

TINKLE DIGEST

No.
11



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This story by
Sigrun O.
Srivastava won
the Second Prize
in the Tinkle
Original Story
Competition.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

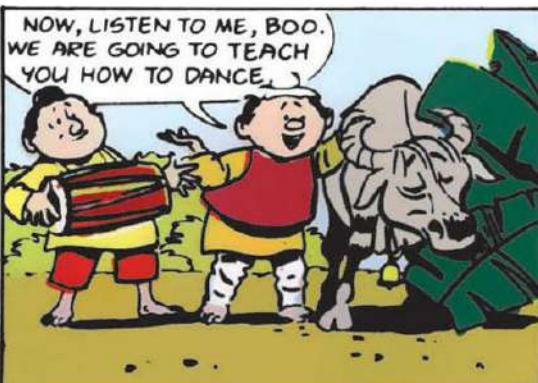
Illustrations : V.B. Halbe

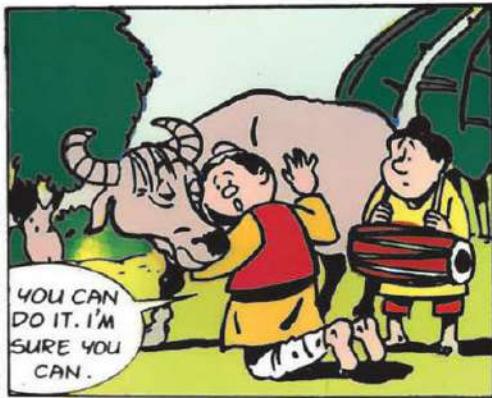


THAT AFTERNOON, THE TWO BOYS, MOUNTED ON
BOO'S BACK, RODE DOWN TO THE RIVER BANK.

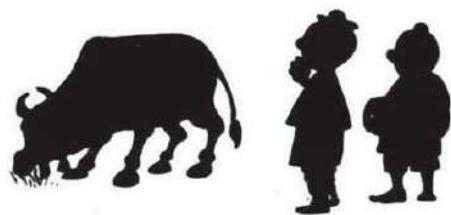


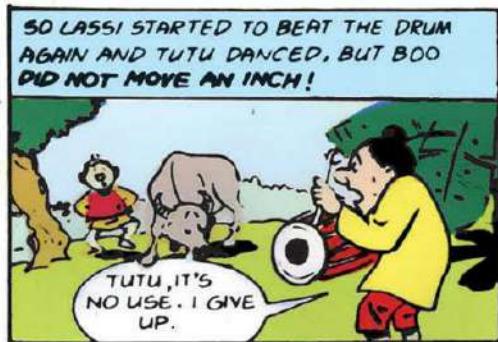
AND THERE...

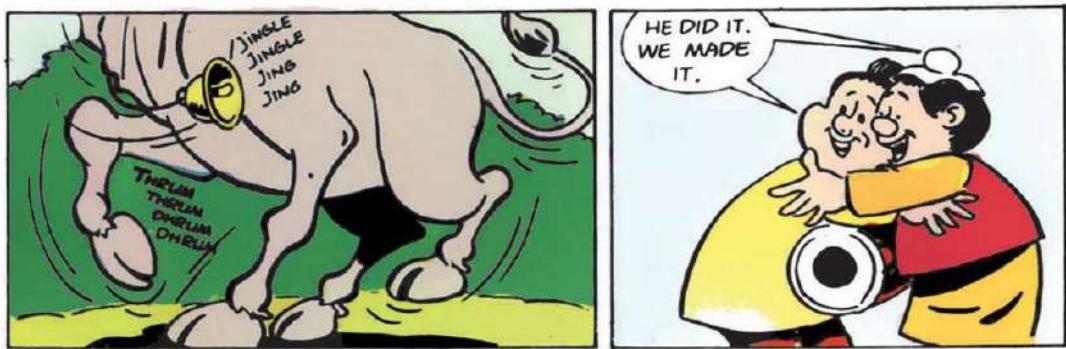


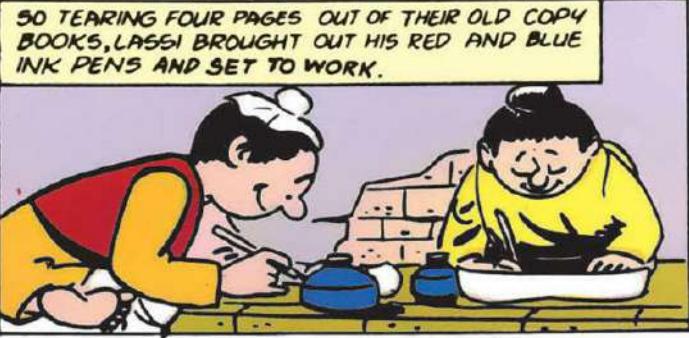


BUT BOO JUST LOWERED HIS HEAD AND BEGAN TO CROP THE GRASS.

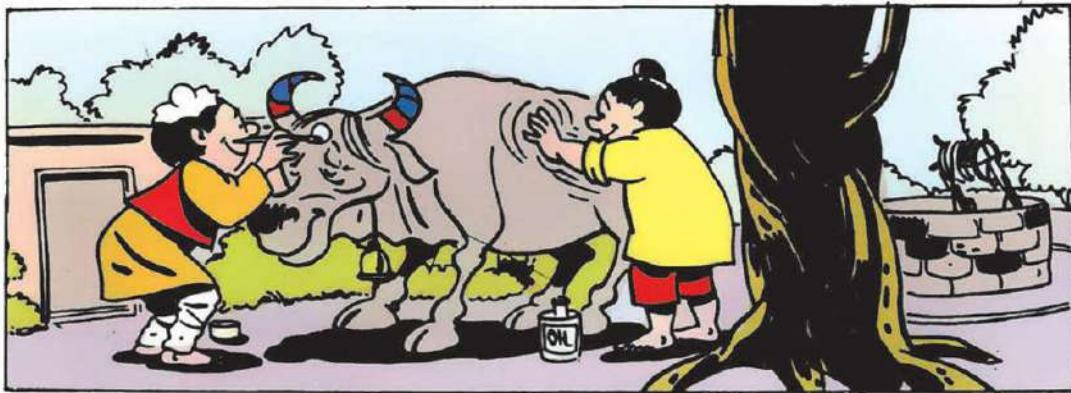








THE TWO FRIENDS PASTED THE FIRST POSTER BY THE SCHOOL DOOR (WHEN THE TEACHER WAS NOT AROUND!); THE SECOND ON THE POST-BOX; THE THIRD IN KUNTIL MANDAL'S RICE SHOP AND THE FOURTH AT THE PAANWALLAH'S SHOP.



HOW WONDERFUL BOO LOOKED AS THE BOYS MARCHED HIM PROUDLY DOWN TO THE THREE BANYAN TREES!



AND WHAT A CROWD HAD GATHERED! ALMOST EVERYBODY IN KRISHNAPUR WAS THERE.



HA, HA,
HA! HO, HO,
HO!



TUTU IGNORED THE SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER. THEN—

SILENCE PLEASE!
THE PERFORMANCE
WILL NOW BEGIN.



BOO, BOO,
DO YOUR BEST.
DANCE, DANCE!



BUT BOO STOOD MOTIONLESS AND GAZED AT THE CROWD.



THEN SLOWLY, HE RAISED HIS HOOF AND —



THE PEOPLE OF KRISHNAPUR HELD THEIR BREATH. THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES!



THEN EVERYONE BURST INTO APPLAUSE! THE PAANWALLAH, THE POSTMAN, KUNTLI MANDAL FROM THE RICE-SHOP AND EVEN THE SCHOOL-TEACHER, CHEERED.



THEN TUTU CAME FORWARD.

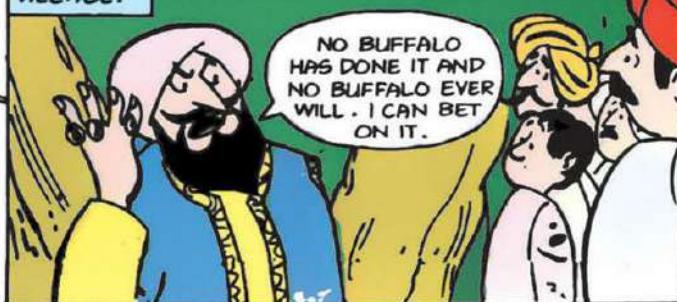


THE CROWD GASPED.



EVERYONE TURNED TO SEE WHO HAD SPOKEN. IT WAS GURBACHAN SINGH, THE RICHEST FARMER IN THE VILLAGE.

NO, HE CANNOT!

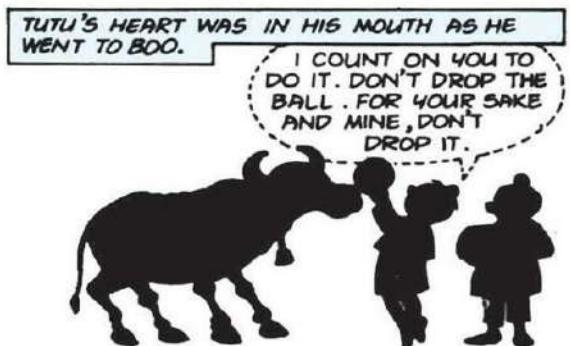


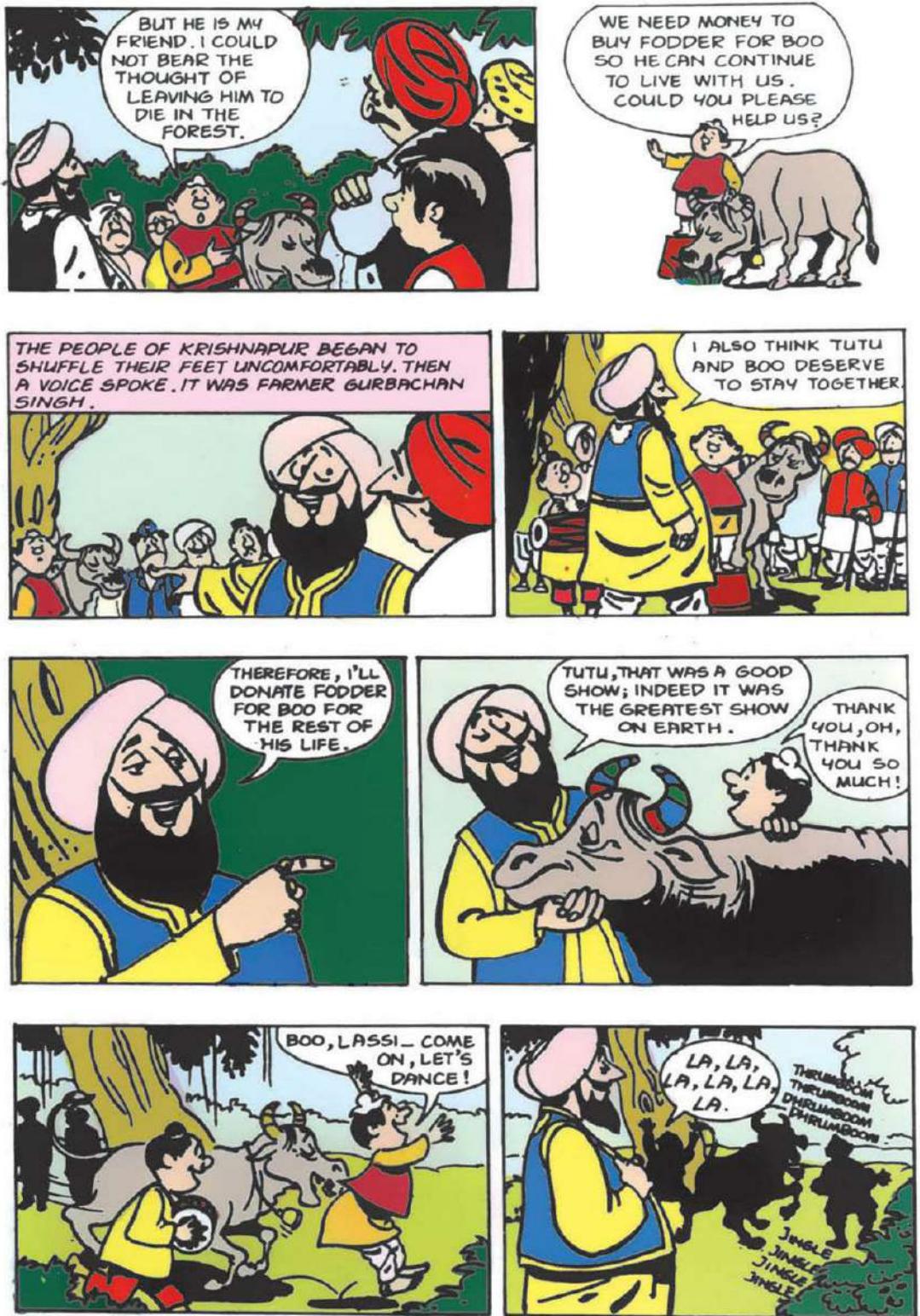
THERE WAS PIN-DROP SILENCE. THEN TUTU CLEARED HIS THROAT.

I ACCEPT THE BET.

GOOD!

AND THEY SHOOK HANDS ON IT.





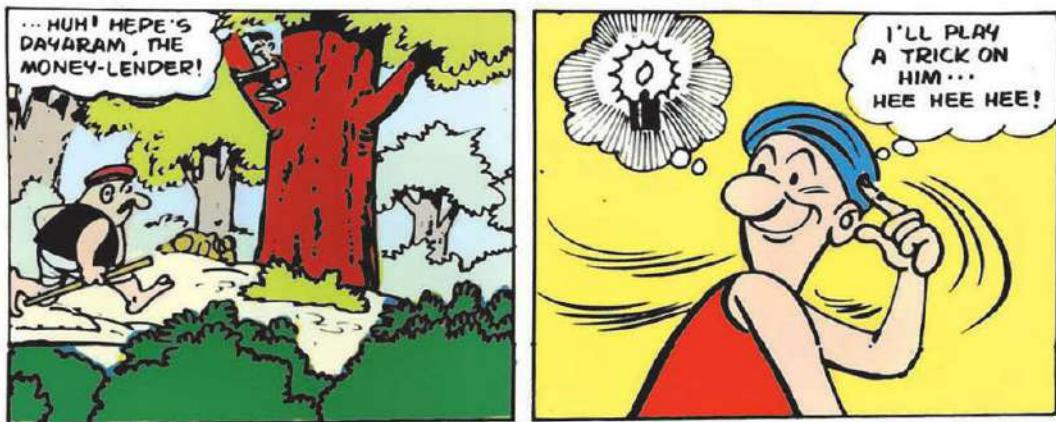
Readers' Choice

THE MONEYLENDER MEETS HIS MATCH

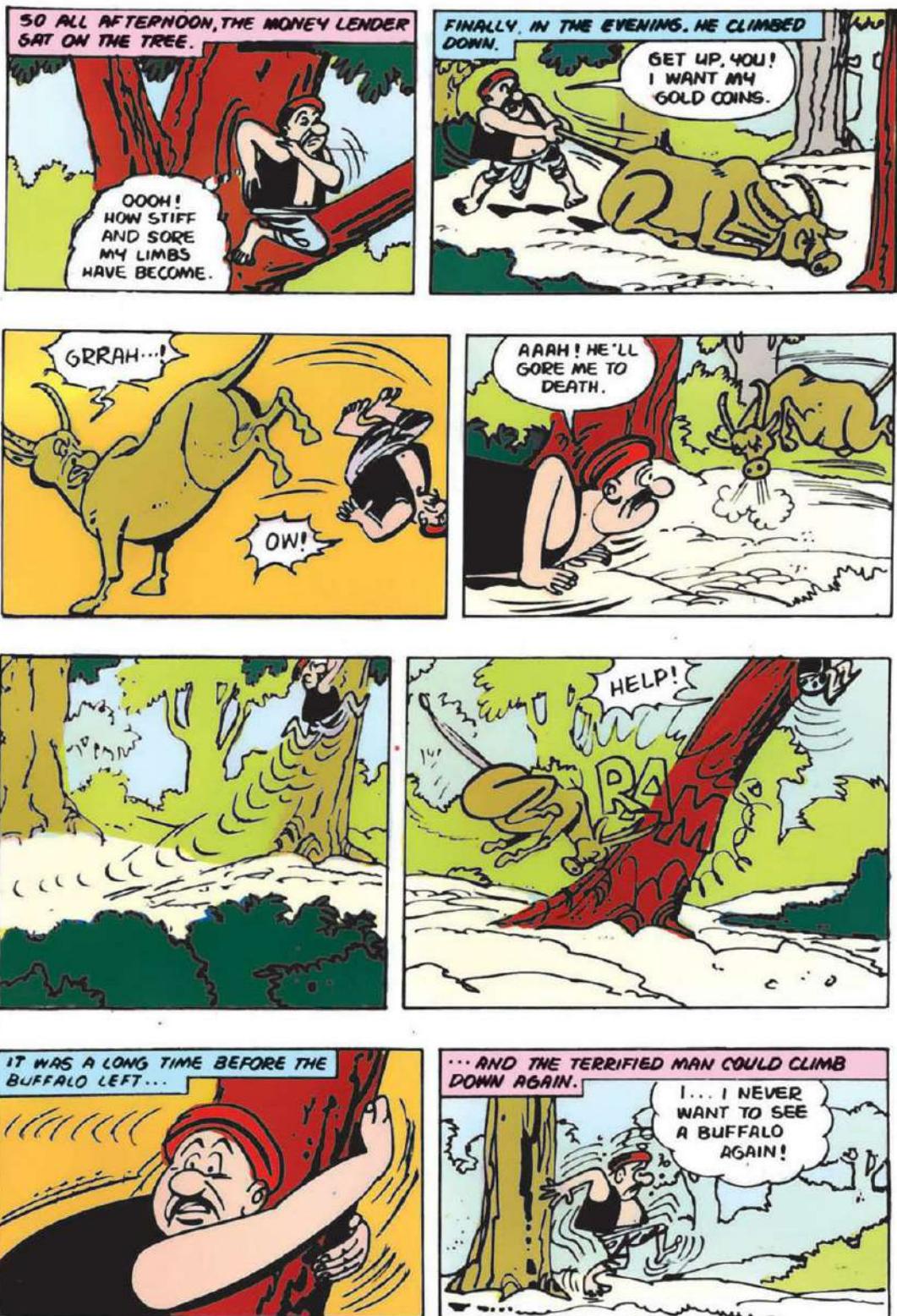
Illustrations Ram Waerkar

Based on a
story sent by
Arup Jyoti,
Nagaland









You can't Fool Chachaji

Illustrations: Ashok Dongre

This story by Margaret Bhatty won the Consolation Prize in the Tinkle Original Story Competition.

IT WAS APRIL FOOL'S DAY. ASHA, DHIREN AND THEIR BELOVED CHACHAJI SAT ROUND THE TABLE.

OH THE JOKES WE PLAYED ON APRIL FOOL'S DAY, WHEN I WAS YOUNG! THEY WERE FULL OF WIT AND IMAGINATION.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?

THERE IS A SMUDGE ON YOUR CHIN, CHACHAJI.

HA! HA! THAT IS A VERY STALE ONE, SON. YOU WILL HAVE TO BE SMARTER TO FOOL YOUR OLD CHACHAJI.

JUST THEN THE CHILDREN'S MOTHER CAME INTO THE ROOM.

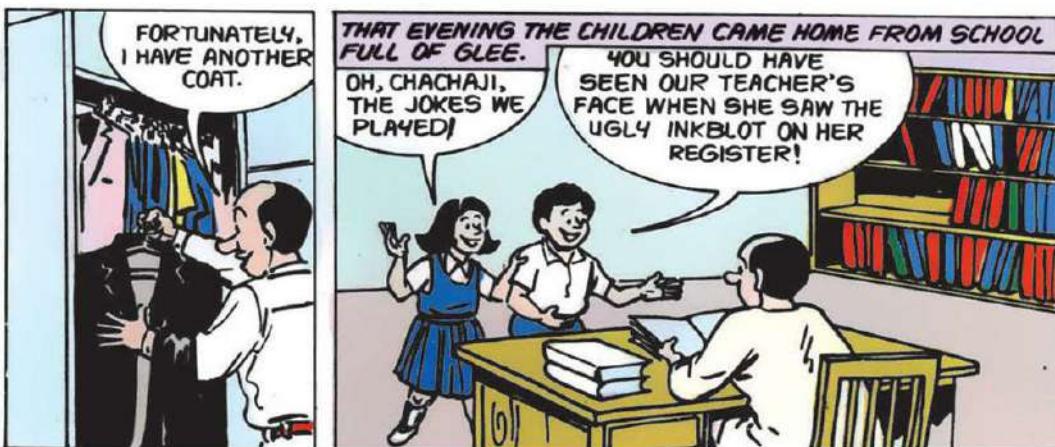
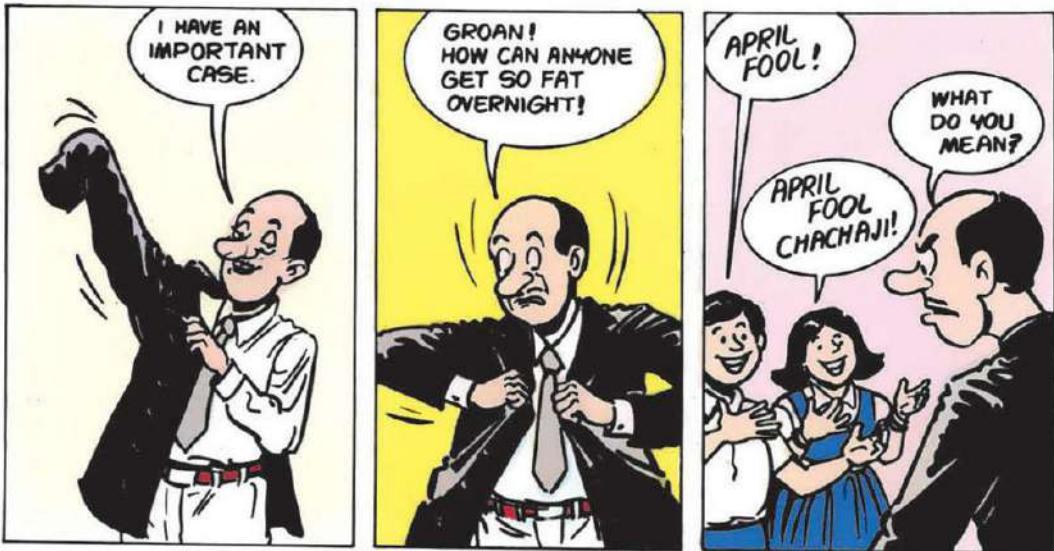
THERE IS A SMUDGE ON YOUR CHIN, CHACHAJI.

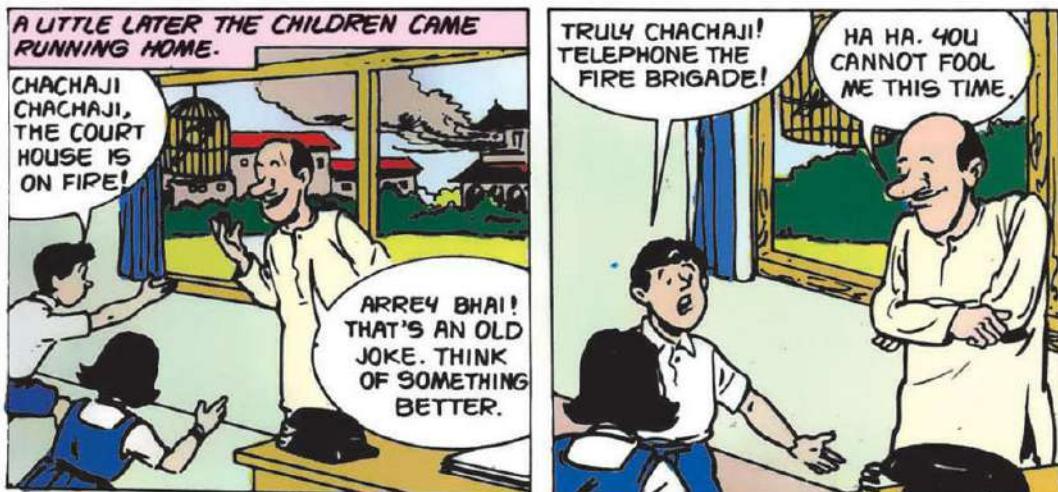
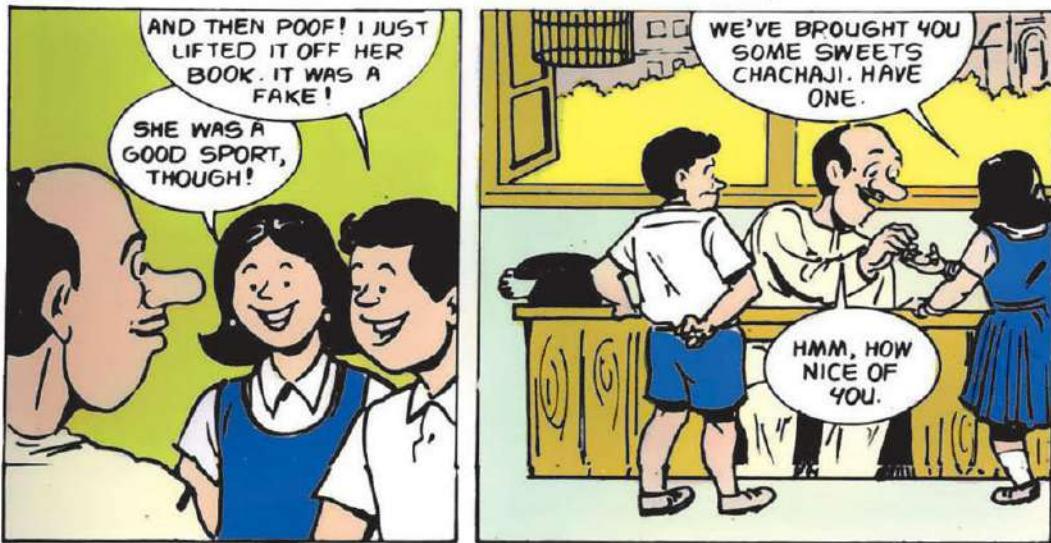
THERE IS?

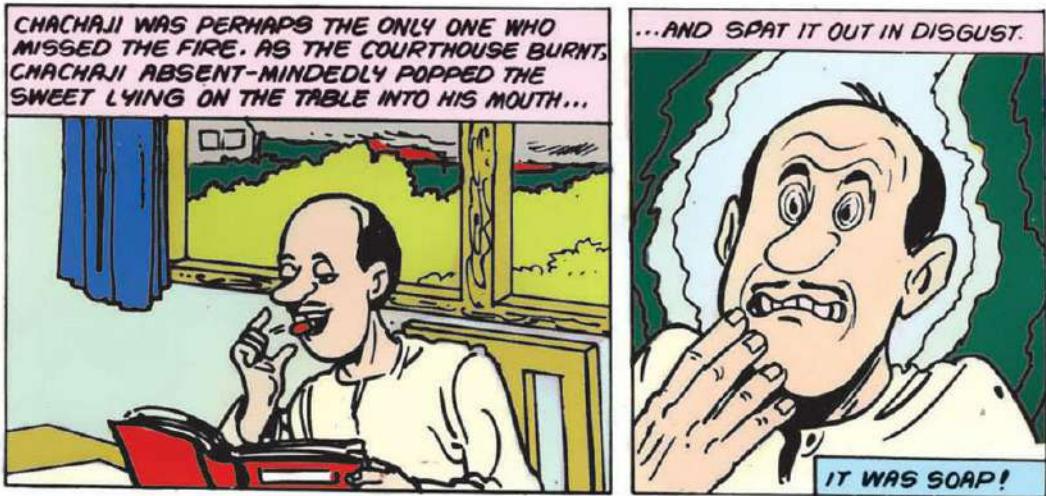
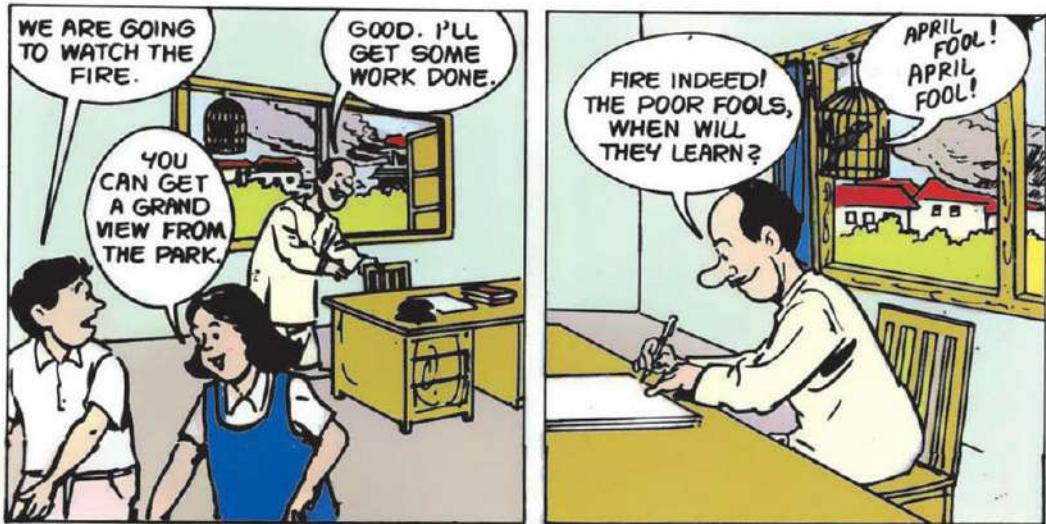
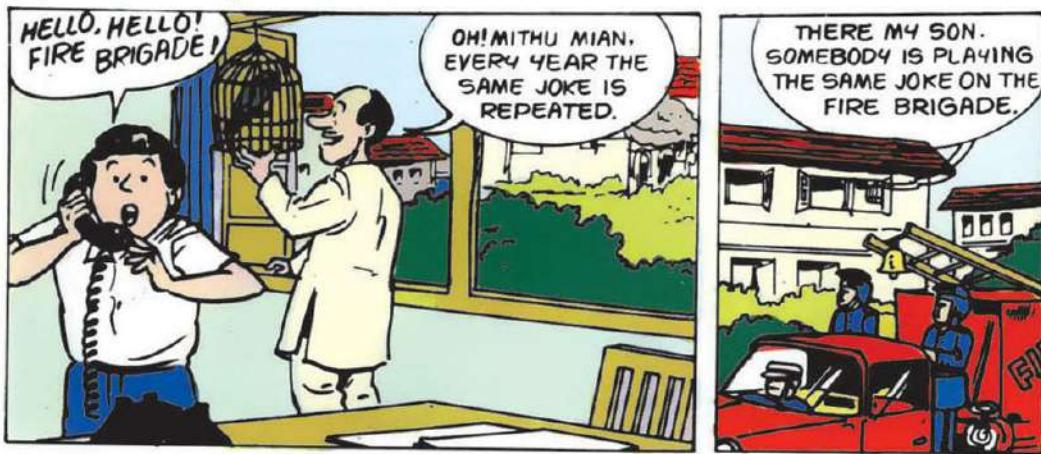
OOPS! IT MUST HAVE GOT THERE WHILE I WAS POLISHING MY SHOES.

HA! HA!
WE TOLD YOU SO CHACHAJI.

AH, WELL I MUST BE OFF TO THE COURT.





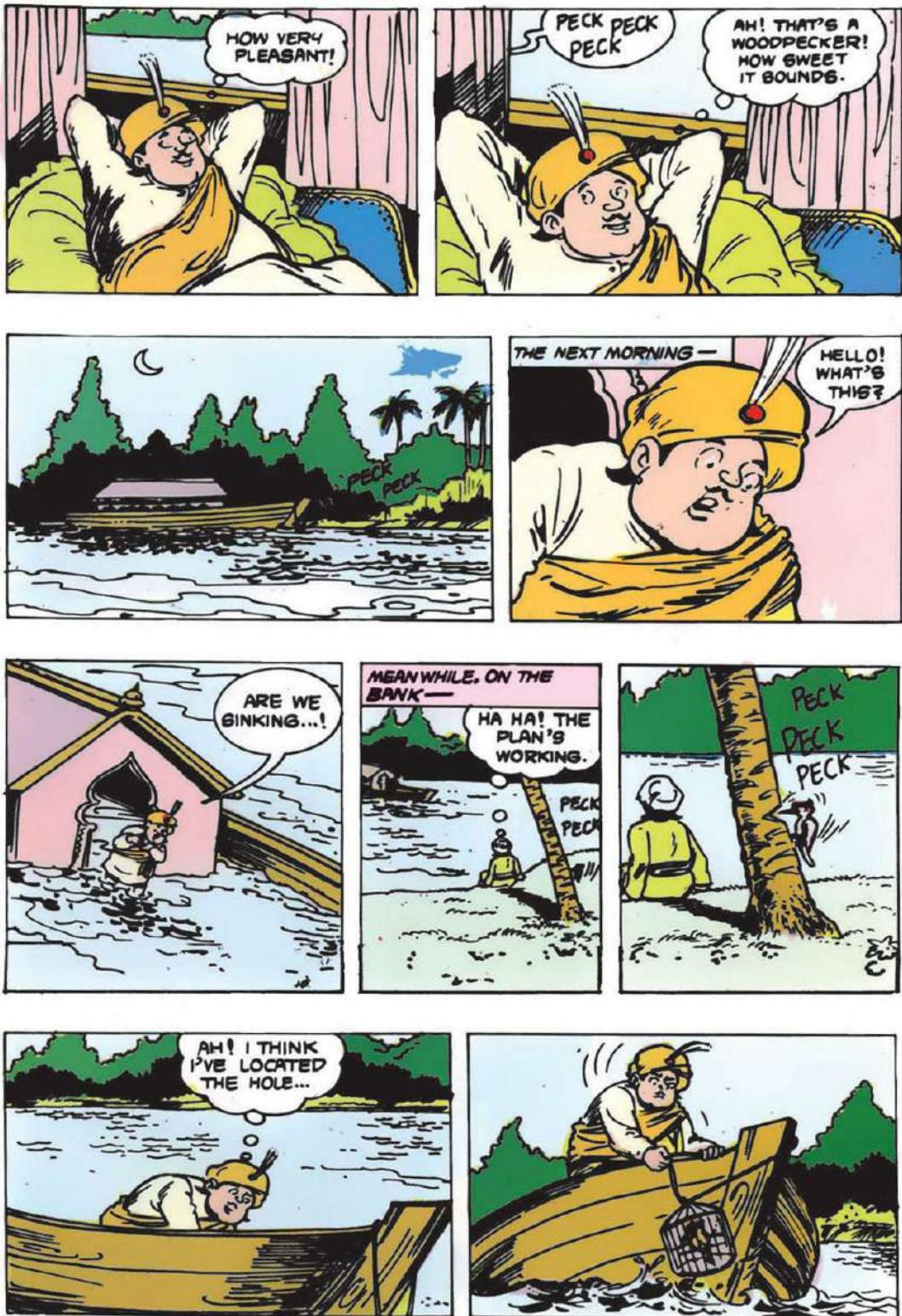


TANTRI THE MANTRI



Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre







THE ADVENTURES OF SUPPANDI - 5

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

Based on a story sent by K. Bhagatchandra Singh, Goa

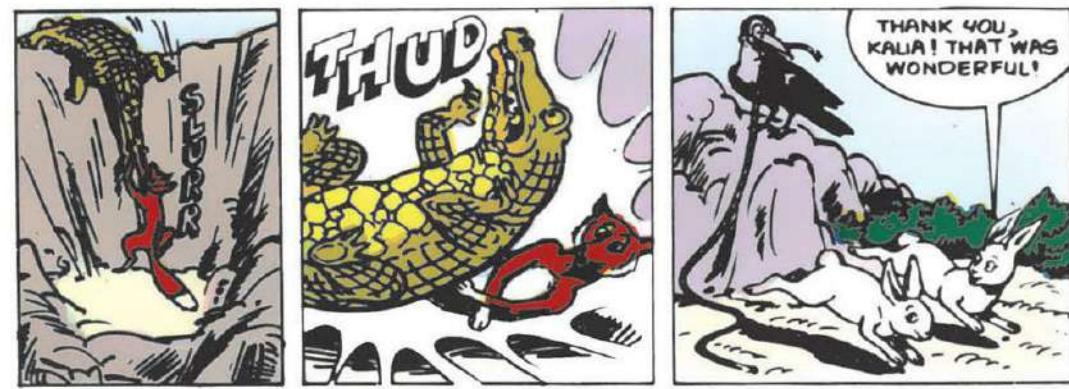


* WATER DRUNK AFTER EATING AMLA, TASTES SWEET







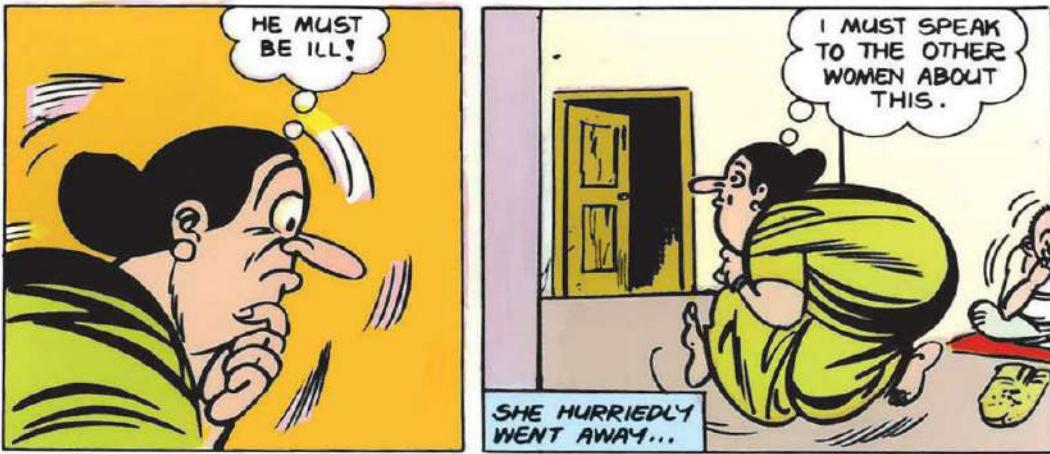
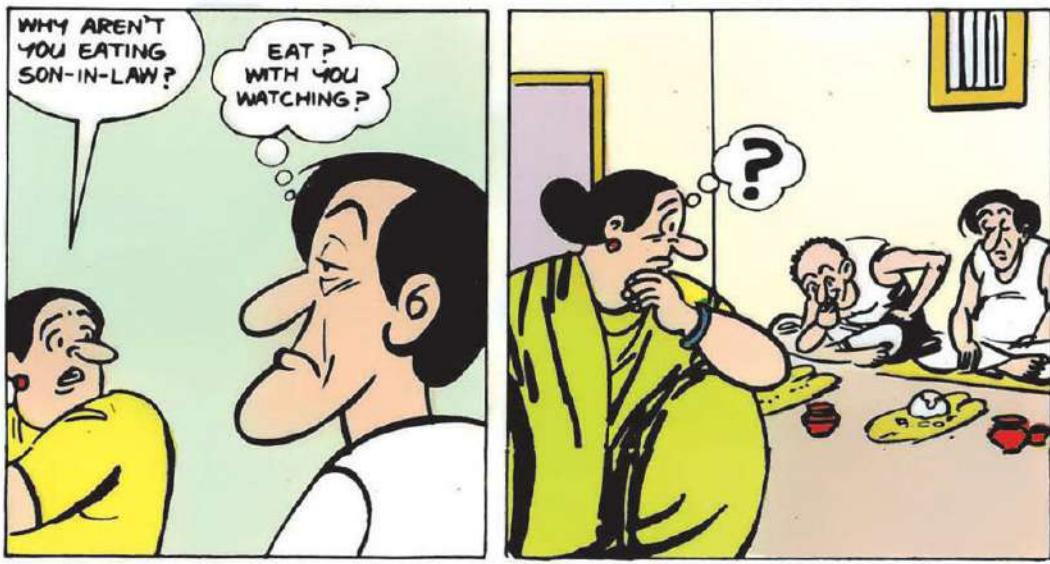


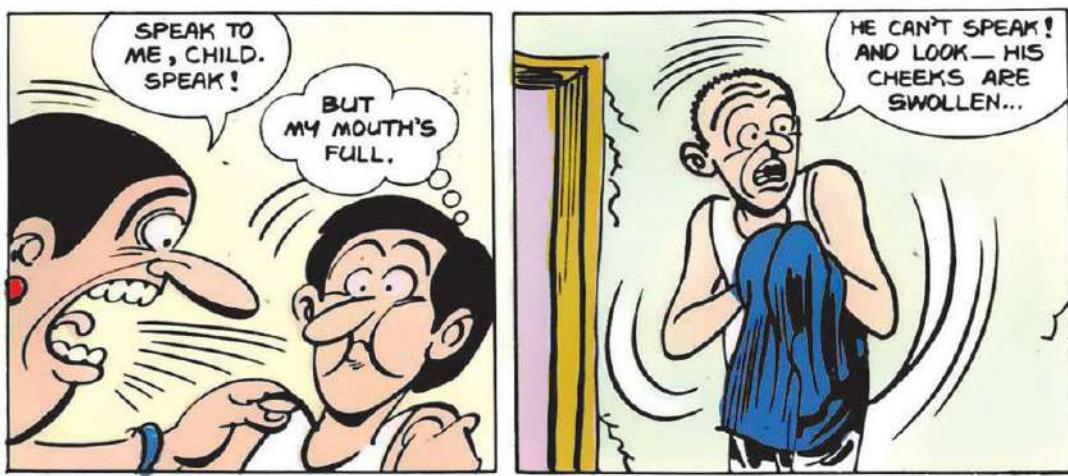
THE BASHFUL SON-IN-LAW

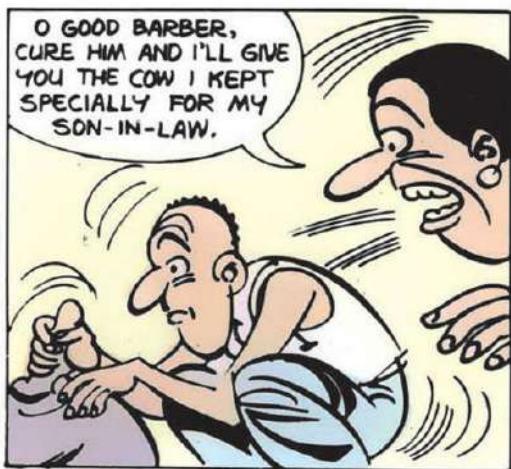
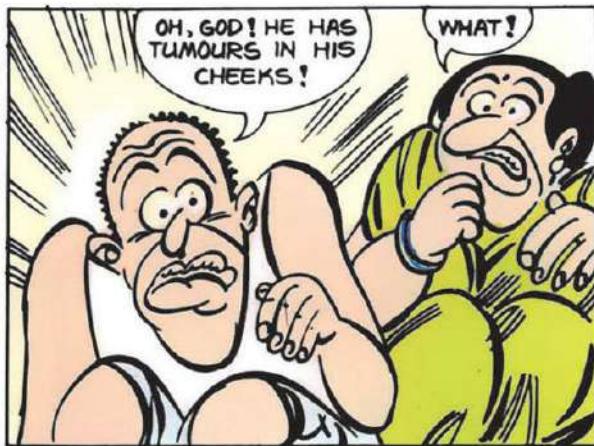
Script:
Gayatri Madan Dutt

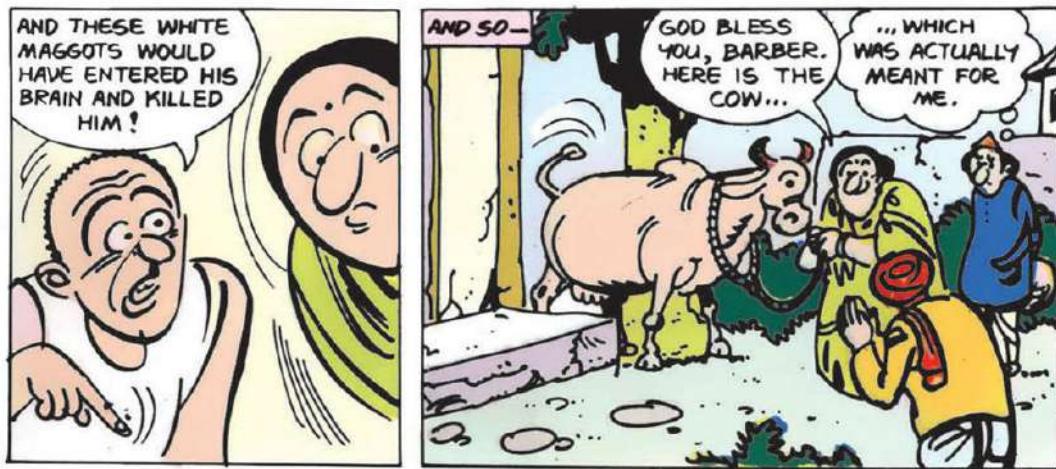
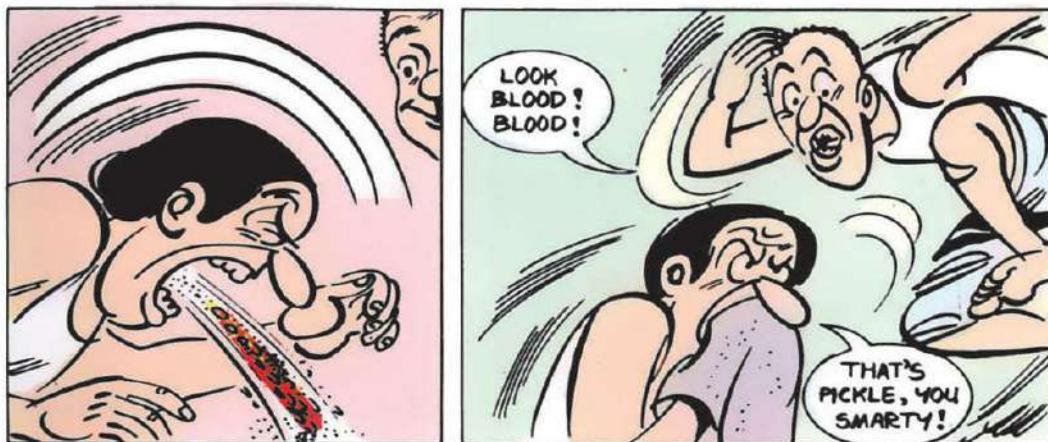
Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar











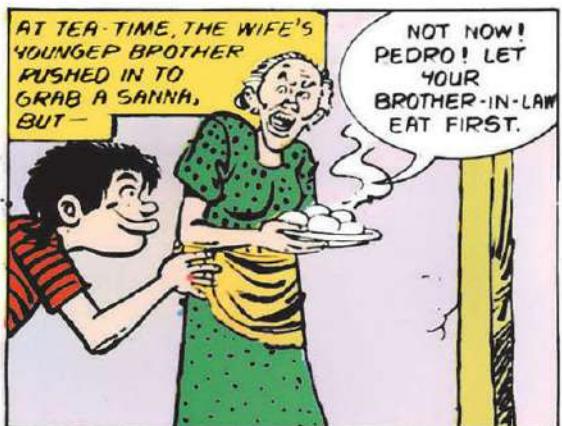
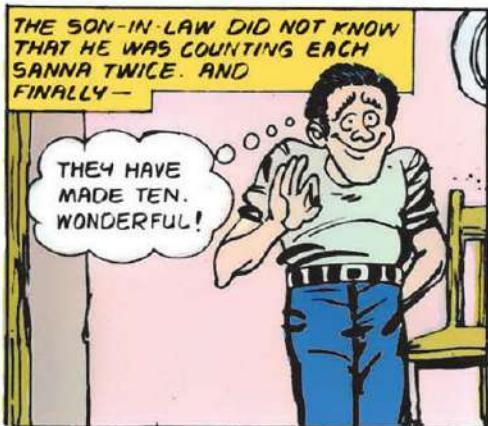
HE COUNTED BEFORE EATING

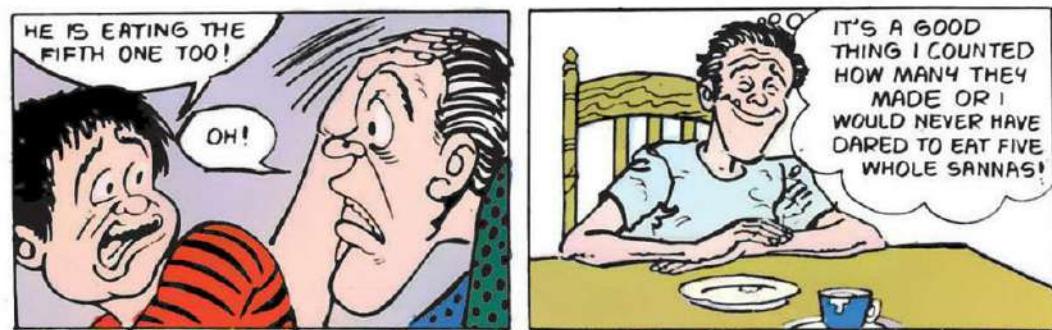
A folktale from Goa

Script:
Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar



* A GOAN DELICACY MADE OF RICE FLOUR







The Telephone

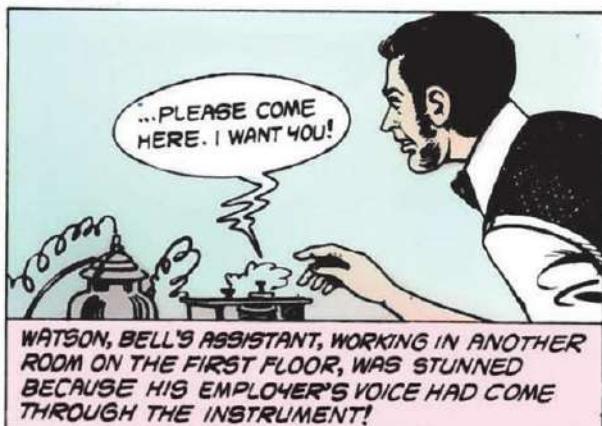
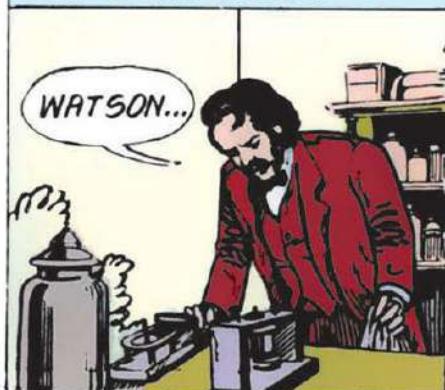
Script:
Subba Rao
Illustrations:
Anand Mande

GRAHAM BELL WAS WORKING WITH AN INSTRUMENT DESIGNED TO CARRY SOUND, IN HIS WORKSHOP IN BOSTON, AMERICA.

BY ACCIDENT HE SPILLED SOME BATTERY ACID ON HIS TROUSERS.



HE GOT UP AND CRIED OUT —



WATSON, BELL'S ASSISTANT, WORKING IN ANOTHER ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR, WAS STUNNED BECAUSE HIS EMPLOYER'S VOICE HAD COME THROUGH THE INSTRUMENT!



THE ERA OF THE TELEPHONE HAD BEGUN. THE YEAR WAS 1876.

IN THE EARLY MODELS THE SAME TUBE SERVED AS THE MOUTHPIECE AND THE EARPIECE. ANYONE USING THE TELEPHONE HAD TO BE EXTREMELY AGILE, MOVING HIS EAR AND MOUTH TO THE INSTRUMENT TO HEAR AND SPEAK ALTERNATELY.
ONE MODEL CARRIED THE NOTICE:
“DO NOT LISTEN WITH YOUR MOUTH AND TALK WITH YOUR EAR.”



IN LATER MODELS, THE EARPIECE AND THE MOUTHPIECE WERE SEPARATED BUT ONE HAD TO SHOUT TO MAKE ONESELF HEARD ON THE TELEPHONE...

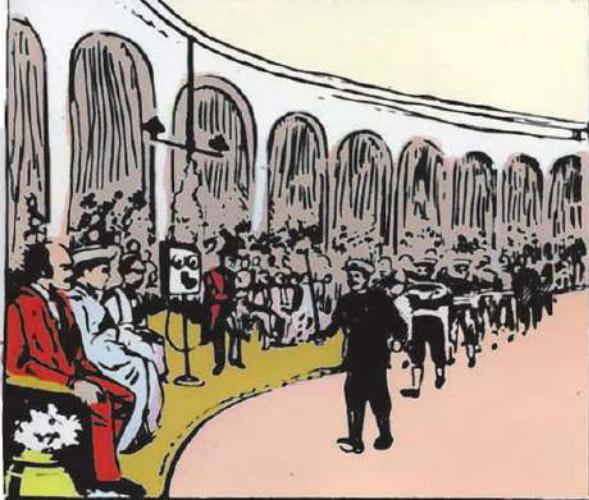
...TILL DAVID HUGHES CAME UP WITH THE MICROPHONE, AND IT WAS COMBINED WITH THE LISTENING TUBE.



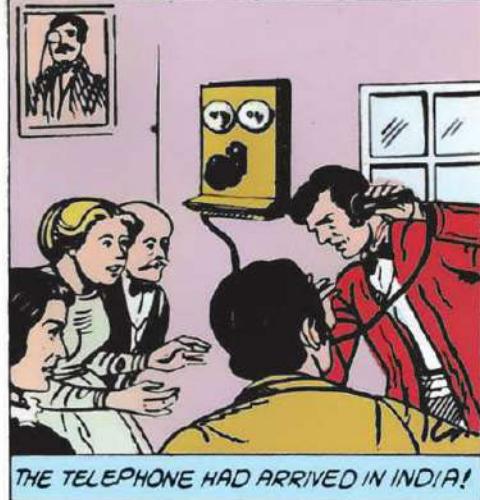
HERE ARE PICTURES OF VARIOUS MODELS OF THE TELEPHONE DEVELOPED OVER THE YEARS.



ON NOVEMBER 18, 1881 AT THE BANDSTAND ON THE SOUTH BEACH, MADRAS, THE GOVERNOR'S BAND PLAYED A VARIETY OF PIECES...

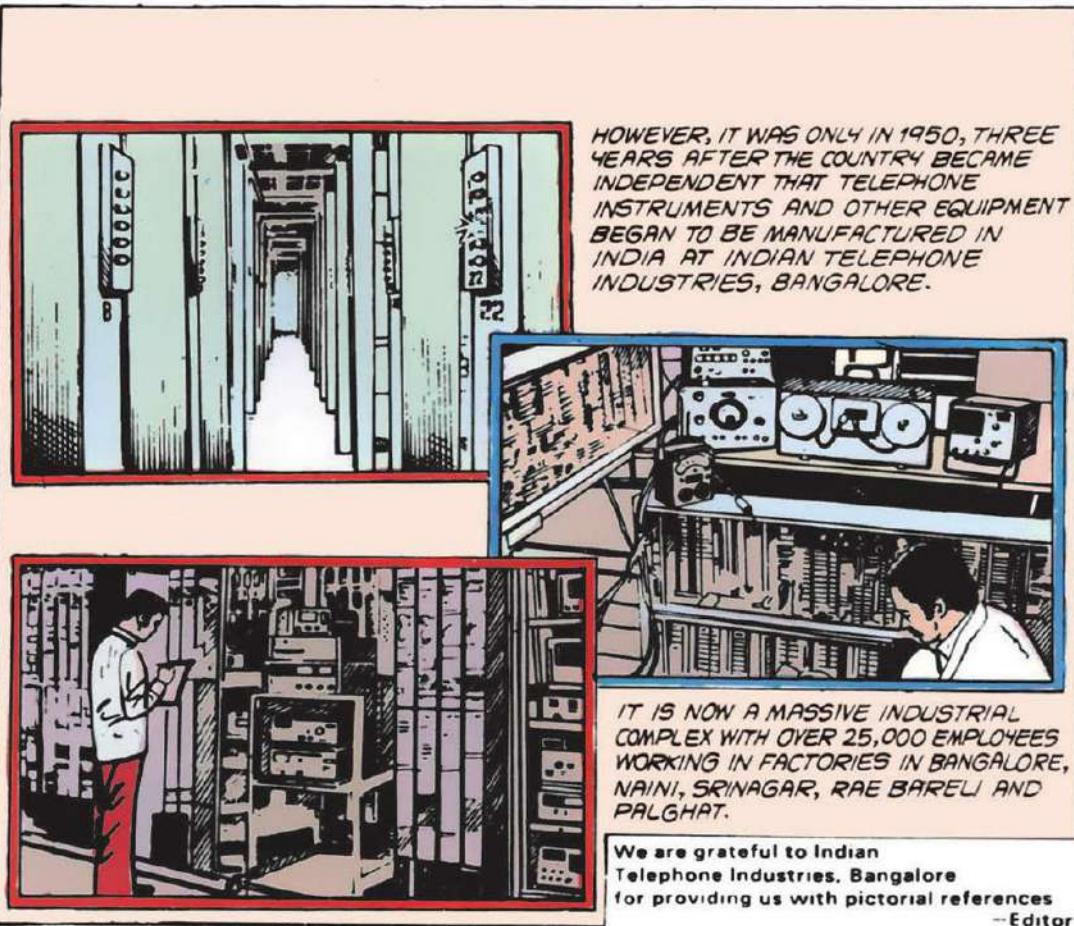


...WHICH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE LISTENED TO WITH DELIGHT AT THE MESS HOUSE AT FORT ST GEORGE.



THE TELEPHONE HAD ARRIVED IN INDIA!

HOWEVER, IT WAS ONLY IN 1950, THREE YEARS AFTER THE COUNTRY BECAME INDEPENDENT THAT TELEPHONE INSTRUMENTS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT BEGAN TO BE MANUFACTURED IN INDIA AT INDIAN TELEPHONE INDUSTRIES, BANGALORE.



IT IS NOW A MASSIVE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX WITH OVER 25,000 EMPLOYEES WORKING IN FACTORIES IN BANGALORE, NAINI, SRINAGAR, RAE BARELI AND PALGHAT.

We are grateful to Indian Telephone Industries, Bangalore for providing us with pictorial references
—Editor

ANWAR

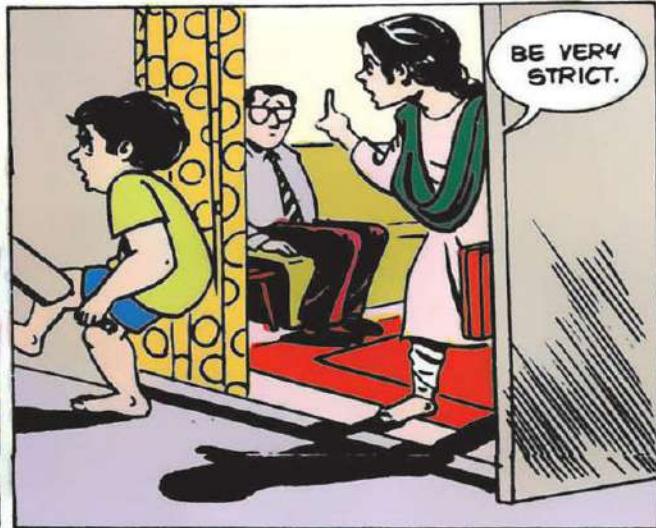
by
Appaswami



Illustrations: V. B. Halbe

ANWAR HAS BEEN
VERy NAUGHTY.

HE BROKE A GLASS
THIS MORNING.



ANWAR!

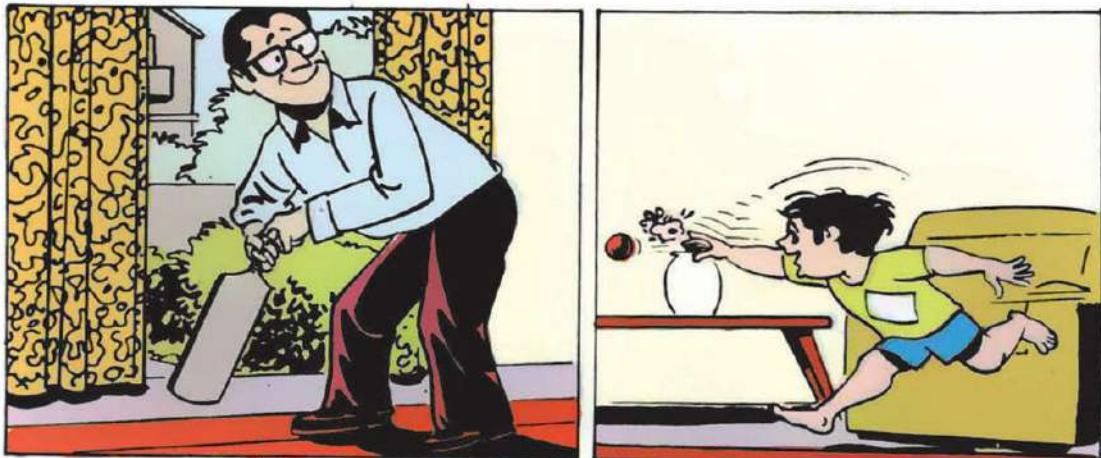
GIVE ME THAT
BAT.

DO YOU WANT
TO PLAY?

WHY?

EH...

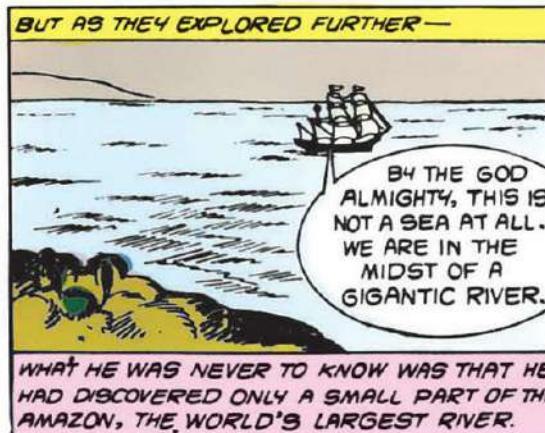
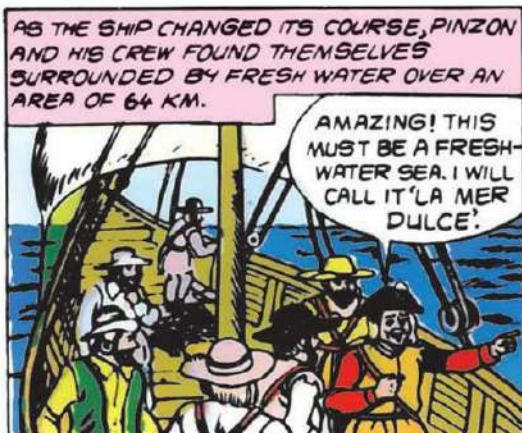




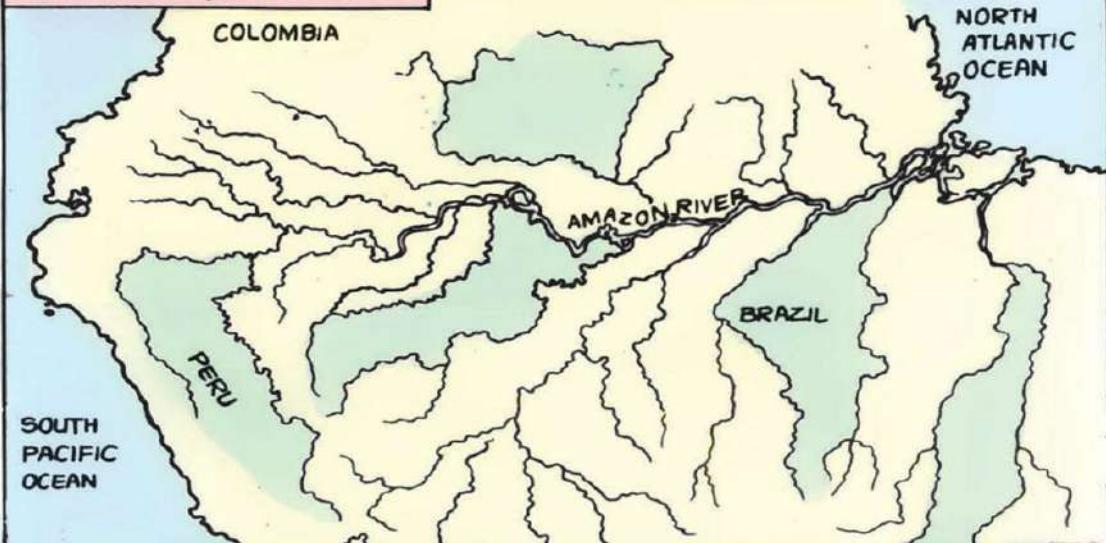
THE AMAZON-I

Script: Vajjayanti Wagle
Illustrations: Ajit Vasaikar

IN THE YEAR 1500, THE SPANISH CAPTAIN VINCENT YANEZ PINZON WAS EXPLORING THE EAST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA SUDDENLY—

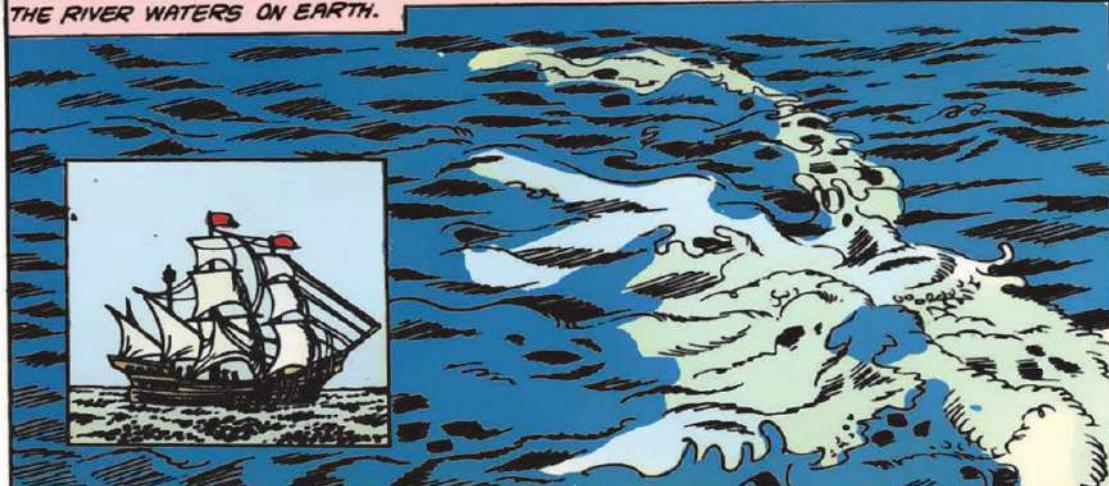


STRANGELY ENOUGH THIS MIGHTY RIVER BEGINS AS A SMALL BROOK 5600 M. HIGH IN THE SNOW-CAPPED ANDES MOUNTAINS OF PERU. FROM HERE IT PLUNGES DOWN RAVINES AND GORGES AND FLOWS THROUGH COLOMBIA AND BRAZIL TO EMPTY ITSELF OUT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, 6400 KM. AWAY.



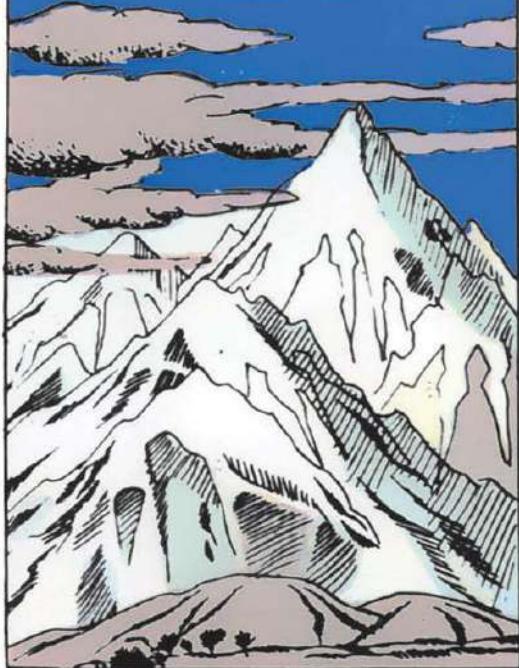
ALONG THE WAY THE MAIN TRUNK OF THE RIVER IS JOINED BY 1,100 TRIBUTARIES.

ALL THE WATER THE AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES HAVE COLLECTED POURS OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. THE WATER POURED OUT INTO THE OCEAN AMOUNTS TO ONE-FIFTH OF ALL THE RIVER WATERS ON EARTH.

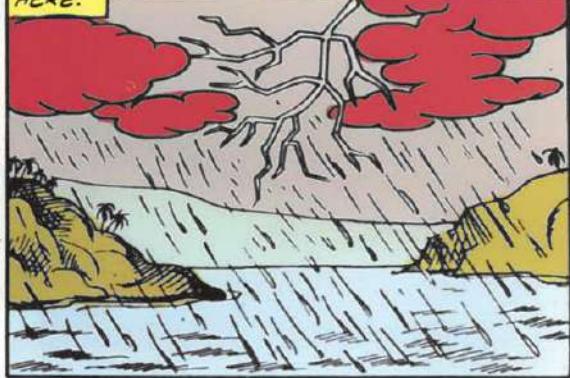


SO GREAT IS THE TORRENT OF WATER THAT FLOWS OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC THAT IT PUSHES BACK THE SALT WATER OF THE OCEAN OVER 160 KM., WHICH IS WHY PINZON AND HIS CREW THOUGHT THEY HAD SAILED INTO A FRESH-WATER SEA.

WHERE DOES ALL THIS WATER COME FROM?
SOME OF IT COMES FROM THE MELTING
SNOWS OF THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

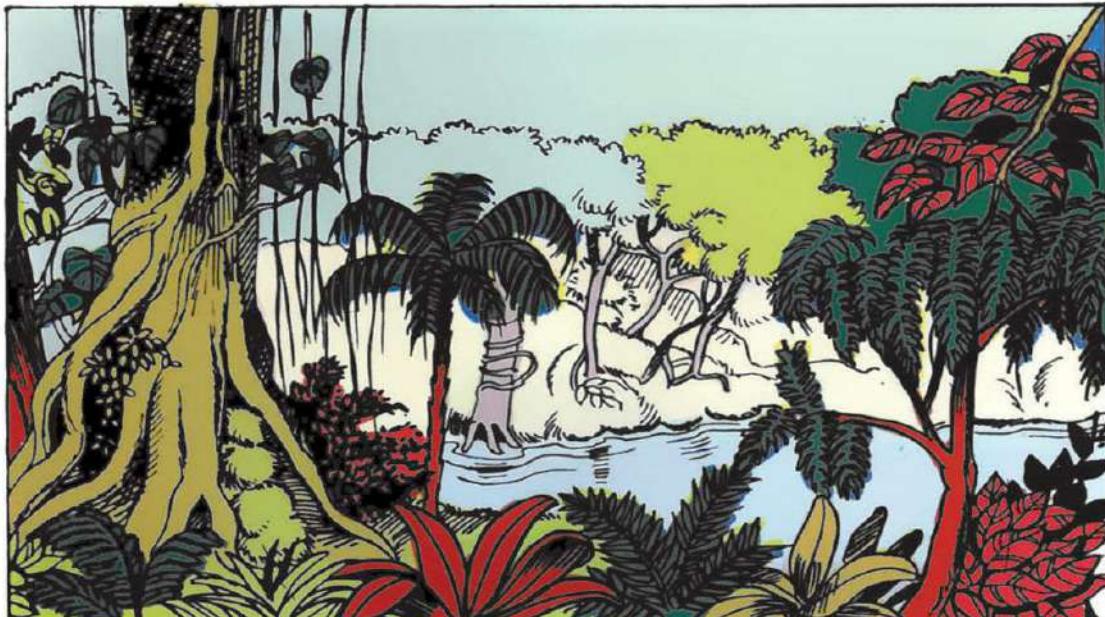


MUCH OF THE WATER IN THE RIVER AND ITS
TRIBUTARIES IS COLLECTED FROM THE RAIN
THAT FALLS HERE. AND IT IS ALWAYS RAINING
HERE.



IT IS EXTREMELY HOT IN THE AMAZON BASIN.
THE INTENSE HEAT CAUSES WATER TO
EVAPORATE. THE RESULTING WATER VAPOUR
RISES HIGH AND AS IT REACHES THE COOL
LAYERS ABOVE, IT FORMS BIG RAIN CLOUDS.

EVERY AFTERNOON, THE SKY DARKENS WITH
THICK CLOUDS, LIGHTNING CRACKLES THROUGH
THE SKY AND THE THUNDER ROLLS. SOON
THE RAIN POURS DOWN IN GREAT SHEETS
OF WATER.



THE AMAZON, ITS TRIBUTARIES AND THE JUNGLES AROUND THEM, COMPRIZE A HUGE
WILDERNESS SPREAD OUT OVER NINE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES.

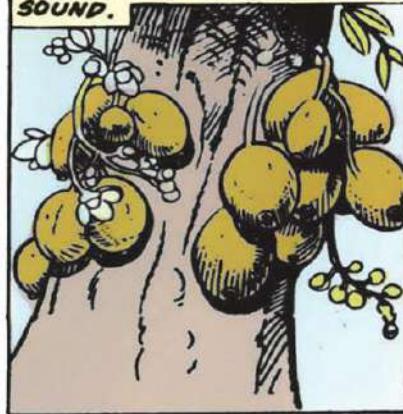
AMAZON-II

Script : Vaijayanti Wagle
Illustrations : Ajit Vasaikar

THE AMAZON RIVER FLOWS THROUGH VERY THICK JUNGLE. IT IS SO DARK AND FORBIDDING THAT IT IS ALMOST UNTOUCHED BY MAN. STRANGE INSECTS, BIRDS, ANIMALS AND PLANTS ARE FOUND HERE.



THERE IS THE CANNONBALL TREE. ITS FRUIT IS AS HARD AS IRON AND WHEN IT FALLS TO THE GROUND IT MAKES A VERY LOUD SOUND.



THE AMAZONIAN VICTORIA LILY HAS HUGE LEAVES THAT LOOK LIKE GIANT-SIZED PLATES.



THE ANACONDA IS THE LARGEST SNAKE IN THE WORLD, OFTEN GROWING TO OVER 10 METRES. IT WRAPS ITSELF ROUND ITS VICTIM, SUFFOCATING IT AND THEN SWALLOWS IT WHOLE.



THERE ARE A WIDE VARIETY OF MONKEYS, HAPPILY JUMPING FROM TREE TO TREE.



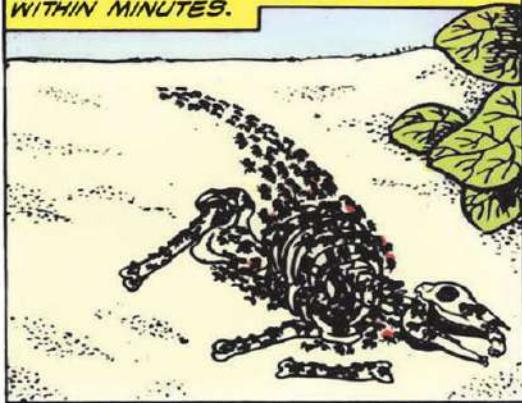
THE CAPYBARA IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST RODENT, ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE A FIRST COUSIN OF THE PIG'S. IT CAN GROW UPTO 1½ METRES AND WEIGHS ABOUT 73 KGS. IT HAS WEBBED FEET AND IS A VERY GOOD SWIMMER.



BECAUSE OF THE THICK VEGETATION VERY LARGE ANIMALS ARE RARE. SO IT IS THE INSECTS THAT RULE THE JUNGLE. ANTS CROWD INTO EVERY AVAILABLE SPACE. FIRE ANTS EAT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. LEAF-EATING SAUNA ANTS CAN DESTROY GARDENS OVERNIGHT.



AND CARNIVOROUS ARMY ANTS CAN TURN A CADAVER INTO A SKELETON WITHIN MINUTES.



THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER HAS A 17½ CM. LEG SPAN. IT RUNS AND POUNCES ON ITS PREY. ITS BITE IS FATAL TO SMALL BIRDS AND INSECTS.



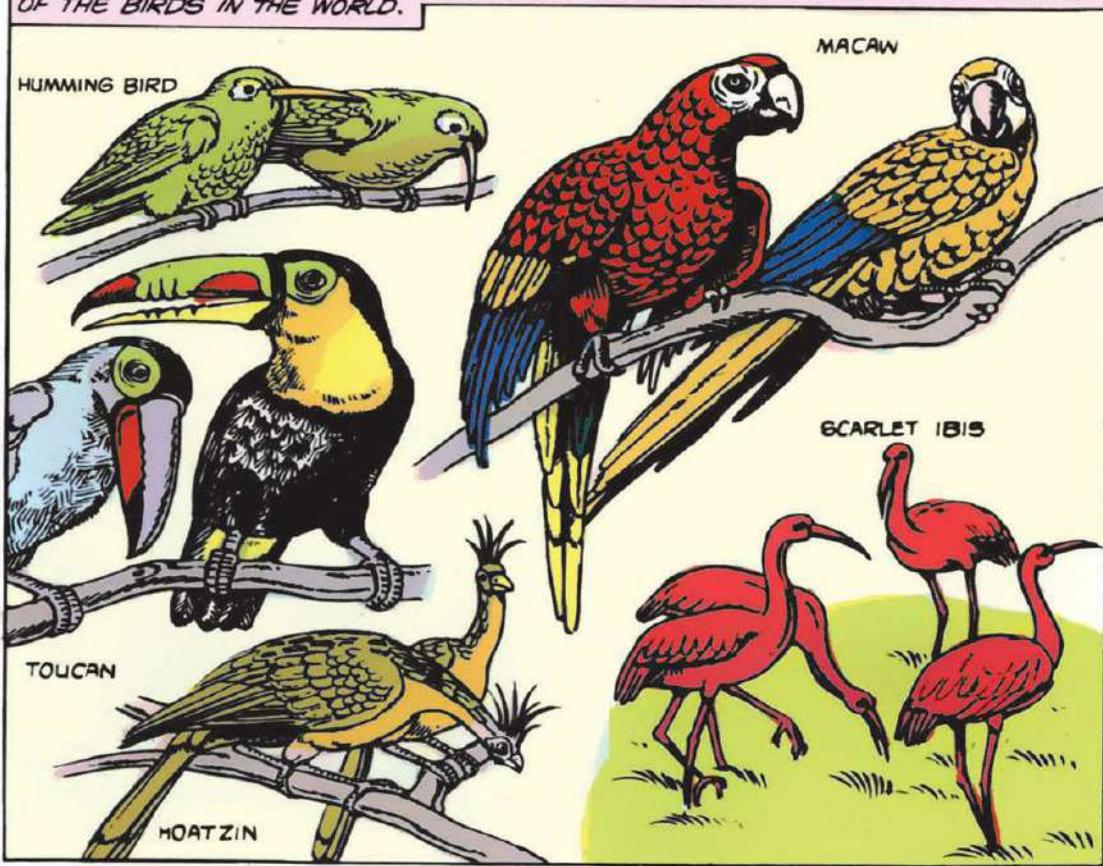
THOUSANDS OF SPECIES OF BUTTERFLIES FLIT THROUGH THE GLOOMY JUNGLE IN THEIR GLITTERING COLOURS.



THE RIVER WATERS ARE TEEMING WITH OVER 1500 VARIETIES OF FISH. THE DEADLY PIRANHA ARE TINY FISH THAT TRAVEL IN LARGE SCHOOLS. THEY CAN EAT A MAN OR ANIMAL TO THE BONE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.



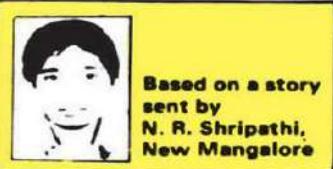
AND THE AMAZON BASIN IS THE HOME OF MORE THAN HALF OF THE 8,600 SPECIES OF THE BIRDS IN THE WORLD.



THE CLEVER COURT JESTER

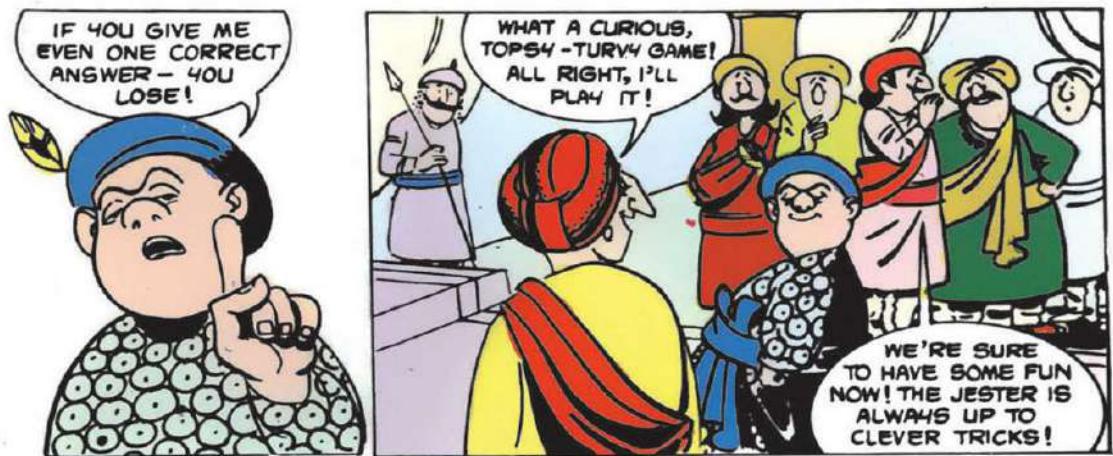
Illustrations: V. B. Halbe

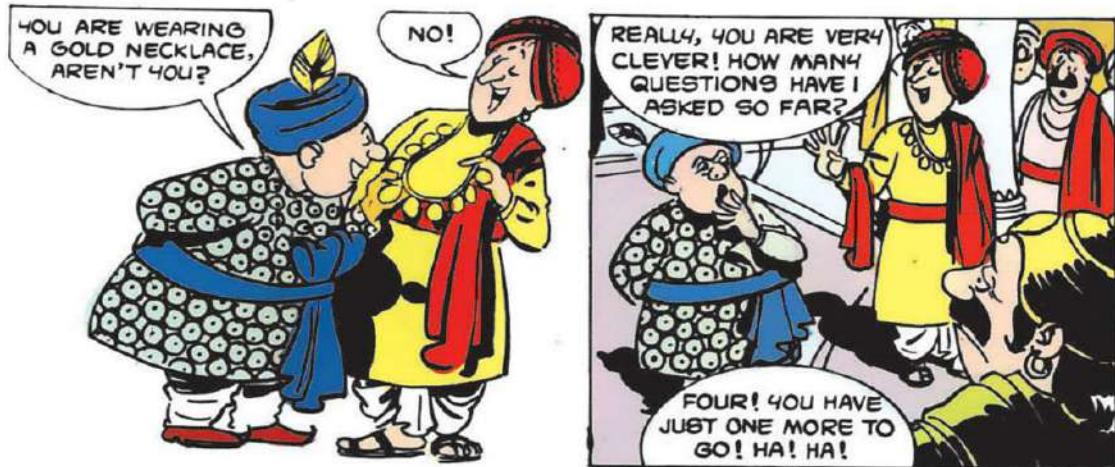
Readers' Choice



Based on a story sent by
N. R. Shripathi,
New Mangalore







MEET THE COW

Script: Ashvin
Illustrations : Ajit Vasaikar

CATTLE HAVE BEEN DOMESTICATED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. COWS HAVE BEEN REARED FOR THEIR MILK AND THE MALES (BULLS OR OXEN) HAVE BEEN USED TO PULL HEAVY LOADS.

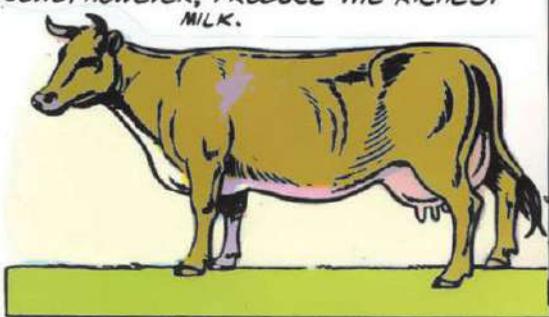
INDIAN COWS HAVE A HUMP AND A LARGE DEWLAP. THE DEWLAP IS THE FOLD OF SKIN HANGING DOWN FROM THEIR NECKS. THE COW LOSES EXCESS HEAT IN ITS BODY THROUGH THE DEWLAP.



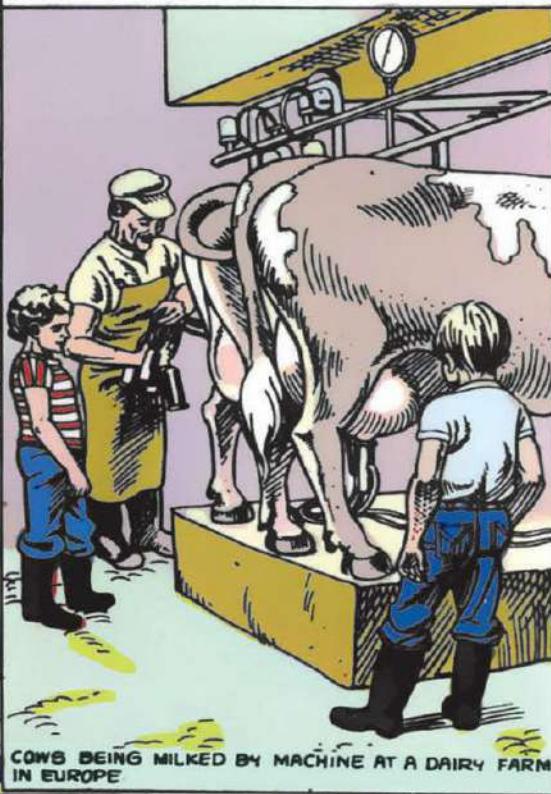
A COW STARTS GIVING MILK ONLY WHEN IT HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A CALF. AND THEN IT CONTINUES TO GIVE MILK FOR NINE TO TEN MONTHS AFTERWARDS. INDIAN COWS GIVE FIVE TO SIX LITRES OF MILK A DAY.



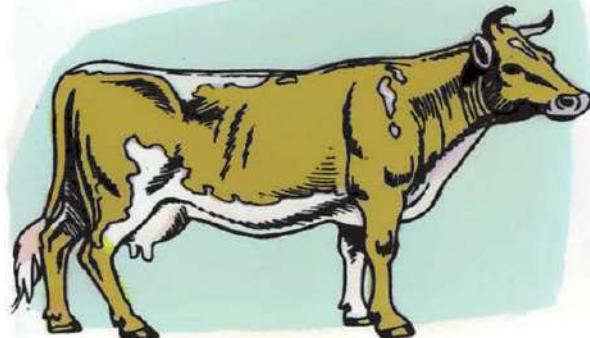
IF YOU LOOK AT A JERSEY COW, FOR EXAMPLE, YOU'LL SEE THAT HER UDDERS ARE SO LARGE THAT SHE CAN HARDLY WALK. JERSEY COWS, HOWEVER, PRODUCE THE RICHEST MILK.



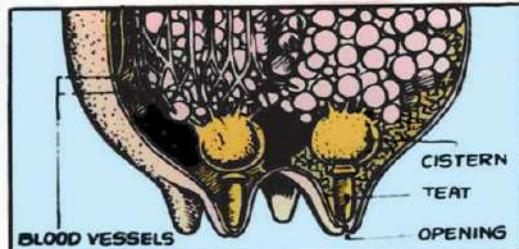
EUROPEAN BREEDS GIVE UP TO FIFTY LITRES OF MILK A DAY. THESE COWS ARE RAISED ESPECIALLY FOR THEIR MILK.



THE PROTEIN CONTENT OF MILK IS HIGHEST FOR GUERNSEY COWS (3.91 PERCENT).



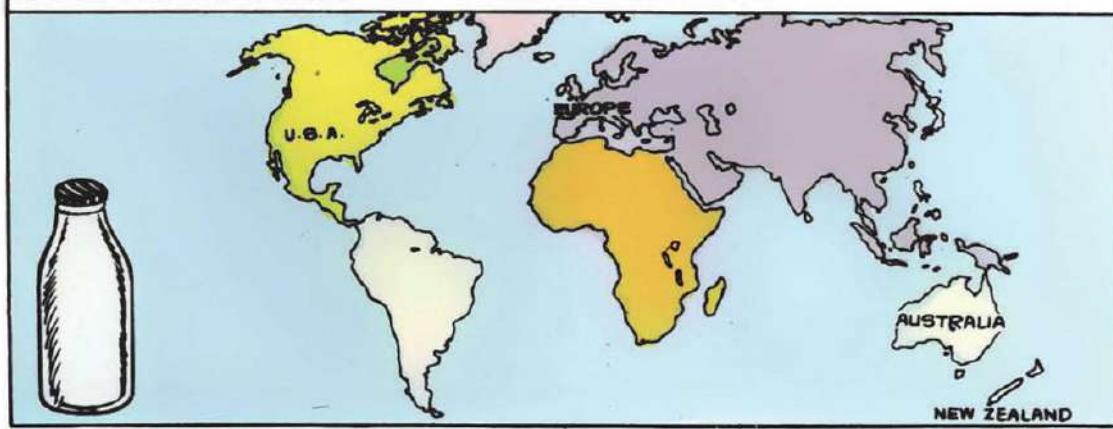
THE MILK IS PRODUCED BY THE COW FROM HER BLOOD. EACH TIME BLOOD PASSES THROUGH THE UDDER, SOME PART OF THE BLOOD IS CHANGED INTO MILK. ABOUT 200 LITRES OF BLOOD MUST PASS THROUGH THE UDDER TO MAKE ABOUT 450 GMS. OF MILK.



SO IF A COW IS TO GIVE A LOT OF MILK, IT MUST GET A LOT OF FOOD. IN INDIA, THE COW IS FED GRAINS, BRAN AND OILCAKES IN ADDITION TO GRASS AND HAY.



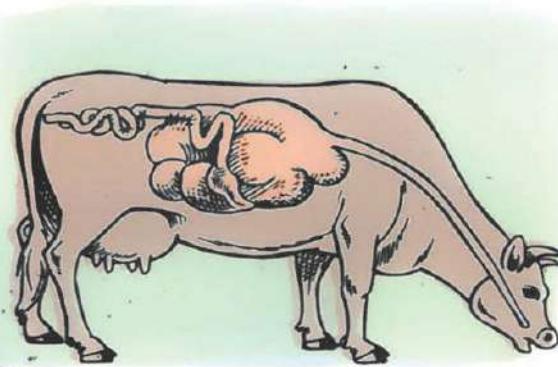
EUROPE, THE U.S.A., NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA HAVE RICH GRASSLANDS AND A CLIMATE IN WHICH COWS THRIVE. SO THEY ARE THE LARGEST MILK-PRODUCING COUNTRIES.



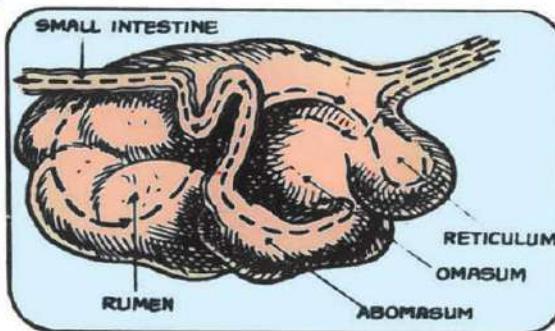
THE COW SWallows ITS FOOD
QUICKLY AND STORES IT IN THE
PAUNCH OR RUMEN, THE FIRST OF THE
FOUR COMPARTMENTS OF ITS STOMACH.
LATER THE FOOD PASSES INTO THE
SECOND COMPARTMENT, THE RETICULUM
WHERE IT IS ROLLED INTO LITTLE
BALLS OR CUDS.



THIS TIME THE FOOD PASSES INTO THE
THIRD AND THEN INTO THE FOURTH
COMPARTMENTS - THE OMASUM AND THE
ABOMASUM.
DIGESTION TAKES PLACE IN THE
ABOMASUM.



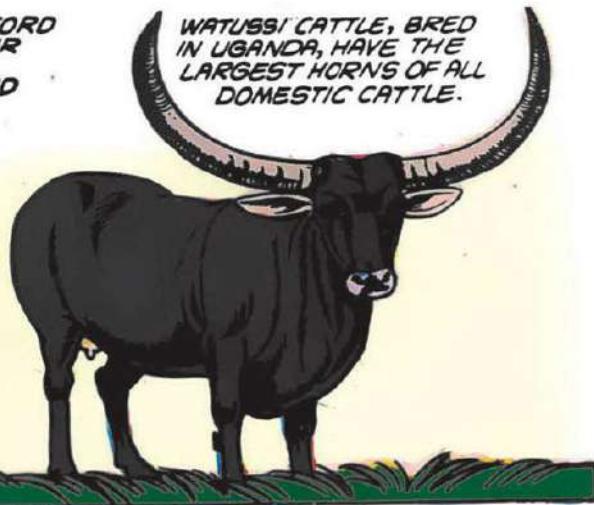
WHEN THE ANIMAL
IS RESTING, IT BRINGS UP
THESE CUDS, CHEWS THEM
MORE THOROUGHLY AND
SWallows THEM AGAIN.



SOME EUROPEAN CATTLE LIKE THE HEREFORD
COW SHOWN HERE, ARE RAISED FOR THEIR
MEAT.
THESE CATTLE HAVE HEAVY WELL-ROUNDED
BODIES.



WATUSSI CATTLE, BRED
IN UGANDA, HAVE THE
LARGEST HORNs OF ALL
DOMESTIC CATTLE.



The Wonder of Wonders

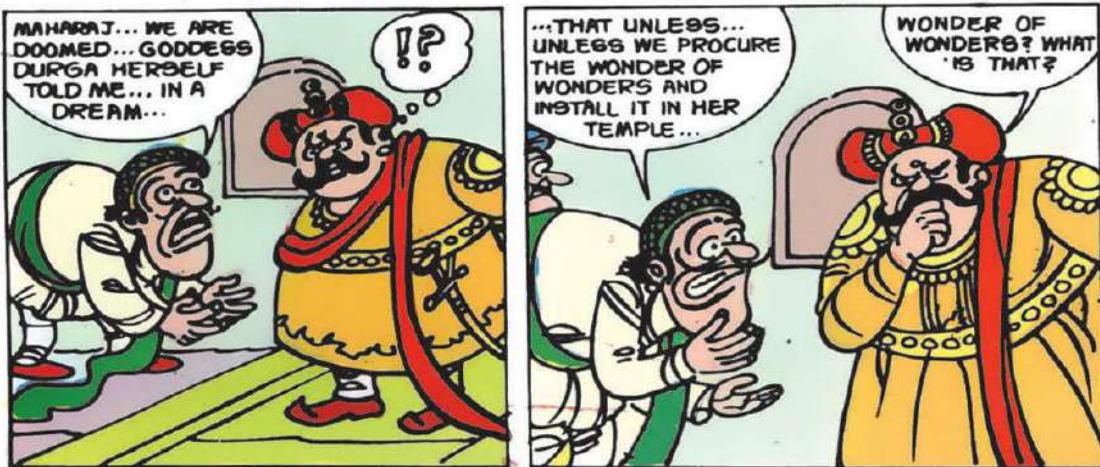
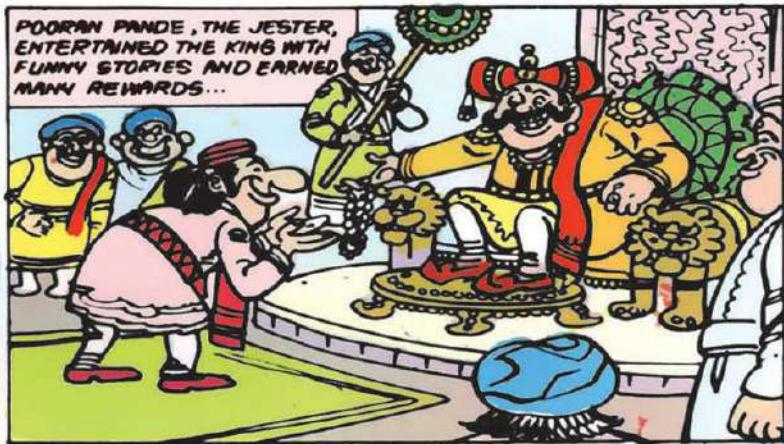
A Folktale from Bihar

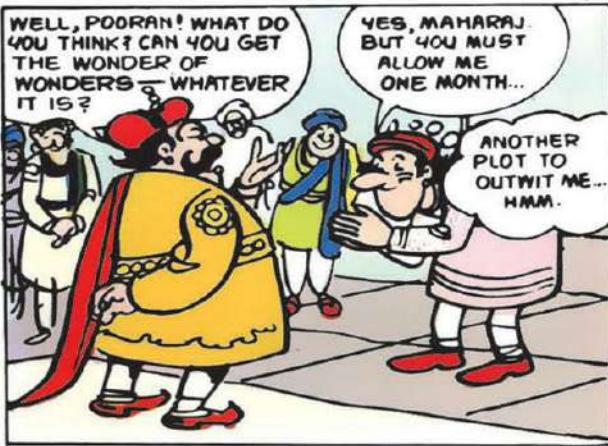
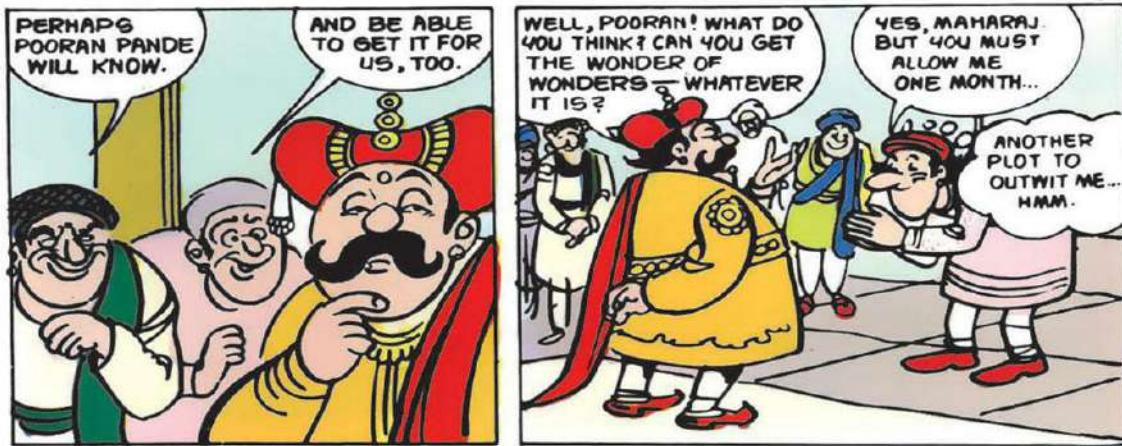
Script

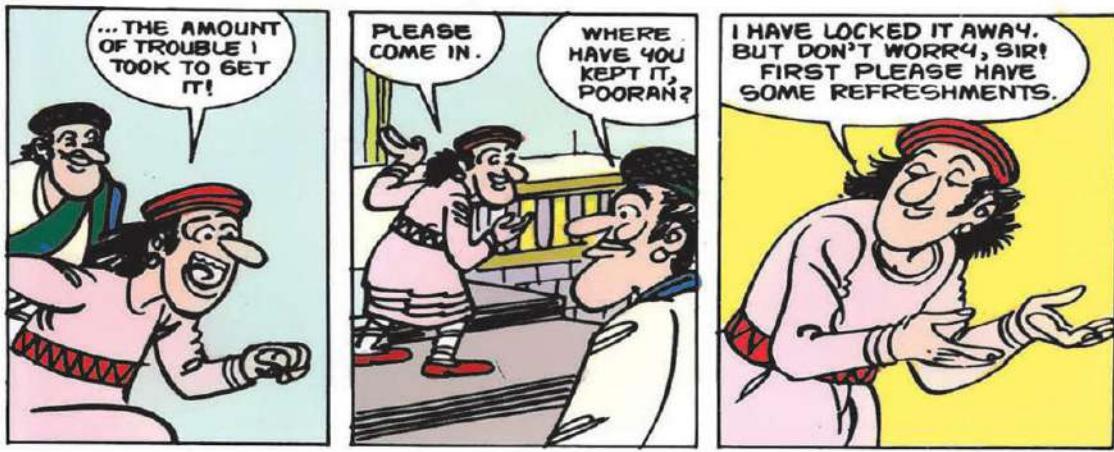
Meera Ugra

Illustrations:

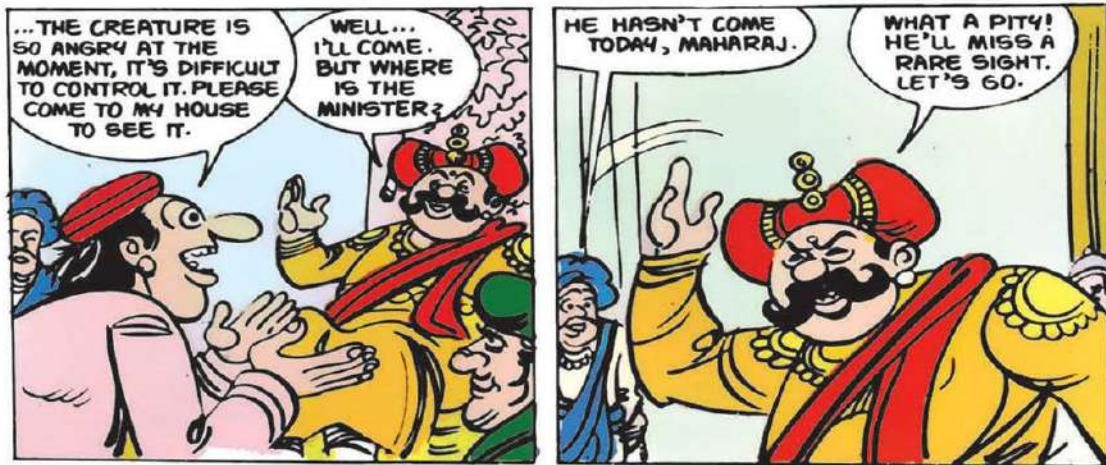
Ram Waserkar













WEATHER AND CLIMATE

Script : J. D. Isloor
Illustrations :
Anand Mande



IF A FOREIGNER WERE ASKED ABOUT THE CLIMATE OF OUR COUNTRY, HE WOULD SAY IT IS WARM, AND HE WOULD BE RIGHT. BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH THE WEATHER HERE CAN BE COLD DURING WINTER AND DAMP DURING THE MONSOONS, THE GREATER PART OF INDIA IS GENERALLY WARM THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.
THE CLIMATE OF ANY COUNTRY IS THE GENERAL WEATHER OF THAT COUNTRY.



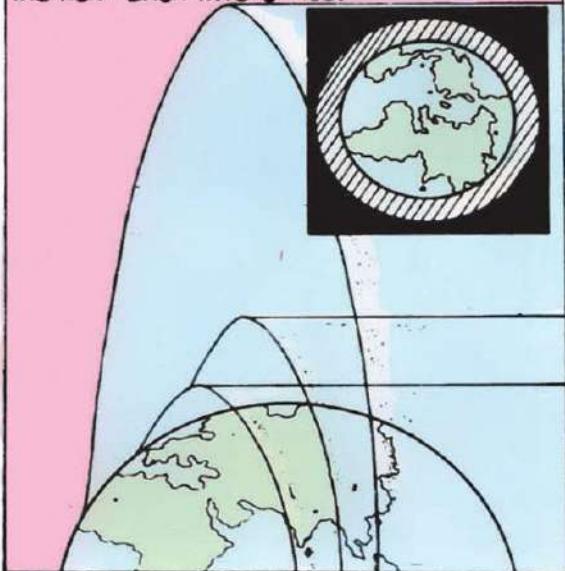
EUROPEANS LIVE DIFFERENTLY.
THE SUN SHINES MILDLY ON THEIR COUNTRIES.
AND THE WINTERS ARE LONG. SO THEIR
HOUSES HAVE TO BE ARTIFICIALLY HEATED.
AND THEIR CLOTHING IS HEAVY AND WARM.
MEAT IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THEIR DIET.



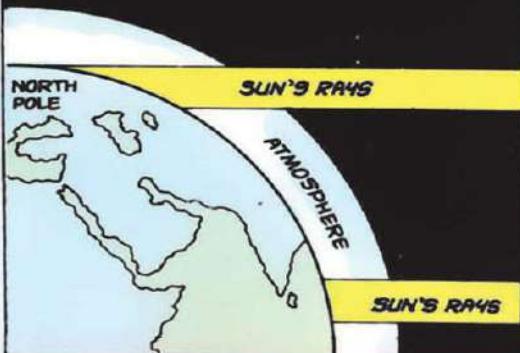
ESKIMOS LIVE IN A STILL COLDER CLIMATE.
THEIR HOUSES ('GLOOS') ARE BUILT OUT
OF SNOW. AS CROPS CANNOT GROW ON
THEIR LAND, THE ESKIMOS LIVE MAINLY
ON FOOD FROM THE SEA INCLUDING FISH
AND SEALS. THEIR CLOTHING IS MADE OUT
OF ANIMAL SKINS.



THE CHIEF FACTOR IN CLIMATE IS THE AMOUNT OF HEAT RECEIVED FROM THE SUN. THE EARTH IS SURROUNDED BY THE LAYER OF GAS THAT WE BREATHE AND WHICH WE CALL THE ATMOSPHERE. BEFORE SUNLIGHT REACHES THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH, IT HAS TO PASS THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE WHICH REFLECTS ABOUT HALF THE HEAT BACK INTO SPACE.



BECAUSE OF THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH, THE RAYS OF THE SUN HIT THE EARTH AT DIFFERENT ANGLES. THE RAYS ARE DIRECT AT THE EQUATOR. SO THIS IS THE HOTTEST REGION. AT THE POLES A SIMILAR AMOUNT OF RAYS SPREAD OVER A LARGER DISTANCE. SO THIS REGION RECEIVES MUCH LESS HEAT.



YOU CAN ALSO SEE FROM THE FIGURE THAT THE SUN'S RAYS TRAVEL A GREATER DISTANCE THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AT THE POLAR REGION THAN AT THE EQUATOR. BECAUSE OF THIS, THE RAYS LOSE A LOT OF HEAT BEFORE THEY REACH THE GROUND AT THE POLES.

OCEANS ALSO CONTRIBUTE TO THE CLIMATE OF A PLACE. LAND HEATS UP FASTER THAN WATER. LAND COOLS FASTER TOO. LONG AFTER THE LAND HAS COOLED THE WATER IS STILL VERY WARM. THIS IS WHY, IN WINTER, PLACES NEAR THE SEA, LIKE BOMBAY AND GOA ARE MUCH WARMER THAN PLACES IN THE INTERIOR LIKE NAGPUR AND AHMEDABAD.



IN SUMMER, THE HOT SUN QUICKLY HEATS UP THE LAND BUT THE WATER OF THE OCEAN TAKES TIME TO GET HEATED. AS A RESULT THE SEA IS COOLER THAN THE LAND AND PLACES NEAR THE SEA ARE COOLER THAN PLACES IN THE INTERIOR.

ALTITUDE ALSO AFFECTS CLIMATE. THE AIR IS THINNER AT HIGHER ALTITUDES AND THE TEMPERATURE DROPS ABOUT $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{C}$ FOR EVERY 92 METRES UP. MOUNT CHIMBORAZO IN ECUADOR, IN SOUTH AMERICA IS ON THE EQUATOR, BUT IT HAS A PERMANENT CAP OF SNOW.



Readers choice

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPPANDI-7

Illustrations :
Ram Waeerkar



Based on a
story sent by
Samiulla
Sherif,
Bombay





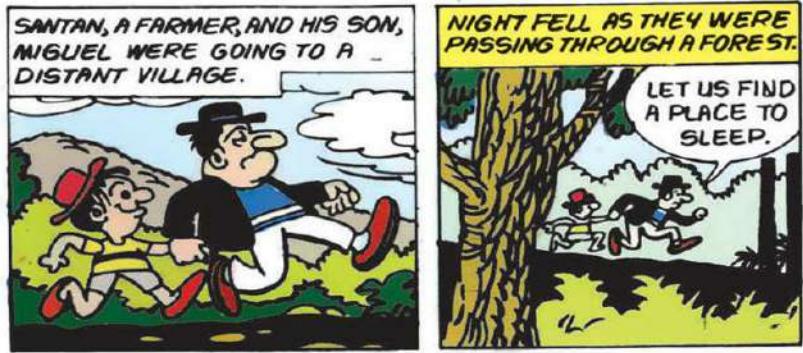
A TALE FROM GOA

Illustrations :
Ram Waerkar

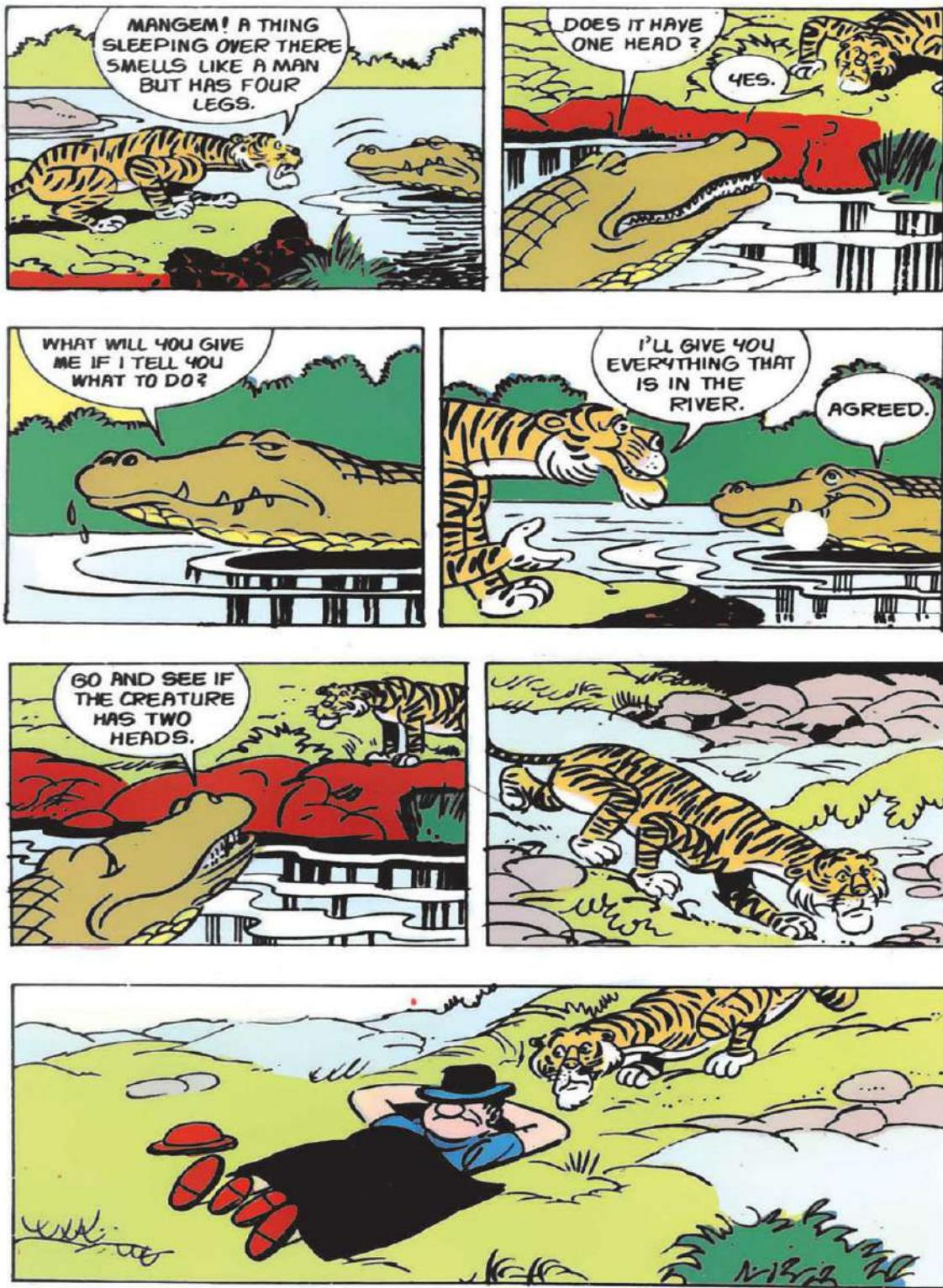
READERS' CHOICE



Based on a
story sent by
Renuka Dennis,
Goa





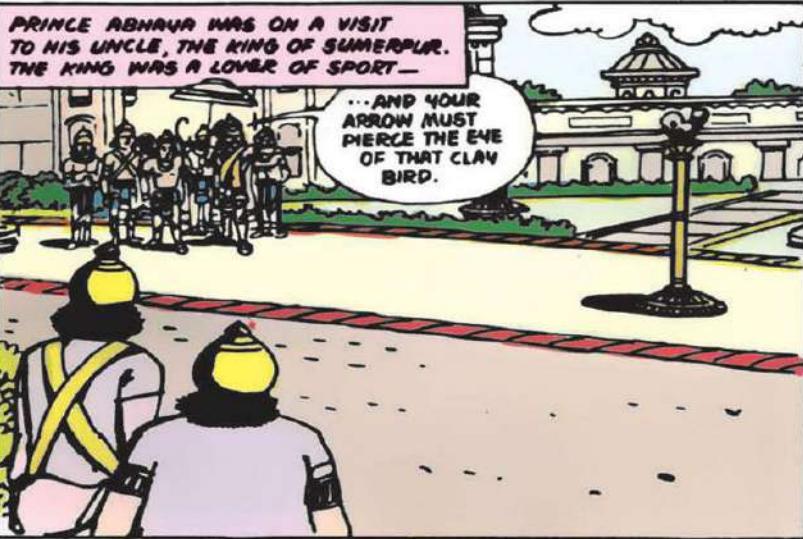


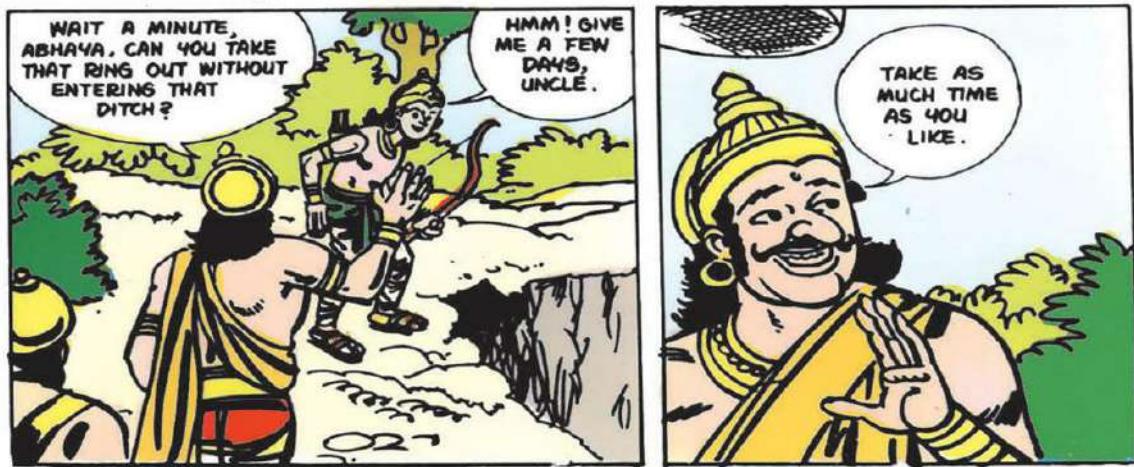
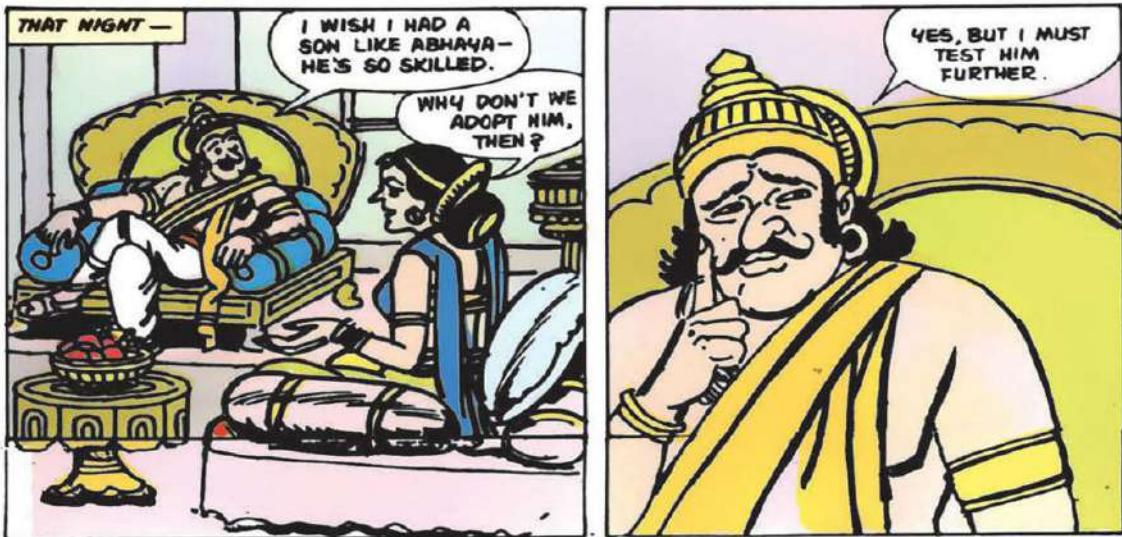


PRINCE ABHAYA

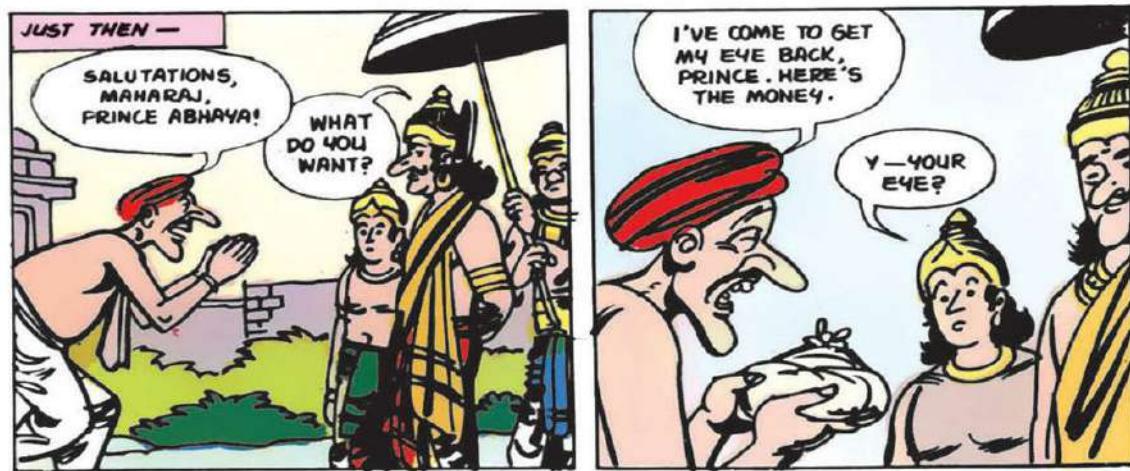
Story :
Motilal Surana

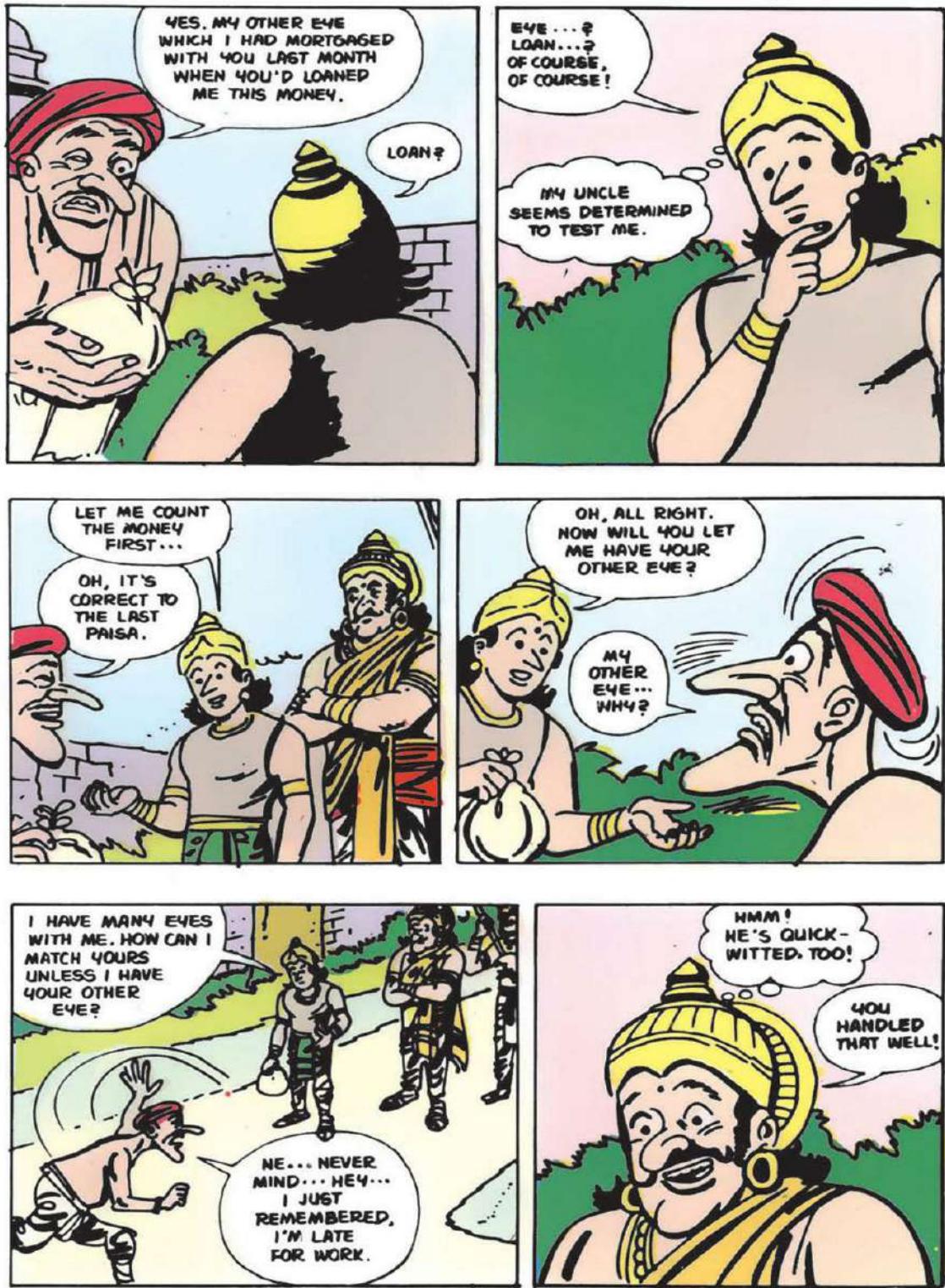
Illustrations :
Ram Waeerkar



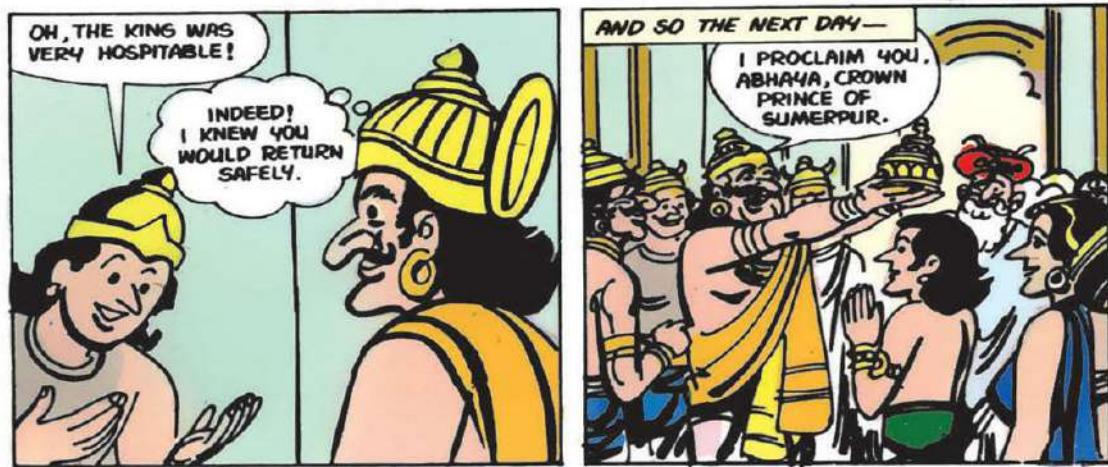












THIS HAPPENED TO ME ...

One evening I was returning home from college on my bicycle. It was a pleasant evening and I was feeling on top of the world. The road was somewhat deserted so I left the handlebars and rode merrily in the middle of the road.

Suddenly there was a screech of brakes and a police jeep stopped behind me. Sitting inside was the Superintendent of Police himself. He asked me to accompany him. My bike and I were taken to the police station.

We got down in front of the police station, but instead of going in, the S.P. gave some orders to a constable, pointing towards a bicycle-repair shop nearby.

Five minutes later, the S.P. turned to me and said, "Here son, take your bike. And since you don't need the handlebars, we'll keep them with us at the police station!"

The bicycle was returned to me minus the handlebars!

- This true life story has been sent by Suvidhi Surana of Yeotmal.



Readers' Choice

THE OBEDIENT DISCIPLES

Based on a
story sent by
B. Venugopal,
Calicut



Illustrations: S.N. Sawant

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE LIVED A SAGE WHO HAD MANY YOUNG DISCIPLES.



THE SAGE WAS RATHER VAIN.

FOLD YOUR HANDS
WHENEVER YOU
SEE ME.



ONE DAY THE SAGE AND HIS DISCIPLES WENT FOR A WALK.



SUDDENLY —





ANWAR

by
Appaswami

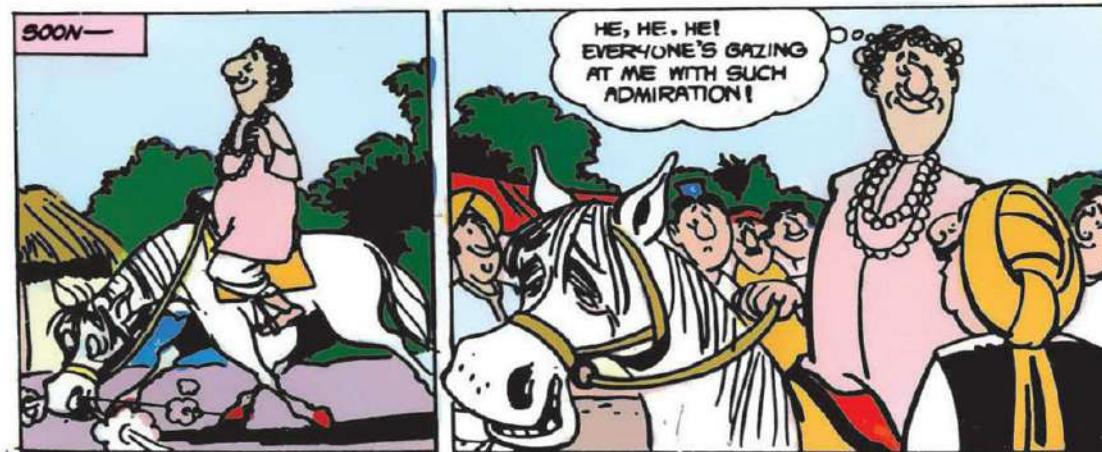


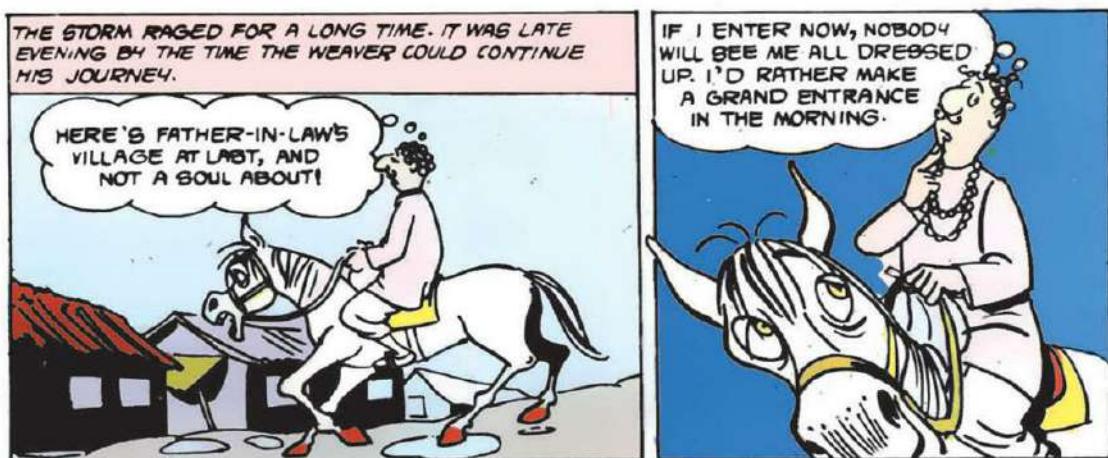
Illustrations: V. B. Halbe



THE FOOLISH WEAVER

Script: Gayatri Madan Dutt
Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

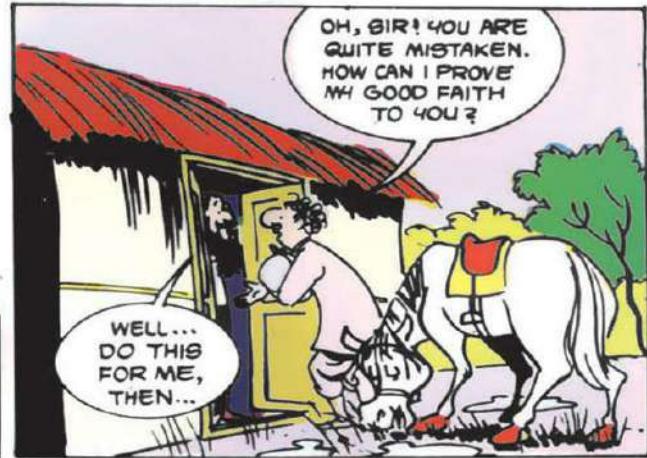




GO AWAY! HOW DO I
KNOW WHO YOU MAY BE?
WHAT... WHAT IF YOU
ARE A THIEF, COME
TO ROB A POOR
FAKIR?



OH, SIR! YOU ARE
QUITE MISTAKEN.
HOW CAN I PROVE
MY GOOD FAITH
TO YOU?



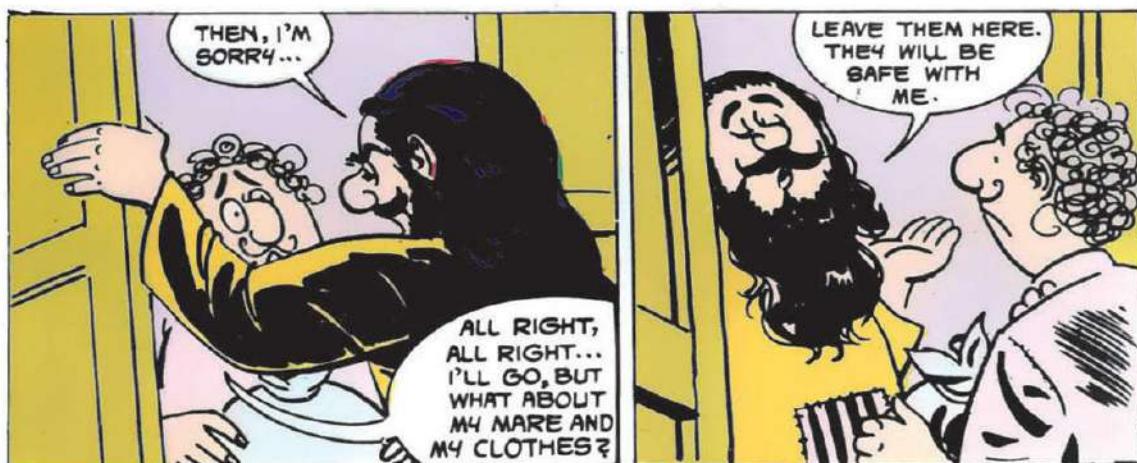
...I AM OLD AND FIND
IT DIFFICULT TO GO AND
ASK FOR ALMS EVERYDAY.
IF YOU WEAR MY CLOTHES
AND GO TODAY IN
MY STEAD, YOU CAN
STAY HERE.



BUT...
HOW CAN
I...?

ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT...
I'LL GO, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
MY MARE AND
MY CLOTHES?

LEAVE THEM HERE.
THEY WILL BE
SAFE WITH
ME.







A TAIL'S TALE

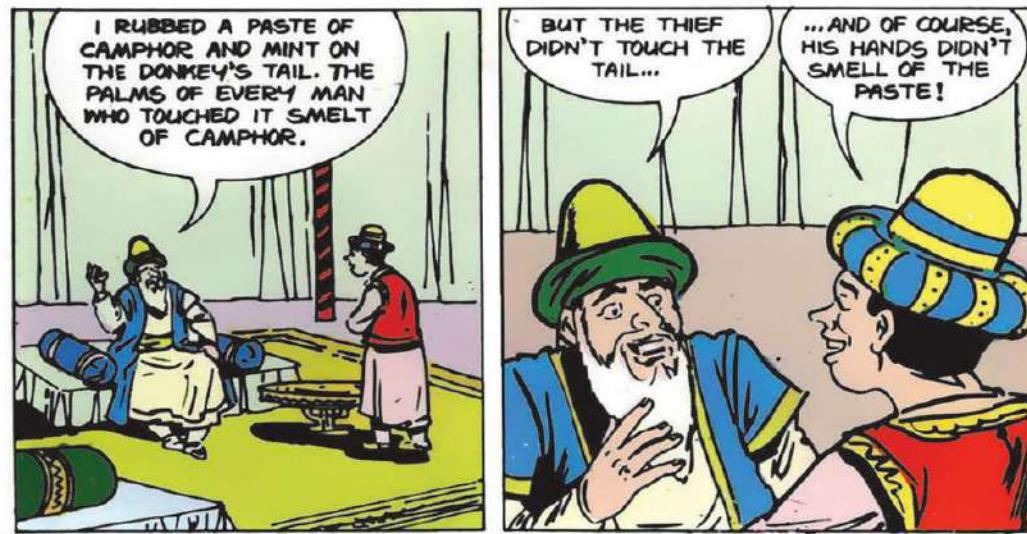
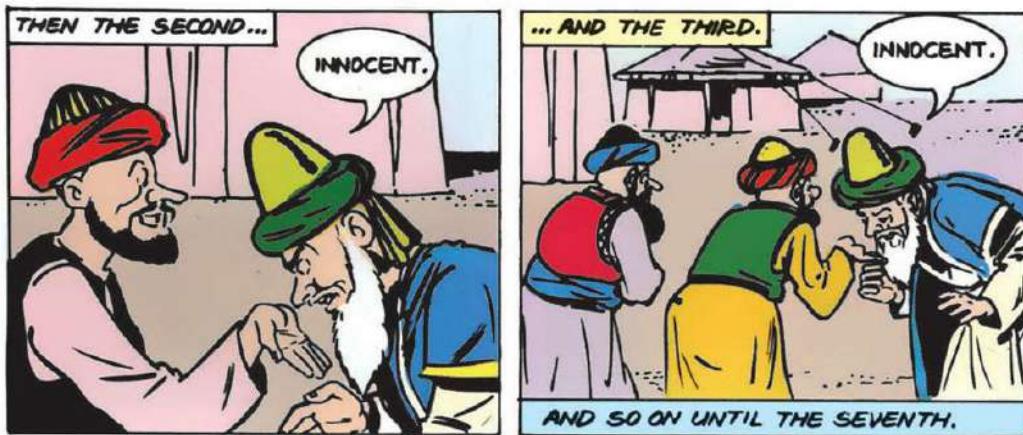
Illustrations: Ashok Dongre

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Rashmi Mishra, Khagadia, Bihar



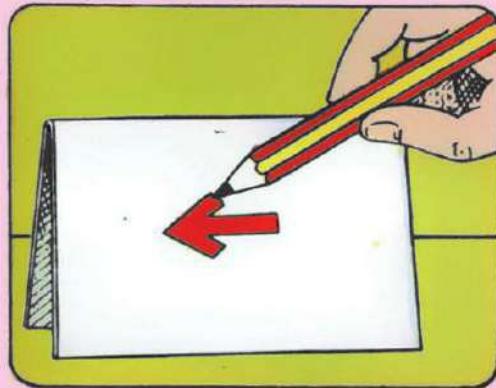




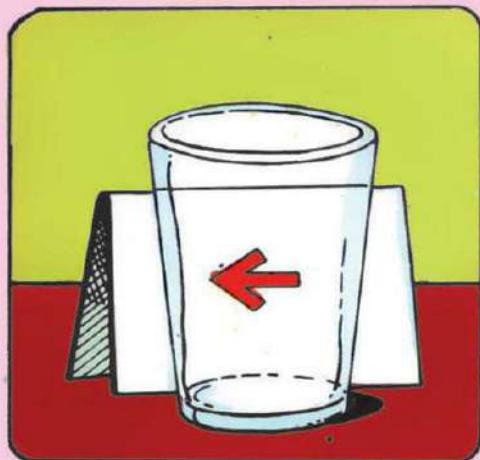
D

THE MOVING ARROW

You will need : A glass, water, a piece of card.



1. Fold a sheet of card in half and draw an arrow in the centre of one side.



2. Stand the card on a table and place an empty glass in front of the card. Now, can you change the direction of the arrow without touching the card ?

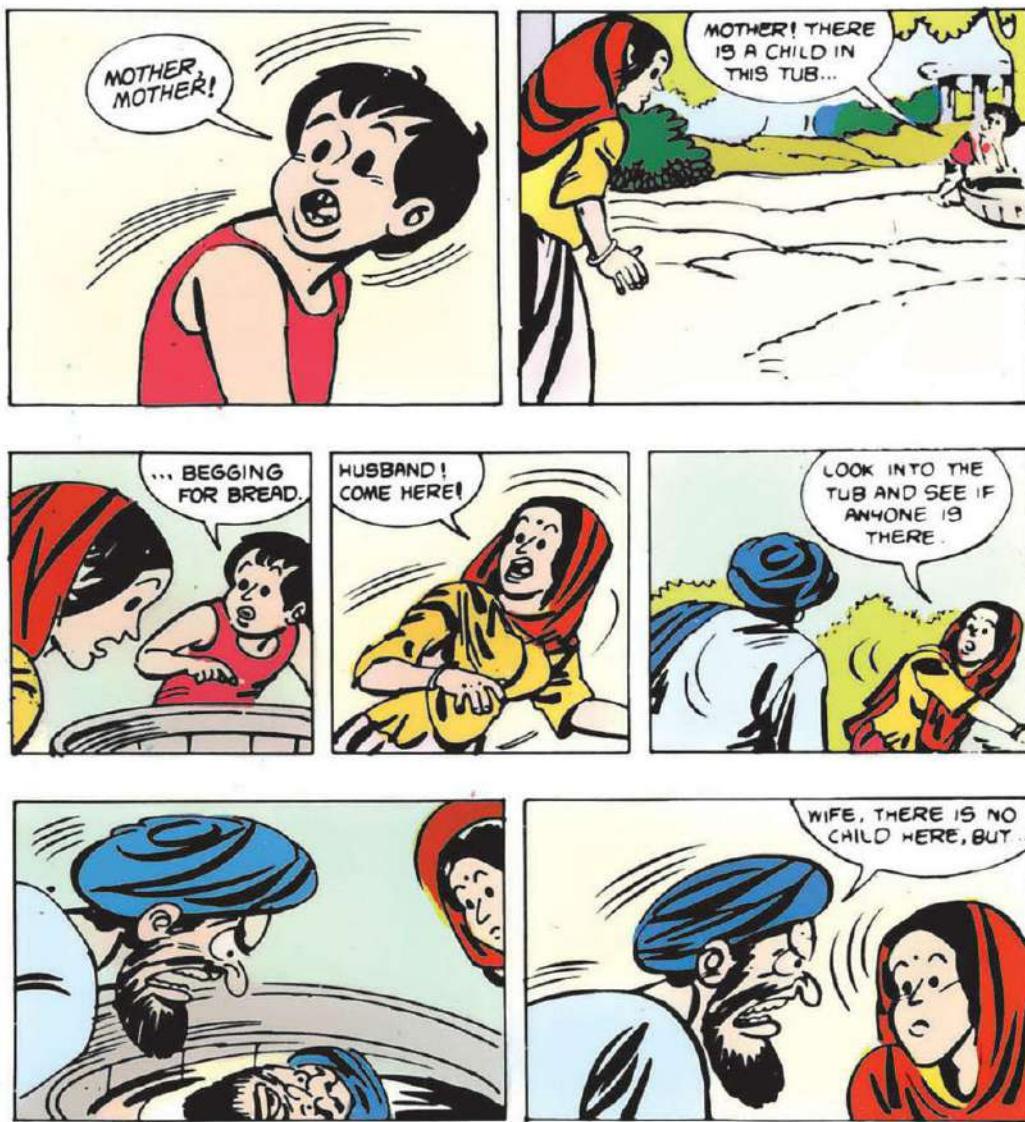


3. You can do so just by filling the glass with water !

THE THIEF IN THE TUB

Romantic Tales
of the Punjab

Script: Anju Aggarwal
Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar











Shikari Shambu

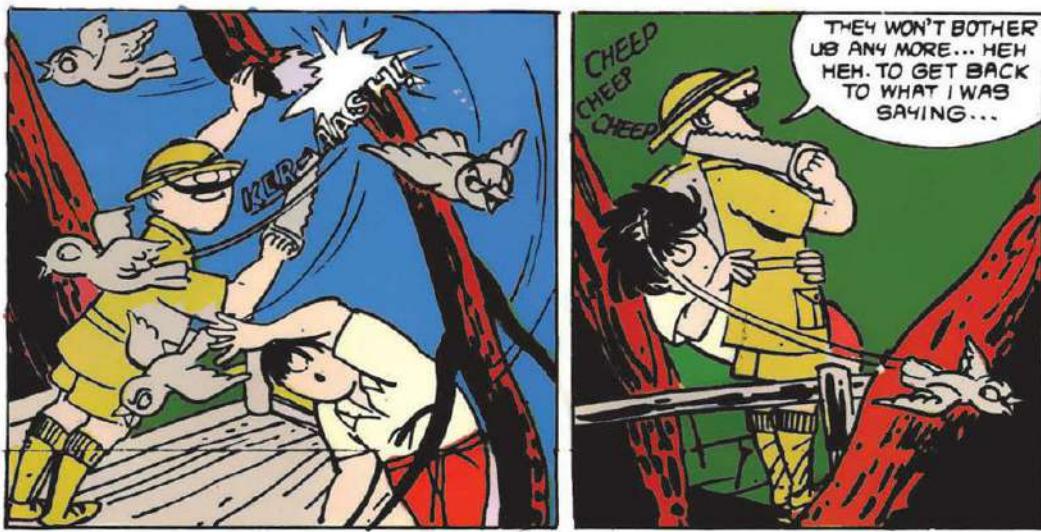
Script:
Luis M Fernandes
Illustrations:
V B Halbe



YOU DON'T NEED TORCHES ON A MOONLIT NIGHT AND...

CHEEP!
CHEEP!







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