

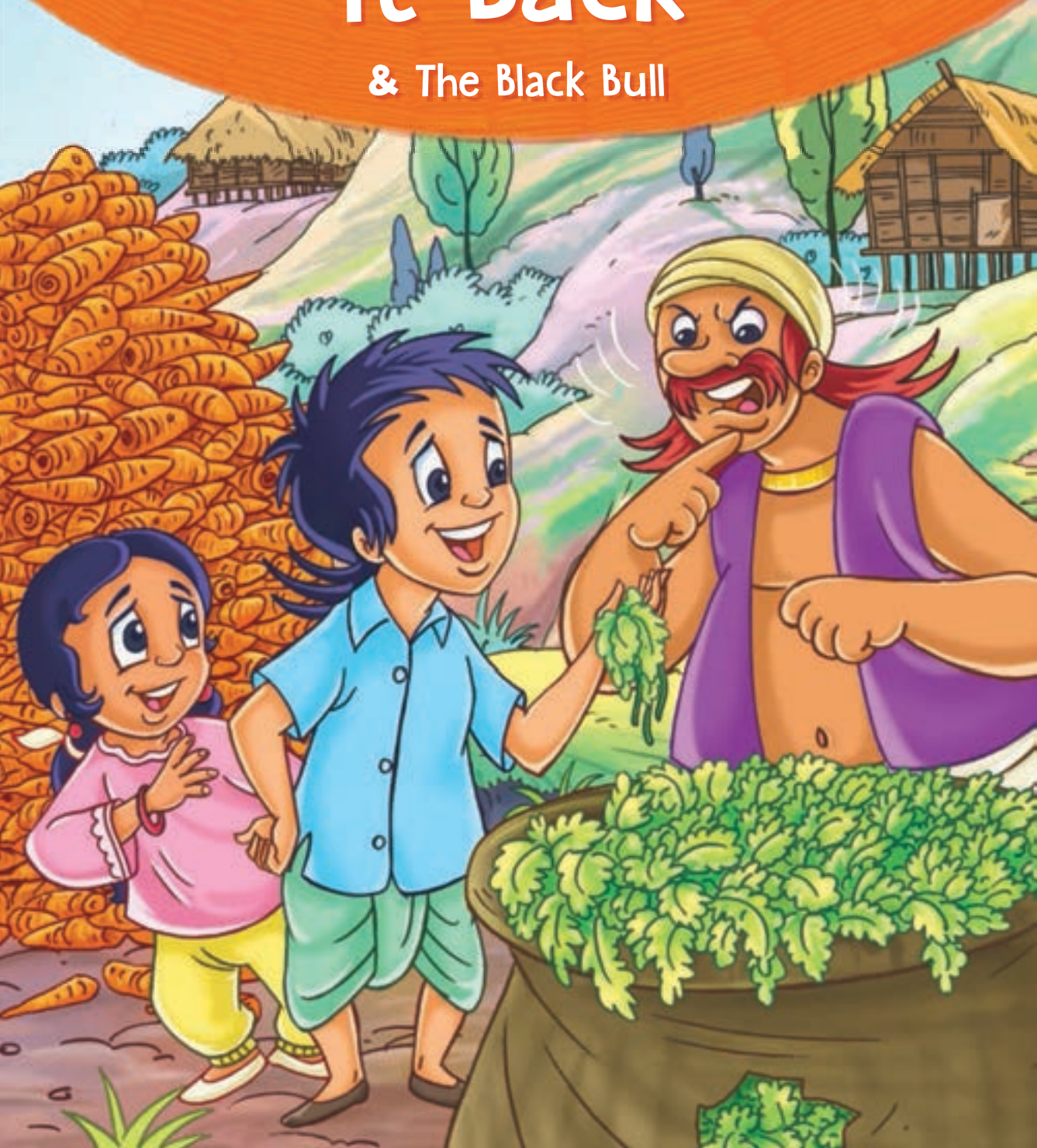


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Gankhu Gives it Back

& The Black Bull





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KAPWING

Classics for Kids

Gankhu Gives it Back

Story told by
Sanjana Kapur

Illustrations
Sabu Sarasan



This book belongs to

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Gankhu and his little sister, Gilli, lived in a village in Manipur. One day when Gankhu was helping Gilli with her homework, they heard a clattering

sound outside. "It's Father! He's back from the farm!" cried Gilli, flinging down her pencil and running out of the room.



Their father had come home but he looked tired and unhappy.



“What is the matter?” their mother asked worriedly.

Gankhu’s father gave her a small bag of money. “This is all that Chiru gave me for the wheat I grew,” he sighed.

Chiru was the landlord. He owned the field Gankhu’s father worked in. “The landlord is being unfair to the farmers,” Gankhu thought, angrily. “He never pays them well!”





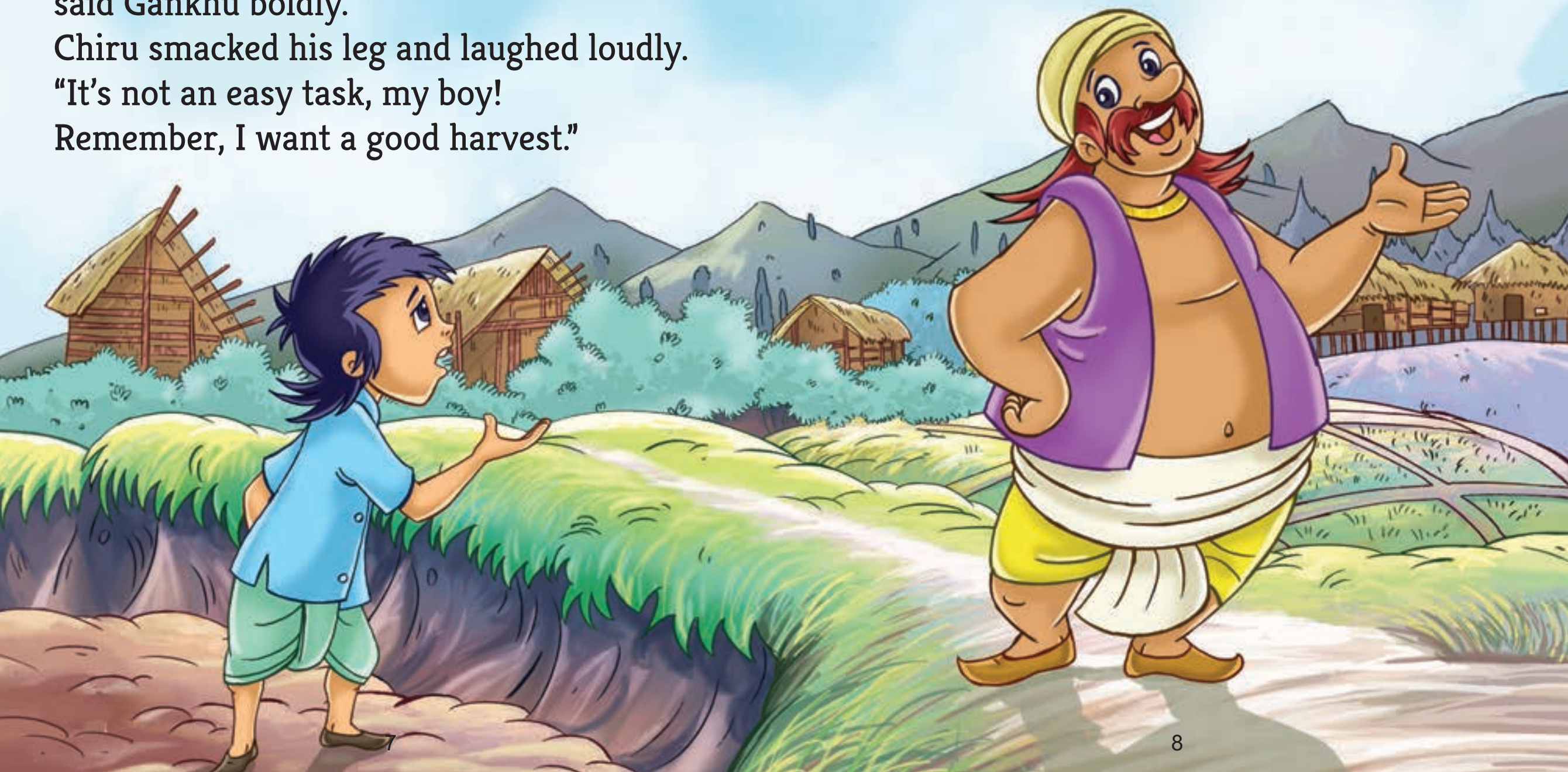
“Can I look after the field for a few months, Father?” Gankhu asked. “I think I know how to outwit Chiru.”

“What can you do?” exclaimed his father. “I have a plan,” smiled Gankhu. Gilli laughed and clapped her hands.

The next morning, Gankhu went to work in the field. Crafty Chiru saw him and came running. "Hey!" he shouted. "Where is your father?" "I will be looking after the field now," said Gankhu boldly. Chiru smacked his leg and laughed loudly. "It's not an easy task, my boy! Remember, I want a good harvest."

"Which part of the plant do you want?" asked Gankhu.

"What a silly question!" exclaimed Chiru. "The upper part, of course!" "You shall have it," said Gankhu.

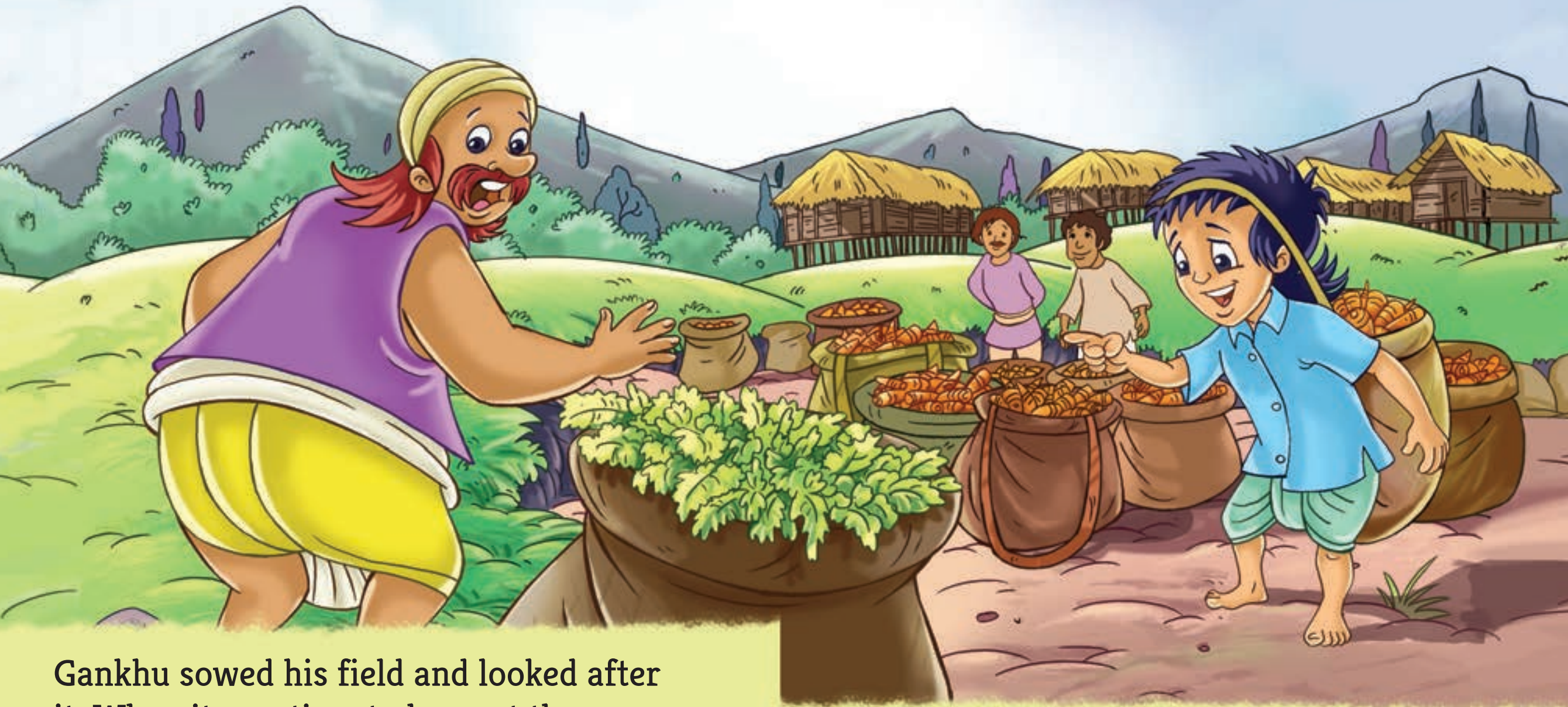


Gankhu worked very hard on his land. Gilli would come after school and help him. They would both work and sing.

*"Akka bakka lumba,
Rikka tikka tunga,*

*Big and strong my crop will grow,
The landlord can't take what I sow!"*





Gankhu sowed his field and looked after it. When it was time to harvest the crop, everyone came to help him. Gankhu had just finished packing everything into bags when Chiru came to demand his share.

“That’s your share,” Gankhu said, pointing to a basket full of leaves. Chiru’s mouth fell open. “What did you grow?” he shouted.



“Carrots. I have packed the upper part for you and the root for myself!” Gankhu explained with a smile.

“You tricked me!” yelled Chiru. “Next time, I want only the lower part of the crop!”
“All right,” said Gankhu and went off to sell his carrots for a good price.

Soon it was time for Gankhu to plant his next crop.
“What shall I grow now?” he wondered, rubbing his chin. He snapped his fingers as an idea struck him.

He sang joyfully as he set off to work,
*“Nice and healthy my crop will grow,
The landlord can’t take what I sow!”*



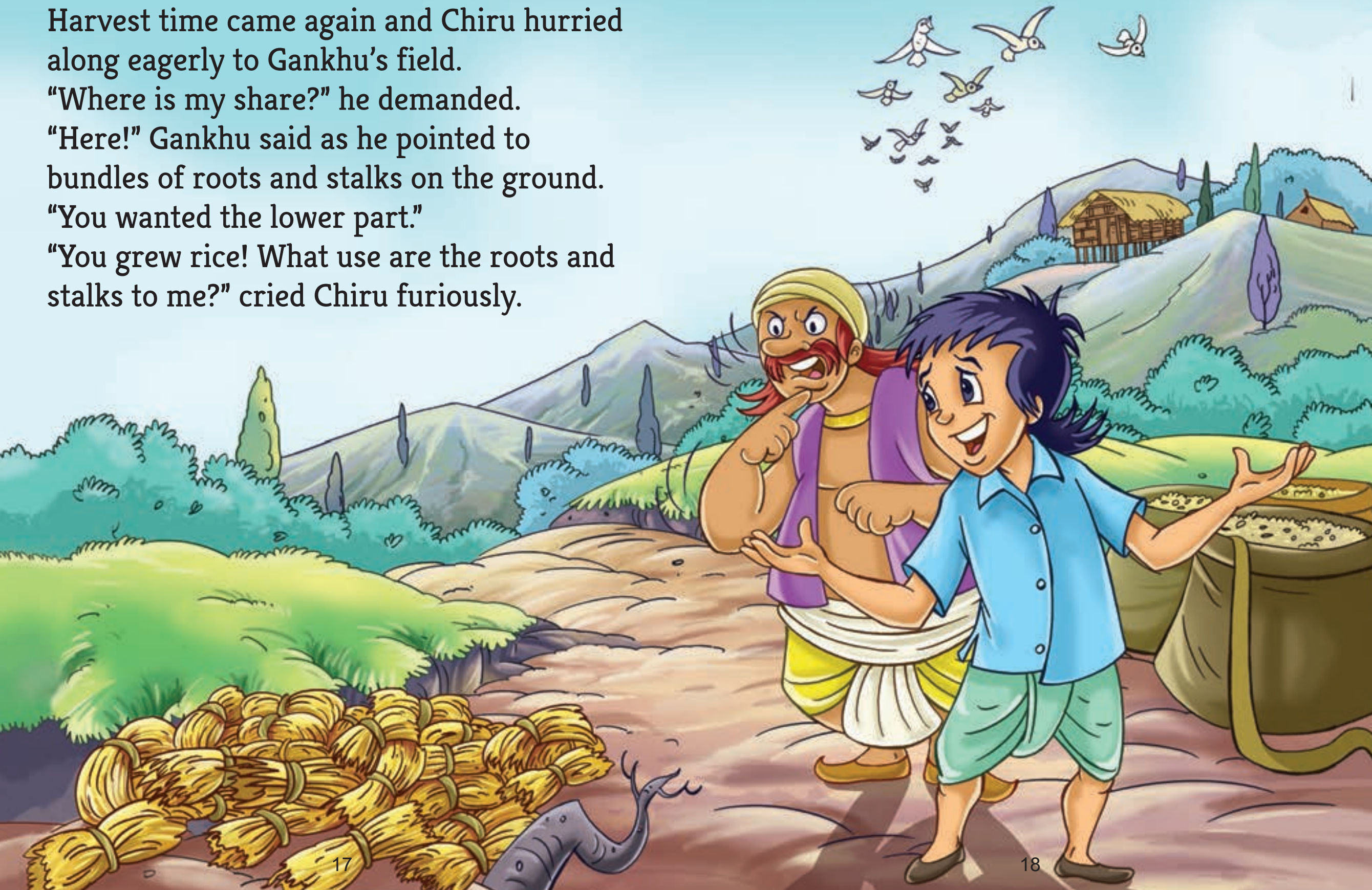
Harvest time came again and Chiru hurried along eagerly to Gankhu's field.

"Where is my share?" he demanded.

"Here!" Gankhu said as he pointed to bundles of roots and stalks on the ground.

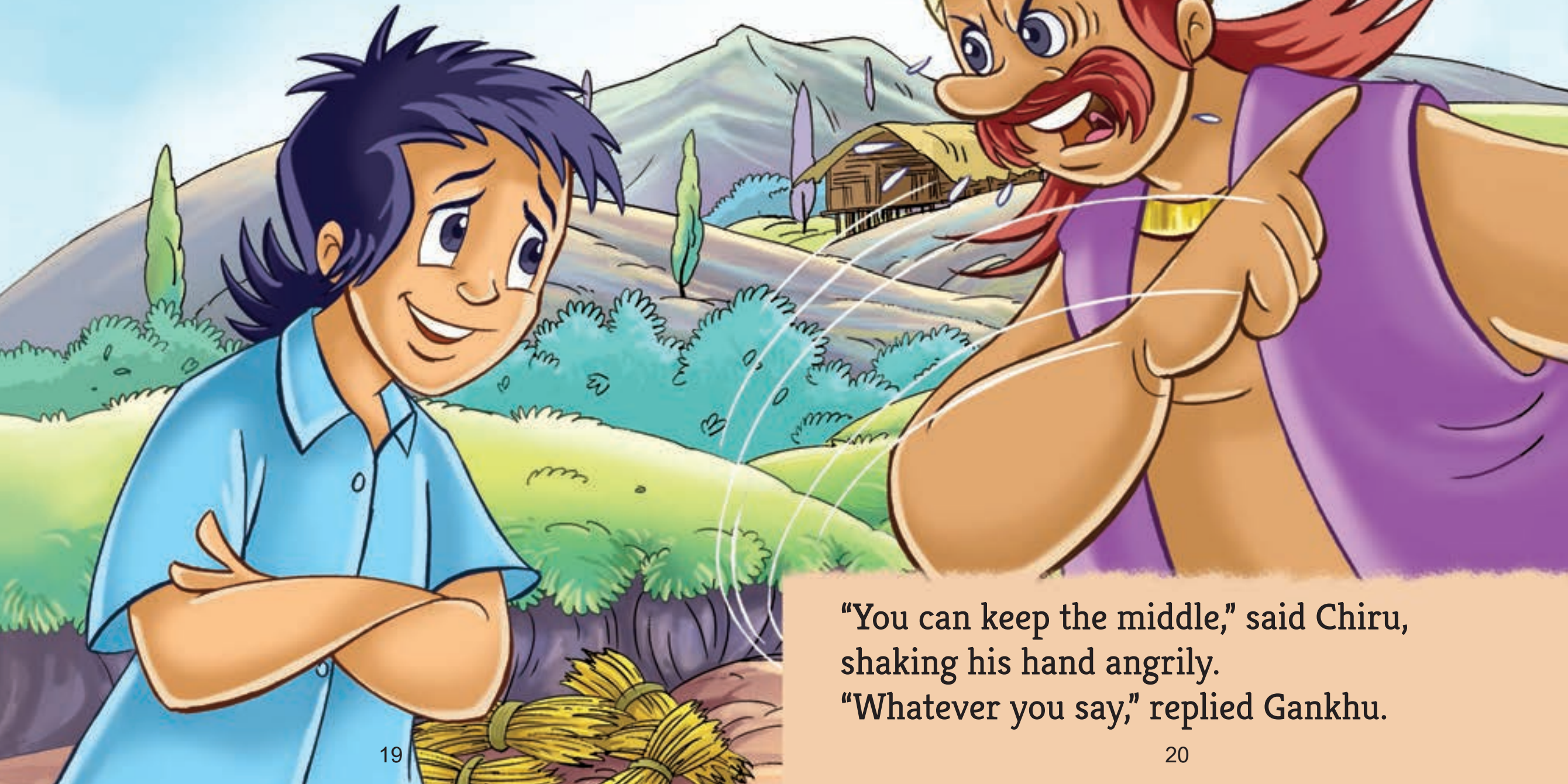
"You wanted the lower part."

"You grew rice! What use are the roots and stalks to me?" cried Chiru furiously.



"I want the lower part **AND** the upper part from the next harvest!" Chiru said, feeling very clever.

"What about me? What will I get?" asked Gankhu.



"You can keep the middle," said Chiru, shaking his hand angrily.

"Whatever you say," replied Gankhu.

Gankhu carefully thought about what he could do. He would not let Chiru win. Gankhu's eyes brightened as an idea struck him. He sang a little song while Gilli danced along,

*"I'll work hard, I'll work well,
Till my crop is ready to sell.*

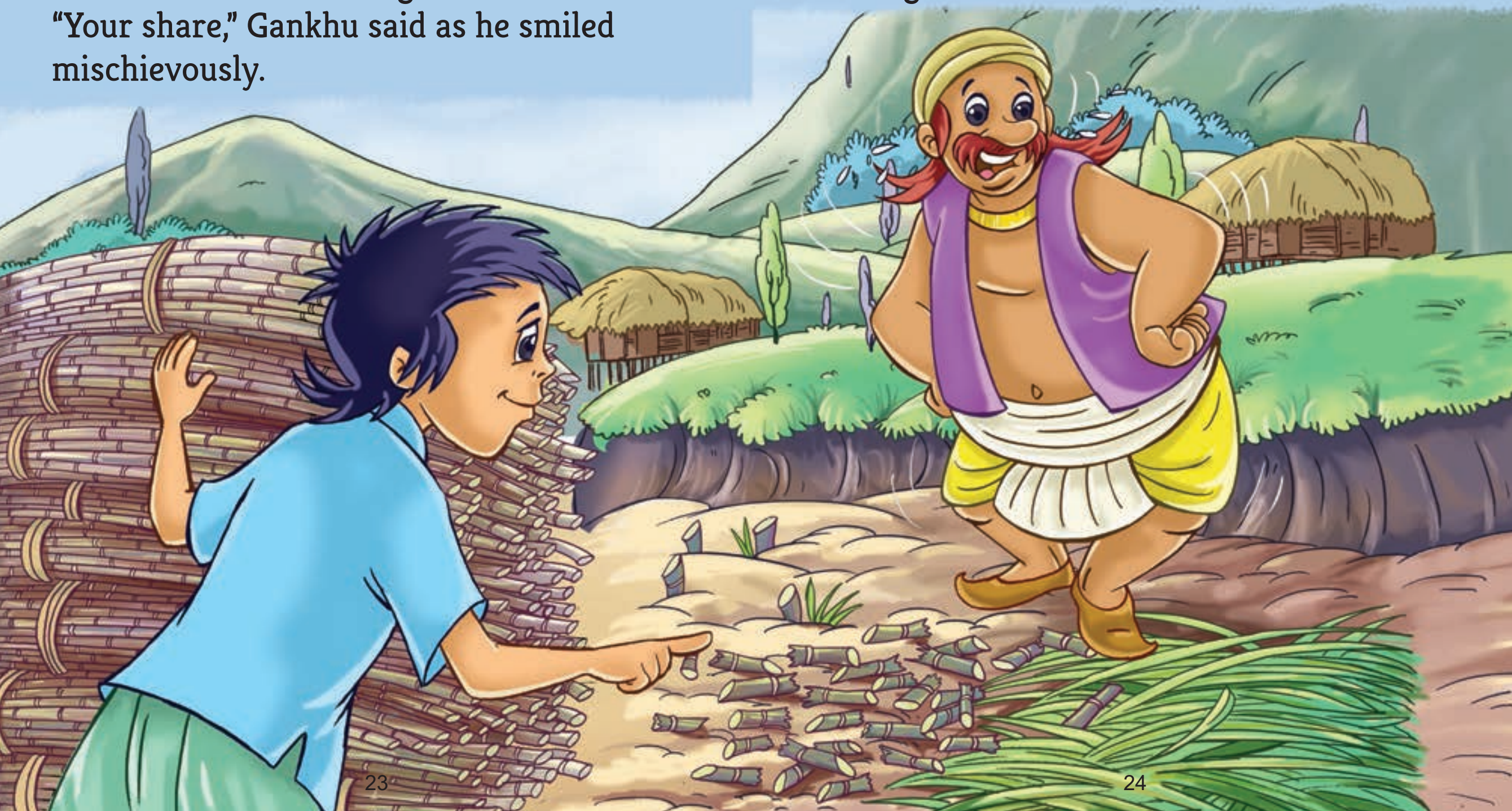
*Nice and healthy the crop will grow,
The landlord can't take what I sow!"*



It was harvest time and Chiru marched up to the field once again.

"What is this?" asked Chiru, looking at the leaves and roots on the ground.

"Your share," Gankhu said as he smiled mischievously.



"You grew sugarcane!" cried Chiru, throwing his arms up in the air. "The leaves and roots are useless. You have tricked me once again!"

"I have had enough," yelled Chiru. "I want the entire crop the next time!"

"Whatever you say. I will give you everything that grows on this land!" Gankhu said.



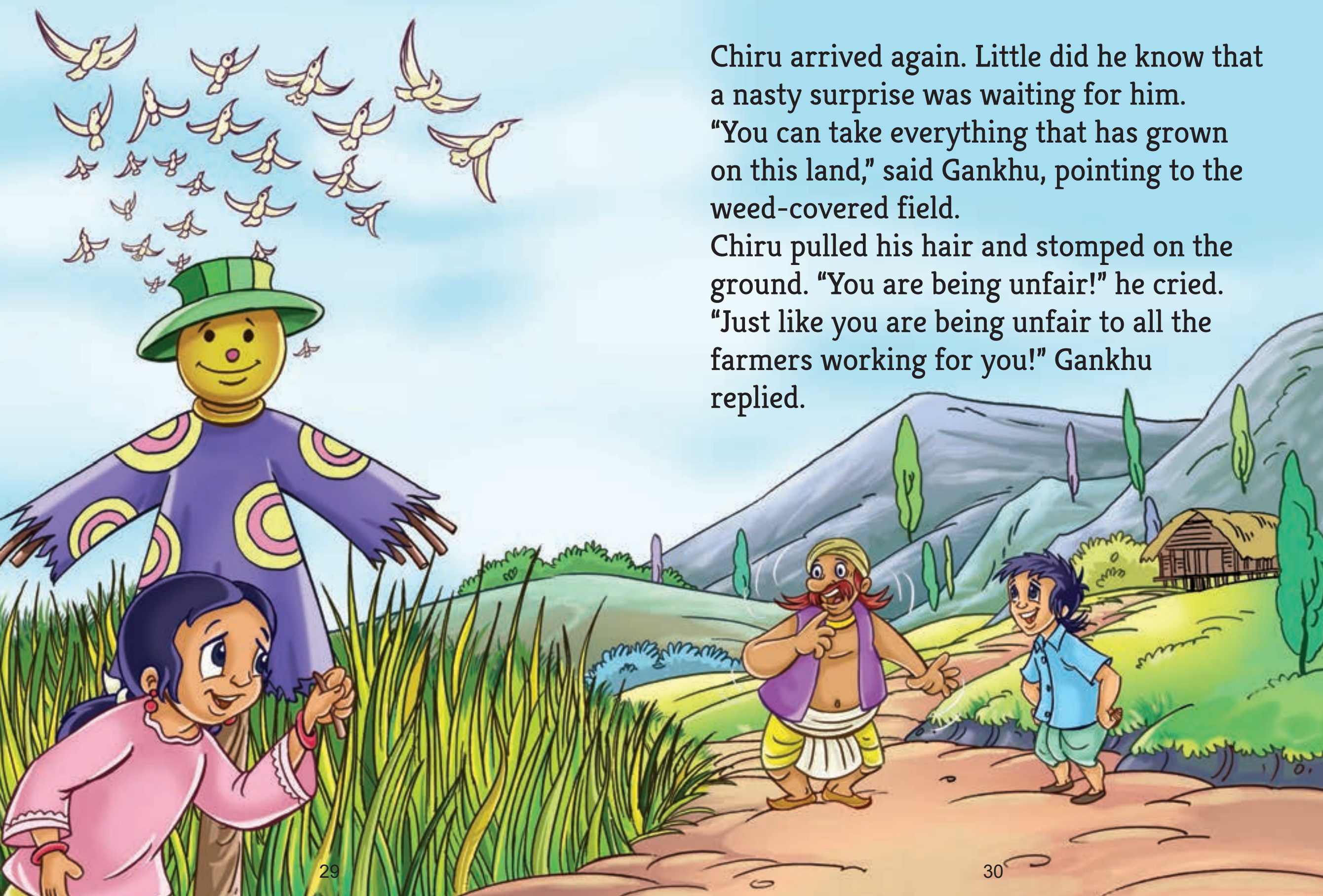
Chiru stormed off as Gankhu danced around his sugarcane in glee!

“We have earned enough from the last three harvests. I will not sow anything this time,” Gankhu told Gilli.

Very soon, the land was covered with weeds of every size and shape.



There were tall weeds, scruffy weeds, crawling weeds and creeping weeds.



Chiru arrived again. Little did he know that a nasty surprise was waiting for him.

"You can take everything that has grown on this land," said Gankhu, pointing to the weed-covered field.

Chiru pulled his hair and stomped on the ground. "You are being unfair!" he cried.

"Just like you are being unfair to all the farmers working for you!" Gankhu replied.

Chiru hung his head in shame. He realised that what he had done was wrong. He called all the farmers and said, "I am sorry for not paying you properly. I will never do that again."



All the farmers were very happy. "Three cheers for Gankhu," they cried. "You are our hero!" Gilli was the happiest of all!



Learning Ladder

Clattering

Making a loud sound

Outwit

To get the better of someone through intelligence

Crafty

To be sly and tricky

Smacked

Hit with the flat palm of the hand

Snapped

Made a sound by clicking the middle finger and thumb together

Eagerly

With great interest

Stalks

Thick stems

Furiously

Very angrily

Stormed off

Walked off angrily

Stomped

To bring one's foot down heavily



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KAPWING

AFTER THE STORY...

A
lot of
people in India
are farmers.

Farmers grow crops like
rice, wheat, corn and
sometimes, vegetables.

During
harvest, the
ripe crops are cut
and gathered for use.

Grains,
like rice and
wheat, provide the
body with energy.

Sugarcane stalks
can grow up
to twenty
feet!

Elephants love
eating sugarcane.

