

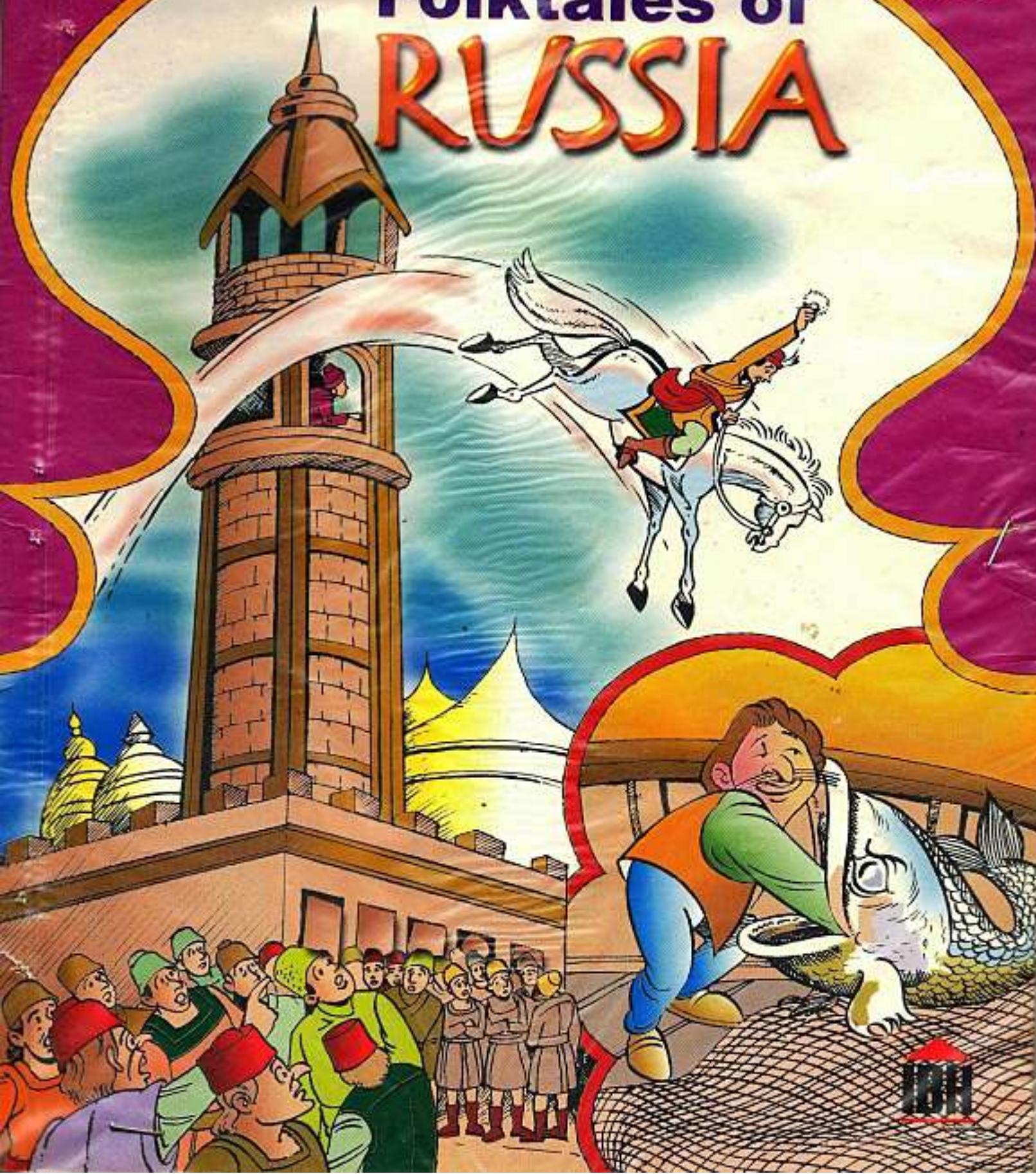


The TINKLE Collection of World Folktales

No. 21

Rs. 45

# Folktales of RUSSIA





# Folktales of Russia

Folktales are stories that have come down generations, for hundreds of years. They represent the culture and heritage of a people.

Russian folktales evolved during the period when Russia was ruled by Tsars and Tsarinjas, much before the Soviet Union was created and dismantled. These were stories told by the peasants or 'folk'. Some of them were so powerful and impressive, like Swan Lake, The Firebird and Petrouchka, that they were set to classical music and ballet.

This collection brings together some well-known and other lesser-known stories. Here a young soldier's wit is pitted against the Tsar's, a poor farmer fools a corrupt judge, and the wicked witch, Baba Yaga, is outsmarted by a young girl. From the world's largest country, here are some of the most endearing and enduring folktales.

*Editor : Anant Pai*

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ISBN - 81 - 7508 - 286 - 0

Published by Anant Pai, for India Book House Limited, Fleet Bldg., Mathuradas Vasanji Raod, Marol Naka, Andheri (East), Mumbai - 400 059 and printed by him at Krishna Art Printery Pvt. Ltd., Unit No. B-8, Sussex Industrial Estate, Dadoji Konddeo Cross Marg, Byculla (E), Mumbai - 400 027.



# THE CLEVER SOLDIER

Based on a Russian folktale

Script:

Prasad Iyer

Illustrations:

Ram Waeerker

TSAR DOLMAT WAS VERY ANGRY WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS LEA.

THAT'S ANOTHER BATCH OF SUITORS YOU'VE TURNED AWAY, YOU FOOLISH GIRL.

BUT...  
BUT  
I DIDN'T LIKE ANY OF THEM.

AT THIS RATE YOU'LL REMAIN A SPINSTER THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

IT'S TIME I TOOK MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.

MINISTER!

SEND OUT THE CRIERS. LET THEM ANNOUNCE THAT I WILL GIVE MY DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE TO THE ONE WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF A HUNDRED HARES FOR A MONTH.

BUT...  
BUT...

I DON'T WANT ANY ARGUMENTS.

I'LL SEND OUT THE

criers at once, your majesty.

JUST THEN BORIS, A POOR SOLDIER WHO HAD BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY, WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE CAPITAL.

HEY!  
WHAT'S THIS!

IT'S A CAP AND THERE'S A MESSAGE SCRAWLED INSIDE.

"WEAR ME AND COMMAND ANY ANIMAL AND WISH FOR ANY FOOD."

HMM... I WISH  
I HAD  
AN APPLE!



AN APPLE!  
IT  
WORKS! THE  
CAP WORKS.



BORIS WALKED ON AND  
SOON ARRIVED IN THE  
CAPITAL.

I WONDER  
WHAT THE  
COMMOTION  
OVER THERE  
IS ALL  
ABOUT!



... AND THE TSAR PROMISES TO  
GIVE THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS  
IN MARRIAGE TO THE ONE WHO  
CAN MIND A HUNDRED HARES  
FOR A MONTH...

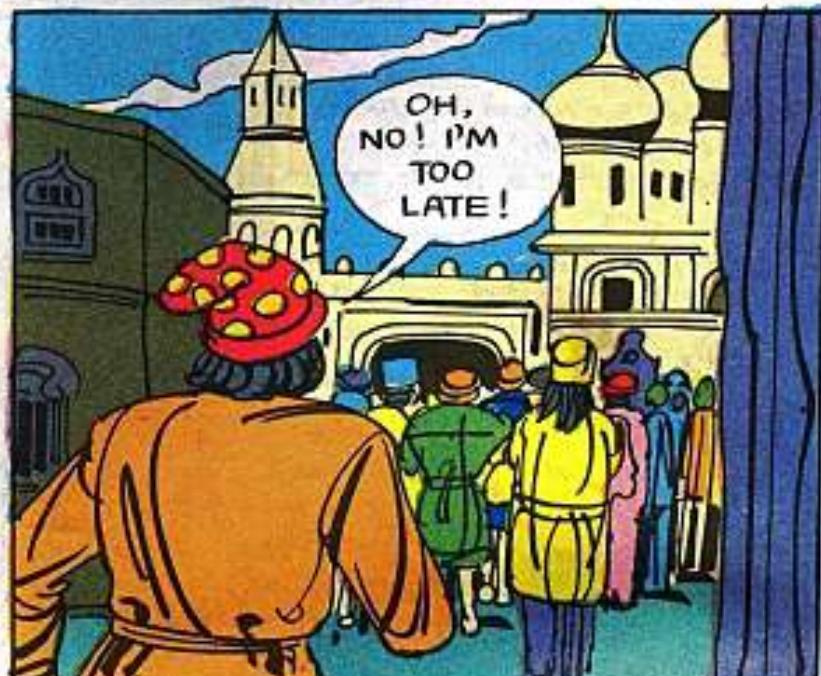
THE  
PRINCESS'  
HAND IN  
MARRIAGE...



I'D BETTER RUN TO THE  
PALACE BEFORE THE  
OTHERS GET  
THERE.



OH,  
NO! I'M  
TOO  
LATE!



IT'S NOT GOING TO BE  
EASY! HOW CAN ONE  
PERSON MIND  
A HUNDRED HARES!

YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

LOOKS LIKE  
THERE'S STILL  
A CHANCE  
FOR ME!

YOUR MAJESTY, I'VE  
COME TO TRY FOR THE  
PRINCESS' HAND...

SO I SEE. BUT  
REMEMBER—  
EVEN IF ONE  
HARE ESCAPES  
YOU'LL BE  
BANISHED  
FOR LIFE!

I'LL TAKE THAT  
CHANCE, YOUR  
MAJESTY.

COME  
WITH  
ME  
THEN!

THERE YOU ARE.  
A HUNDRED HARES.  
COUNT THEM IF  
YOU LIKE.

I'LL  
TAKE YOUR  
WORD FOR  
IT, SIRE!

A SLOPPY LOT! THEY  
COULD DO WITH A  
BIT OF MILITARY  
DISCIPLINE!

ATTENTION!

FORM UP!  
QUICK  
MARCH!

...I...  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

AND SO EVERY DAY BORIS WOULD LINE UP THE HARES AND TAKE THEM OUT TO THE FIELDS. IN THE EVENING HE WOULD RETURN THEM TO THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.



THE DAYS SWIFTLY PASSED. AND THE TSAR AND TSARINA BEGAN TO HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS.

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS GOING TO WIN.

I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF OUR DAUGHTER MARRYING A COMMON SOLDIER.



I... I WISH I HADN'T BEEN SO RASH. BUT I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE OUR DAUGHTER A JOLT.

A JOLT?

YOU DOLT, WE WILL BECOME THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE KINGDOM IF HE SUCCEEDS.



NEVER MIND, I HAVE A PLAN TO THWART HIM... LISTEN... BZZZ... BZZZ...

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. BUT I MUST ACT FAST. THERE ARE JUST TWO DAYS LEFT FOR THE MONTH TO END.



AND SO THE TSAR DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A SHEPHERD AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE MEADOW WHERE THE HARES WERE GRAZING.

GOOD DAY, MY YOUNG FRIEND, THAT'S A FINE BAND OF HARES! WILL YOU SELL ME ONE? I'LL GIVE YOU A HANDSOME PRICE.

AT! IT'S THE TSAR HIMSELF. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, OLD MAN. HEE HEE!



WHAT COULD A TRAMP LIKE YOU PAY ME!

ME! A TRAMP! HOW DARE YOU...



TELL YOU  
WHAT... I'LL LET  
YOU HAVE ONE, IF  
YOU'LL DO SOME-  
THING FOR ME.

WHAT?

GO AND FETCH  
ME SOME  
WATER FROM  
THAT  
STREAM, FIRST.

HOW  
DARE YOU  
ORDER  
ME...

ER... I MEAN  
... YES,  
SIR.

THE TSAR TOTTERED TO THE  
STREAM, FILLED THE BUCKET  
AND STAGGERED BACK.

OOH! IT'S HEAVY!  
BUT I MUST GET  
HOLD OF A HARE  
FOR... FOR MY  
DAUGHTER'S  
SAKE!

WHAT  
TOOK YOU SO  
LONG, YOU  
LAZY  
RASCAL.

COME ON NOW.  
WASH MY  
FEET!

WHAT!

OR ELSE YOU WON'T  
GET YOUR  
HARE!

GRR!  
THE  
RASCAL...

THE TSAR SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE  
AND WASHED BORIS' FEET.

IT'S SO HUMILIATING! ME,  
A TSAR, WASHING  
A PEASANT'S FEET.

AH!  
THAT'S  
BETTER.

HERE! TAKE  
YOUR HARE  
AND BE  
OFF!

HEE! HEE!  
YOU'VE FALLEN  
INTO THE TRAP,  
YOU  
ROGUE!

THE TSAR HURRIED TO THE  
PALACE AS HE NEARED THE  
GATES HE OPENED THE BAG TO  
LOOK AT THE HARE AND —

HEY! HEY!  
COME  
BACK!



WHAT HAPPENED! DID  
YOU GET THE HARE?

I DID! BUT  
I FOOLISHLY OPENED  
THE BAG TO SEE IF IT  
WAS THERE AND IT  
LEAPED OUT AND  
FLED BACK TO THE  
PASTURE.

OH NO! TRUST  
YOU TO MAKE  
A MESS OF  
THINGS.

WELL, TOMORROW  
IS THE LAST DAY OF  
THE MONTH. THIS  
TIME I SHALL  
GO TO THAT  
FELLOW AND  
BRING BACK  
A HARE.



THE NEXT DAY THE TSARINA DISGUISED  
HERSELF AS A PEASANT WOMAN  
AND SET OUT TO THE PASTURE  
WHERE BORIS WAS  
GRAZING THE HARES.

AH,  
THERE HE  
IS!



GOOD DAY, MY GOOD  
MAN. I STOPPED TO  
ASK YOU IF YOU  
WILL SELL ME  
ONE OF THOSE  
HARES.

HMM... YOUR HANDS  
ARE TOO GENTLE TO  
BELONG TO A PEA-  
SANT. WHY IT'S  
THE TSARINA HERSELF.



THEY'RE NOT FOR SALE BUT  
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE IF YOU  
WILL WASH MY COAT AND  
MAKE ME A BOWL  
OF SOUP.

NO!  
I WON'T!



IN THAT CASE  
YOU'LL HAVE TO  
DO WITHOUT  
THE HARE.

ERR... NOW DON'T  
BE TOO HASTY.  
WHAT I MEANT WAS  
THAT I DON'T  
MIND WASHING  
YOUR COAT...

... AND MAKING ME  
A BOWL OF  
SOUP.

YES, YES, I'LL  
DO THAT  
TOO.



THE POOR TSARINA BEGAN TO  
WASH BORIS' COAT. UNACCUSTOMED TO HARD WORK, HER  
HANDS SOON BECAME  
RED AND RAW.

A FEW HOURS LATER—

YOUR COAT  
AND THE  
SOUP.

I SAY,  
THAT'S  
MARVELLOUS!  
THE COAT LOOKS  
AS GOOD AS  
NEW.

AND THE SOUP  
IS DELICIOUS.

(GRR)  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
MY  
HARE?



AH, YES! TAKE  
THIS ONE.

HEE! HEE! YOU'VE  
SWALLOWED THE  
BAIT, YOU  
FOOL.



THE TSARINA TOOK THE HARE AND  
RUSHED TO THE PALACE.

LOOK! I HAVE IT!  
OUR DAUGHTER IS  
SAVED!

WONDERFUL!  
YOU'RE SO  
CLEVER!



I'M SO HAPPY OUR DAUGHTER IS SAVED. I FEEL LIKE HAVING A CELEBRATION.

LET'S HAVE A BANQUET.

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA.

AND SO—



PHEW! IT'S HOT IN HERE. I'LL OPEN THE WINDOWS.

NO, DON'T!

BUT THE TSAR HAD ALREADY OPENED THE WINDOW AND THE MOMENT HE DID SO —

HEY!

OH, NO! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN.

THE HARE RAN BACK TO BORIS.

AH, SO YOU'VE COME! IT'S TIME WE RETURNED TO THE PALACE.



LEFT RIGHT! LEFT RIGHT!



YOUR MAJESTY, HERE ARE THE HUNDRED HARES ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT.



AND NOW, MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF ASKING FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE?

HMM... BUT FIRST YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF HER.

BUT I ALREADY HAVE I TOOK CARE OF YOUR HARES FOR ONE LONG MONTH AND...

PAH ! ANY SHEPHERD COULD DO THAT !

ALL RIGHT ! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ?

I WANT YOU TO FILL THESE THREE SACKS WITH WORDS. ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE WORTHY OF THE PRINCESS' HAND .

BUT... BUT!

NOW LET HIM GET OUT OF THAT !

BORIS OPENED THE NECK OF THE FIRST SACK AND BEGAN TO NARRATE HIS ADVENTURES ...

BLAH BLAH... I TOOK THE HARES TO THE PASTURE...

AND THEN THE TSAR CAME THERE DISGUISED AS A PEASANT AND AT MY COMMAND HE...

THAT'S ENOUGH !

BUT THE SACK ISN'T FULL YET.

OH , YES, IT IS !

IF YOU SAY SO .

PHEW ! ANOTHER SECOND  
AND THE ROGUE WILL  
HAVE REVEALED HOW  
I WASHED HIS  
FEET !

YOU  
STILL HAVE  
TWO MORE  
SACKS TO  
FILL.

AND THE NEXT DAY THE  
TSARINA CAME THERE  
DISGUISED  
AS A ...

STOP, STOP ! THE  
BAG IS  
FULL.

BUT I'VE  
SPOKEN ONLY  
A FEW  
WORDS .

THAT'S  
ENOUGH,  
I SAID !

AND SHE MADE  
ME A ...

ENOUGH !

ANOTHER SECOND AND HE  
WILL HAVE REVEALED  
HOW I WASHED HIS COAT  
AND MADE HIM  
SOUP.

YOUR  
MAJESTY,  
I HAVE  
CARRIED  
OUT YOUR  
COMMANDS...

YES, YES, THE  
PRINCESS WILL BE  
YOUR BRIDE,  
I PROMISE  
THAT.

OH,  
GOOD !

AND THE TSAR KEPT HIS WORD. A FEW DAYS LATER  
BORIS AND THE PRINCESS WERE MARRIED AND  
THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

# THE MAGIC BIRCH TREE

A RUSSIAN FOLKTALE

Script:  
Ava Verma

Illustrations:  
Ram Waerkar

IN A LITTLE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN RUSSIA LIVED A KINDLY OLD PEASANT AND HIS GREEDY WIFE. ONE DAY—

THERE'S NO WOOD FOR THE FIRE. GO OUT AND CUT SOME FROM THE BIRCH TREE, DOWN THE ROAD.

THE OLD MAN WENT OUT WITH HIS AXE. BUT AS HE SWUNG IT AT THE TREE, HE HEARD A SOFT VOICE.

PLEASE DON'T HURT ME... SPARE ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE.

A TREE THAT TALKS... I CAN'T CUT IT DOWN.

PLEASE EXCUSE ME... I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU.

THE OLD WOMAN WAS VERY ANGRY WHEN HE RETURNED HOME EMPTY-HANDED AND TOLD HER HIS STORY.

GO BACK AT ONCE! IF IT DOESN'T WANT TO BE CUT, ASK IT FOR SOME TWIGS... OTHERWISE TEAR DOWN ITS BRANCHES...

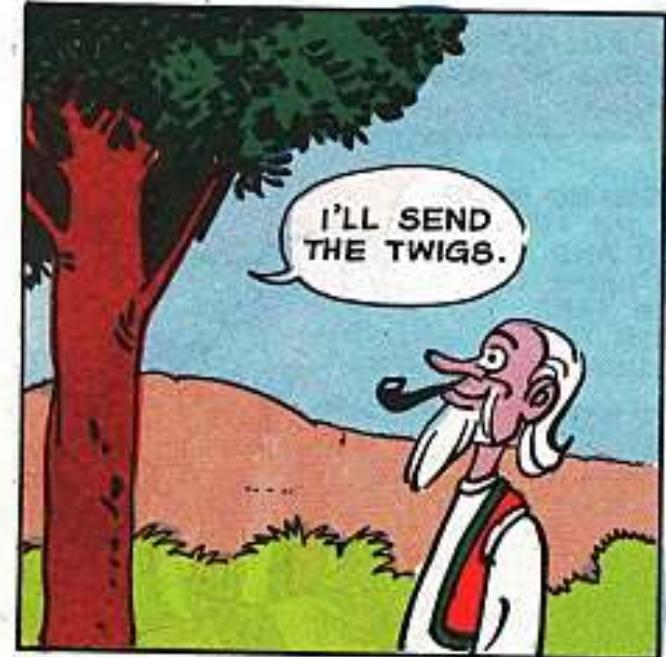
GO, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

OH, ALL RIGHT.

THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE BIRCH.

MY WIFE SAYS, WE NEED SOME... UH... TWIGS.

GO HOME...



BUT THE OLD WOMAN WAS STILL NOT SATISFIED—

WHAT GOOD IS WOOD WITHOUT FOOD TO EAT? GO AND ASK THE TREE FOR SOME FLOUR FOR BREAD.

YES, DEAR...  
AT ONCE  
...AT ONCE.

SO THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE AND ASKED FOR CORN. AND THE GRANARY WAS FULL OF SACKS OF CORN.

OH! LOOK! NOW WE'LL NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN... OH THE KIND, GENEROUS TREE.

WHAT'S SO KIND ABOUT IT?  
THIS IS ONLY CORN... IT WON'T MAKE US RICH.

I'VE BEEN THINKING... THAT TREE CAN MAKE US RICH. YOU MUST GO BACK AND ASK FOR 2 CHESTS OF GOLD.

2 CHESTS OF GOLD?

I... I...

GO.

WHAT IS IT OLD FRIEND? WHAT DOES SHE WANT NOW? COME TELL ME...

GOLD.

TWO CHESTS OF GOLD.

GO HOME... THE GOLD IS ALREADY THERE.

WHEN HE GOT HOME AND LOOKED IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, THERE WAS HIS WIFE, COUNTING A PILE OF GOLD COINS. AS HE WATCHED, GREED ENTERED HIS HEART TOO —

SO MUCH GOLD.

LOOK OLD MAN! MORE GOLD THAN ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT TREE COULD MAKE US RICH.

YES! YES! YOU WERE RIGHT TO ASK FOR GOLD. NOW WE ARE RICHER THAN THE LANDLORD.

PERHAPS AS RICH AS THE KING!

BUT WHAT IF WE ARE ROBBED?

NO ONE WILL ROB US!

I HAVE A PLAN. YOU MUST GO BACK TO THE TREE.

THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE.

GOOD FRIEND, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO KEEP OUR GOLD SAFE. WE WANT YOU TO MAKE US LOOK UGLY AND FEROCIOUS, SO THAT EVERYONE WILL BE FRIGHTENED AND KEEP AWAY. THAT WAY OUR WEALTH WILL BE SAFE.

ARE YOU SURE OLD MAN... IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY WANT? TO KEEP PEOPLE AWAY? TO BE ALONE?

YES.

GO. YOUR WISH HAS BEEN GRANTED.

WHEN HE GOT HOME —

IS... IS THAT MY WIFE?

SHE LOOKS SO...

...AAH, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...  
I... OWW... GROWL!!!

...THEY HAD TURNED INTO BEARS!

THE TREE HAD GRANTED THEM THEIR WISH. THE COUPLE NOW LOOKED UGLY AND FEROCIOUS...

GROWWL!

GROWL!!  
GROWL!!  
GROWL!!

# Forced Justice

A Russian Folktale

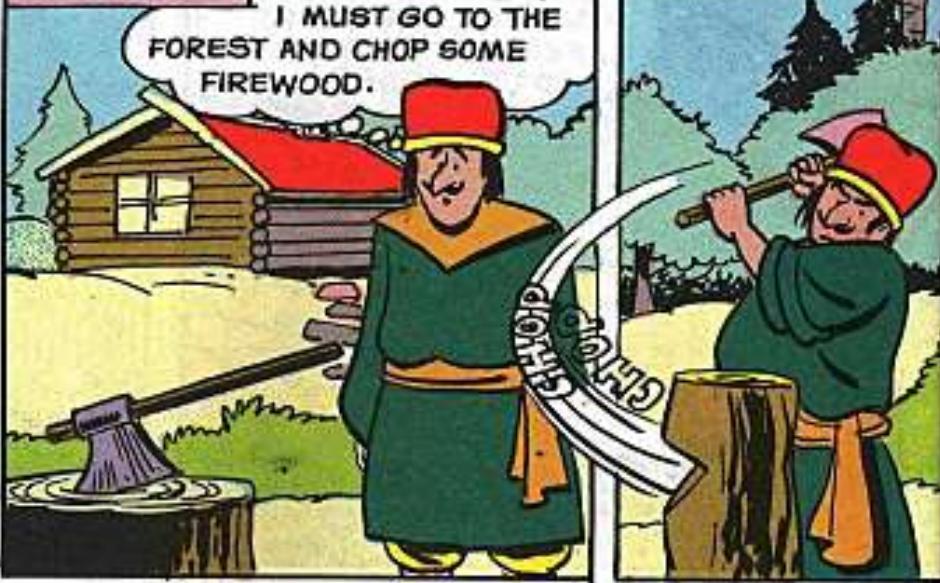
Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

ONCE THERE LIVED A POOR FARMER.  
ONE DAY —

I MUST GO TO THE  
FOREST AND CHOP SOME  
FIREWOOD.

AND SO —



WHAT AN AWFUL LOT  
OF WOOD I'VE CHOPPED!  
I'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO PULL  
THE CART.

AH! I'VE GOT  
IT! I'LL BORROW A  
HORSE FROM MY  
RICH NEIGHBOUR.

SO HE WENT TO HIS NEIGHBOUR —

ERR... COULD YOU  
LEND ME YOUR  
HORSE? I'VE GOT  
A CART-LOAD OF  
LOGS WHICH I  
CAN'T PULL  
MYSELF...

ALL RIGHT. YOU CAN TAKE  
THE HORSE THIS ONCE.  
BUT DON'T COME  
PESTERING ME  
AGAIN.

PHEW! HE'S GOT  
A SHARP TONGUE,  
HE HAS!

OH, NO! WHAT A FOOL  
I AM! I FORGOT TO  
BORROW A  
HORSE-COLLAR.  
I DAREN'T GO  
BACK NOW. HE'LL  
TAKE BACK THE  
HORSE!

SO THE FARMER TIED THE HORSE'S TAIL TO THE CART.



THE HORSE LUNGED, AND —



OH, NO! HIS TAIL'S COME OFF! MY NEIGHBOUR WILL HAVE MY HIDE FOR THIS!



AND SURE ENOUGH —

YOU...YOU...BLUNDERING FOOL! YOU'VE RUINED MY HORSE. DON'T THINK I WILL LEAVE IT AT THAT.

...I...I'LL PAY FOR THE TAIL.

THE RICH FARMER WENT TO THE JUDGE AND LODGED A COMPLAINT.

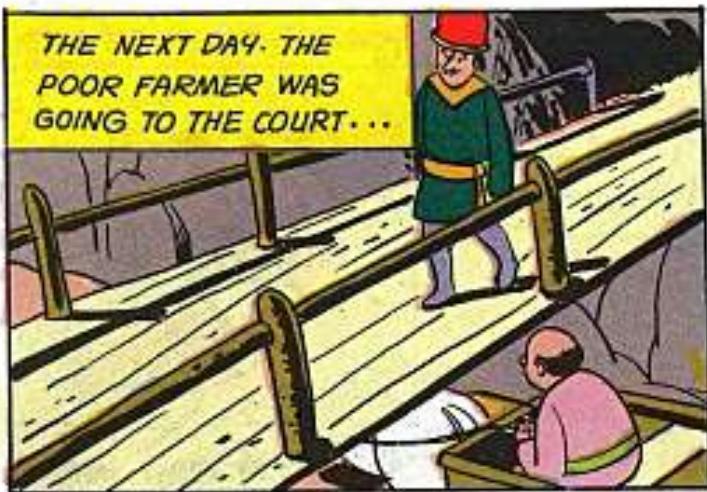
SUMMON THE OTHER FARMER TO THE COURT TOMORROW!

HEE HEE! THAT OUGHT TO TEACH HIM A LESSON! SNAP OFF MY HORSE'S TAIL, WILL HE!

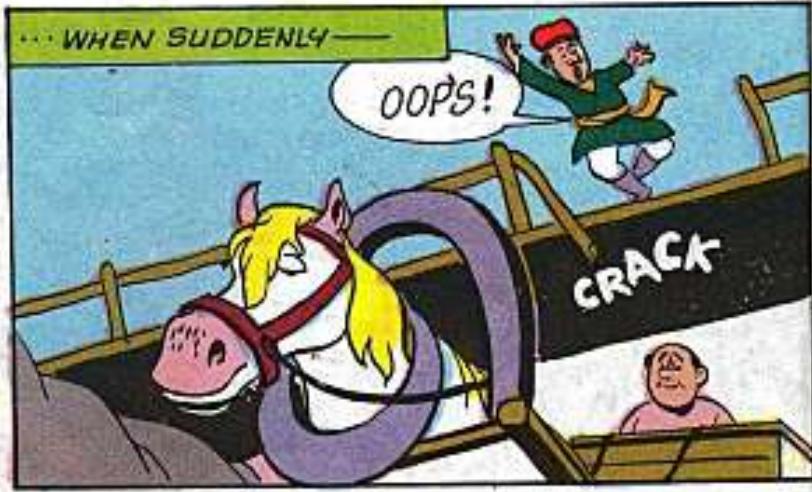
THE JUDGE'S SUMMONS WERE DELIVERED.

OH, NO! I KNOW THE JUDGE. HE'S A CORRUPT MAN AND HE'LL FINE ME HEAVILY, I'M SURE OF IT!

THE NEXT DAY. THE POOR FARMER WAS GOING TO THE COURT...



...WHEN SUDDENLY



YOU SCOUNDREL! TRIED TO MURDER ME, EH? COME WITH ME TO THE COURT!

BUT...BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

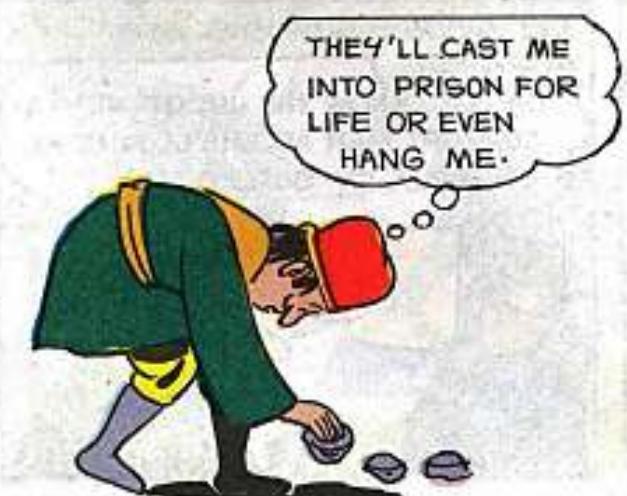


I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING! LET THE JUDGE DECIDE IN THE COURT!

OH, WELL! I WAS GOING THERE ANYWAY! I MIGHT AS WELL RIDE IN YOUR CART.



THEY'LL CAST ME INTO PRISON FOR LIFE OR EVEN HANG ME.



IN ANY CASE IF THE JUDGE RULES UNFAIRLY, I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT WITH THIS ROCK...



...I MIGHT AS WELL BE HANGED FOR A SHEEP AS FOR A LAMB.



SOON THEY WERE IN THE COURT—

LET THE PROCEEDINGS BEGIN.

THE RICH FARMER AND THE CARTMAN STARTED COMPLAINING—

...(BLAH)...(BLAH)  
...(BLAH)...

JUDGE AWAY, JUDGE!  
BUT SEE WHAT I HAVE  
IN MY POCKET!

EH! WHY DOES THAT PEARSON KEEP POINTING TO HIS POCKET? COULD IT BE GOLD COINS THAT HE HAS THERE?

PERHAPS HE WANTS TO GIVE THEM TO ME.

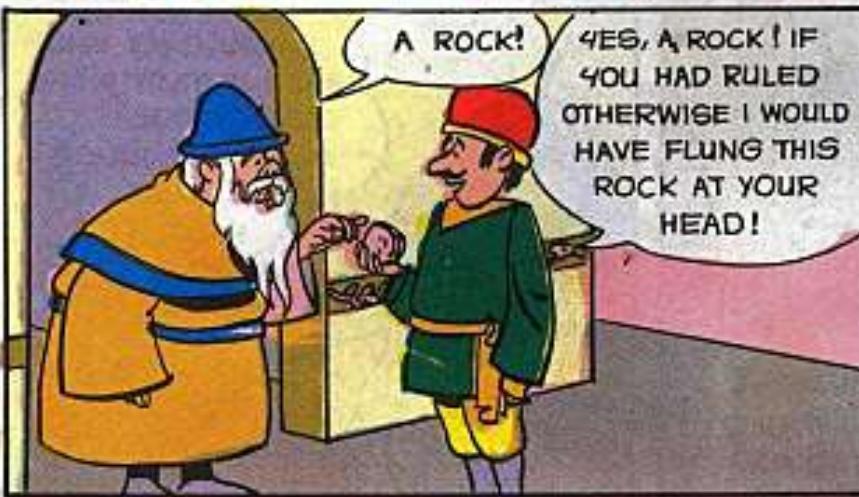
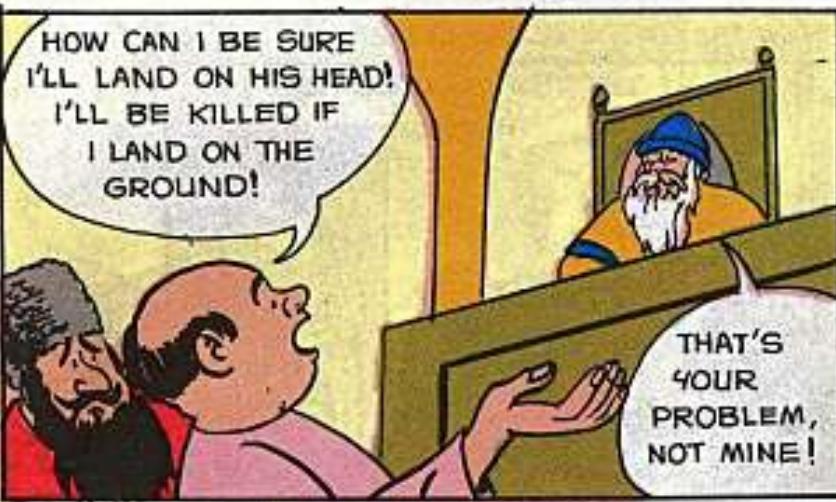
I WOULDN'T MIND EVEN IF THEY WERE SILVER COINS! I MUST NOT JUDGE THIS CASE HASTILY!

EH! BUT I NEED IT TO PLOUGH MY FIELDS!

ENOUGH! I HAVE COME TO A DECISION! LET THE POOR FARMER KEEP THE TAILLESS HORSE TILL IT GROWS A NEW TAIL!

AND YOU... YOU WILL HAVE TO LEAP ON THIS MAN FROM THE SAME BRIDGE AND TRY TO LAND ON HIS HEAD!

BUT... BUT...



# THE MAGIC HORSE

A Russian Folktale  
Script: H. Sabriwala  
Illustrations:  
Ram Waerkar

A FARMER HAD A PROBLEM. SOMEBODY WAS TRAMPLING UPON HIS WHEATFIELDS AT NIGHT. SO HE CALLED HIS ELDEST SON -

I WANT YOU TO STAND GUARD TONIGHT.

YES, FATHER.

THAT NIGHT -

I DON'T THINK THE CULPRIT IS GOING TO COME. I'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP.



IN THE MORNING -

I WAS AWAKE THE WHOLE NIGHT. I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.

BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE FIELD? IT HAS BEEN TRAMPLED UPON!

THE FARMER TURNED TO HIS SECOND SON -

TONIGHT YOU KEEP WATCH.

THAT NIGHT THE SECOND SON KEPT WATCH, TOWARDS MIDNIGHT -

I'M SURE NOBODY COMES TO THE FIELD. I'LL GET SOME SLEEP.

NEXT MORNING -

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KEEP WATCH, WERE YOU NOT?

GO, LOOK AT THE FIELD. THE WHEAT HAS BEEN TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT AGAIN!

FATHER, TONIGHT I WILL KEEP WATCH.

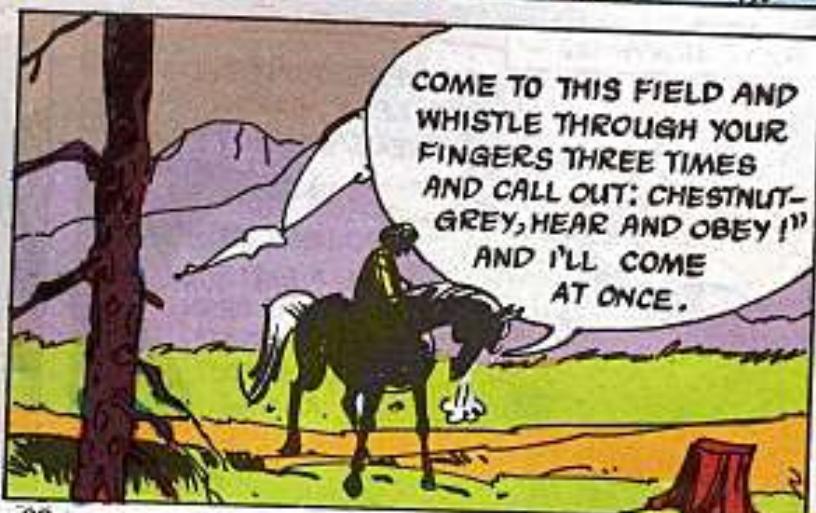
GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

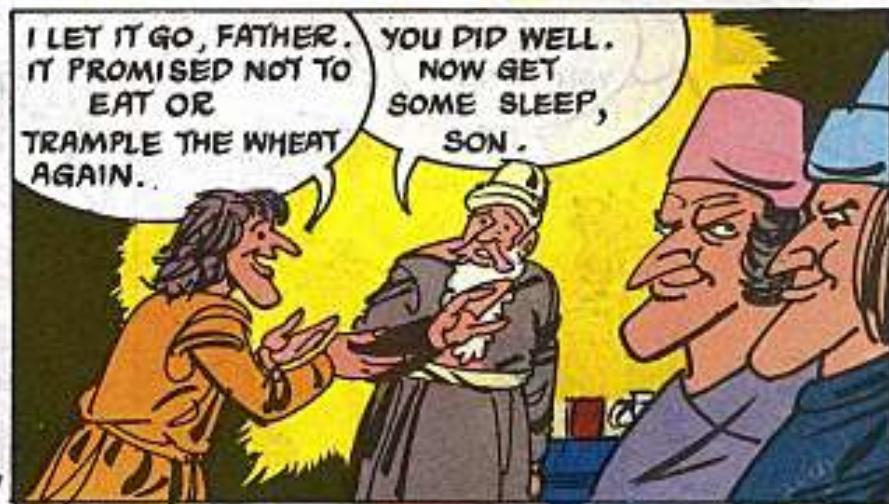
IT WAS LEO, THE YOUNGEST SON.

THAT NIGHT —



SUDDENLY —





THEN HE REMEMBERED -

THE CHESTNUT-GREY !  
HE SAID HE  
WOULD HELP  
ME !

LEO HURRIED TO AN OPEN  
SPACE -

CHESTNUT-GREY,  
HEAR AND  
OBEY !

SOON -

\* WHAT DO  
YOU WISH ?

WHEN LEO TOLD HIM WHAT HE WANTED - I'LL HELP  
YOU, BUT FIRST

WE MUST TURN YOU  
INTO A NOBLE YOUTH.  
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND  
SAY: CHESTNUT-GREY,  
CHANGE ME INTO A  
HANDSOME YOUTH .

WHEN LEO SAID THE  
MAGIC WORDS -

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
MY EYES !

COME ON, CHESTNUT-GREY.  
WE'RE GOING TO  
HAVE A LOVELY  
TIME !

WHY, THERE GO MY  
BROTHERS. WELL !  
GOOD LUCK TO  
THEM !

A LARGE CROWD HAD COLLECTED OUTSIDE  
THE TSAR'S PALACE -

THERE IS  
THE PRINCESS  
ANNA !

ISN'T  
SHE  
BEAUTIFUL ?

LOOK AT THE  
RING ON HER  
FINGER. IT SHINES  
LIKE A SMALL  
SUN !

HAS ANYBODY TRIED  
TO REACH THE  
PRINCESS AS YET?

NO-

THEN YOU CAN HAVE  
THE HONOUR OF BEING  
THE FIRST,  
BROTHER.

WATCH  
ME.

OH, WHAT  
A POOR  
JUMP!

I'LL DO  
BETTER THAN  
THAT.

BUT-

HEY !

NO HORSE COULD  
EVER LEAP HIGH  
ENOUGH TO ...

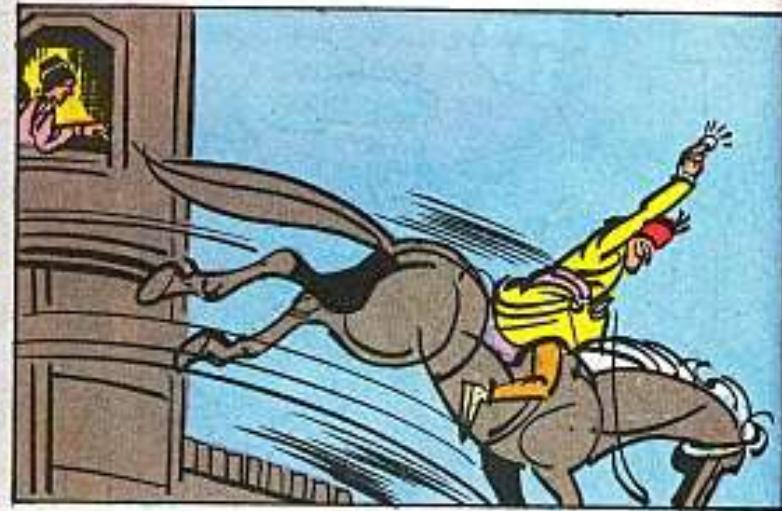
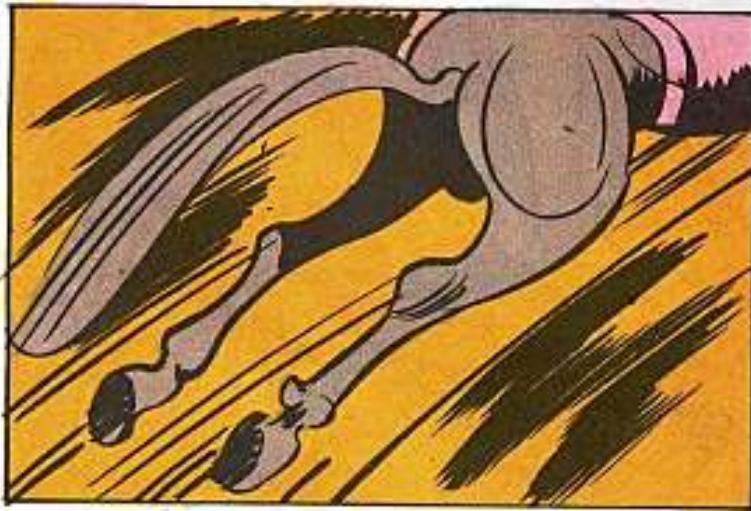
THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
CONTESTANT!

UNBELIEVABLE !

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER WAS NONE OTHER THAN LEO.  
BUT AS HE REACHED FOR THE PRINCESS' RING A  
COLD WIND BLEW FROM THE NORTH...



... AND THE PRINCESS PUT HER HAND TO HER  
MOUTH AS SHE COUGHED.



HOW COULD I MARRY  
A PRINCESS,  
CHESTNUT?

WHY  
NOT?

YOU HAVE WON  
HER FAIRLY,  
HAVE YOU NOT?

ANYWAY, DO NOT DESPAIR.  
EVERYTHING WILL  
TURN OUT  
WELL.

YOU WILL NOT  
NEED ME ANY  
MORE. SO  
FAREWELL.

THREE DAYS LATER THE TSAR MADE  
AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

EVERYONE IN THE  
LAND IS ASKED TO  
ATTEND THE BANQUET  
AT THE TSAR'S  
PALACE. IF ANYONE DISOBEYS  
THE TSAR WILL HAVE HIM  
BEHEADED!

DID YOU HEAR  
THAT, BROTHER? YES, WELL,  
THIS TIME  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
TAKE OUR  
BROTHER LEO,  
THE FOOL.

AT THE PALACE, ANNA MADE THE ROUNDS  
OF THE GUESTS.

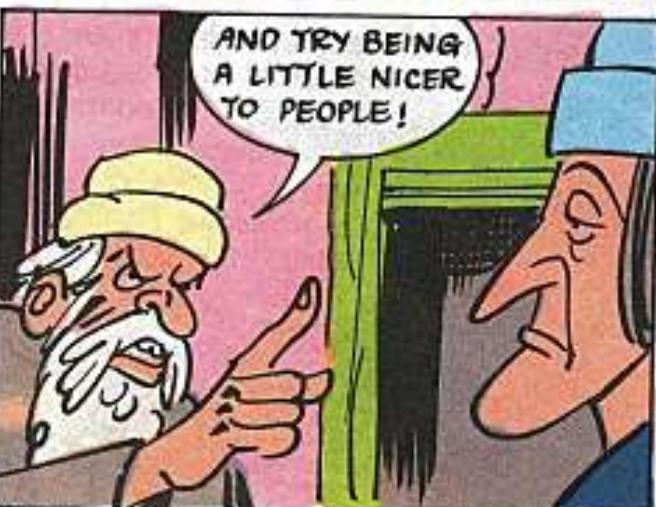
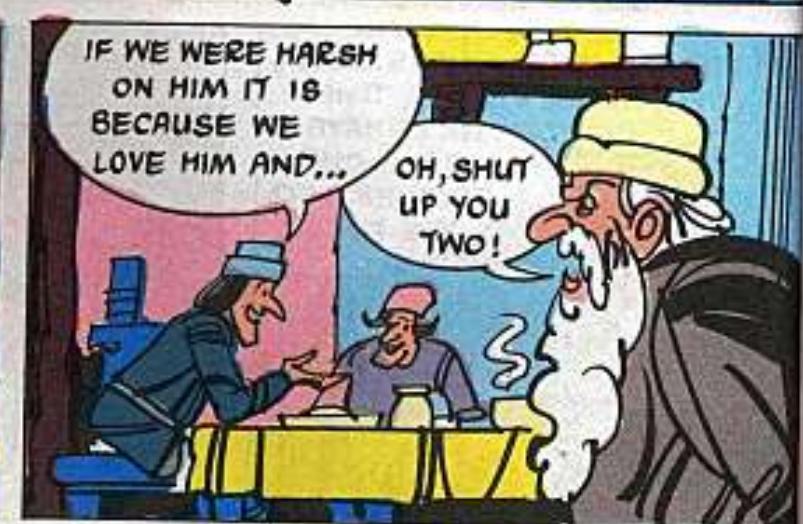
WHEN SHE CAME TO  
LEO — WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
YOUR HAND?  
WHY HAVE  
YOU BANDAGED  
IT?

I...ER... I HURT  
MYSELF. THERE  
WAS A  
THORN IN THE  
FIELD AND...

TAKE THE CLOTH  
OFF AND SHOW  
ME.

SHE'S AS  
KIND AS SHE'S  
BEAUTIFUL

WELL,  
IT'S NOTHING.  
JUST  
A...



# THE FIREBIRD

A RUSSIAN FOLKTALE

Script:  
Adil Rangoonwala

Illustrations:  
V.B. Halbe

LONG AGO IN RUSSIA THERE WAS A TSAR WHO HAD A TREE THAT GAVE GOLDEN APPLES. ONE DAY —

THE APPLES ON THE TREE ARE DWINDLING! SOMEONE IS STEALING THE GOLDEN APPLES. WHO COULD IT BE?



THAT NIGHT THE TSAR PUT HIS ELDEST SON, PETER ON THE WATCH, BUT —



THE SECOND SON, VASSILY, TOO COULD NOT CATCH THE CULPRIT —



ON THE THIRD NIGHT IT WAS THE TURN OF THE TSAR'S YOUNGEST SON, IVAN.



SUDDENLY —

UH... WHAT'S THIS!  
I CAN'T SEE A THING!  
THIS GLOW IS  
BLINDING ME!"



WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY IVAN OPENED HIS EYES AND SAW A MAGNIFICENT BIRD.

SO THIS  
IS THE  
THIEF!

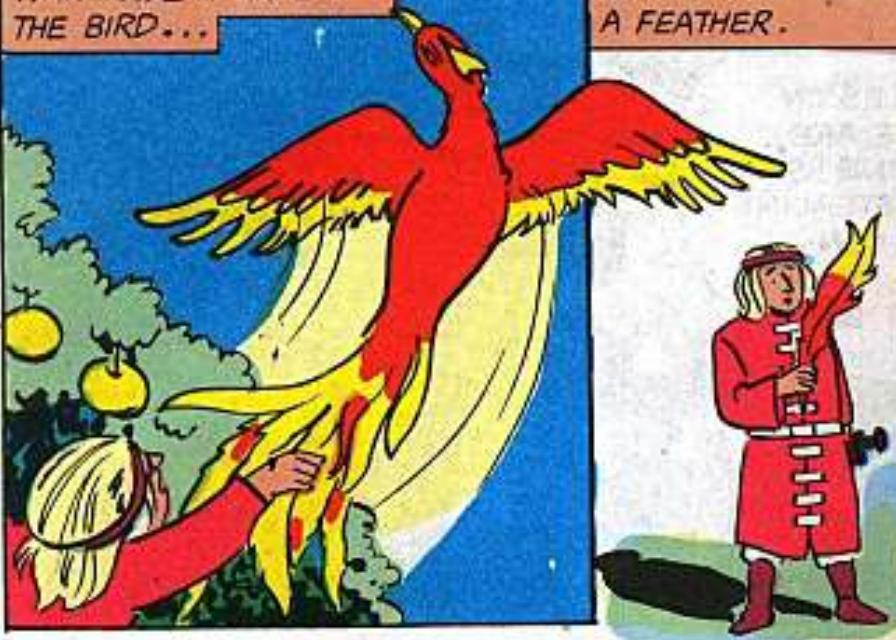


IVAN MADE A GRAB AT  
THE BIRD...

...BUT GOT ONLY  
A FEATHER.

NEXT  
MORNING -

THIS IS THE  
FEATHER OF  
THE FIREBIRD.



WHOEVER GETS ME  
THE FIREBIRD  
SHALL GET HALF  
MY KINGDOM.

FATHER, WE  
WILL GET IT  
FOR YOU.



THE TWO BROTHERS LEFT IMMEDIATELY —

FATHER, I TOO WANT TO  
GO IN SEARCH OF  
THE FIREBIRD...

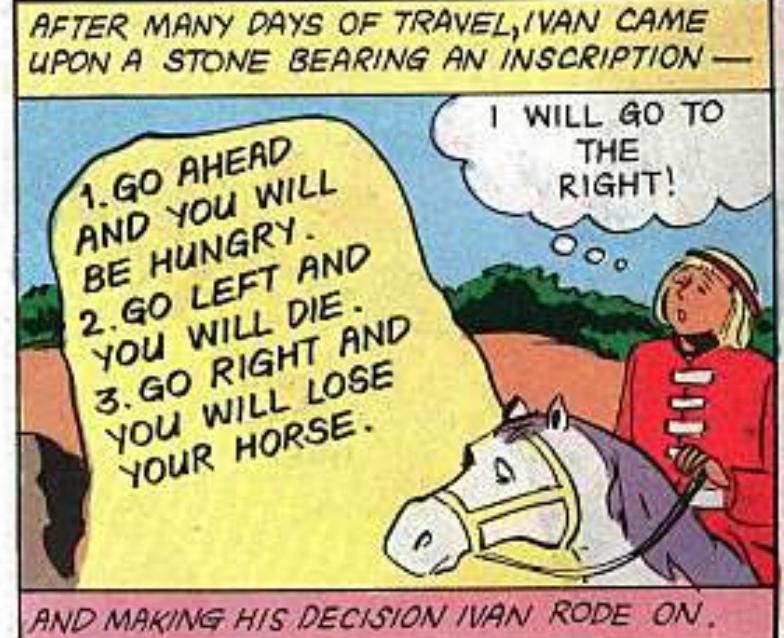
GO, MY SON!  
AND MAY  
FORTUNE  
FAVOUR  
YOU!



AFTER MANY DAYS OF TRAVEL, IVAN CAME  
UPON A STONE BEARING AN INSCRIPTION —

1. GO AHEAD  
AND YOU WILL  
BE HUNGRY.  
2. GO LEFT AND  
YOU WILL DIE.  
3. GO RIGHT AND  
YOU WILL LOSE  
YOUR HORSE.

I WILL GO TO  
THE  
RIGHT!



AND MAKING HIS DECISION IVAN RODE ON.

SUDDENLY —

AAAAAAAHH!





I LIKE YOUR COURAGE. I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU.

GET ME THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE FIREBIRD.

IVAN WENT BACK TO GREYWOLF AND SOUGHT HIS HELP FOR THE SECOND TASK.

THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE BELONGS TO TSAR KUSMAN.

THEN TAKE ME TO HIS CASTLE!

WITHIN A FEW DAYS—

TSAR KUSMAN'S CASTLE!

YOU WILL FIND THE HORSE IN THE STABLES AT THE REAR OF THE CASTLE.

THE HORSE WILL FOLLOW ANYONE WHO STROKES ITS MANE. ON NO ACCOUNT MUST YOU TOUCH ITS BRIDLE.

I'LL REMEMBER THAT.

BUT WHEN IVAN SET EYES ON THE MAGNIFICENT HORSE HE BECAME SO EXCITED THAT HE FORGOT GREYWOLF'S ADVICE ...

... AND CAUGHT IT BY ITS BRIDLE.

THE HORSE REARED AND NEIGHED...

THE GUARDS CAME RUNNING IN AND HELD IVAN.  
SOON, HE WAS STANDING BEFORE TSAR KUSMAN—

YOU ARE CERTAINLY VERY  
BRAVE. I AM PREPARED TO  
PARDON YOU IF YOU GO  
ON A MISSION FOR ME.

BRING ME  
PRINCESS  
HELENA.

IF YOU SUCCEED, YOUR  
REWARD WILL BE THE  
HORSE WITH THE  
GOLDEN MANE!

VERY  
WELL!

PRINCESS HELENA  
IS THE DAUGHTER  
OF TSAR  
DOLMAT.

TAKE ME  
TO HIS  
CASTLE.

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THEY WERE AT  
THE GATES OF THE KINGDOM OF TSAR  
DOLMAT, THE FATHER OF PRINCESS  
HELENA.

THIS TIME  
I WILL GO IN.  
YOU STAY  
HERE.

SOON —

'GET ON  
MY BACK!  
QUICKLY!

GREYWOLF, THE PRINCESS IS UNCONSCIOUS.

SHE FAINTED WHEN SHE SAW ME.

SHE WILL SOON REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.



AND SURE ENOUGH -

WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

I AM PRINCE IVAN AND I AM TAKING YOU TO TSAR KUSMAN.



... AND SOON THEY WERE IN TSAR KUSMAN'S TERRITORY.

GREYWOLF RAN AS FAST AS HE COULD ...

GO AND DELIVER THE PRINCESS TO THE TSAR.



I CANNOT PART WITH HER, GREYWOLF.



THEY HAVE GROWN FOND OF EACH OTHER. I MUST HELP THEM OUT ...



BUT IS GREYWOLF ABLE TO HELP IVAN?

# THE FIREBIRD

## Part – II



WHEN THEY REACHED TSAR AFRON'S CASTLE-

IVAN, GO IN AND GIVE THE  
TSAR THE HORSE AND GET  
THE FIREBIRD IN  
EXCHANGE.

I'VE GROWN  
SO FOND OF THE  
HORSE THAT...

SAY NO  
MORE!

AND —

AMAZING!



IVAN RETURNED TO HELENA WHILE TSAR AFRON  
WENT RIDING ON THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN  
MANE.

IVAN WILL SOON  
THINK OF  
ME.



YES, I AM  
CHANGING  
BACK  
INTO ...



W-WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

GREYWOLF!!

TSAR  
AFRON CAN'T  
RIDE A WOLF!

THEN  
GET OFF  
MY  
BACK.

OOOOOOH!

THUD

GREYWOLF SOON CAUGHT UP WITH IVAN AND HELENA.

IVAN, YOU HAVE THE FIREBIRD,  
THE WONDERFUL HORSE AND  
THE FAIR HELENA. NOW I MUST  
TAKE YOUR LEAVE.

I WILL  
MISS  
YOU,  
GREYWOLF!

I HOPE  
WE  
MEET  
AGAIN

WE  
WILL.

THANKING GREYWOLF, IVAN RODE  
AWAY WITH THE PRINCESS.

AFTER SOME TIME —



I AM VERY TIRED.  
LET US  
REST FOR  
A WHILE.

VERY  
WELL!

THE LONG JOURNEY HAD EXHAUSTED THEM AND  
SOON BOTH OF THEM WERE FAST ASLEEP.

BROTHER, LOOK! IT IS  
IVAN AND HE HAS GOT  
THE FIREBIRD...

... AND ALSO  
A MAGNIFICENT HORSE  
AND A BEAUTIFUL  
PRINCESS.



FATHER WILL  
SURELY MAKE  
HIM HIS HEIR  
NOW!

NOT WHILE  
I LIVE!



WHEN HE CAME AROUND IVAN  
COULD NOT REMEMBER  
ANYTHING. HE HAD LOST HIS  
MEMORY.

WHO  
AM  
I?



HE BEGAN TO WANDER  
AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE.  
THEN ONE DAY —

I... I THINK  
I KNOW THAT  
ANIMAL. IT...  
IT'S...



...GREYWOLF!  
NOW I REMEMBER  
EVERYTHING .

GET UP ON  
MY BACK  
IVAN, WE DON'T  
HAVE MUCH  
TIME .



GREYWOLF TOOK IVAN TO HIS FATHER'S KINGDOM.  
AS THEY NEARED THE  
PALACE—

THE WHOLE  
KINGDOM SEEMS  
TO BE  
REJOICING.

TODAY VASSILY  
WILL MARRY THE  
PRINCESS  
HELENA BY FORCE.  
YOU MUST STOP  
THE MARRIAGE  
AND SAVE HER.

IVAN RUSHED INTO THE PALACE.

IVAN, MY SON !  
I AM SO HAPPY  
TO SEE YOU !

IVAN ! IT'S  
TIME YOU TOLD  
YOUR FATHER ABOUT  
YOUR BROTHERS' MISDEEDS !  
I COULD NOT, AS THEY  
NEVER LET ME TALK  
TO HIM .

WHAT IS SHE  
TALKING ABOUT ?  
TELL ME THE TRUTH ,  
IVAN !

YES,  
FATHER

AND IVAN TOLD HIS FATHER EVERYTHING.

THE TSAR FLEW INTO A RAGE.

YOU RASCALS ! YOU  
TWO ARE BANISHED  
FROM MY KINGDOM !

IVAN , YOU  
WILL HELP ME  
RULE AND YOU  
WILL MARRY  
PRINCESS HELENA.

THANK YOU  
FATHER. BUT  
FIRST LET ME  
BRING IN  
A VERY TRUE  
FRIEND.

GREYWOLF!  
GREYWOLF!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU ?

BUT GREYWOLF HAD GONE  
BACK TO HIS HOME, THE  
WOODS, TO BE OF HELP TO  
OTHER TRAVELLERS .

# YOUNG FROST LEARNS A LESSON

A folktale from the Soviet Union

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

YOUNG FROST WAS A BRAGGART WHO THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HIMSELF—

HEH HEH! THERE IS NO ONE IN THE WORLD AS POWERFUL AS ME.



AH! A FAT, WELL-FED NOBLEMAN. I'LL PLAY A PRANK ON HIM.

YOU CAN WRAP YOURSELF IN FURS, MY FRIEND, BUT IT WON'T SAVE YOU...HEE HEE.



IT'S F...F..FREEZING.  
CO... CO..COACHMAN,  
DRIVE FASTER!

OOH!  
OOH!

HE'S  
HAD  
ENOUGH.



I HAVE CHILLED  
HIM TO HIS BONES  
... HEE HEE HEE!

YOUNG FROST FLEW TO HIS FATHER -

YAHOO! LOOK AT ME, FATHER!  
I'M SO STRONG. I JUST FROZE A  
BIG FAT NOBLEMAN. YOU COULD  
NEVER DO IT, BUT I DID IT!  
I DID IT!

DON'T BRAG SO  
MUCH, MY SON. DO YOU  
SEE THAT SKINNY WOOD-  
CUTTER OVER THERE?  
GO AND TRY TO  
FREEZE HIM!

HAH! I'LL  
FREEZE HIM IN  
A FLASH, SEE IF  
I DON'T!

YOUNG FROST BEGAN TO HARASS THE  
WOODCUTTER. HE FLEW UP AND  
TICKLED HIS NOSE...

... THEN HE FLEW  
DOWN AND NIPPED  
HIS FEET...

BRR... IT'S COLD.  
I'LL CHOP FASTER  
TO WARM UP.

CHOP CHOP  
CHOP CHOP

YOUNG FROST TRIED HARD TO FREEZE THE WOOD-CUTTER. HE CREST UNDER HIS COLLAR AND TICKLED HIS NECK.



BUT IT WAS OF NO USE.

THE HARDER YOUNG FROST TRIED, THE FASTER THE WOOD-CUTTER SWUNG HIS AXE. FINALLY—

PHEW! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL HOT... LET ME TAKE OFF MY GLOVES.



THIS IS MY CHANCE!



I'LL HIDE IN HIS GLOVES. WON'T HE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE PUTS THEM ON!



WELL, I'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TODAY. I'LL BE OFF NOW.



EH! MY GLOVES HAVE BECOME AS HARD AS STEEL WITH THE COLD.

AND WHEN YOU PUT THEM ON, THEY'LL FREEZE YOUR HANDS... HEE HEE HEE.



BUT  
I'LL SOFTEN  
THEM!

HEY,  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING...  
OOOH...  
AAAH!

THUMP

THE WOODCUTTER POUNDED THE GLOVES AND SOON YOUNG FROST WAS BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE.

PHEW! I'M OFF! HE'S A TERROR, THIS FELLOW.

ZZIP

YOUNG FROST FLEW BACK TO HIS FATHER.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON? YOU LOOK ALL SHAKEN UP!

OOH! AAH! I'M COMPLETELY WINDED, TRYING TO FREEZE THAT WOODCUTTER.

I HOPE THIS WILL CURE YOU OF YOUR HABIT OF BOASTING.

BELIEVE ME, SON. NOTHING GOOD CAN EVER COME OUT OF BRAGGING.

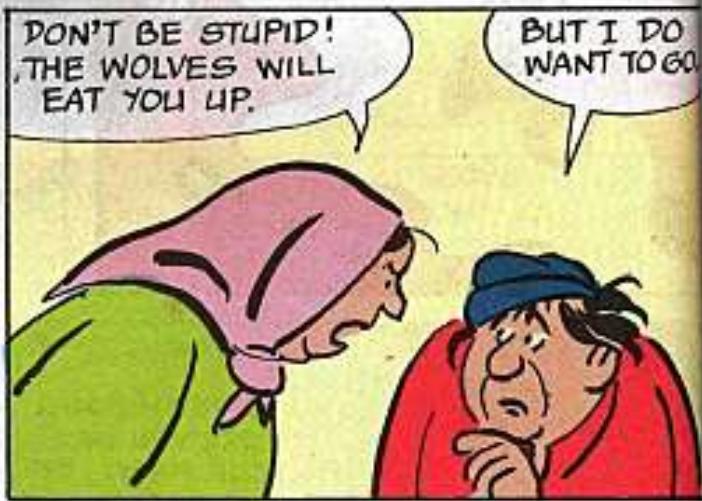
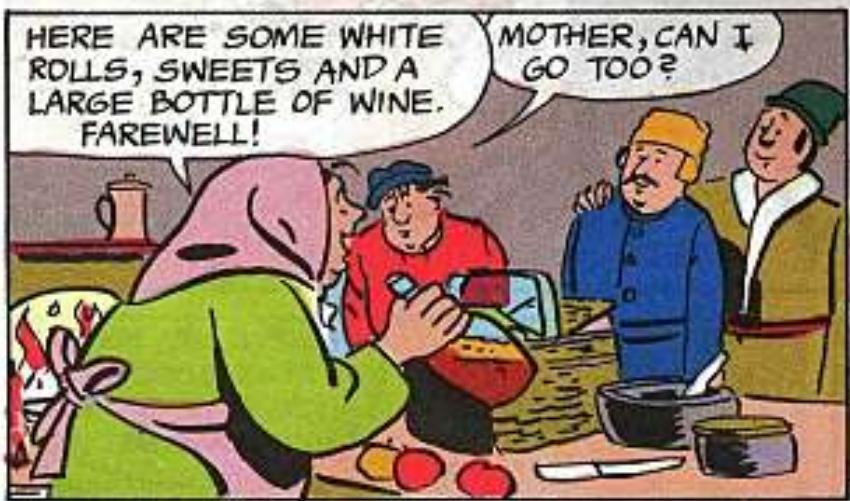
YOUNG FROST DID NOT ANSWER. HE HAD LEARNT HIS LESSON THE HARD WAY.

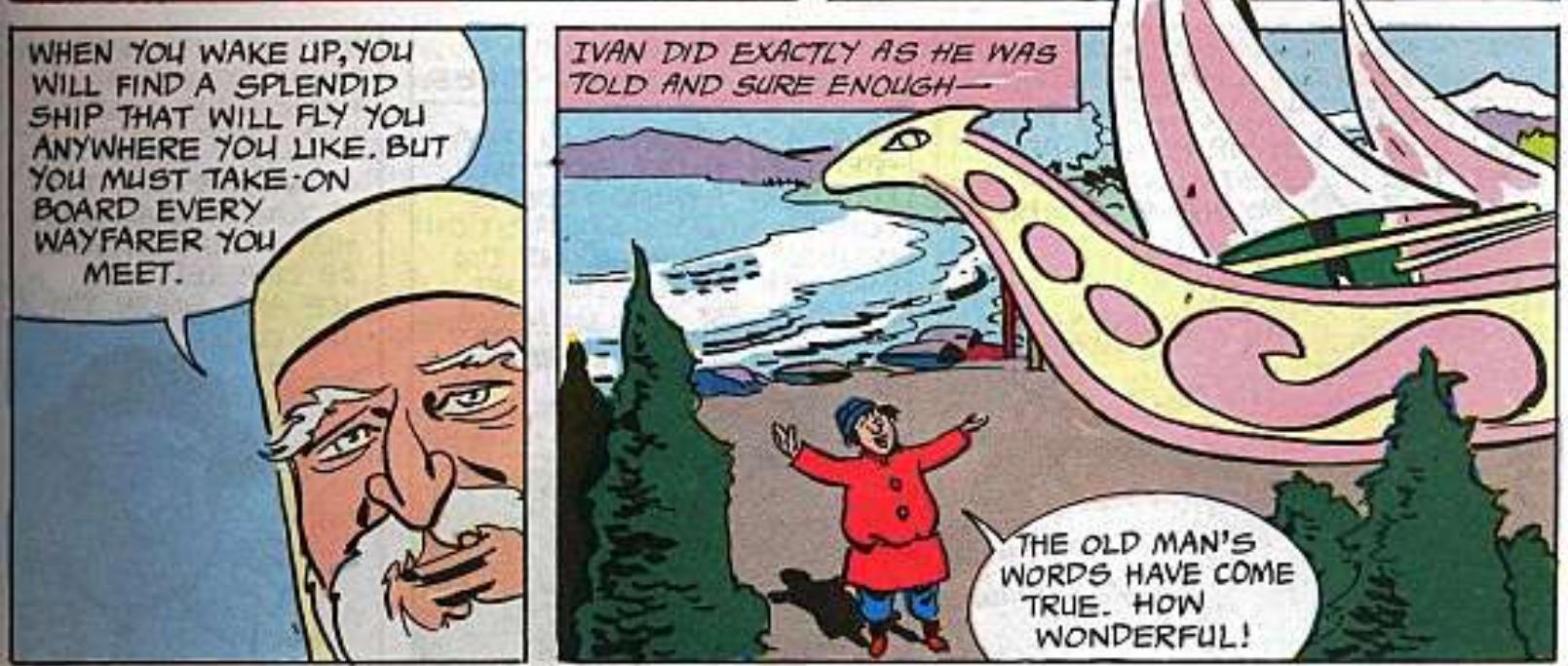
# THE FLYING SHIP

A Russian Folktale

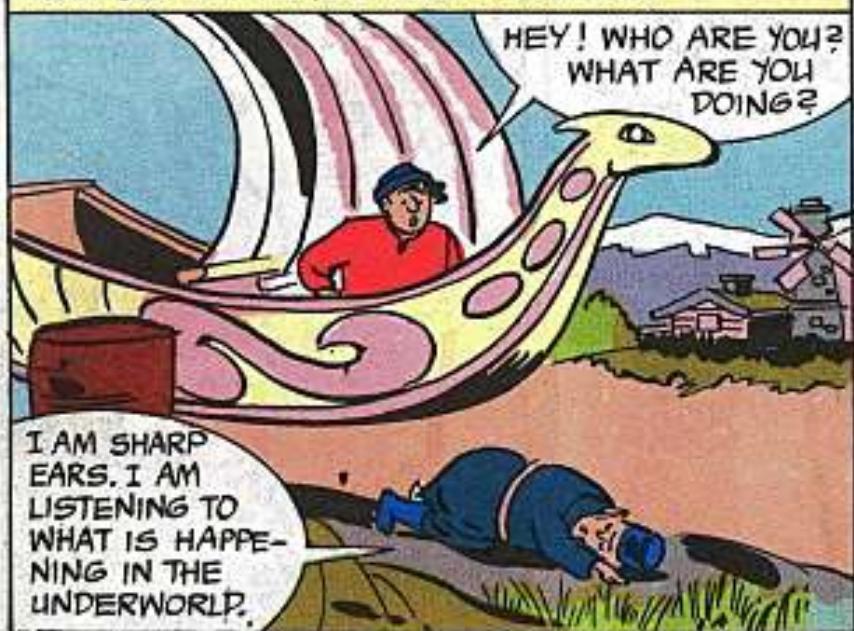
Script:  
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:  
V.B. Halbe

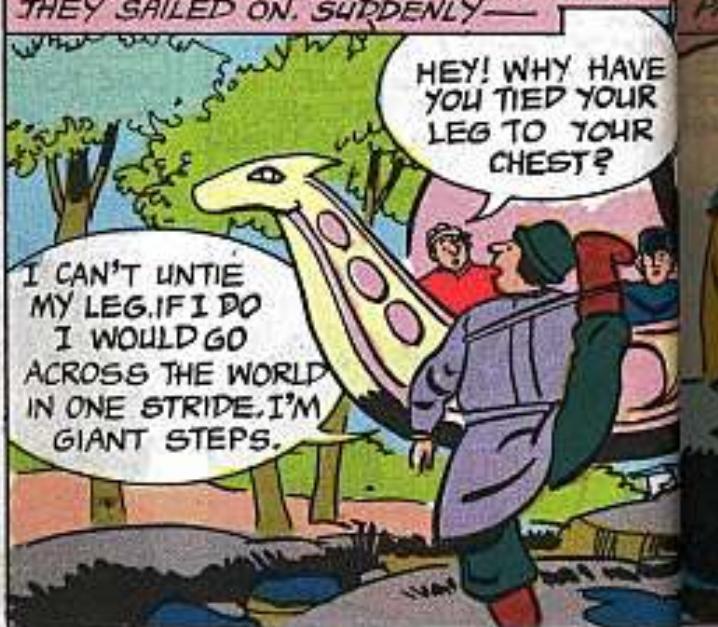




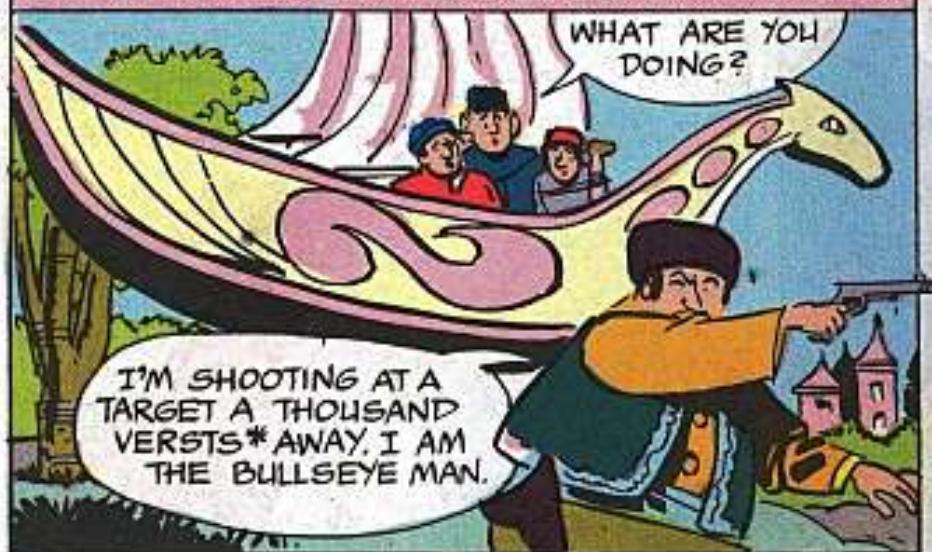
IVAN SET OFF IN HIS WONDERFUL SHIP—



IVAN INVITED THE MAN TO JOIN HIM AND THEY SAILED ON. SUDDENLY—



AS HE WENT AHEAD IN HIS FLYING SHIP IVAN MET AND TOOK WITH HIM MANY UNUSUAL PASSENGERS. THERE WAS A MAN WHO SEEMED TO BE SHOOTING AIMLESSLY.



ANOTHER WAS CARRYING A SACKFUL OF LOAVES ON HIS BACK.



THE 'GORGER' WAS TAKEN ON BOARD, AS WELL AS THE NEXT TRAVELLER.



LATER THEY SAW A MAN CARRYING A BUNDLE OF TWIGS.



THE LAST MAN IVAN TOOK ON BOARD HAD A MIRACULOUS BUNDLE TOO.



\* A RUSSIAN MEASURE EQUIVALENT TO APPROX. 1 KM.

WHEN IVAN AND HIS COMPANIONS REACHED THE PALACE, THE TSAR WAS EATING HIS BREAKFAST.

YOUR MAJESTY, SOME YOUNG MEN HAVE ARRIVED IN A FLYING SHIP.



OH! NOBLE PRINCES! NO, YOUR MAJESTY!  
TO WOO MY DAUGHTER!

THEY ALL LOOK LIKE POOR PEASANTS!



OH, I CANNOT MARRY MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER TO A COMMONER! BUT THEY HAVE COME IN A FLYING SHIP! WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?

WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM TO PERFORM SOME IMPOSSIBLE TASKS.



GOOD IDEA! ASK THEM TO FETCH ME A FLASK OF THE WATER OF LIFE BEFORE I FINISH MY MEAL.



SEEING IVAN DISHEARTENED WHEN HE HEARD THE TSAR'S COMMAND, GIANT STEPS CONSOLED HIM.

DON'T WORRY.  
I'LL GO IN A TRICE  
AND GET IT.



GIANT STEPS SWIFTLY TRAVELED ACROSS THE LAND AND SOON WAS ON HIS WAY BACK WITH THE WATER OF LIFE.

OH! THERE'S STILL TIME. I'LL REST A WHILE NEAR THIS WINDMILL.



SOON HE DOZED OFF. MEANWHILE IVAN AND HIS FRIENDS WERE IN A FRENZY OF ANXIETY.

WHERE COULD HE BE? WHY HAS HE NOT RETURNED?



SHARP EARS BENT DOWN.

HMM! I CAN HEAR HIS LOUD SNORES BY THE WINDMILL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EARTH.



NOW MR. BULLSEYE TOOK OVER.

I'LL FIRE MY GUN AND HIT THE WINDMILL.



THE NOISE WOKE GIANT STEPS.

OH DEAR! I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF LET ME ROLL BACK.



JUST AS THE TSAR WAS ABOUT TO GET UP FROM THE BREAKFAST TABLE —

HERE IT IS! THE WATER OF LIFE!



THE TSAR AND HIS MINISTER WERE IN A FIX.

THEY'VE DONE IT!

NEVER MIND! LET'S SET THEM ANOTHER TASK. I'LL SEND THEM A THOUSAND LOAVES OF BREAD AND 50 BARRELS OF WINE WHICH THEY HAVE TO CONSUME IN ONE HOUR!



SOON —

THE TSAR HAS ORDERED YOU TO FINISH THIS MEAL IN AN HOUR.



ALL THIS? WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FINISH IT IN A MONTH, LET ALONE AN HOUR.



THE GOBBLER NUDED IVAN.

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN  
ABOUT ME, HAVEN'T  
YOU? ALL THIS WILL  
BE JUST A LIGHT  
SNACK FOR ME.



AS THE GOBBLER BEGAN TO  
POLISH OFF THE FOOD, THE  
BIBBER SAID—

AND ALL THIS WINE  
WILL BARELY QUENCH  
MY THIRST.



SOON — YOUR MAJESTY,  
THEY'VE FINISHED  
ALL THE FOOD AND DRINK IN  
JUST TEN MINUTES.



THE CUNNING MINISTER CAME UP WITH  
ANOTHER PLAN —

THE TSAR HAS AGREED TO YOUR  
ALLIANCE, BUT YOU MUST HAVE  
A ROYAL BATH FOR THE CEREMONY  
TOMORROW.



IVAN AND HIS MEN WERE LED TO THE IRON BATH-  
HOUSE WHICH HAD BEEN HEATED TO RED HEAT.

OH! IT'S SO HOT!  
WE CAN'T EVEN  
STEP IN.

WAIT! LET ME  
GO IN FIRST.



IT WAS COOL CAT WITH HIS MAGICAL BUNDLE  
OF STRAW.

THERE! THE ENTIRE  
BATH-HOUSE WILL  
SOON BECOME ICE  
COLD, WE'LL SIT  
NEAR THE STOVE  
AND WAIT.



NEXT MORNING, THE MINISTER WAS SHOCKED  
TO SEE THEM HALE AND HEARTY.

THEY SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN BURNED TO  
A CINDER.



WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS WITS —

YOU MUST COME FOR THE WEDDING CEREMONY WITH A COMPLETE BATTALION OF SOLDIERS. THAT'S THE FINAL CONDITION.



THE MINISTER GUILTY WENT TO REPORT TO THE TSAR.

THEY SURVIVED THE BATH-HOUSE ORDEAL. BUT I'VE GIVEN THEM AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK. THEY MUST PRODUCE A BATTALION OF SOLDIERS.



HOW CLEVER OF YOU! THEY CAN NEVER PRODUCE AN INSTANT ARMY!

IVAN THOUGHT SO TOO —

NOW I'M STUCK! WE MIGHT AS WELL FLY BACK HOME!

DON'T GIVE UP. WE ARE ALL WITH YOU!



HAH! EIGHT OF US DON'T MAKE A BATTALION EVEN BY THE WILDEST STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY MIRACULOUS TWIGS.



QUICKLY THE FRIENDS SPREAD THE TWIGS IN THE WOODS NEAR BY. NEXT MORNING —

SOLDIERS! QUICK MARCH!



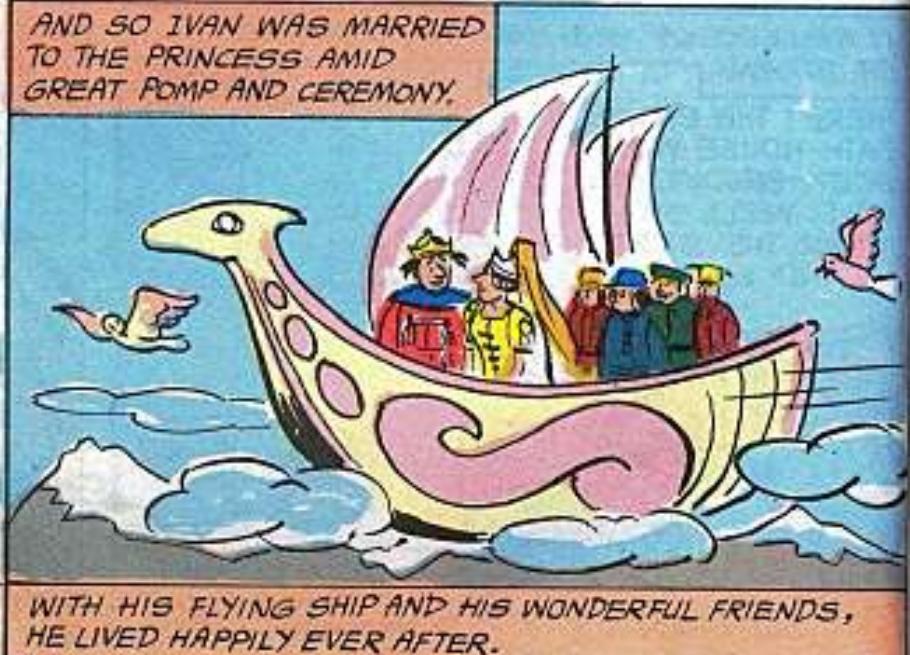
AT LAST THE TSAR AND THE MINISTER GAVE IN —

THIS MAN IS INDEED EXTRAORDINARY!

HE CAN DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE COULD DO WONDERS FOR OUR KINGDOM.



AND SO IVAN WAS MARRIED TO THE PRINCESS AMID GREAT POMP AND CEREMONY.



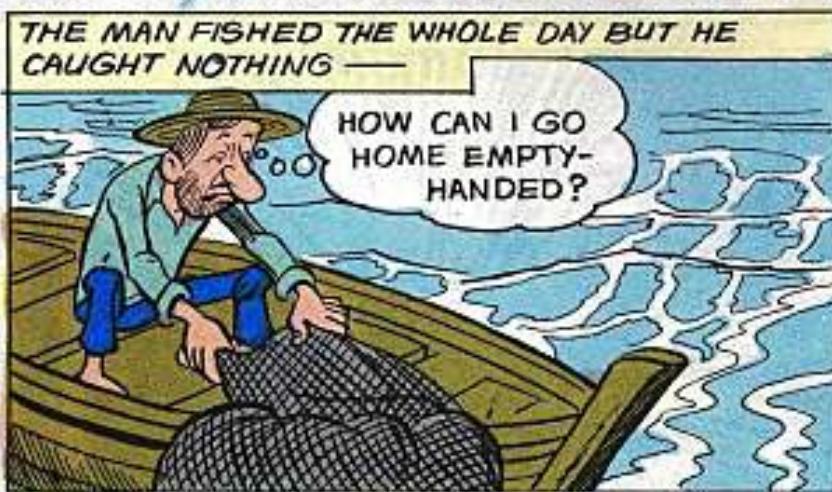
WITH HIS FLYING SHIP AND HIS WONDERFUL FRIENDS, HE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

# THE GREEDY FISHERMAN

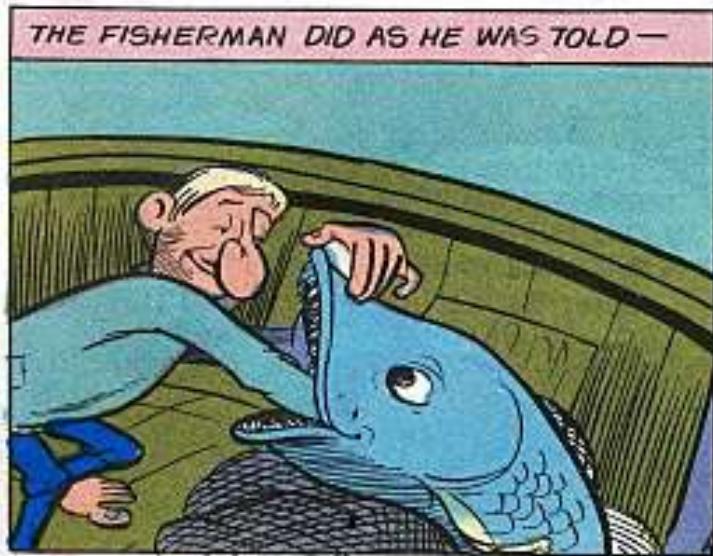
A Russian Folktale

Script: Luis Fernandes

Illustrations: Ajit Vasaikar



THE FISHERMAN DID AS HE WAS TOLD —



NOW THROW  
THE RING  
DOWN.



THE MAN THANKED THE FISH,  
LOWERED IT INTO THE WATER  
AND BUNDLING THE GOLD  
COINS IN HIS SHIRT, RUSHED  
HOME —

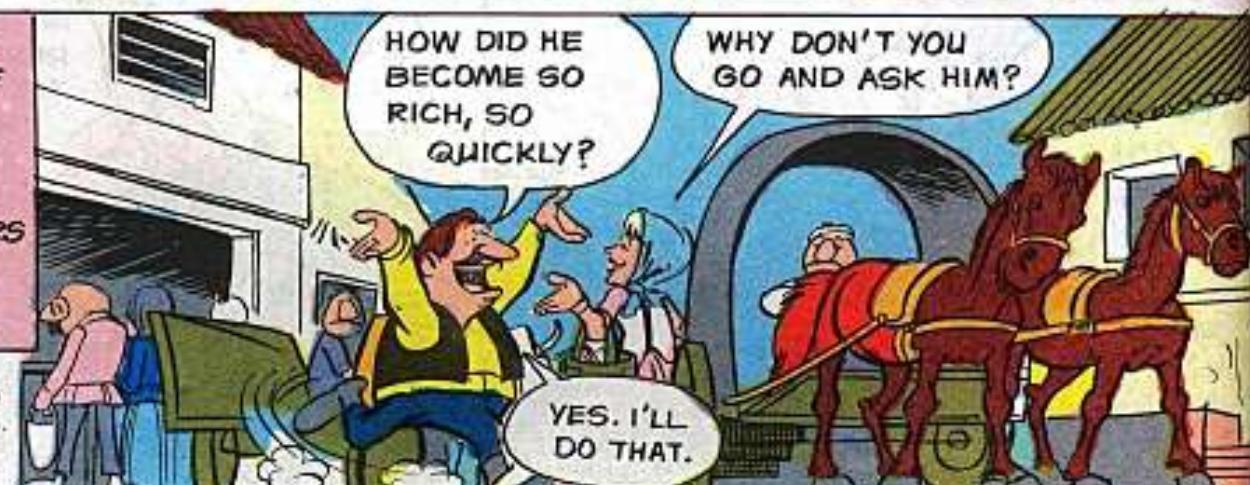


IT WAS NOT LONG  
BEFORE NEWS OF  
THE YOUNGER  
BROTHER'S  
PROSPERITY  
REACHED THE EARS  
OF THE OLDER  
BROTHER —

HOW DID HE  
BECOME SO  
RICH, SO  
QUICKLY?

WHY DON'T YOU  
GO AND ASK HIM?

YES, I'LL  
DO THAT.



SO THE ELDER BROTHER WENT TO  
THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S HOUSE —

HOW I  
MISS YOU!

SO MANY TIMES I  
THOUGHT OF VISITING  
YOU BUT YOU KNOW  
HOW BUSY I  
AM.

TELL ME, BROTHER,  
HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE  
SO MUCH WEALTH  
SO QUICKLY?



HIS BROTHER TOLD HIM —

... AND THE RING  
CHANGED INTO A HEAP  
OF GOLD COINS...



... I  
GATHERED  
THEM AND...

SEE YOU  
LATER,  
BROTHER.

THE ELDER BROTHER BOUGHT A BOAT AND A FISHING NET  
AND WENT FISHING —



HE FISHED ALL DAY BUT CAUGHT NOTHING. ON HIS LAST TRY, HOWEVER...



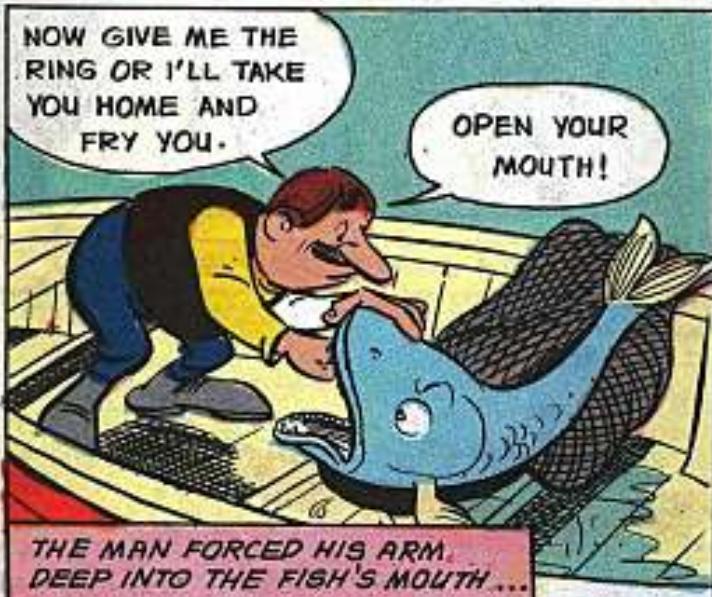
...HE CAUGHT A FISH. IT WAS THE SAME FISH THAT HIS BROTHER HAD CAUGHT.

PLEASE LET ME GO.

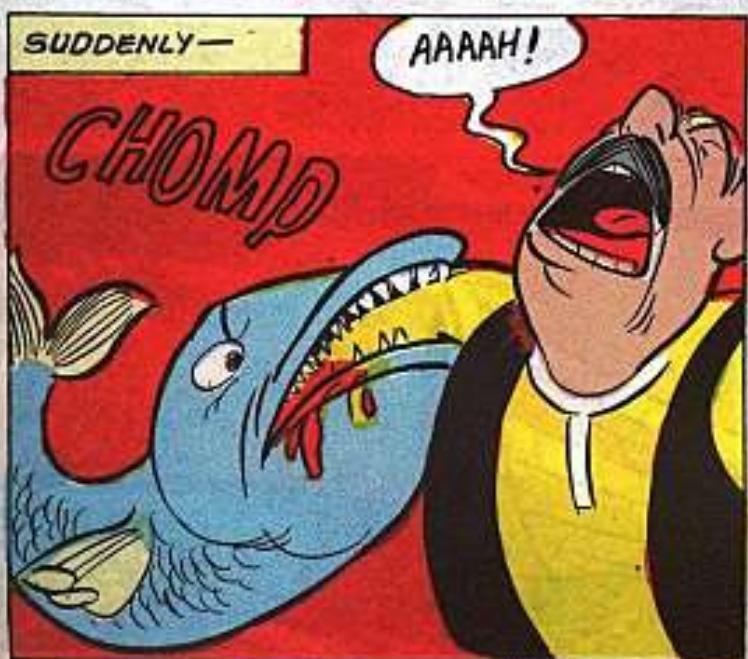
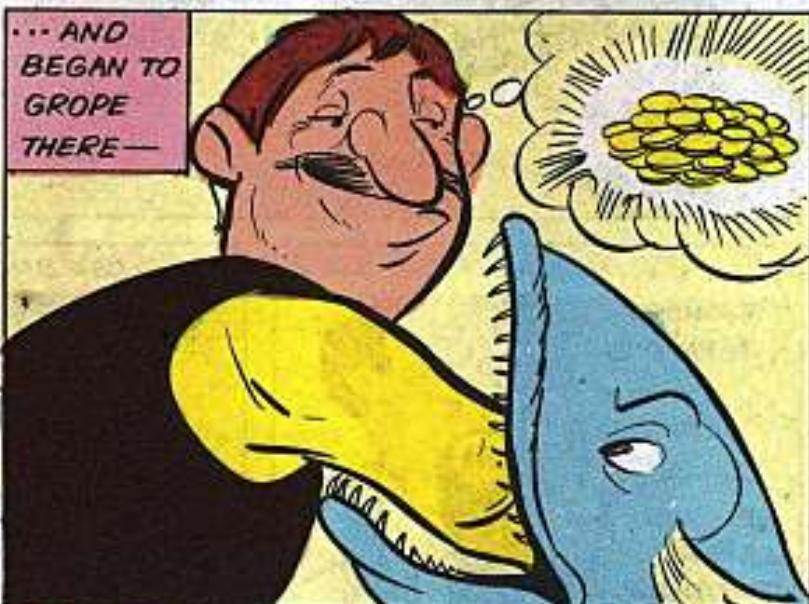
I WILL.  
IF YOU GIVE ME THE RING YOU GAVE MY BROTHER.

YOUR BROTHER WAS POOR.  
YOU ARE ALREADY RICH.

I WANT TO BE RICHER THAN HIM.



THE MAN FORCED HIS ARM DEEP INTO THE FISH'S MOUTH...



... HAD A HARD TIME ROWING HOME WITH ONLY ONE ARM.

# A STORY OF FOOLS

Readers' Choice

Based on a folktale from Russia  
sent by :

V.P. Anil Kumar,  
Door No. 156, Behind Check Post,  
Vidyanagar, T. Dasarahalli,  
Bangalore-560 057.

Illustrations : Savio Mascarenhas

IGOR, A WOODCUTTER, AND HIS WIFE IRINA, LIVED NEAR A FOREST. ONE DAY—



LATER —

IRINA ! THIS ROOM IS COLD. WHY DIDN'T YOU WATCH THE FIRE LIKE I TOLD YOU ?

BUT I DID, IGOR. I WATCHED IT TILL IT DIED.

IGOR STOMPED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

YOU FOOLISH WOMAN ! NOW LIGHT THE FIRE AGAIN WHILE I GO AND CUT SOME WOOD.

A STRANGER PASSING BY WATCHED THIS SCENE.

FOOLISH, IS SHE ? THEN I'LL TRICK HER INTO PARTING WITH THAT COAT HANGING ON THE PEG.

THE CHEAT WAITED TILL IRINA HAD LIT THE FIRE. THEN —

BRR... IT'S A COLD DAY. THAT FIRE LOOKS INVITING. MAY I WARM MYSELF BY IT, MA'AM.

OF COURSE, YOU CAN.

THE STRANGER WAS A CHEAT AND A TRICKSTER.

WHERE HAVE YOU  
COME FROM,  
STRANGER ?

FROM  
HEAVEN.



REALLY ? MY FATHER  
DIED A FEW MONTHS  
AGO AND I'M SURE  
HE IS IN HEAVEN  
TOO.

OF COURSE HE IS. WE ARE  
NEIGHBOURS IN HEAVEN.



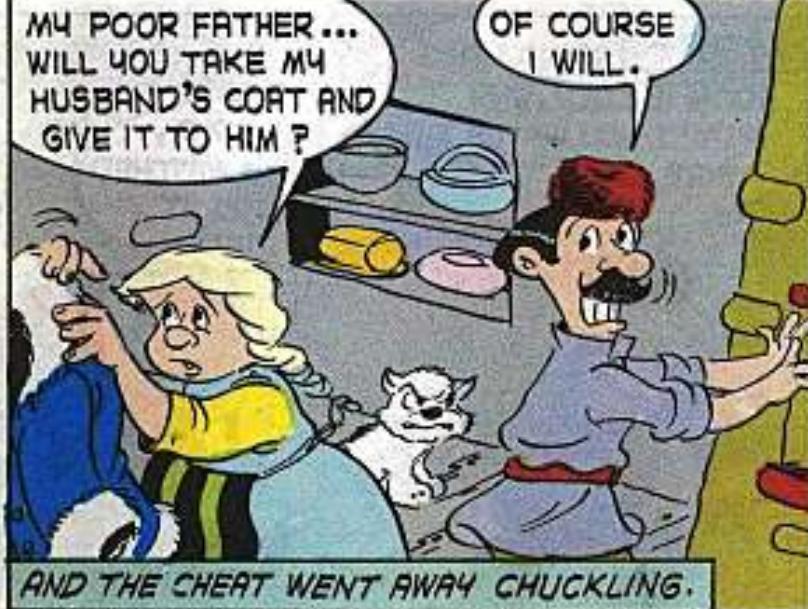
HOW WONDERFUL !  
TELL ME , HOW  
IS HE ?

HE IS WELL. BUT IT IS  
VERY COLD IN HEAVEN.  
HE OFTEN WISHES FOR  
A WARM COAT TO KEEP  
AWAY THE COLD.



MY POOR FATHER ...  
WILL YOU TAKE MY  
HUSBAND'S COAT AND  
GIVE IT TO HIM ?

OF COURSE  
I WILL.



AND THE CHEAT WENT AWAY CHUCKLING.

WHEN IGOR RETURNED -

IGOR ! YOU WILL BE SO HAPPY  
TO KNOW YOUR POOR  
FATHER-IN-LAW IS KEEPING  
HIMSELF WARM IN HEAVEN.

WHAT ARE  
YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT ?



AFTER IRINA HAD TOLD HIM EVERYTHING -

BAH ! I'M LEAVING HOME.  
I SHALL ONLY RETURN  
IF I FIND A GREATER  
FOOL THAN YOU ,  
IRINA.



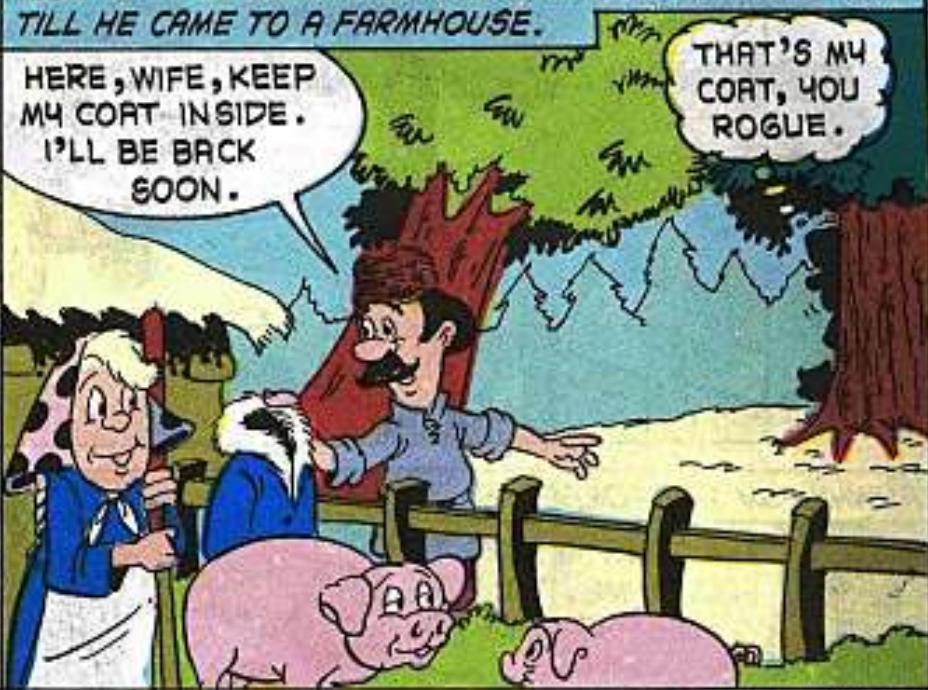
IGOR WENT IN SEARCH OF THE CHEAT. HE TRUDGED ON TILL HE CAME TO A FARMHOUSE.

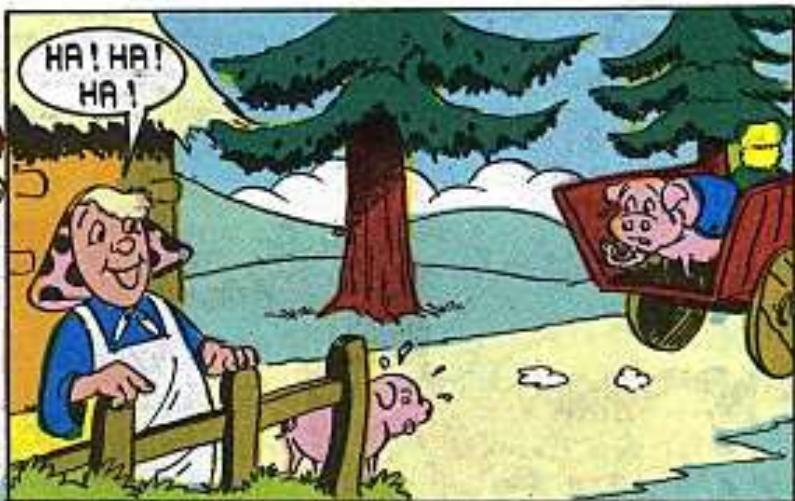
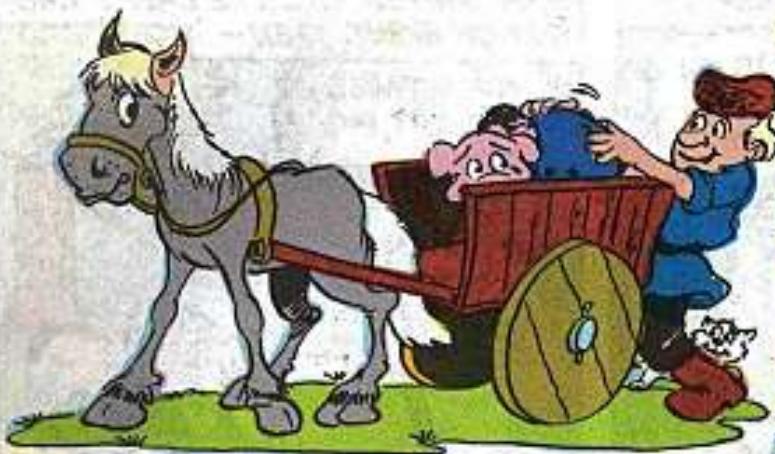
HERE, WIFE, KEEP MY COAT INSIDE.  
I'LL BE BACK SOON.

THAT'S MY COAT, YOU ROGUE.

IGOR WAITED TILL THE CHEAT WAS OUT OF SIGHT. THEN -

GREETINGS, O GREAT PIG!



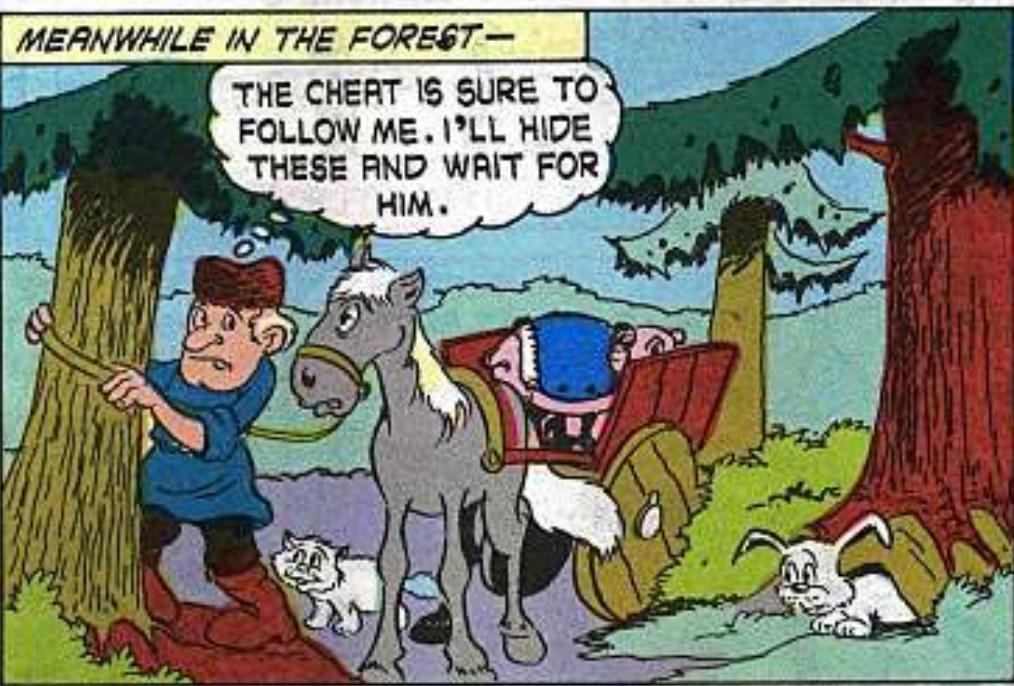


WHEN THE CHEAT HEARD THE STORY—

YOU FOOLISH WOMAN !  
YOU HAVE GIVEN HIM THE COAT,  
THE PIG AND THE HORSE CARRIAGE.  
I AM GOING TO GET THEM BACK,  
AND I SHAN'T COME BACK TILL I FIND  
A GREATER FOOL THAN YOU !

MEANWHILE IN THE FOREST—

THE CHEAT IS SURE TO FOLLOW ME. I'LL HIDE THESE AND WAIT FOR HIM.



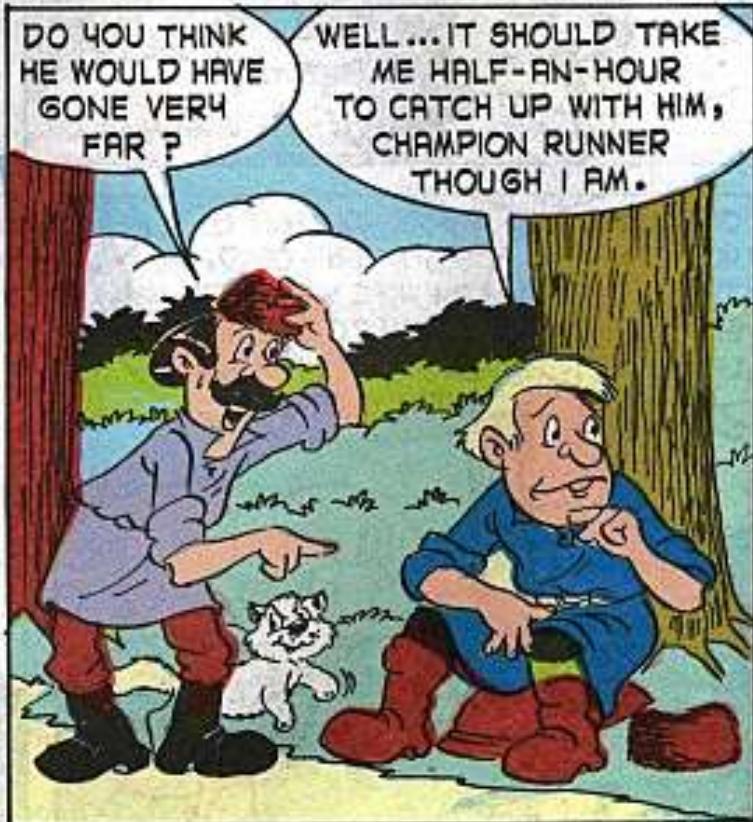
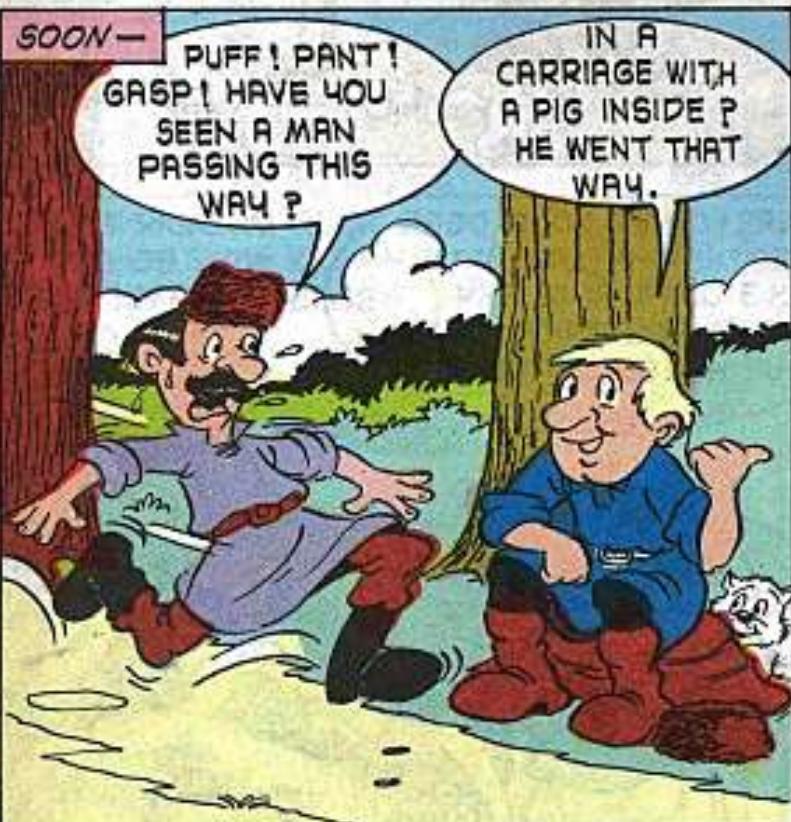
SOON—

PUFF ! PANT !  
GRASP ! HAVE YOU  
SEEN A MAN  
PASSING THIS  
WAY ?

IN A  
CARRIAGE WITH  
A PIG INSIDE ?  
HE WENT THAT  
WAY.

DO YOU THINK  
HE WOULD HAVE  
GONE VERY  
FAR ?

WELL...IT SHOULD TAKE  
ME HALF-AN-HOUR  
TO CATCH UP WITH HIM,  
CHAMPION RUNNER  
THOUGH I AM.



CHAMPION RUNNER, ARE YOU? THEN WILL YOU CATCH HIM FOR ME? HE HAS STOLEN MY COAT AND PIG AND CARRIAGE. CATCH HIM AND ONE OF THE THREE SHALL BE YOURS.

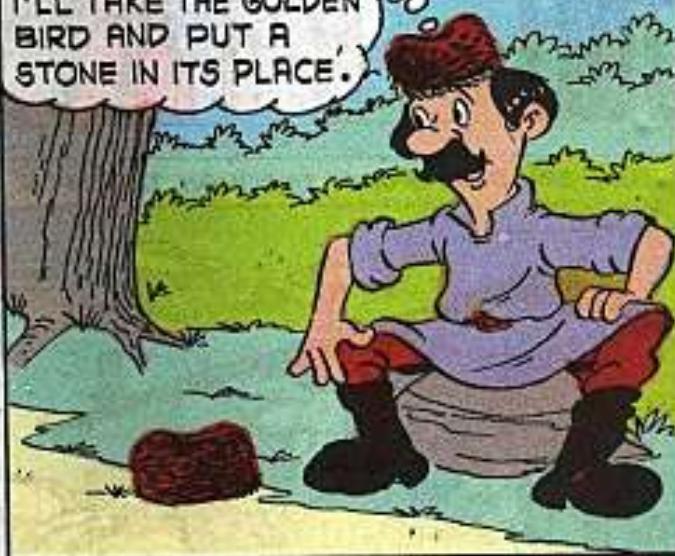


OH NO! I CAN'T DO THAT. MY MASTER HAS TRAPPED A GOLDEN BIRD UNDER IT AND HAS WARNED ME NOT TO LET IT GO. NOT EVEN IF SOMEONE GAVE ME A GOLD COIN.



THE CHEAT SAT DOWN TO GUARD THE HAT. A LITTLE WHILE LATER—

I'LL TAKE THE GOLDEN BIRD AND PUT A STONE IN ITS PLACE!



HE LIFTED THE HAT CAREFULLY—



DEJECTEDLY THE CHEAT WENT HOME.

YOU ARE BACK! SO YOU DID FIND A GREATER FOOL THAN ME.

I DID. IT IS MYSELF.



# NINOCHKA AND THE SWAN GEESE

Readers' Choice

Based on a Russian Folktale

Sent by : R. Ganesh,  
LIC Colony, III Block East, Jayanagar,  
Bangalore - 560 011.

Illustrations : Souren Roy

TEN-YEAR-OLD NINOCHKA LIVED WITH HER BABY BROTHER, SASHA AND HER PARENTS. ONE DAY —

NINOCHKA, YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING TO WORK. TAKE GOOD CARE OF SASHA AND I'LL BUY YOU A NEW KERCHIEF.

YES, MOTHER.

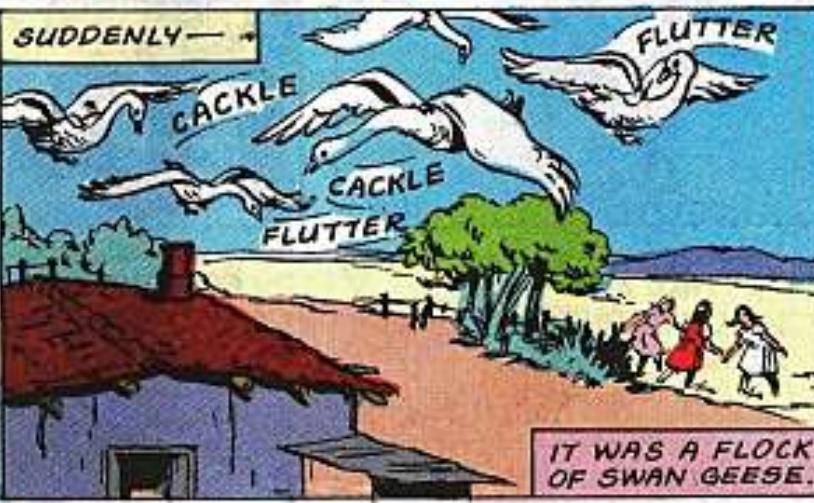


BUT NO SOONER HAD HER PARENTS LEFT —

SLEEP, LITTLE SASHA, WHILE I GO OUT AND PLAY WITH MY FRIENDS.



SUDDENLY —



THEY SWOOPED DOWN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...



... AND CARRIED LITTLE SASHA AWAY.



WHEN NINOCHKA CAME HOME —

OH, WHERE IS SASHA? I LEFT HIM IN HIS CRADLE.



THIS FEATHER... IT BELONGS TO THE SWAN GEESE. DEAR ME, SASHA HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY BY THEM. I MUST FIND HIM.



SHE RAN AFTER THE BIRDS WHICH WERE NOW A DISTANT SPECK ON THE HORIZON. SHE CAME ACROSS A HILL.



NINOCHKA RAN UP THE HILL TILL SHE REACHED AN APPLE TREE.

APPLE TREE,  
TELL ME WHERE  
THE SWAN GEESE  
HAVE FLOWN.

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE  
EATEN ONE OF MY  
WILD APPLES.



BUT AT HOME  
WE DON'T EVEN  
EAT GARDEN  
APPLES.

THEN I CANNOT  
TELL YOU.



THE LITTLE GIRL RAN ON DOWN THE HILL AND THROUGH SOME MEADOWS TILL SHE REACHED THE MILK RIVER WITH JELLY BANKS.

MILK RIVER, TELL ME WHERE THE SWAN GEESE HAVE FLOWN.

EAT SOME OF MY JELLY  
WITH MILK, THEN I'LL  
TELL YOU.



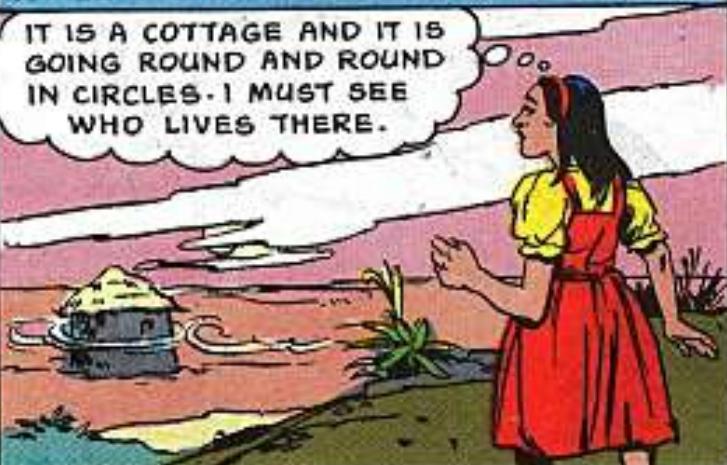
I CANNOT DO THAT. AT HOME WE DON'T EVEN EAT JELLY WITH CREAM.

THEN I CANNOT  
TELL YOU.



THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO SET WHEN THE LITTLE GIRL SAW SOMETHING FAR AWAY.

IT IS A COTTAGE AND IT IS GOING ROUND AND ROUND IN CIRCLES. I MUST SEE WHO LIVES THERE.



IT'S A LITTLE OLD LADY AND SHE IS SPINNING YARN SO BUSILY. AND THERE IS SASHA PLAYING WITH GOLDEN APPLES.



NINOCHKA KNEW THAT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY OLD LADY. SO—

GOOD EVENING, GRANNY.  
MY FROCK IS WET AND  
MY FEET ARE TIRED.  
CAN I COME IN AND  
WARM MYSELF?

YES, COME AND HELP  
ME SPIN SOME YARN.

- CACKLE  
CACKLE

THE SWAN GEESE GO  
WHEREVER SHE DOES.  
SHE IS SURELY AN  
EVIL PERSON.

LITTLE GIRL, GIVE  
ME SOME BREAD  
AND I WILL TELL  
YOU SOMETHING.

HERE YOU ARE.

THAT IS BABA YAGA,  
THE WITCH. SHE HAS GONE  
TO LIGHT A FIRE. SHE WILL  
WASH YOU, STEAM YOU  
AND EAT YOU.

SO THIS IS BABA YAGA. SHE IS  
DANGEROUS. I MUST TAKE SASHA  
AND RUN.

YES, MAKE HASTE.  
I WILL SPIN THE YARN  
FOR YOU.

NINOCHKA TIED SASHA ON HER BACK AND  
FLED. MEANWHILE —

ARE YOU SPINNING,  
LITTLE GIRL.

YES, I AM,  
GRANNY.

BABA YAGA MADE A FIRE IN THE BATH HOUSE  
AND CAME FOR NINOCHKA.

EEEE! THE WENCH HAS  
FLED WITH THE BOY.  
SWAN GEESE, BRING  
THEM BACK.

CACKLE  
CACKLE

NINOCHKA SAW THE SWAN GEESE JUST AS SHE REACHED THE MILK RIVER.

NINOCHKA DID AND THE MILK RIVER HID HER AND SASHA.

MILK RIVER,  
HIDE ME.

YOU MUST FIRST EAT SOME OF MY PLAIN FRUIT JELLY.

I HOPE THEY RETURN HOME AND DON'T LOOK FOR ME.



WHEN THE SWAN GEESE HAD GONE BACK—

I MUST RUN FASTER.  
PUFF... PANT... SASHA,  
YOU ARE HEAVY.

SUDDENLY—

CACKLE  
CACKLE

EAT ONE OF MY WILD APPLES  
AND I WILL HIDE YOU.



NINOCHKA ATE A WILD APPLE AND THE TREE HID HER IN ITS BRANCHES.

WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR NINOCHKA SET OFF ONCE AGAIN. THE TWO CHILDREN REACHED HOME JUST IN TIME.



# TINKLE

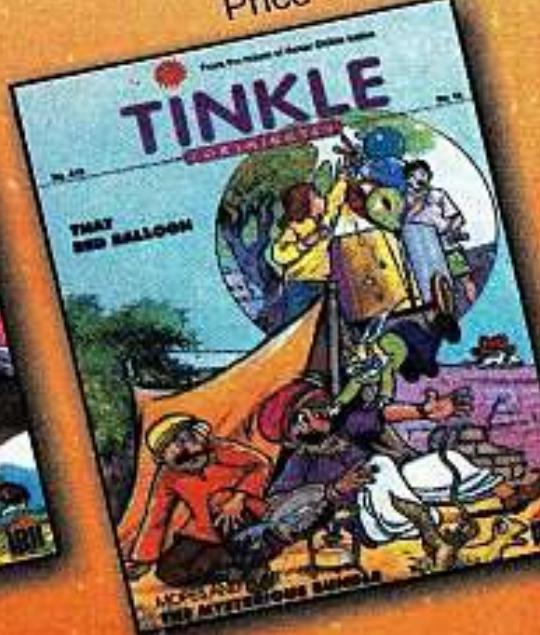
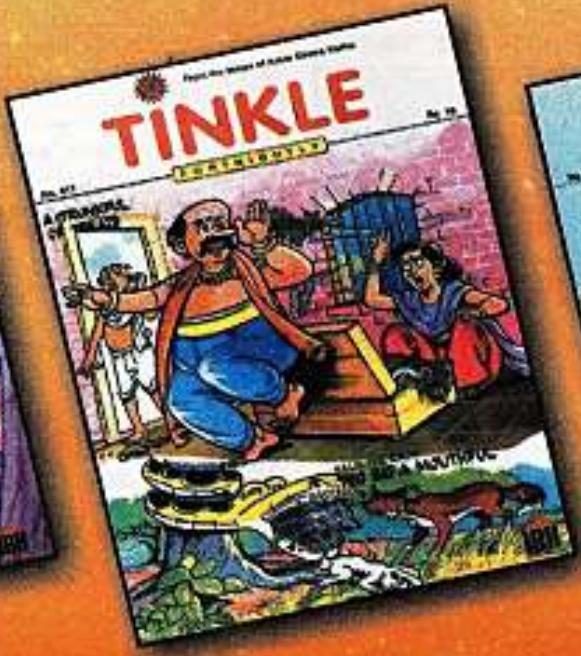
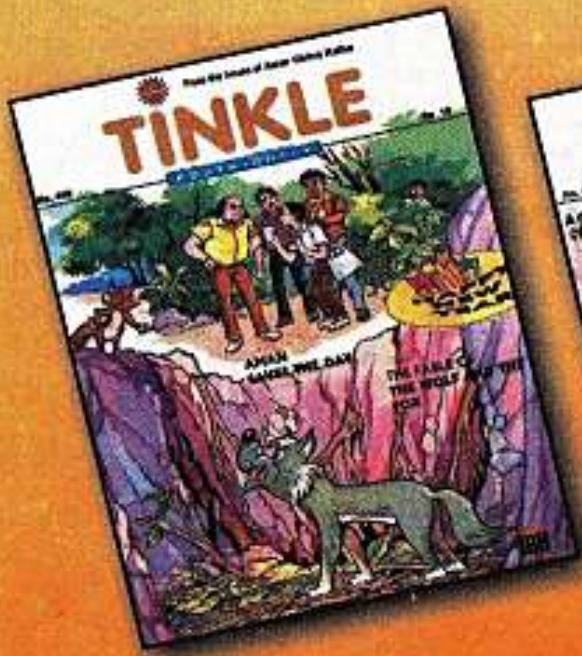
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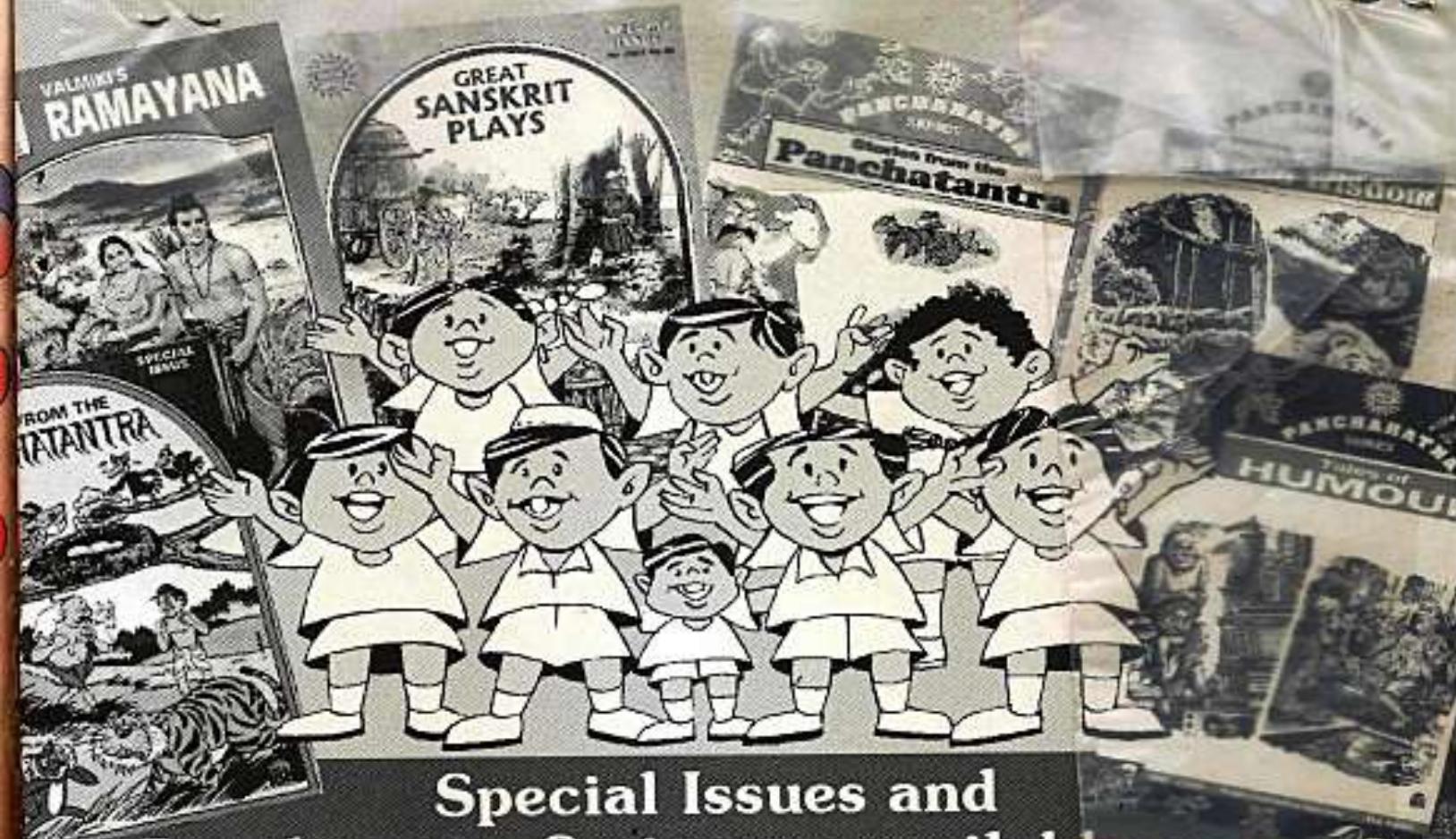
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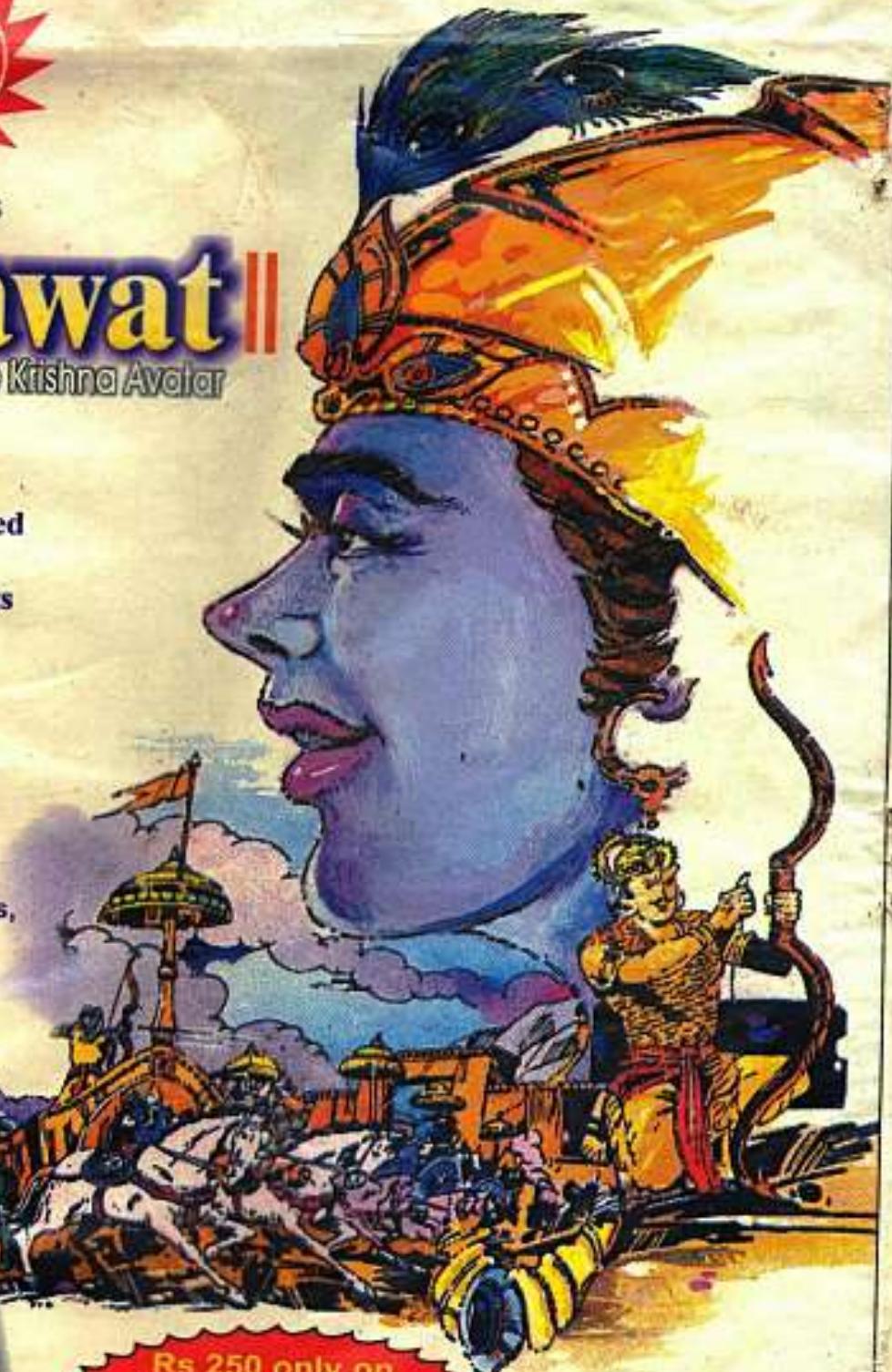
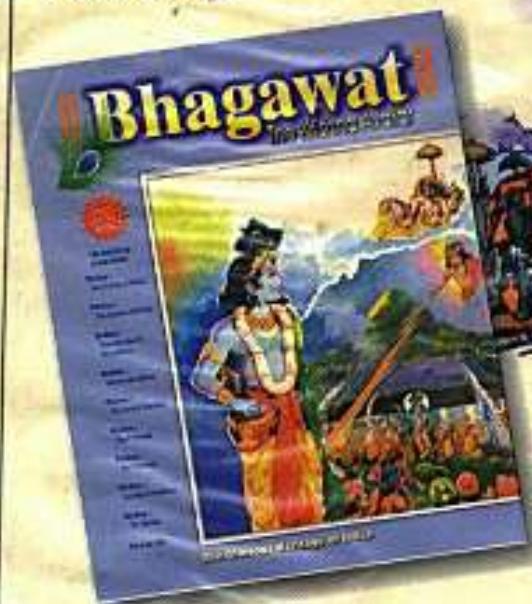
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