. CLUMPS OF WET EARTH ARE ARRANGED TO FORM A POT-SHAPED NEST. THE HOT SUN BAKES THE NEST HARD. SOME NESTS ARE SO LARGE THAT A MAN CAN STAND UPRIGHT WITHIN THEM!



THE SHY GUEST

Script: Devenshu Mohapatra
Illustrations: Souren Roy

AJAY WAS A SHY YOUNG MAN. ONE DAY HE WENT TO VISIT SOME RELATIVES.

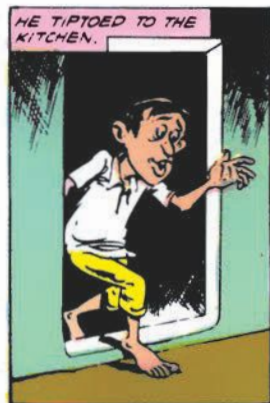


HE WAS VERY HUNGRY BUT WHEN THE FOOD WAS SERVED HE WAS TOO SHY TO ASK FOR A SECOND HELPING.



TOWARDS THE END OF THE MEAL —





SOME OF THE KHEER SPILT ON HIS FACE.



RAJY LAPPED IT UP IN DELIGHT.



THIS IS THE
BEST KHEER
I HAVE EVER
TASTED.



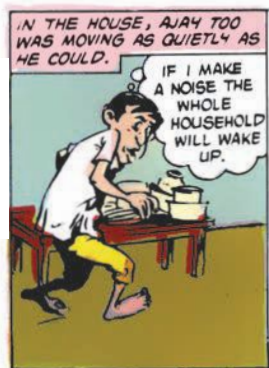
OH! MY
FACE AND
HANDS ARE
SO STICKY.
I'D BETTER
HAVE A WASH
FIRST.

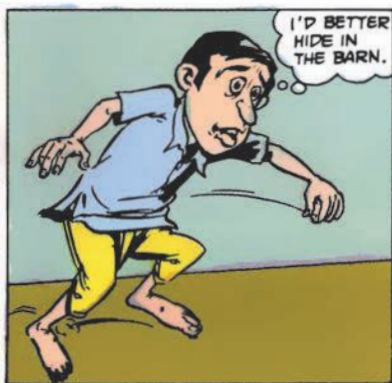
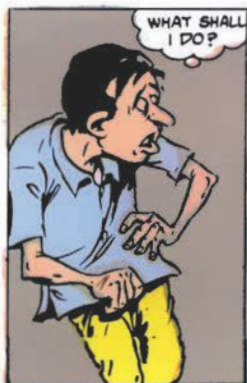


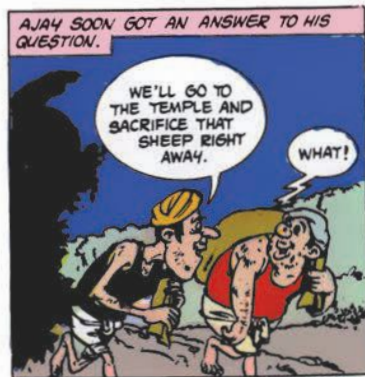
AT THAT VERY MOMENT OUTSIDE THE
HOUSE —

THEY HAVE SOME FINE
SHEEP IN THAT BARN.
LET'S STEAL ONE AND
SACRIFICE IT TO
GODDESS BHAVANI.









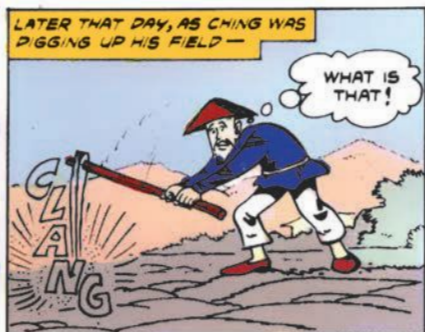


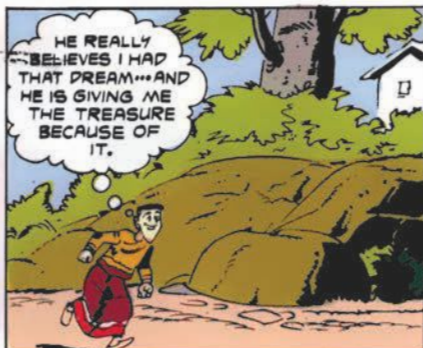
THE DREAM CAME TRUE

— A CHINESE TALE

Script: Devenshu Mohapatra
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar





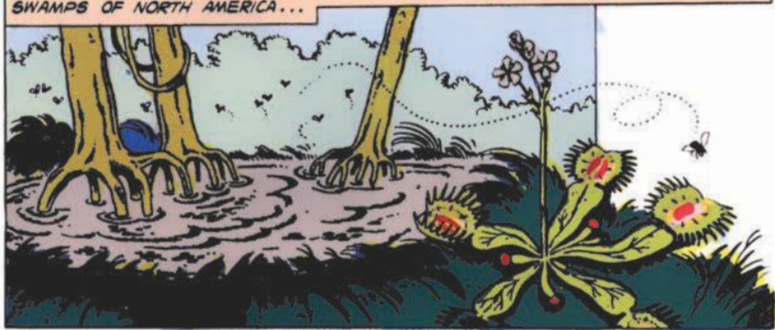




INSECT-EATING PLANTS

Based on material provided by Nandini Das
SCRIPT: LUIS M. FERNANDES ● ILLUSTRATIONS: PRADEEP SATHE

FLIES ARE NOT SAFE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. WHEN THIS FLY IN THE BOGGY SWAMPS OF NORTH AMERICA...



... SETTLES ON A LEAF OF THE PLANT CALLED VENUS FLYTRAP...



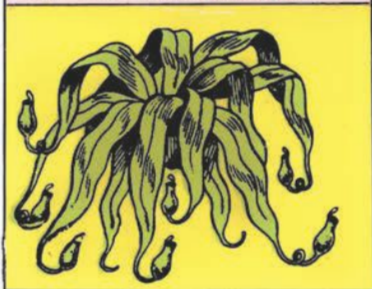
... THE TWO HALVES OF THE LEAF IMMEDIATELY SNAP SHUT, TRAPPING THE FLY.



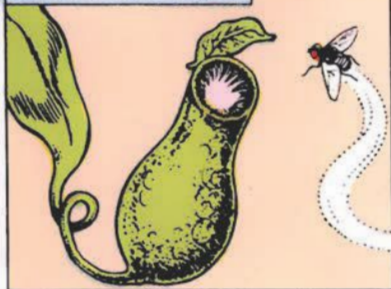
THE LEAF RE-OPENS ONLY WHEN THE FLY HAS BEEN EATEN.



THE PITCHER PLANT IS ANOTHER PLANT THAT CATCHES INSECTS.



THE SWEET SMELL OF THE PITCHER ATTRACTS THE INSECT.



THE RED COLOUR OF THE INNER WALL OF THE PITCHER TOO LOOKS INVITING. THE INSECT WALKS INSIDE.



BUT THE NEXT MOMENT THE POOR CREATURE SLIDES HELPLESSLY DOWN THE SLIPPERY WALL OF THE PITCHER.



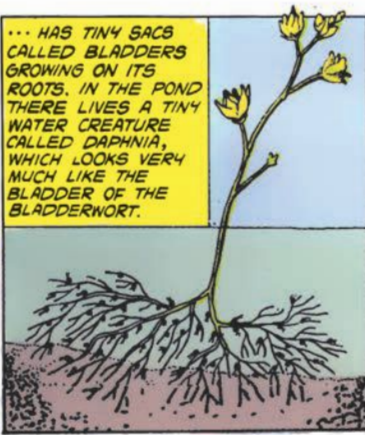
WHEN IT TOUCHES THE BOTTOM, THE JUICES THERE HELP THE PLANT TO DIGEST THE INSECT AND USE IT UP AS FOOD.



THE BLADDERWORT HAS A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT METHOD OF TRAPPING ITS PREY. THIS PLANT WHICH GROWS IN PONDS...



... HAS TINY SACS CALLED BLADDERS GROWING ON ITS ROOTS. IN THE POND THERE LIVES A TINY WATER CREATURE CALLED DAPHNIA, WHICH LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE THE BLADDER OF THE BLADDERWORT.



THE DAPHNIA GOES UP TO THE BLADDER, TAKING IT TO BE ONE OF ITS FRIENDS.



BUT THE MOMENT IT TOUCHES THE BLADDER, A TRAPDOOR OPENS INWARDS AND THE DAPHNIA IS SWEEPED IN WITH THE WATER THAT RUSHES INTO THE BLADDER.

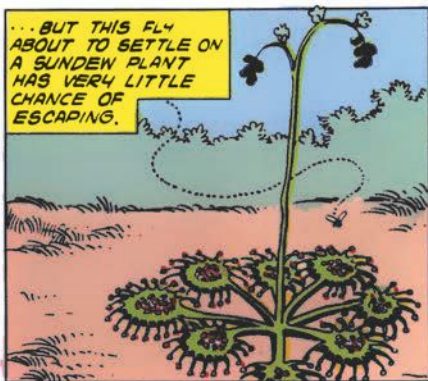


ONCE THE DAPHNIA IS INSIDE, THE TRAPDOOR CLOSES AND THE BLADDERWORT PROCEEDS TO DIGEST THE CREATURE IT HAS CAUGHT.

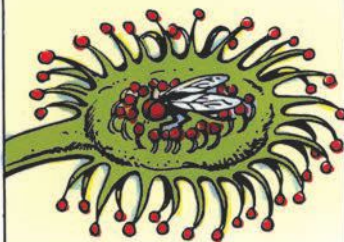


PERHAPS THE DAPHNIA COULD HAVE GOT AWAY IF IT HAD BEEN MORE ALERT...

...BUT THIS FLY ABOUT TO SETTLE ON A SUNDEW PLANT HAS VERY LITTLE CHANCE OF ESCAPING.



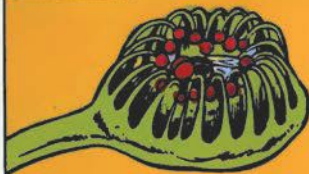
THE PLANT HAS BUTTON-TIPPED, HAIRLIKE GROWTHS ON ITS LEAVES. THESE BUTTONS ARE STICKY.



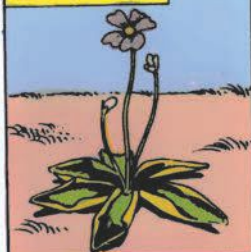
AS THE FLY STRUGGLES TO FREE ITSELF...



...THE OTHER BUTTONS CLOSE IN ON IT. THEN CERTAIN JUICES FLOW OUT FROM THE LEAF AND THE INSECT IS DISSOLVED AND DIGESTED.



ANOTHER INSECT-EATING PLANT IS THE BUTTERWORT.



WHEN AN INSECT SITS ON ONE OF ITS LEAVES...



...THE LEAF CURLS UP IMPRISONING IT. THE INSECT IS THEN DIGESTED AT LEISURE.



ALL THESE PLANTS EAT INSECTS BECAUSE THEY DO NOT GET ENOUGH FOOD FROM THE SOIL THEY ARE GROWING IN.

The chief and the glutton

—A Nepalese
folktale

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

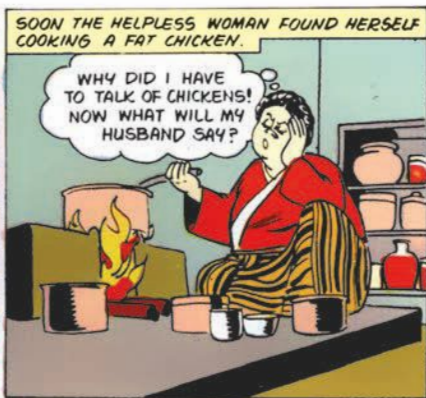
Based on a story
sent by
Suraj Ghising Lama,
Jalpaiguri

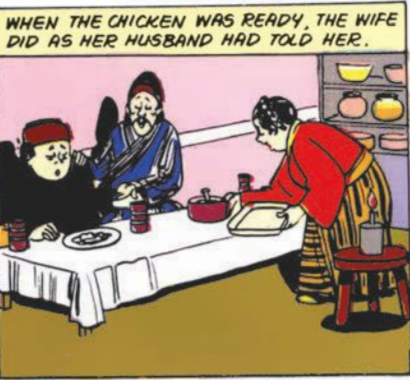


THE CHIEF OF A VILLAGE BECAME FRIENDLY WITH ONE OF THE VILLAGERS, BUT AFTER SOME TIME HE FOUND THAT THE MAN WAS A GLUTTON.













... BUT BEFORE HE COULD DO SO —



A LESSON TO LEARN

Script:
Marge Sastry
Illustrations:
Sanjay V. Kamble

THE GURU HAD JUST RETURNED FROM A LONG TRIP AND THE STUDENTS RUSHED TO GREET HIM.

I HOPE YOU
HAVE WORK-
ED IN MY
ABSENCE.

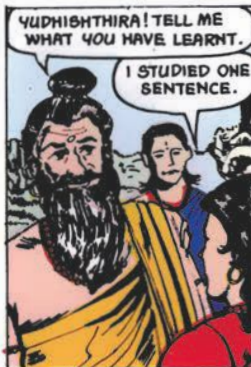
I STUDIED
TWO FULL
LESSONS.

I MEMORISED
FIVE CHAPTERS.



YUDHISHTHIRA! TELL ME
WHAT YOU HAVE LEARNT.

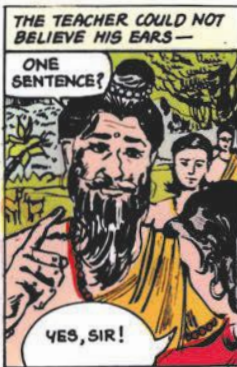
I STUDIED ONE
SENTENCE.



THE TEACHER COULD NOT
BELIEVE HIS EARS—

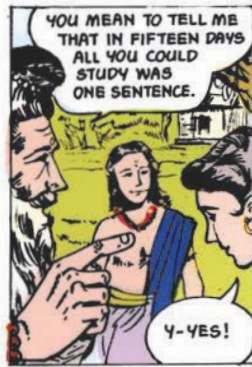
ONE
SENTENCE?

YES, SIR!



YOU MEAN TO TELL ME
THAT IN FIFTEEN DAYS
ALL YOU COULD
STUDY WAS
ONE SENTENCE.

Y-YES!



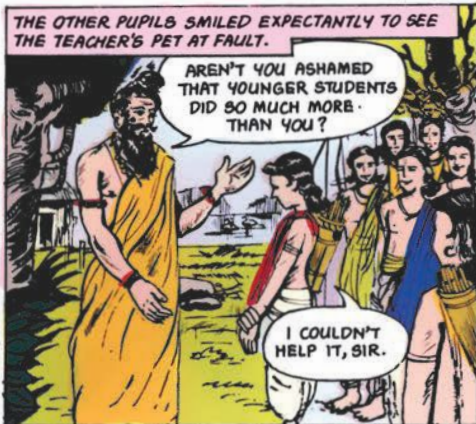
HOW COULD HE DO THIS?
HAS HE BECOME VAIN
BECAUSE HE IS THE
BRIGHTEST?

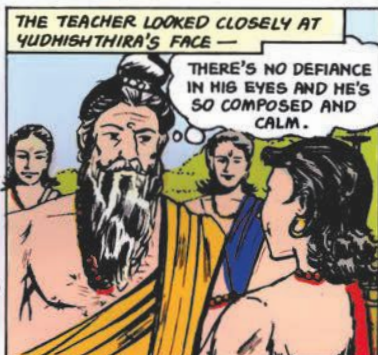
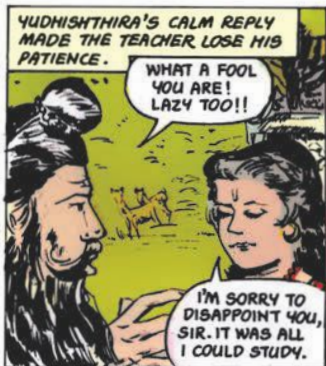


THE OTHER PUPILS SMILED EXPECTANTLY TO SEE
THE TEACHER'S PET AT FAULT.

AREN'T YOU ASHAMED
THAT YOUNGER STUDENTS
DID SO MUCH MORE
THAN YOU?

I COULDN'T
HELP IT, SIR.

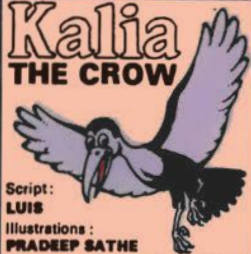




Kalia THE CROW

Script:
LUIS

Illustrations:
PRADEEP SATHE



ONE DAY KALIA
DECIDED TO VISIT
HIS FRIEND, SUNDAR,
THE PEACOCK.



I HOPE
HE STILL
LIVES AT THE
TOP OF THIS
SLOPE.



THERE
HE IS. BUT
WHAT IS HE
DOING?



OH, HE'S
TRYING TO
PLEASE
SUNDARI.



HUMPHH!

BUT SHE
DOESN'T
SEEM
PLEASED.
POOR FELLOW.



BAD LUCK,
SUNDAR.



I AM SO FOND
OF HER, BUT
SHE DOESN'T
CARE FOR ME
AT ALL...



...JUST
BECAUSE I AM
SLIGHTLY
LAME.





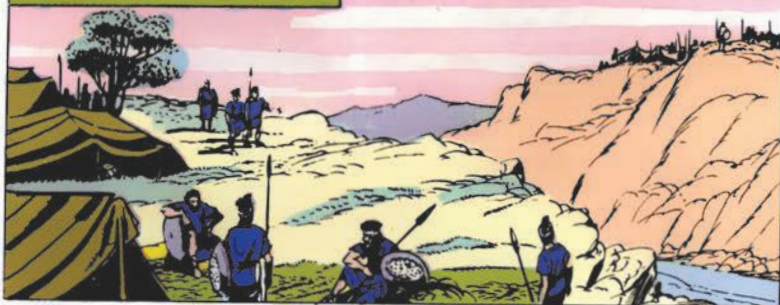


DAVID AND GOLIATH

Script : Toni Patel
Illustrations : Pratap Mulick

— A TALE FROM THE BIBLE

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ISRAEL WAS ATTACKED BY THE PHILISTINES. IT WAS A LONG WAR. THE PHILISTINE CAMP STOOD ON ONE HILL AND THE ISRAELITE ON ANOTHER.



ONE DAY, THERE WAS A GREAT UPROAR IN THE PHILISTINE CAMP. THE ISRAELITES CAME RUNNING OUT TO SEE WHAT THE MATTER WAS.



WHAT CREATURE IS THAT ?

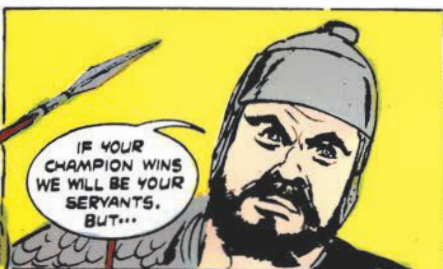
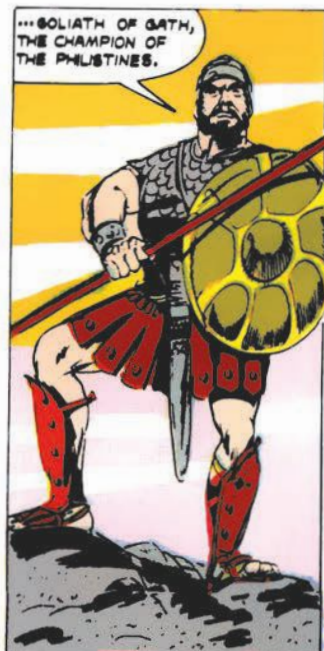


LOOK AT ME!
YOU WHITE-FACED,
LILY-LIVERED,
COWARDS! DON'T
RUN AWAY.



SEND ONE,
JUST ONE PUNY
ISRAELITE TO
FIGHT WITH
ME...





ONE DAY, A YOUNG SHEPHERD NAMED DAVID CAME TO THE ISRAELITE CAMP.

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

I AM LOOKING FOR MY BROTHERS.



AH, THERE THEY ARE!



DAVID! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS NOT A SAFE PLACE FOR YOU!



HOW IS FATHER?

HE'S WELL.



AND HOW IS...

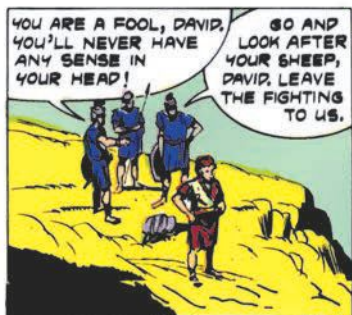
COME AND FIGHT, YOU WEAKLINGS!



WHO IS THAT?

IT'S GOLIATH... THE CHAMPION OF THE PHILISTINES.







THE GIANT GAVE A GREAT ROAR
AND ADVANCED TOWARDS DAVID.

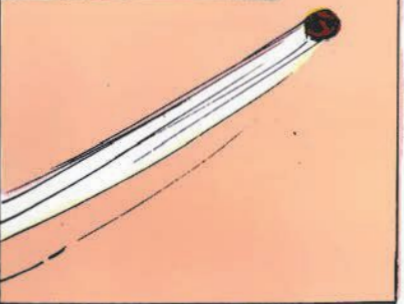
YOU...!
YOU DARE TO
CHALLENGE ME?
I'LL...



BUT HE DID NOT FINISH HIS SENTENCE.
QUICK AS A FLASH, DAVID FIXED
A STONE IN HIS SLING AND BEGAN
TO SWING IT.



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE STONE CAME
FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...



...AND HIT GOLIATH
RIGHT ON HIS
FOREHEAD.

TWACK!



GOLIATH SWAYED LIKE
A MOUNTAIN IN
AN EARTHQUAKE...



...AND FELL.



GOLIATH HAS
FALLEN!



LOOK,
THE PHILISTINES
ARE RUNNING AWAY!
QUICK, AFTER
THEM!



THE ISRAELITES PURSUED
THE PHILISTINES AND
SLEW MANY OF THEM.

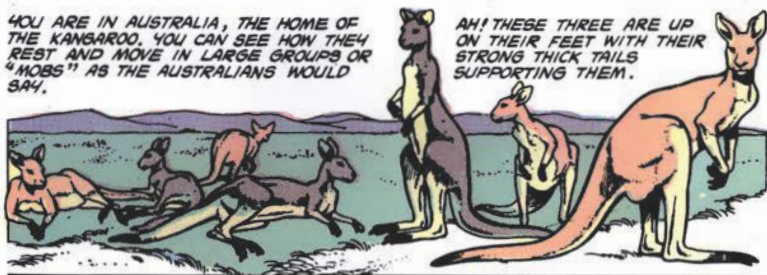
WHEN DAVID GREW UP, HE BECAME
KING OF THE ISRAELITES.



MEET THE KANGAROO

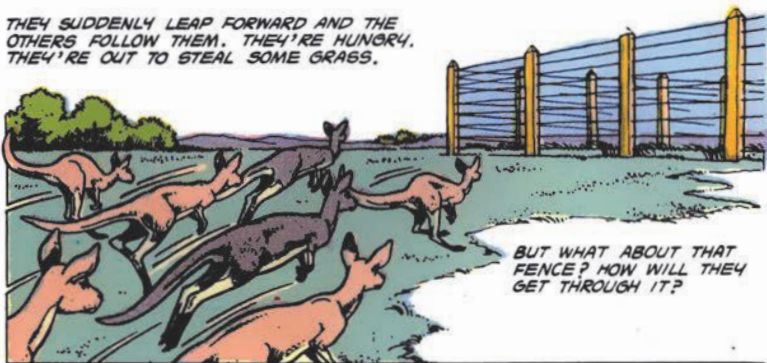
Script : Ashvin
Illustrations :
Pradeep Sathe

YOU ARE IN AUSTRALIA, THE HOME OF THE KANGAROO. YOU CAN SEE HOW THEY REST AND MOVE IN LARGE GROUPS OR "MOBS" AS THE AUSTRALIANS WOULD SAY.



AH! THESE THREE ARE UP ON THEIR FEET WITH THEIR STRONG THICK TAILS SUPPORTING THEM.

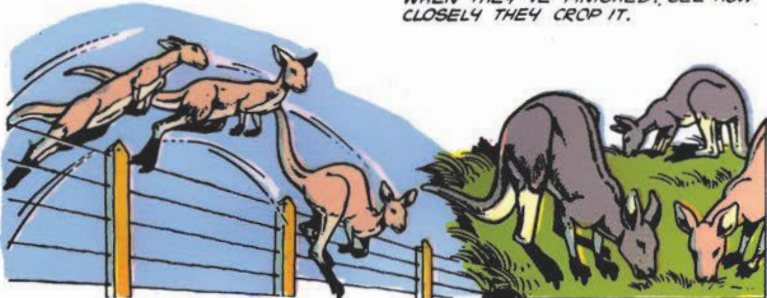
THEY SUDDENLY LEAP FORWARD AND THE OTHERS FOLLOW THEM. THEY'RE HUNGRY. THEY'RE OUT TO STEAL SOME GRASS.



BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT FENCE? HOW WILL THEY GET THROUGH IT?

THEY'VE LEAPT OVER IT! OVER THAT HIGH FENCE!

THEY DON'T WASTE A MOMENT. NOT A BLADE OF GRASS WILL BE LEFT WHEN THEY'VE FINISHED. SEE HOW CLOSELY THEY CROP IT.



THEY CAN DO THIS BECAUSE THEY HAVE FRONT TEETH ON BOTH JAWS...

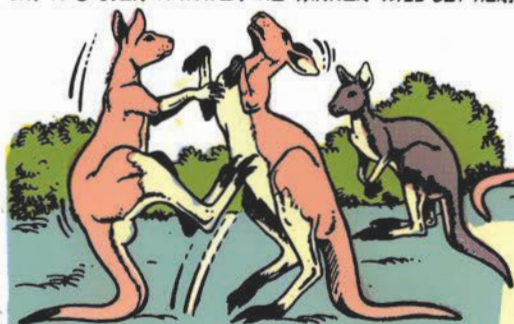
...WHILE SHEEP HAVE NO FRONT TEETH ON THEIR UPPER JAWS.

AND THE AUSTRALIAN FARMER HAD GUARDED THAT GRASS FOR HIS SHEEP. NO WONDER HE FINDS KANGAROOS A NUISANCE.

THEY'VE SEEN HIM COMING! HERE THEY ARE FLEEING FROM THE SCENE ON THEIR STRONG HIND LEGS WITH THEIR TAILS ACTING AS RUDDERS!

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE TWO HEFTY FELLOWS? WHY ARE THEY CLAWING AT EACH OTHER? OH! IT'S OVER A MATE. THE WINNER WILL GET HER.

THE AUSTRALIANS CALL HE-KANGAROOS 'BOOMERS' AND SHE-KANGAROOS 'FLYERS'.



HERE IS THE RED BOOMER WITH THE FLYER HE HAS WON. NOW LET'S WAIT AND SEE.

WE'VE WAITED PATIENTLY — A WHOLE LONG MONTH. HERE IS OUR REWARD AT LAST. THE FLYER IS RESTING AND LICKING HER POUCH — WHICH MEANS SHE'S SOON GOING TO HAVE A 'JOEY' OR BABY AS WE WOULD SAY. HE'S COME. CAN YOU SEE HIM?

HE IS JUST TWO CENTIMETRES LONG, HAIRLESS AND BLIND.



HE CAN'T SEE BUT HE CAN SMELL AND HE'S SMELLING HIS WAY INTO HIS MOTHER'S POUCH.

THERE HE SNUGGLES AND FEEDS ON HER MILK TILL...

...HE IS ABLE TO OPEN HIS EYES AND TAKE A PEEP AT THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

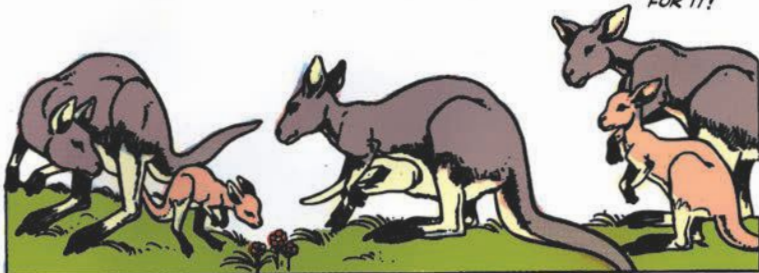
MUCH AS HE LOVES THE TASTE OF MILK, HE'S GOT TO TRY THE GRASS HIS MOTHER SEEMS TO ENJOY. M-M-M. IT'S GOOD. BUT HE'S AFRAID TO LEAVE THE POUCH. HE'S TOO MUCH OF A BABY YET.



SIX MONTHS HAVE GONE BY. HE'S MUCH BOLDER NOW. HE'S COME OUT AT LAST!

BUT ONLY FOR A FEW MINUTES. THEN BACK HE GOES INTO THE POUCH.

TWO MORE MONTHS HAVE GONE BY. NOW HE HAS NO CHOICE. HE HAS TO LEAVE THE POUCH. HE'S TOO BIG FOR IT!



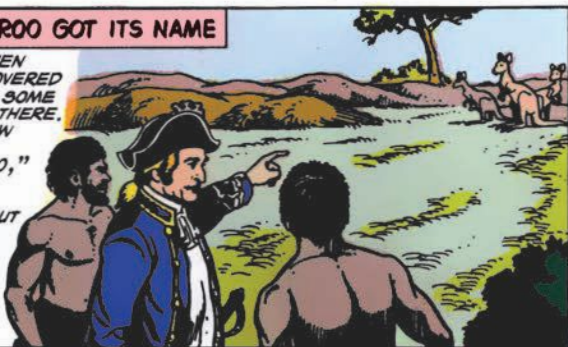
BUT HE STILL LOVES MILK. WHEN HE'S TIRED OF GRAZING HE PUTS HIS HEAD INTO THE POUCH AND HELPS HIMSELF.

HE IS NOW FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD—TOO OLD FOR MILK! SO HE STOPS GOING TO THE POUCH AND ROAMS WITH THE MOB IN SEARCH OF GRASS.



HOW THE KANGAROO GOT ITS NAME

IT IS SAID THAT WHEN CAPTAIN COOK DISCOVERED AUSTRALIA, HE SAW SOME STRANGE ANIMALS THERE. HE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THEY WERE CALLED. "KANGAROO," REPLIED A NATIVE, WHICH MEANT "I DON'T KNOW". BUT COOK TOOK IT TO BE THE NAME OF THE ANIMAL! AND SO IT HAS REMAINED EVER SINCE.

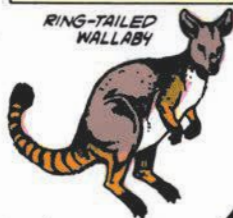


YOU HAVE MET THE RED KANGAROO. NOW YOU MAY HAVE A LOOK AT HIS COUSINS.

TREE KANGAROO

RING-TAILED WALLABY

GREAT GREY KANGAROO



RAT KANGAROO



THESE ANIMALS ARE NOT KANGAROOS BUT ALL OF THEM HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON WITH THE KANGAROO—THE FEMALES HAVE A POUCH FOR THEIR YOUNG.

LONG-NOSED BANDICOOT

TASMANIAN WOLF



KOALA

OPOSSUM

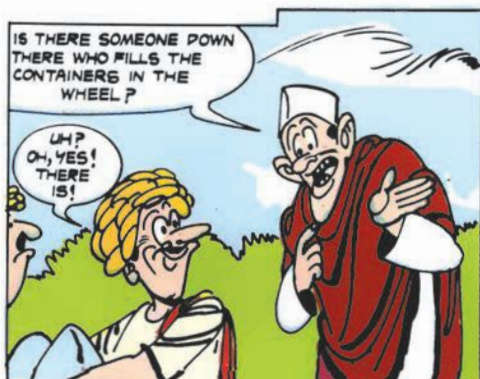
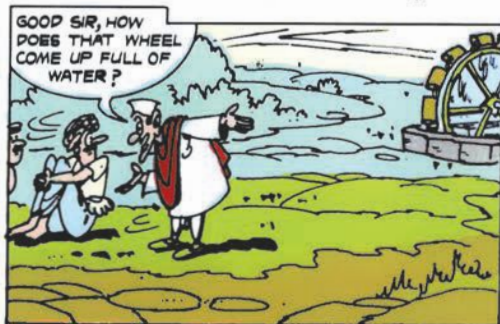
WOMBAT

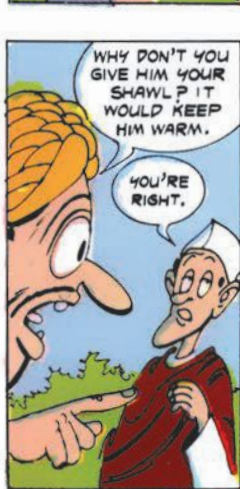
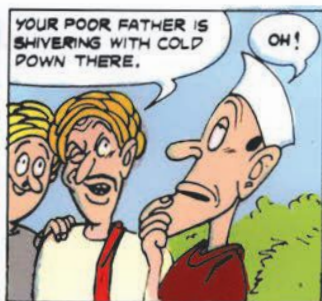
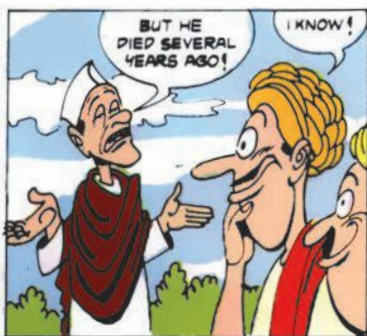


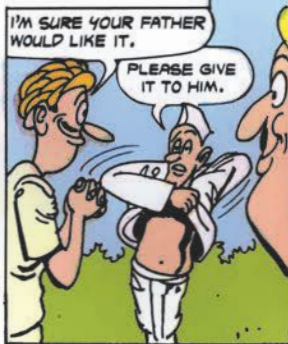
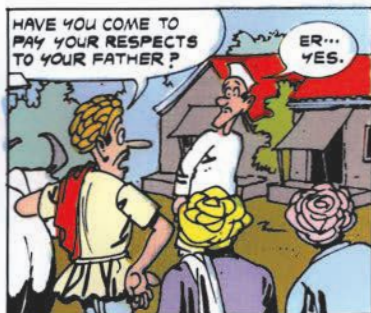
The man in the well

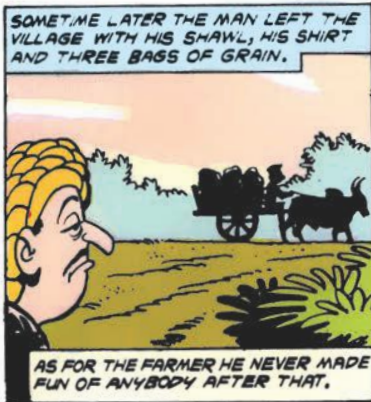
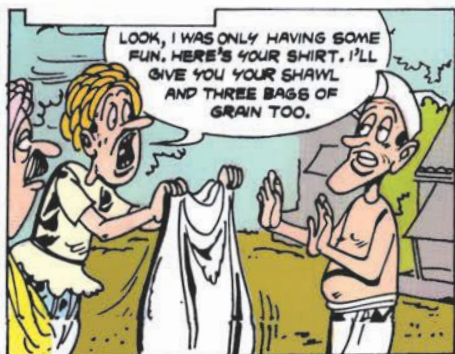
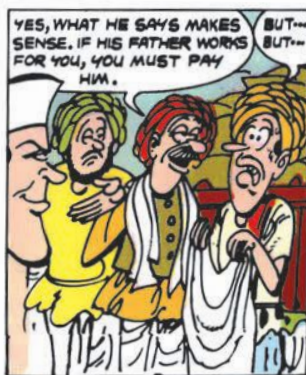
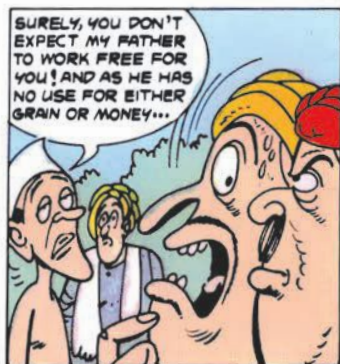
— A TALE FROM RAJASTHAN

Script: Luis M Fernandes
Illustrations: Ram Waerker









AS FOR THE FARMER HE NEVER MADE FUN OF ANYBODY AFTER THAT.

PUNYAKOTI

A folktale from Karnataka

Script:

Subba Rao

Illustrations:

K. Chandranath



HULIA THE TIGER WAS WEAK WITH HUNGER.

HE HAD NOT
EATEN ANYTHING
FOR DAYS.

IF I DON'T
FIND SOME FOOD
TODAY, I'LL DIE
OF HUNGER.



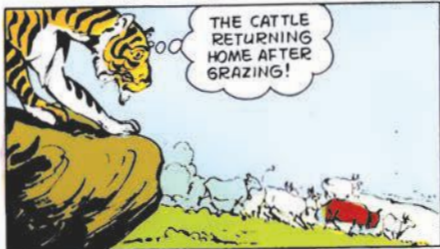
JUST THEN —

TIN-
TIN

WHAT'S
THAT?



THE CATTLE
RETURNING
HOME AFTER
GRAZING!



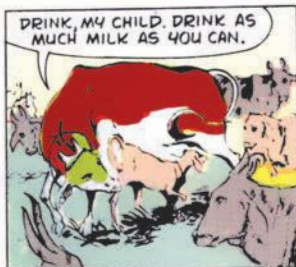
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME? I COULDN'T
CATCH A SILLY
COW!



WHAT DO
I SEE COMING
THIS WAY?











KOKKAS AND HIS FLYING COT

Script: Meera Ugra

Illustrations: H.S. Chavan

Inspired by a tale of Vasudev Hindi,
an ancient book
Story provided by
Smt. Shantidevi Motichandra

ONE DAY IN A KINGDOM
LONG AGO—

WOODEN
PIGEONS! FLYING!

GUARDS!

FOLLOW
THOSE PIGEONS
AND FIND OUT ALL
ABOUT THEM!

LATER—

YOUR MAJESTY, THE
PIGEONS HAVE BEEN MADE
BY THE CARPENTER, KOKKAS.
HE IS WAITING OUTSIDE.

BRING
HIM IN.

SOON—

MARVELLOUS,
KOKKAS! YOU
ARE A GENIUS!
BUT TELL
ME...

...CAN YOU...
ER...MAKE A
BIGGER FLYING
OBJECT?

I CAN,
MY LORD!

THEN MAKE AN
URANKHATOLA*
FOR ME. I'LL
REWARD YOU
WELL.

KOKKAS LEFT THE COURT. A FEW WEEKS LATER, HE RETURNED—

THE FLYING COT IS READY, YOUR MAJESTY.

GOOD! LET'S SEE IT.



COME ON! LET'S FLY.



AHA!
GREAT!



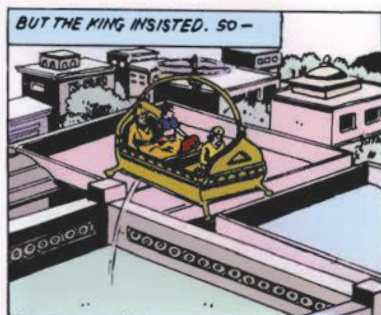
EVERYDAY AFTER THAT, KOKKAS TOOK THE KING FOR A JOY-RIDE. ONE DAY—

KOKKAS, THE QUEEN WANTS TO COME WITH US TODAY.



THE COT CAN TAKE THE WEIGHT OF ONLY TWO PERSONS. AND...









SOME DAYS LATER HE BUILT A WOODEN HORSE.



AS KOKKAS SLEPT, ONE OF THE PRINCES BROUGHT THE HORSE OUT.

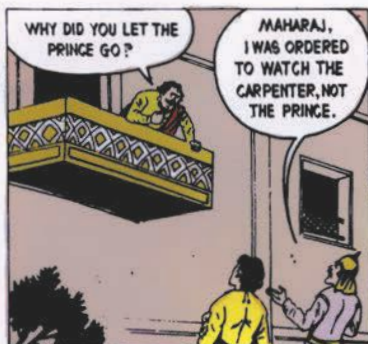


...MOUNTED IT AND TOOK OFF—

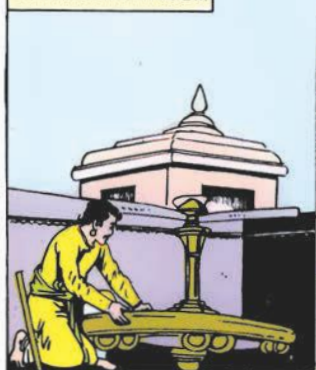


THE NOISE WOKE UP KOKKAS. HE RUSHED OUT.

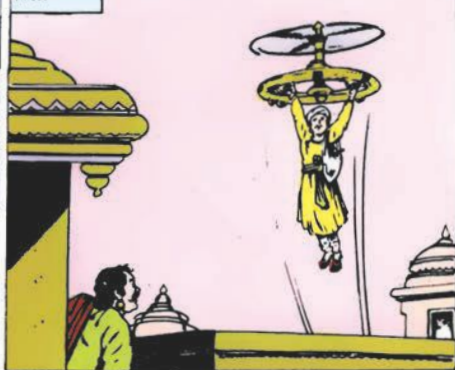




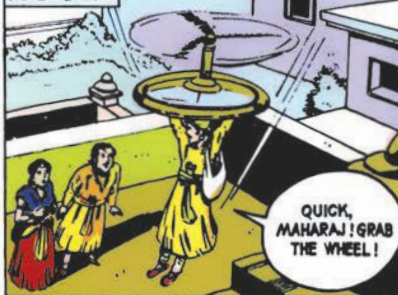
WORKING FURIOUSLY, THE CARPENTER
BUILT A FLYING WHEEL...



...AND HANGING ON TO
IT...



...FLEW TO THE TOWER WHERE HIS KING AND QUEEN
WERE KEPT.



HE'S TRYING TO
RESCUE THE PRISONERS.
SHOOT THEM DOWN!



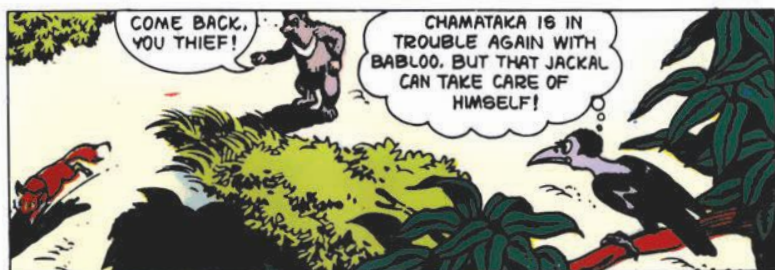
WE'RE OUT OF
RANGE OF THEIR
ARROWS NOW.



STEERING AS BEST AS HE COULD,
KONKAS GUIDED THE FLYING WHEEL
ACROSS THE ENEMY COUNTRY TO HIS
OWN LAND.



The
end



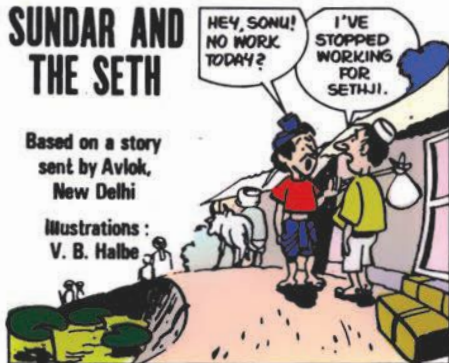




SUNDAR AND THE SETHJ

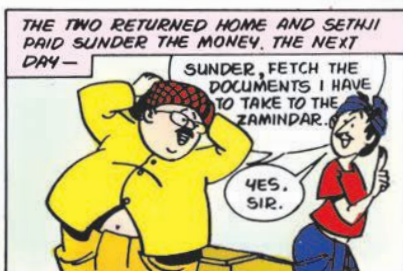
Based on a story
sent by Avlok,
New Delhi

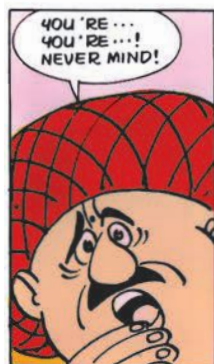
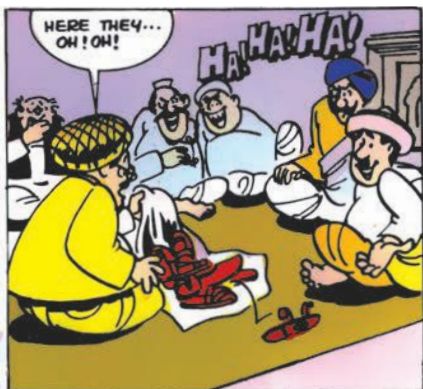
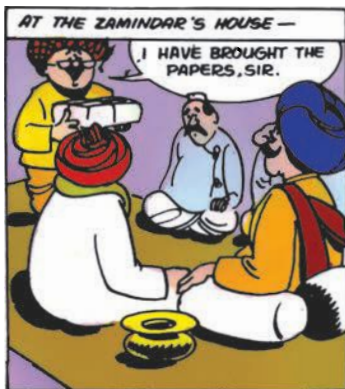
Illustrations:
V. B. Halbe

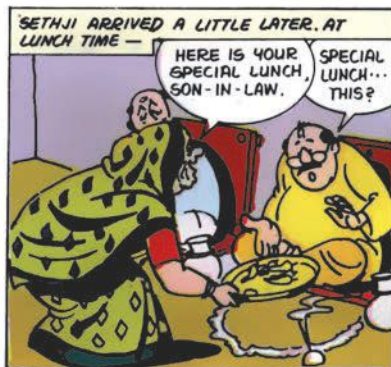
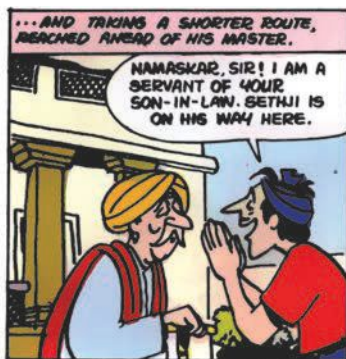


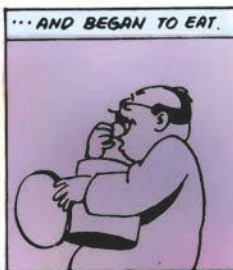
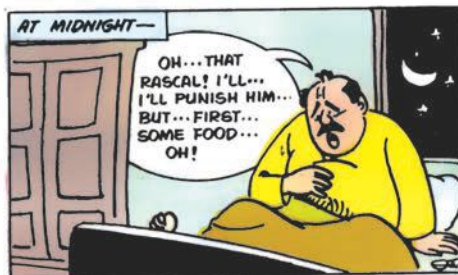














BUT SUNDER DID NOT CUT OFF THE SETH'S NOSE, HE ACCEPTED FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES AND RETURNED HOME. HE GAVE THE SETH'S MARE TO HIS FRIEND, SONU.

The Polite Miser

Illustrations : Ram Waerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Sanjay Kumar Jain,
Hyderabad



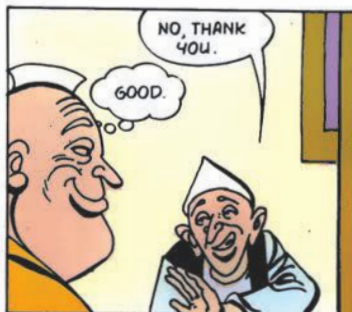
CHANDULAL WAS A MISER, BUT HE WAS ALWAYS POLITE TO HIS GUESTS.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE SOME TEA?



NO, THANK YOU.

GOOD.



WHAT ABOUT YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE SOME TEA?



YES, PLEASE!



BRING A TUMBLER OF TEA FOR UNCLE, LALLA.

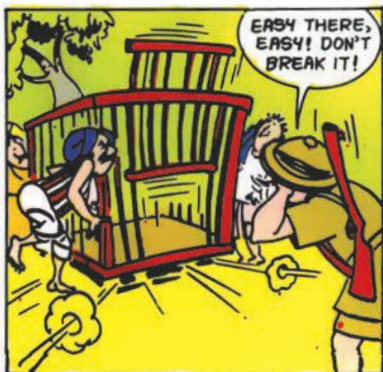




Shikari Shambu

Script :
Luis M. Fernandes

Illustrations :
V.B. Malhe



*Did you know: Shambu's rifle is a tranquilizer used to put animals to sleep.





Fun with shadows

Ideas by Rajakaka

You will need : A table-lamp; a bare wall for a screen and your hands of course!

The Goat's Head

Place your fingers and your hands...



...in this position in front of a lamp to get a shadow picture of a goat's head.



Cut out this shape from a piece of stiff paper.

Hold up the cut-out and your hands as shown...



...and watch two old enemies, the Cobra and the Mongoose fighting it out on your wall!



THE CLEVER GOAT

Illustrations:
M. Mohandes

Readers' Choice

Story
sent by G.S.
Ramakrishna,
Hyderabad

A KID ONCE WANDERED AWAY FROM THE FLOCK.





JUST THEN, SHE SAW SOME PUMPKINS GROWING IN A FIELD NEARBY. TAKING ONE, SHE BROKE IT OPEN.



THEN SHE SAT INSIDE ONE HALF...



...MADE TWO HOLES IN THE OTHER, WORE IT OVER HER HEAD...



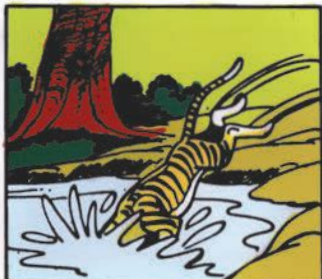
... AND ROLLED AWAY...



... MAKING A TERRIFIC NOISE.



WHEN SHE REACHED THE TIGER—



THE LION TOO, WAS TERRIFIED BY THE SIGHT. HE RAN SO FAST...



... THAT HE TRIPPED AND BROKE A LEG.



FINALLY, ONLY THE WOLF WAS LEFT. AS THE PUMPKIN ROLLED TOWARDS HIM —



IT'S JUST A PUMPKIN! AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN IT!



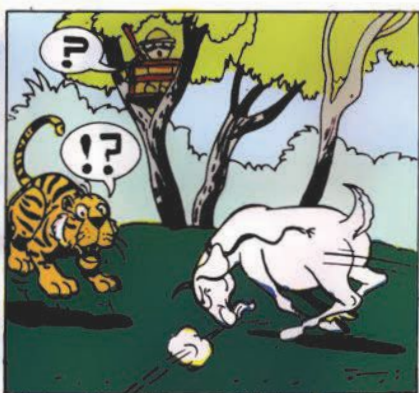
COULD IT BE THE KID? I'LL SOON FIND OUT.







*Did you know: Shambu's rifle is a tranquilizer used to put animals to sleep.





The army of dummies

Illustrations : C M Vitenkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Afrid K. Edulji, Secunderabad.



ONE DAY AN ARMY SURROUNDED A FORT.



THE SOLDIERS IN THE FORT FOUGHT BRAVELY.



BUT SOME DAYS LATER —

YOUR MAJESTY, THE FORT WILL FALL ANY MOMENT NOW.

NO!



YES, YOUR MAJESTY, OUR MEN HAVE RUN OUT OF ARROWS.



THEN THE MINISTER STOOD UP.

WE WILL NOT LOSE THE FORT FOR WANT OF ARROWS YOUR MAJESTY. WE'LL GET THE ARROWS...

...FROM WHERE?



...FROM THE ENEMY!







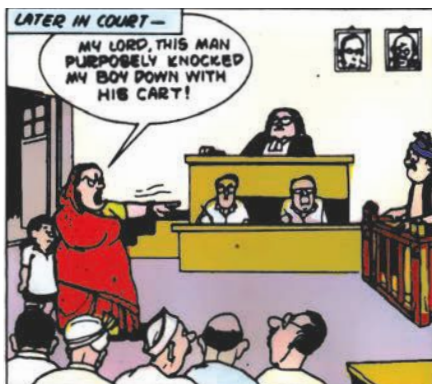


A MAN, DRIVING HIS HORSE-CART THROUGH A NARROW VILLAGE LANE, SUDDENLY LOST CONTROL...



...AND THE CART WENT HURLING DOWN THE LANE.





THE JUDGE REPEATED THE QUESTION BUT THE MAN LOOKED BLANKLY AT THE JUDGE.



I AM ASKING YOU A QUESTION! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?



ON THE ROAD HE WAS SHOUTING: "MOVE TO THE SIDE! MOVE TO THE SIDE!" AND NOW HE'S NOT SAYING ANYTHING!



AN UNWELL CASE

A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on an idea sent by
R. Balasubramanian, Delhi

Illustrations:
Sanjiv Waeekar

ONE DAY SUPPANDI'S MASTER WAS ILL WITH FEVER AND COUGH.

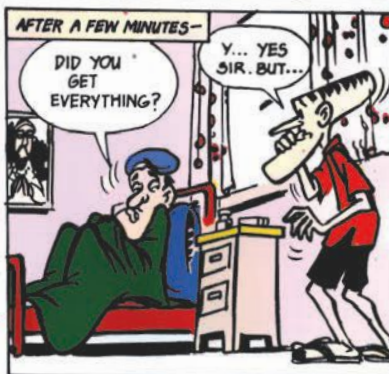
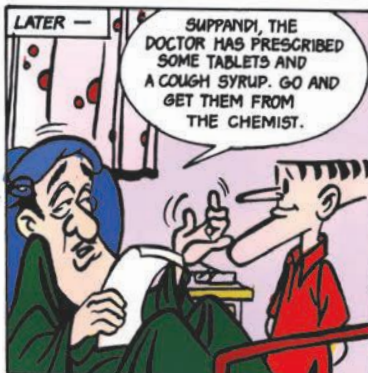


TABLE FAN

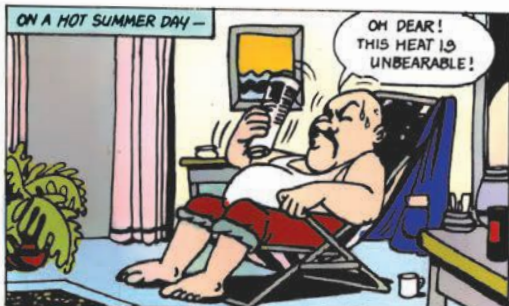
A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on an idea
sent by Abdul Rub,
Mumbai

Illustrations:
Sanjiv Waeerkar

ON A HOT SUMMER DAY —



SUPPANDI! HERE'S
800 RUPEES. GO AND
BUY AN ELECTRIC FAN.



SOON —

I WANT TO
BUY A FAN WORTH
800 RUPEES

THIS TABLE
FAN IS JUST
RIGHT. IT
COSTS RS 790

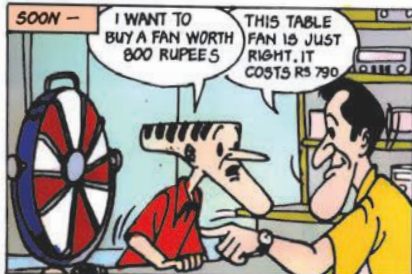
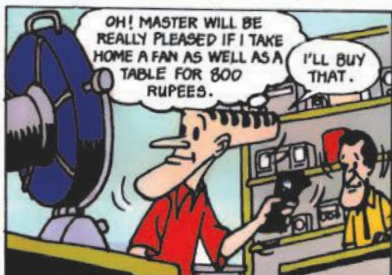


TABLE
FAN?

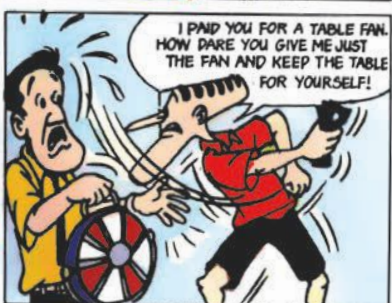
YES, THE FAN
ON THAT
TABLE.



I'LL BUY
THAT.



HEY!
HOLD IT!



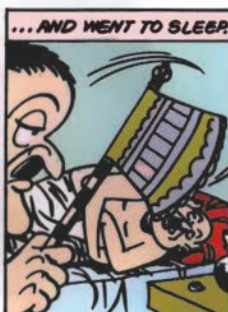
THE WATCHFUL EYE

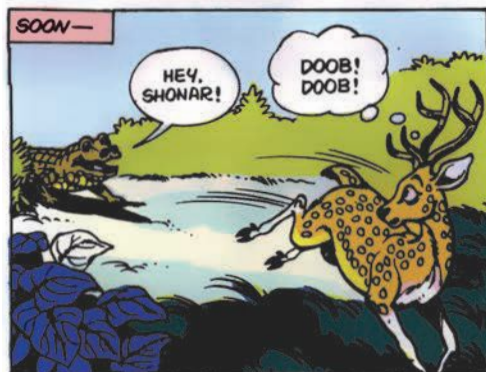
Illustrations: Ram Weerker

Readers' Choice



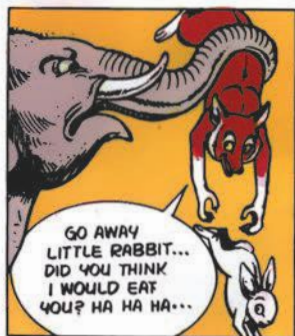
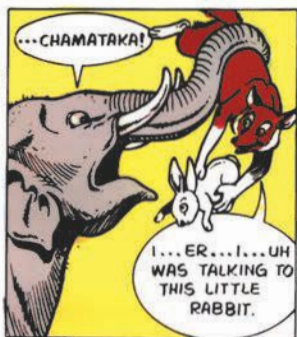
Based on a story sent by Iffat Rashid, Srinagar











The Dwarf Who Outwitted the Giant

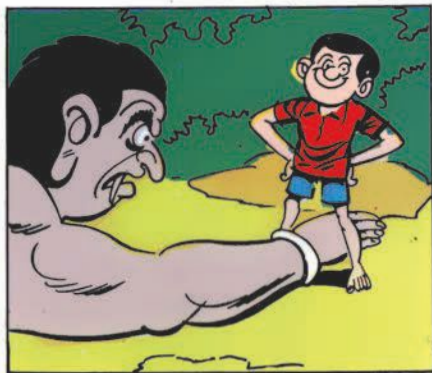
Illustrations: Ram Waseekar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Praveen Murthy, Bangalore







THE CLEVER WIFE

Illustrations: Bapu Patil

Based on
a story sent by
Sanjay Kumar Jain,
Kachiguda



SO EVERY TIME THE KING WENT HUNTING...



...THE ARTIST WENT ALONG WITH HIM.



A FEW WEEKS LATER —



HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE PORTRAIT?

YES, MAHARAJ. IT IS SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL BUT...

... BUT YOU SEE I WANTED TO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT A GREAT ARCHER YOU ARE, SO ...



... THERE!



AHA!

IT'S MAGNIFICENT! SUCH A NOVEL IDEA, TOO! YOU ARE A GENIUS!

NOT ME MAHARAJ— MY WIFE!



COLLECTING MANY GIFTS AND REWARDS, THE HAPPY ARTIST RETURNED HOME.