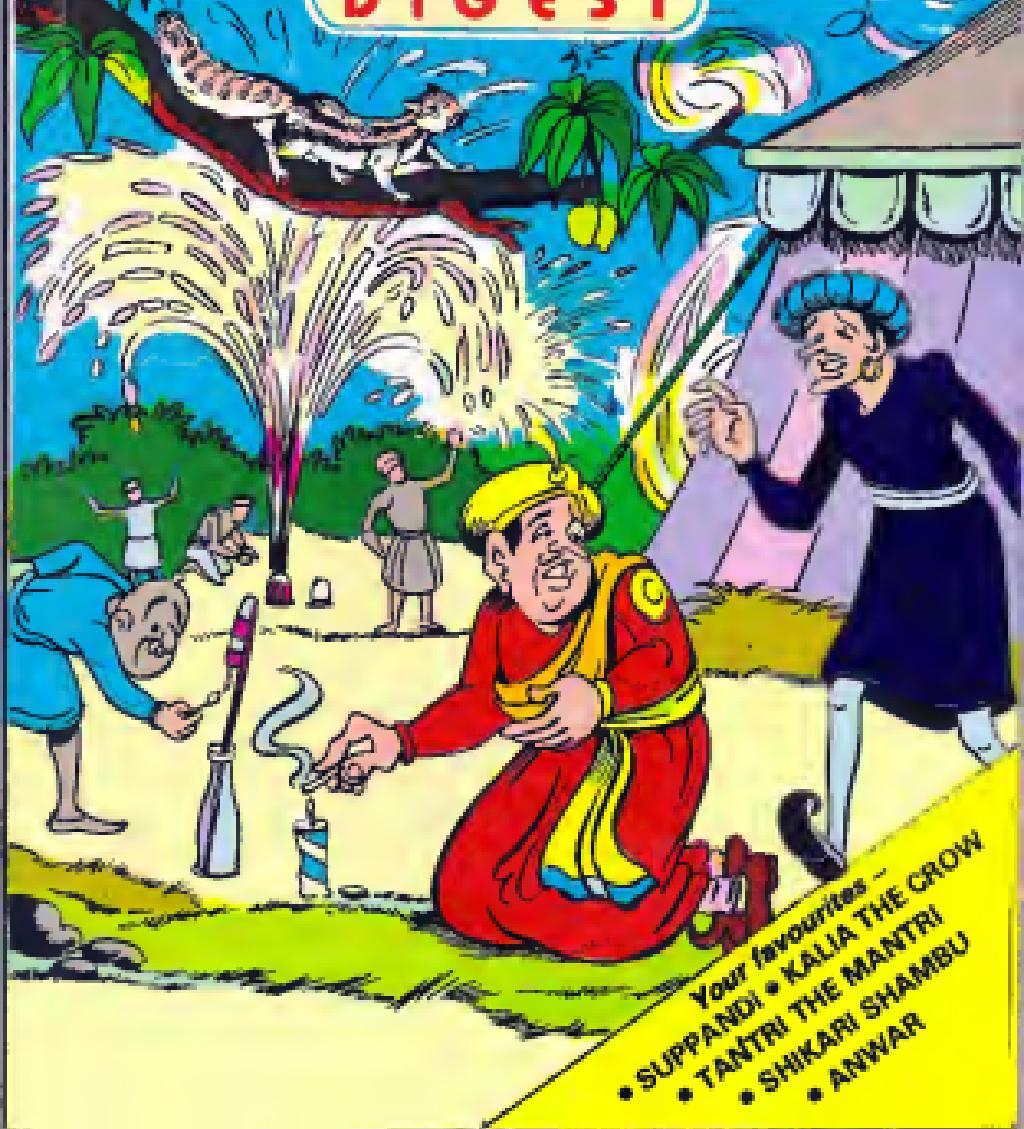


Tinkle

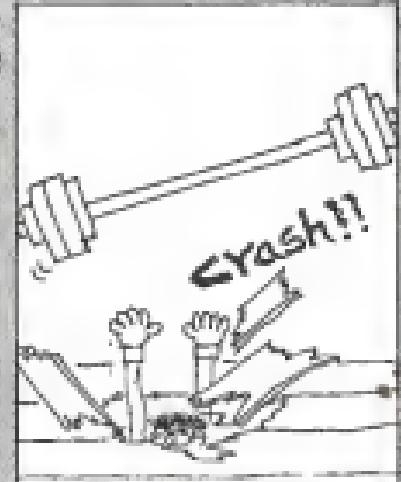
DIGEST



Your favourites -
• SUPPANDI • KALIA THE CROW
• TANTRI THE MANTRI
• SHIKARI SHAMBU
• ANWAR

See and Smile

By Suresh A. Macarashtra



Editor : Anant Pai

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TANTRI THE MANTRI

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
R. Karthik
13/3, Munsavalliapp Layout
Old Madras Road Cross,
Usecor, Bangalore-560 006.

Illustrations: Ash

IT WAS Diwali TIME -



HOW? HOW?

SIMPLE-YOU FIX A
TIME-BOMB TO HIS
BED AND IN THE MORNING
THERE WILL BE
JUST A WHISP OF SMOKE.



WILL YOU DO THIS
FOR ME?

IF YOU WILL MAKE
ME YOUR MANTRI,
MANTRI.



DONE.
LET'S SHAKE
ON IT.



THERE. THAT'S THE KING'S TENT OVER THERE. WE ARE ALL CAMPING OUT THESE DAYS.



AND SO THEY SNEAKED INTO THE KING'S TENT—

THERE. THAT'S DONE! IT. WE'LL TIME THE EXPLOSION FOR JUST AFTER AN HOUR. I'VE HEARD THE KING RETIRES EARLY THESE DAYS.

YES, THAT'S RIGHT. AND TOMORROW THE KINGDOM WILL NEED A NEW KING. HHEH! HHEH!



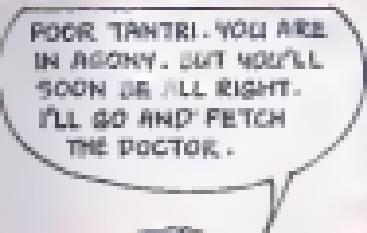
... AND A NEW MANTRI. DON'T FORGET ME.

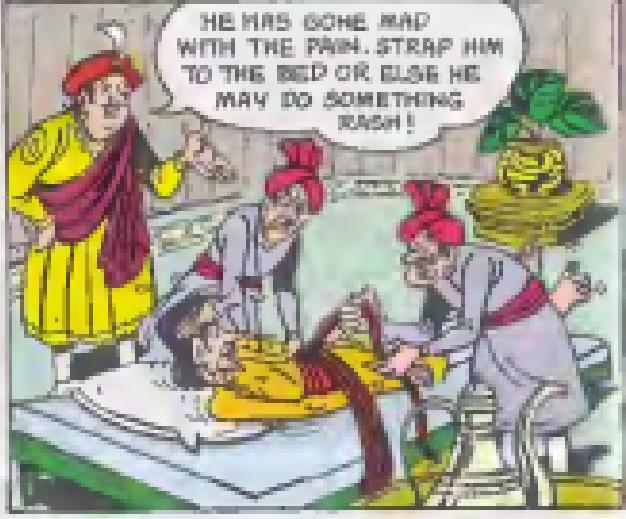


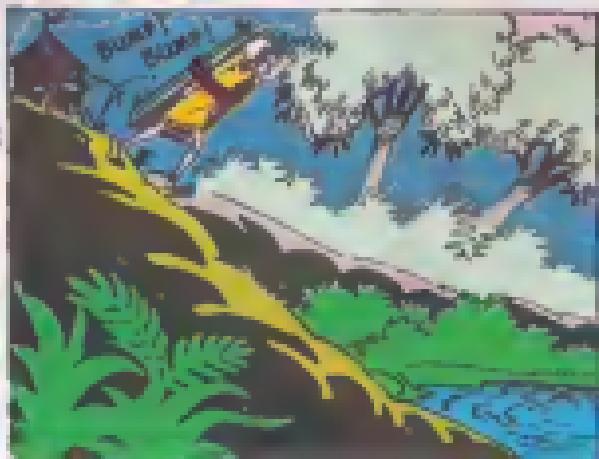
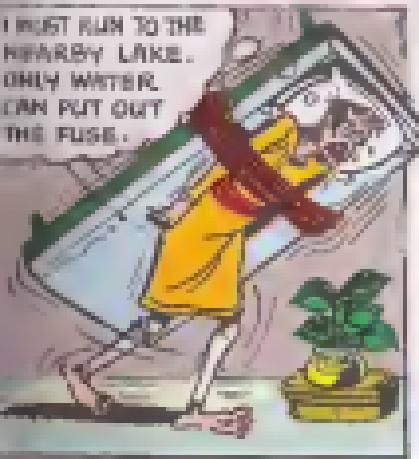
MANTRI, COME AND HELP ME EXPLODE THESE FIRECRACKERS.

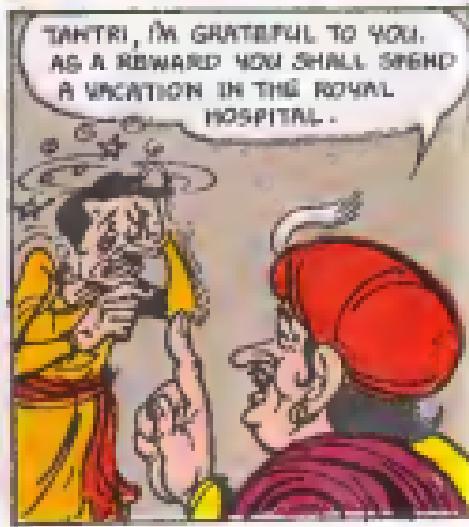
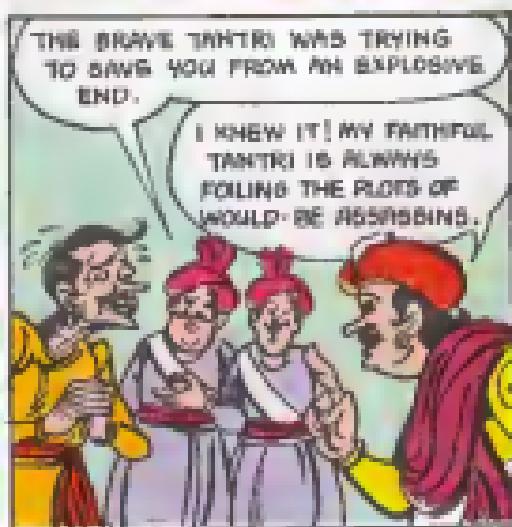
... YES... YOUR MAJESTY...











THE KING WHO STOPPED THE RIVER

— A FOLKTALE FROM SOUTH INDIA

Scout :
Lore M. Perniciaro
Illustrations:
M. Montalbano

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FOOLISH KING WHO HAD A WISE DAUGHTER. ONE WARM SUMMER NIGHT THE KING COULD NOT SLEEP.

IT MUST BE ALMOST ONE O'CLOCK.



ONE HOUR LATER —

THERE GOES ANOTHER GONG.
IT'S TWO O'CLOCK.



AT LAST WHEN HE HEARD THE SIXTH GONG THE KING SAT UP.

IT'S SIX O'CLOCK!
I'LL HAVE TO GET UP NOW BUT I FEEL SO DULL.

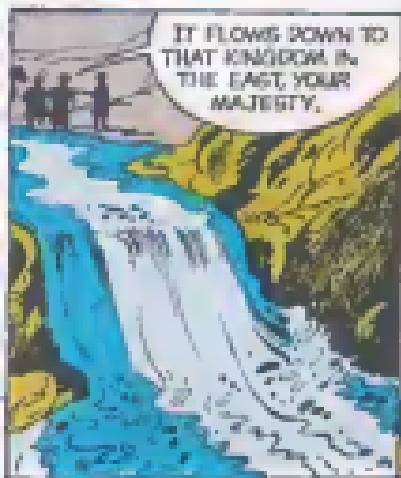
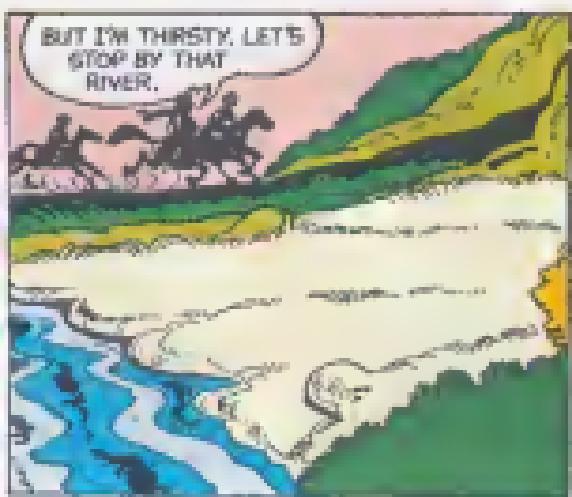


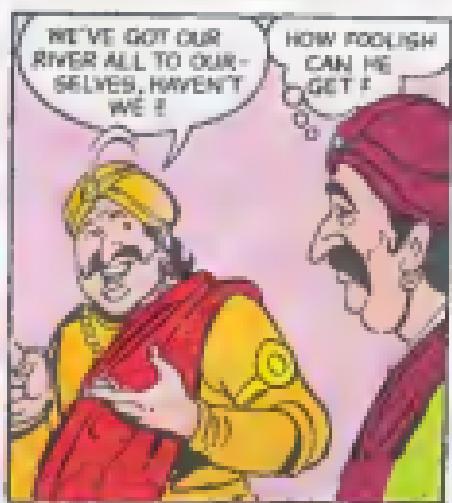
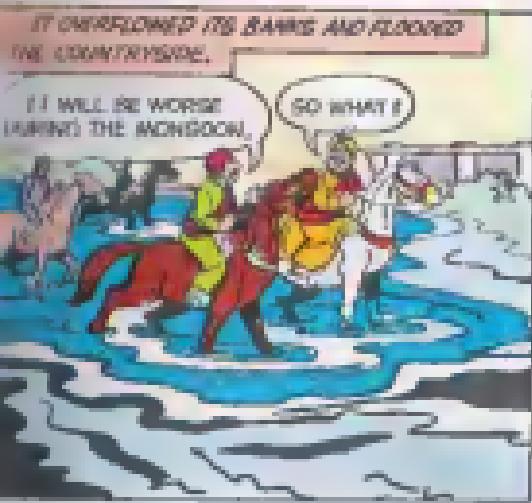
I THINK I'LL RIDE OUT INTO THE COUNTRYSIDE AND GET SOME FRESH AIR.



TELL THE DRUMMER TO GET READY. WE WILL GO RIDING TODAY.







THAT EVENING THE BRAHMIN
WENT UP TO THE TOWER PAVILION
WHICH THE GONG WAS
SOUNDED...

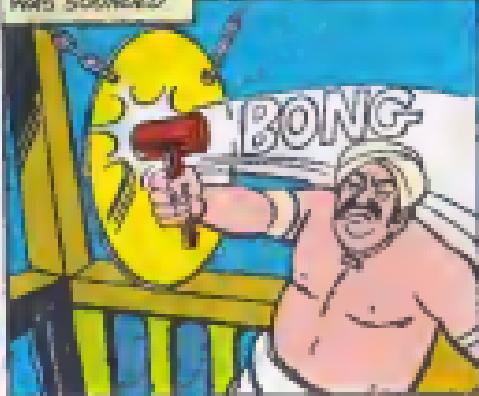


... AND SPOKE TO THE MAN THERE.

AFTER MIDNIGHT I WANT YOU TO
SOUND THE GONG EVERY HALF-HOUR,
NOT EVERY HOUR, AS YOU DO NOW.



BECAUSE OF THE BRAHMIN'S ORDER IT WAS
ONLY 3 O'CLOCK WHEN THE SIXTH GONG
WAS SOUNDED.



GET UP!
OUR DUTY
IS OVER...

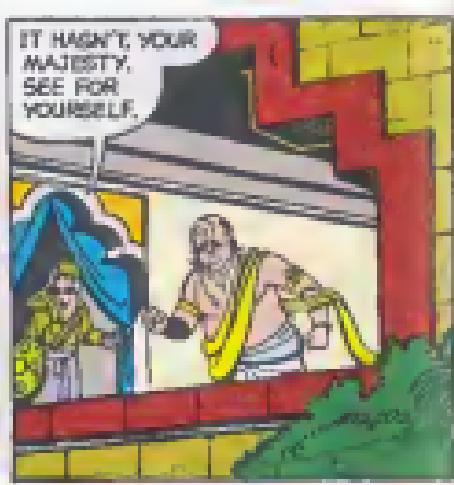
ZZZHUM!

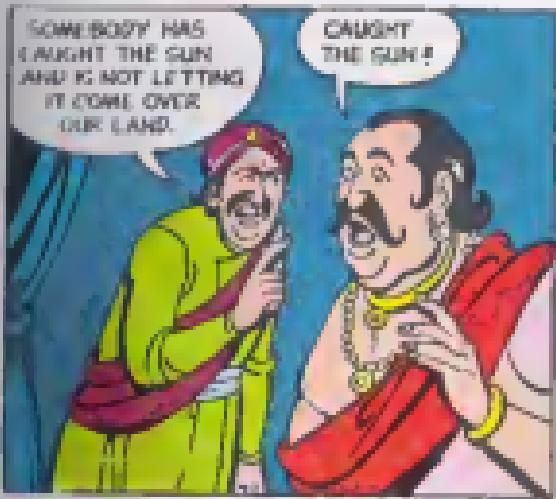
IS IT SIX
O'CLOCK
ALREADY?

IT IS...









DO YOU THINK HE WOULD LET THE SUN GO IF WE LET THE RIVER FLOW INTO HIS COUNTRY AGAIN?

WHAT A BRILLIANT IDEA, YOUR MAJESTY!

AH, WELL, MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID I WAS A VERY CLEVER FELLOW!



THAT KING LED HIS ARMY TO THE RIVER...



AND RECENTLY THEY BROKE
THE DAM DOWN.



THE RIVER BEGAN TO FLOW TO
THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY
AGAIN.



IT'S ALMOST
SIX O'CLOCK. THE SUN
SHOULD BE COMING
UP ANY MOMENT
NOW.



AND SURE ENOUGH -

THE SUN I LOOK!
THE SUN!

YOUR PLAN
WORKED, YOUR
MAJESTY.



YOU HAVE
SAVED THE
COUNTRY,

OH, IT
WAS
NOTHING...



THE KING NEVER REALIZED HOW
HE HAD BEEN FOOLED BY THE CHANAKA.

THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE

SCRIPT: LUCY PERINANDS - ILLUSTRATIONS: PETERSON BATTY

THE FIRST BICYCLE WAS BUILT BY A GERMAN, BARON DRAIS, IN 1818. IT HAD NO PEDALS.



HE HAD TO MOVE IT BY PUSHING HIS FEET, FIRST ONE THEN THE OTHER, AGAINST THE GROUND.



PEOPLE CALLED HIM A MADMAN. CHILDREN JEERED AT HIM WHENEVER HE PASSED BY ON HIS STRANGE MACHINE.



CYCLES WITH PEDALS FIRST MADE THEIR APPEARANCE AROUND 1866. THE PEDALS WERE FITTED TO THE FRONT WHEEL. IF YOU TURNED THE PEDAL ONCE, THE WHOLE FRONT WHEEL WOULD TURN.



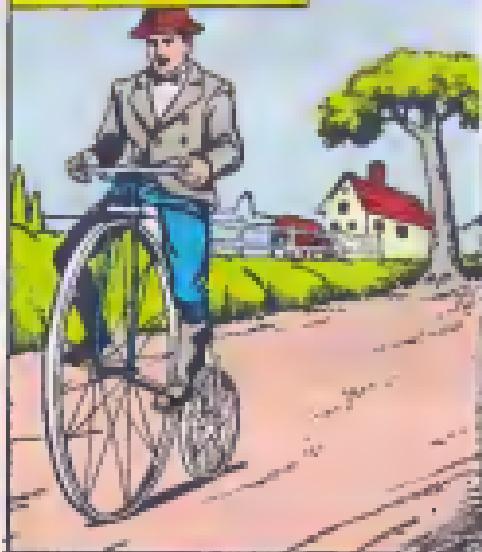
SO FRONT WHEELS WERE MADE LARGER AND LARGER. THE CYCLE SHOWN BELOW HAS BEEN CALLED A PENNY-FARTHING, IN ENGLAND.



THE FRONT WHEELS OF THESE PENNY-FARTHAWS WERE SOMETIMES MORE THAN 6 FEET HIGH. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO MOUNT THESE CYCLES.



BUT THE REAL TROUBLE BEGAN AFTER YOU MOUNTED THEM AND STARTED PEDALLING.



THE PENNY-FARTHINGS HAD NO BRAKES!



THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD DISMOUNT WAS BY JUMPING OFF, WHICH WAS NOT EASY.



AS THE YEARS WENT BY SOMEONE
THOUGHT OF PUTTING THE PEDALS
IN THE CENTRE; ANOTHER INVENTED
THE ROLLER CHAIN; THE FRONT
WHEEL WAS MADE SMALLER; THE
TIRES WERE MADE OF SOLID
RUBBER.



AND YET IT WAS NO FUN IF YOU HAD TO
RIDE OVER BAD ROADS. THE SOLID RUBBER
TIRES COULD NOT ABSORB THE BUMPS.



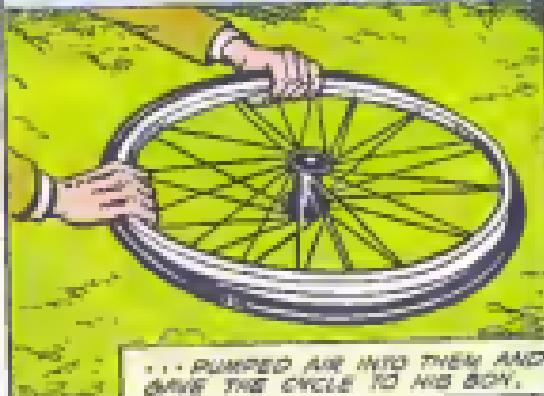
THEN A YOUNG LAD WHO DID NOT LIKE TO BE JOKED WHEN RIDING HIS CYCLE BEGAN TO PESTER HIS FATHER TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



BORALY, HIS FATHER, JOHN DUNLOP HAD A BRAINWAVE



HE CUT UP THE GARDEN HOSE, FIXED THE PIECES OF HOSE ONTO THE WHEELS.



...PUMPED AIR INTO THEM AND GAVE THE CYCLE TO HIS SON.

HIS SON RODE AWAY AS IF HE WERE SWINGING ON A ROPE IN A WAY HE HAD THE AIR IN THE TIRES ASSURED THE BUNTING THE CYCLE GOT ON THE WAY.



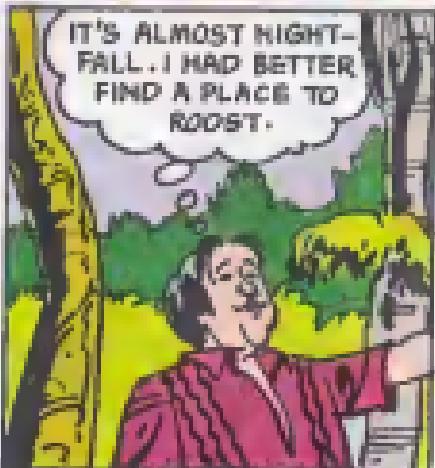
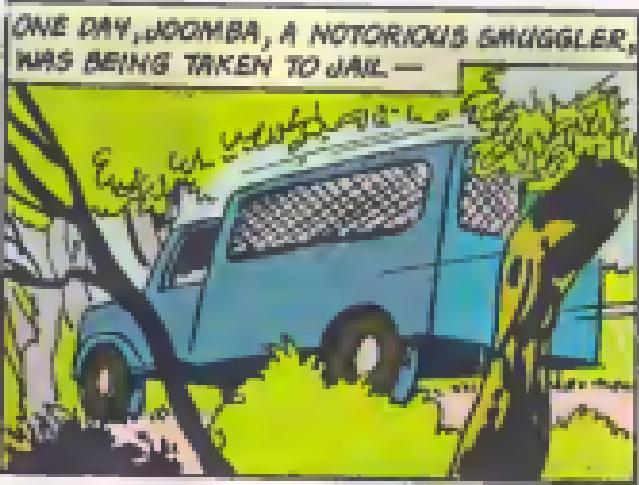
CYCLES THEREAFTER BEGAN TO USE AIR-FILLED TIRES.

TODAY IF OUR CYCLES ARE SO SAFE AND SO COMFORTABLE TO RIDE ON, IT IS DUE TO THE EFFORTS OF ALL THOSE MEN — FROM BURON DUNLOP TO JOHN DUNLOP, THEY MADE THE MODERN CYCLE POSSIBLE.



Shikari Shambu

Teachers' Choice
Based on a story sent by:
Raghu,
41, Teachers Colony,
Kashmere Bagh, Bangalore 560 070
Illustrations: V.H. Helbe





BUT JOOMBA'S LUCK HAD DESERTED HIM, FOR THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE WOKE UP —

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH PEOPLE.



OH, NO! THEY ARE HOLDING A SPORTS MEET HERE. WHAT ROTTEN LUCK.



BUT I DON'T THINK THESE FOOLS WILL SPOT ME.



MR. TRAMPOLINE
LOOKS OKAY.
LET'S START THE
COMPETITION.



MEANWHILE SHIKARI SHAMBHU
IS TRAINING A MAN-EATER
BEAT BY—



... AND THE MAN-EATER IS TRAILING
SHIKARI SHAMBHU.



EEE! THE MAN-
EATER!

AH! NICE
JUICY HUNTER..



EEE!







CONGRATULATIONS,
SIR.

YOU HAVE WON THE
NATIONAL TRAMPO-
LINE CHAMPIONSHIP.
HERE'S YOUR TROPHY.

YOU HAVE ALSO WON
A REWARD FOR CAPTURE-
ING JOMBA.

AND ONE
FOR CAPTUR-
ING THE
MAN-EATER.

WON'T HE'S
KILLED THREE
BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE.
WHO IS HE?

HE IS
SHIKARI
SHAMBHU.

YOU'RE RIGHT. ONLY HE
CAN BAG THREE AWARDS
WITH ONE LEAP.

ANWAR

Based on a story used by
Rajiv Mohindra

Readers'
Choice

Illustrations : V. B. Halbe

WAKE UP, ANWAR,
OR YOU'LL BE LATE
FOR SCHOOL!

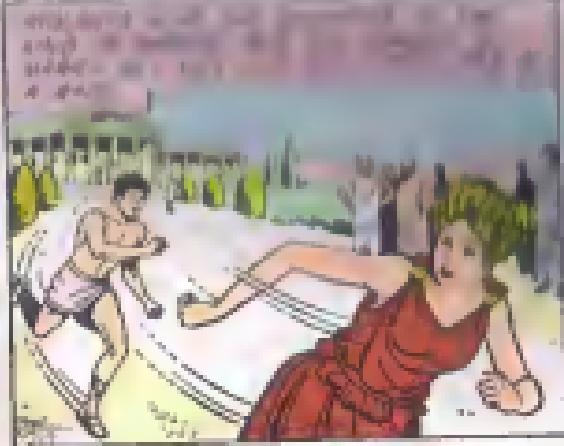
OH, ANWAR!
I FEEL SO
SLEEPY!



Atalanta's Race

—A Greek Tale

Script: Luis M. Fernandez
Illustrations: Pradeep Sarker



MANY MEN TRIED, BUT FAILED.



ONE DAY A YOUNG MAN NAMED MILANON CAME TO THE PALACE.

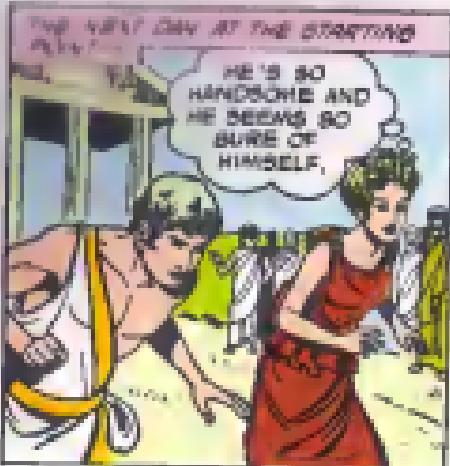


YOU CANNOT HOPE TO BEAT ATALANTA.
SHE IS THE FASTEST RUNNER IN THE WORLD.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOSER?
HE IS PUT TO DEATH.





BUT A LITTLE LATER—

SHE HAS
MISTAKEN
ME AGAIN.



ANOTHER ONE.



BY THE TIME ATLANTA PICKED UP THE APPLE...



...AND RAN BACK, MILONUS HAD FINISHED THE RACE.



TRUE TO HER WORD,
ATLANTA MARRIED THE YOUTH AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.



GANESHA THE CLEVER

Script: Sudha Rao

Illustrations: C M Viswakar



ONE DAY SAGE AGASTYA VISITED KAILAS, THE HOME OF GANESH AND PARVATI.

THESE BOYS, BHARANI AND GANESHA,
READY TO GREET THE SAGE.



YOU ARE
WRONG!
IT'S A
MANGO!

A VERY SPECIAL
MANGO! IT'S THE
ONLY ONE OF ITS
KIND.



BUT WE
ARE TWO!

TO WHOM
WILL YOU
GIVE IT?



TO ME, OF COURSE!
I AM THE
YOUNGEST.

NO, YOU HAVE
YOUR MANGO.
I WANT THE
MANGO.



NO, NO,
CHILDREN! DON'T
QUARREL. WE'LL
HELP A LITTLE.





... AND THE CHARIOT.

HAI ONE ROUND
NEARLY OVER!



AS HE FLEW PAST KANAK -

FIRST
ROUND
COMPLETED!



GANESHA!
AREN'T YOU
GOING?

WAIT, MOTHER
LEFT ME FINISH
THIS MOSAIC.

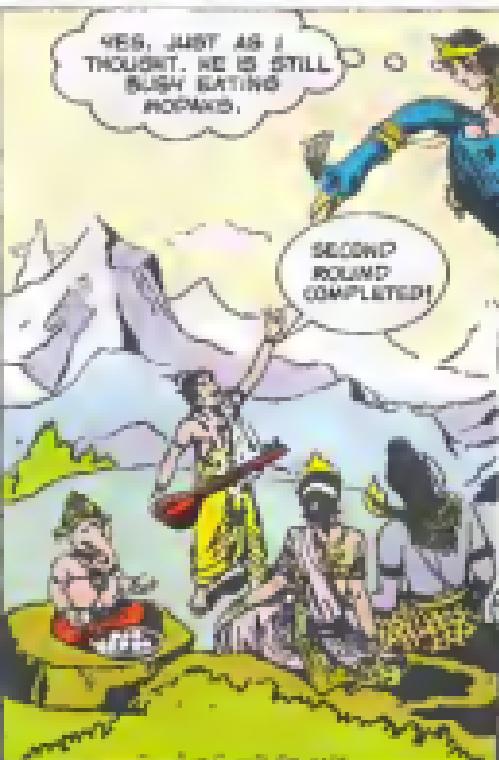


I'LL BE HOME EVEN
BEFORE GANESHA TAKES
OFF!



YES, JUST AS I
THOUGHT. HE IS STILL
BUSH EATING
POOPADS.

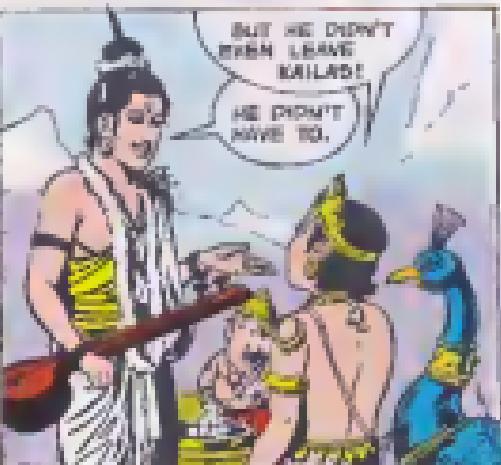
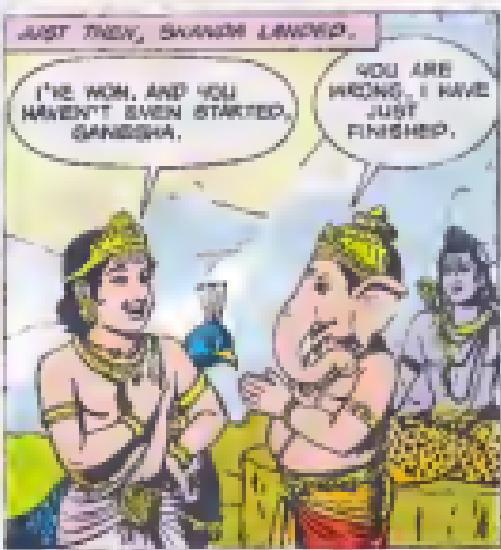
SECOND
ROUND
COMPLETED!



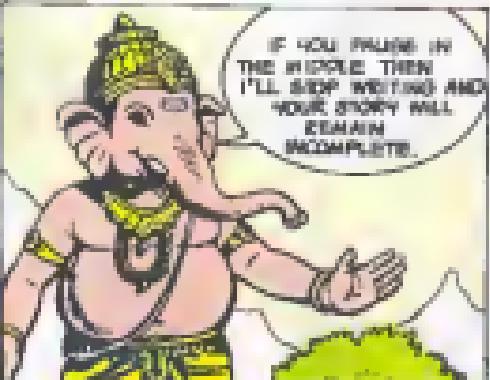
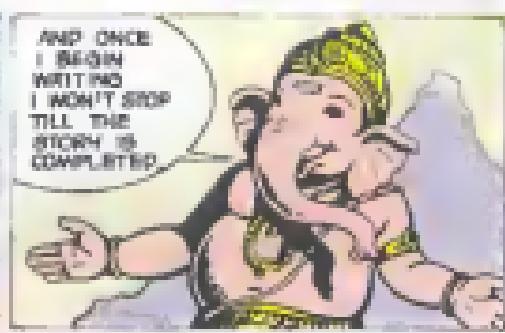
GANESHAT SHARDON
WILL SOON BE BACK,
AND YOU...

HERE I
GO, SIR!







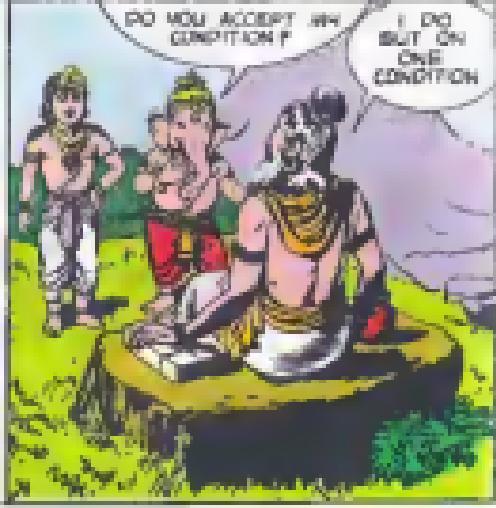


...AND ONCE HE STARTS EATING ROCKS, THERE'S NO WAY OF STOPPING HIM.



DO YOU ACCEPT MY COMPETITION?

I DO, BUT ON ONE CONDITION



WHAT IS THE CONDITION?



YOU MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND WHATEVER I TALK TO AND ONLY THEN TAKE IT DOWN.

AGREED, SIR.



TAKE CARE, SIR. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HE UNDERSTANDS FASTER THAN WE SPEAK.

I KNOW THAT'S WHY I NEED HIS HELP.





ONLY THEN DID MURUGA REMEMBER HIS OWN CONDITION. HE ENACTED A DIFFICULT SENTENCE.

AS GANESHA PLEDED FOR A WHILE TO UNDERSTAND THE SENTENCE...

ME...
WHAT'S
THAT--?

OH! NOW
I CAN
REEST!

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT
GANESH CONTINUED TO WRITE

THIS WENT ON
FOR DAYS
AT LAST—

WELL, THAT'S
THE END.

YOUR STORY
IS INTERESTING
AND THE LANGUAGE
IS SIMPLE. BUT HERE
AND THERE, THERE
ARE A FEW VERY
DIFFICULT
SENTENCES.

YOU KNOW WHY
THOSE DIFFICULT
SENTENCES WERE
GIVEN TO YOU,
GANESH.

HOW AM I GO
HOME, SHRI?

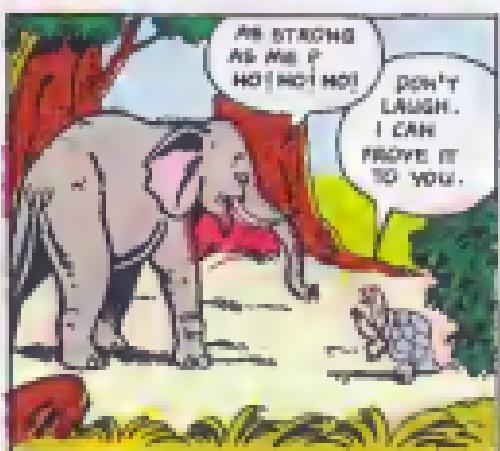
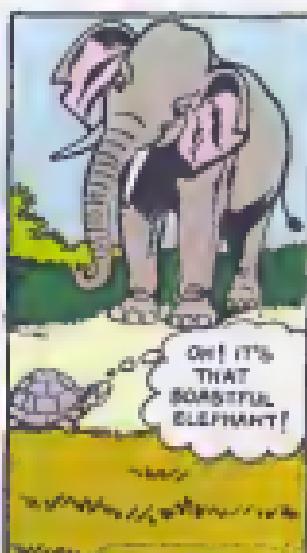
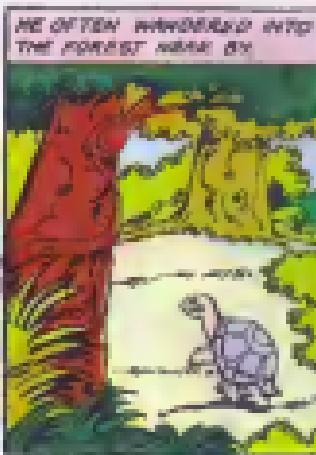
IT'S SIMPLE, SHRI.
WHY DON'T YOU
OFFER ME A FEW
PACCHERIES?

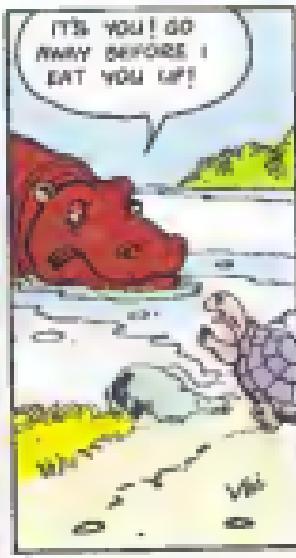
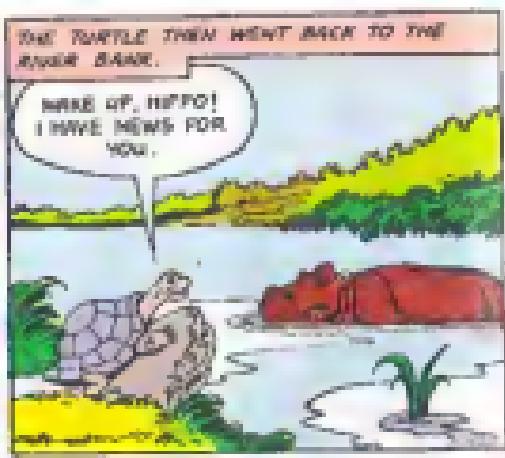
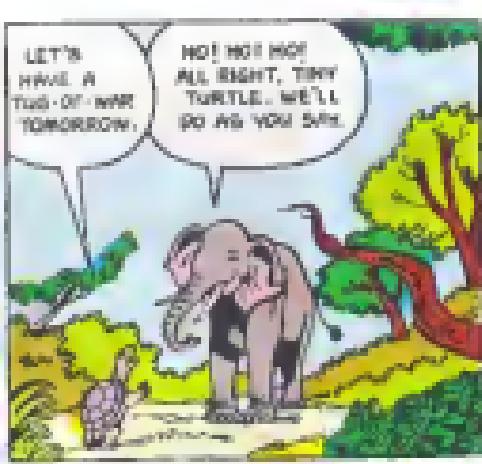
HOW MAN,
GANESH, AND
I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK
YOU--

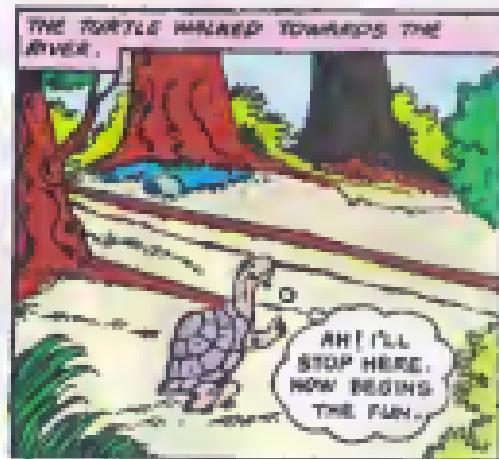
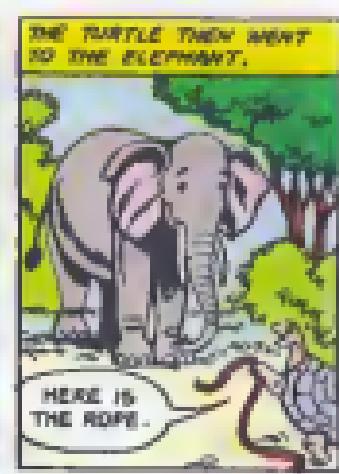
THE TINY TURTLE

AN AFRICAN FOLKTALE

Script: Illustrations:
Sukie Rae M. McAndrews



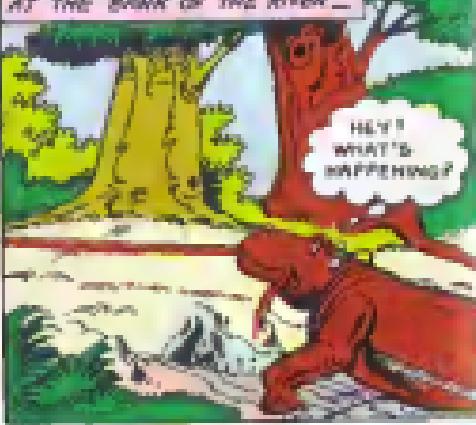




AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST—



AT THE BANK OF THE RIVER—



THIS TURTLE IS STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT.

JUST AS I THOUGHT.
I'LL WIN!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.



THUS THE TWO-OF-WAR CONTINUED.



ALL DAY LONG THE TWO MIGHTY ANIMALS PUGGED AND PUGGED UNTIL IT WAS DUSKING BOTH DROPPED THE ROPE AT THE SAME TIME.



NEITHER THE ELEPHANT NOR THE HIPPOPOTAMUS HAD THE ENERGY TO ANSWER HIM BUT NEVER AGAIN DID THE TWO LAUGH AT THE TURTLE.

MEET THE SQUIRREL

Based on the material provided by
Santosh Bhattacharya

Script: Illustrations:
Lopamudra Pradeep Sethi

HAVE YOU EVER
WATCHED A
SQUIRREL?

ONE LEAP TAKES
HIM ALMOST SEVEN
FEET UP THE TRUNK
OF A TREE. WILL
HE SLIP AND
FALL?

NOT WITH BLACK
SHARP CLAWS!

DON'T HE CUTE
HOW HE IS HOPING
AWAY AT THE
MANGO...

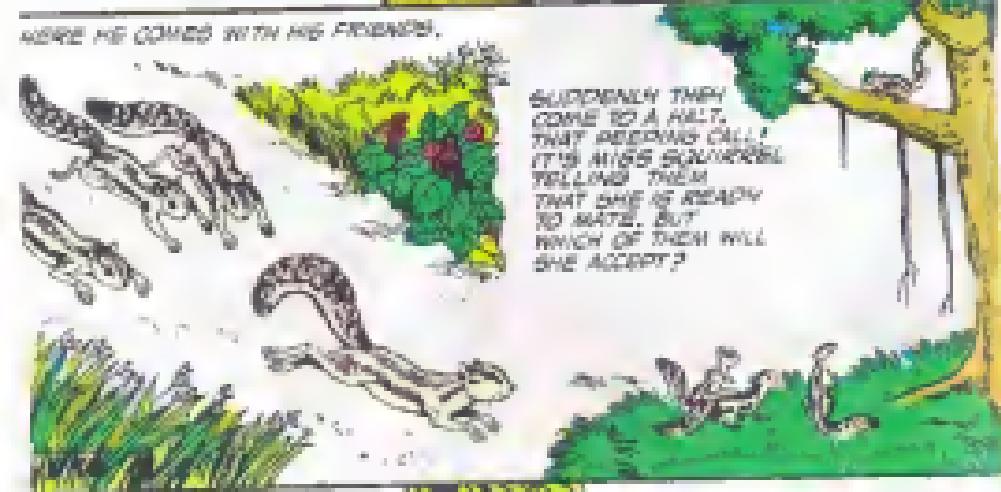
...NOW GRINDING HIS
SHARP FRONT TEETH?

IF HE DOES
NOT DO IT,
THOSE TEETH
WILL GROW
LONGER THAN
HIS BUSHY
TAIL!

WHAT A RASH
THING TO DO!

OUR SQUIRREL IS EYES
ARE HALF-CLOSED AND
HE IS HANGING UPSIDE
DOWN. IS HE ... DEAD?

NEVER WHAT
IS THIS BOY
UP TOP HE IS
OUT TO HIT OUR
SQUIRREL!



BUT AFTER ALL THAT FUSS,
HE LIVES WITH MRS. SQUIRREL
FOR ONLY A DAY! THEN
HE'S OFF.



DOES MRS.
SQUIRREL KNOW HOW
ONE DAY, SHE CAN LOOK
AFTER HERSELF AND THE
BABY? SHE'LL HAVE THREE AND
GOES LOOKING FOR FOOD.

SHE LOSES BABY
BODDY ARE THERE
ANY IN HERE?



NOP BAD
LUCK!



WELL, SHE'LL FIND
HERSELF SOME
NUTS OR BEANIES.
HMM—AH—AH!

JUICY, FRESH
BERRIES! SO
MANY OF THEM!



NOW WHAT IS SHE UP TO?
O-O-OH! SHE'S DOING TO
BUILD A NEST.

SEE HOW HARD SHE
WORKS? A LITTLE
LITE AND . . . WHAT'S
THAT?

SHE IS PULLING OFF
HAIR FROM HER OWN
TAIL! WELL! WE DON'T
KNOW A MOTHER DO,
EVEN A SQUIRREL
MOTHER, TO MAKE A
WARM HOME
FOR HER
CHILDREN!



MY WORD! I WANT A
BEAUTIFUL NEST! MOTHER
AS DADS SHE'LL HAVE THREE
OR FOUR BABIES IN IT.



PATIENCE, MY FRIEND.
SEVEN DAYS LATER
THEIR EYES WILL
STRAIGHTEN OUT.

LIKE THESE IN THIS NEST, UGH! DID YOU CALL
THEM BEAUTIFUL? LOOK AT THEM!
THEY'RE UGLY! THEIR EYES
ALL FOLDED IN, THEIR
EYES CLOSED, OH
SUCH UGLY
CREATURES BE
THE CHILDREN
OF BEAUTIFUL,
BRIGHT-EYES
MOTHER
SQUIRREL?



A FORTNIGHT AFTER
THAT THEIR EYES
WILL OPEN.



AND YET A FORTNIGHT
LATER, THESE BABIES
WILL BE COVERED
WITH HAIR...



...LIKE THESE LITTLE ONES OUT HERE TRYING TO HUNT FOR THEIR OWN FOOD.



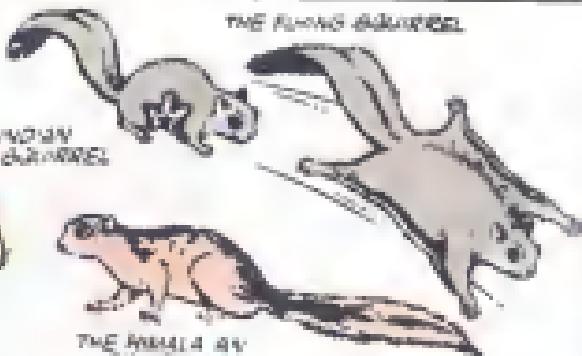
YOU HAVE MET THE
PALM-SQUIRREL. HERE
ARE SOME OF THE OTHER
SQUIRRELS WE HAVE
IN OUR COUNTRY.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL

THE MOON
Giant SQUIRREL

THE MAMBA SQUIRREL

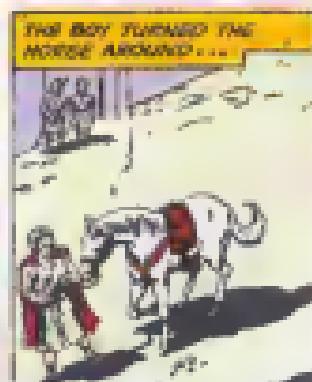
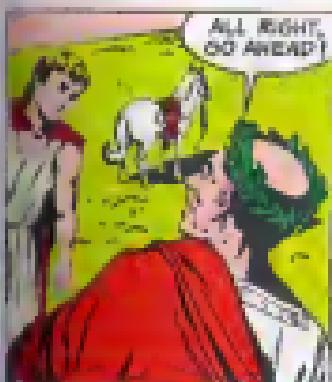
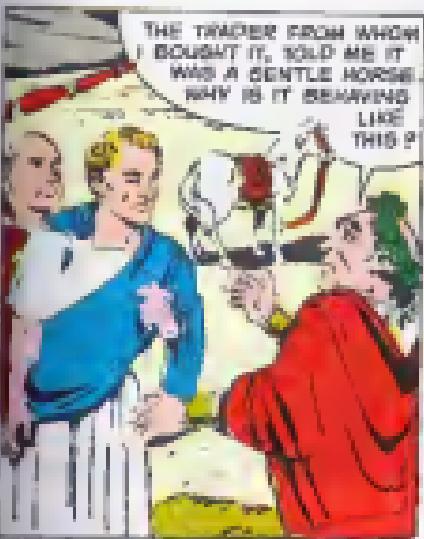


THE CLEVER PRINCE—A GREEK TALE

PHALARIS, KING OF SICILY, ONE DAY BOUGHT A HORSE FOR A VERY LARGE SUM OF MONEY. BUT LATER WHEN ONE OF HIS MEN TRIED TO RIDE IT...



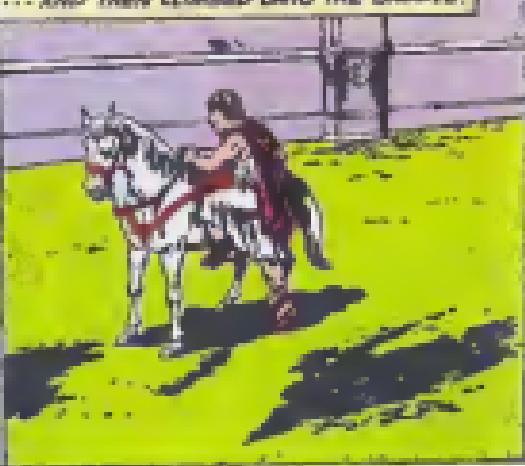
MANY OTHER MEN TOO TRYED TO RIDE THE HORSE BUT IT THREW THEM ALL OFF.



...SPOKE GENTLY TO IT...



...AND THEN CLIMBED ONTO THE SADDLE.



EVERYONE EXPECTED THE HORSE TO REAR UP AND THROWN OFF ITS RIDER. BUT—



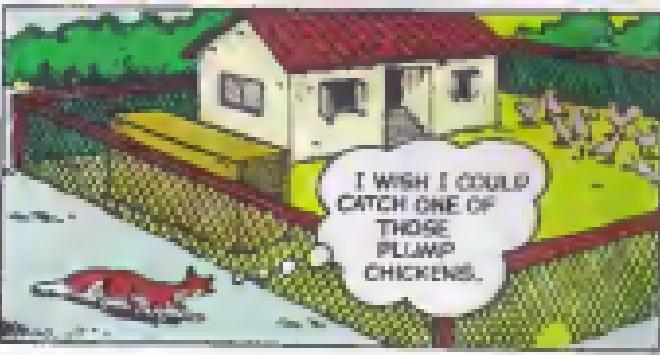
WHEN I TURNED HIM TOWARDS THE SUN, HE COULD NOT SEE HIS SHADOW. THAT IS WHY HE BECAME SO GENTLE.

I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY SON.

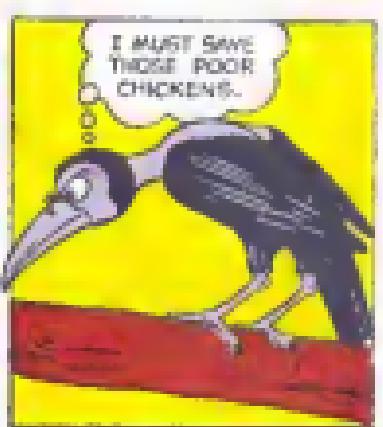
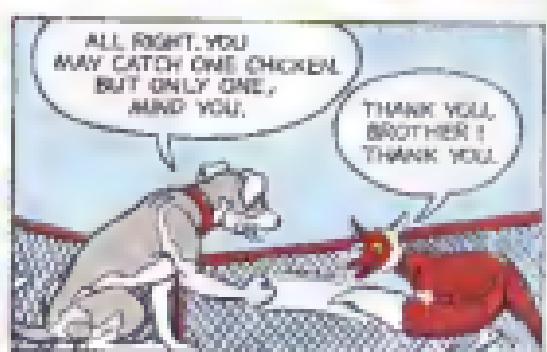


YOU DESERVE TO BE KING OF A LARGER KINGDOM THAN MACEDONIA.

THE BOY WAS MORE BRAVE THAN ALEXANDER, LATER KNOWN AS ALEXANDER THE GREAT. HE TOOK HIS FATHER'S WORDS SERIOUSLY AND BY THE TIME HE DIED, HE WAS MASTER OF HALF THE WORLD. AS FOR THE HORSE, HE NAMED HIM BUCEPHALUS AND ROADE HIM IN ALL HIS CAMPAIGNS.









The secret of the dolls

ILLUSTRATIONS: RAM HANDELLA

THERE WAS ONCE A KING WHO NEEDED A DYNASTY SO HE SENT FOR ALL THE WISE MEN OF THE LAND AND SAW THEM ONE BY ONE.

I SHALL MAKE YOU MY PEWAN, IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHICH OF THESE THREE DOLLS IS THE BEST AND WHY?





The clever farmer

Script Devendra Mohapatra
Illustrations Pratap Mukherjee

ONE DAY A FARMER FOUND HIS BULL MISSING.



HE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR THE ANIMAL.



FINALLY—

IT'S NO USE
SEARCHING FOR HIM
ANYMORE. I'VE LOST
HIM. I'LL GO TO THE
MARKET AND BUY
ANOTHER ONE.

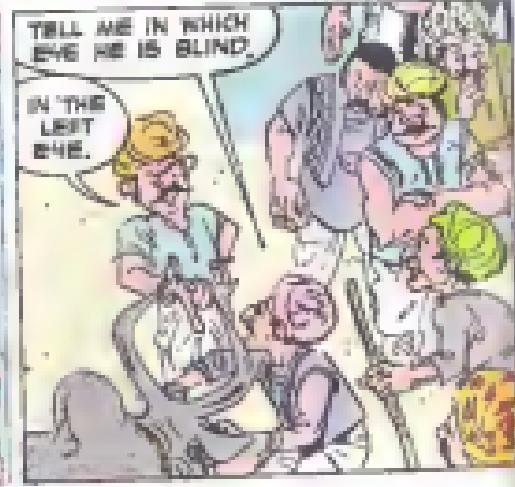
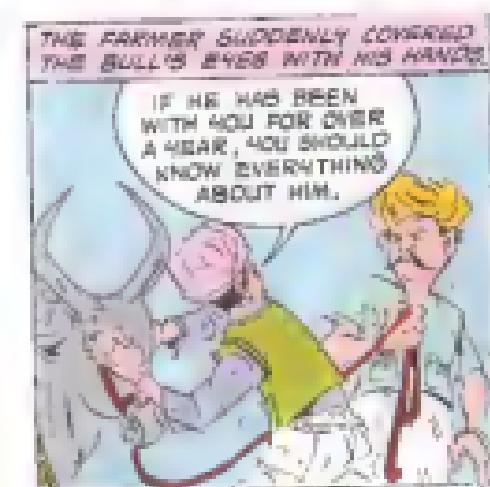
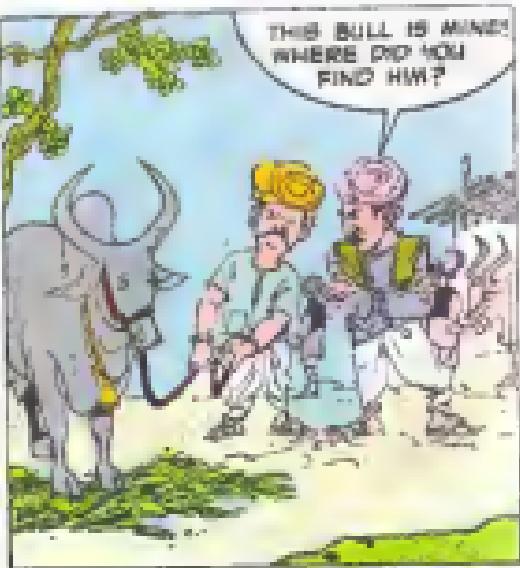


AS THE SAYING GOES:
IT IS EASIER TO BUY
EIGHT BULLS THAN
TO FIND ONE WHICH
IS LOST.



WHEN HE REACHED THE MARKET
HE FOUND SEVERAL BULLS THERE
FOR SALE.







THE BEAR'S ADVICE •

Script :
Lata M Fernandes

Illustrations
Pradeep Sarker

TWO FRIENDS
WERE PASSING
THROUGH A
JUNGLE.



SUDENLY—



“AHHH!



I'VE SPRAINED
MY ANKLE.
HELP ME!

AND LET THE
BEAR ATTACK ME?
I AM SORRY.



...AND PLAY
DEAD.

THE BEAR STOPPED
NEAR THE MAN,
SNIFTED AT HIM...

...AND WENT AWAY.



WHEN IT WAS OUT OF SIGHT—

IT LOOKED AS IF
THE BEAR WAS WHISPERING
SOMETHING IN YOUR
EAR. HAH HAH

IT WAS...

IT TOLD ME TO BEWARE
OF SELFISH FRIENDS.



FROM



TO

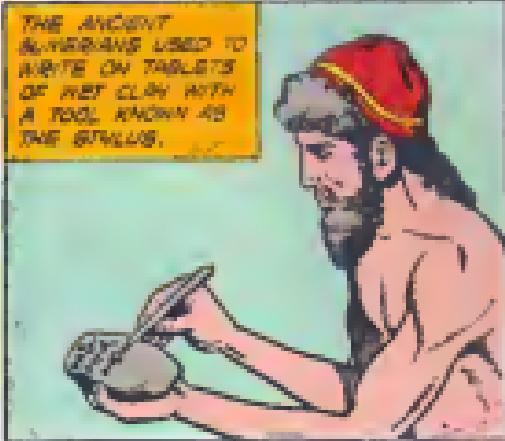
Paper

Written - Luis M. Fernández
Illustrated - Pradeep Sachdeva

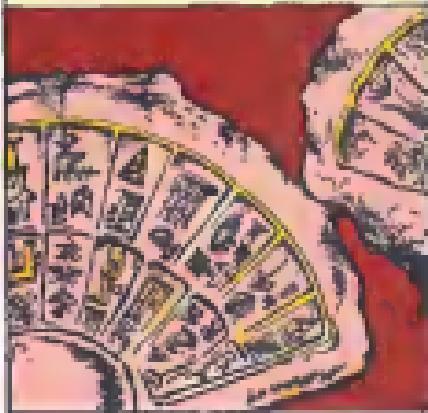
LATER, THE CLAY TABLETS WERE BAKED IN THE SUN OR IN A POTTER'S OVEN SO THAT THEY WOULD BECOME HARD.



THE ANCIENT BABYLONIANS USED TO WRITE ON TABLETS OF MET CLAY WITH A TOOL KNOWN AS THE STYLUS.



SEVERAL SUCH CLAY TABLETS HAVE COME DOWN TO US.



IT WAS THE EGYPTIANS WHO CAME UP WITH PAPYRUS.



PAPYRUS WAS MADE FROM THE STEM OF THE PAPYRUS PLANT, A TALL REED WHICH OFTEN GREW TO A HEIGHT OF TWELVE FEET.



THE STALKS WERE CUT INTO THIN STRIPS AND GLUED TOGETHER WITH A PASTE MADE OF FLOUR.



THIS WAS THEN MASHED INTO A THIN SHEET AND DRIED IN THE SUN. SEVERAL SUCH SHEETS WERE THEN GLUED TOGETHER TO FORM LONG ROLLS. SOME OF THESE ROLLS WERE OVER A HUNDRED FEET LONG!

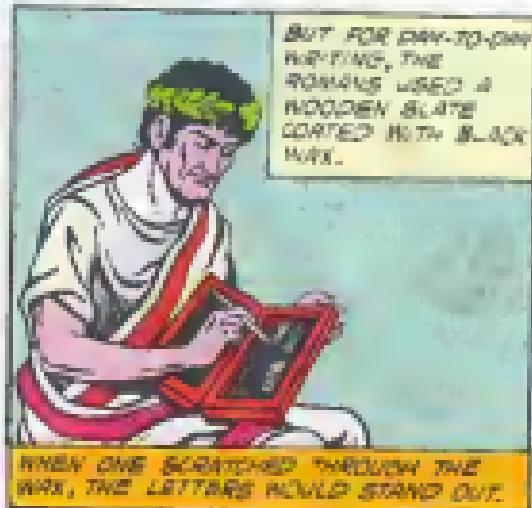
PAPYRUS HAD ITS FLAKES. IT SHIPPED EASILY, YET IT BECAME THE chief WRITING MATERIAL OF MUCH OF THE ANCIENT WORLD AND REMAINED SO FOR ALMOST FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.



THE GREEKS AND THE ROMANS TOO USED PAPYRUS.



BUT FOR DAY-TO-DAY WRITING, THE ROMANS USED A WOODEN SLATE COATED WITH BLACK WAX.



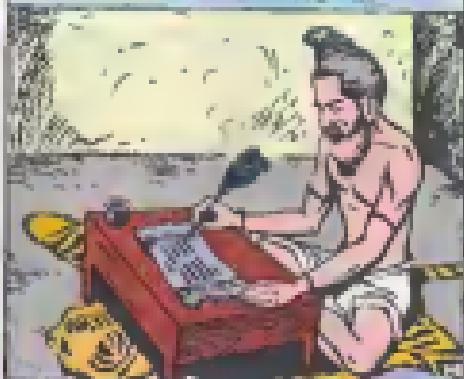
WHEN ONE SCRATCHED THROUGH THE WAX, THE LETTERS WOULD STAND OUT.

TO RUB OFF WHAT HAD BEEN WRITTEN, ONE HAD TO HEAT THE SLATE.



THIS WOULD SMOOTHEN THE SURFACE AND THE SLATE OF IRON WOULD BE READY FOR USE AGAIN.

IN INDIA MOST WRITING HAS BEEN ON PALM LEAVES...



BUT LATER, TAKING RECORDS ON
ROUND PLATES WERE USED FOR
THE LOCAL RECORDS.



THE CHINESE WERE THE FIRST TO DISCOVER
THE ART OF MAKING PAPER.



THEY MADE IT FROM LINEN RAGS BUT
THEY KEPT THE METHOD A
CLOSELY-GUARDED SECRET.

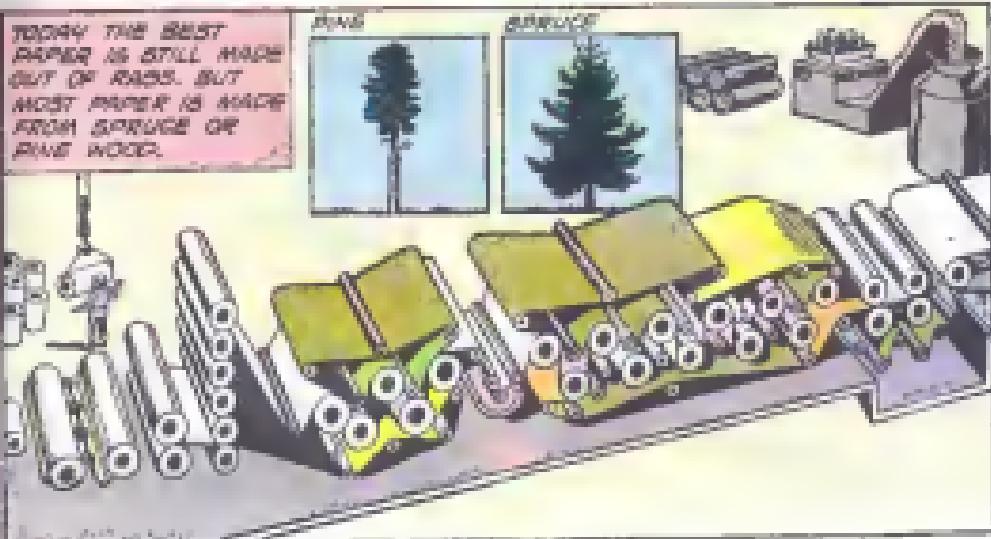
SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS LATER THE
ARMED WHO HAD CONQUERED A CHINESE
CITY, PERSUADED SOME OF THEIR
PRISONERS TO PART WITH THE SECRET.



AND EUROPEANS IN THEIR TURN
LEARNT THE METHOD FROM THE
ARMED.



TODAY THE BEST
PAPER IS STILL MADE
OUT OF RAGS. BUT
MOST PAPER IS MADE
FROM SPRUCE OR
PINE WOOD.





Why we call them NEWSPAPERS

When newspapers first appeared, they were not called newspapers but the letters, NSEW were printed at the top of the paper. The letters stood for North, South, East and West and were meant to show that the information printed in the paper had been collected from all over the world.

One day, the owner of a paper, rearranged the letters, N-S-E-W to N-E-W-S and printed them at the top of the page.

Now people had a word they could pronounce and 'news' became a popular word. That is how we got the words 'news' and 'newspaper.'

THE HINDUSTAN TIMES

THE STATESMAN

THE TIMES OF INDIA

INDIAN EXPRESS

THE HINDU

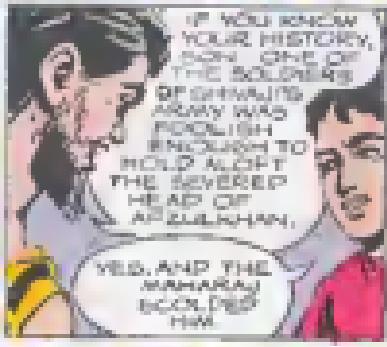
President Pleads for Restraint in Making Demands

Oppose the Spark

Farmers Must Take Overall View: PM

Political Party







THERE WAS THUNDERE
IN THE AIR...

WHAT'S
THAT?

THE FRIGHTENED BULLOCKS
RUNNED...

MY GOD! THE
EARTH IS
SHAKING...

BUSHASH AND HIS CARTER WERE
THROWN OFF THE CART.

THE EARTHQUAKE HAD NO LEAD.
TELEVISIONS WERE PASTED TO THE
WALLS. FRIENDS WERE SCREAMING.

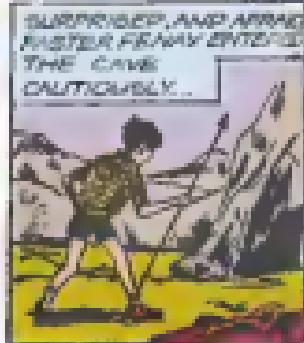


INDIED IT WAS AN EARTHQUAKE.

BUSHASH! WHERE'S
BUSHASH?

FATHER FENAY RAN IN
SEARCH OF BUSHASH.

ANOTHER
EARTH
TREMOR



ALL OF A SUDDEN!
ANOTHER TREMOR!



HAVE THEY BEEN CRUSHED?



THE TERRIBLE TREMORS
ARE OVER... BUT...



SWEATING PROFUSELY,
FASTER FENAY JUMPED IN.



AFTER THE TREMORS
WERE OVER —



SEARCH PARTIES WERE
DEPLOTTED IN VARIOUS
DIRECTIONS...



NOON... STILL NO NEWS OF
THE MISSING BOYS...



AT THE FOOT OF THE
FORT, THE WORRIED
LEADER TOOK SOME
DECISIONS...

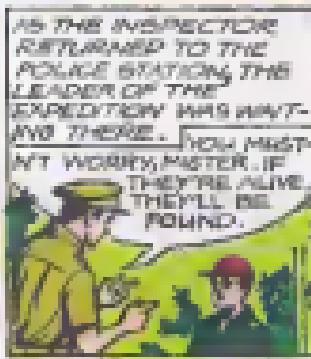
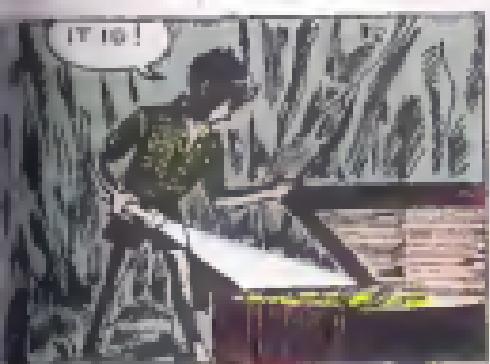


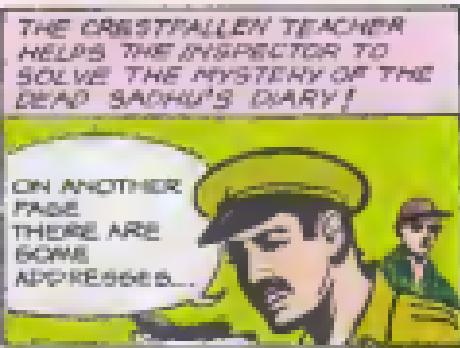
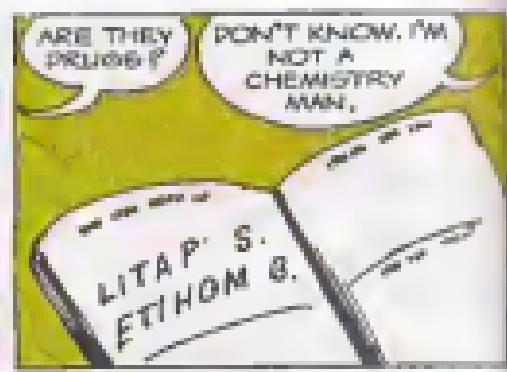
MEANWHILE, BY THE RODDICKS
IN THE VALLEY. GUTHRIE
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.



THE COOL FRESH WATER REVIVED
HIM. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN -







HOW?

LITAP S.
IN REVERSE
IS
S. PATEL

AND HE HAS
SO AGAINST
HIM!

BY THUNDER!
ETIHOVA IS
A WHITE THORN...
THE SHOLAPUR
MILLIONAIRE.

THIS
BAPLU
WAS A
BLACK-
MAILER!

HERE
IS
THE LAST
ENTRY.

MASED
— SO.

DIBAI...
THAT IS
BUSHRAJ'S
SURNAME!

AND THE
LAST OF THE
ADDRESSES?

IT'S HIS ALL
RIGHT! A
BUNGALOW
ON BASWAD
ROAD
POONA.

AT LEAST IT SHOWS
BUSHRAJ IS ALIVE...
HURRY UP,
INSPECTOR!
RUND UP
POONA!

1

BUT THE TELEPHONE
AND THE TELEGRAPH
WERE OUT OF ORDER...



MEANWHILE RASTER PERUV WAS STILL IN THE TUNNEL.



FORGETTING HIS FEAR, FASTER FENAY BECAME CURIOUS.

THE WALL SEEMS THIN!

AWAII !

FASTER FENAY, LIFTING HIS SPEAR SHOUTED...

GET BACK!... I AM ATTACHING YOU!

FENAY!

SHISHAM !

FOR SEVERAL SECONDS THEY WERE SPEECHLESS WITH JOY. THEN THEY EXCHANGED STORYS.

... I CAME UP FROM A WELL IN THE VALLEY...

... AND I CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN CAVE...

A NIGHT ROYAL HALF-WAY MEET, EH?

BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?

BUT HOW TO GET OUT WAS THE PROBLEM...

MEANWHILE, IN POONA, AT MR. DESAI'S RESIDENCE -

THAT'S THAT, MR. DESAI, THE KIDNAPPER'S MAN MIGHT CONTACT YOU ANY MOMENT.

I'LL BE AT HIS BECK AND CALL!

NOTHING HAPPENED TILL MIDNIGHT, THEN -

THINGS!

AS MR. DESAI OPENED THE DOOR, A MAN STEALTHILY STEPPED IN...



A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR!



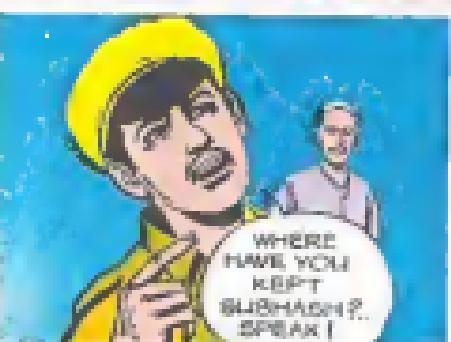
IT'S BETTER THAT YOU PAY NOW.



AS THE INSPECTOR AND A CONSTABLE WITH HANDCUFFS STEP IN, THE MAN PANICS.



WHERE HAVE YOU KEPT BHUSHAN? SPEAK!



YOU DON'T KNOW YET, BUT YOUR LEADER DIED IN THE EARTHQUAKE.

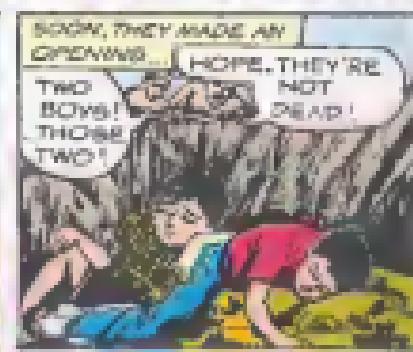


MEANWHILE, IN THE MOHNA VALLEY, THE HELPLESS SCHOOL TEACHER RETURNING TO THE POLICE STATION...



HALLO!... TRUNK CALL FROM POONA!



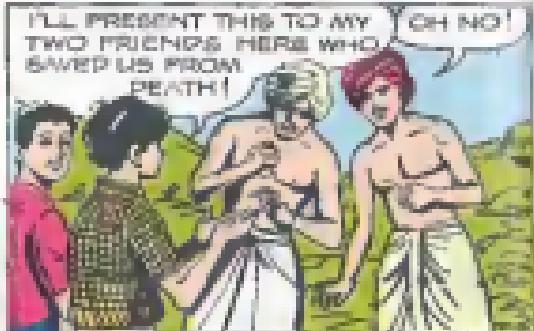


WHEN THEY HAD TOLD THEIR STORIES —

INCREDIBLE!

CONNECT ME TO KOWNA

YOUR FATHER HAS STARTED FOR KOWNA WITH A LORRY FULL OF PROVISIONS.



IN ANY CASE, BRATABADU LATER PRESENTED NO TUNNEL TO DRAWING EYES. MAYBE, ANOTHER OF THOSE EARTH TREMORS WITH WHICH KOWNA IS NOW FAMILIAR, HAD ALL TREASURE FROM CURIOUS AND THE GREEDY EYES.

THE FOOLISH FROG

AN AFRICAN FAIRY TALE

THERE WAS ONCE A FROG.



HE WAS THE BIGGEST FROG IN THE POND AND HE WAS VERY PROUD OF IT.



THEN ONE DAY—



IS THERE
SOMEONE BIGGER
THAN ME?

YES,

WHO? WHERE? TAKE ME TO HIM!

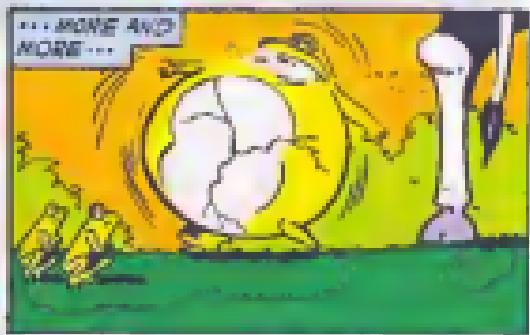
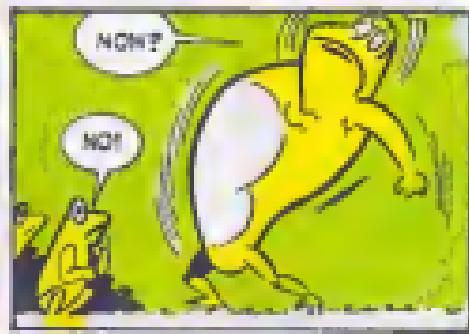
COME
WITH US,
THEN.

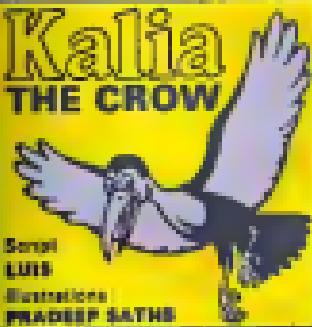
THE TINY FRODS TOOK THE BIG FROG TO A MEADOW...



...AND SHOWED HIM AN OR...

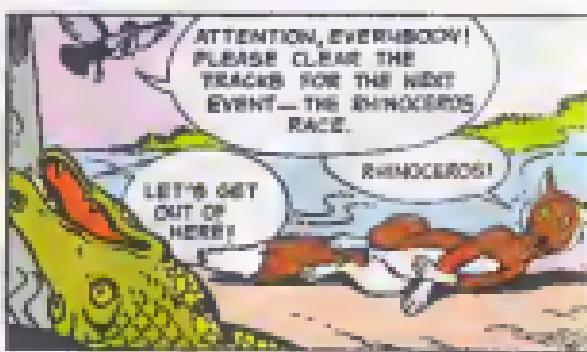












THE MOON IN THE WELL

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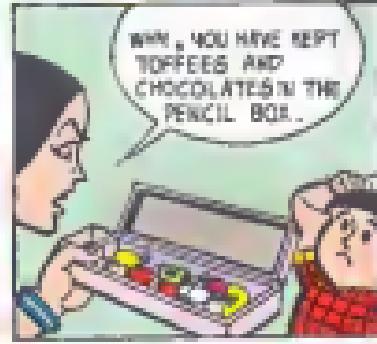
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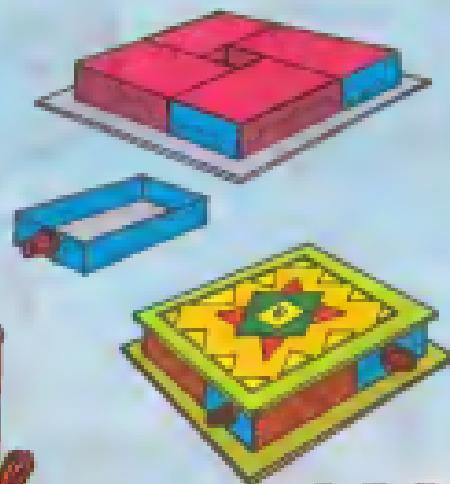
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RAMU AND SHAMU

Smart Pair - Mohandas



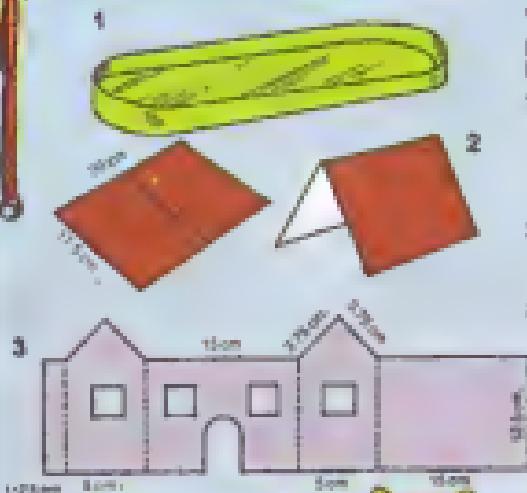
TRINKET BOX



You will need: 4 match boxes, 4 toothpaste tube caps, 2 pieces of card paper 15 cm square, some paints, a brush and glue.

1. Glue the matchboxes on one sheet of card paper.
2. Glue the toothpaste caps on to the matchboxes.
3. Glue the second card piece on top of the matchboxes and decorate gaily with a design of your choice.

NOAH'S ARK



You will need: A sheet of card paper, a pencil box, some paints, a brush and glue.

1. Draw and cut the Noah's Ark from the card paper following the measurements in picture 3. Remember to cut windows 2.5 cm square on all four sides of the Ark.
2. Cut a piece of card paper 17.5 cm x 20 cm. Fold it in half and place on the Ark as the roof.
3. Draw the pictures of your favourite animals on the remaining card paper. Colour them brightly, cut out carefully and stick on the windows of the Ark.



A GOOD CATCH

A Nasruddin
Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story used by
Buddhaghosha Pustaka
Tales from a Cooper, 1st Volume
Trans. H.H. Wilson
Illustrations:
Sergio Wiesinger



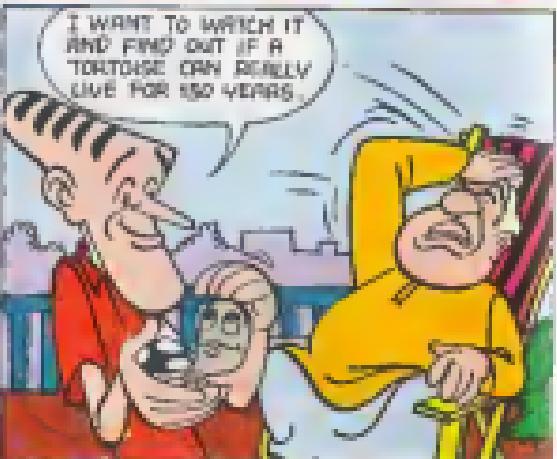
FINDING OUT

A Suspendi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Prakash Patel
A-102, Vihar Apartments,
M.V. Post, Andheri (East),
Mumbai 400 059.

Illustrations:
Sushil Wankar



SAVING MATCHES

A Suppendi Tale

Readers' choice

Based on a story sent by:
Master P. Rail,
1000 M.S.M. Street
Calgary
Alberta T2G 0E1
(403) 261-0011

Illustrations:
Rene Wasserker

COOK MY LUNCH AND KEEP IT READY BUT REMEMBER! DON'T WASTE ANY MATCHES LIGHTING THE STOVE.

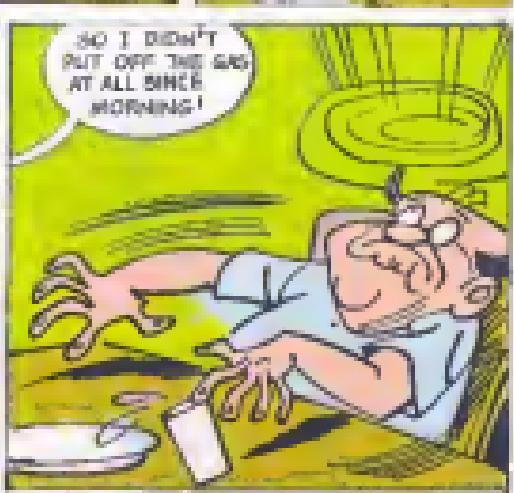
I'LL REMEMBER THAT

OH DEAR! MISTER SAID NOT TO WASTE MATCHES!

TWO HOURS LATER—
IS THE LUNCH READY, SUPPENDI?

NO, MASTER.
I REMEMBERED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.

SO I DIDN'T PUT OFF THE GAS AT ALL SINCE MORNING!



FAMILY MATTERS

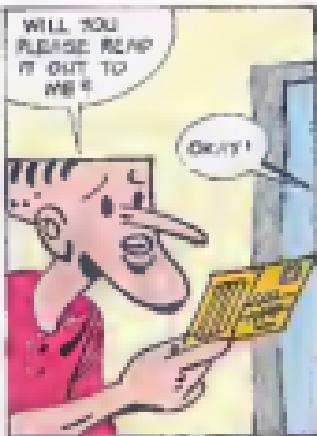
A Sappandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

R. Sardha
631, Pari Mahal Road,
Near Dargah Chhawali,
Muzaffarabad
92400 044

Illustrations:
Rum Wasserkur



KAPISH



ANANT PAS

THERE WAS A MONKEY LIKE BOLD FIVE IN THE
JUNGLE OF KAPISH-

HAVE YOU HEARD?
BABOOCHA HAS
BEEN CAPTURED
BY DORWA.

DIDN'T
KAPISH COME TO
HS RESCUE?

HE DID NOT
EVEN KNOW ABOUT
IT, WHEN I TOLD
HM.

CAN'T WE DO
SOMETHING
TO SAVE
BABOOCHA?

WHO IS THAT?
ME,
MOTU.
I AM HERIE.

LET'S GO TO KAPISH.
HE CAN GET FREE
A WHI ORT.

YES.
LET'S GO.

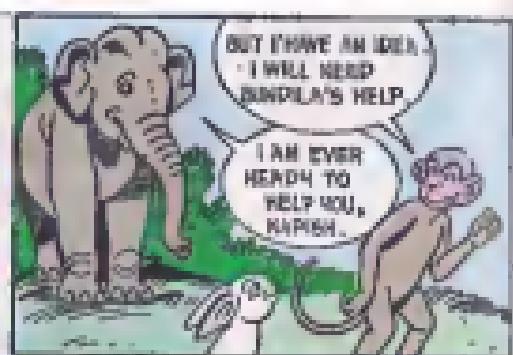
SO THEY ALL WENT NEAR THE BANJO TREE, ON A
BRANCH OF WHICH KAPISH WAS SITTING.

BABOOCHA HAS BEEN KEPT
IN A CASE AND THE CASE
IS BEING SENT TO DORWA.

UNH?

ON A PASSENGER TRAIN,
DORWA IS TAKING
THE CASE WITH HER.

CAN'T WE STOP
THE TRAIN?



SOOP,
BUT
HOW
WILL
THAT
PIECE OF
CLOTH
HELP?



THEY PUT THEIR PLAN INTO ACTION.
SOON—

THERE! THE
TRAIN IS
COMING.

RAPISH JUMPED DOWN TO THE LOWEST
BRANCH OF THE MANGO TREE...

...AND STARTED SWINGING THE RED FLAG. HE HAD
TIED THE RED CLOTH TO A STICK.

WHETHER THE DRIVER STOPPED AFTER
SEEING THE RED FLAG OR THE ELEPHANTS
WAS NOT CLEAR, BUT THE ENGINE
DID COME TO A HALT.

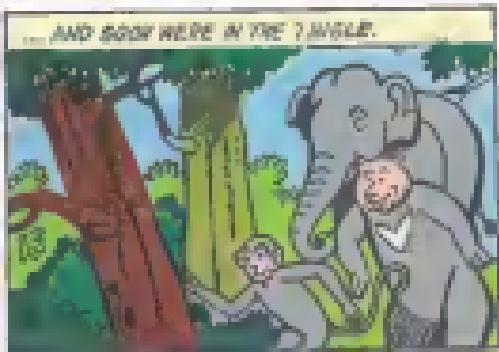
HOW DO YOUR
EYES FEEL?

SHAMBALA TOOK HER POSITION IN FRONT OF
THE ENGINE.

HELP! AN
ELEPHANT!

SHAMBALA STOOD NEAR THE LUGGAGE VAN.

RAPISH JUMPED INTO THE VAN. THERE IT WAS—
THE CASE.



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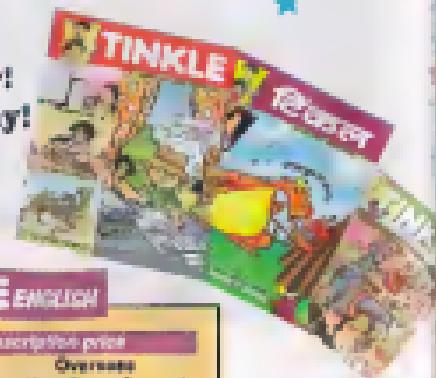
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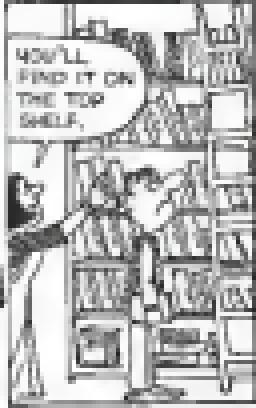


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