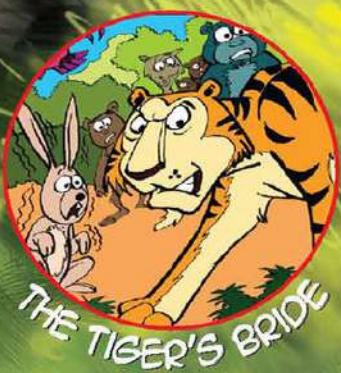


TINKLE

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HOLIDAY SPECIAL



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Hi Friends,

With this issue featuring two stories on Diwali, my thoughts have turned to firecrackers. If I could invent firecrackers, I would create quite a few and try to keep them as

non-polluting as possible. There would be one that looked and acted like a comet. It would zip here and there and suddenly fizz out after leaving a fiery trail. Another one would be the boomerang. Anytime anyone scared the living daylights out of you by blowing up a bomb right when you were walking past, the bomb would gather the forces of its explosion and chase the culprit all over the place. Then there would be the musical flower pot that showered sparkles on everyone in the vicinity and made them dance madly. What kind of firecrackers would you invent? Write to me at tinklemail@ack-media.com

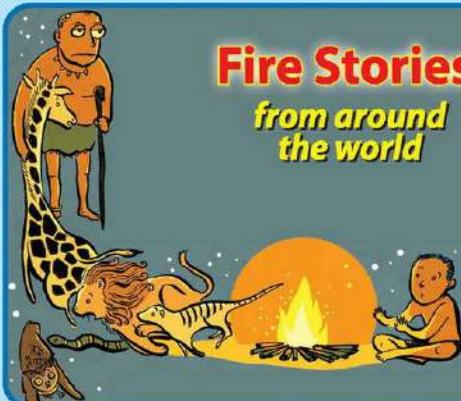
Wish you a mad, zany and safe Diwali! And if you are not celebrating the festival, have a blast anyway!

Rajani

See Inside



Fire Stories from around the world



TINKLE

WHERE LEARNING MEETS FUN

**Holiday Special
No. 37**

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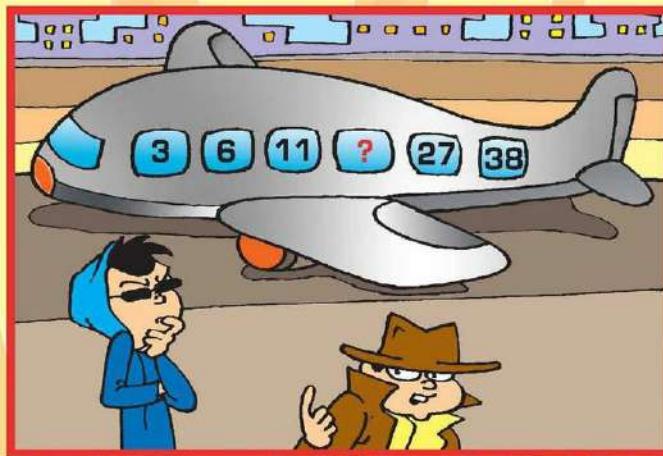
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TOON TACTICS

The Plane Windowpane Puzzle

Ravi and Rahul's flight has been delayed because one of the windowpanes of the plane they were supposed to board, has gone missing. The good news is that each windowpane of this aeroplane has a number etched on it. The windows are arranged such that these numbers form a particular sequence. If you find the number that the missing windowpane should have, maybe the Defective Detectives can locate it...



Maths Quiz

Butterfingers has a surprise maths quiz today. Can you help him out?

Teacher: Divide the number of days in the month of April by half and add 5 to it.
What should Butter say?



A SPARKLING DIWALI FOR BUTTERFINGERS

Story: Khyrunnisa A.
Script: Dolly Pahlajani
Art: Abhijeet Kini
Letterer: Pranay Bende

















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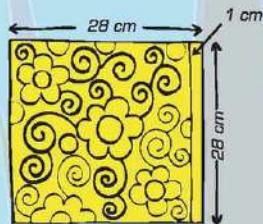
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TINKLE HOL/SP/37

DO IT YOURSELF

MAGIC DIWALI LANTERN!

- 28 x 28 cm bright yellow tinted paper
- 28 x 28 cm green gelatin paper
- Glue stick
- Thread
- Pin
- Black sketch pen



1) Take the yellow tinted paper, and make a 1 cm margin on the right, as shown. On the remaining part, draw a pattern of your choice with the black sketch pen.

2) Now, with a pin, make tiny perforations (holes) along the pattern.



3) Using the glue stick only on the edges of the gelatin paper, paste it over the tinted paper, as shown.



4) Now put some glue on the 1 cm flap, roll with the gelatin paper on the inside, and paste the other end over the flap.



5) Make two holes on either side of the lantern, large enough for the thread to go through.



6) Your lantern is ready. Hang it up, put a bulb inside (with the help of an adult), and watch the beautiful patterns on your wall!

CRAFT IDEA: PRACHI KILLEKAR

TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS

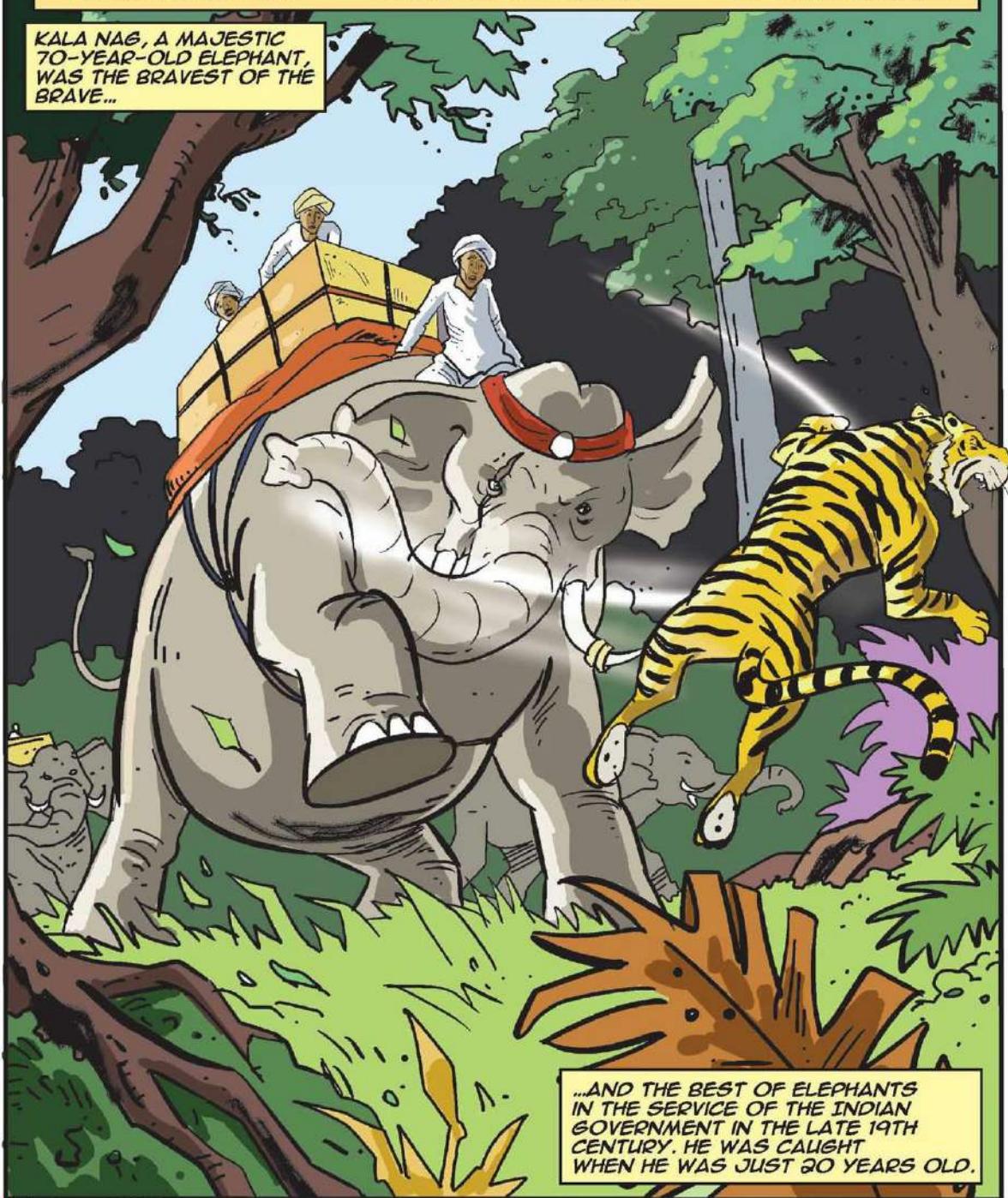
Based on the story from Rudyard Kipling's 'The Jungle Book'

Script: Rajani Thindiaith

Art: Arijit Dutta Chowdhury

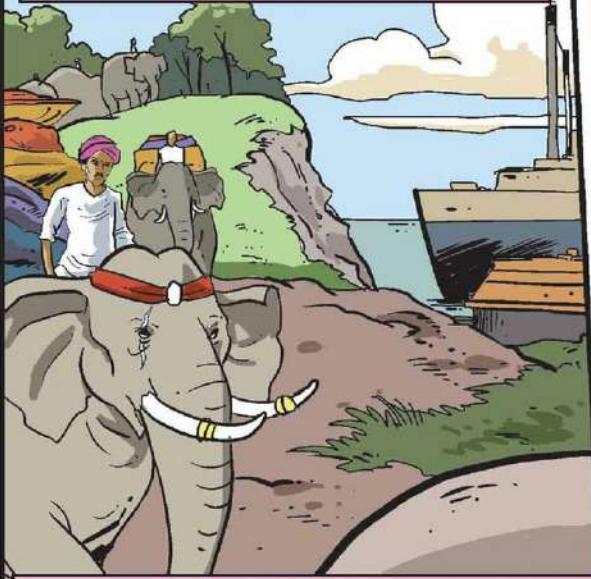
Lettering: Gajoo Tayde

KALA NAG, A MAJESTIC 70-YEAR-OLD ELEPHANT, WAS THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE...



...AND THE BEST OF ELEPHANTS IN THE SERVICE OF THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY. HE WAS CAUGHT WHEN HE WAS JUST 20 YEARS OLD.

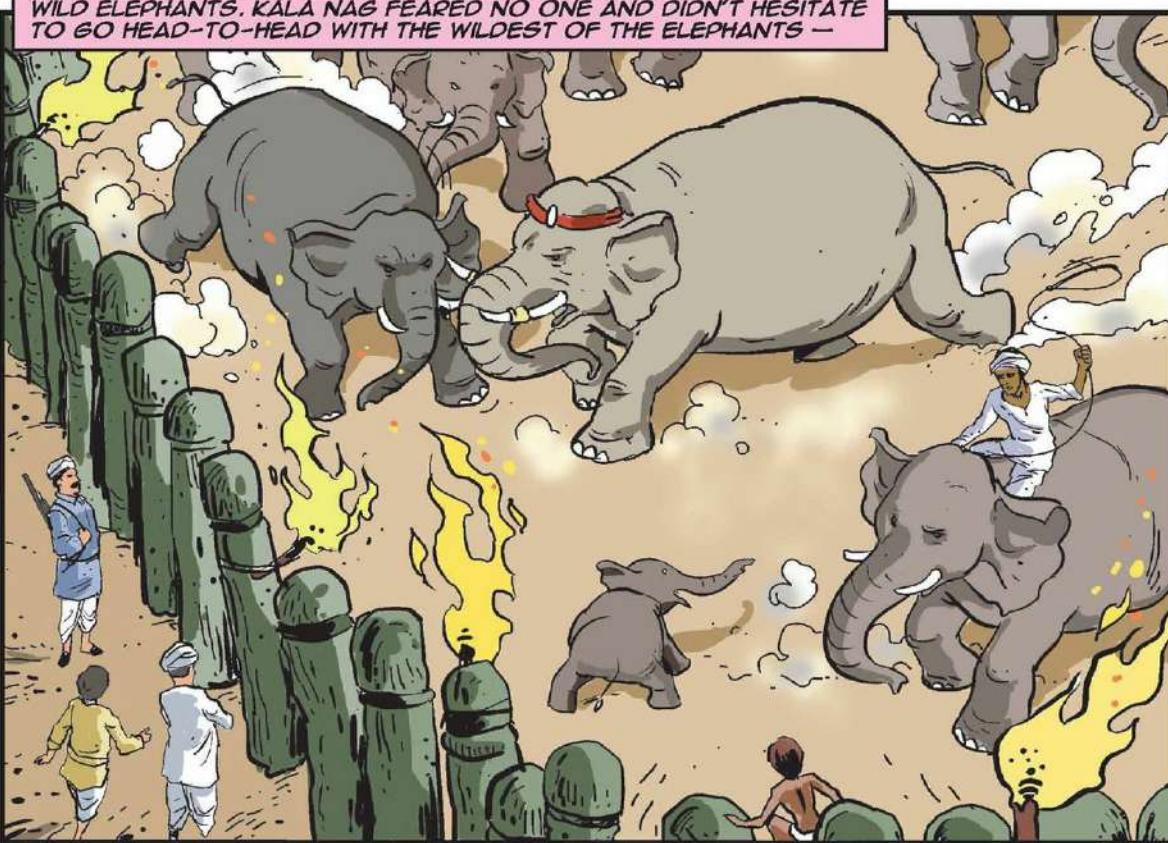
OVER THE YEARS, HE HAD CARRIED HUNDREDS OF KILOS OF TENTS ACROSS HIS BACK...



...HALLED TEAK IN TIMBER YARDS...



...AND WAS FINALLY EMPLOYED AT THE KHEDAH* TO HELP TAME WILD ELEPHANTS. KALA NAG FEARED NO ONE AND DIDN'T HESITATE TO GO HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH THE WILDEST OF THE ELEPHANTS —

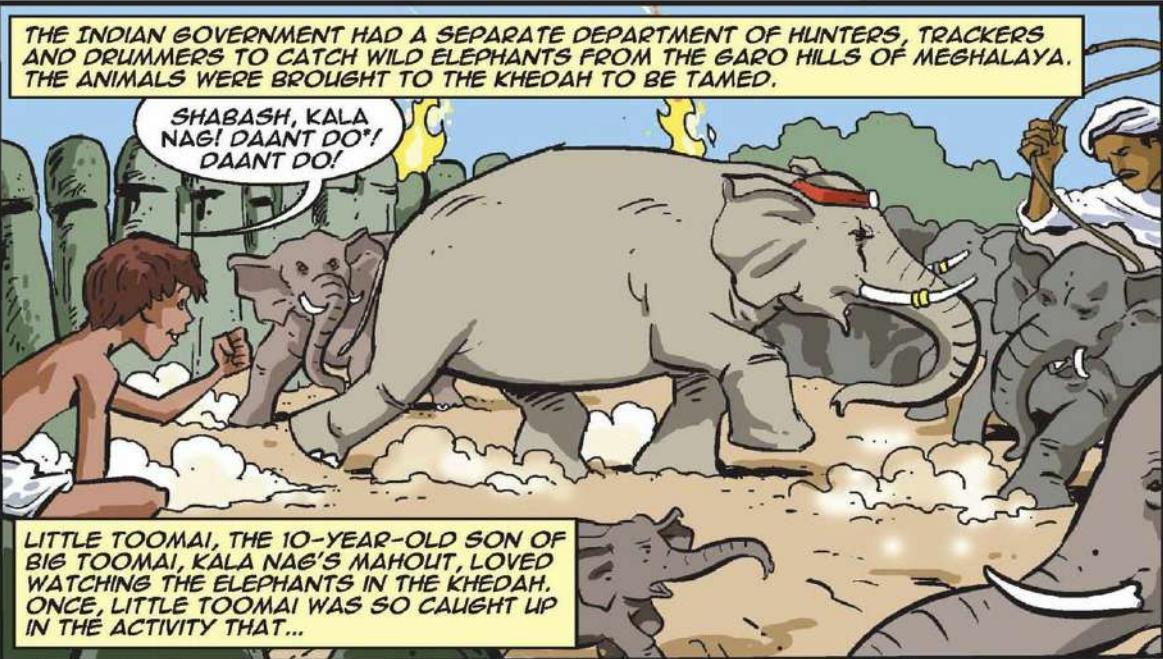


*AN ENCLOSURE CONSTRUCTED TO TRAP AND TAME WILD ELEPHANTS
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THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT HAD A SEPARATE DEPARTMENT OF HUNTERS, TRACKERS AND DRUMMERS TO CATCH WILD ELEPHANTS FROM THE GARO HILLS OF MEGHALAYA. THE ANIMALS WERE BROUGHT TO THE KHEDAH TO BE TAMED.

SHABASH, KALA
NAG! DAANT DO!
DAANT DO!



LITTLE TOOMAI, THE 10-YEAR-OLD SON OF BIG TOOMAI, KALA NAG'S MAHOUT, LOVED WATCHING THE ELEPHANTS IN THE KHEDAH. ONCE, LITTLE TOOMAI WAS SO CAUGHT UP IN THE ACTIVITY THAT...

...WHEN HE SAW THE ROPE SLIP OUT OF A MAHOUT'S HANDS...



...HE LEAPED DOWN INTO THE FRAY, WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR LIFE OR LIMB...



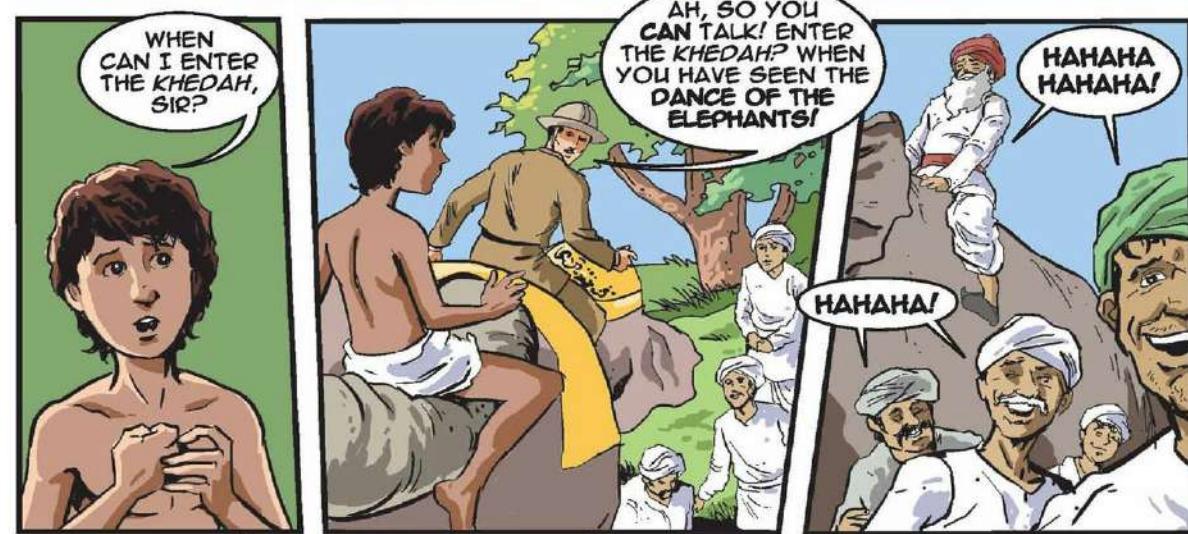
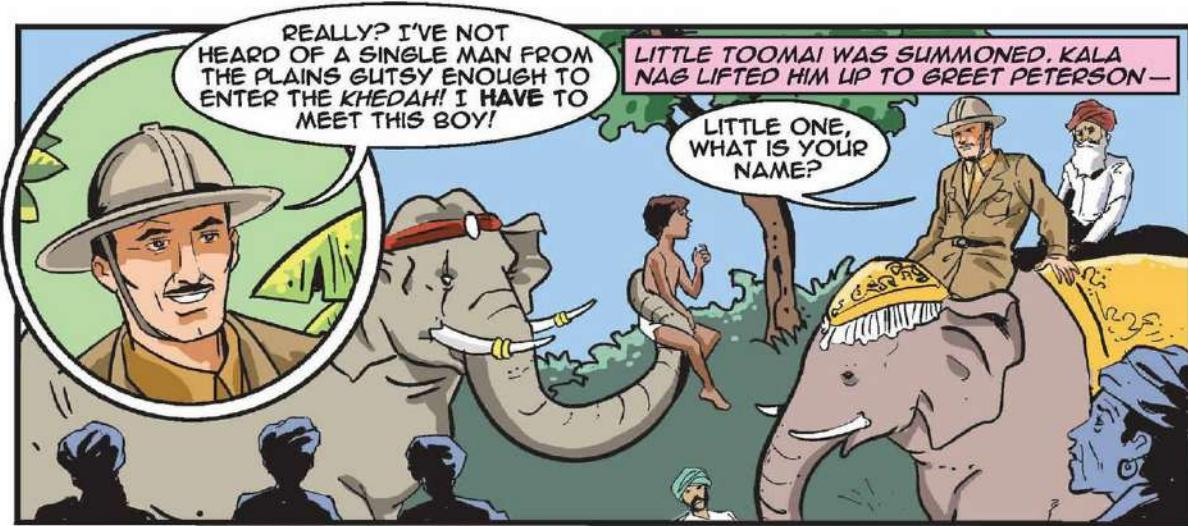
*GIVE HIM THE TUSK

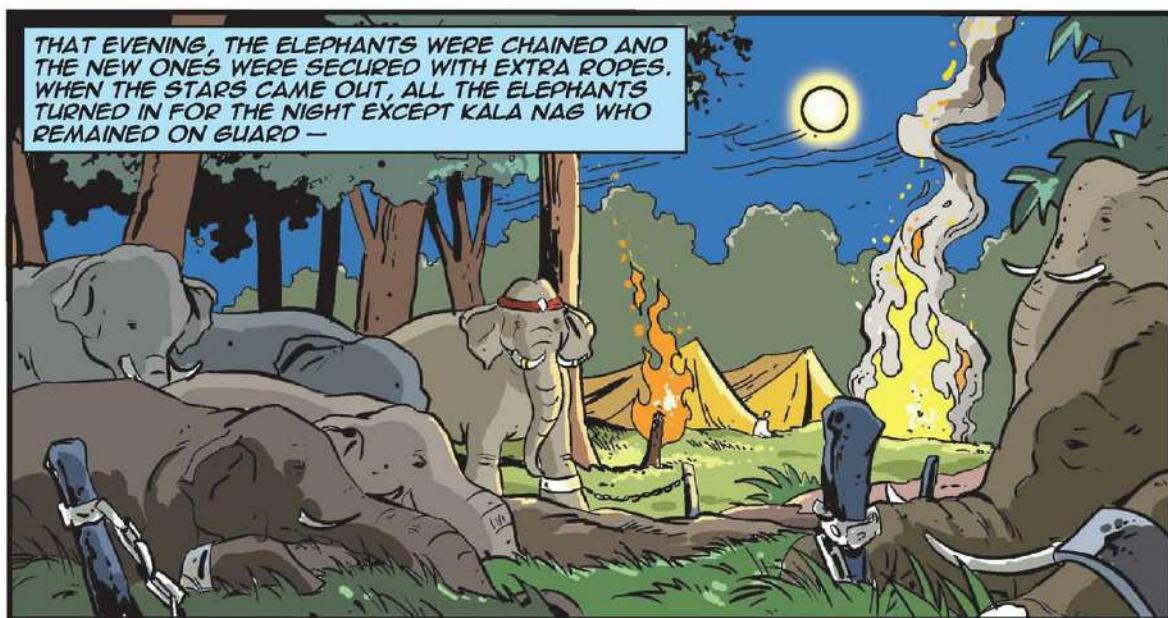
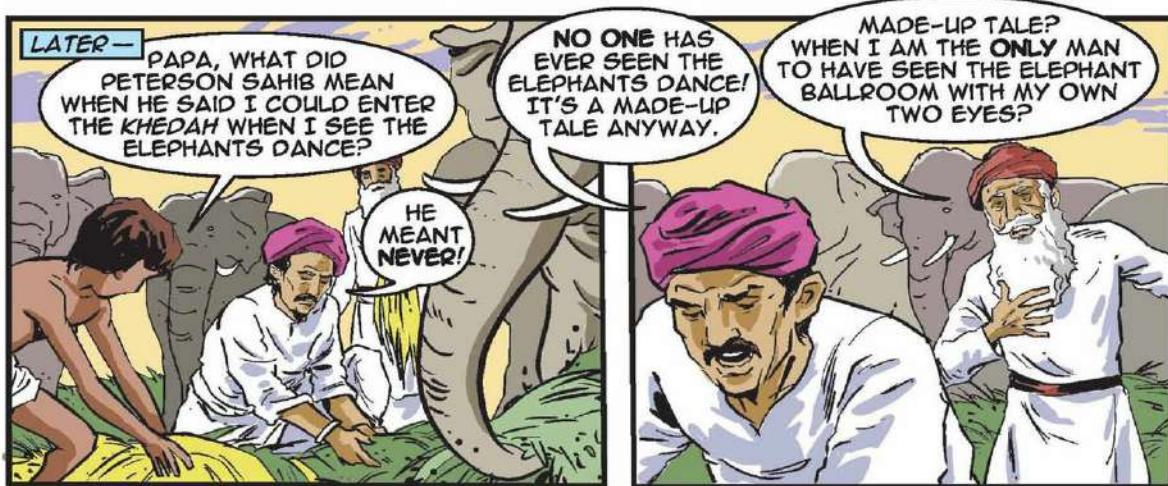
16 TINKLE HOL/SP/37

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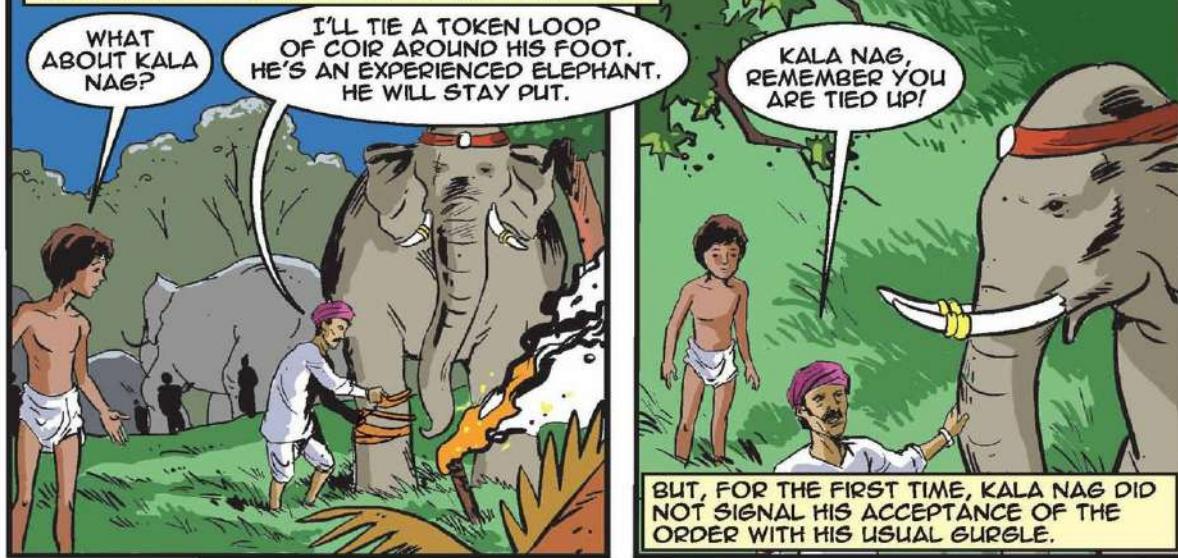
THEN, IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, CAME A SOFT HOOT FROM THE JUNGLE. ALL THE WILD ELEPHANTS LEAPED TO THEIR FEET, STRAINING AT THEIR ROPES AND TRUMPETING LOUDLY—



AWAKENED BY THE NOISE, THE MAHOUTS WENT ABOUT CALMING THE ELEPHANTS AND CHECKING ON THE ROPES —



BIG TOOMAI UNCHAINED KALA NAG, AND USED THOSE CHAINS TO TIE DOWN THE NEW ELEPHANT.





KALA NAG REACHED AN INCLINE AND PAUSED TO LOOK DOWN AT THE VALLEY, SHROUDED IN MIST —

NOW WHAT,
GREAT LORD?

WHOORRNNNN!
WHOORRNNNN!
SPLASH!

SPLASH!

WHOORRNNNN!
WHOORRNNNN!

SOUNDS
LIKE...

...THERE ARE
MORE ELEPHANTS
BEHIND US!!

KALA NAG WENT UPHILL AND DOWNHILL AND UPHILL AGAIN. AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES, HE FINALLY SLOWED DOWN AS HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE CENTRE OF A CLEARING —

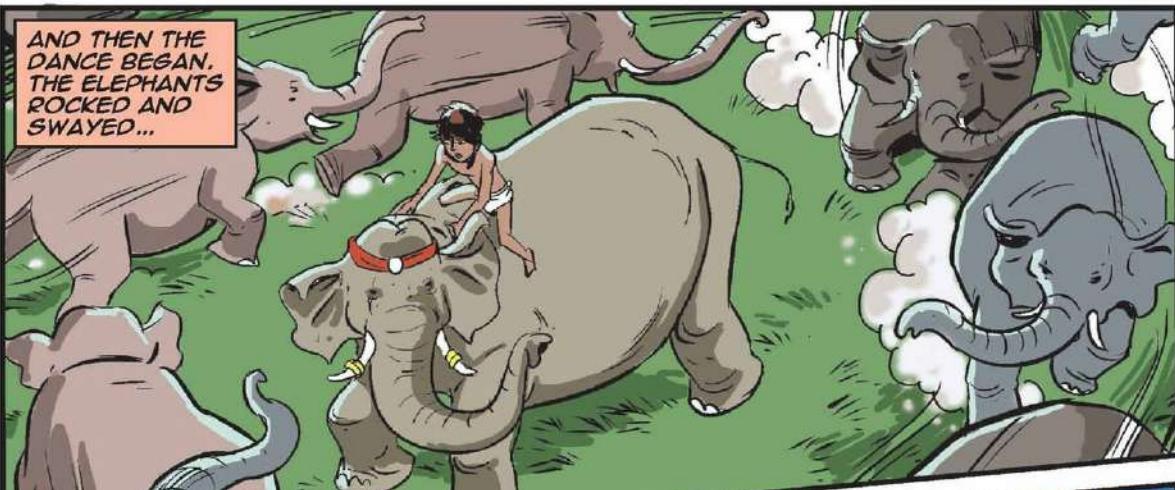
WOW! WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
IT ALMOST SEEMS
LIKE A...

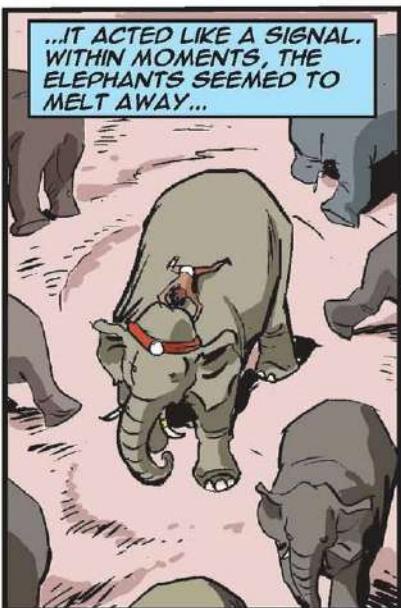
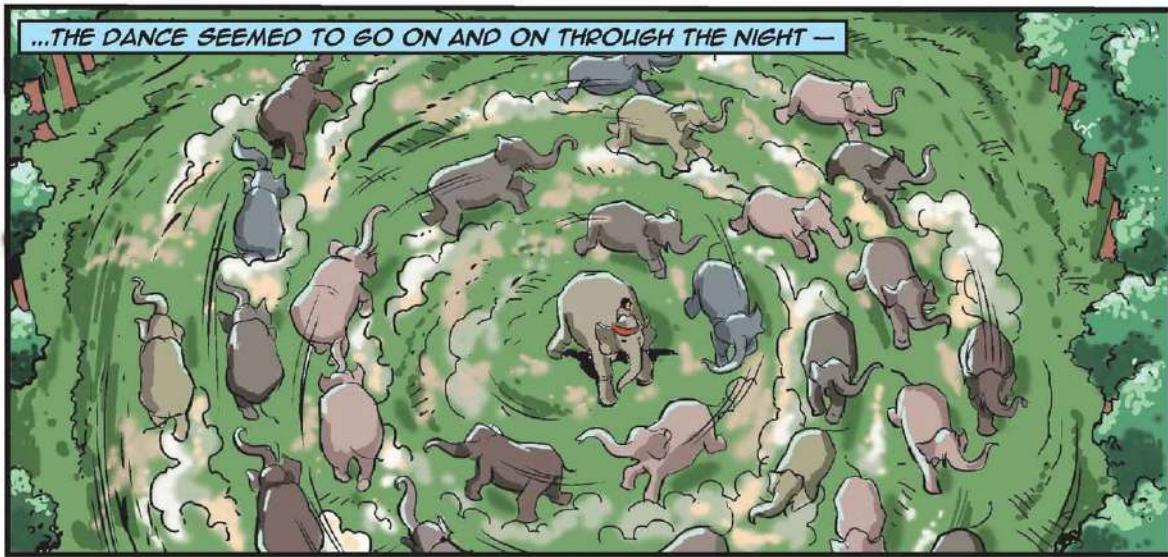
...BALLROOM!
THE ELEPHANTS'
BALLROOM!

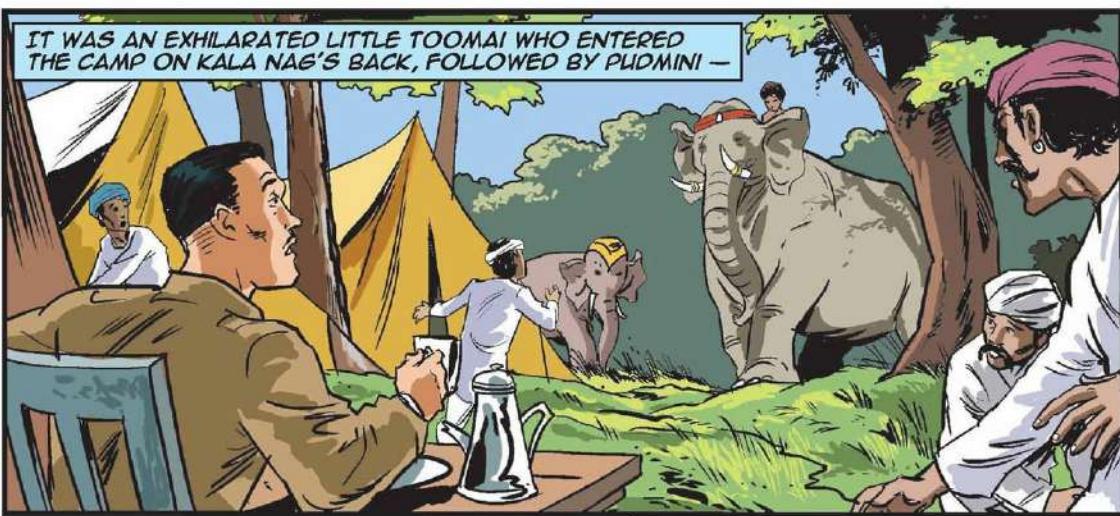
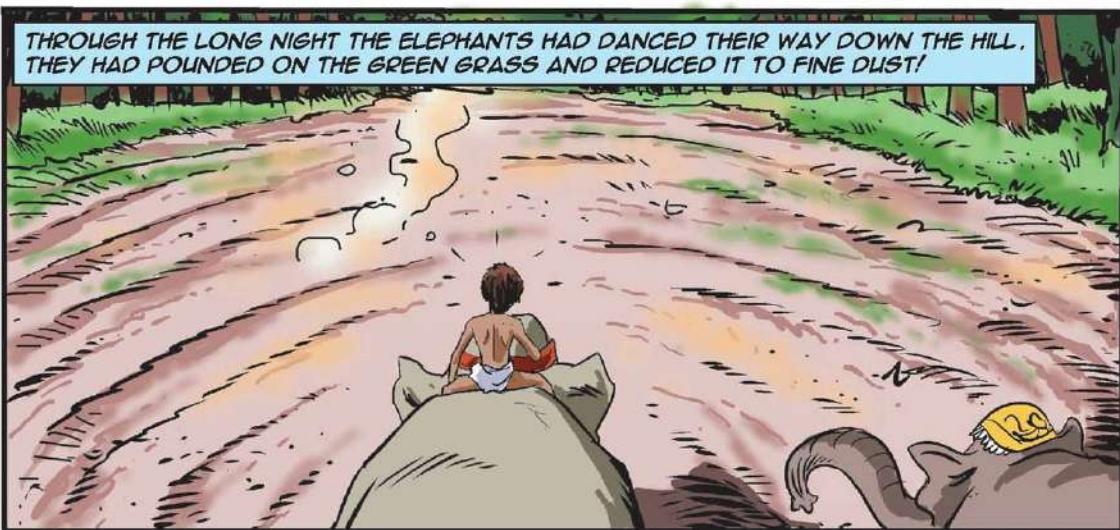
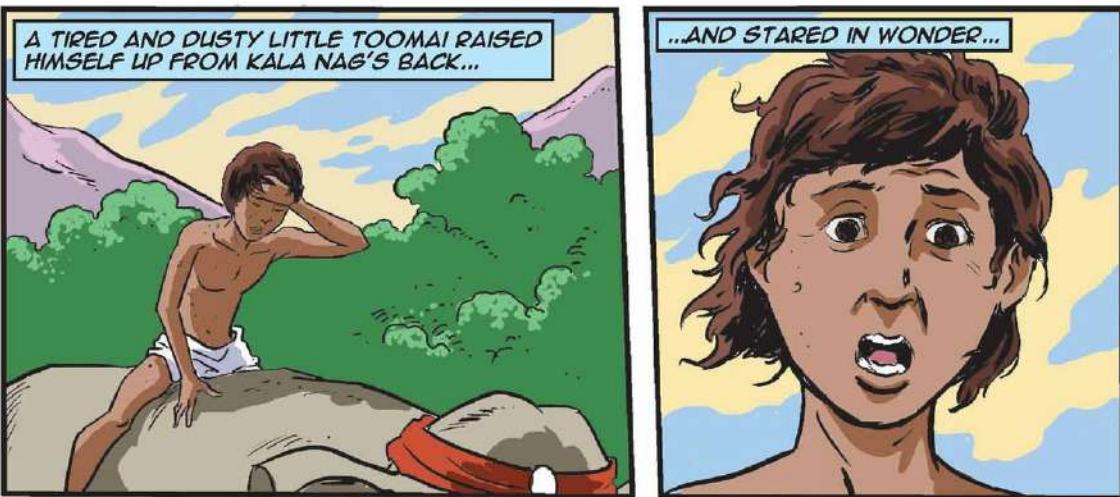
AND THEY EMERGED
IN TWOS, THREES...

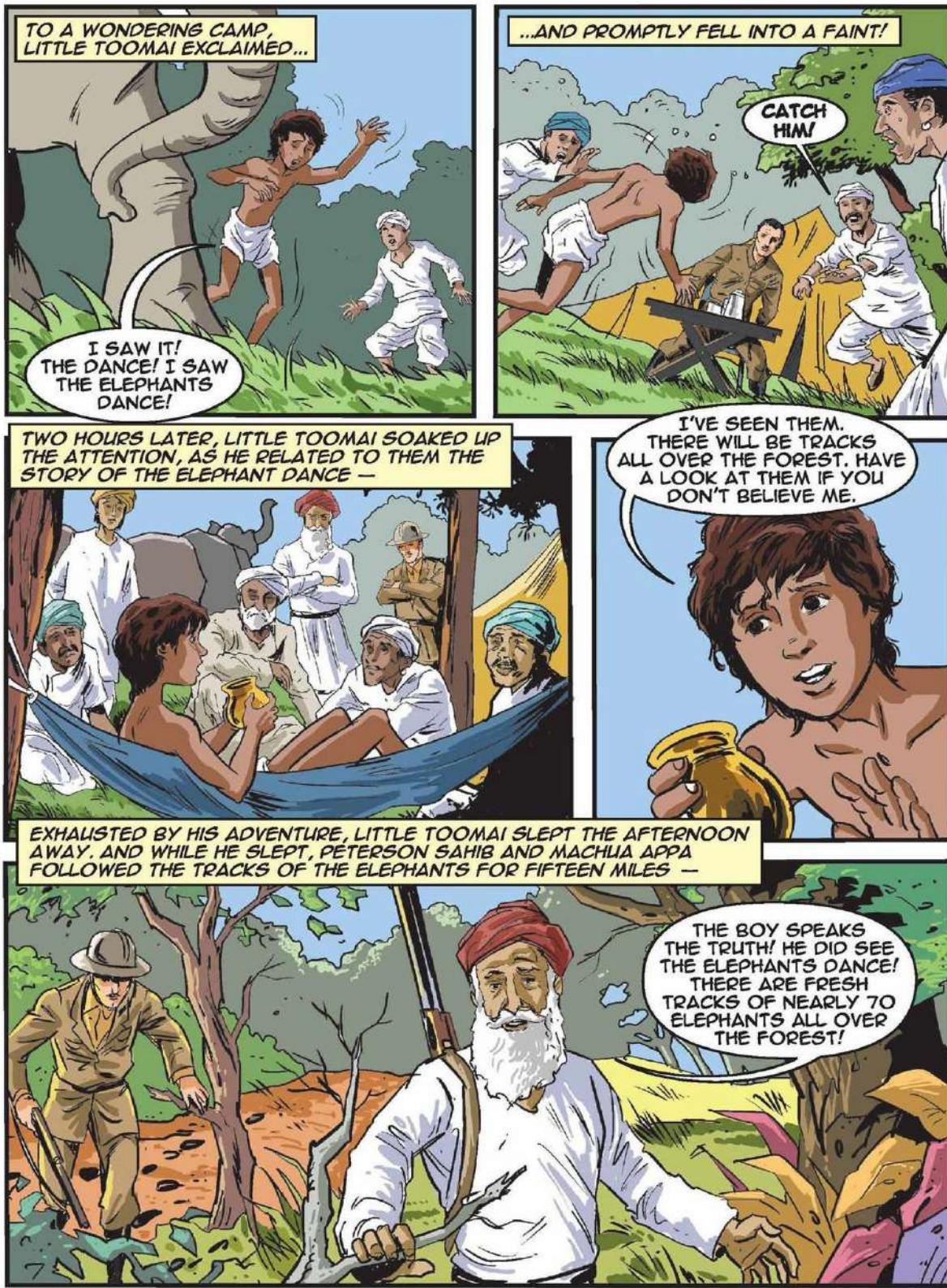
...AND SCORES,
SURROUNDING
KALA NAG!

SO MANY ELEPHANTS!
PETERSON SAHIB'S ELEPHANT,
PHUDMINI, IS HERE TOO!









THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A FEAST TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT AND BASKING IN ALL THE ATTENTION WAS LITTLE TOOMAI —

LISTEN, MY LORDS OF THE JUNGLE, AND LISTEN WELL. HERE IS ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE ELEPHANTS DANCE!

THE FAVOUR OF THE ELEPHANT-FOLK IS WITH HIM.

REMEMBER HIM! FOR HE WILL BECOME A GREAT TRACKER. GREATER THAN MACHUA APPA!

NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OF YOUR FOLK WILL CAUSE HIM ANY HARM, NOW OR IN THE FUTURE...

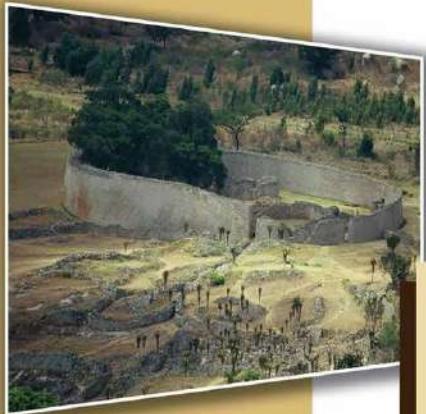
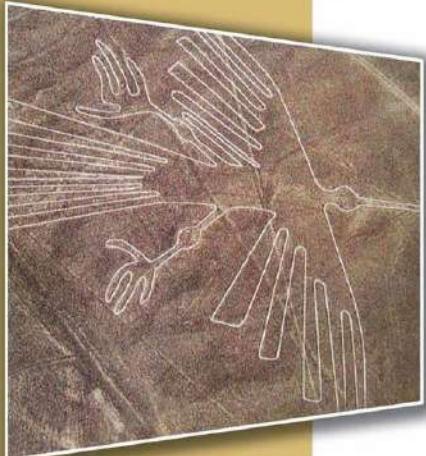
HE'LL KNOW ALL YOUR TRAILS AND HIDING PLACES, NEW AND OLD.

...FOR HE IS THE TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS, THE LORD OF THE ELEPHANTS! SALUTE HIM!

AND ALL THE ELEPHANTS THREW UP THEIR TRUNKS AND GAVE THE FULL SALUTE, THE SALAAM OF THE KHEDAH...

...FOR LITTLE TOOMAI, THE BOY WHO HAD SEEN WHAT NO ONE HAD SEEN BEFORE, THE DANCE OF THE ELEPHANTS AT NIGHT ON THE GARO HILLS!

CRAZY STRUCTURES AND FORGOTTEN RUINS



THE NAZCA LINES

Secret messages from Ancient Incans*, or just an artist's giant sketches? In the dry, windless lands of Peru, lie the Nazca Lines dating back to between 50 and 650 BC. Stretching over 80km, hundreds of drawings – some simple geometric shapes, some elaborate patterns of animals such as birds, fish, sharks, spiders, jaguars and monkeys – appear on the desert ground. Experts believe that they could have been part of rituals to summon rain, or large astronomical calendars. The experts can't help, so you decide!

THE TERRACOTTA ARMY

Discovered by farmers while digging a well in 1974, the terracotta army consists of 8,000 life-size, clay soldiers, 130 chariots with 520 horses and 150 cavalry horses, officials, acrobats, strongmen and musicians in three huge underground pits. Located in the eastern suburbs of Xi'an, in the Shaanxi province of China, these soldiers are said to guard the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor, Shi Huangdi.

THE GREAT ZIMBABWE

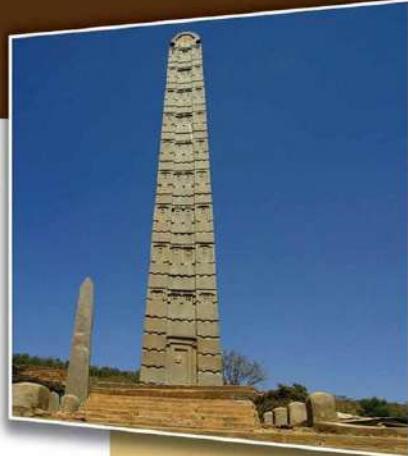
The Great Zimbabwe ruins were once the capital of the Kingdom of Zimbabwe, between 1000 and 1450 AD. The ruins span over 1,784 acres, and are believed to have housed up to 18,000 people at their peak. Its most prominent features are the walls, some of which are as high as five metres and entirely constructed without cement or mortar. By the time European settlers discovered the ruins, in the 16th century, no one knew why they had been abandoned. The modern-day state of Zimbabwe is named after this site.

* Refers to the largest empire of the ancient Andean Civilisation of South America. The capital of the empire was located in Cusco, in modern-day Peru. The empire was established in the 13th century AD, and lasted till the Spanish conquest of 1533.

Text: Neel Debdutt Paul
Layout: Snehangshu Mazumder

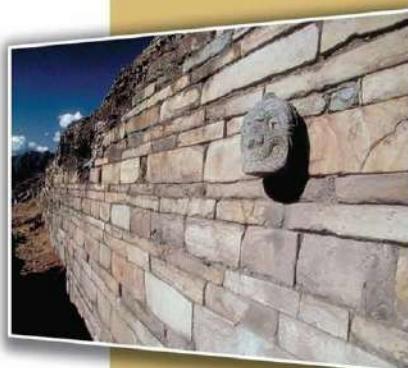
OBELISK OF AXUM

Obelisks or stelae are large four-sided, tapering pillars. The city of Axum, the old capital of the northern Ethiopian kingdom of Axum, is dotted with hundreds of obelisks. In their midst stands the tallest of them all, simply called the Obelisk of Axum, 1,700 years old, 78 feet tall and weighing 160 tonnes. On them, whole houses are carved, complete with doors and windows. It is hard to pinpoint what the purpose of these obelisks was, but a theory is that the Obelisk of Axum actually marks the burial place of the Queen of Sheba!



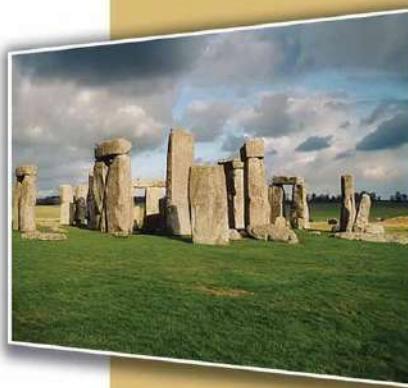
CHAVIN DE HUANTAR RUINS

Another structure that has baffled archaeologists and historians is the Chavin de Huantar, in Peru. It contains the remains of artefacts that were built by the Chavin, a pre-Inca culture, around 900 BC. It is unknown what the site signified to this culture, but most experts accept it as a place for people to gather, trade or worship. It is believed that between 500 and 300 BC, both the Chavin de Huantar and the Chavin culture as a whole, started to decline.



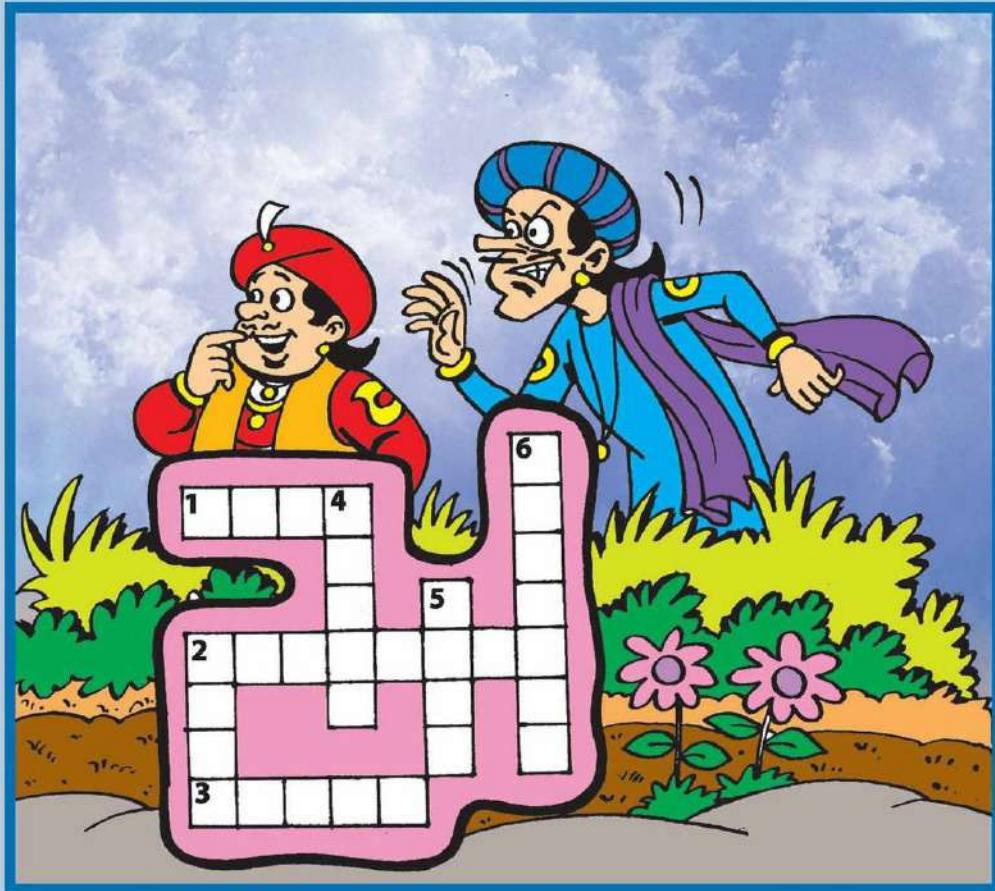
STONEHENGE

Located in the British county of Wiltshire, the Stonehenge consists of two rings made of flat, tall stones, collected together in a circle. The inner ring is constructed of 80 pieces of bluestone, weighing 4 tonnes each. The outer ring is made of the much larger sarsen stone, weighing about 50 tonnes each. The purpose of the Stonehenge is as shrouded in mystery as any of the other ancient monument mentioned here. It could have been a religious site, a burial ground, or an ancient astronomical calendar. The Stonehenge has stoked the imaginations of thousands of people – tourists, scientists, writers and scholars alike.



PLAN B

Tantri's Plan A to kill Hooja has failed miserably (as usual). So, in his search for plan 'B', he has come up with a set of killer weapons, the names of which begin with the letter B. He has hidden them in this crossword grid. Can you follow the clues and solve the crossword to foil his plans and save Hooja?



ACROSS

1. The backward-pointing part of an arrow or a fish hook
2. A heavy stick
3. A huge fire

DOWN

2. An explosive
4. The edge of a knife
5. A long piece of wood or metal, often used in construction
6. A long blade fixed to a rifle

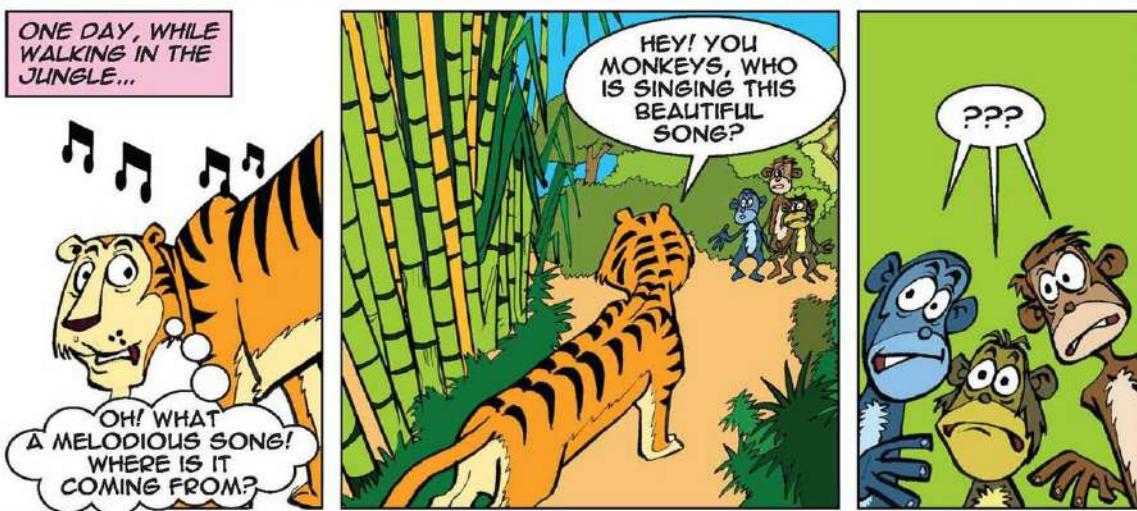
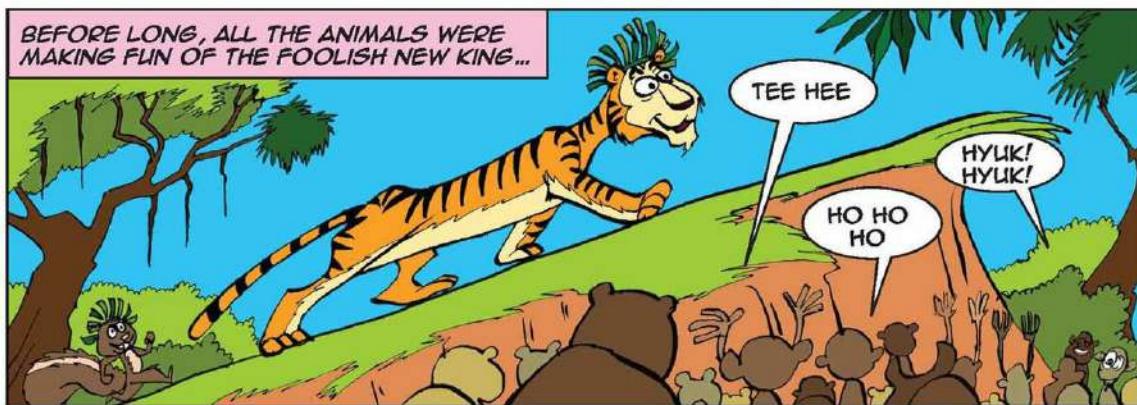
THE TIGER'S BRIDE

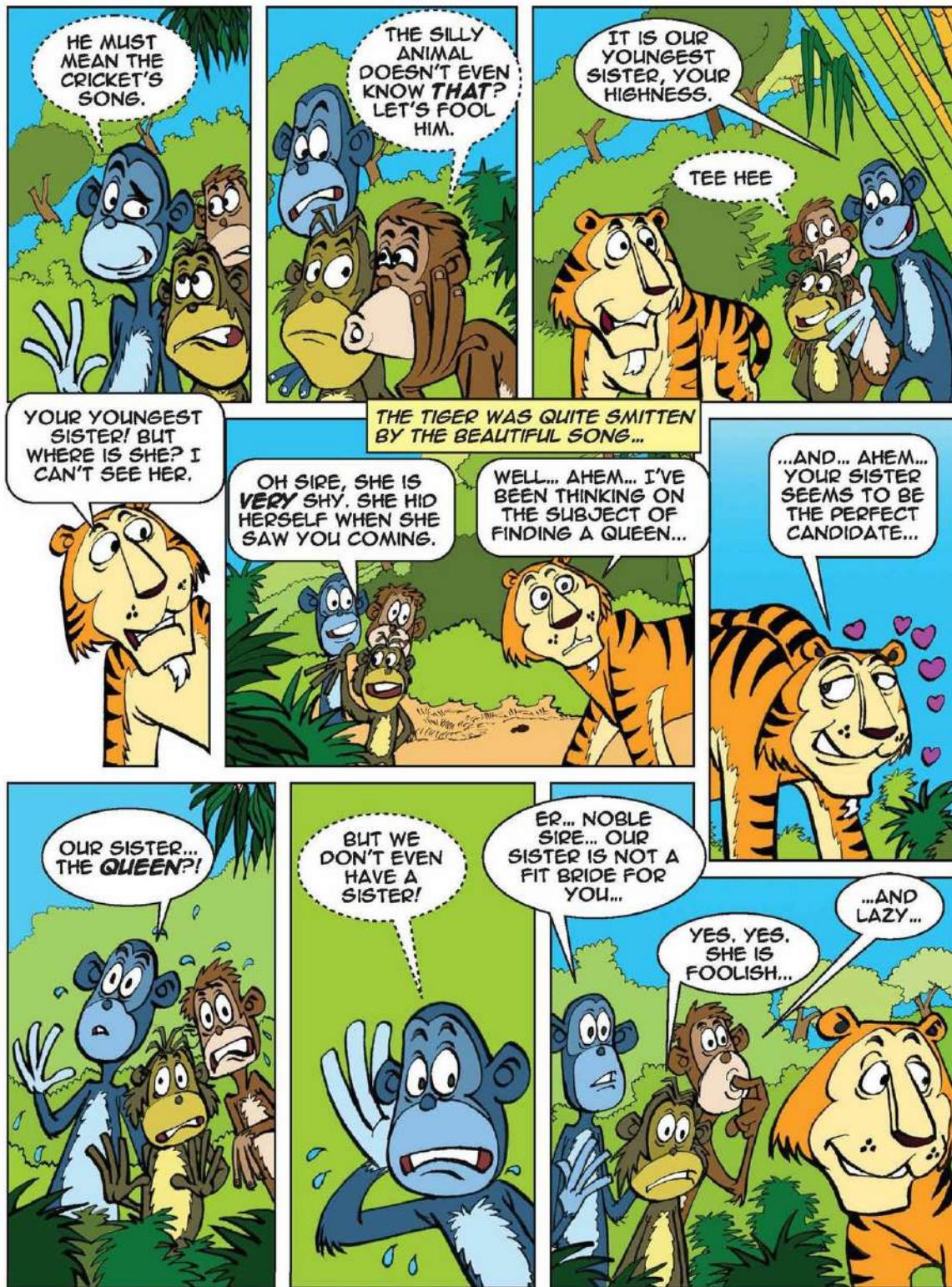
(Based on a Khasi Folktale)

Script: Sharmistha Sinha
Art: Manoj Katoor
Lettering: Prasad Sawant















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MISTY... THE GHOST

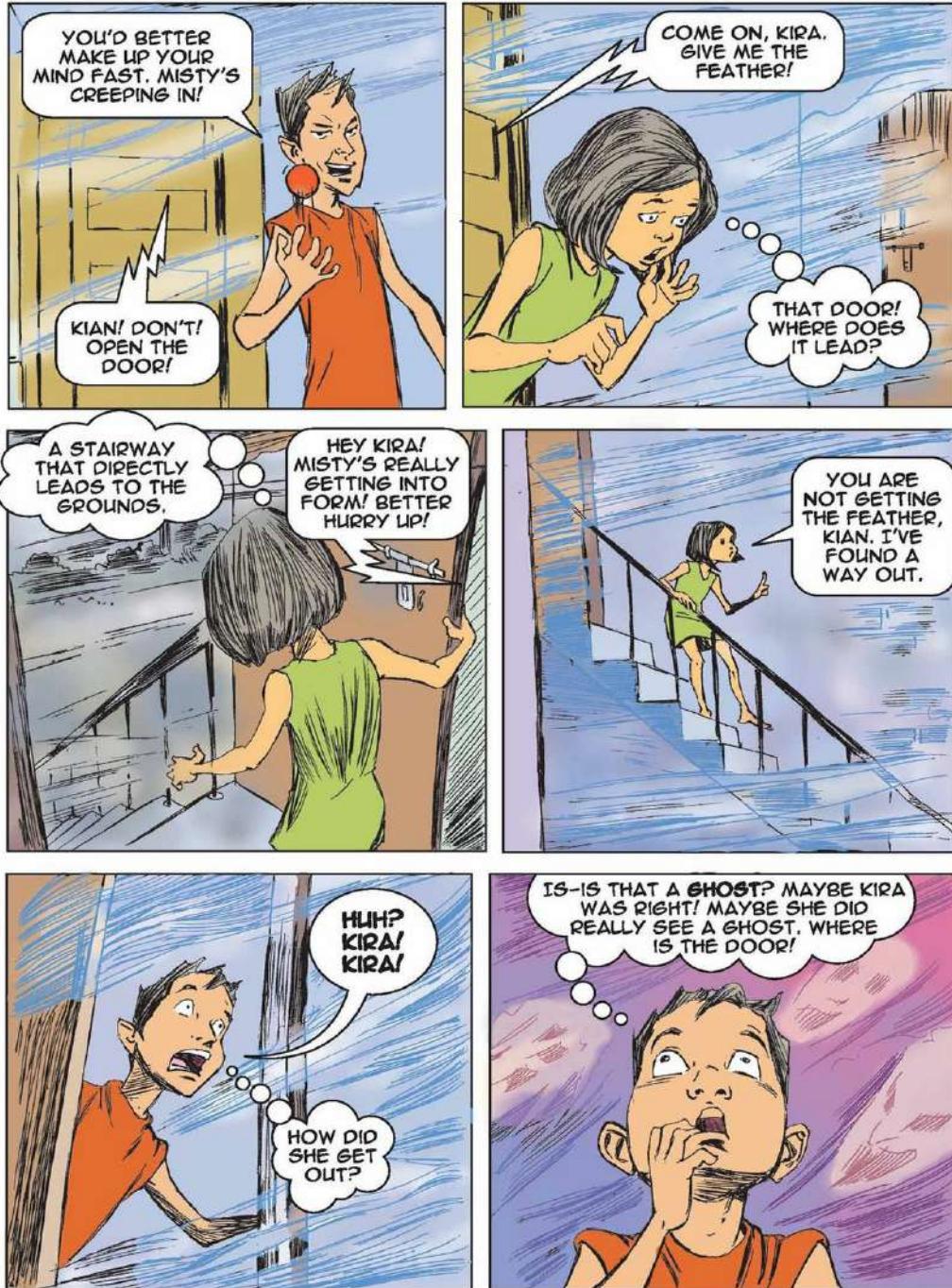
Writer: Rajani Thindia
Illustrator: Durgesh Velhal
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Prasad Sawant

KIRA AND KIAN WERE VERY EXCITED. THEY WERE GOING TO DALHOUSIE TO SPEND THE REMAINING PART OF THEIR SUMMER VACATION. AT THE BUNGALOW THEY HAD RENTED -







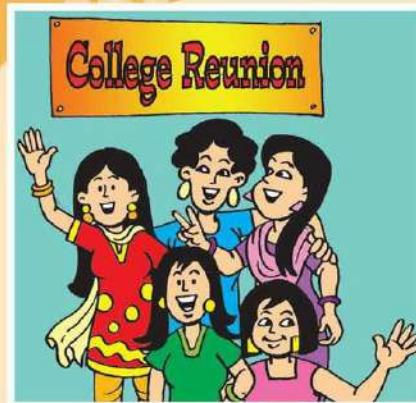




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LOGICOMIX

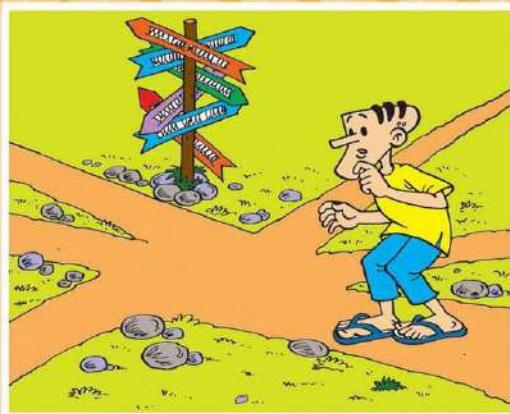
1



Five girls — Cerise, Scarlet, Ruby, Jade and Carmine met after a long time at their college reunion. After a short conversation, all but one of the girls decided to form an exclusive group. Can you tell which girl could not join the group?

2

Suppandi is out again in search of a new job. While travelling, he comes to a six-road crossing. There's a signpost pointing to the hamlets in each direction, but a recent storm has turned the signpost, such that all the arrows now point the wrong way. How does Suppandi find his required direction, considering that there is no one around who can guide him?



3

Shikari Shambu has encountered a tribe deep in the jungles of Africa. The people of this tribe do not talk; instead, they communicate by writing on leaves.

Unfortunately, Shambu does not understand their language. Seeing this, the head of the tribe signals to a word 'URGCT' written on a leaf and then nods toward a spear indicating that URGCT stands for SPEAR. Then, the tribesmen come out carrying a huge banner which reads 'YG YGNEQOG VJG ITGCV UJKMCTK UJCODW'. Can you help Shambu decipher the banner?

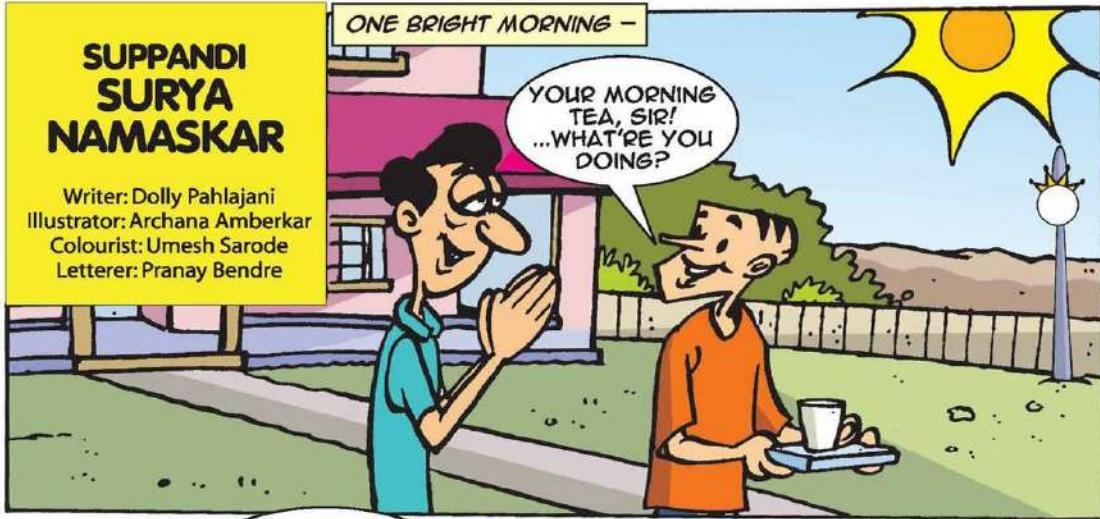


SUPPANDI SURYA NAMASKAR

Writer: Dolly Pahlajani
Illustrator: Archana Amberkar
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Pranay Bendre

ONE BRIGHT MORNING -

YOUR MORNING
TEA, SIR!
...WHAT'RE YOU
DOING?



THIS IS CALLED
SURYA NAMASKAR...
IT'S A GREAT
EXERCISE AND IS A
WAY OF PAYING
HOMAGE TO THE
SUN.

BUT WHY PAY
HOMAGE TO THE
SUN, SIR?

BECAUSE IT'S
POWERFUL AND GIVES
LIGHT TO OUR WORLD,
VITALISING IT... WITHOUT
THE SUN, ALL WOULD BE
DARK.

HMM...

I'M DOING THE
NAMASKAR YOU
SHOWED ME THIS
MORNING...

LATER THAT EVENING -

SURYA NAMASKAR?
AT THIS HOUR?? DON'T
YOU KNOW THAT THE
SUN HAS SET?

SUPPANDI! I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR YOU
EVERWHERE! WHAT'RE
YOU DOING OUT HERE?

I KNOW, SIR...

...THAT'S WHY
I'M PAYING MY
RESPECTS TO
THIS LAMP. IT'S
GIVING US LIGHT
EVEN AT NIGHT!
ISN'T IT MORE
POWERFUL THAN
THE SUN?

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The Red Balloon

Year: 1956

Director: Albert Lamorisse

On the cold, grey streets of Paris, you chance upon a curious sight. A young boy, Pascal, is followed by his obedient friend. Can you guess who his friend is? A shining, bright red balloon! From the day Pascal finds it tied to a pole, he takes it along everywhere he goes. Soon, he discovers that the balloon has a mind of its own. It follows him to school and back and sometimes even enjoys playing games with him.

While Pascal finds respite in the balloon's friendship, there is a strange feeling of hostility and jealousy towards the happy pair, among adults and children alike. A school teacher locks Pascal in a room for creating trouble by bringing the balloon along, and a pastor is offended when he sees the little boy and his balloon in church. Even Pascal's grandmother is irritated by the balloon and tries to leave it outside the window. The cherry red, good-natured balloon which seems to be friendly only with Pascal, is targeted by other children.

Many film lovers have attempted to interpret this film. Yet, every viewer can come up with a new meaning. Some think the film is metaphorical, that is, while it tells you the story of a young boy and his balloon, it is actually talking about something else – for example, the dark side of human nature that leads to wars among nations. For others, it is simply a touching tale of friendship and love.

This almost-silent film conveys more than any 'talkie' might. Albert Lamorisse, the writer and director of this classic, cast his own son, Pascal, in the main role. His daughter makes a brief appearance too. This film serves as one of the rare records of the Belleville area of Paris, where the film was shot. Belleville had fallen into decay by the 1960s and later demolished in a slum clearance drive.

The Red Balloon is just 34 minutes long and is the only short film to have won an Oscar for Best Original Screenplay. Besides two Oscars, it won the 'Special Award' from the British Academy of Film and Television Arts (BAFTA) and the 'Best Short Film Award' at the Cannes Film Festival. Do you need any more recommendations to watch this delightful film?

—Ashwini Falnikar
Layout: Jitendra Patil



Rating key:
5 hats: Unmissable
4 hats: Must watch
3 hats: Recommended
2 hats: Avoidable
1 hat: Terrible!



YOU BE THE DETECTIVE

The Queen's Teardrop

By Savio Mascarenhas



Detectives Sweety and Sam had been called by Mr. Mithun, the curator at the local museum. The Queen's Teardrop, a 500-year-old diamond on display in the central hall, had been stolen.

When the detectives reached the museum, Mr. Mithun met them in the central hall. He said, "The crime was committed a couple of days ago. But the police have made no headway. I don't want to lose my job."

"What happened? Tell us whatever detail you can remember," said Detective Sam taking out his notepad.

"It was late afternoon... when the power suddenly went off. We heard a loud crash and then within 20 seconds, the power came back. That's when I noticed the broken glass case of the Queen's Teardrop. The diamond was missing!"

"Hmmm... late afternoon..." mused Sweety, "There would have been fewer visitors at that time. Do you remember who were present in the room?"



"Yes, because there were just four visitors here. They were all searched but nothing was found on them. After a brief inquiry, we had no choice but to get them to write down their contact details and let them go."



Detective Sweety had a look at the CCTV footage. She noted that everything happened as Mr. Mithun had related.

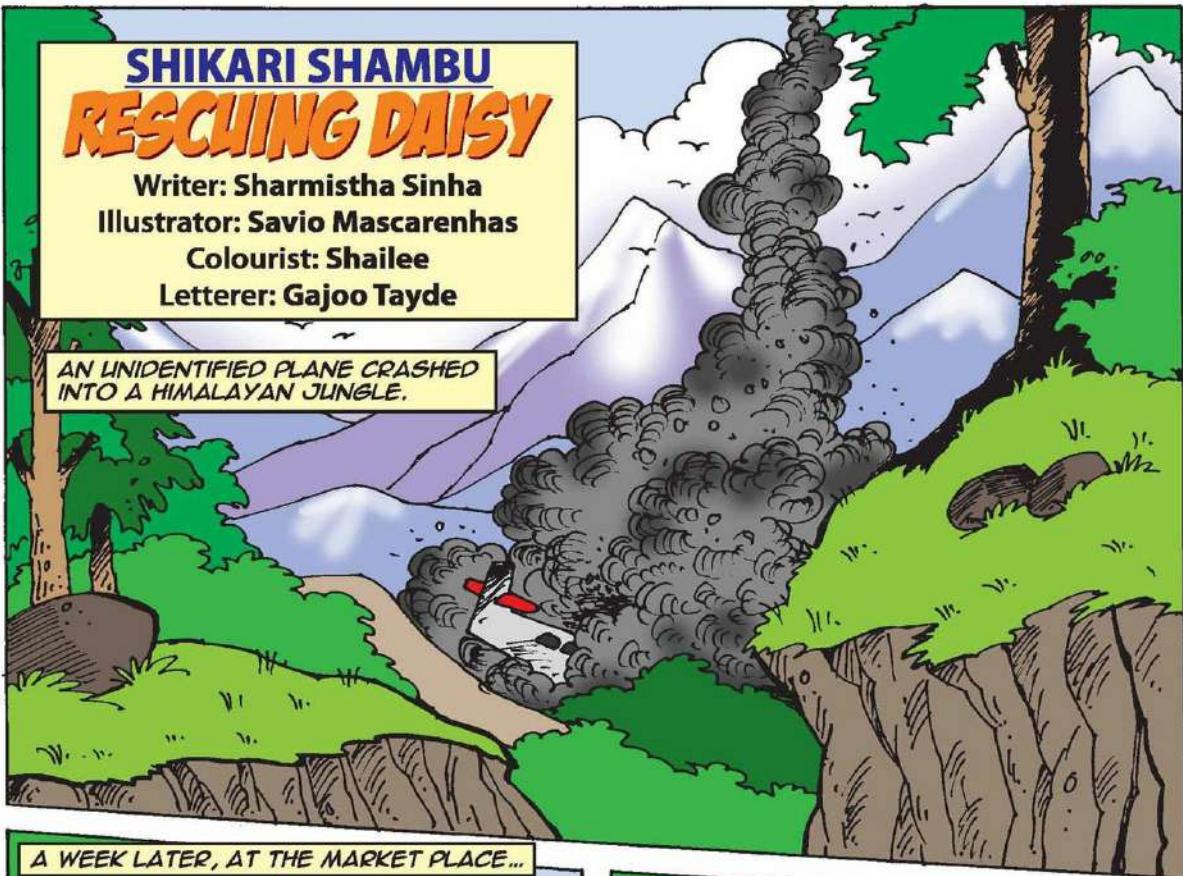
Just as she was done with the tapes, the man cleaning the fish tank finished his job and approached the curator who gave him a job completion form to fill. Something caught Sweety's eye and she announced, "The Queen's Teardrop has not left this room."

What did Detective Sweety see? Where is the Queen's Teardrop and how did she know?

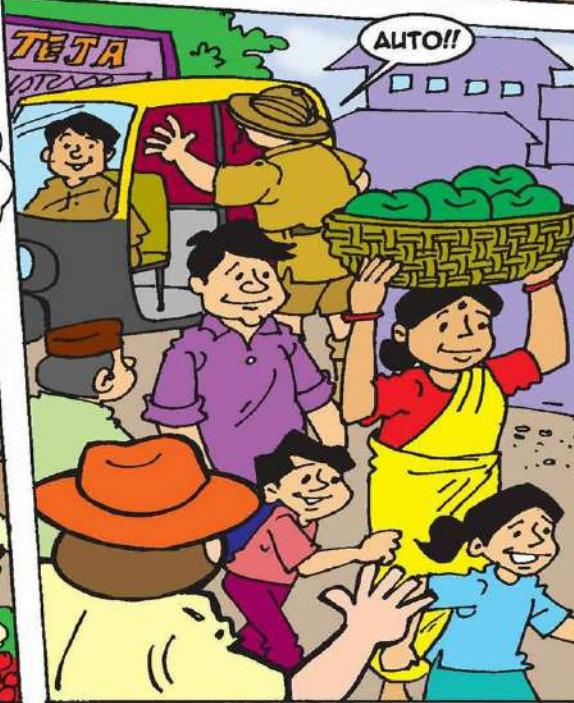
SHIKARI SHAMBU RESCUING DAISY

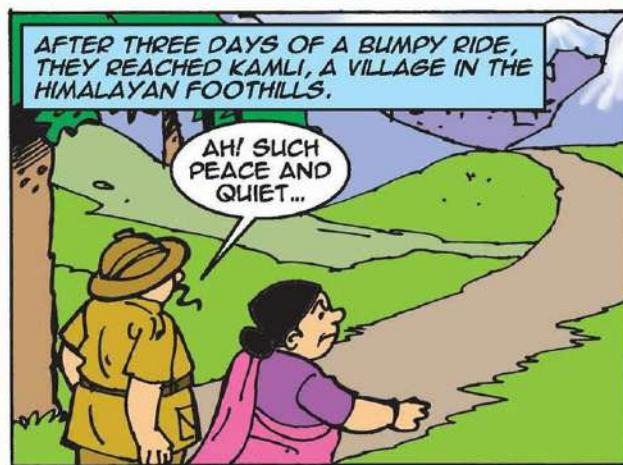
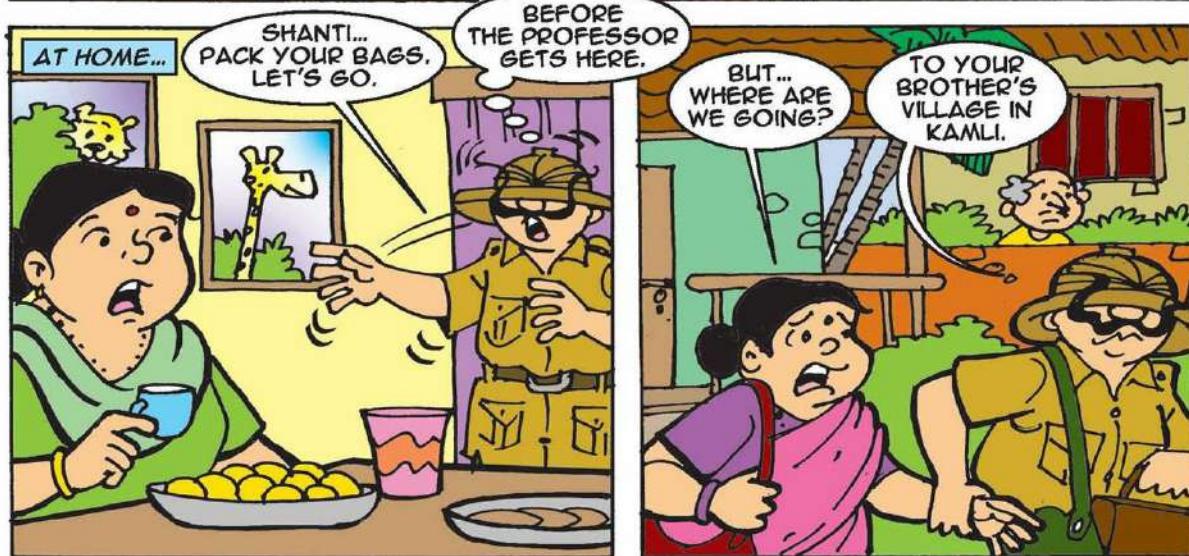
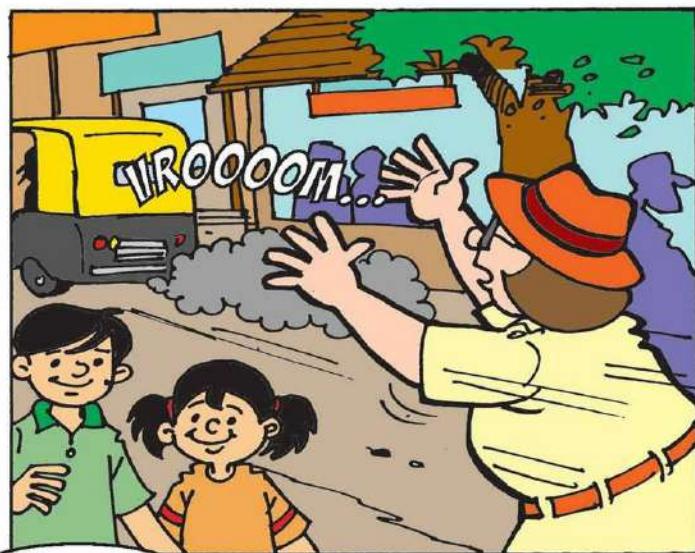
Writer: Sharmistha Sinha
Illustrator: Savio Mascarenhas
Colourist: Shailee
Letterer: Gajoo Tayde

AN UNIDENTIFIED PLANE CRASHED INTO A HIMALAYAN JUNGLE.



A WEEK LATER, AT THE MARKET PLACE...



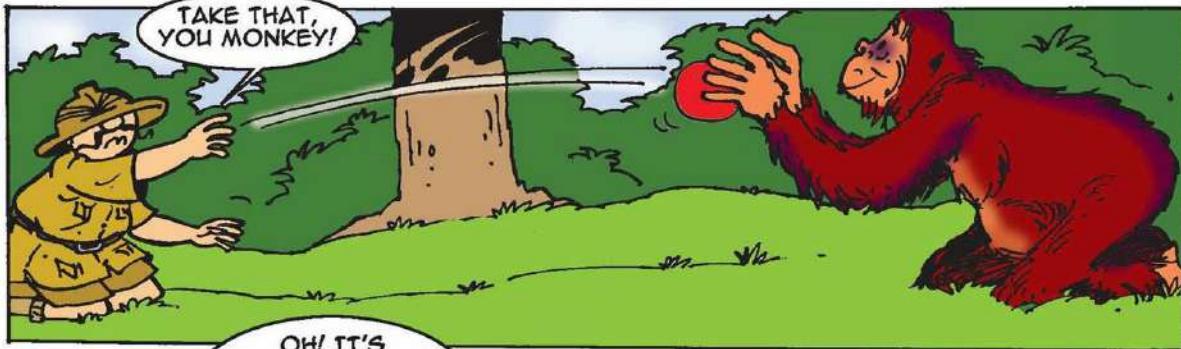




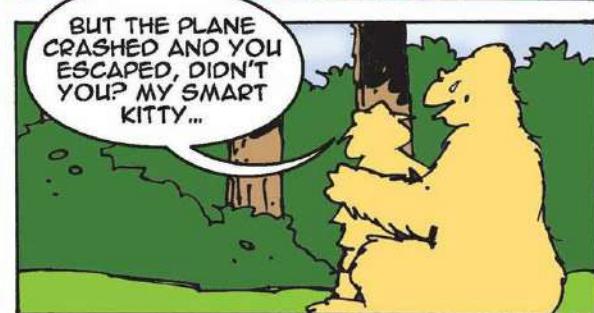
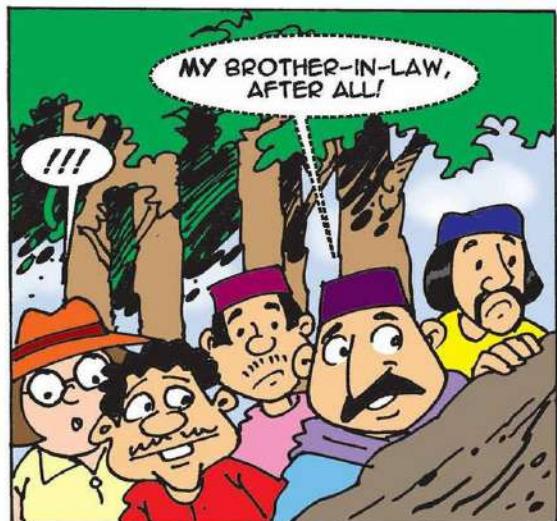


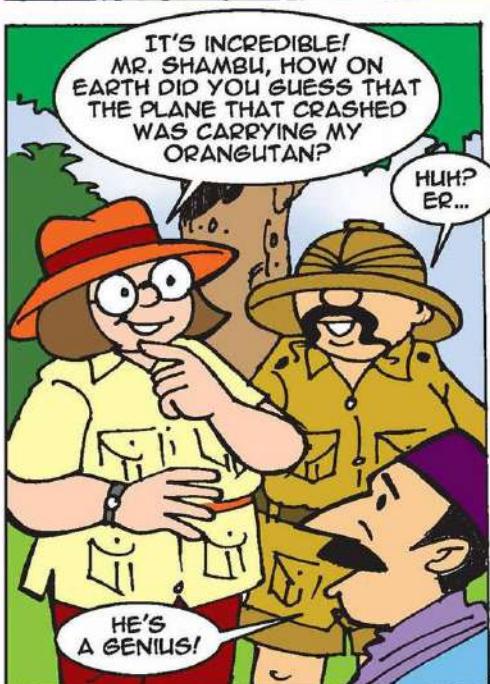










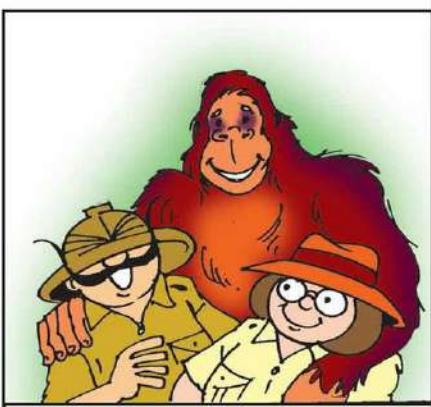


THE NEXT DAY, IN THE NEWSPAPERS...

Rare giant orangutan rescued by genius jungle-man, Shikari Shambu

■ Sayoni Basu

GUDGAON: Six months ago, the scientific world was in an uproar when famous ape expert Janice Goodone discovered an unusually large 8 foot orangutan in the Borneo forest. Janice called him 'Daisy'. However, Daisy fell prey to poachers and...



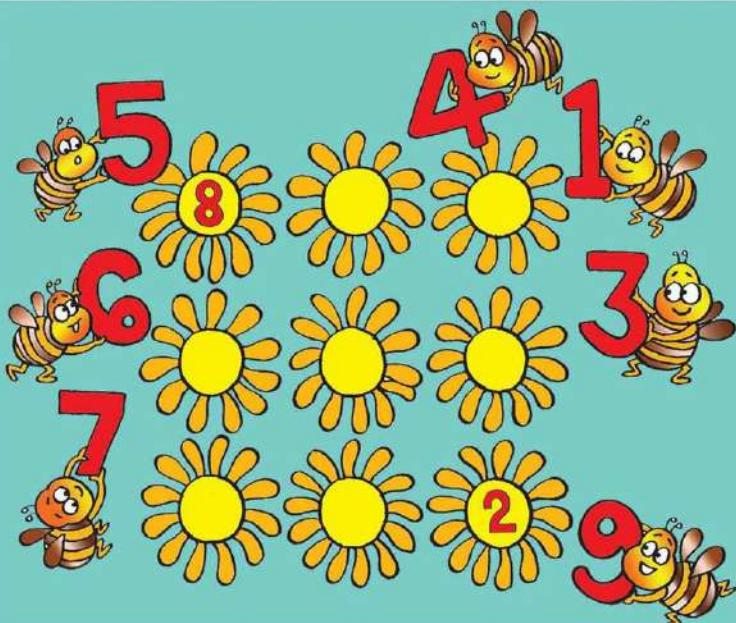
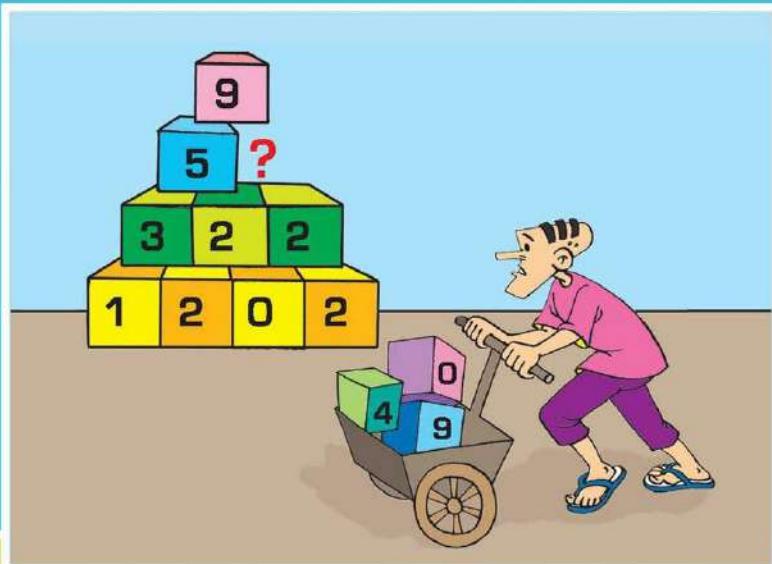
■ Shikari Shambu with Janice Goodone and Daisy
Photo Courtesy JTI

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MATHS MUDDLERS

Build the Pyramid

Suppandi is building a number pyramid and needs one last block to complete it. But there are three in his cart. Can you help him choose the right one?



Bee Maths

Help the bees arrange the numbers 1 to 9 on the flowers in the garden grid so that each row, column and diagonal adds up to 15. To make your task easier, they've already placed two numbers.

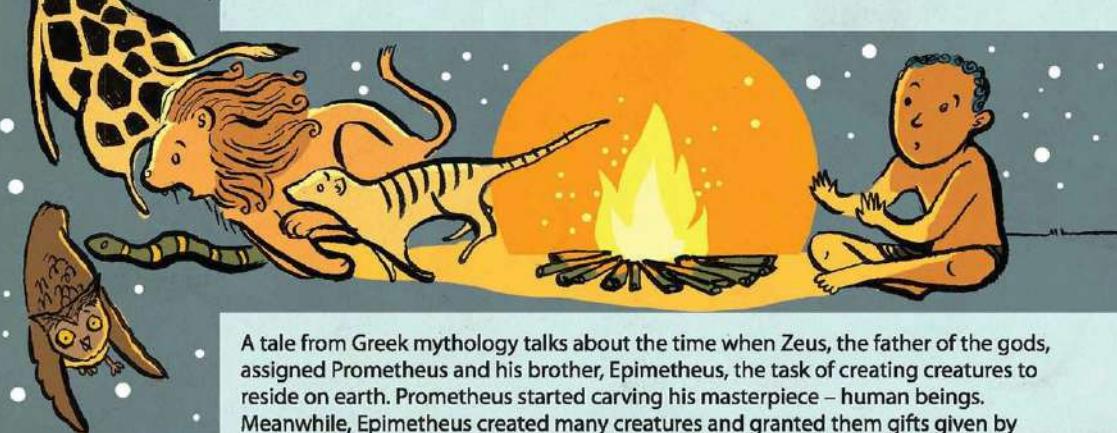
Fire Stories



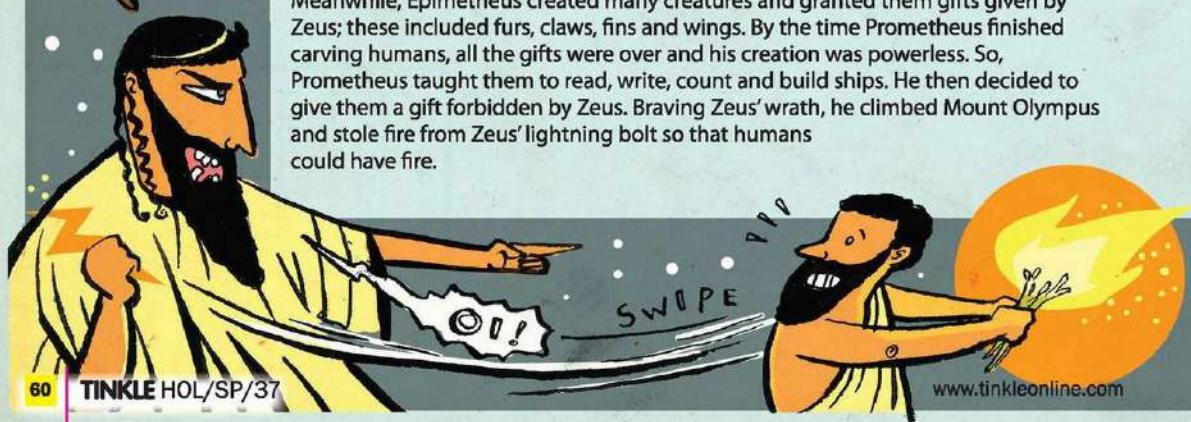
Text: Ashwini Falnikar
Illustrations and Layout:
Prabha Mallya

It is Diwali and the evenings are looking cheerful. Those tiny oil lamps lined up on the verandas make all the difference. When you light one lamp, it shares its flame with the rest. How wonderfully the flames merge and separate! But do you ever wonder how beautiful and precious fire came about? There are many fascinating stories about the origin of fire. Here are a few:

Bushmen, the natives of southern Africa, believe that in the beginning, all life forms lived together below the earth with Kaang, the creator. Animals and humans understood each other and no one ever wanted for anything. There was always light even though there was no sun. One day, Lord Kaang planned for life on earth and allowed all living beings to ascend. But he warned them that if they built fire, an evil would befall them. When evening approached, everyone watched astounded as the sun began to set. Soon, the world became dark and cold. Fear entered the hearts of the people for they couldn't see in the dark like animals could. They forgot Kaang's warning and made fire. They paid for their folly. The fire scared away the animals and humans lost the ability to communicate with them.

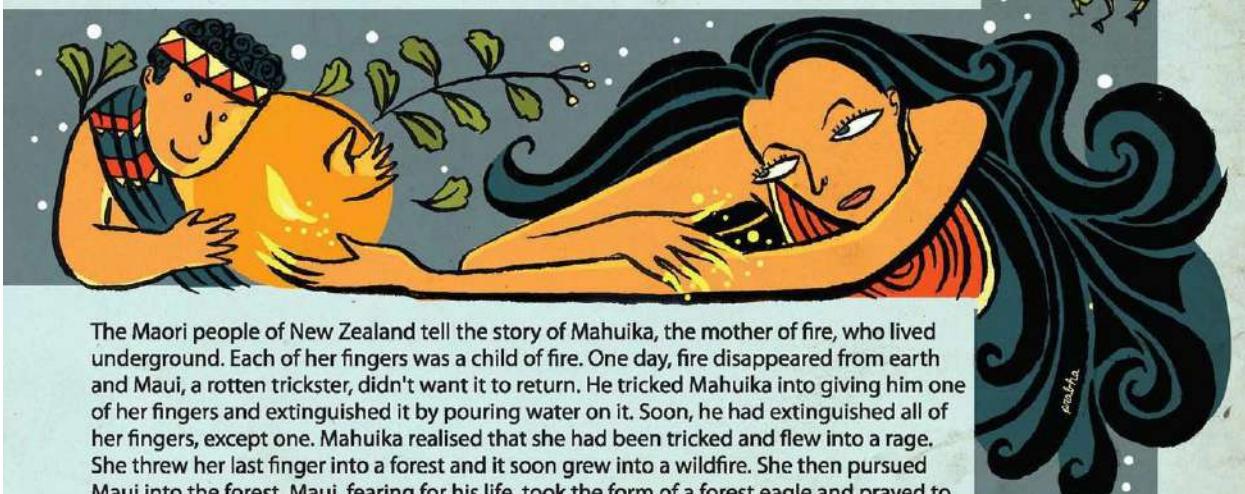


A tale from Greek mythology talks about the time when Zeus, the father of the gods, assigned Prometheus and his brother, Epimetheus, the task of creating creatures to reside on earth. Prometheus started carving his masterpiece – human beings. Meanwhile, Epimetheus created many creatures and granted them gifts given by Zeus; these included furs, claws, fins and wings. By the time Prometheus finished carving humans, all the gifts were over and his creation was powerless. So, Prometheus taught them to read, write, count and build ships. He then decided to give them a gift forbidden by Zeus. Braving Zeus' wrath, he climbed Mount Olympus and stole fire from Zeus' lightning bolt so that humans could have fire.





The Wayuu people of Venezuela believe that the creator, Maleiwa, possessed burning stones which he guarded from humans, regarding them as unworthy. One day, a cunning young man, Junuunay, came to him for shelter but Maleiwa didn't trust him. Junuunay tried to distract him with conversation but Maleiwa remained alert. When a gust of wind diverted Maleiwa's attention, Junuunay grabbed two embers and ran into the jungle. Enraged, Maleiwa gave chase. Junuunay passed on an ember to a young hunter, Kena, who used trees and bushes to hide it. But the burning stone gave him away at night and Maleiwa turned him into a firefly, which flickers in the dark even today. Junuunay gave the second ember to a grasshopper, Jimut. The insect moved it from tree to tree till the very wood of trees held fire. Even today, when people drill a hole into a branch of a tree and rub a stick in it, a flame appears. As for Junuunay, he was turned into a scarab beetle and condemned to live in filth.



The Maori people of New Zealand tell the story of Mahuika, the mother of fire, who lived underground. Each of her fingers was a child of fire. One day, fire disappeared from earth and Maui, a rotten trickster, didn't want it to return. He tricked Mahuika into giving him one of her fingers and extinguished it by pouring water on it. Soon, he had extinguished all of her fingers, except one. Mahuika realised that she had been tricked and flew into a rage. She threw her last finger into a forest and it soon grew into a wildfire. She then pursued Maui into the forest. Maui, fearing for his life, took the form of a forest eagle and prayed to Tawhirimatea, the god of storms, to bring rains and flood. Mahuika sensed that she was fighting a losing battle with the flood, so she hid in the kaikomako tree with her last finger. She perished in the flood while the flame slept peacefully. To this day, Mahuika's child can be awakened by rubbing the dry wood of trees.

Our ancestors believed that fire was so precious that it had to be stolen from the gods. We are the only living beings, capable of creating and making use of fire. Eliminate fire from human history and we would still be living in the dark ages. So it is only appropriate that fire has an important role to play in our festivals and rituals of worship. This Diwali, as you light oil lamps and burst firecrackers, spare a thought to how fire makes all our celebrations possible.



The Chinese Calendar

Based on a Chinese Folktale

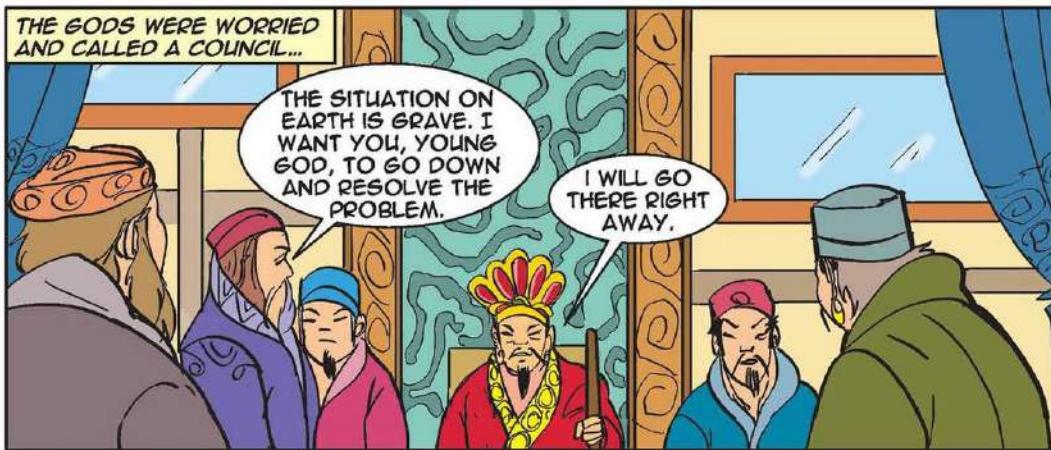
Script: Sharmistha Sinha

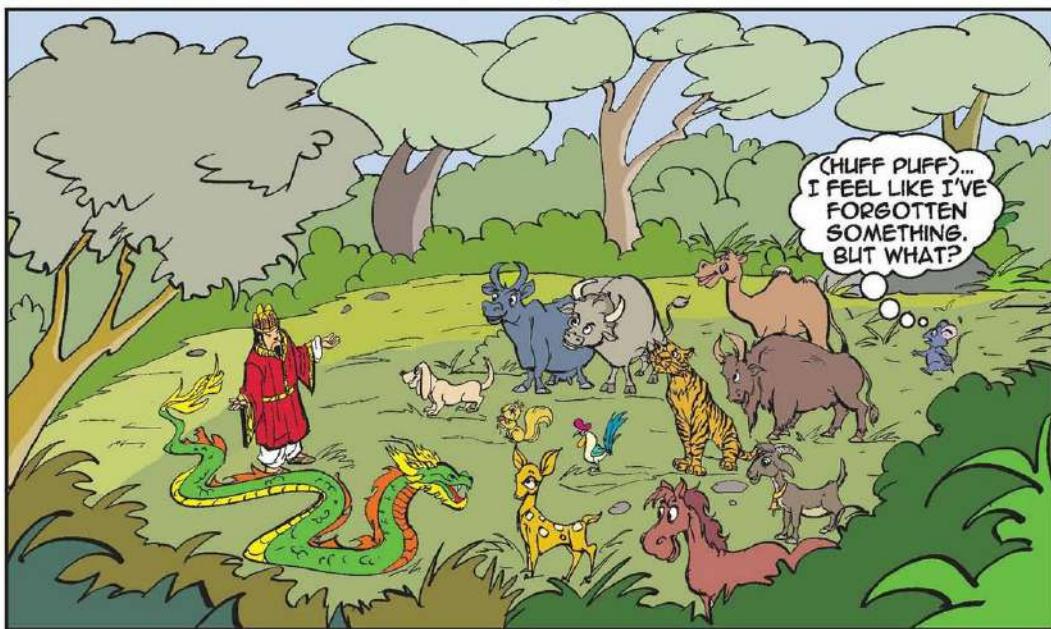
Illustrator: Subramaniam M.

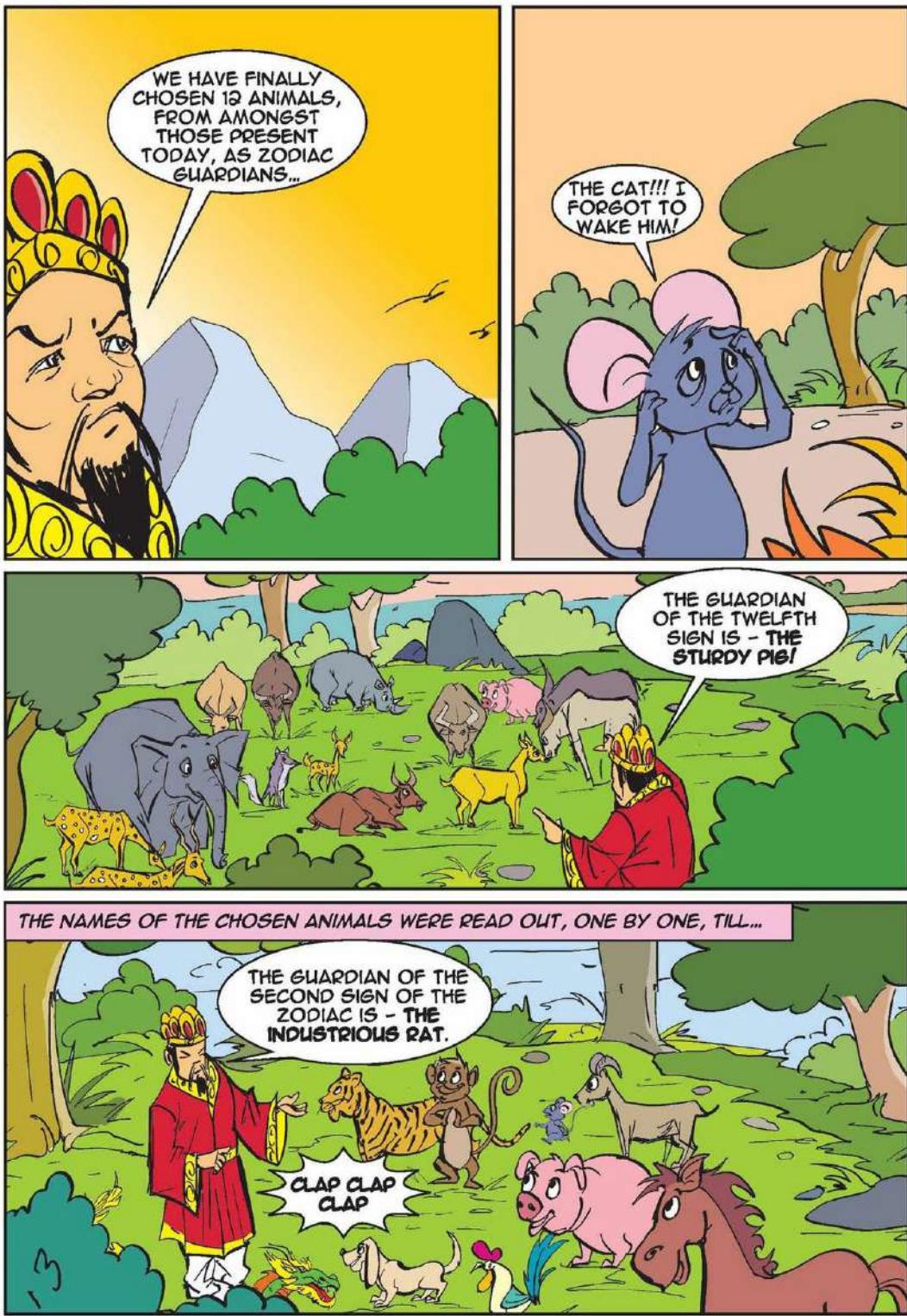
Colourist: Umesh Sarode

Letterer: Pranay Bendre



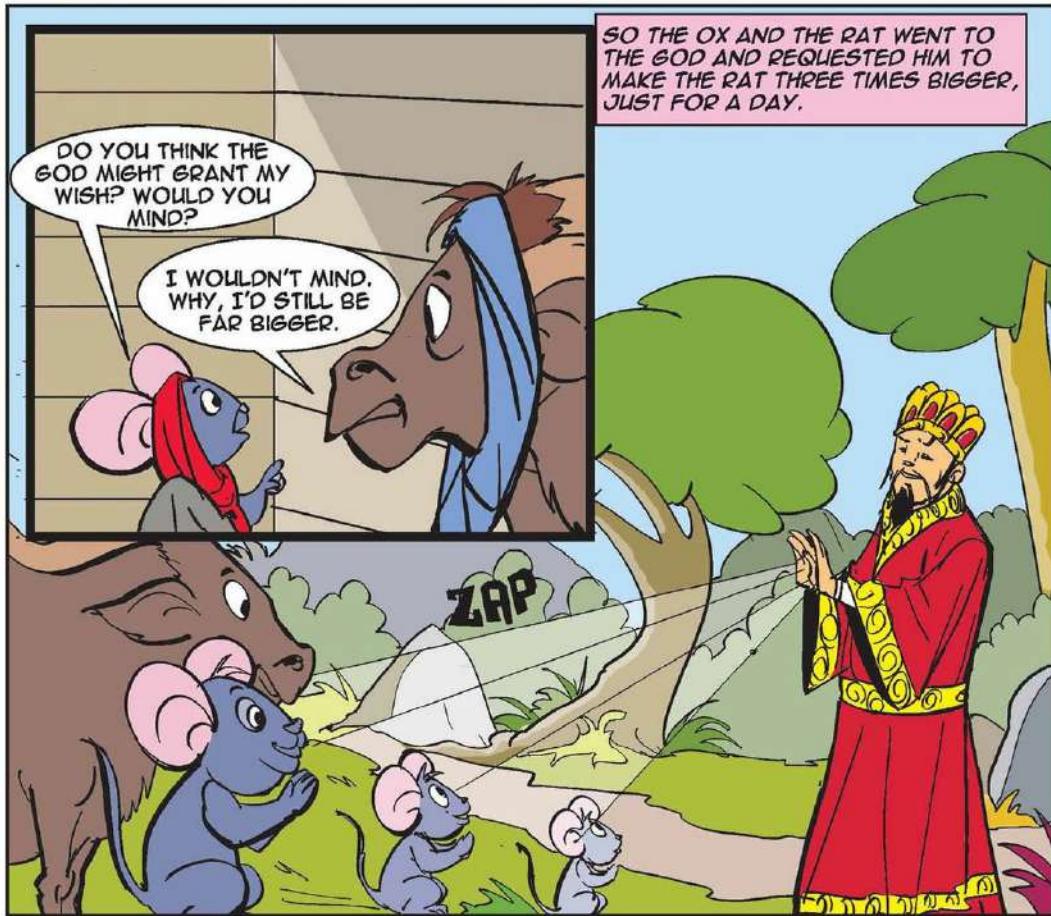
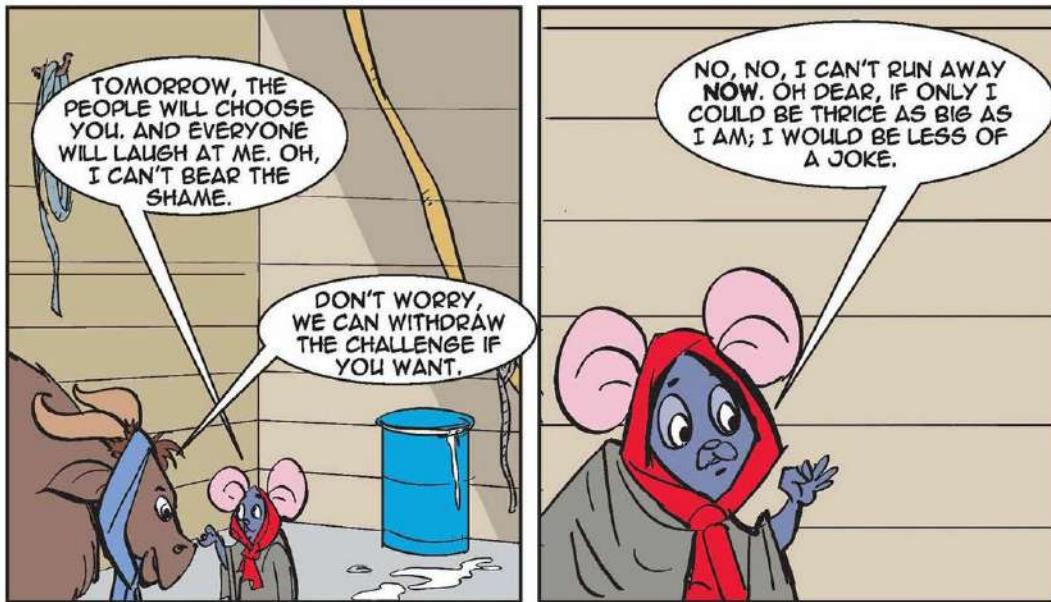


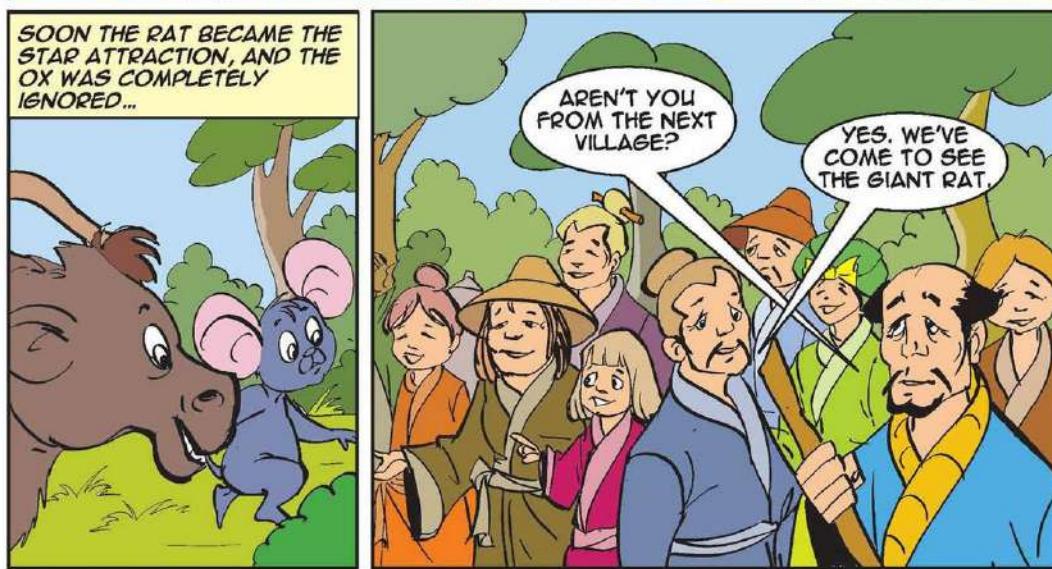


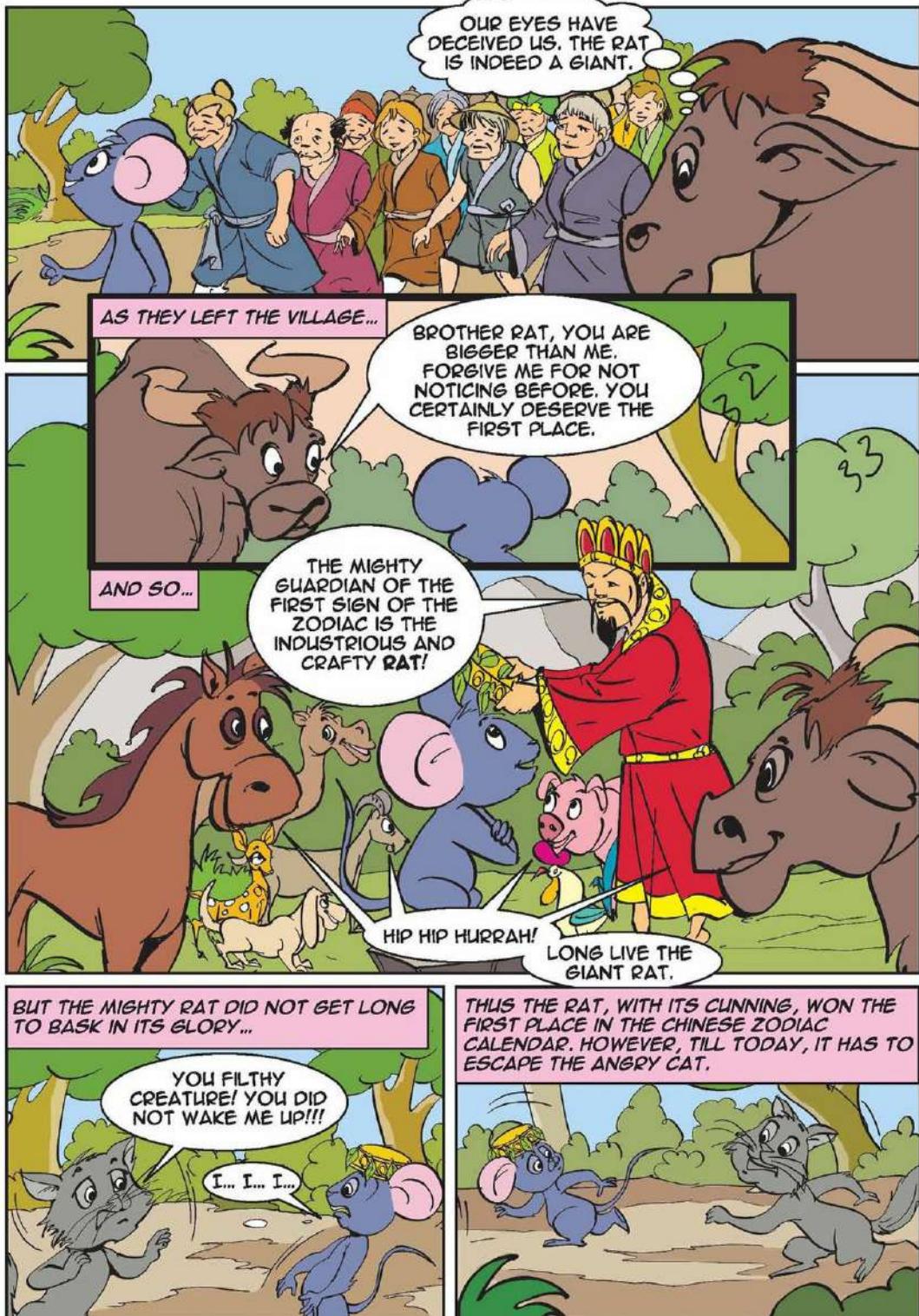












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Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning

– An abridged Mark Twain short story

"WELL, sir," said Mr. McWilliams, "As I was telling you, I woke up, with my wife's cry of 'Mortimer! Mortimer!' wailing in my ears and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said, 'Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?'

'Shut up in the closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, with such an awful storm going on.'

'Why, how can one be ashamed when he is asleep?'

'MORTIMER!'

'Heavens! What is the matter, my love?'

'Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?'

'Why, of course.'

'Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's, if you will not for your own.'

'But my love...'

'Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunderstorm as this... all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life... for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and...'

'But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in the bed, now. I'm...'

Here I was interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from my wife and a tremendous blast of thunder.

'There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you swear at such a time as this?'

'I didn't swear. And that wasn't a result of it, anyway. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline, at least you ought to know, that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity...'

'What are you doing? Lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark raving mad? Put it out! Put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know nothing attracts lightning like a light.'

(Fzt!... Crash! Boom...Bolom-boom-boom!)

'Oh, just listen to that! Now you see what you've done!'

'No, I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it doesn't cause lightning. For if that shot was aimed at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship.'

'Mortimer! Did you say your prayers tonight?'

'I-I... meant to, but I got involved in trying to figure out how much twelve times thirteen is, and...'



(Fzt! Boom-berroom-boom!

Bumble-umble Bang... SMASH!)

'Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How could you neglect to pray at such a time as this?'

'But there wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago.'

'MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever!?'

'My dear, you are always throwing the yellow fever at me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighbourhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every...'

(Fzt! BOOM Beroom-boom! BANG!)

'Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day...

MORTIMER!'

'WELL! What now?'

'Your voice sounds as if... Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fireplace?'

'That is the very crime I am committing.' 'Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?'

'I'm here by the window.'

'Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. Even a child knows it is fatal to stand near a window during a thunderstorm. Mortimer?'

'Yes?'

'What is that rustling?'

'It's me.'



'What are you doing?'

'Trying to put on my trousers.'

'Quick! Throw those things away! You know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woollen stuff attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?'

'Now where's the harm in it?'

'Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and... what on earth are you opening that door for? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it tight, and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?'

'Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and closed. I want to bathe my face and hands.'

'You have certainly parted with the remnants of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that... Mortimer, what was that?'

'It was a picture. Knocked it down.'

'Then you are close to the wall! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come in here... quick! I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out, 'Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that book that is on the end of the mantelpiece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it.'

I got the book, at the cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out,

'Mortimer, what was that?'

'Nothing but the cat.'

'The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the washstand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils.'

I heard muffled sobbing again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such an enterprise in the dark. However, I went at my task, over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges, and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet, 'It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers.'

(Fzt! Boom... Bang! Smash!)

'Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck.'

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four... broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

'Mortimer, it says that you ought to keep some metals about you. Metals are in the nature of lightning rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal.'

I got it and put it on, a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a closed room.

'Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?'

I complied.

'Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs.'



I did it, in silence, and kept my temper as well as I could.

'Mortimer, it says that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunderstorm! Get the large dinner bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!'

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farmhouses are in our neighbourhood, the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell for a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from outside, and a lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry, 'What in the nation is the matter here?'

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my nightclothes and my warlike accessories. I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said, 'There is nothing the matter, friends, only a little discomfort on account of the thunderstorm. I was trying to keep off the lightning.'

'Thunderstorm? Lightning? Why, sir, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlit night; there has been no storm.'

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said, 'I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder.'

One after another, those people lay down on the ground to laugh. One of them remarked, 'Pity, you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high



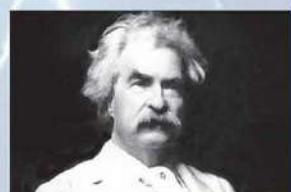
hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Garfield's² nominated, and that's what's the matter!'

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning," said Mr. McWilliams, "The rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck."

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

1 yellow fever = infectious tropical disease

2 Garfield = James A. Garfield, elected President of USA in 1880



Mark Twain was the pen name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. He was a popular American writer famous for such classics as *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, among other humorous writings.

DIWALI AT THE SHARMAS¹

Writer: Neel Debdutt Paul
Illustrator: Archana Amberkar
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Prasad Sawant

ON DIWALI, THE SHARMA FAMILY GOES BERSERK.

MEET SHANKAR. HE WORKS AT THE SHARMA HOUSE AND IS CURRENTLY PUTTING UP THE DIWALI LIGHTS.

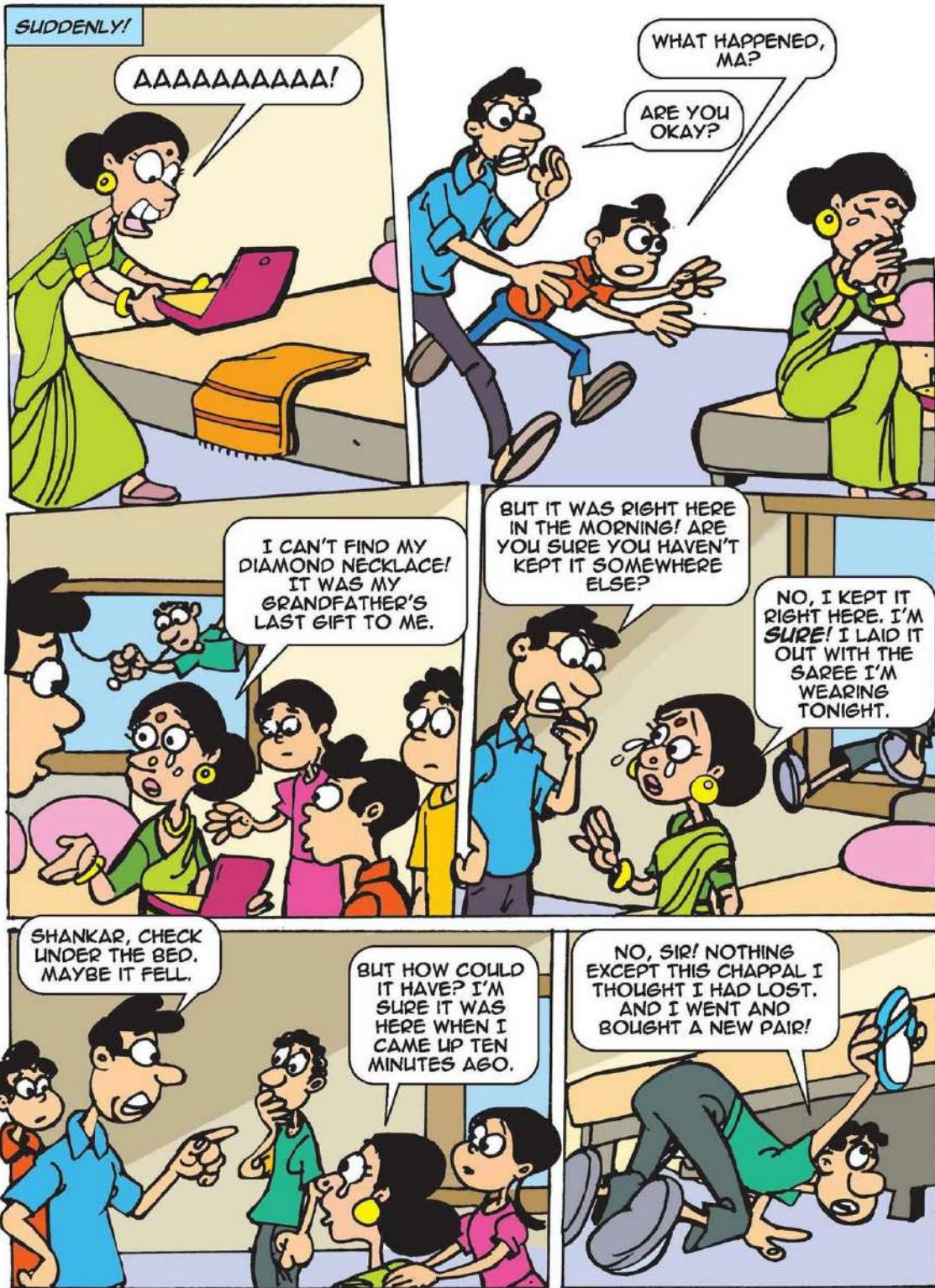
RAGHU AND ANTARA'S ROOM. TARIQ, RAGHU'S BEST FRIEND AND PERMANENT GUEST AT THE SHARMAS', AND RAGHU ARE PLAYING CRICKET.

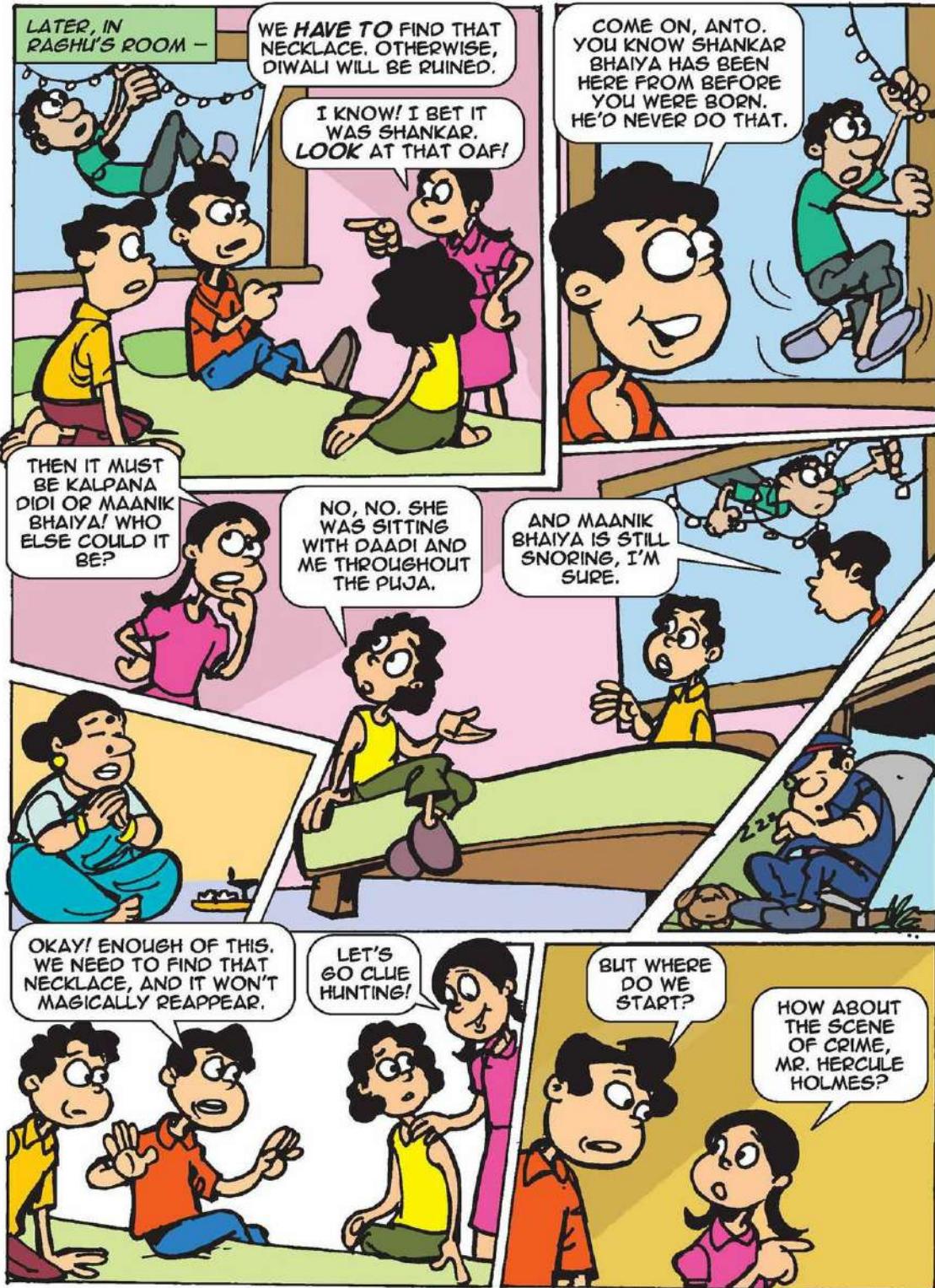
RAGHU AND ANTARA'S PARENTS' BEDROOM.

MAIN HALL. THIS IS WHERE ALL THE ACTION TAKES PLACE. BABAJI AND HIS ASSISTANT, VISHAL, ARE PERFORMING THE PUJA, WITH DAADI AND MA'S WATCHFUL EYES OVER THEM.

ANTARA, HER COUSIN, MITALI, AND HER DAD ARE BALLING THE LADDOOS FOR THE EVENING.

MAANIK, THE SECURITY GUARD. MOST OF HIS DAY IS SPENT EXACTLY LIKE THIS.











ON DIWALI EVENING, THE SHARMA FAMILY IS STILL GOING BERSERK.

RAGHU AND ANTARA'S ROOM IS NOW EMPTY. THE KIDS HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO.

MOM AND DAD HAVE CHANGED INTO THEIR FESTIVE FINERY.

THE MAIN HALL IS STILL THE CENTRE OF ACTIVITY, AND THE NIGHT'S FEAST LIES READY.

OUTSIDE -

LADDER OR ROPE?

LAUGH LINES

An Englishman, an Irishman and an Indian were participating in a survey about tea-drinking habits.

"I always stir my tea with my left hand," said the Englishman.

"I always stir my tea with my right hand," said the Irishman.

"How about you?" the Indian was asked.

"Oh me?" said the Indian, "I always use a spoon."



A lady wanted to lose some weight. So, she sought the help of a dietitian, who told her, "It would be best if you eat regularly for two days, then skip a day, and repeat this procedure for two

weeks. The next time we meet, you'll have lost at least 3 kgs."

When the lady returned a fortnight later, the dietitian was stunned to see that she had lost more than 10 kilograms.

"That's amazing!" the dietitian exclaimed. "Did you follow my instructions?"

The lady nodded and replied, "I must tell you though, it was really tough. I thought that I was going to drop dead on the third day itself. Whew!"

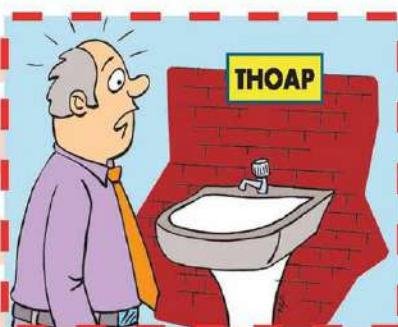
"From hunger?" asked the dietitian.

"No, from skipping," sighed the lady.

Father Williams was walking down the street one day when he noticed a very small boy trying to reach the doorbell of a house. However, the doorbell was too high for him and no matter how hard he tried, he could not get to it.

After watching the boy's efforts for some time, Father Williams walked up behind the little fellow and, placing his hand kindly on the child's shoulder, leaned over and gave the doorbell a solid ring. Then, crouching down to the boy's level, Father Williams smiled benevolently and asked, "And now what, my little man?"

To which the little boy replied with a beaming grin, "Now... we run!"



A new manager in an office wanted to do something to motivate the staff. So, he put up a sign saying "THINK" above the basin in the staff restroom.

After a few hours, when he returned to the restroom, he found a new sign above the dispenser – it read "THOAP".



Every year, little Abhay Sharma's extended family had a big get-together on Diwali. This year, to add something 'extra' to the event, they had decided to have a barbecue dinner in the garden. This was to be followed by the lighting of fireworks; the main attraction being a few banned crackers that Abhay's father, Mr. Sharma, had managed to procure with some difficulty.

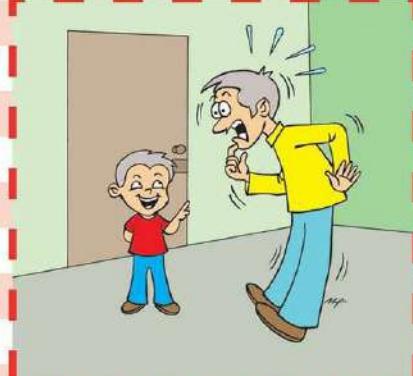
At the eleventh hour, a cousin called up to ask if he could bring some friends along.

"Oh sure! The more the merrier," replied Mr. Sharma. But, as luck would have it, one of the cousin's friends turned out to be a police officer. As soon as the introductions had been made, Mr. Sharma turned innocently to Abhay and whispered, "Quick! Grab the bag of fireworks kept in the kitchen and hide it somewhere."

Abhay disappeared, and his father changed the topic to food. The cousin's friends wanted to begin grilling, so Mr. Sharma told them that the grill was ready and waiting in the garden – they just had to turn on the gas and push the ignition button with the lid still closed.

As the group headed out to the garden, Abhay returned through the back door. His father hurried to him and said, "Whew, that was close! That man's a police officer, and he almost saw the fireworks. Did you hide them well?"

"Oh, yes," replied Abhay proudly, "Nobody will ever think of looking in the grill!"



A young man checked into a hotel for the first time in his life. Barely five minutes after entering his room, he called the reception desk and said in a voice full of panic, "You've given me a room with no exit. How do I get out?"

The desk clerk said politely, "Sir, that's absurd. Have you looked for the door?"

The man replied, "Well, there's one door that leads to the bathroom. There's a second door that goes into a cupboard. And there's a door I haven't tried, but it has a 'Do not disturb' sign on it."

A police officer in a small town stopped a speeding motorist.

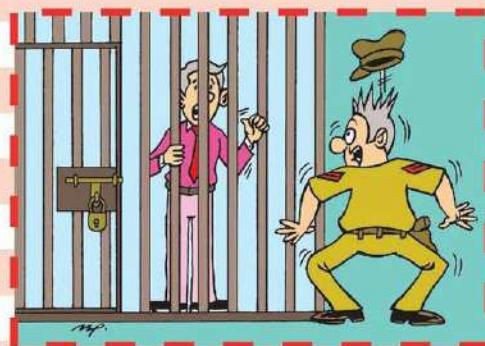
"But officer..." the man said, "I can explain."

"Just be quiet," snapped the officer. "Speeding like a maniac during peak hours! Now cool your heels in jail until the chief gets back."

"But, officer, I just wanted to say..." began the motorist only to be cut short by the officer. "Didn't I tell you to keep quiet? You're going to jail and that's that!"

A few hours later, the officer looked in on his prisoner. Seeing the glum look on the man's face, the officer said, "You should be happy – you won't get a tough punishment. The chief is at his daughter's wedding and he'll be in a good mood when he gets back."

"Don't count on it," answered the fellow in the cell. "I'm the bridegroom."



MiND TiCKLERS

A Scrambled Shouting

Butter has fallen into another scrape at school and Principal Jagmohan is certainly not happy about it. But as the principal is giving him a talking to, Butter keeps tuning out with the result that he scrambles up some words. Can you unscramble them?

(Hint: They are the names of very famous books!)

You-you! You think you're some **OMT ASWYRE**? You're forever wreaking havoc in the class. And to escape from the consequences, you spin yarns like those in the **RAAABIN NITSGH**. Why can't you use all that energy to study?... Studies are like **ETH LSTO WLDOR** to you. Even when you're in class your attention is outdoors, dreaming about **HET WDIN NI ETH WWILLSO!** Are you even listening to me?!



Rebus Remix

A Rebus puzzle uses the positioning of words or parts of words in relation to each other to convey a hidden meaning.

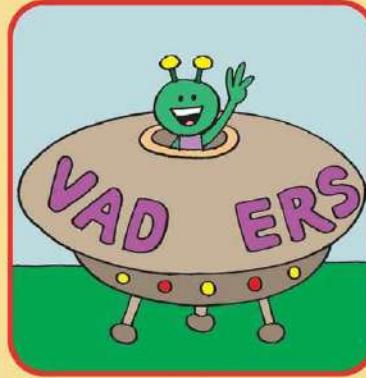
Can you find the meanings which the following words are trying to convey? The pictures accompanying them are your clues.



a



b



c

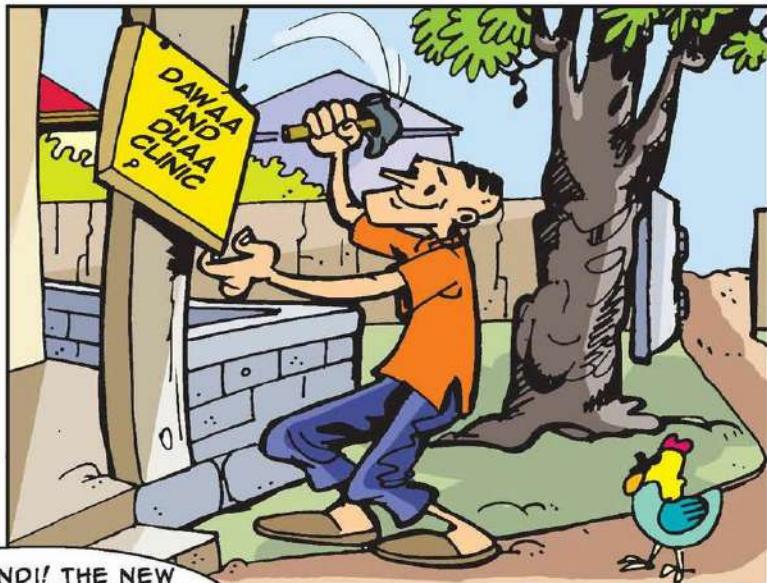
Suppandi X-Ray

Writer:
Dolly Pahlajani

Illustrator:
Archana Amberkar

Colourist:
Umesh Sarode

Letterer:
Pranay Bendre

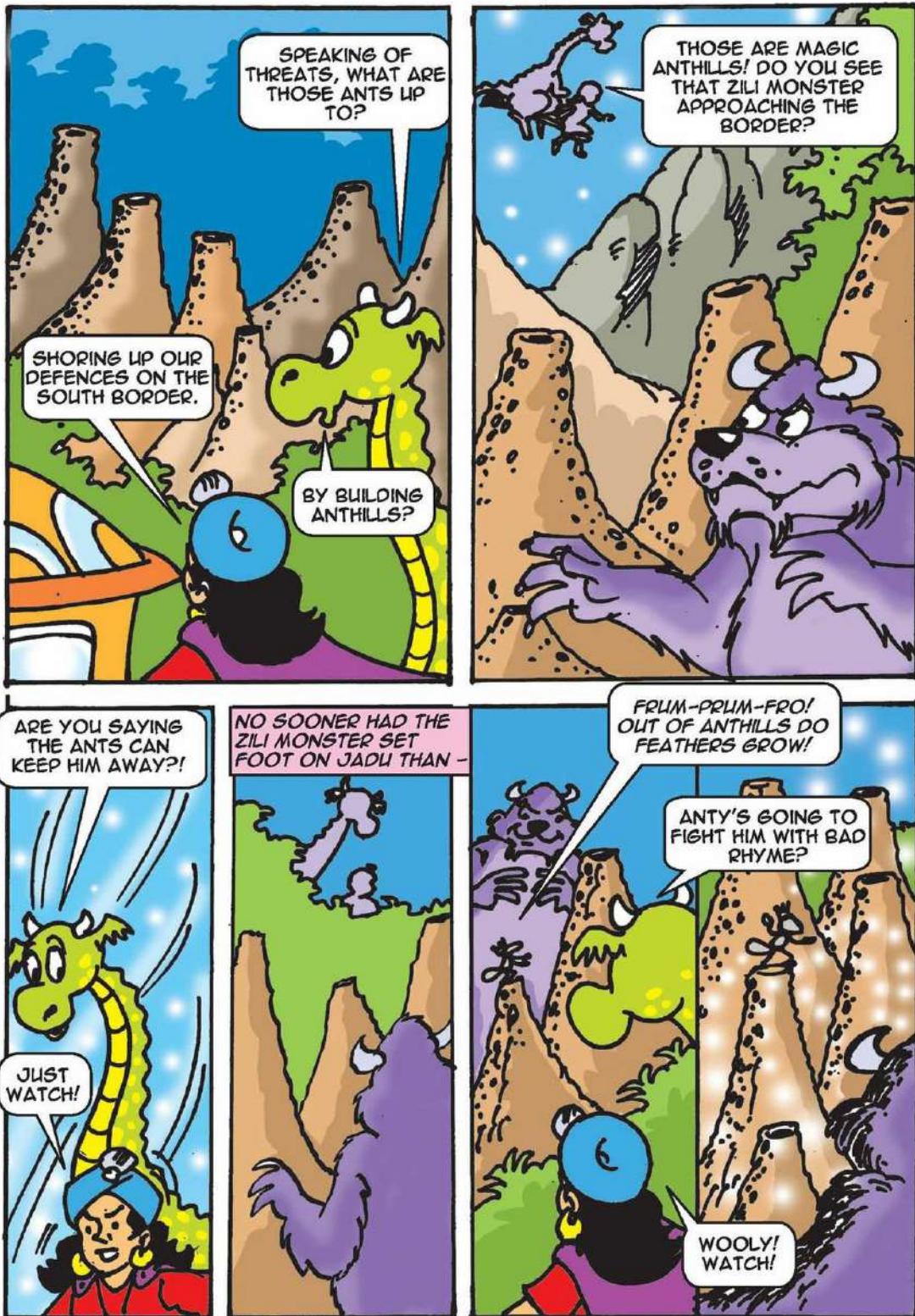


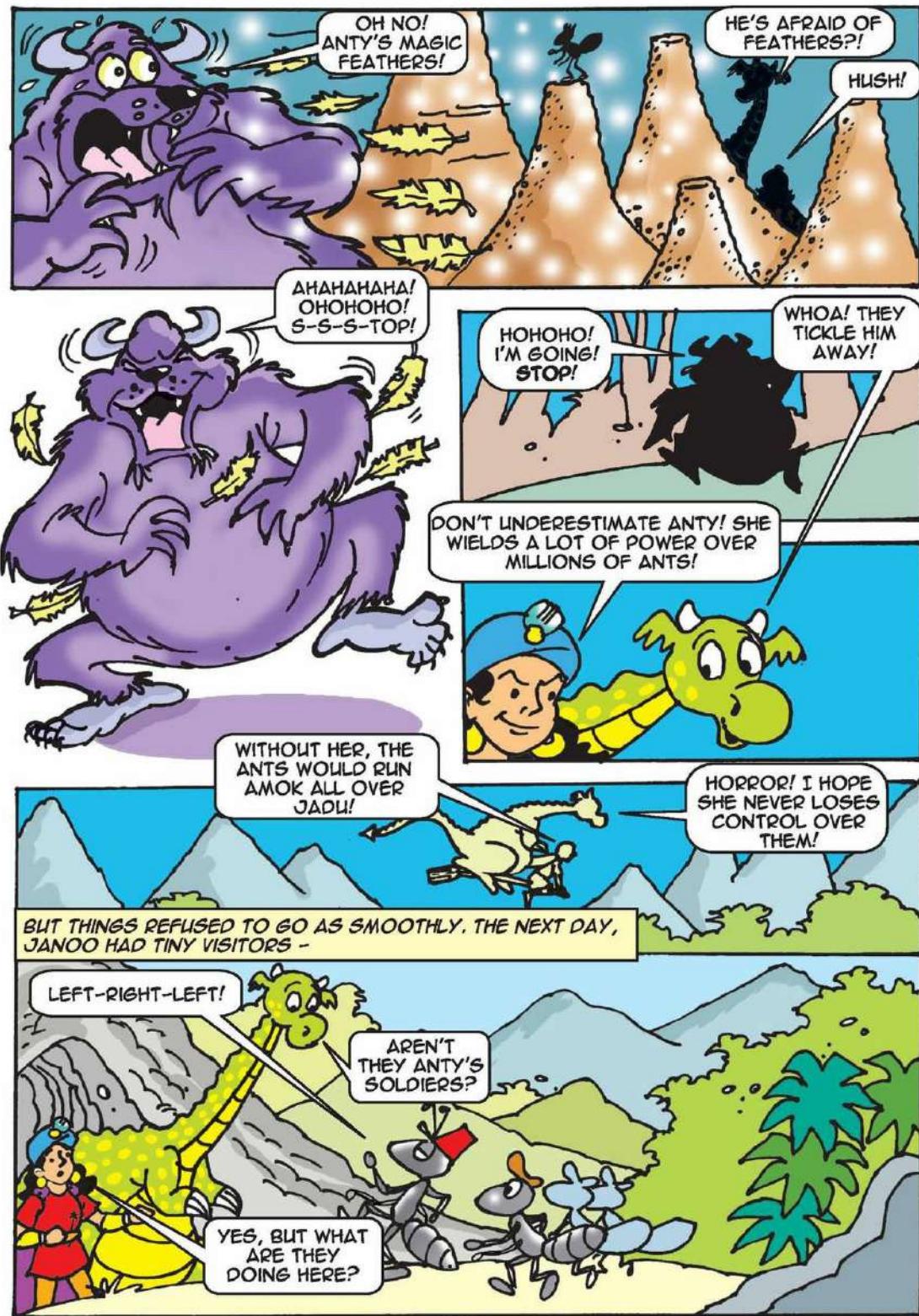


Janoo and Wooly Woo The Ant Fairy

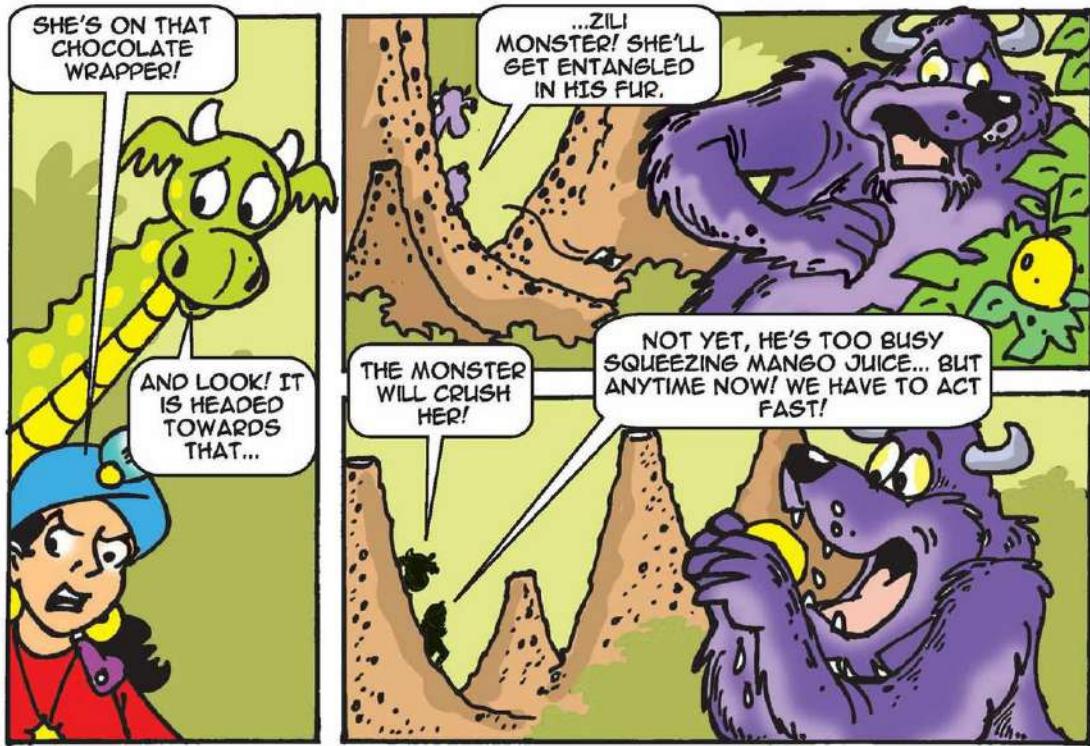
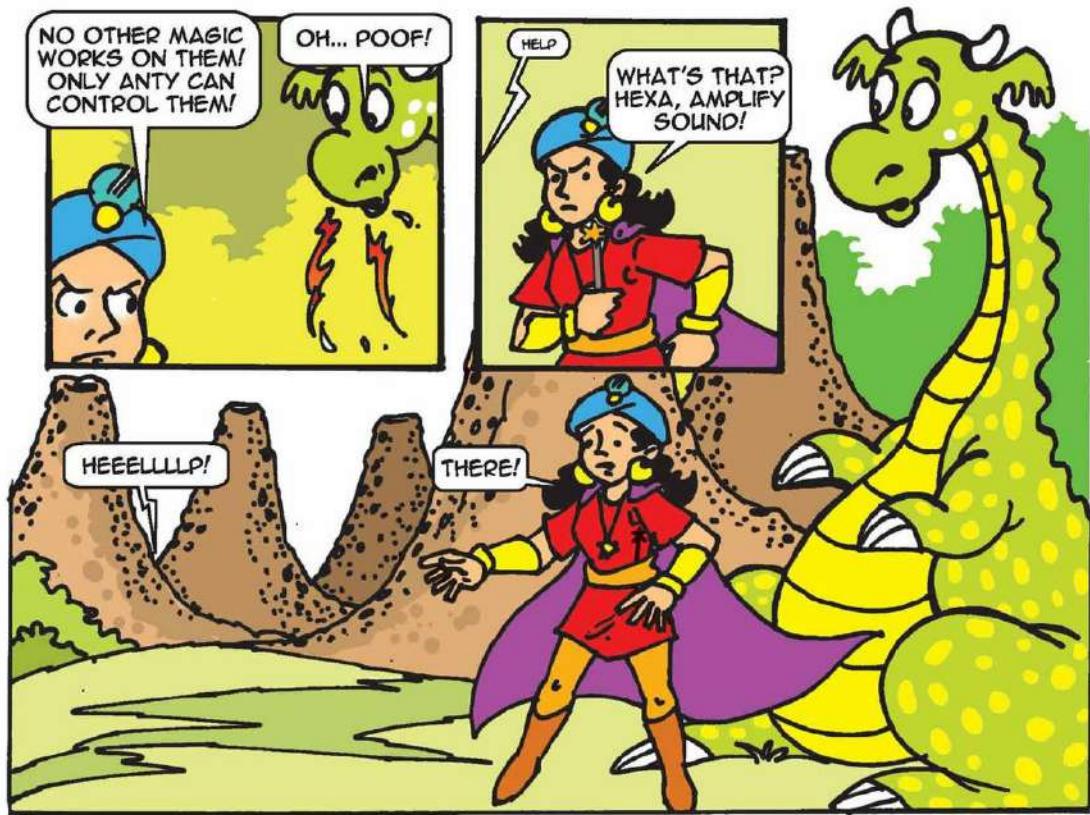
Story: Vaneeta Vaid
Script: Rajani Thindiathe
Art: Savio Mascarenhas
Letterer: Pranay Bendre

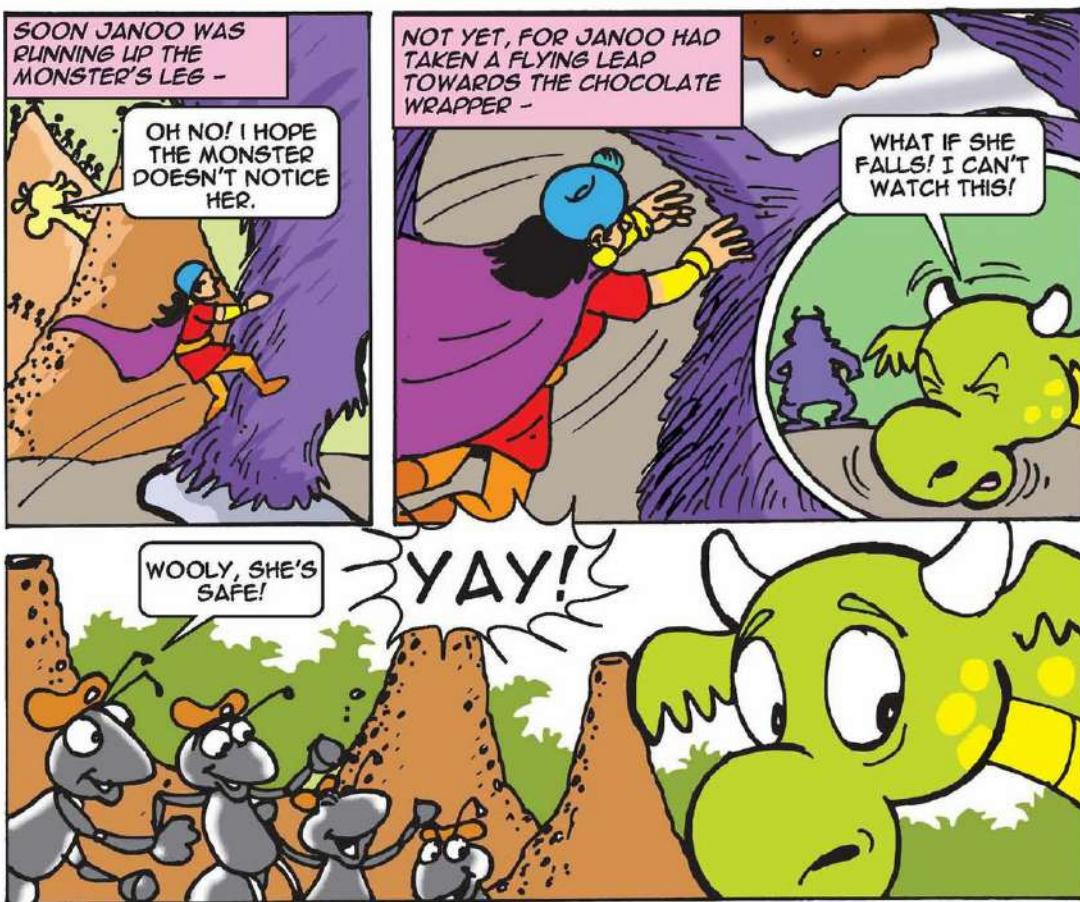
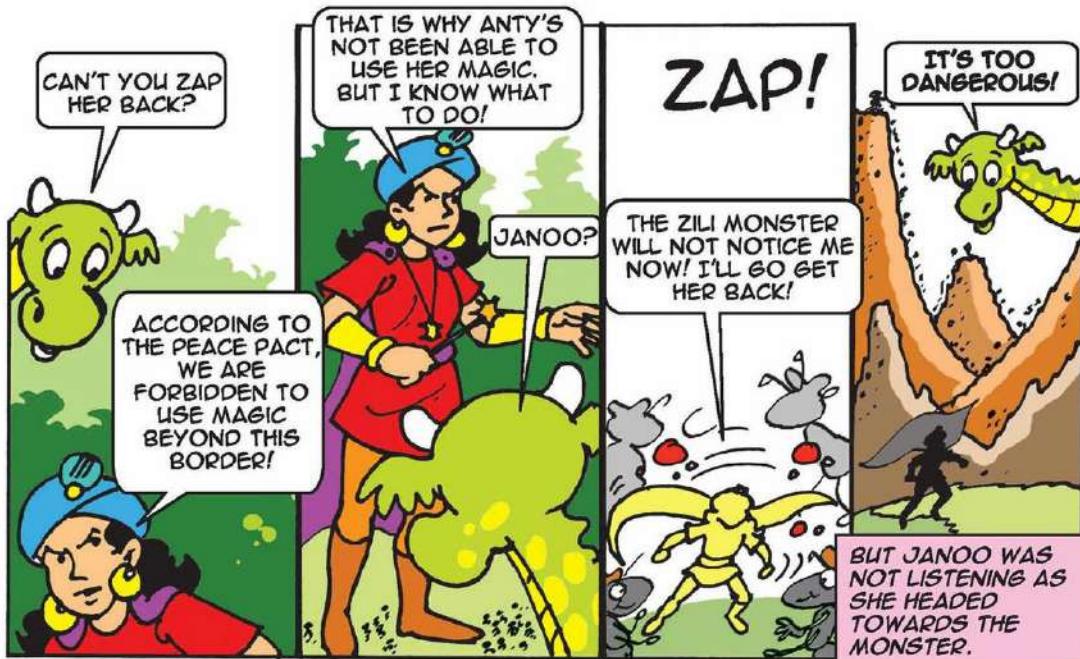


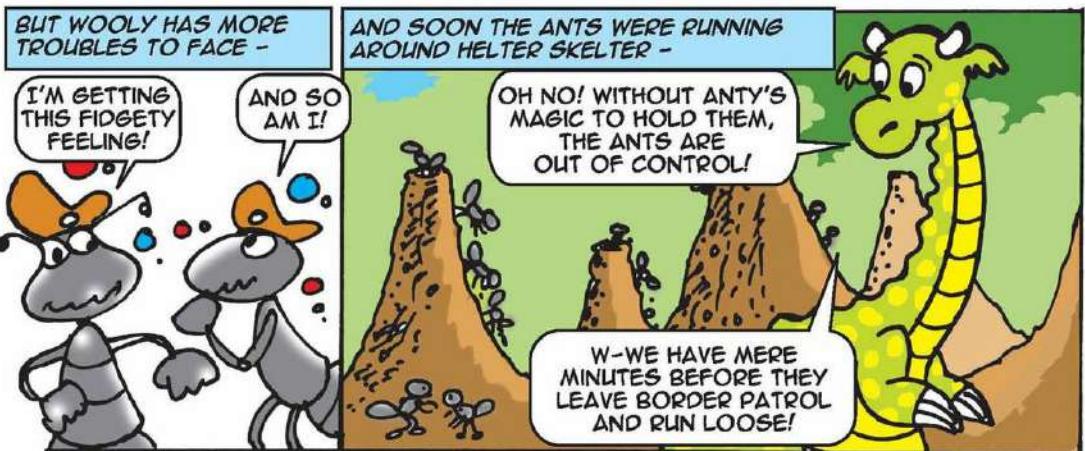




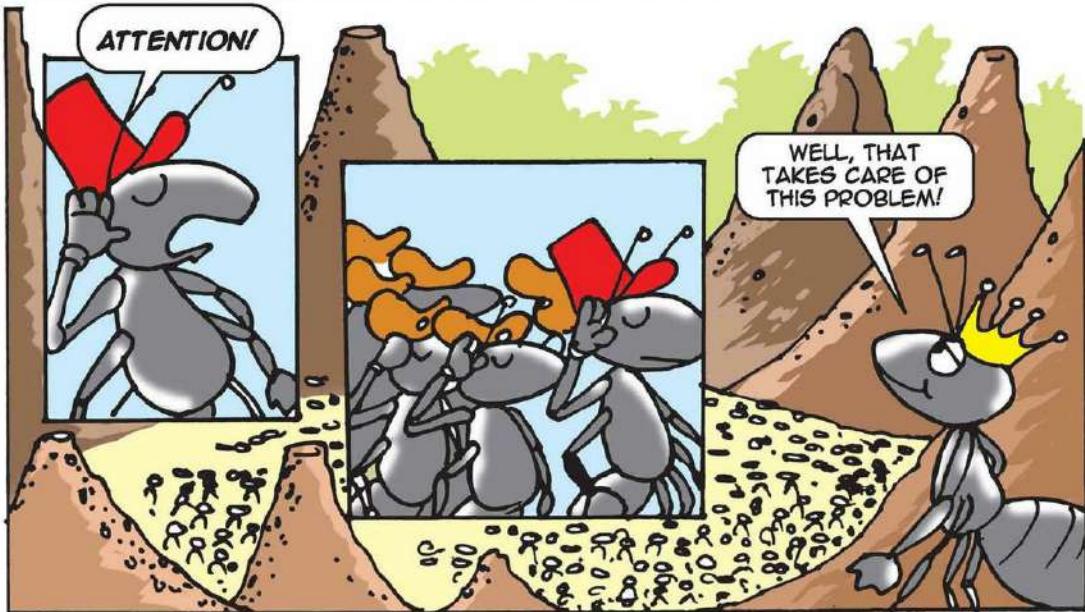
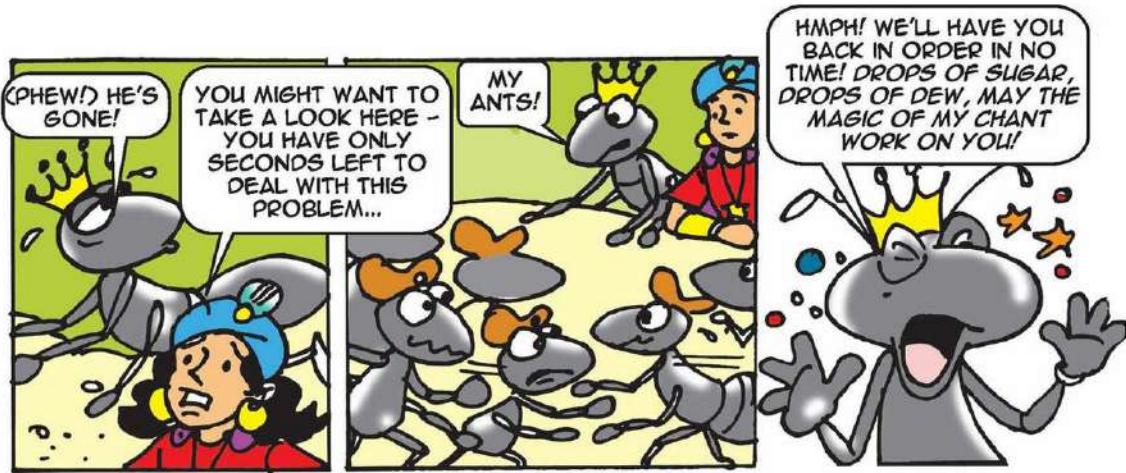












ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Toon Tactics (page 3)

The Plane Windowpane Puzzle

18

(Each digit in the sequence is obtained by adding an odd number to its preceding digit. The odd numbers to be added are successive, i.e. 3, 5, 7, 9, etc. For example, $3+3=6$; $6+5=11$; $11+7=18$ and so on)

Maths Quiz

65

$\{30 / (1/2)\} + 5 = 65$

Plan B (page 32)



Logicomix (page 45)

- 1) Jade. All the other girls are named after shades of red. Jade is a shade of green.
- 2) Supandi simply turns the signpost so that the correct arrow points back to the direction from which he has come. All the other arrows then get aligned in their correct directions and Supandi can continue on his way.
- 3) If URGCT stands for SPEAR, YG YGNEQQOG VJG ITGCV UJKMCTK UJCODW stands for 'WE WELCOME THE GREAT SHIKARI SHAMBU'. In the tribal alphabet, each letter is substituted by the second letter succeeding it. For example, A is replaced by C, B by D and so on.

You be the Detective (page 48)

Ans: The Queen's Teardrop was in the fish tank. When Sweety had watched the CCTV footage she'd noticed the peculiar way a man had of holding his pen. When the cleaning fellow was asked to fill the job completion form, he held the pen in exactly the same way. She realized he was the thief. Two days ago, he had broken the glass case to steal the diamond. He knew he would be searched and so he dropped the diamond among the coloured stones in the fish tank. He came back after two days, under the guise of a cleaning man, to 'fish' out the diamond.

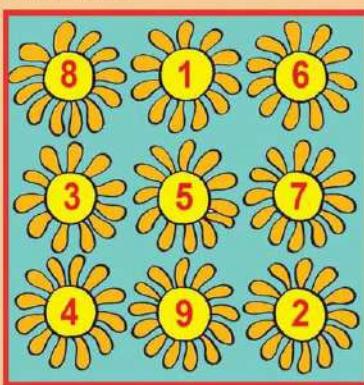
Maths Muddlers (page 59)

Build the Pyramid



The number in each square of the pyramid is the sum of the two numbers below it.
So, the third block completes the pyramid.

Bee Maths



Mind Ticklers (page 84)

A Scrambled Shouting

You-you! You think you're some **TOM SAWYER?** You're forever wreaking havoc in the class. And to escape from the consequences, you spin yarns like those in the **ARABIAN NIGHTS**. Why can't you use all that energy to study?... Studies are like **THE LOST WORLD** to you. Even when you're in class your attention is outdoors, dreaming about **THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS!** Are you even listening to me?!

Rebus Remix

- Head Over Heels
- I Understand
- Space Invaders