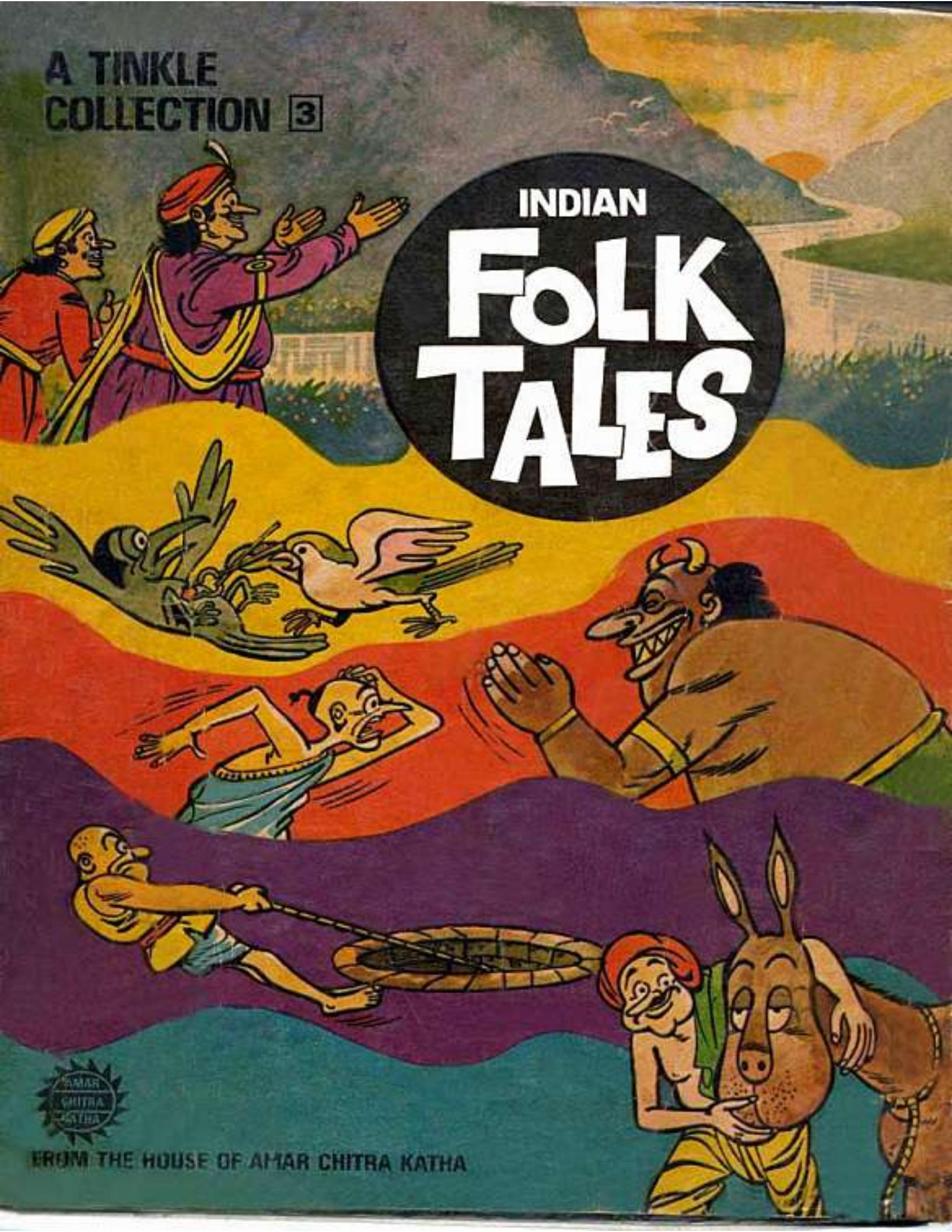


A TINKLE
COLLECTION 3

INDIAN
**FOLK
TALES**



FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

This book belongs to :

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Published by H. G. Mirchandani for IBH Publishers Pvt. Ltd., Mahalaxmi Chambers, 22, Bhulabhai Desai Road, Bombay 400 026 and printed by him at IBH Printers, Marol Naka, Mathuradas Vissanji Road, Andheri (East) Bombay 400 059.

Editor: Anant Pai

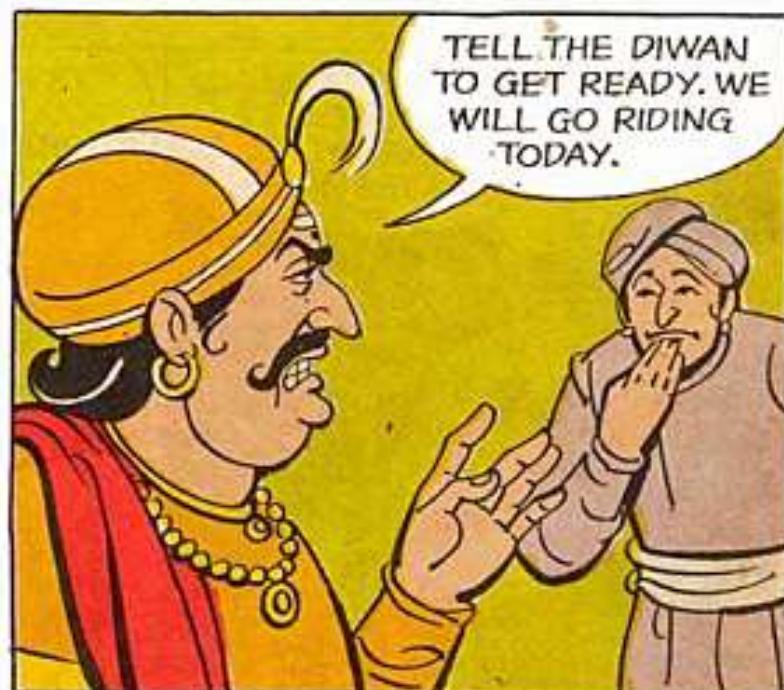
Associate Editors: Nira Benegal • Luis M. Fernandes

Production: Maranna B. Shetty

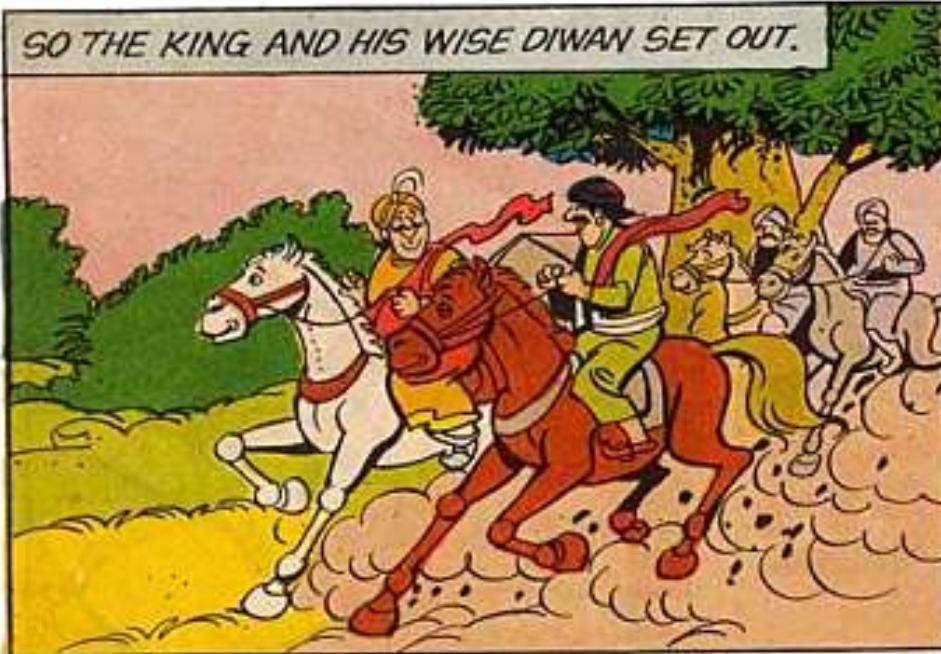
THE KING WHO STOPPED THE RIVER

— A FOLKTALE FROM SOUTH INDIA

Script : Luis M.Fernandes
Illustrations : M. Mohandas



SO THE KING AND HIS WISE DIWAN SET OUT.



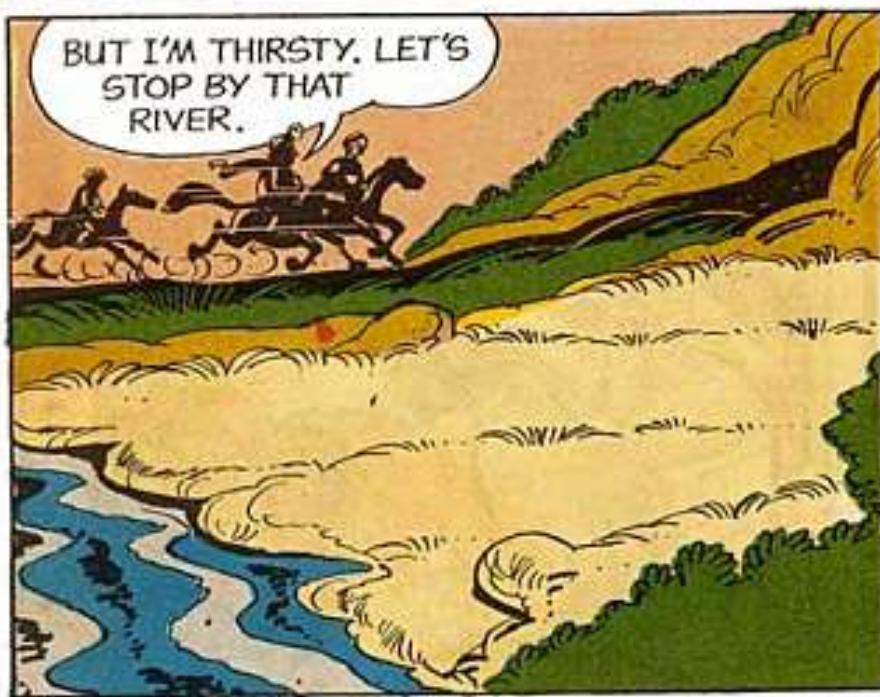
AN HOUR LATER -

YOUR
MAJESTY,
HOW DO YOU
FEEL NOW?

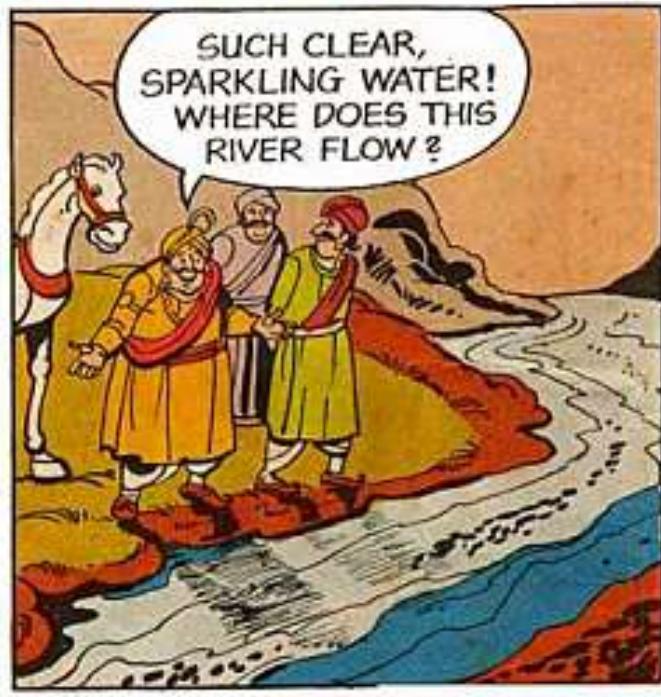
MUCH
BETTER.



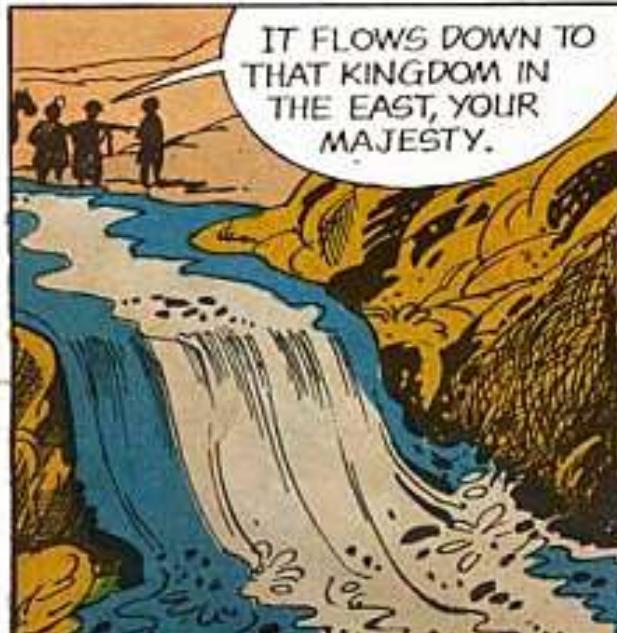
BUT I'M THIRSTY. LET'S
STOP BY THAT
RIVER.



SUCH CLEAR,
SPARKLING WATER!
WHERE DOES THIS
RIVER FLOW?



IT FLOWS DOWN TO
THAT KINGDOM IN
THE EAST, YOUR
MAJESTY.



OUR RIVER
FLOWING INTO
THEIR COUNTRY?



WE MUST
STOP IT AT
ONCE.

BUT
YOUR
MAJESTY...



NO BUTS,
DIWAN. I WANT
A DAM BUILT
HERE.

THE DAM WAS BUILT, BUT NOW SINCE THE
RIVER COULD NOT FLOW DOWN ITS
USUAL COURSE...



...IT OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS AND FLOODED
THE COUNTRYSIDE.

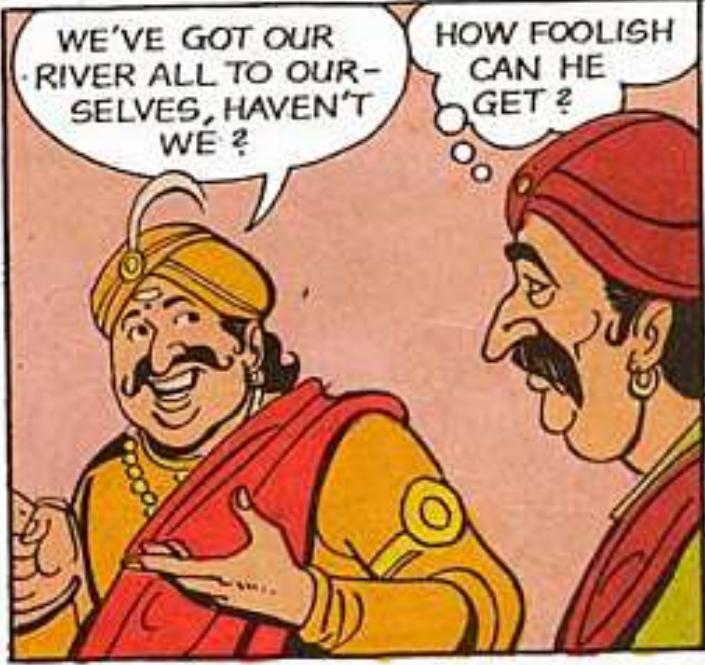
IT WILL BE WORSE
DURING THE MONSOON.

SO WHAT?



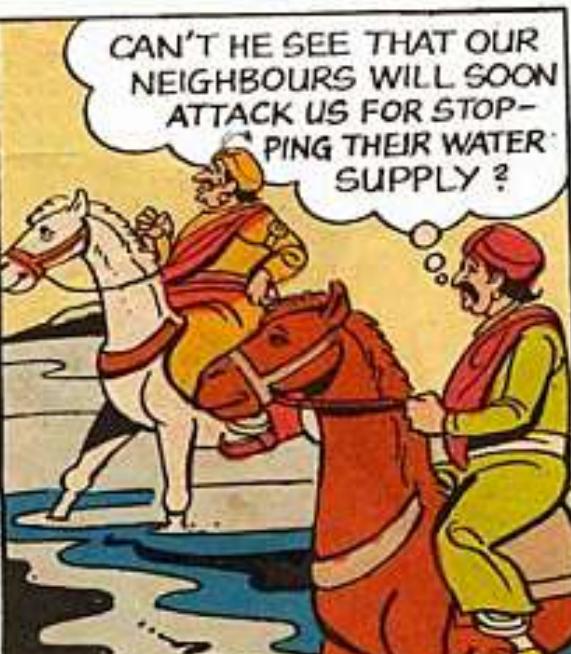
WE'VE GOT OUR
RIVER ALL TO OUR-
SELVES, HAVEN'T
WE?

HOW FOOLISH
CAN HE
GET?

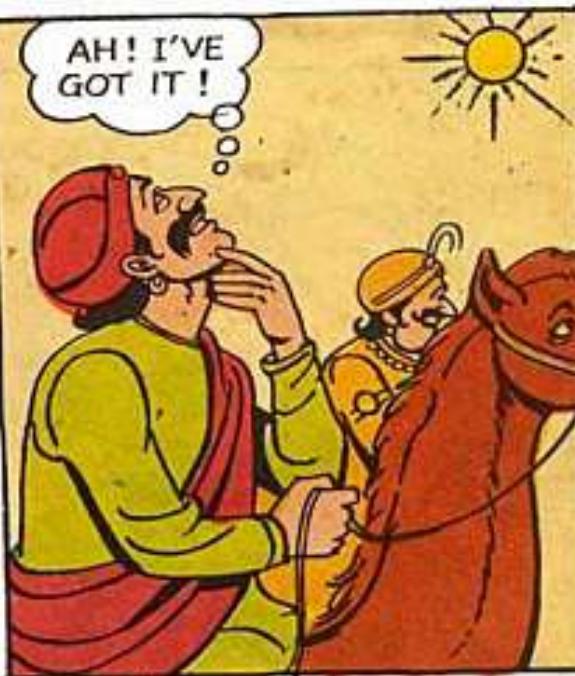


CAN'T HE SEE THAT OUR
NEIGHBOURS WILL SOON
ATTACK US FOR STOP-
PING THEIR WATER
SUPPLY?

I MUST GET
HIM TO BREAK DOWN
THAT DAM...



AH! I'VE
GOT IT!



THAT EVENING THE DIWAN WENT UP TO THE TOWER FROM WHICH THE GONG WAS SOUNDED...



...AND SPOKE TO THE MAN THERE.

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



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



GET UP !
OUR DUTY
IS OVER...

ZZZHUUH!



IS IT SIX
O'CLOCK
ALREADY ?

IT IS.

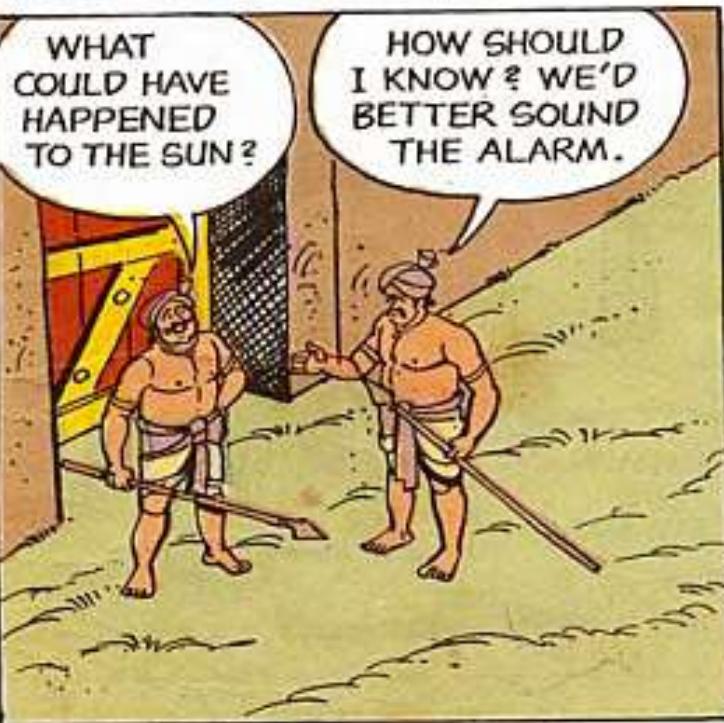


THEN
WHY IS IT
SO DARK?

YOU'RE
RIGHT. I
DIDN'T
THINK OF
THAT.

THE SUN
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN UP BY
NOW.

SOMETHING
MUST HAVE
HAPPENED
TO IT.



THERE WAS PANIC IN THE PALACE. THE COMMANDER OF THE ARMY RUSHED TO THE KING'S CHAMBER.

WAKE UP,
YOUR MAJESTY!
A TERRIBLE THING
HAS HAPPENED!

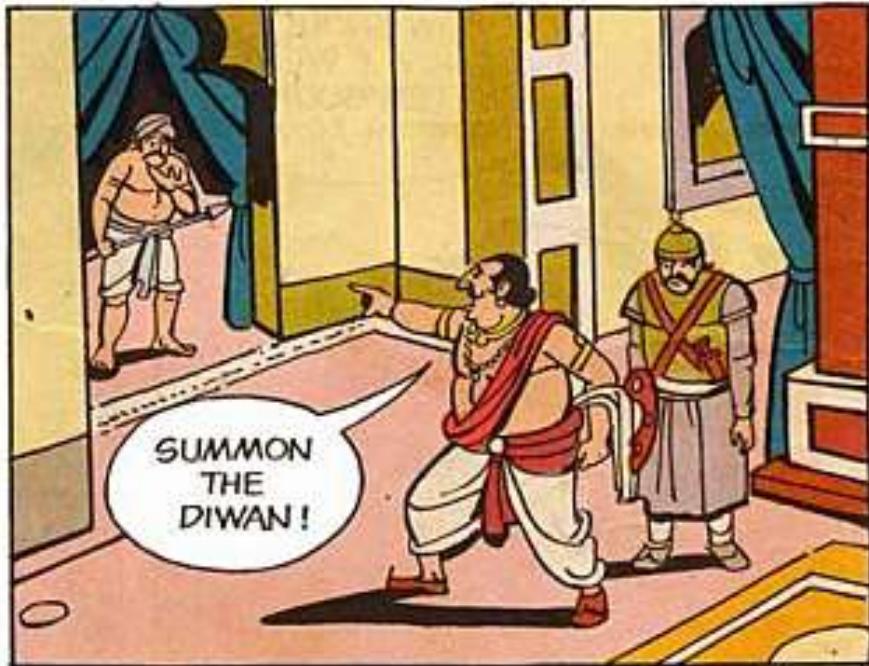
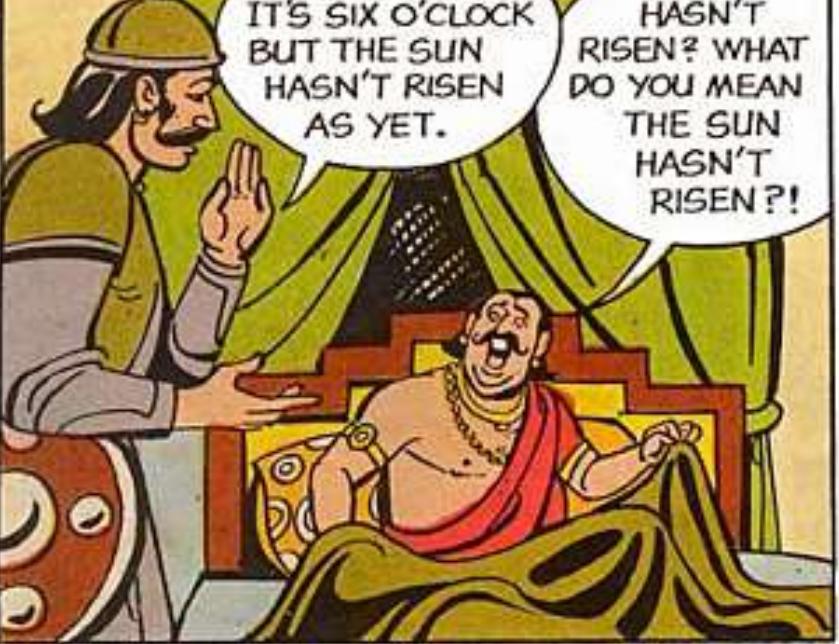
EH...?



IT'S SIX O'CLOCK
BUT THE SUN
HASN'T RISEN
AS YET.

HASN'T
RISEN? WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
THE SUN
HASN'T
RISEN?!

IT HASN'T, YOUR
MAJESTY.
SEE FOR
YOURSELF.



WHEN THE DIWAN CAME —

WHAT'S ALL THIS!
WHY HASN'T THE SUN
COME UP AS YET?

I HAVE
BEEN THINKING
ABOUT IT, YOUR
MAJESTY.

THERE
CAN BE ONLY
ONE REASON.

WHAT?



SOMEBODY HAS
CAUGHT THE SUN
AND IS NOT LETTING
IT COME OVER
OUR LAND.

CAUGHT
THE SUN?

AH, YES! THAT'S
WHAT I THOUGHT
TOO... BUT WHO
WOULD DO SUCH
A WICKED DEED?

IT MUST BE
THE KING OF
THE EASTERN
KINGDOM,
WHO ELSE?

I HEARD HE WAS
ANGRY BECAUSE
WE STOPPED THE
RIVER FROM FLOWING
INTO HIS
COUNTRY.

OH!

AND AS YOU KNOW,
THE SUN PASSES OVER
HIS KINGDOM BEFORE
IT COMES OVER
OURS.

YOUR MAJESTY, WE MUST
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT
SOON OR WE'LL BE IN DARK-
NESS FOREVER.

DO YOU THINK...

YES?

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

WHAT A BRILLIANT
IDEA, YOUR
MAJESTY!

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

WELL, NOW...
WE'LL HAVE TO
BREAK DOWN
THAT DAM.

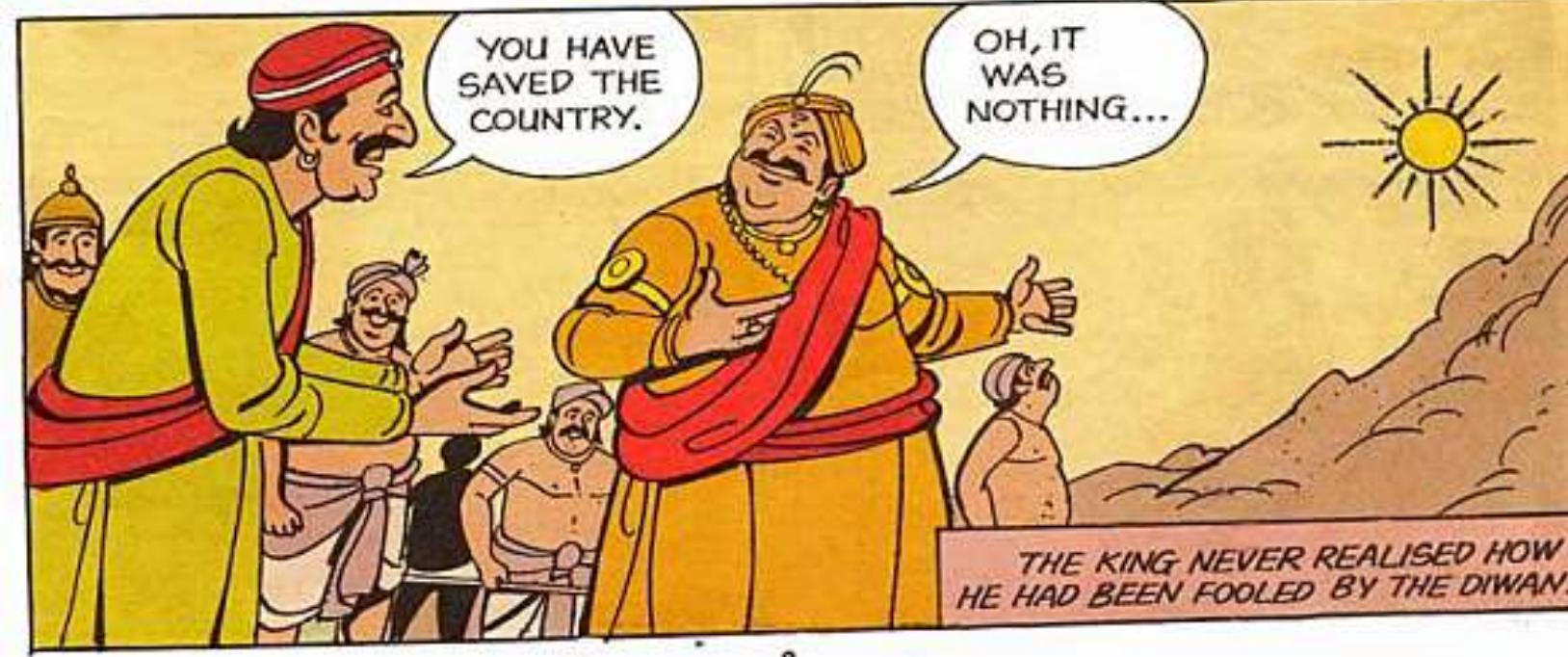
I AGREE.

SUMMON
THE
COMMANDER
OF MY
ARMY!

I AM
HERE,
YOUR
MAJESTY.

GET YOUR MEN!
WE ARE GOING
DOWN TO THE
RIVER TO PULL
DOWN THAT
DAM AS FAST
AS WE CAN.

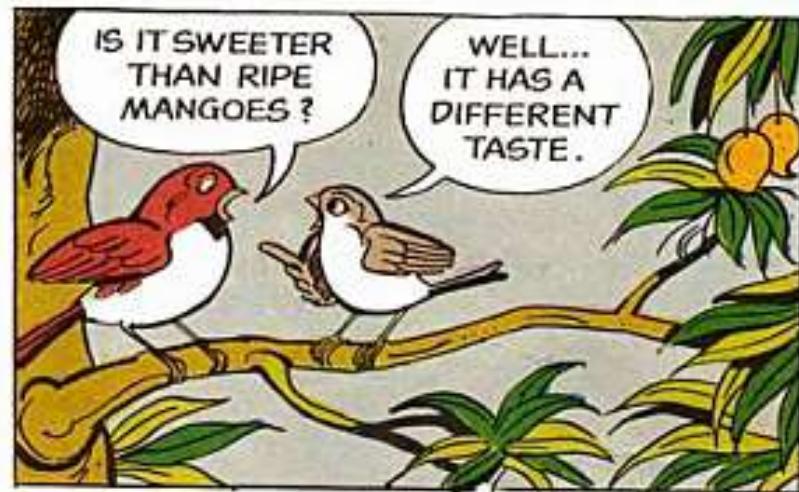
THE KING LED HIS MEN TO THE RIVER...



GREEDY GUBBANNA

- A FOLKTALE FROM KARNATAKA

Script: Subba Rao Illustrations: M. Mohandas





SO AWAY FLEW GUBBANNA
TO THE CARDAMOM FIELDS.



HE PICKED A FEW
CARDAMOMS AND
BROUGHT THEM TO
HIS WIFE.

THERE! YOUR
KHEER IS
READY.

AT LAST!



GUBBANNA GRABBED THE
SPOON...



...TOOK OUT A SPOONFUL OF KHEER AND
RAISED IT TO HIS BEAK.

WAIT! IT'S
TOO HOT.



BUT GREEDY GUBBANNA HAD ALREADY
SWALLOWED THE BOILING HOT KHEER.

OW...OW... OH, DEAR! OH,
DEAR! I TOLD
YOU TO
WAIT!

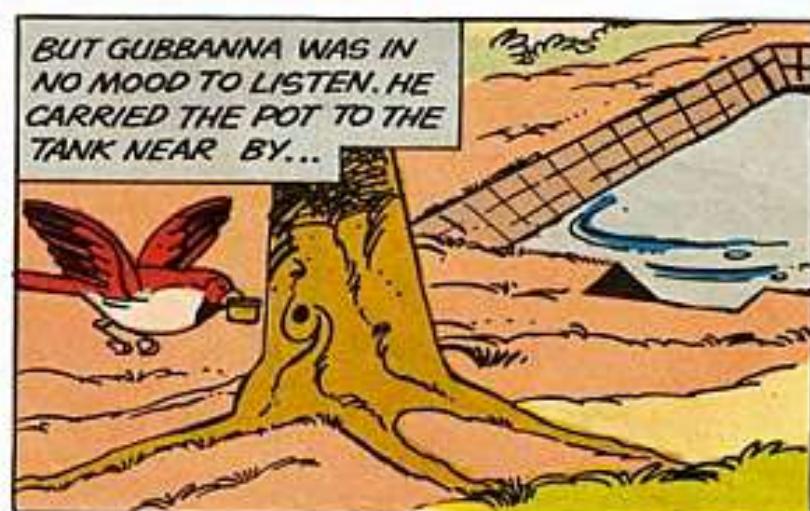


UGH ! YOU CALL THIS
TASTY ! IT HAS
BURNED MY MOUTH !

LISTEN...



BUT GUBBANNA WAS IN
NO MOOD TO LISTEN. HE
CARRIED THE POT TO THE
TANK NEAR BY...



...AND FLUNG IT INTO THE WATER.

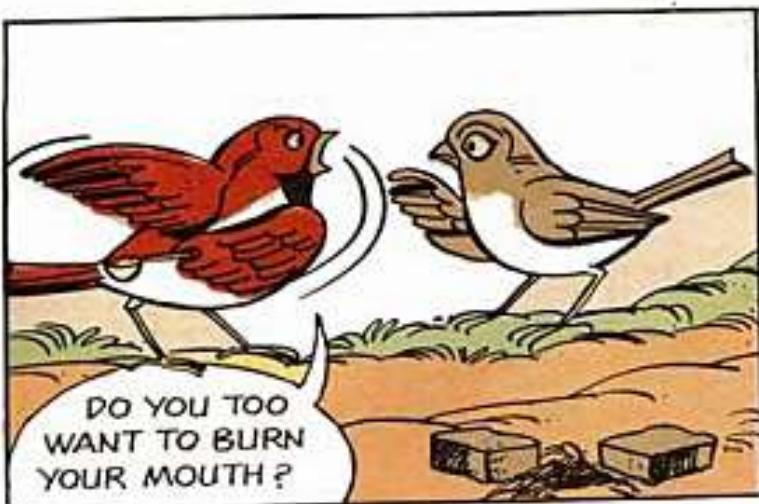
SPLASH



WHEN HE WENT BACK, HE WAS SHOCKED TO SEE
HIS WIFE ABOUT TO PECK AT THE KHEER THAT
WAS STUCK TO THE SPOON.

HEY ! ARE
YOU MAD ?





NOW THE ONLY WAY
TO HAVE THE KHEER
IS TO DRINK THE
WATER.

GLUG!
GLUG!

SO HE DRANK ALL THE WATER
IN THE TANK.

GLUG, GLUG

AH! I'VE
DONE IT!
NOT A DROP
LEFT.

JUST THEN—

HEY! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

IT'S THE WATER
ESCAPING! I MUST
STOP IT.

HE PICKED UP A FEW STRAWS...

...AND STUFFED THEM INTO HIS MOUTH AND
EARS.

THERE! NOW
THE WATER
CANNOT
ESCAPE!

BY THEN IT WAS DARK.

I CAN'T
SEE A THING!
HOW WILL
I GET
HOME?

HOWEVER, GUBBANNA MANAGED TO HOP ALONG...



...TILL HE REACHED A COTTAGE.



AN OLD WOMAN OPENED THE DOOR.

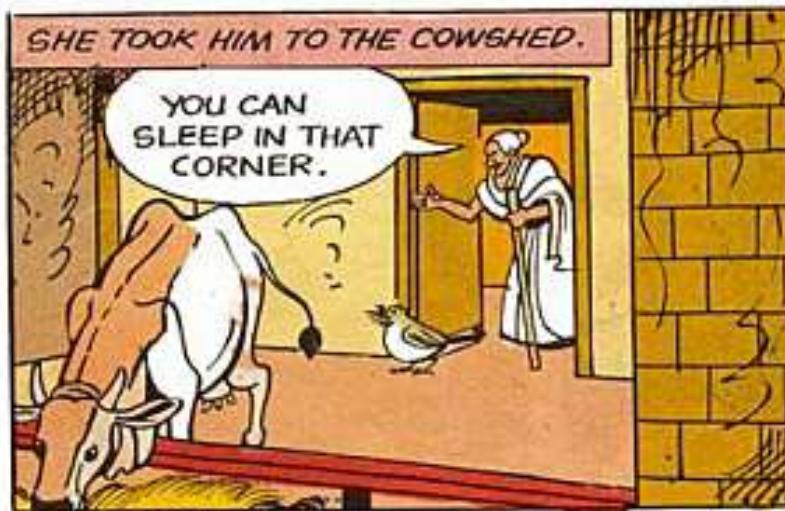


I'VE LOST MY WAY, GRANDMA. GLUG... GLUG...

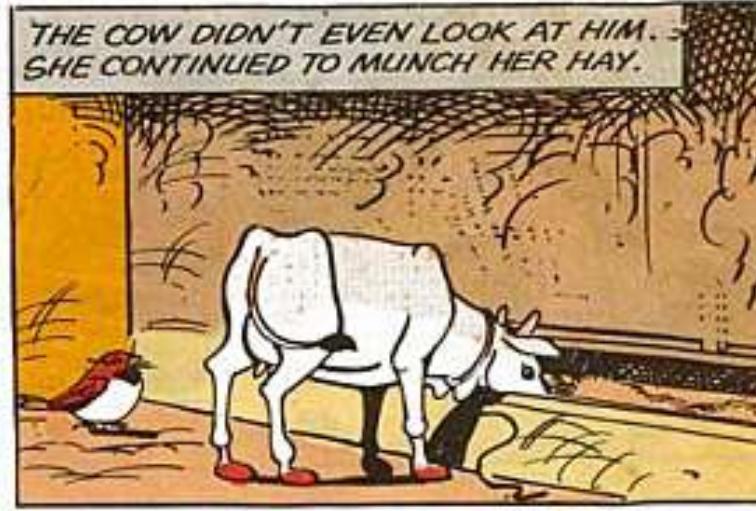
YOU POOR THING. COME FOLLOW ME.



SHE TOOK HIM TO THE COWSHED.



THE COW DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT HIM. SHE CONTINUED TO MUNCH HER HAY.



AFTER A WHILE —



SO SHE LOOKED AROUND FOR MORE. SUDDENLY —



NOW I'M THIRSTY.
IF ONLY THERE
WERE SOME
WATER...

THE NEXT MOMENT—

WHAT!
WATER!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

TODAY IS
MY LUCKY
DAY!

OR IS IT? OH, GOD!
THERE SEEMS TO BE
A FLOOD HERE!

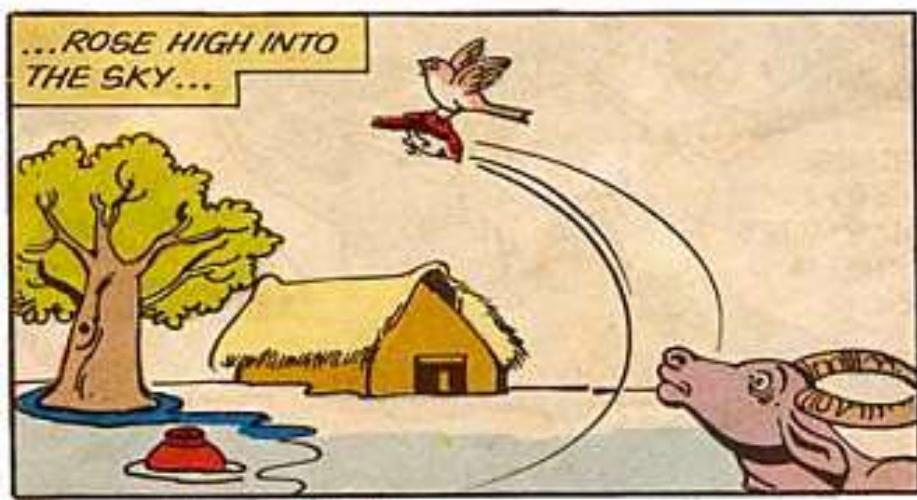
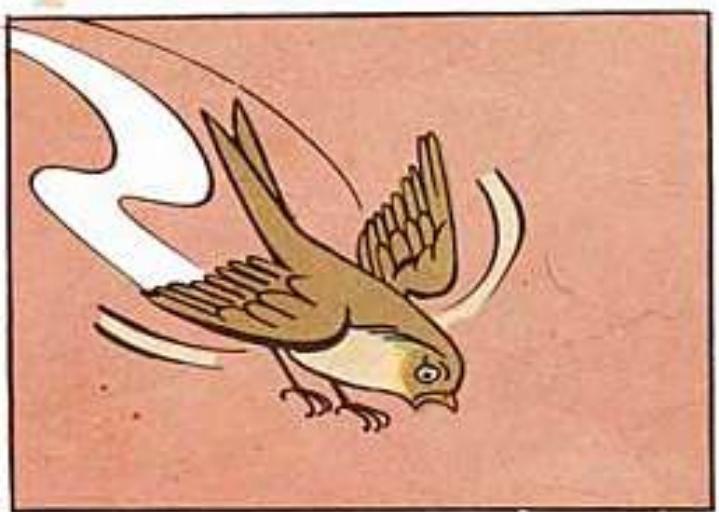
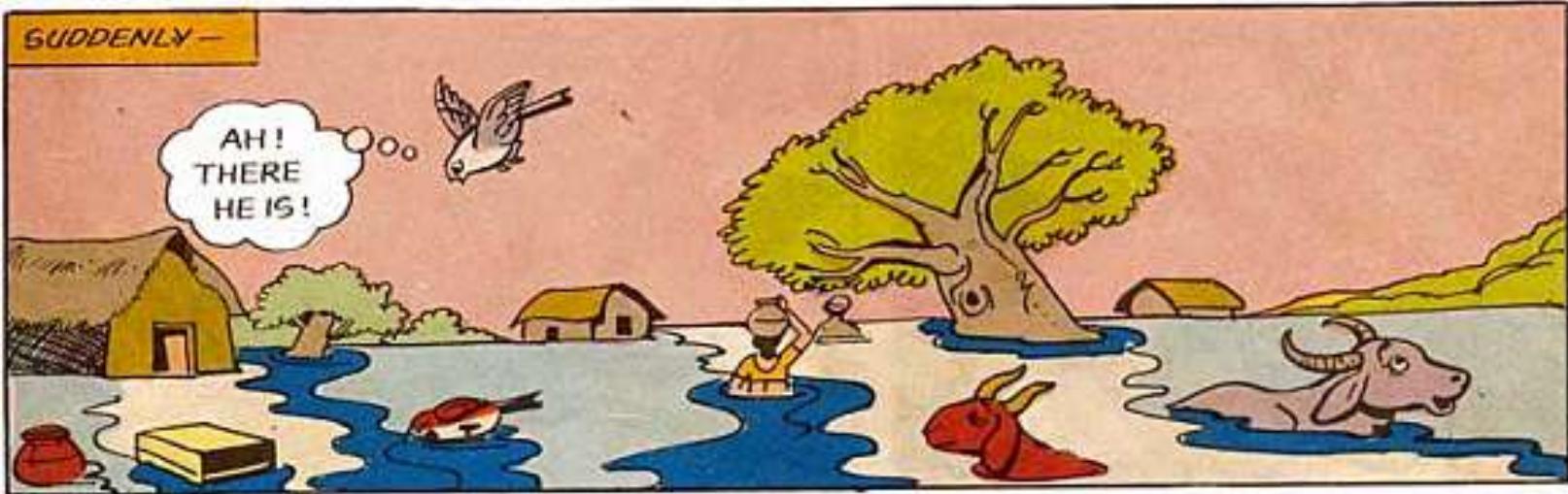
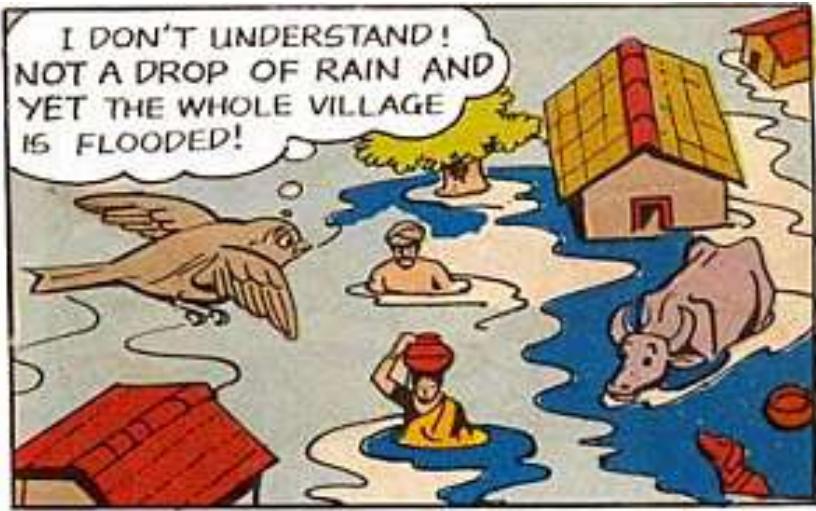
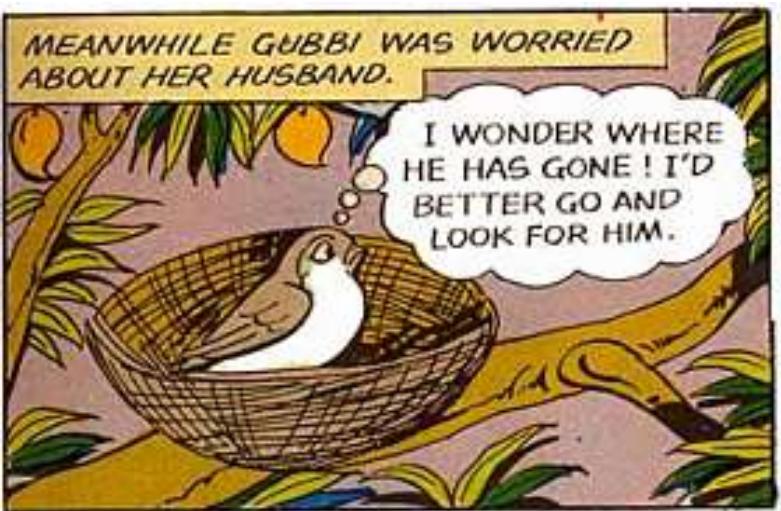
GUBBANNA WAS STILL
FAST ASLEEP.

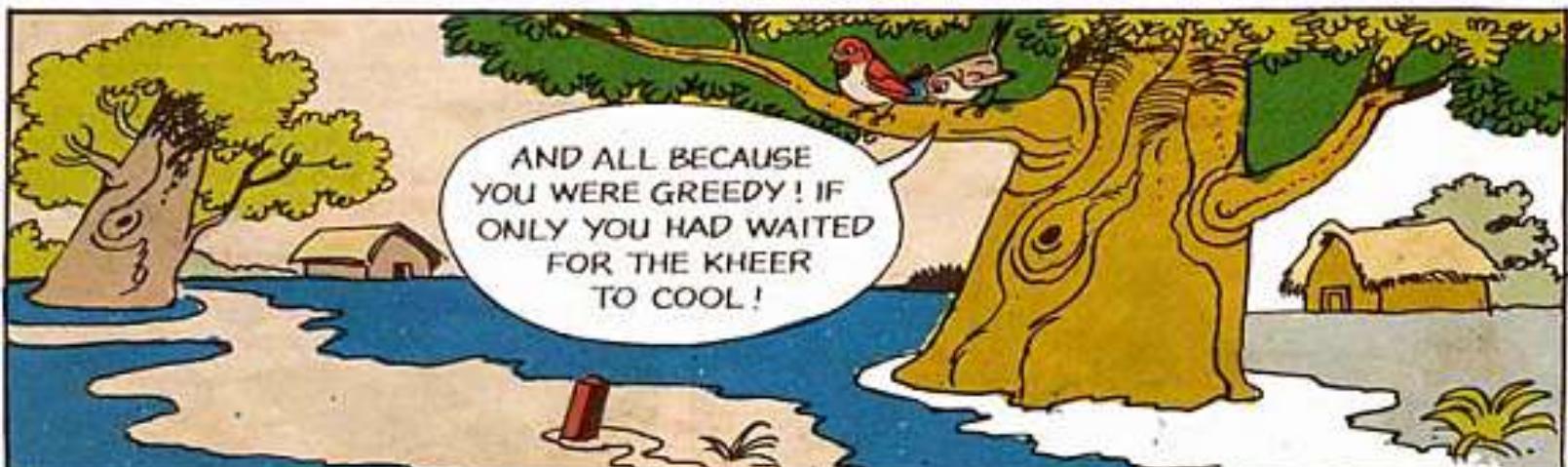
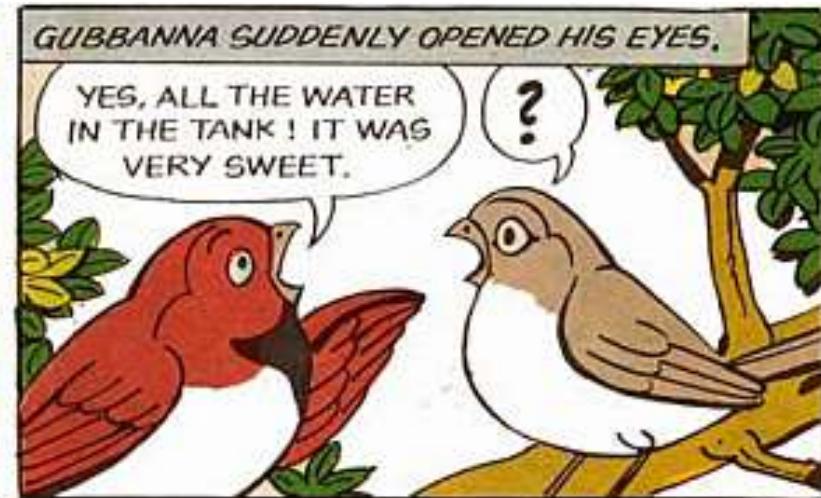
SOON THE WATER STARTED
FLOWING OUT OF THE
COWSHED...

... AND INTO THE COTTAGE.

WHAT SHALL
I DO?

I'LL HAVE TO BE PATIENT
AND SIT HERE TILL SOMETHING
HAPPENS!





THE DEMON WHO CAME TO WORK

—A SOUTH INDIAN FOLKTALE

Script: Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN WHO OWNED SEVERAL ACRES OF LAND. ONE DAY A SANYASI CAME TO HIS HOUSE.

DOES ALL THAT LAND BELONG TO YOU?

IT DOES, BUT WHAT'S THE USE?

I CANNOT CULTIVATE ALL OF IT MYSELF.

WHY DON'T YOU HIRE SOME LABOURERS?

LABOURERS! LABOURERS ASK FOR TOO MUCH MONEY!

GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN A LABOURER WAS SATISFIED WITH A HANDFUL OF RICE.

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMEONE WHO'LL WORK FOR YOU FREE. I THINK I CAN HELP YOU.

I SHALL TEACH YOU A MANTRA. CHANT IT NIGHT AND DAY FOR THREE MONTHS...

AND THEN?

A DEMON WILL APPEAR. HE CAN DO THE WORK OF A HUNDRED SERVANTS. HE WILL DO WHATEVER YOU TELL HIM TO DO.

WILL HE REALLY?
WHAT IS THE
MANTRA?

LISTEN...

THE LANDLORD CHANTED THE MANTRA
NIGHT AND DAY FOR THREE MONTHS.
THEN, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE FOURTH
MONTH—



THE SANYASI
TAUGHT HIM THE
MANTRA AND
WENT AWAY.



WHY HAVE
YOU CALLED ME
HERE?

I WANT YOU
TO BECOME MY
SERVANT AND
OBEY ALL MY
COMMANDS.

I'LL DO
SO WITH
PLEASURE.

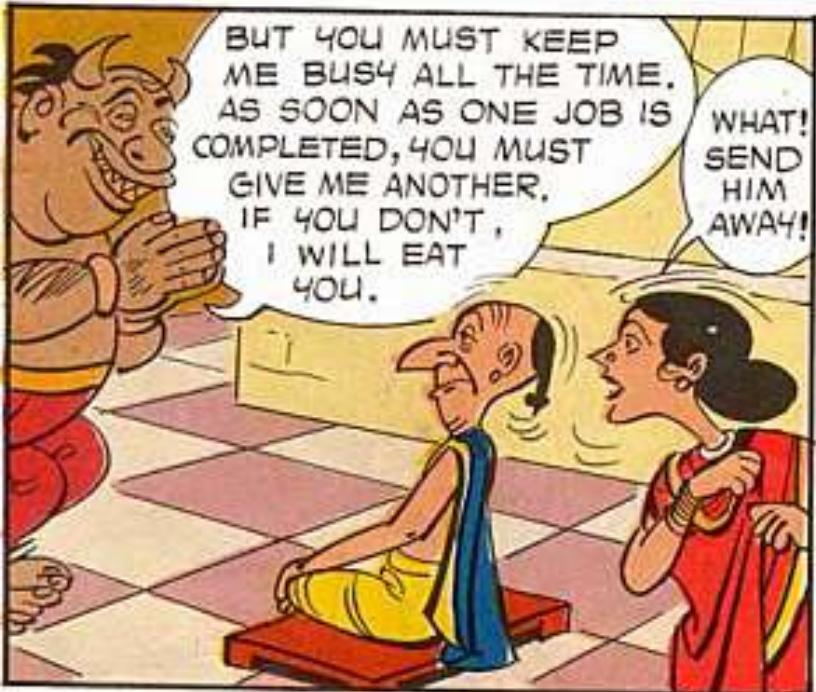


BUT YOU MUST KEEP
ME BUSY ALL THE TIME.
AS SOON AS ONE JOB IS
COMPLETED, YOU MUST
GIVE ME ANOTHER.
IF YOU DON'T,
I WILL EAT
YOU.

WHAT!
SEND
HIM
AWAY!

BUT THE LANDLORD PAID NO HEED TO
HIS WIFE.

DON'T WORRY.
I HAVE ENOUGH
WORK FOR A
DOZEN
LIKE HIM.





WELL, THERE IS
STILL A LOT OF
WORK I CAN
GIVE HIM.

COME
WITH
ME.

ALL THIS LAND FOR
A HUNDRED MILES
AROUND IS
MINE.

GO AND
PLOUGH
IT.

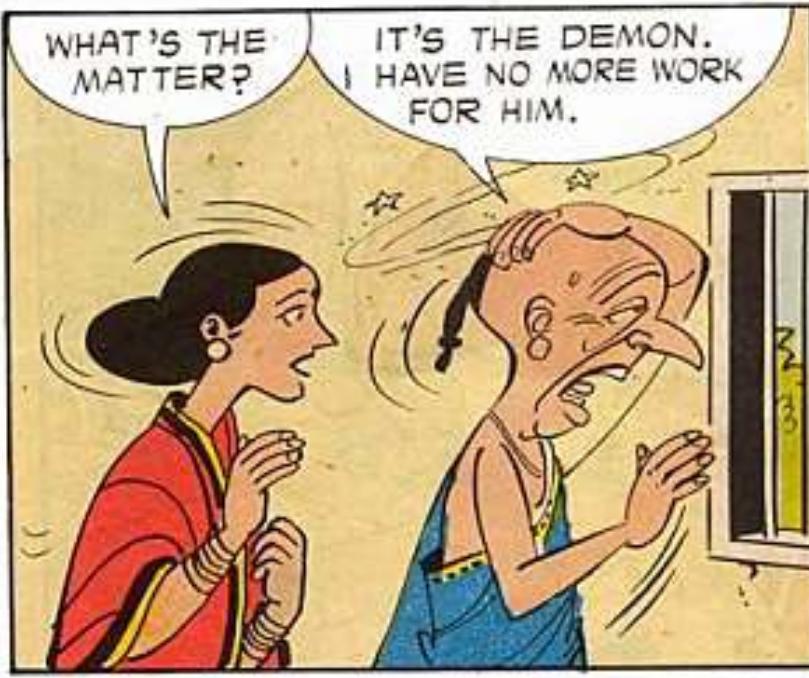
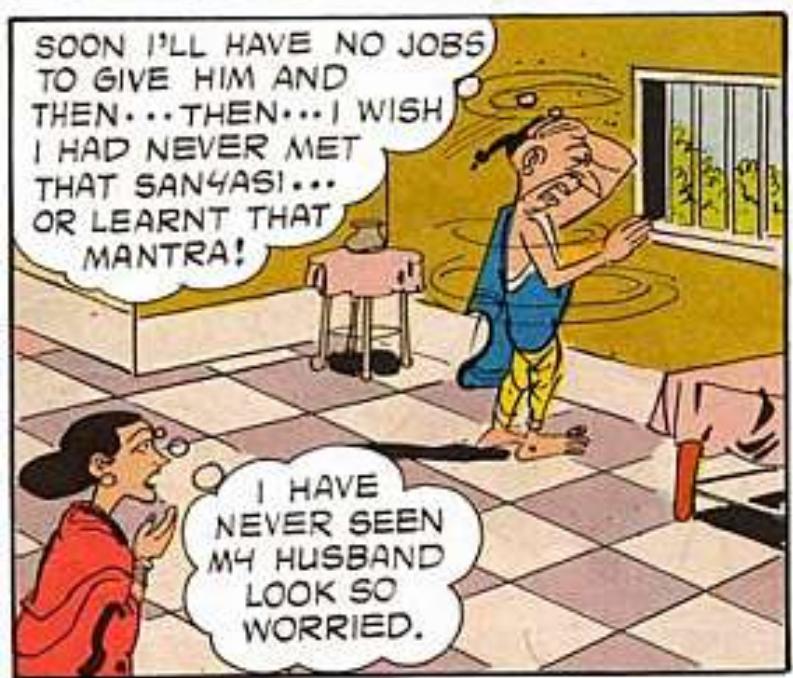
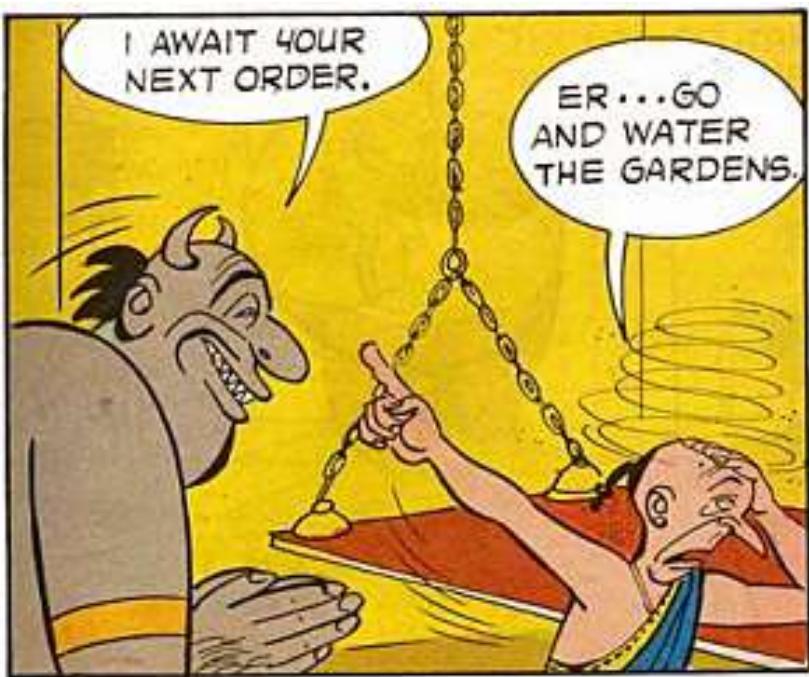
THAT SHOULD
KEEP HIM BUSY
FOR SEVERAL
WEEKS!

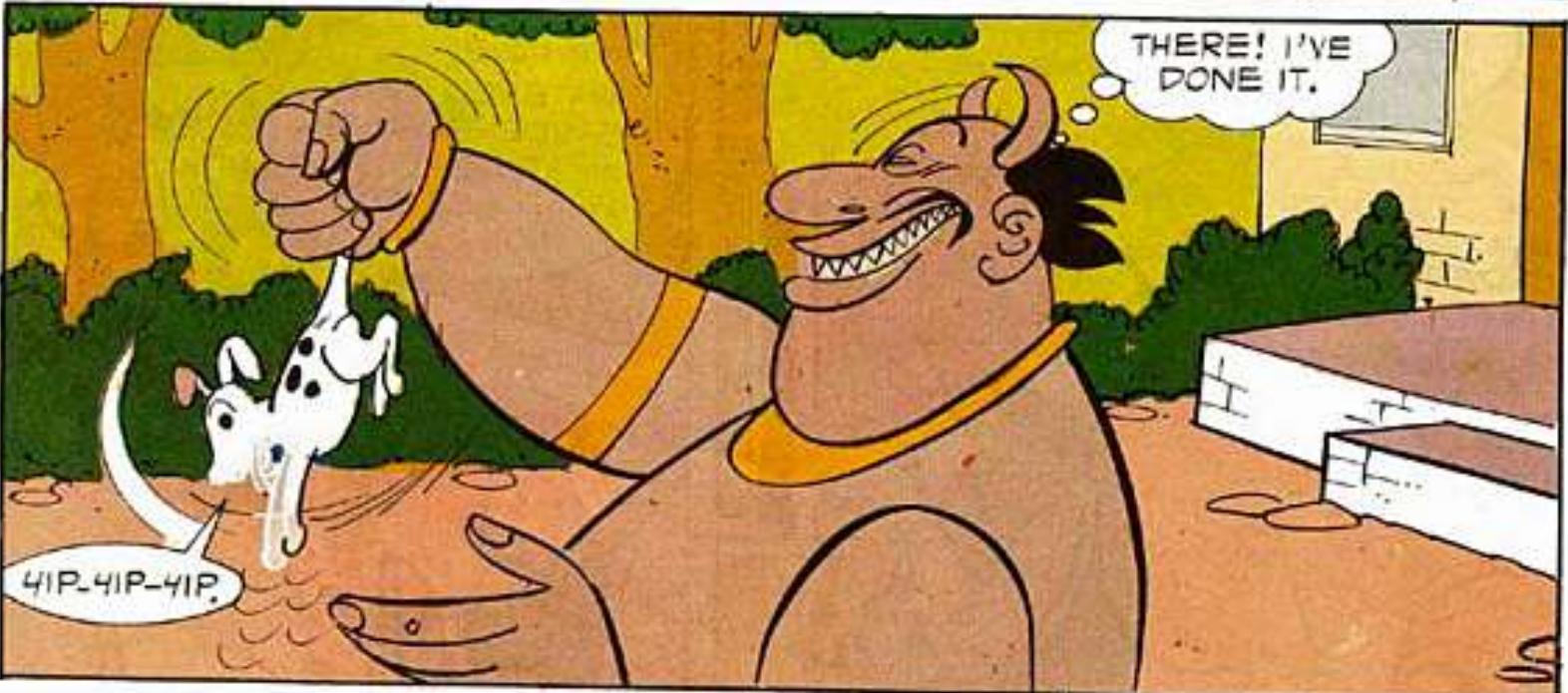
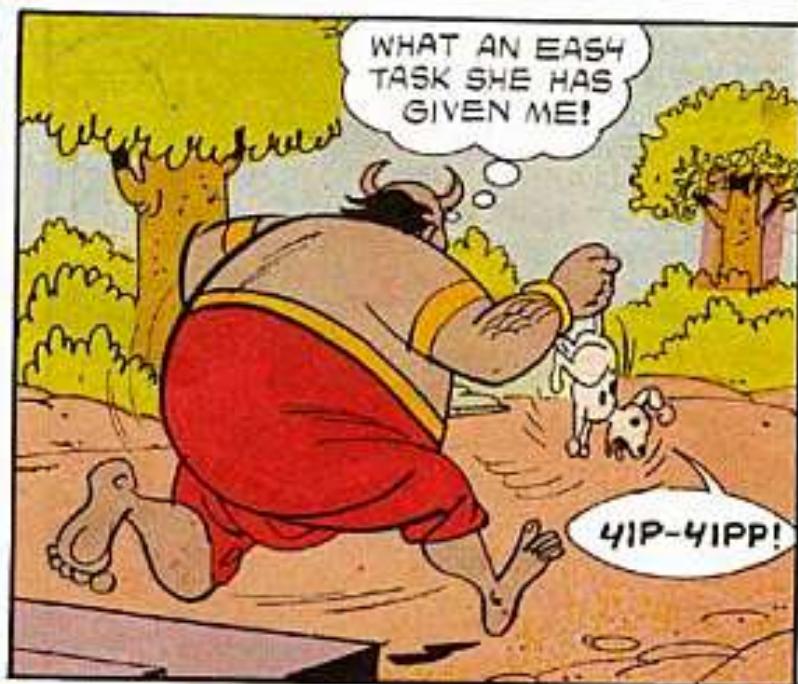
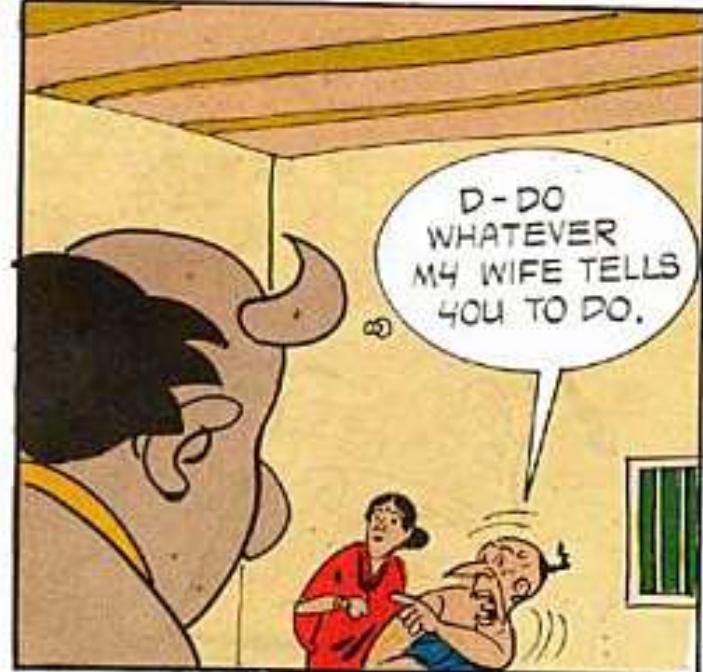
BUT TWO HOURS LATER—

MASTER,
I'VE FINISHED
THE JOB.

F-FINISHED?

YES.





BUT THE MOMENT HE LET GO THE TAIL—

GR-R-R!

SPRING

OH! OH! THIS
TASK IS
MORE
DIFFICULT
THAN I
THOUGHT.

THE DEMON SPENT THE
WHOLE DAY TRYING TO
STRAIGHTEN THE PUPPY'S
TAIL...

...BUT WITHOUT
SUCCESS.

FINALLY—

I'VE HAD
ENOUGH.
THIS IS AN
IMPOSSIBLE
TASK.

LET THE MISTRESS
STRAIGHTEN OUT ITS
TAIL HERSELF.

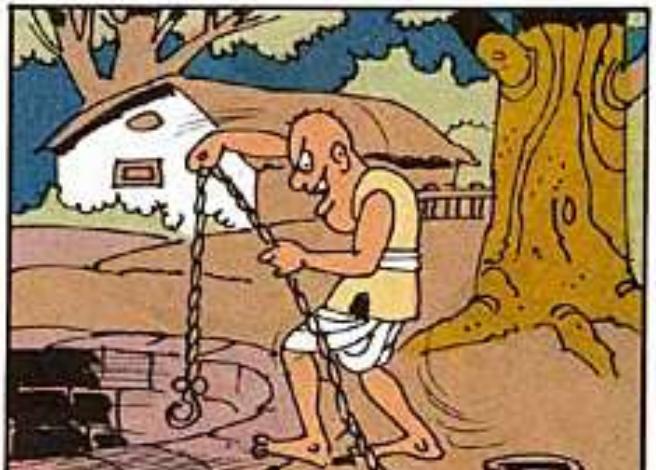
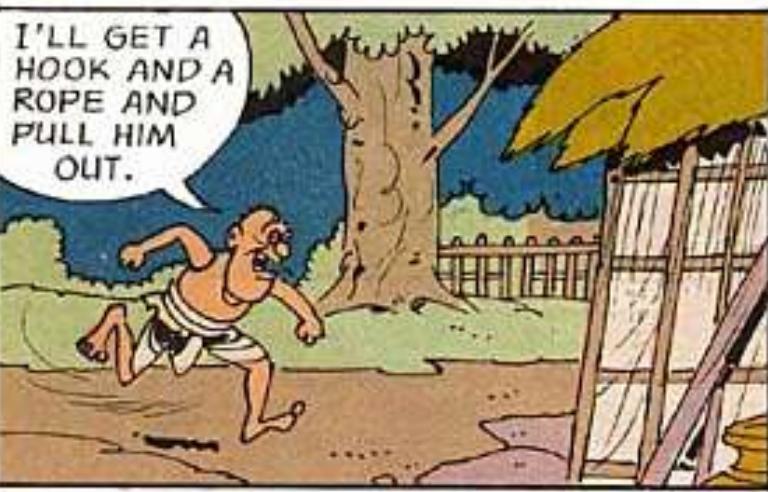
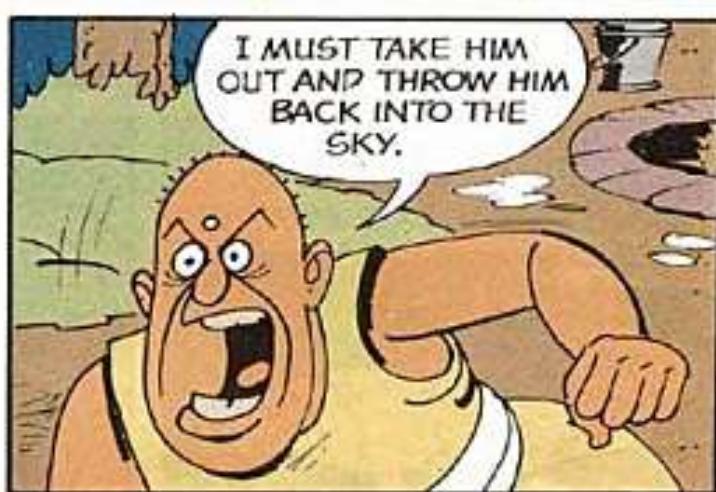
THE LANDLORD AND HIS WIFE NEVER
SAW THE DEMON AGAIN. BUT THE
LANDLORD HAD LEARNT HIS LESSON.

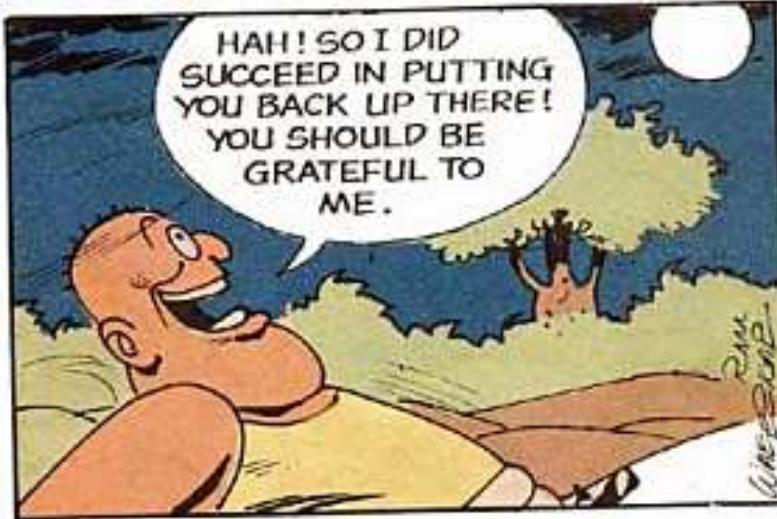
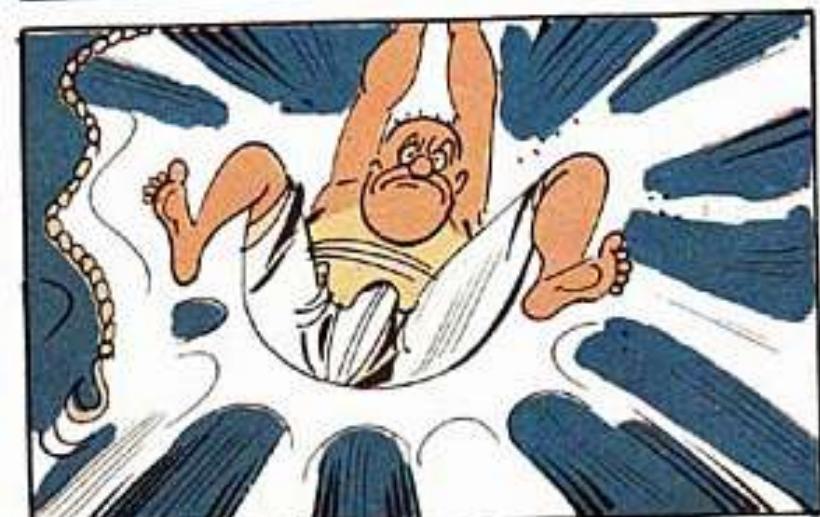
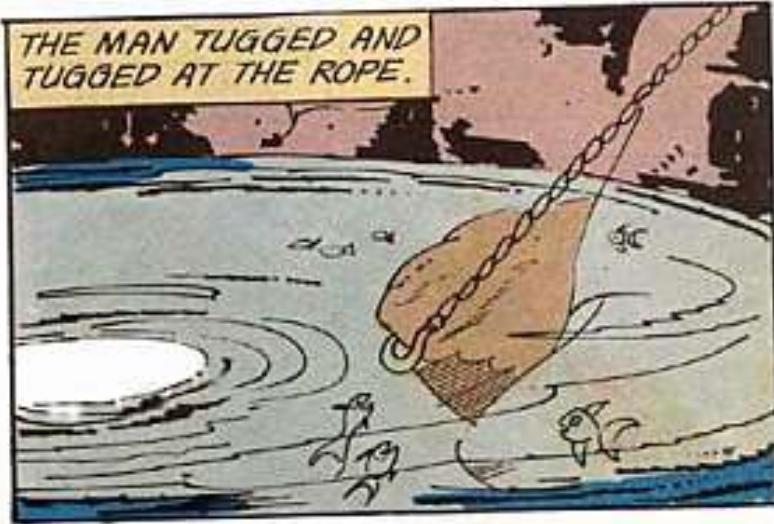
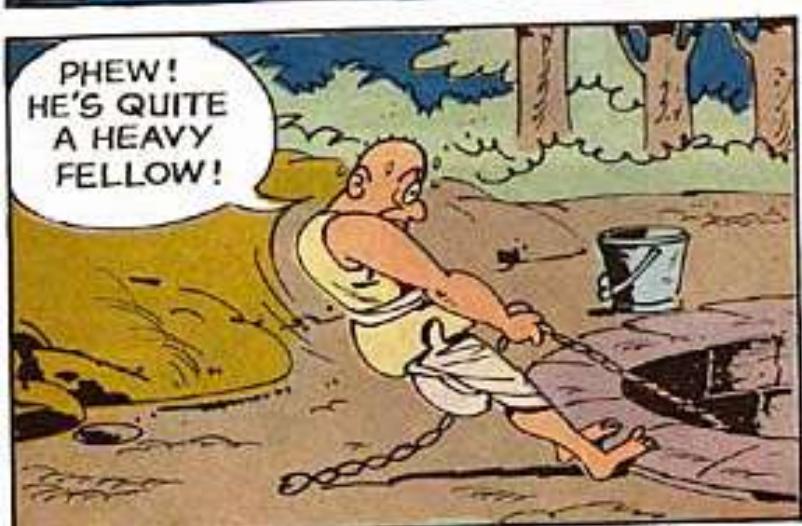
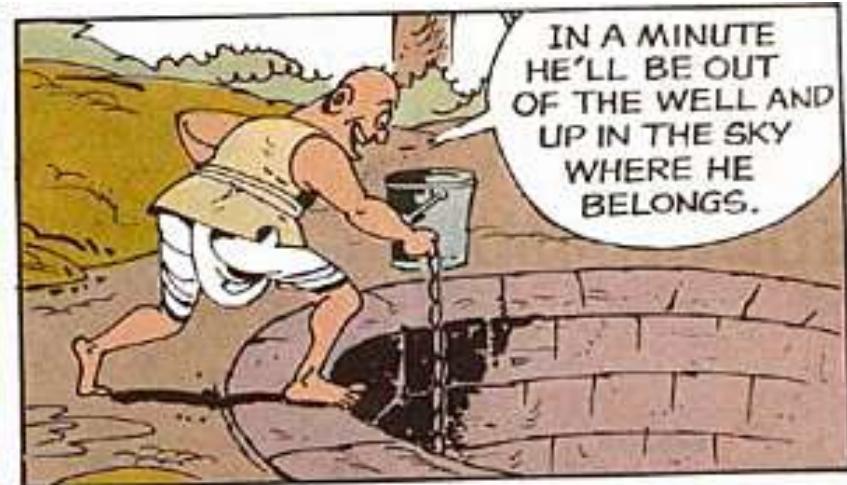
FROM NOW ON,
I'LL HIRE LABOURERS
AND PAY THEM
GOOD WAGES.

THE MOON IN THE WELL

Script Subba Rao
Illustrations Ram Waeerkar

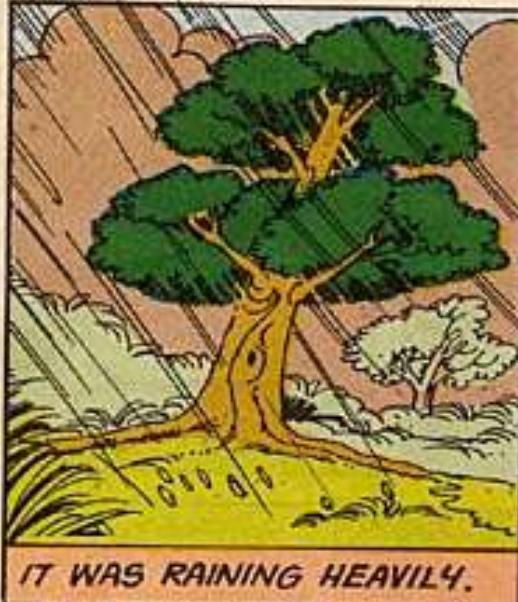
ONE NIGHT A MAN WENT TO HIS WELL TO FETCH WATER.



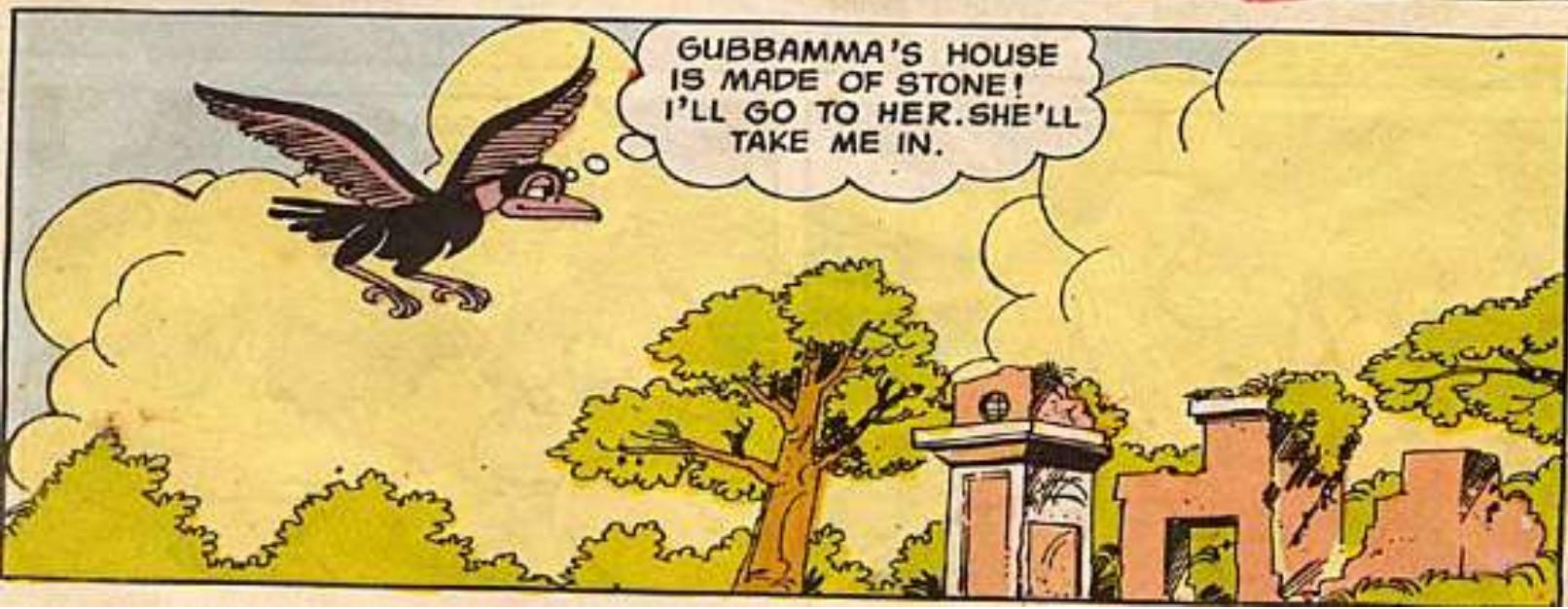
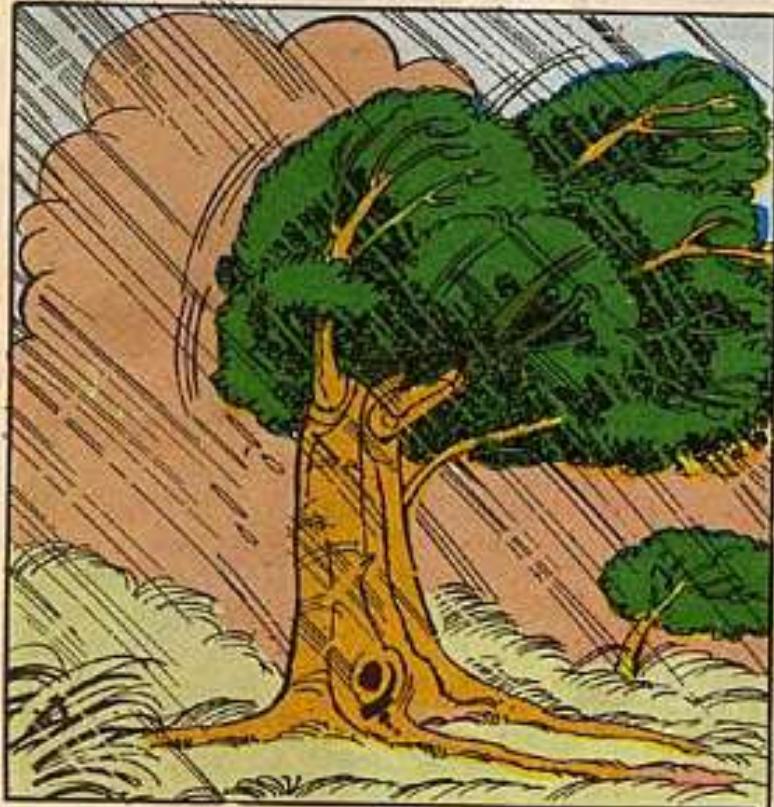


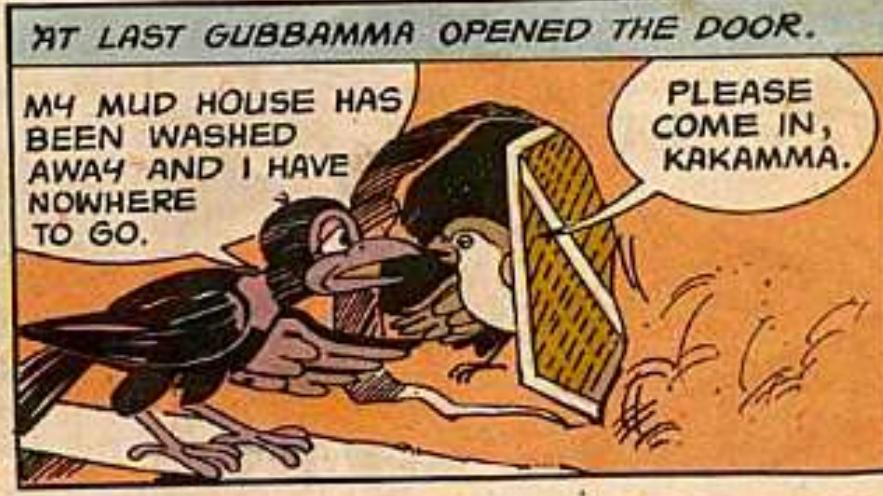
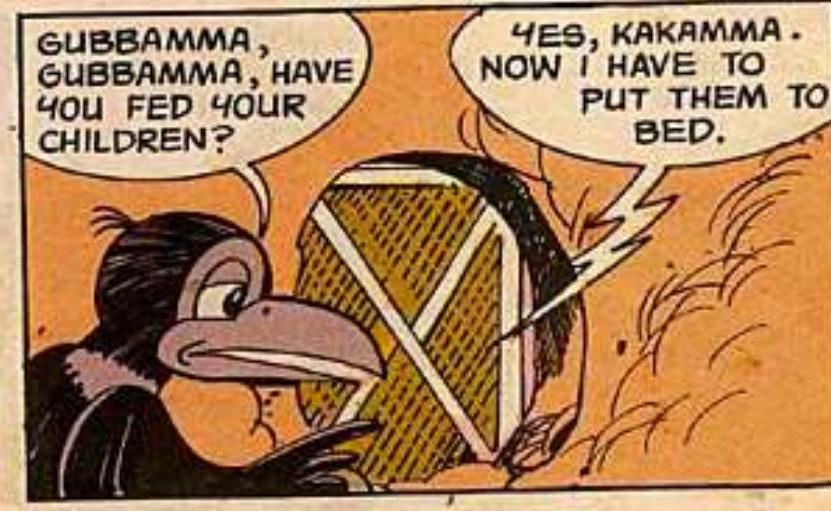
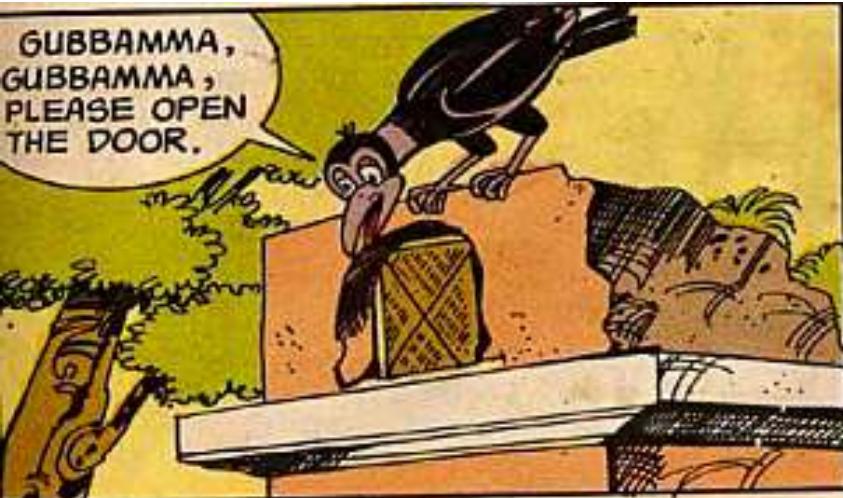
KAKAMMA-GUBBAMMA

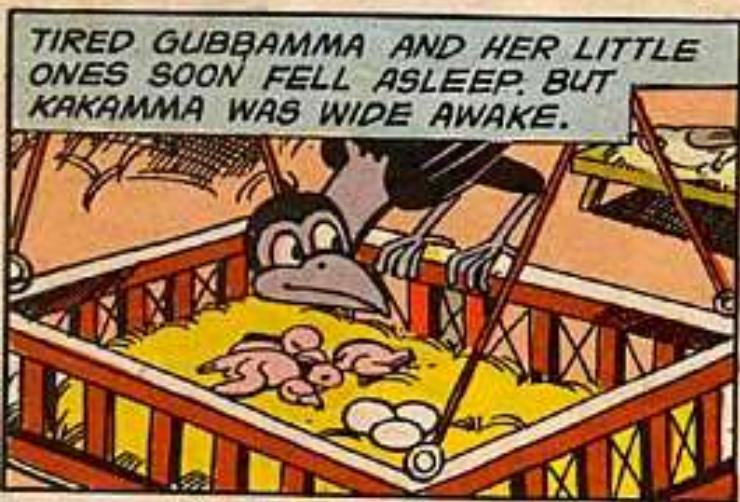
SCRIPT:
SUBBA RAO
ILLUSTRATIONS:
MOHANDAS



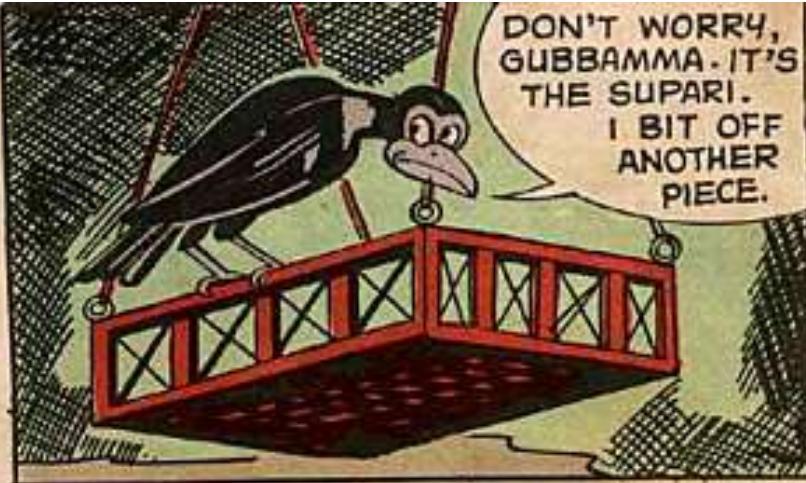
IT WAS RAINING HEAVILY.



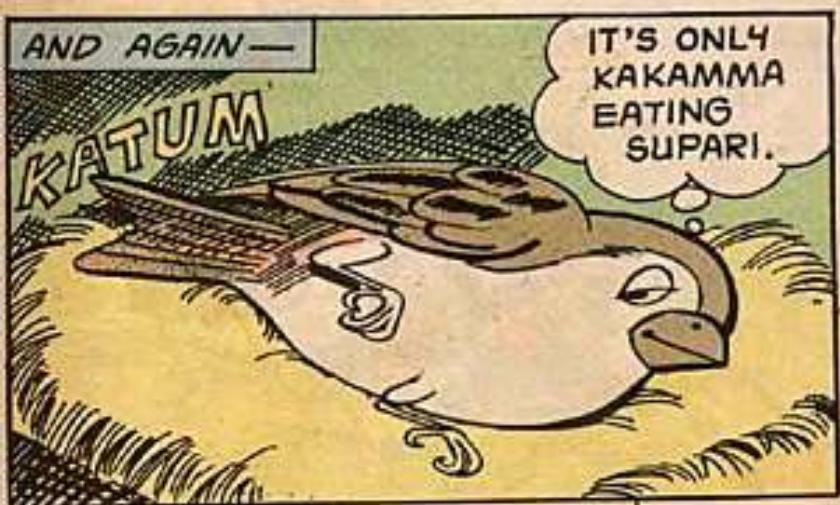




A SHORT WHILE LATER—



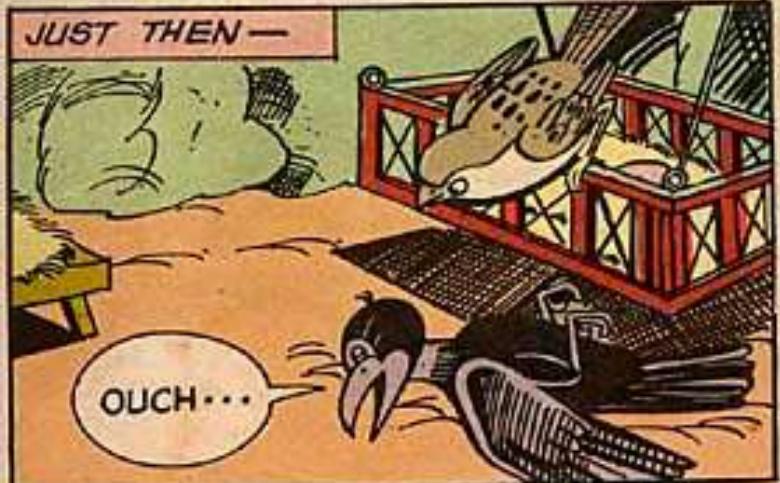
AND AGAIN—



EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN
GUBBAMMA WENT TO THE CRADLE—



JUST THEN—



OH! IS
IT?



IT'S UNBEARABLE...
OO-OO-OH!

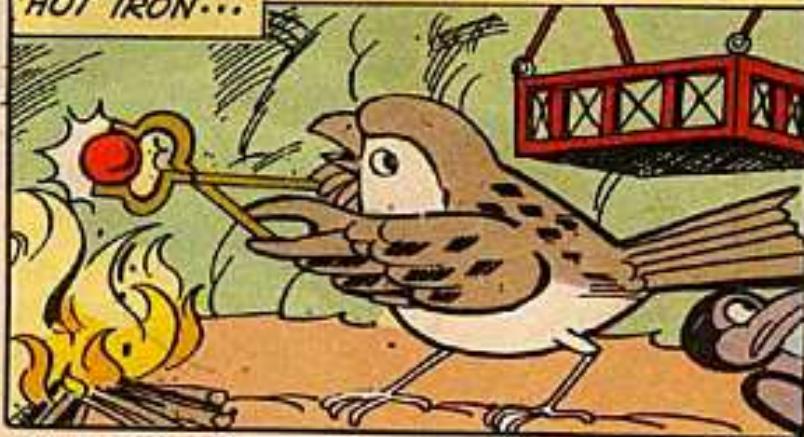
WAIT A
MINUTE. I KNOW
THE CURE
FOR IT.



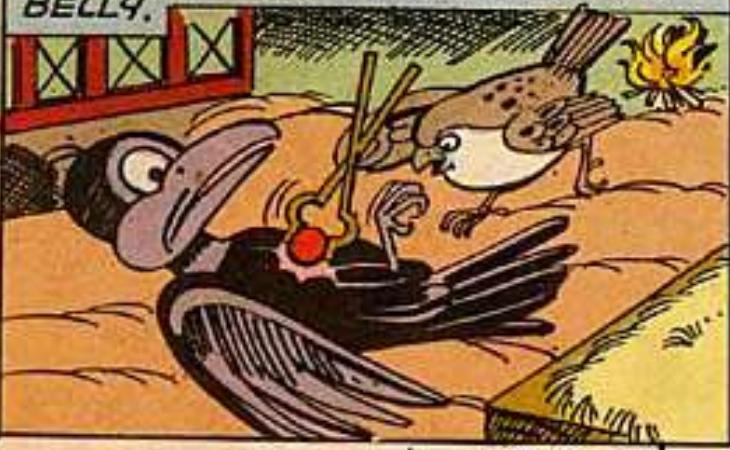
GUBBAMMA HEATED A BALL OF IRON.



THEN SHE CAREFULLY LIFTED THE RED HOT IRON...



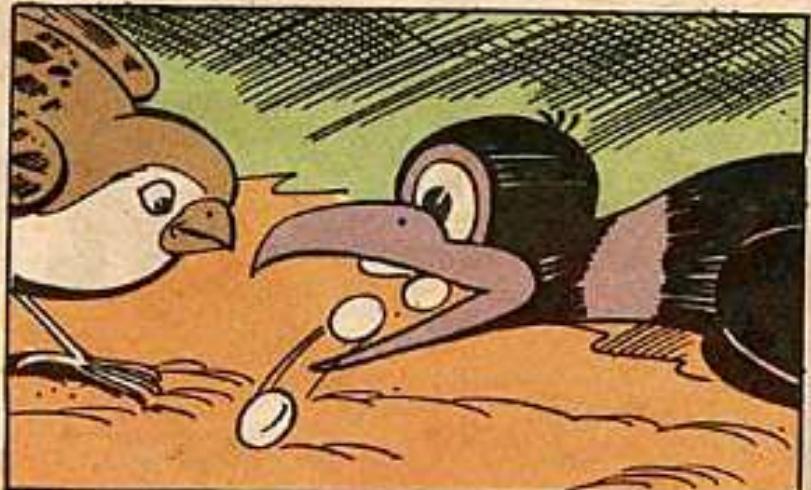
...AND PLACED IT ON KAKAMMA'S BELLY.



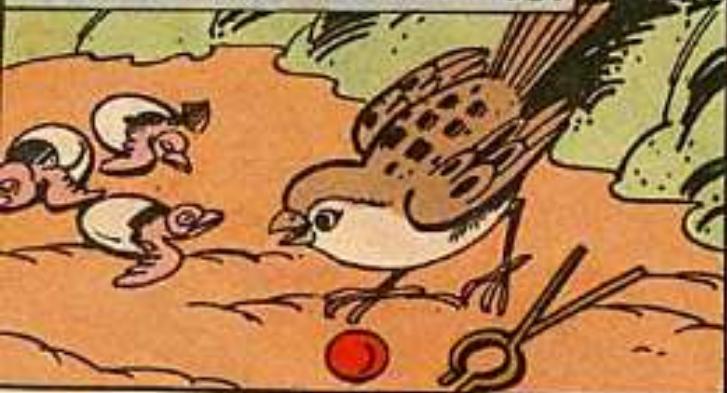
KAKAMMA HOWLED WITH PAIN.



THAT'S IT! LET IT ALL COME OUT.



THE MOMENT THE EGGS STRUCK THE FLOOR THEY BROKE OPEN AND OUT CAME THE FLEDGLINGS.



KAKAMMA UTTERED NOT A WORD. SHE JUST FLEW AWAY NEVER TO SHOW HER FACE TO HER FRIEND.



THE DHOBI AND HIS DONKEY

—A FOLKTALE FROM KARNATAKA

Script : Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY A MAN WAS TALKING TO A PANDIT.

PLEASE ACCEPT
MY SON AS YOUR
STUDENT, SIR.

HE IS ALMOST
TWENTY, BUT HE
IS AS STUPID AS
A DONKEY.

IS THAT
SO?

WELL, SEND THAT
DONKEY HERE AND I SHALL
MAKE A MAN OUT
OF HIM.

HE CAN MAKE A
MAN OUT OF A
DONKEY!

O HOLY
SIR...

...PLEASE HELP ME.
I AM A POOR DHOBI.
I HAVE SEVERAL
DONKEYS...

?

...BUT NO SONS.
PLEASE TURN ONE OF
MY DONKEYS INTO A
MAN... I MEAN INTO
A LITTLE BOY.

WHAT
NONSENSE
IS THIS!

NO ONE CAN TURN A
DONKEY INTO A MAN...OR
A BOY...OR ANY-
THING ELSE!

YOU CAN,
HOLY SIR.

I HEARD YOU TELL
THAT MAN SO! WITH
MY OWN EARS!

MY FRIEND,
WE WERE
TALKING ABOUT
HIS SON.

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME,
HOLY SIR. I WON'T GO
AWAY TILL YOU AGREE
TO CHANGE MY DONKEY
INTO A BOY.

HE IS AS
STUPID AS A
DONKEY
HIMSELF.

BUT I MUST
GET RID OF HIM
SOMEHOW.

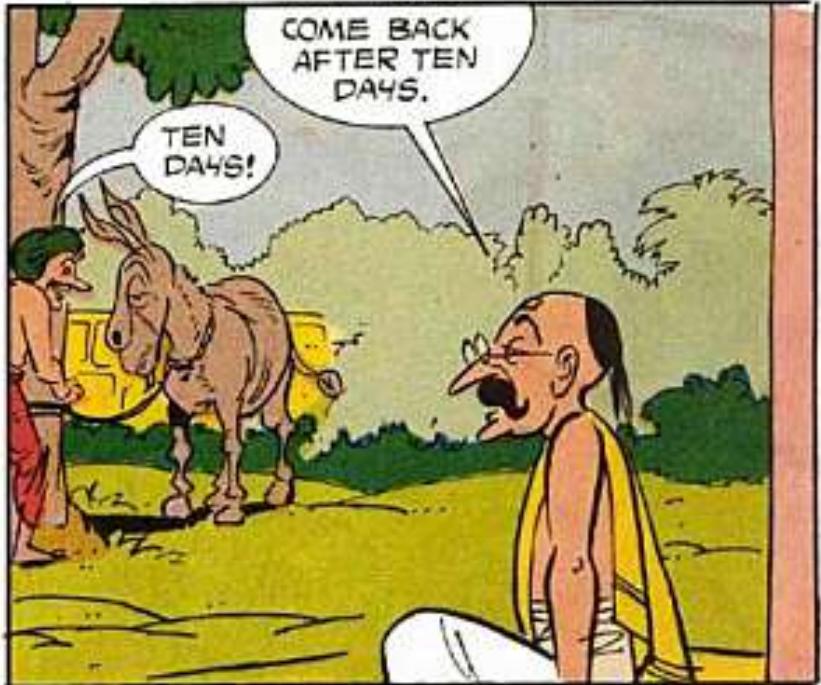
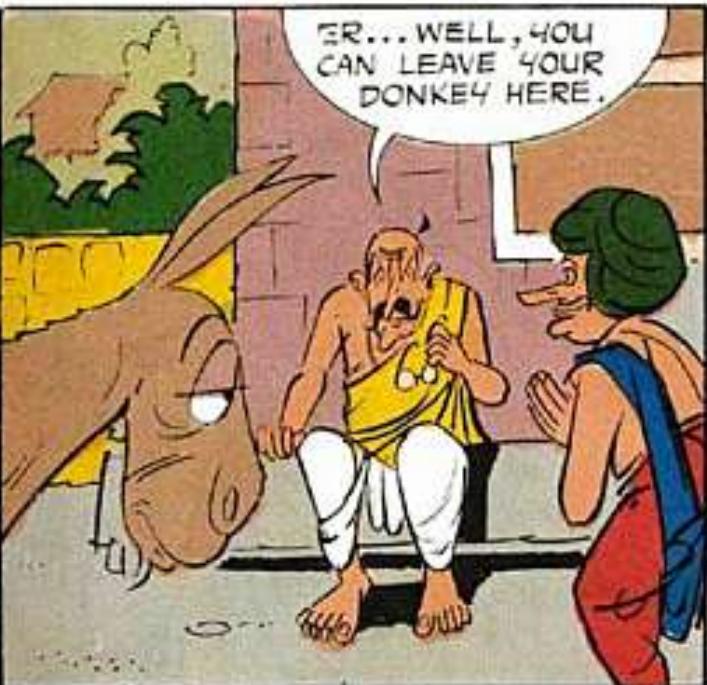
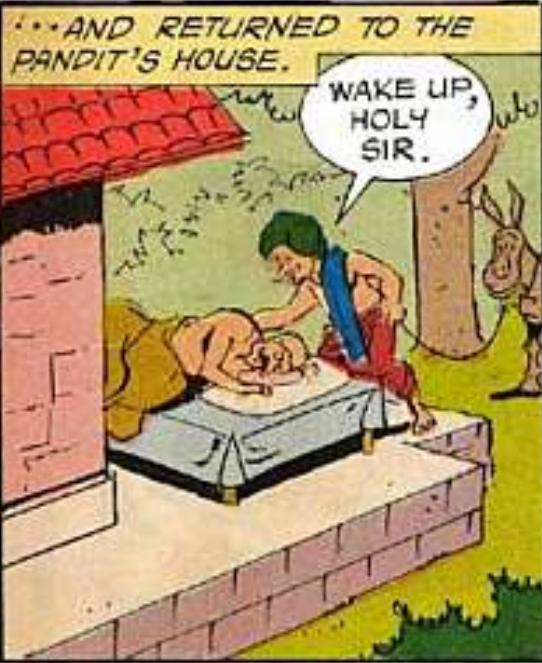
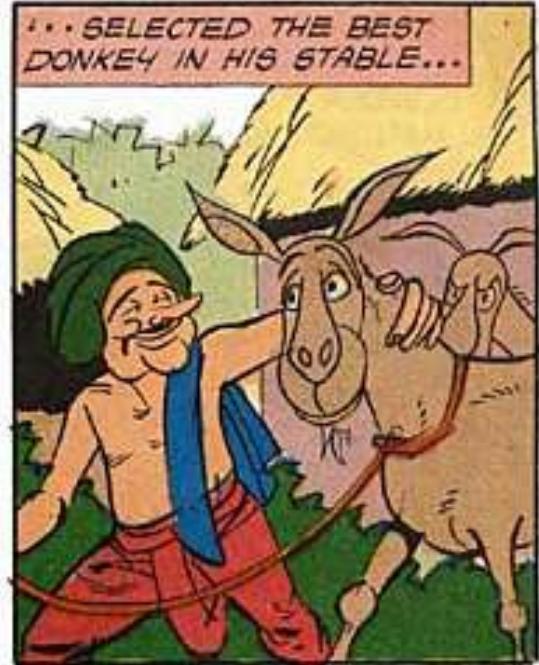
ALL RIGHT. GO
BRING YOUR
DONKEY.

OH,
THANK YOU,
SIR.

AT LAST!
I AM GOING
TO BE A
FATHER!

THE DHOBI RAN HOME...

...SELECTED THE BEST
DONKEY IN HIS STABLE...



IT TAKES TIME
TO TURN A
DONKEY INTO A
MAN, YOU KNOW,

I SUPPOSE
SO.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL
COME BACK AFTER
TEN DAYS,
HOLY SIR.

AT LEAST FOR
TEN DAYS
I'LL HAVE SOME
PEACE.

SEE WHAT FOOLS
MEN ARE. YOU ARE
BETTER OFF AS
A DONKEY,
I TELL YOU.

AT THE CRACK OF DAWN ON THE TENTH DAY—

I HAVE COME
FOR MY SON,
SIR.

HOW IS HE?
WHO DOES HE
LOOK LIKE?

ER...
WELL...

...WHY DON'T
YOU COME
IN?

I DON'T HAVE
THE HEART TO TELL
HIM HIS DONKEY
IS STILL VERY MUCH
A DONKEY.

I COULDN'T SLEEP
THE WHOLE NIGHT!
WHERE IS HE?

LOOK
FRIEND...

I COULDN'T
CHANGE YOUR
DONKEY INTO
A BOY...

WHAT!

... I MEAN
I COULDN'T TURN HIM
INTO A BOY... I HAVE
TURNED HIM INTO A
MAN.

A FULL GROWN
MAN?

YES.

WELL, A SON IS
A SON. WHERE
IS HE?

HE...
ER...

. . . HE WENT OFF
TO THE NEXT
VILLAGE.

I'LL GO AND
BRING HIM BACK
IMMEDIATELY!

THAT MAY NOT BE EASY. I HEARD THEY MADE HIM THE HEAD OF THE VILLAGE.

BUT THE DHOBI WAS ALREADY ON HIS WAY.

WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE NEXT VILLAGE—

WHERE IS THE HEAD OF YOUR VILLAGE?

THAT'S HIM.

MY SON! MY SON!

!?

I AM SO PROUD OF YOU.

YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE YOUR GRANDFATHER! I CHOSE THE RIGHT DONKEY AFTER ALL.

DONKEY! HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A DONKEY!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT!

YOU DON'T
RECOGNISE YOUR
OWN FATHER!

I AM YOUR FATHER,
MY DEAR BOY!
YOUR FATHER!

I HAVE NEVER
SEEN YOU BEFORE
IN MY LIFE!

'HOW COULD YOU?
YOU ARE ONLY TEN
DAYS OLD.'

SOMEBODY
TAKE THIS
MADMAN
AWAY!

LET ME GO! YOU
CAN'T DO THIS
TO ME!

...AND THREW HIM OUT OF
THE VILLAGE.

YOU'LL GET
A THRASHING
IF YOU COME
BACK.

MADMAN! HE CALLED
ME A MADMAN.

HE THINKS THAT
BECAUSE HE IS A
BIG MAN, HE CAN
TREAT ME AS
HE WANTS.
WELL, I'LL
SHOW HIM.

THE DHOBI RUSHED BACK TO THE PANDIT'S HOUSE.

THAT SON OF MINE HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A RASCAL.

HE PRETENDS NOT TO RECOGNISE ME. IT'S BETTER NOT TO HAVE SUCH A SON AT ALL.

I WANT YOU TO TURN HIM BACK INTO A DONKEY!

WHAT A RELIEF!

WAIT HERE, THEN. IT DOESN'T TAKE ME LONG TO TURN A MAN INTO A DONKEY.

...AND CAME OUT WITH THE ANIMAL.

HERE YOU ARE. DON'T EVER TRY TO TURN YOUR DONKEY INTO A MAN AGAIN.

NEVER! I HAVE LEARNT MY LESSON.

AND THE DHOBI WENT OFF WITH HIS DONKEY.

RAMA TO THE RESCUE

—a folktale from Tamil Nadu

Script : Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar



WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

I'LL TELL YOU.
LISTEN...

MEANWHILE—

VOICES! THEY'RE AWAKE. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THEY FALL ASLEEP.

I WONDER WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR MONEY.

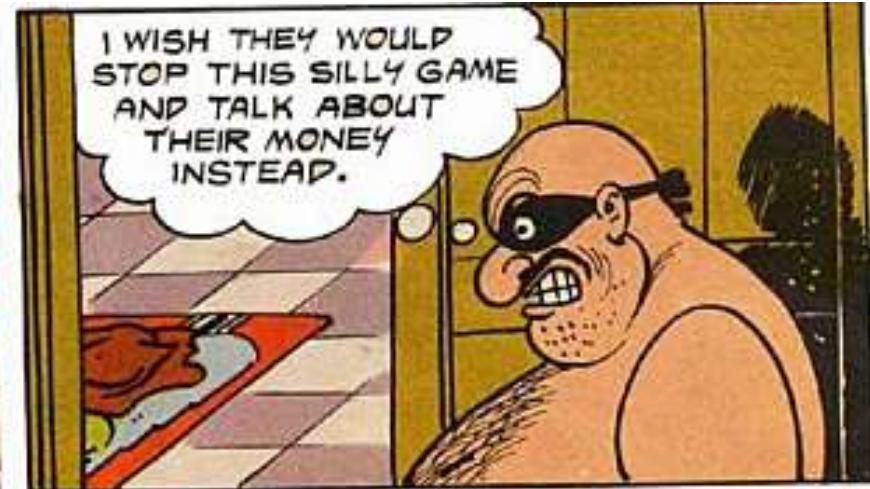
THEY'RE SAYING SOMETHING. PERHAPS THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THEIR MONEY. I'D BETTER LISTEN CLOSELY.

WHAT SHOULD WE NAME OUR CHILD?

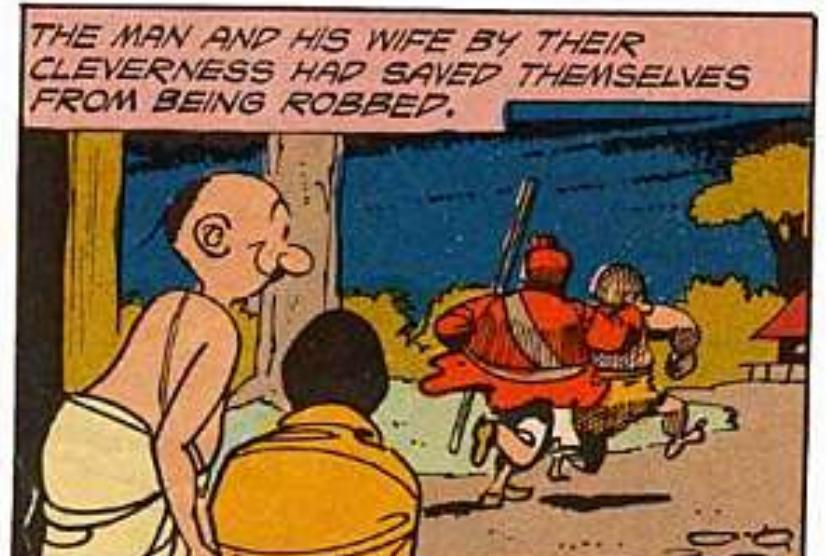
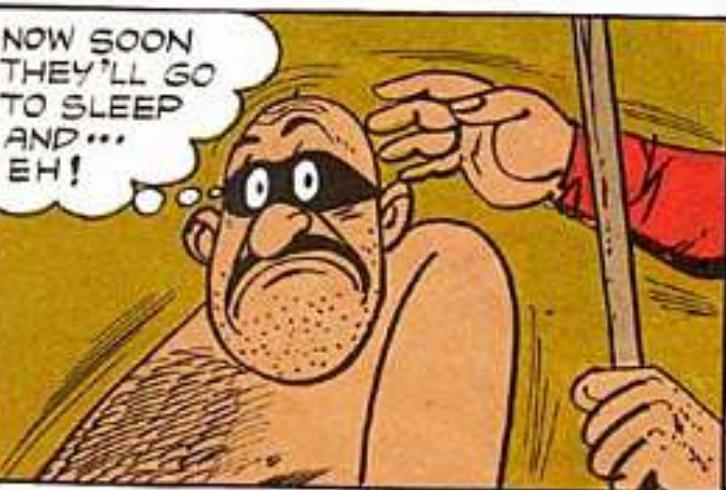
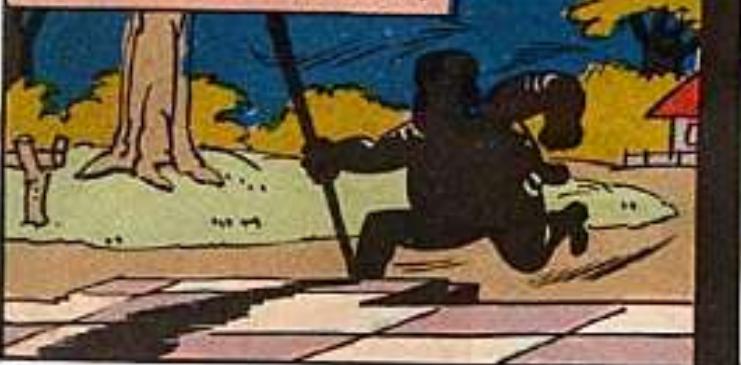
IF HE IS A BOY WE'LL CALL HIM RAMA.

RAMA? YES... THAT'S A GOOD NAME.

WHEN HE'S IN THE HOUSE, I'LL CALL OUT SOFTLY TO HIM. RAMA!
RAMA!



RAMA, THE VILLAGE KOTWAL, RAN TO THE HOUSE FROM WHICH HE HEARD HIS NAME BEING CALLED.



PUNYAKOTI

- A folktale from Karnataka.

Script:

Subba Rao

Illustrations:

K. Chandranath

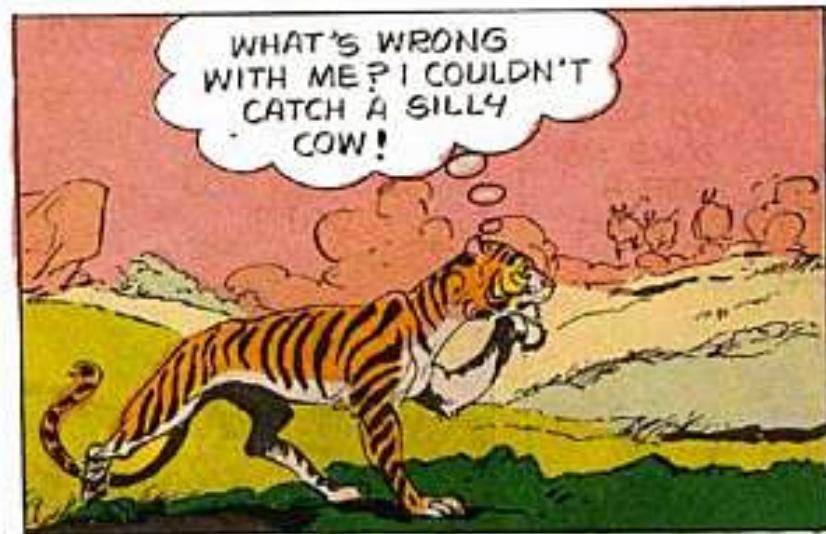
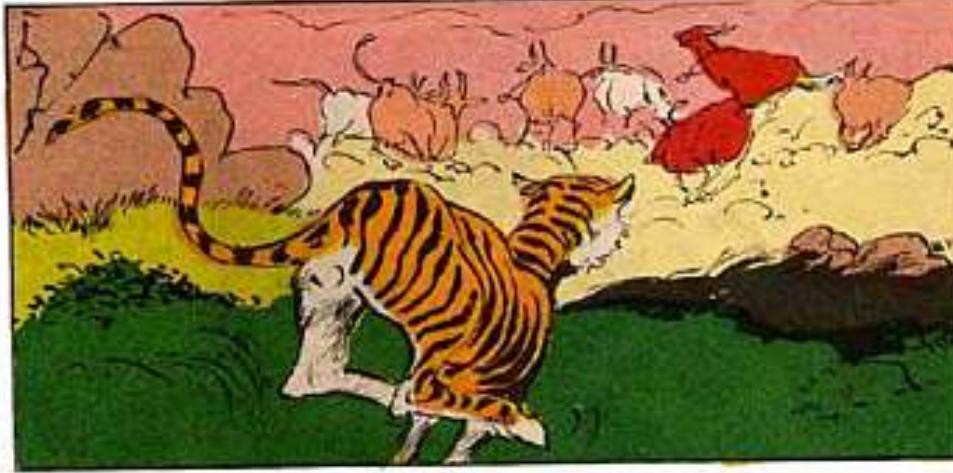
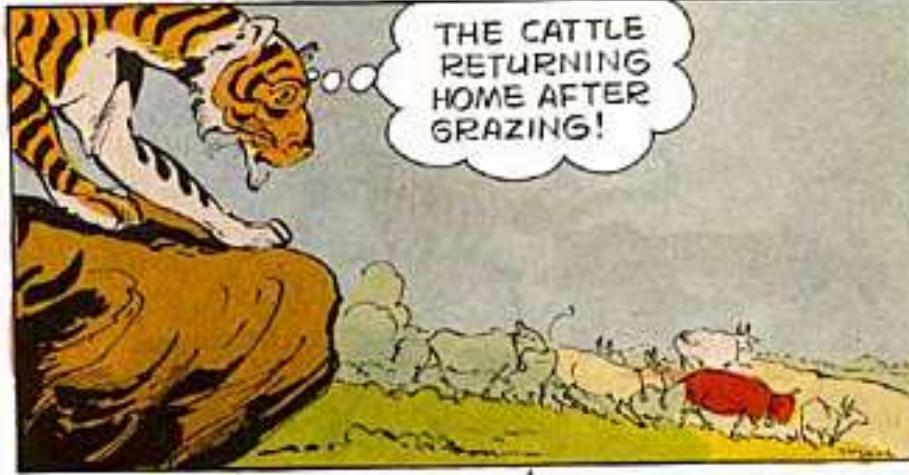


HE HAD NOT
EATEN ANYTHING
FOR DAYS.

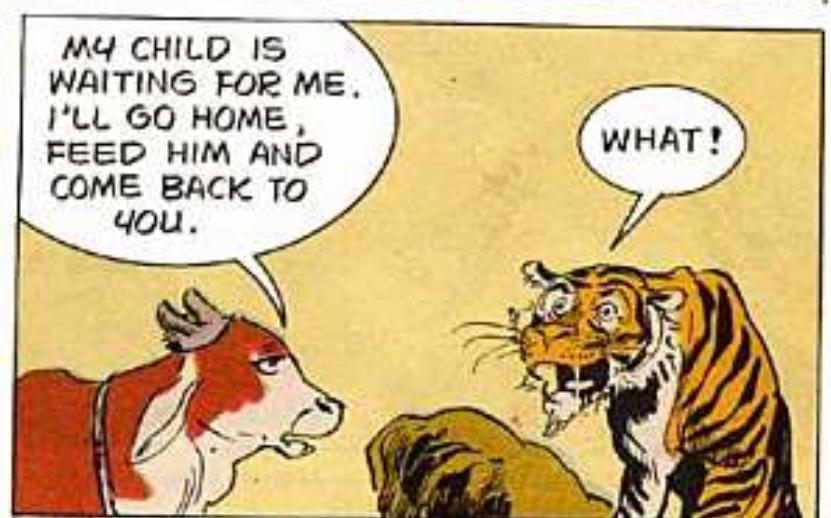
IF I DON'T
FIND SOME FOOD
TODAY, I'LL DIE
OF HUNGER.

HULIA THE TIGER WAS WEAK WITH HUNGER.

JUST THEN—



IT WAS A COW CALLED PUNYAKOTI.



BELIEVE ME, HULIA. I WILL.
I GIVE YOU MY WORD WITH
MOTHER EARTH AS
A WITNESS.

ALL RIGHT. YOU
MAY GO. BUT COME
BACK SOON.

I WILL,
HULIA,
I WILL.

PUNYAKOTI RAN TO HER
HOME AT THE FOOT OF
THE HILL.

COME, MY
CHILD!

DRINK, MY CHILD. DRINK AS
MUCH MILK AS YOU CAN.

FOR THIS IS THE
LAST TIME I WILL
BE FEEDING
YOU.

MOTHER!

YES, MY SON.
I HAVE TO GO BACK
TO HULIA. HE WILL
BE WAITING
FOR ME.

PUNYAKOTI TOLD HIM EVERY-
THING ABOUT HER PROMISE TO
HULIA.

BUT MOTHER,
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO GO BACK TO
HULIA.

HE'S RIGHT WE
WILL AVOID THAT ROUTE
HULIA CAN'T DO A
THING.

I MUST GO, I PROMISED
HIM THAT I WOULD
RETURN.

TRUTH IS MY MOTHER.
TRUTH IS MY FATHER.
TRUTH IS MY GOD.
TRUTH IS EVERYTHING
TO ME.

BUT MOTHER,
WHO WILL FEED ME
WHEN I'M HUNGRY?
WHO WILL TAKE
CARE OF ME?

MY SISTERS,
TREAT THIS ORPHAN
AS YOUR CHILD.

PLEASE DON'T
GORE HIM WITH
YOUR HORNS IF HE
COMES IN YOUR WAY
AND PLEASE DON'T
KICK HIM IF HE IS
AT YOUR BACK.

O PUNYAKOTI!

PUNYAKOTI, WE WILL
ALL COME WITH YOU
TO HULIA.

PLEASE
DON'T. I WANT
YOU TO TAKE
CARE OF MY
CHILD.

AS PUNYAKOTI LEFT —

MOTHER,
DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T
GO. MOTHER...

MEANWHILE HULIA WAS GETTING IMPATIENT.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER GO.

SHE'LL NEVER COME...NO, THERE SHE IS!



SHE HAS KEPT HER PROMISE...EVEN THOUGH DEATH AWAITS HER HERE. ·WHAT A NOBLE CREATURE!



HULIA, MY BROTHER, COME! HERE I AM. EAT ME.



EAT YOU?



NEVER, MY NOBLE SISTER. NEVER.



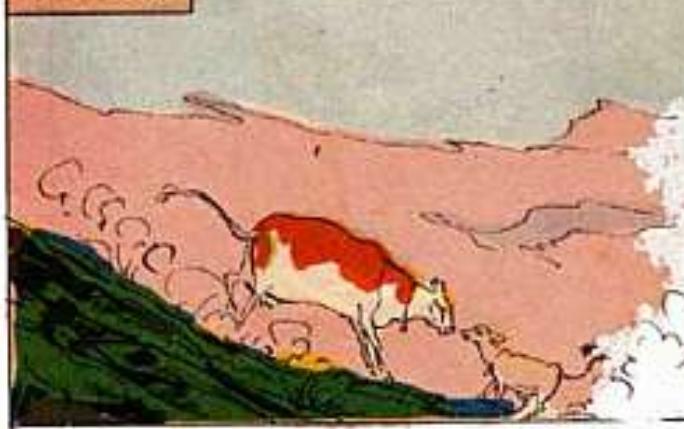
GO BACK TO YOUR CHILD.

HULIA!



HULIA TURNED BACK AND LEFT.

AND PUNYAKOTI REJOINED HER CHILD.



THE GENEROUS HOST

- A folktale
from Tamil Nadu

Script: Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A POOR
BUT GENEROUS MAN. ONE DAY—

THERE ARE SOME MEN
OUTSIDE. THEY SAY YOU
INVITED THEM TO
LUNCH.

AH,
YES!

I FORGOT TO
TELL YOU ABOUT
IT!

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS
INVITING PEOPLE TO LUNCH
WHEN WE HAVE NOTHING TO
OFFER THEM?

THERE IS NOT A
GRAIN OF RICE IN
THE HOUSE!

SSSSH!
DON'T SHOUT!
THEY MIGHT
HEAR YOU!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
THE FOOD. I'LL GO OUT
AND GET SOMETHING.

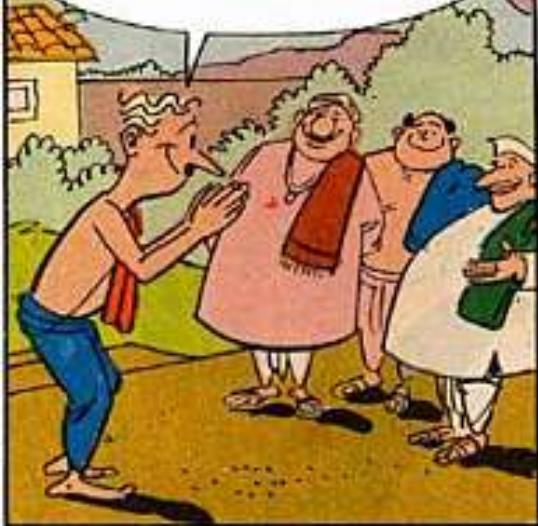
WELCOME, MY
FRIENDS.
WELCOME!
PLEASE
COME IN.

MAY WE VISIT
THE TEMPLE
FIRST?.

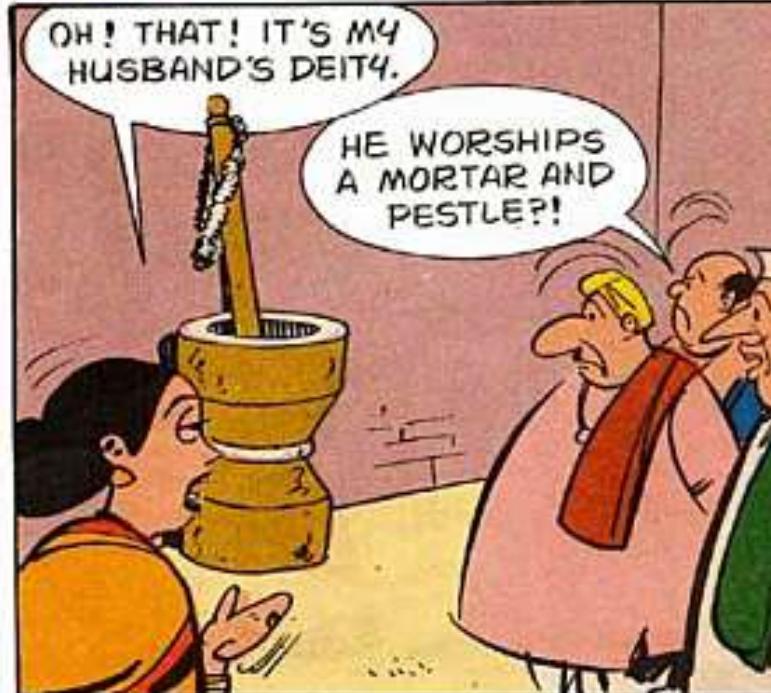
CERTAINLY! FOOD WILL BE READY BY THE TIME YOU RETURN.

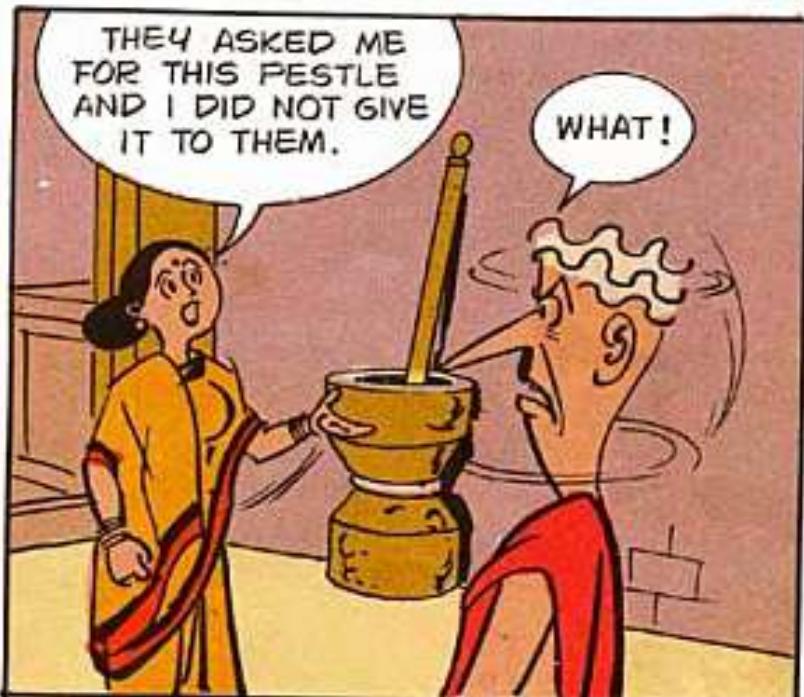
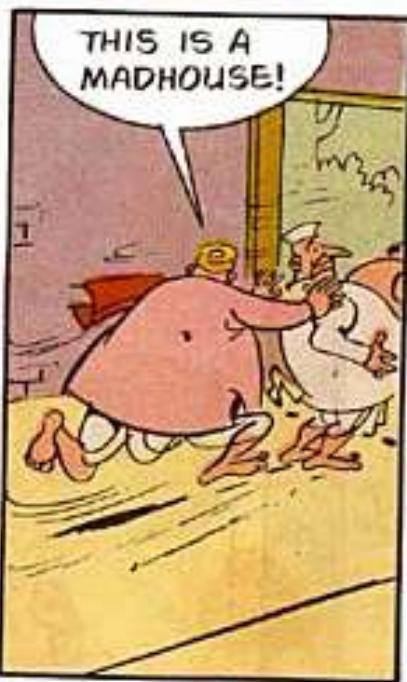
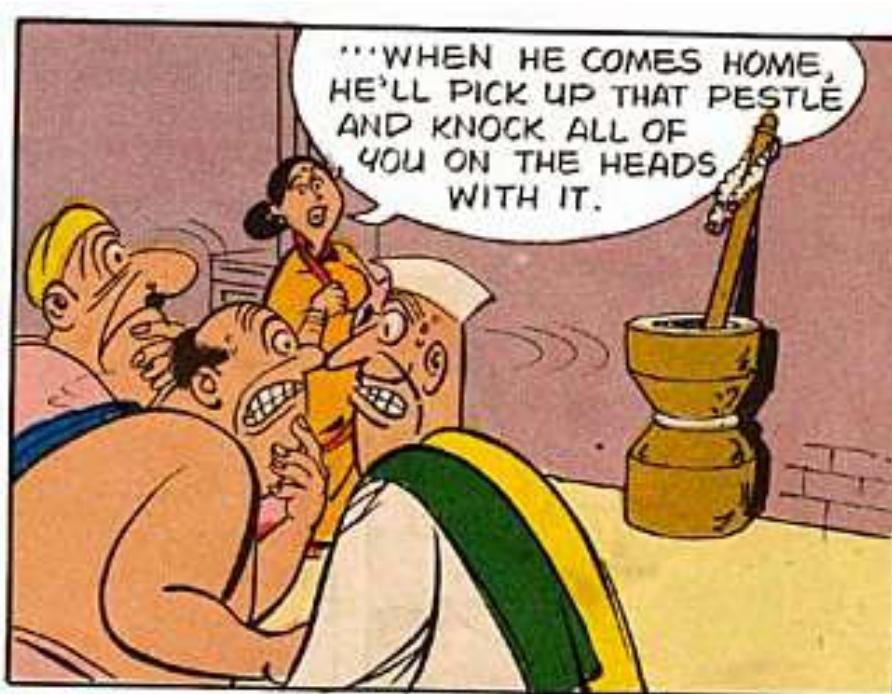
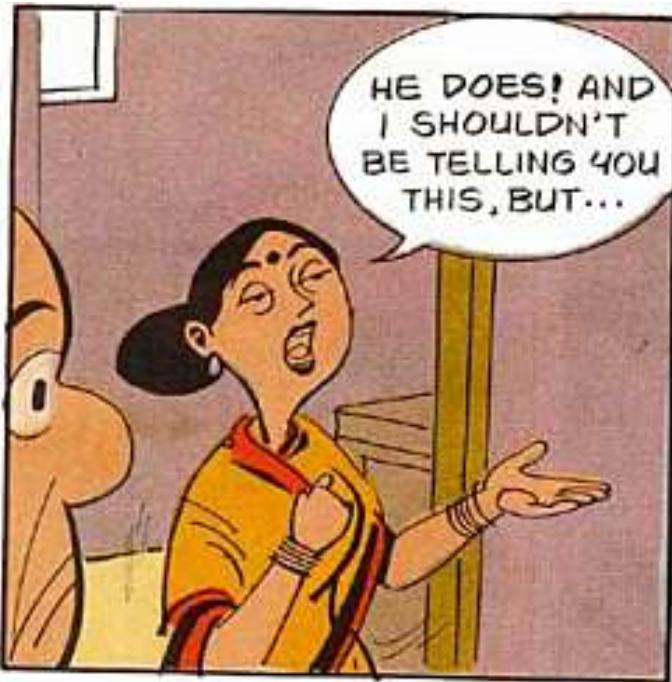
FOOD! HAH! HE'LL JUST WANDER AROUND AND COME BACK EMPT4-HANDED.

I'LL HAVE TO GET THOSE MEN TO LEAVE BEFORE HE RETURNS.



SOMETIME LATER WHEN THE GUESTS RETURNED—





YOU REFUSED TO
GIVE OUR GUESTS AN
ORDINARY PESTLE!
SHAME ON
YOU!

I'LL RUN AFTER
THEM AND GIVE IT
TO THEM.

THE MEN RAN AWAY AS
FAST AS THEY COULD.

AFTER THAT, MUCH TO HIS WIFE'S RELIEF NO
ONE ACCEPTED THE POOR MAN'S
INVITATIONS TO LUNCH ANY MORE.

COME BACK,
FRIENDS,
COME BACK.

LOOK!

HE'S COMING
AFTER US WITH
THE PESTLE!

HE'LL
KNOCK US
ON OUR
HEADS!

RUN,
BROTHERS,
RUN!

AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE TOWN THEY
TOLD EVERYONE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

... HE CHASED US
WITH THE PESTLE
FOR HALF A
MILE.

I DID NOT KNOW HE
WAS SUCH A CRUEL
MAN.

NEITHER
DID I.

THE TWO PANDITS

ADAPTED FROM THE FOLKTALE
AS TOLD BY THE LATE SAGUNA MANJESHWAR
ILLUSTRATIONS: M. MOHANDAS



A KING INVITED TWO SCHOLARS TO HIS PALACE.
ONE OF THEM WAS CALLED PANDIT GYANRAJ
AND THE OTHER WAS CALLED PANDIT VIDYARAJ.

THEY WERE LEARNED MEN, AND THEY
HAD SOMETHING NEW TO TELL THE
KING AND HIS COURTIERS EVERY DAY.

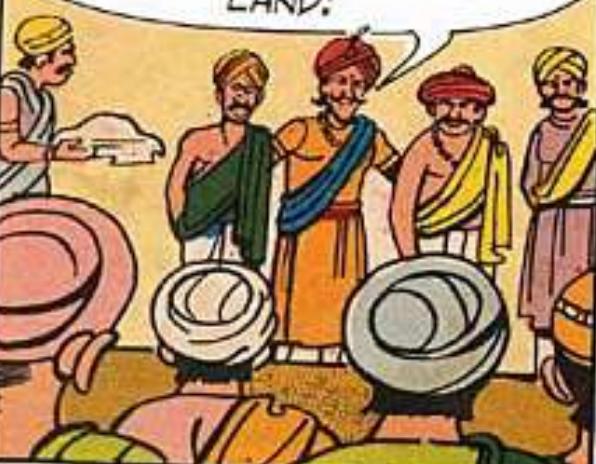
ONE DAY—

SUCH GREAT MEN
SHOULD BE GIVEN RICH
REWARDS.

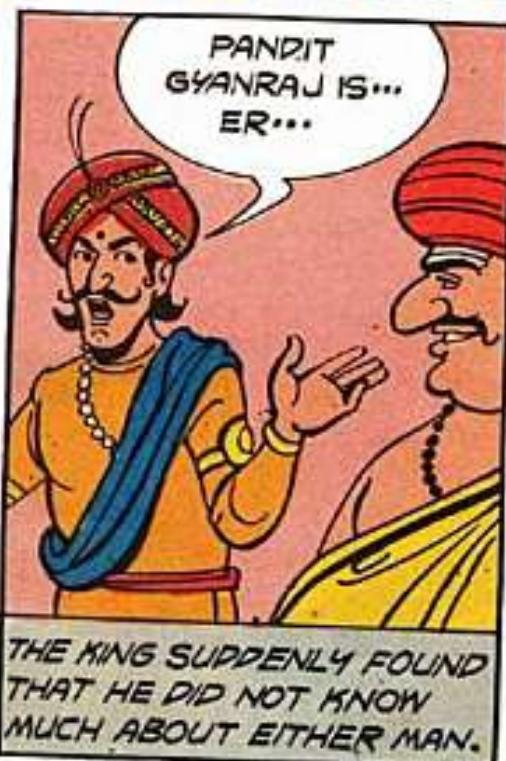


THE KING INVITED SEVERAL
HUNDRED PEOPLE TO HIS
PALACE.

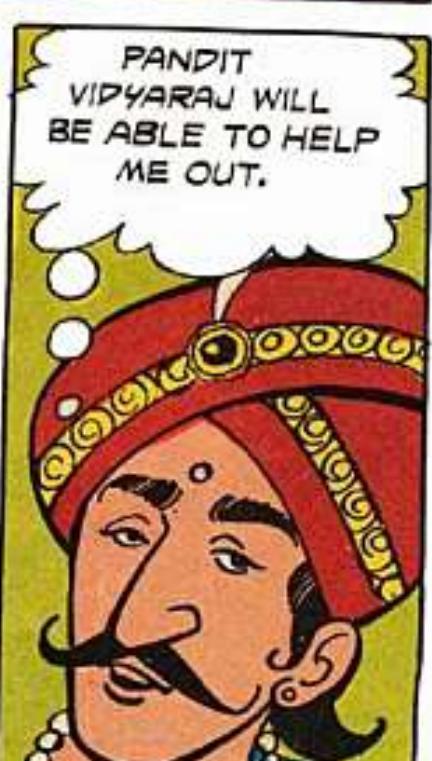
WE ARE HERE
TODAY TO HONOUR AND
REWARD TWO OF THE MOST
LEARNEP MEN IN OUR
LAND:



PANDIT
GYANRAJ IS...
ER...

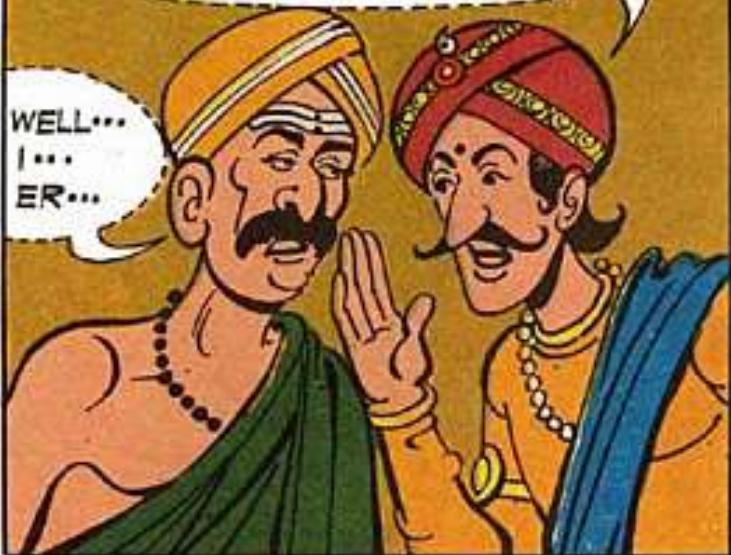


PANDIT
VIDYARAJ WILL
BE ABLE TO HELP
ME OUT.



THE KING SUDDENLY FOUND
THAT HE DID NOT KNOW
MUCH ABOUT EITHER MAN.

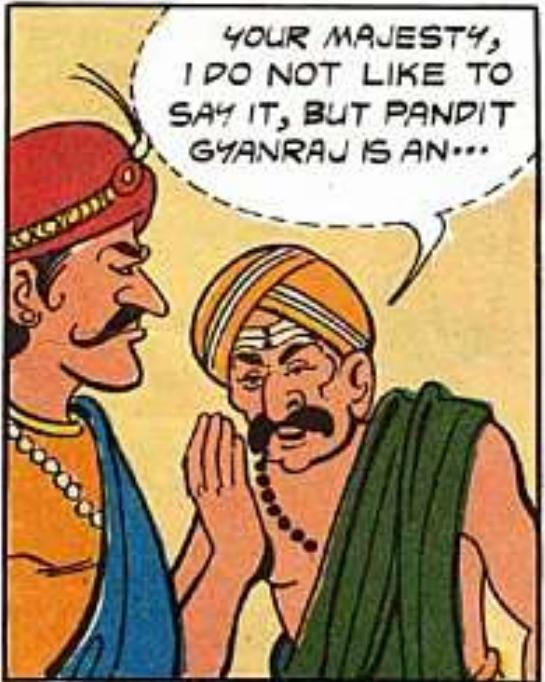
PANDIT VIDYARAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.



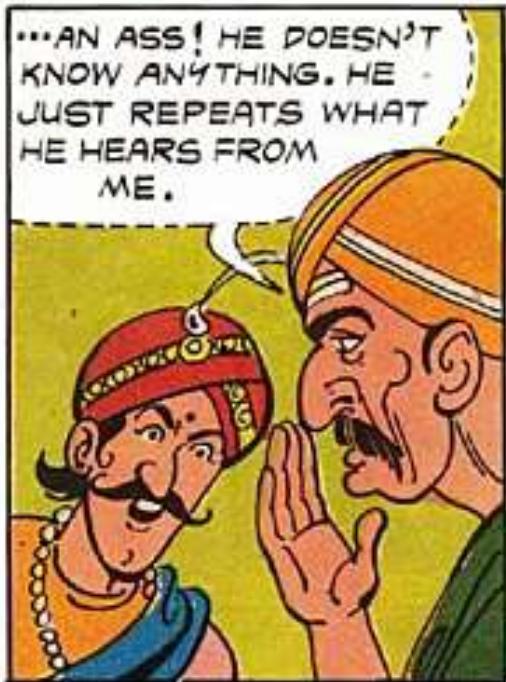
I MUST BE CAREFUL. IF I PRAISE GYANRAJ THE KING MIGHT GIVE HIM A BETTER REWARD THAN THE ONE HE GIVES ME.



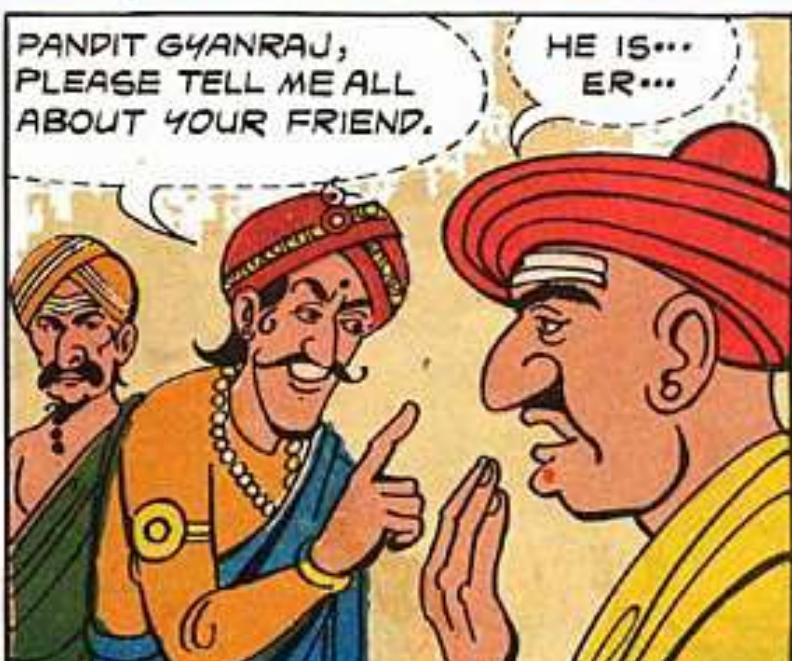
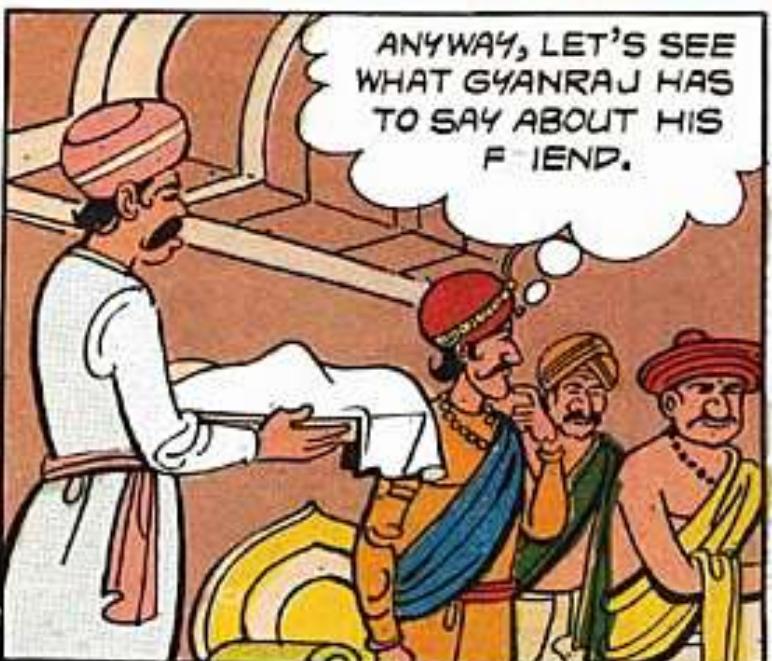
YOUR MAJESTY,
I DO NOT LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT PANDIT GYANRAJ IS AN...



THAT'S A LIE! I HAVE HEARD PANDIT GYANRAJ SPEAK AND I KNOW HE IS LEARNED.



HE IS...
ER...



I MUST BE CAREFUL. IF I PRAISE VIDYARAJ, THE KING MIGHT GIVE HIM A BETTER REWARD THAN THE ONE HE GIVES ME.

YOUR MAJESTY, SINCE YOU ASK ME, I MUST TELL YOU THAT PANDIT VIDYARAJ IS A...

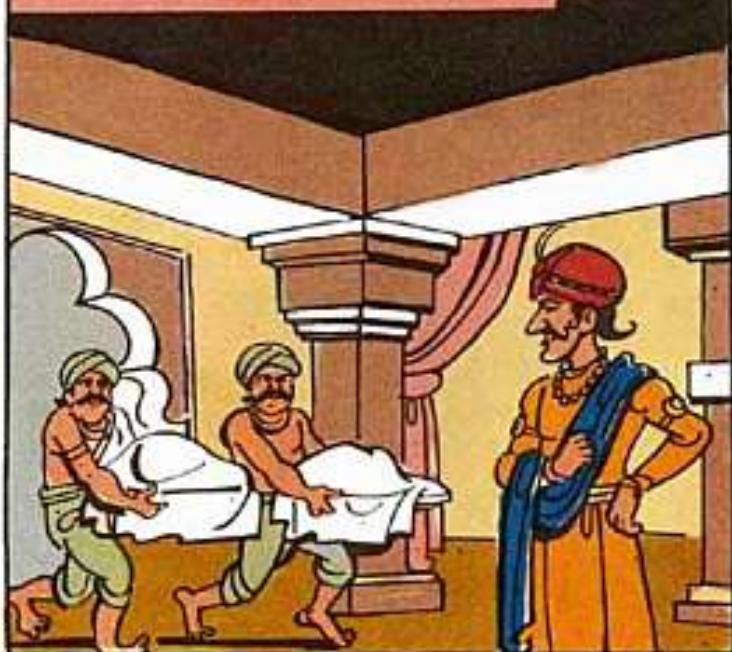
...A DONKEY! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.

THESE SCHOLARS HAVE READ MANY BOOKS BUT WHAT IS THE USE OF ALL THEIR LEARNING?

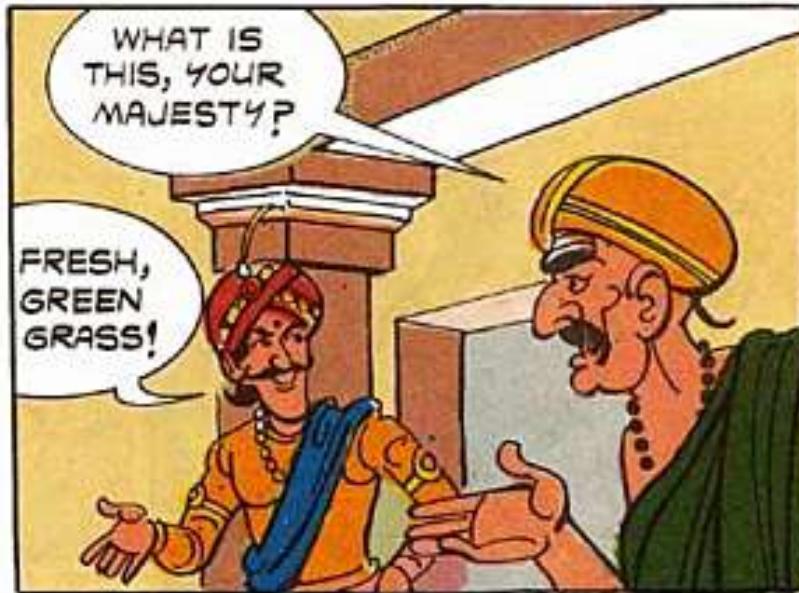
THEY ARE NO BETTER THAN ANY OF US HERE. HOW CAN I HONOUR SUCH MEN?

LISTEN CAREFULLY AND DO AS I SAY.

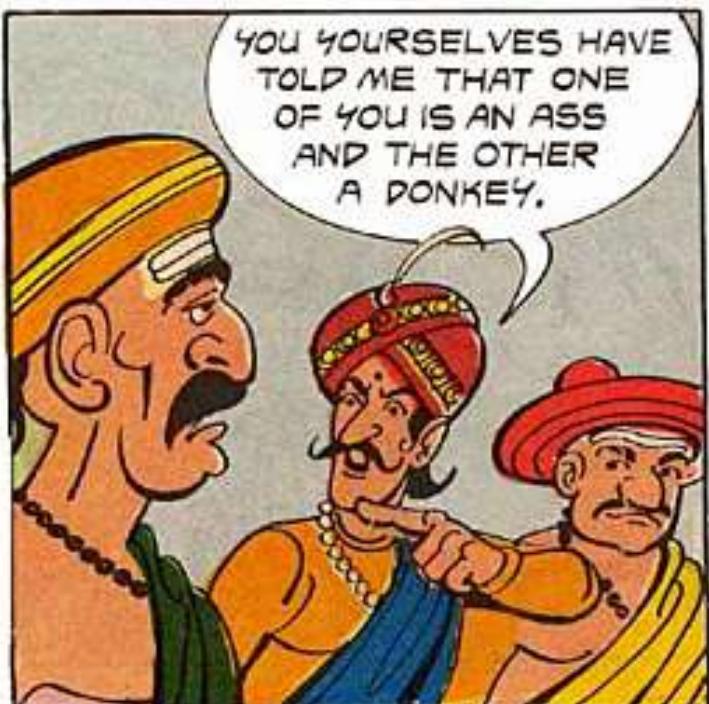
SOMETIME LATER TWO SERVANTS CAME IN CARRYING GIFTS.



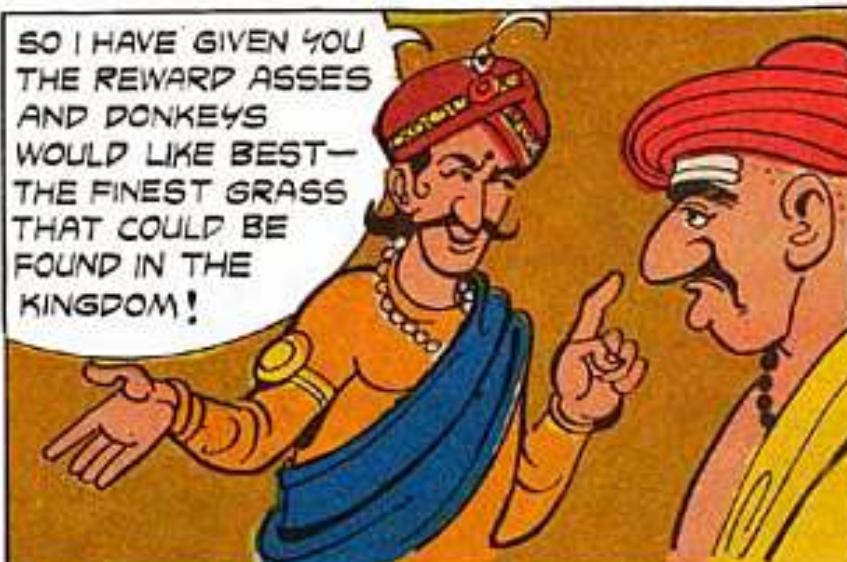
THEY PLACED ONE PLATE BEFORE EACH PANDIT.



YOU YOURSELVES HAVE TOLD ME THAT ONE OF YOU IS AN ASS AND THE OTHER A DONKEY.



SO I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE REWARD ASSES AND DONKEYS WOULD LIKE BEST—THE FINEST GRASS THAT COULD BE FOUND IN THE KINGDOM!



THE PANDITS FELT VERY ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES. THEY LEFT THE PALACE AND NO ONE HEARD OF THEM AGAIN.

CHANDRALEKHA

Adapted from a popular
folktale from Tamil Nadu

Script: Rupa Gupta
Illustrations: M.N. Nangre

ONE EVENING CHANDRALEKHA,
THE FAMOUS DANCER, LOST
HER WAY IN THE WOODS.



SUDDENLY—



AH! THAT
WAS A GOOD
DAY'S
WORK!



LET'S HIDE OUR
LOOT HERE. BUT
BEFORE WE
DO...



... O MAGIC
KANNAKOL* GO
AND HIT ANY SPY
WHO MAY BE
AROUND.

THE KANNAKOL HIT
HER BUT CHANDRALEKHA
BRAVELY BORE THE
PAIN WITHOUT A
SOUND.

NO CR4!
GOOD!
THERE'S
NO ONE
AROUND.
LET'S GET
TO WORK.

HURRY UP. IT'S
PAST MIDNIGHT.

THE TOWN MUST BE
THAT WAY. I'LL
TAKE THE TREASURE
WITH ME.



* IT IS SAID THAT A KANNAKOL OBEYS ITS MASTER'S ORDERS.

THE NEXT DAY WHEN THE ROBBERS RETURNED TO THE SPOT—

OUR TREASURE IS GONE!

SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN US BURYING IT.

IMPOSSIBLE! THE KANNAKOL WOULDN'T MISS ANYONE. BUT I'LL EXAMINE IT ANYWAY.

BLOOD! SOME ONE WAS HIT!

WE WILL FIND THE CULPRIT.

LATER—

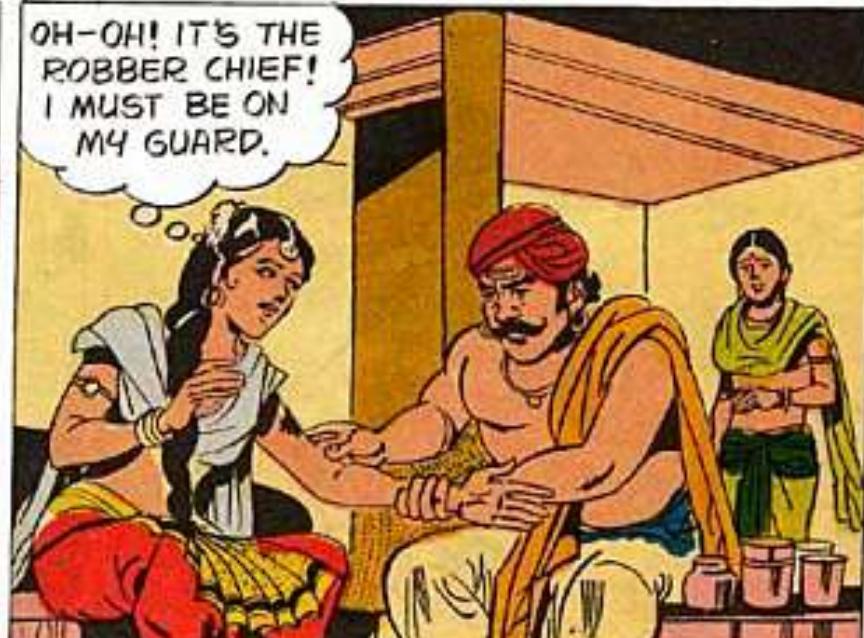
OINTMENTS... OINTMENTS FOR ALL WOUNDS... MIRACULOUS OINTMENTS...

HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING FOR MY WOUND! RUN AND FETCH HIM.

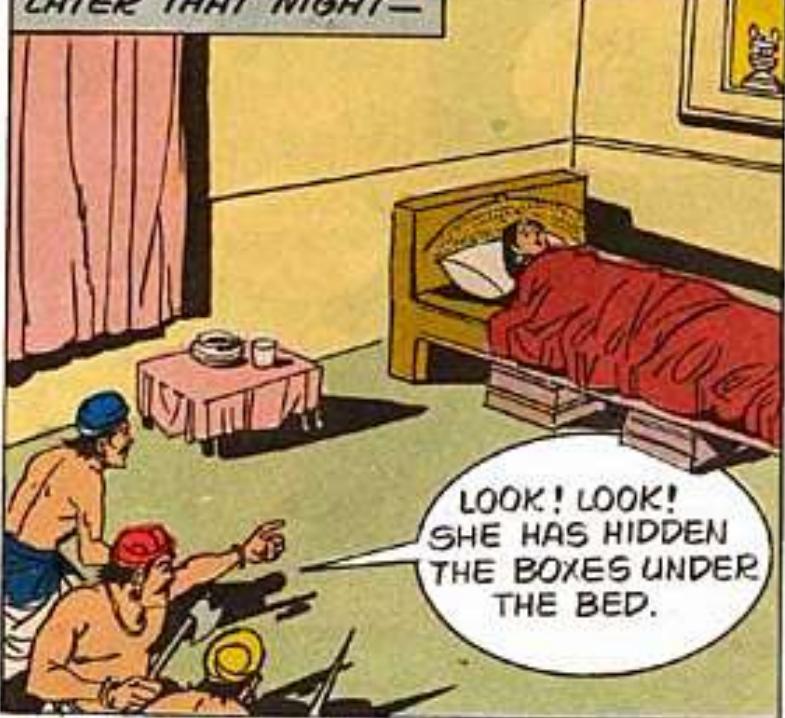
ALL THIS MONEY IS YOURS IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT OINTMENT FOR MY WOUND.

MY GOD! THAT WOUND ON HER ARM WAS MADE BY MY KANNAKOL.

OH-OH! IT'S THE ROBBER CHIEF! I MUST BE ON MY GUARD.



LATER THAT NIGHT—



MUCH LATER—

THAT WITCH!
SHE HAS
TRICKED
US!

AND LOOK
WHAT'S IN
THE CHEST!

STONES!

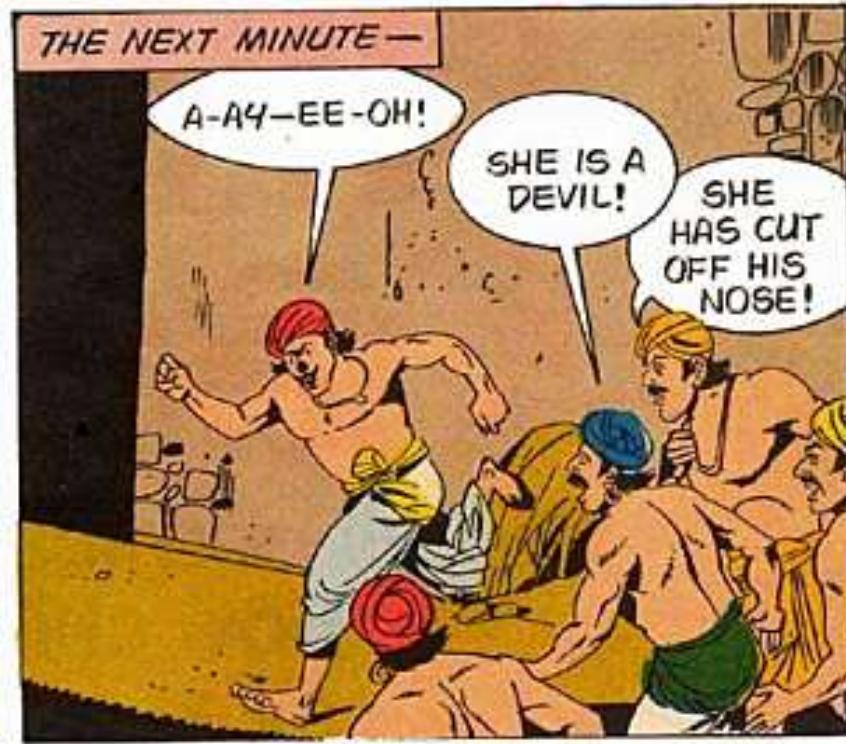
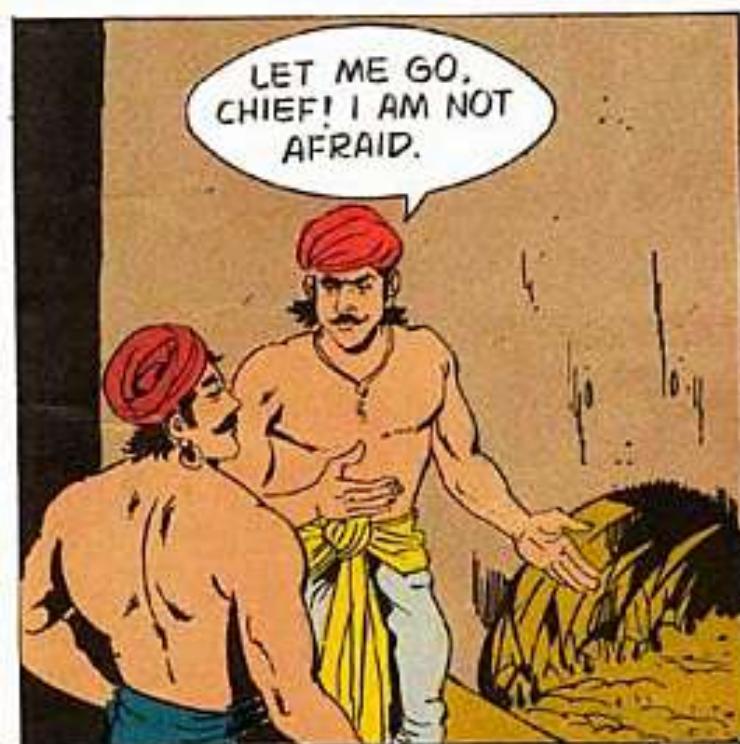
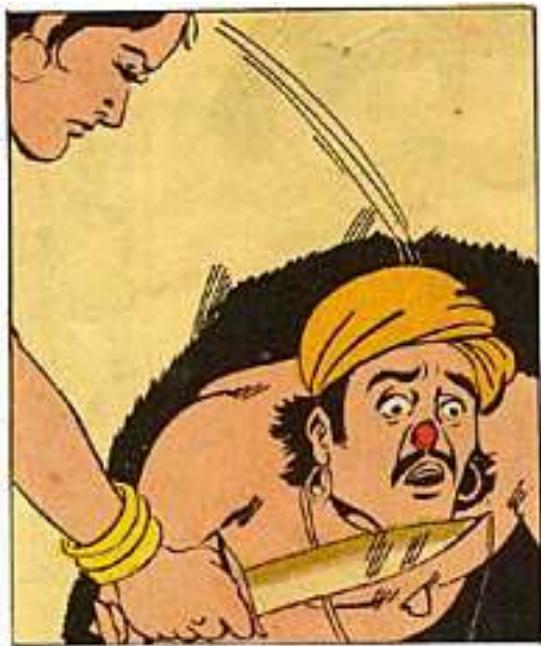
MEANWHILE CHANDRALEKHA HAD REACHED HOME...

THE ROBBERS
WON'T GIVE UP SO
EASILY. I MUST
PREPARE MYSELF
FOR ANOTHER VISIT
FROM THEM.

SURE ENOUGH THEY RETURNED THE
SAME NIGHT.

WELCOME,
FRIENDS!
I AM READY
TO RECEIVE
YOU.

HERE COMES
THE FIRST
ONE!



Fun,
Adventure,
Knowledge...



TINKLE

टिंकल

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For children

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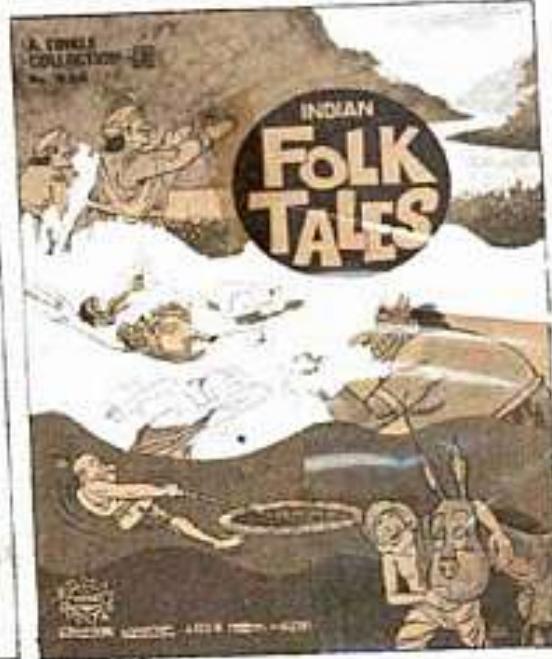
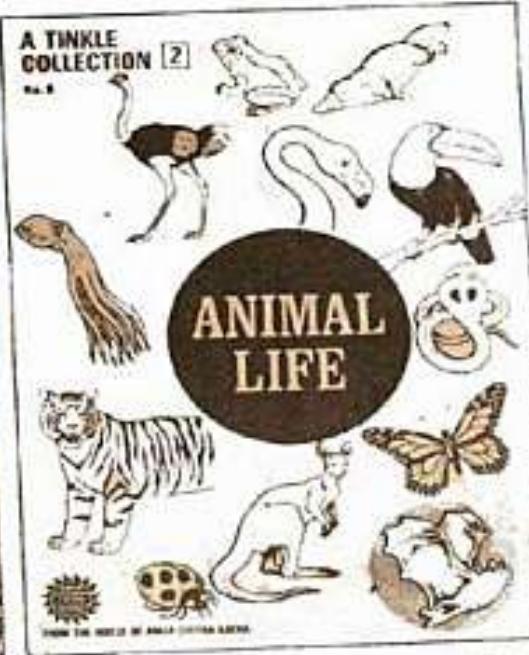
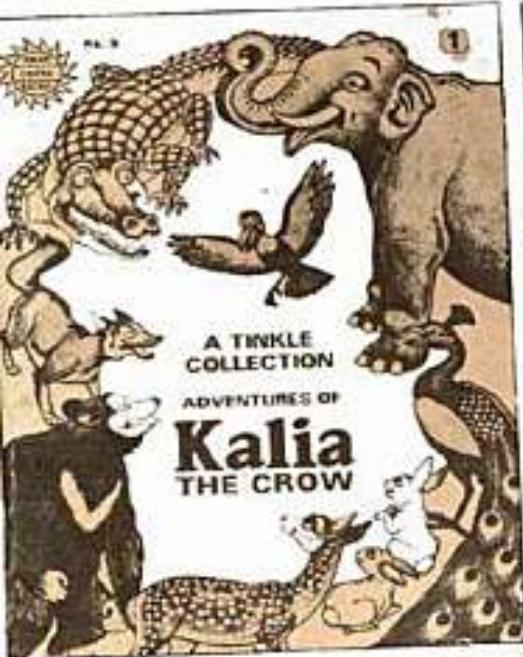
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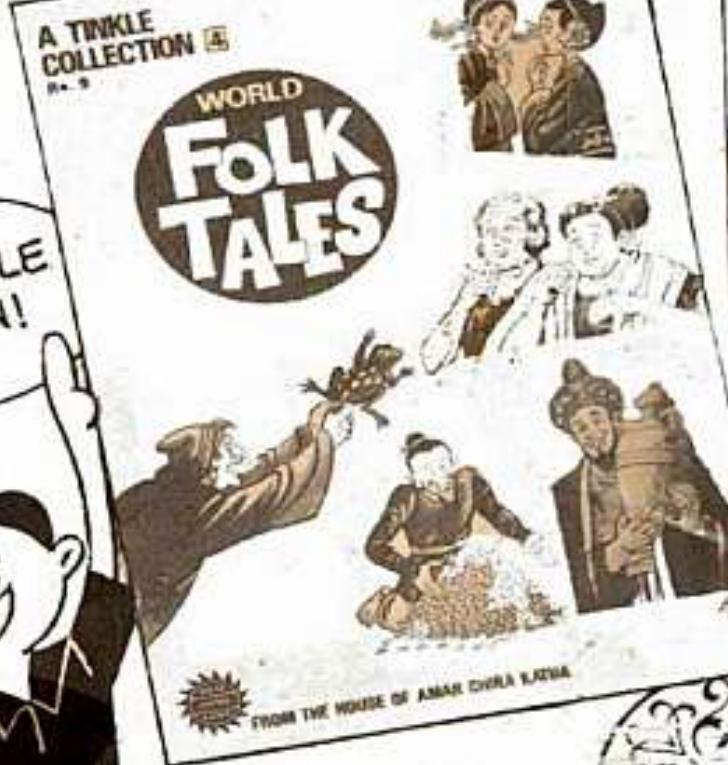
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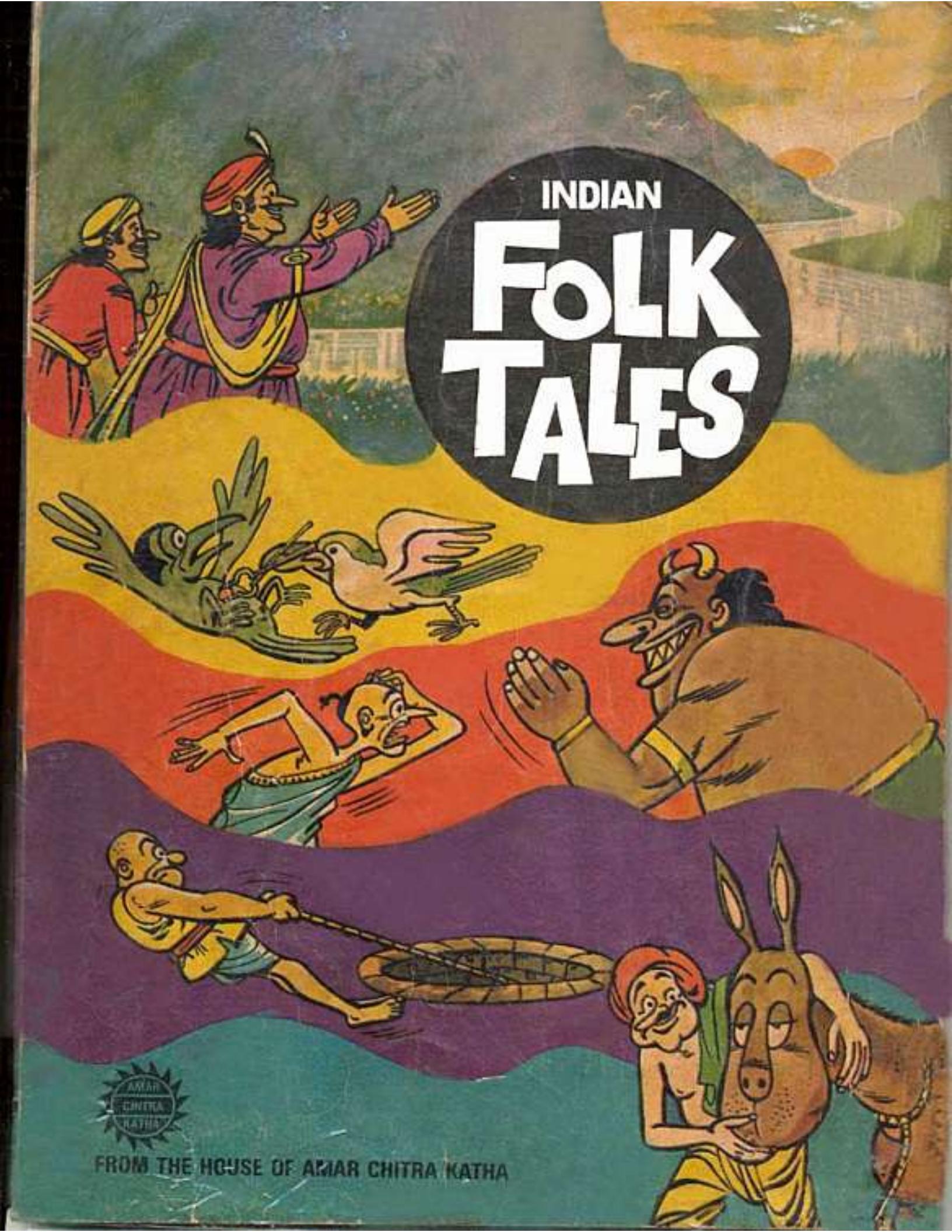
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The background features a vibrant collage of Indian folk art. At the top left, two men in traditional purple and red attire are shown; one is pointing towards the right. In the center, a large black circle contains the title text. Below the circle, a green crocodile and a white bird are depicted on a yellow hill. To the right, a man in a green turban and blue dhoti is running away from a brown bull with a wide-open mouth. In the bottom right corner, a man in a yellow and black striped turban is interacting with a brown donkey. The bottom left corner shows a small circular logo for "AMAR CHITRA KATHA".



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