

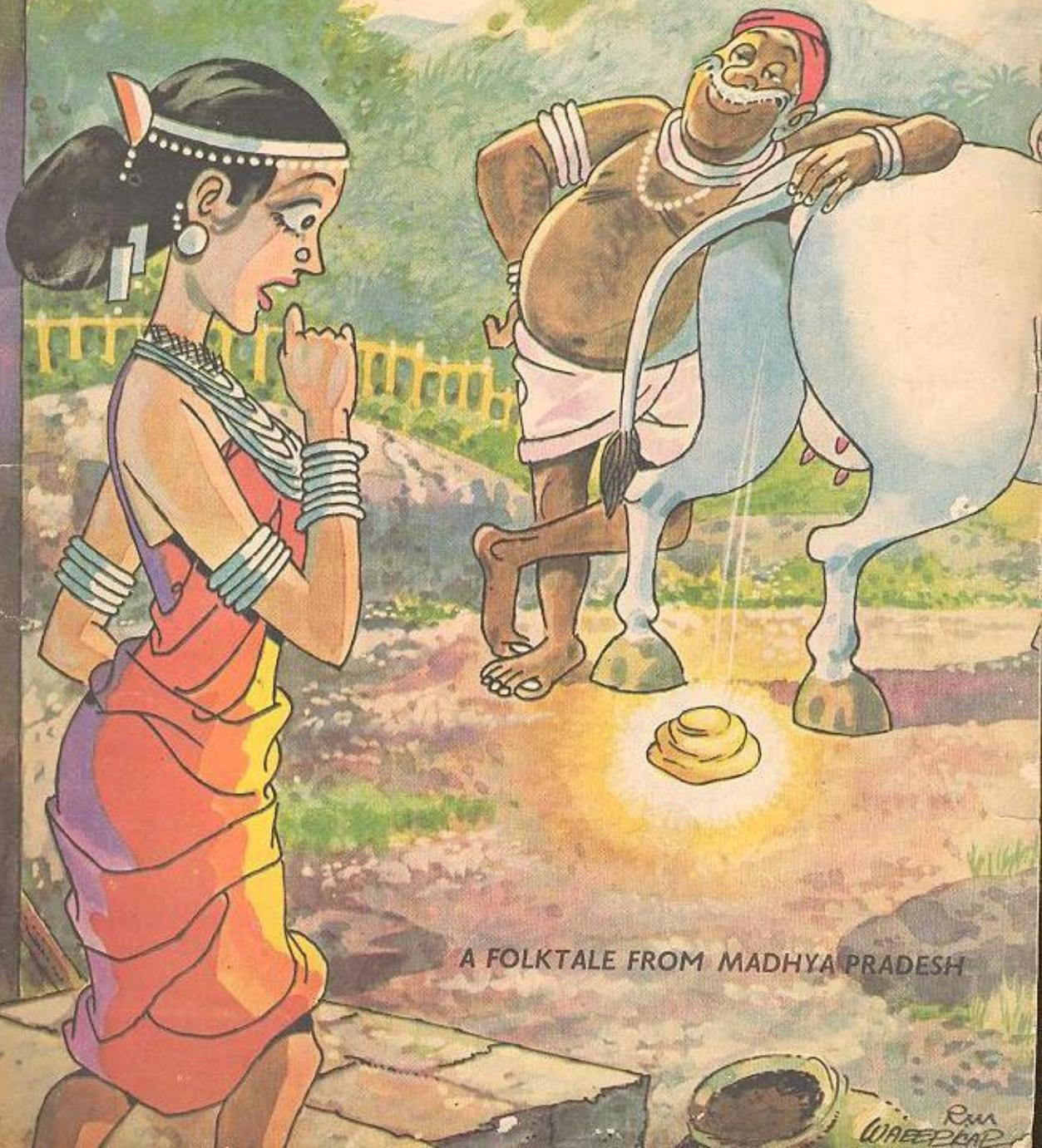


No. 255 Rs. 1/-

# MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GIFTS

Manmath Rao, B.

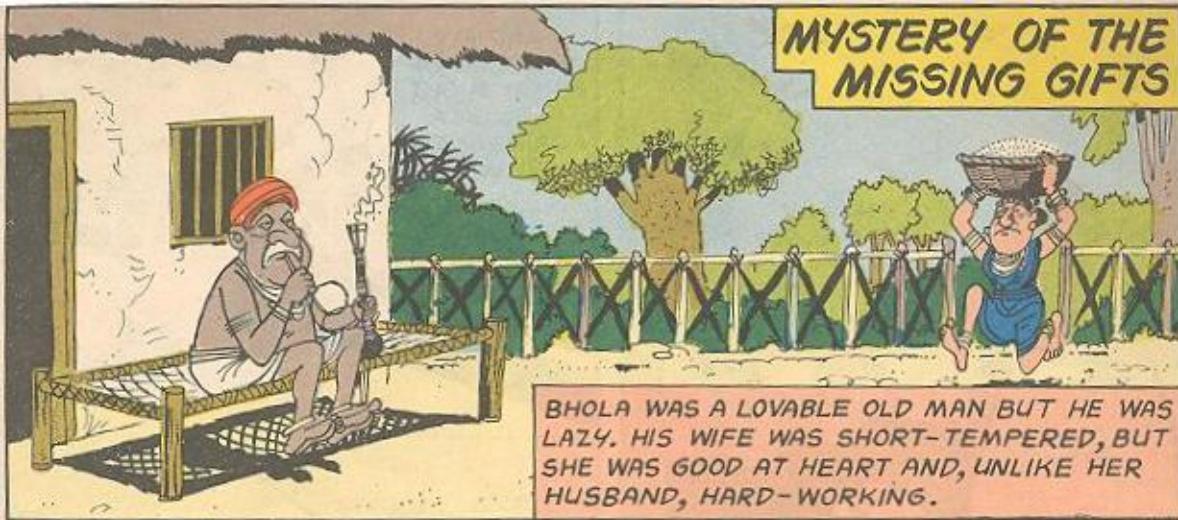
"Teacher, Hyderabad"



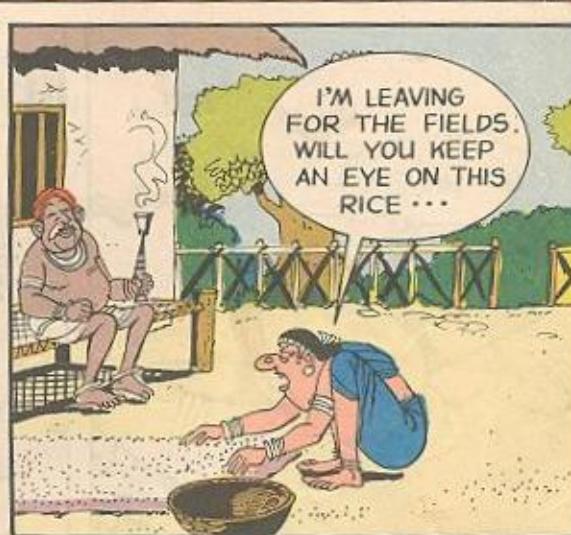
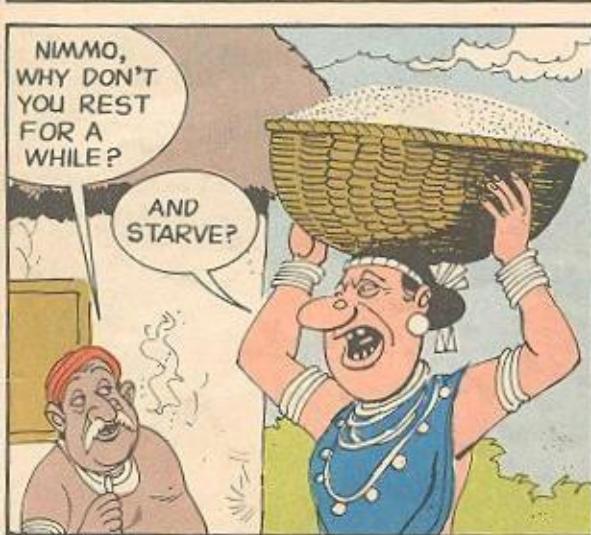
A FOLKTALE FROM MADHYA PRADESH

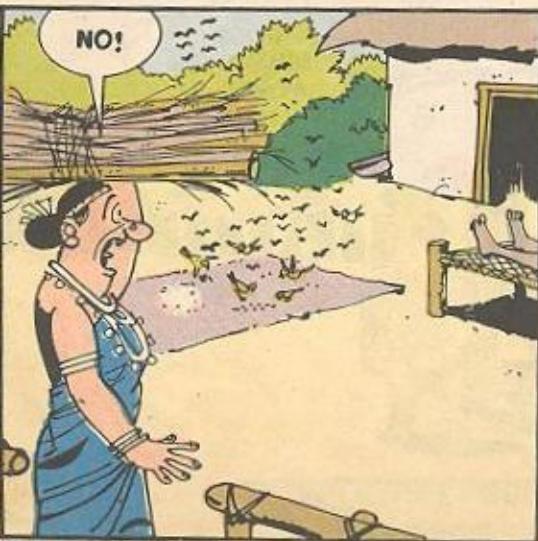
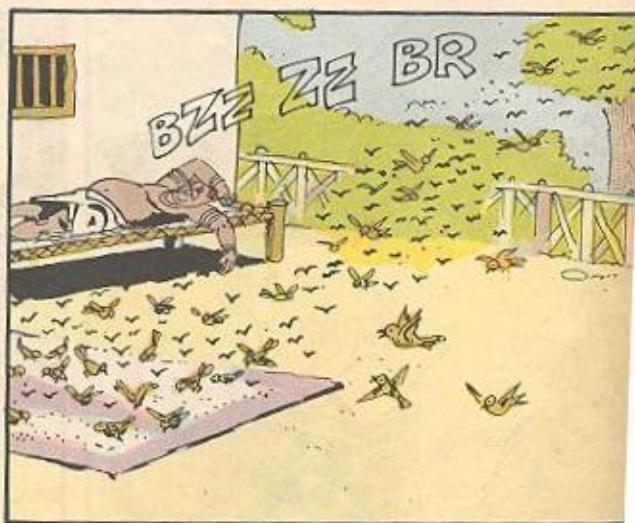
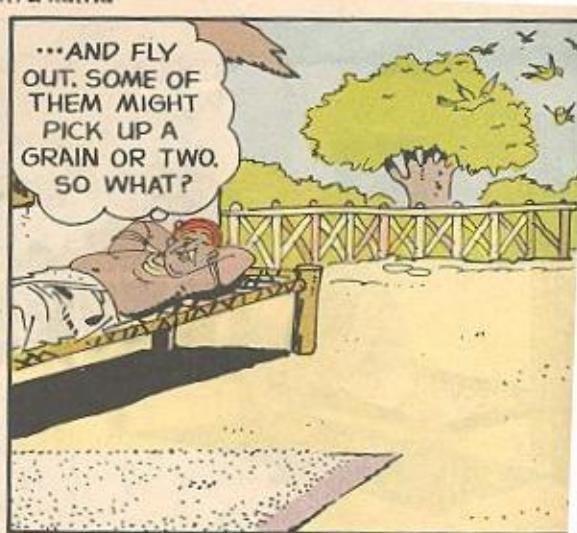
Ran  
WAEDDAPY

# MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GIFTS



BHOLA WAS A LOVABLE OLD MAN BUT HE WAS LAZY. HIS WIFE WAS SHORT-TEMPERED, BUT SHE WAS GOOD AT HEART AND, UNLIKE HER HUSBAND, HARD-WORKING.





BHOLA!

I'M  
SORRY,  
NIMMO.

WHAT'S THE  
USE OF THAT?  
YOU'LL NEVER  
LEARN.

DON'T  
CRY, NIMMO.  
PLEASE  
DON'T.

I'LL  
GET YOU  
PLENTY OF  
RICE.

YOU'LL GET ME  
RICE! DON'T MAKE  
ME LAUGH.

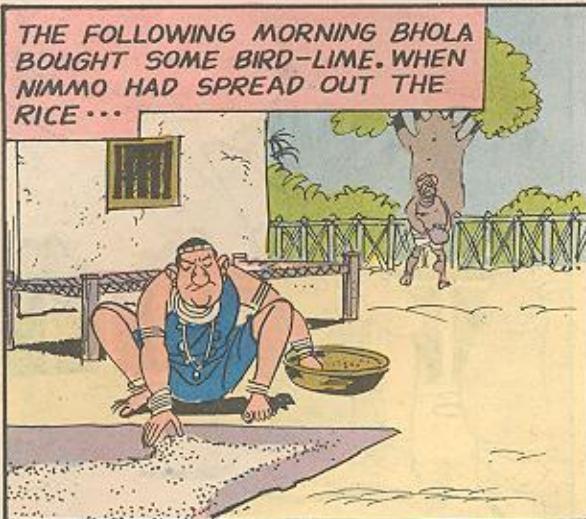
TOMORROW,  
I'LL CATCH  
ALL THE SPARROWS  
AND SELL THEM  
IN THE  
BAZAAR...

...AND WITH  
THAT MONEY,  
I'LL BUY YOU  
ALL THE RICE  
IN THE WORLD.

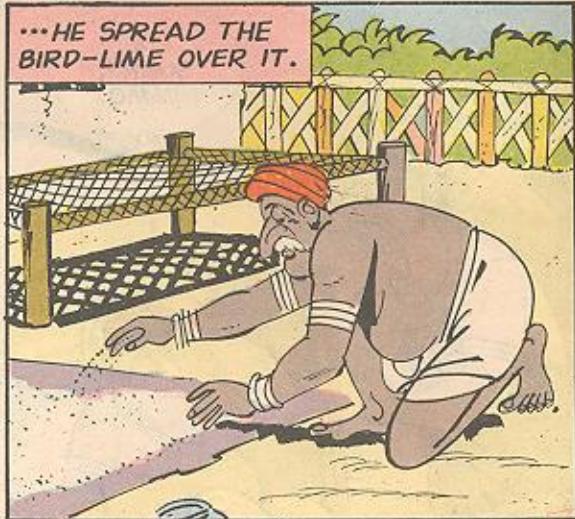
MY HUSBAND  
TALKING OF  
WORK!

WAIT  
AND SEE.

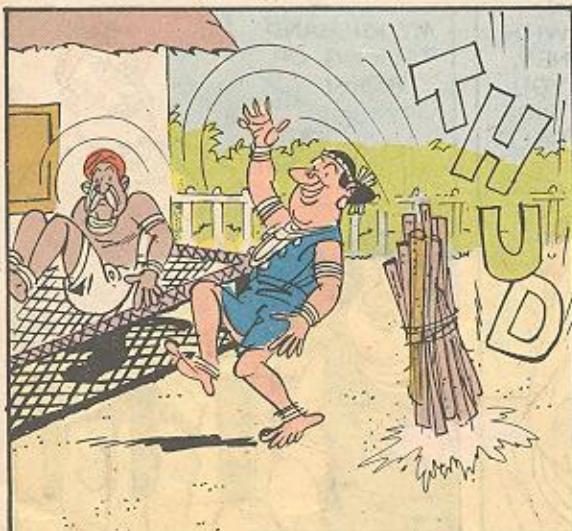
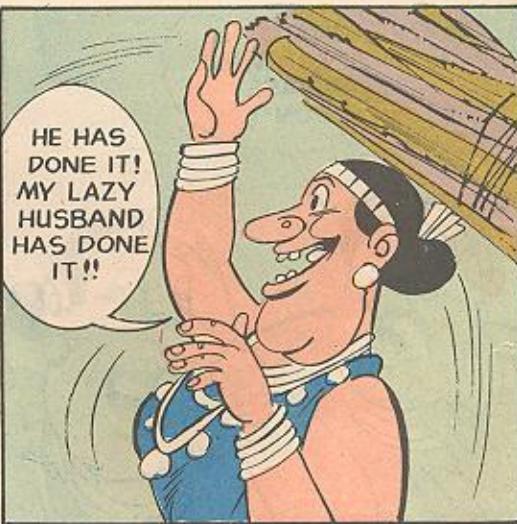
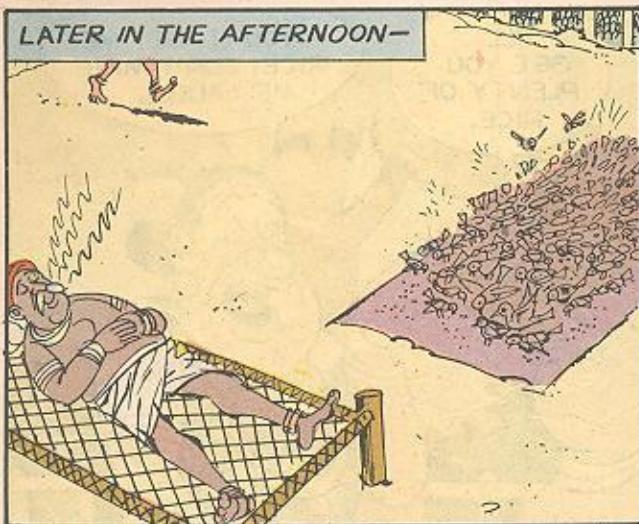
THE FOLLOWING MORNING BHOLA BOUGHT SOME BIRD-LIME. WHEN NIMMO HAD SPREAD OUT THE RICE ...



...HE SPREAD THE BIRD-LIME OVER IT.



LATER IN THE AFTERNOON—



NO BHOLA! THEY ARE CAUGHT! SEE... ALL OF THEM. THEY SEEM TO BE STUCK.



COME, LET'S PICK UP THE BIRDS.



PLEASE, HAVE MERCY ON US AND SET US FREE.



I'LL REWARD YOU IF YOU DO.

REWARD?



WHAT REWARD CAN YOU GIVE US?

I AM THE KING OF THE SPARROWS. IF YOU SET US FREE AND COME TO MY HOUSE TOMORROW, I'LL GIVE YOU A REWARD.



ALL RIGHT. I'LL SET YOU FREE IN A MOMENT.



BHOLA SET ALL THE BIRDS FREE.

THANK  
YOU,  
FRIENDS.

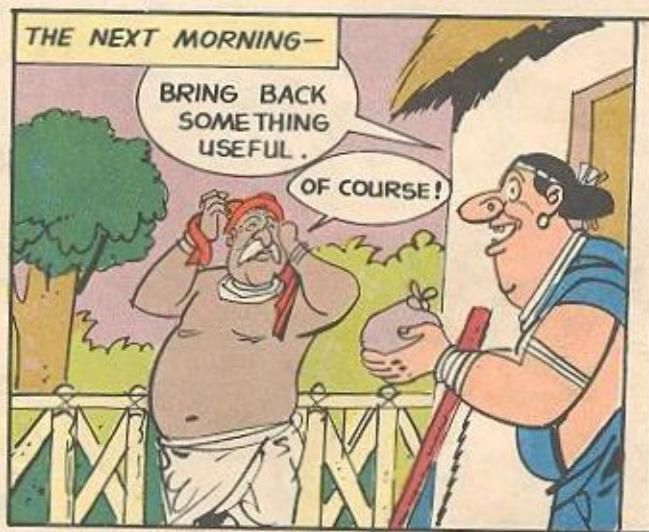


BHOLA,  
YOU MUST  
GET UP EARLY  
IN THE MORNING  
AND GO TO HIS HOUSE  
TO COLLECT THE  
REWARD.

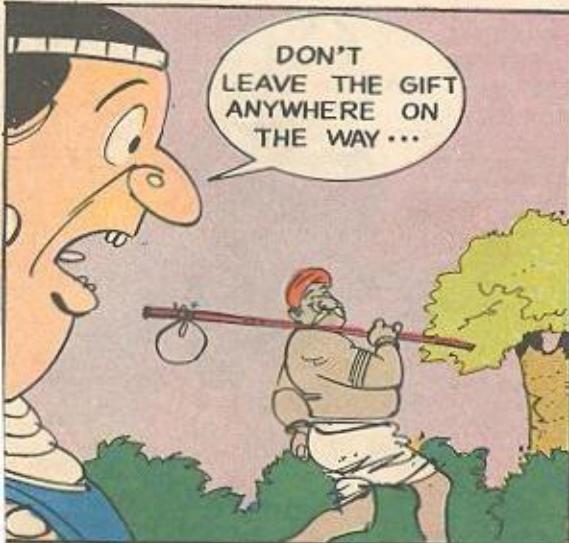
THE NEXT MORNING—

BRING BACK  
SOMETHING  
USEFUL.

OF COURSE!



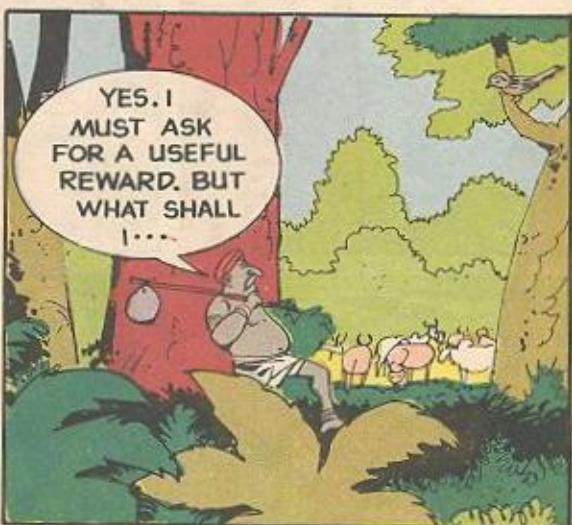
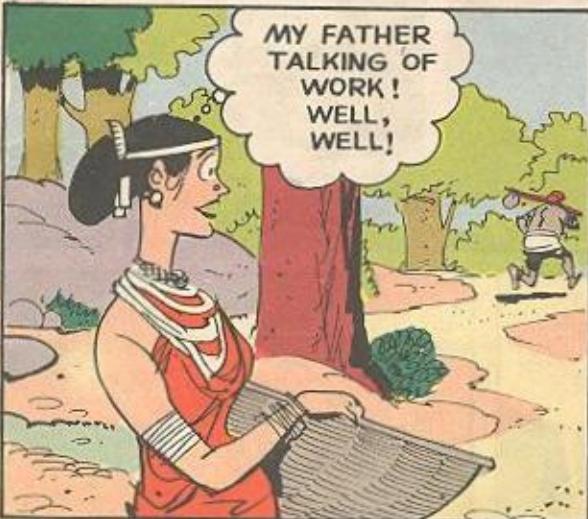
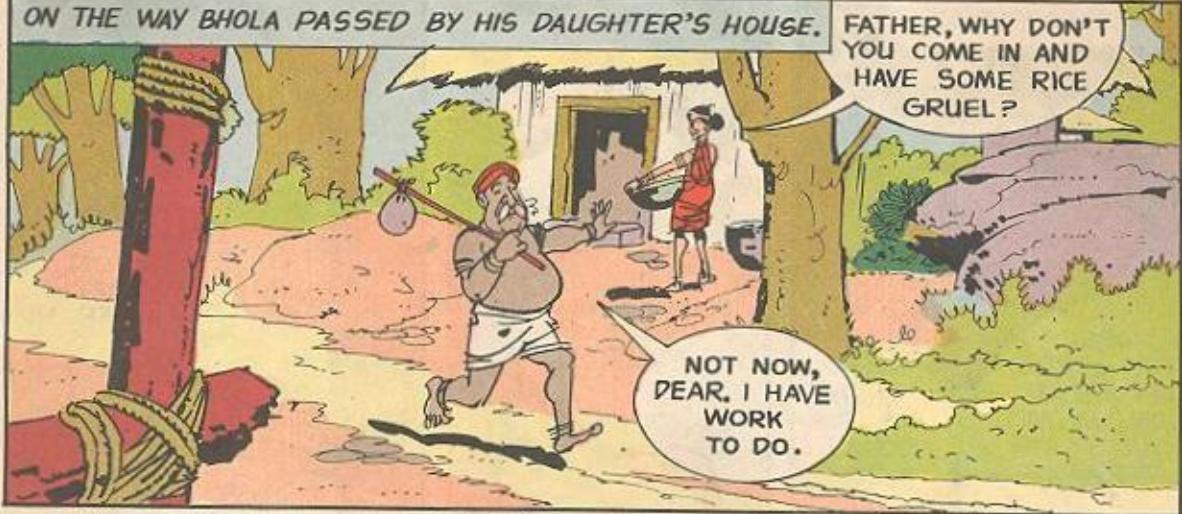
DON'T  
LEAVE THE GIFT  
ANYWHERE ON  
THE WAY ...



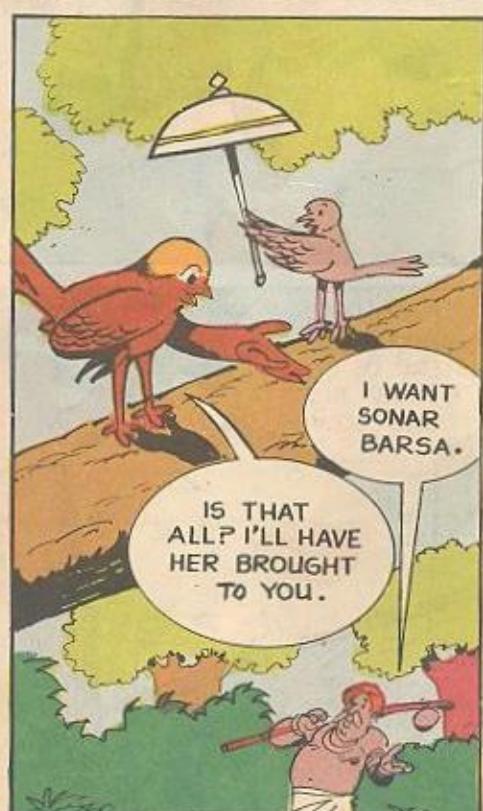
... AND  
DON'T FALL  
ASLEEP.



ON THE WAY BHOLA PASSED BY HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSE.

FATHER, WHY DON'T  
YOU COME IN AND  
HAVE SOME RICE  
GRUEL?

BHOLA LOOKED UP—



A SHORT WHILE LATER—

HERE YOU  
ARE! HER DUNG  
TURNS INTO GOLD  
THE MOMENT IT  
TOUCHES THE  
GROUND.

each day, it grows

NIMMO  
WILL NEVER  
HAVE TO WORK  
AGAIN. THANK  
YOU, MY  
FRIEND.

SO BHOLA LEFT FOR HOME.

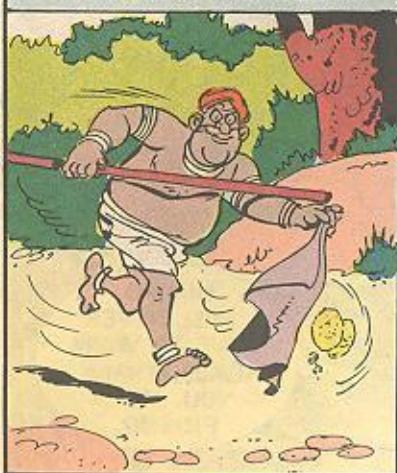
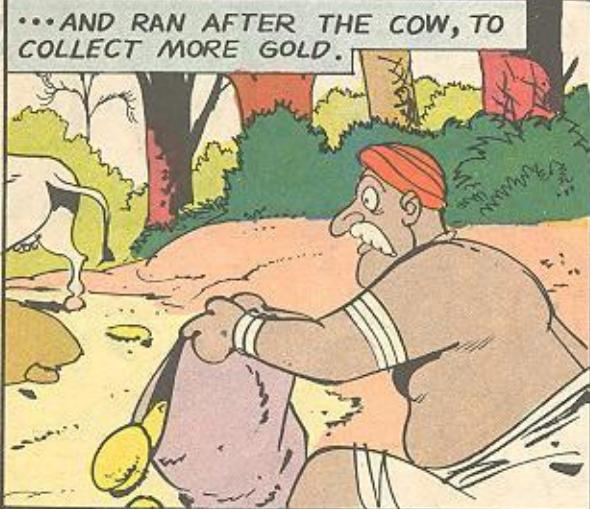
ON THE WAY—

GOLD!

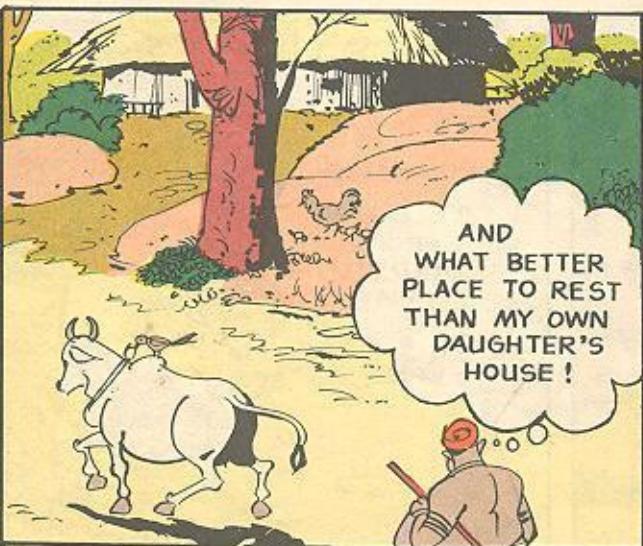
BHOLA BENT DOWN TO PICK THE GOLD.

WHEN HE STOOD UP—

SHE'S  
DROPPING  
GOLD ALL THE  
WAY!

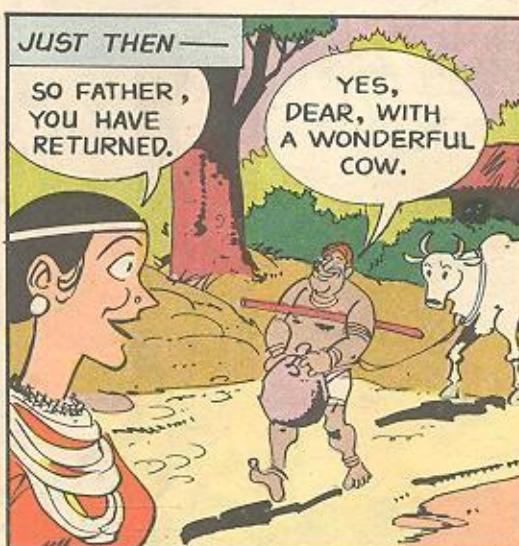
**BHOLA RAN AFTER THE COW...****...BENT TO PICK UP THE GOLD...****...STOOD UP...****...AND RAN AFTER THE COW, TO COLLECT MORE GOLD.****SOON HE WAS TIRED.**

AND  
WHAT BETTER  
PLACE TO REST  
THAN MY OWN  
DAUGHTER'S  
HOUSE !

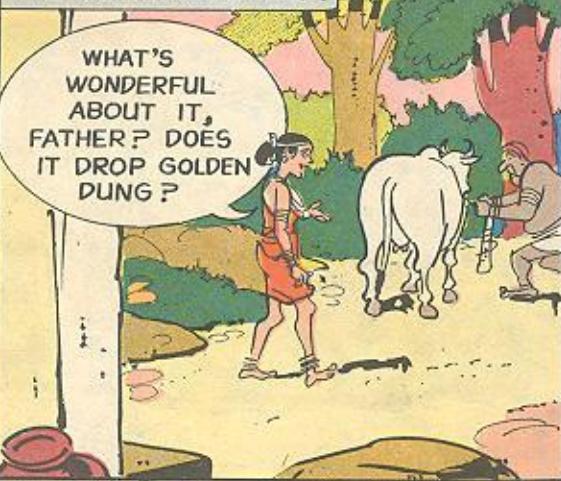
**JUST THEN —**

SO FATHER,  
YOU HAVE  
RETURNED.

YES,  
DEAR, WITH  
A WONDERFUL  
COW.



THE DAUGHTER SMILED.

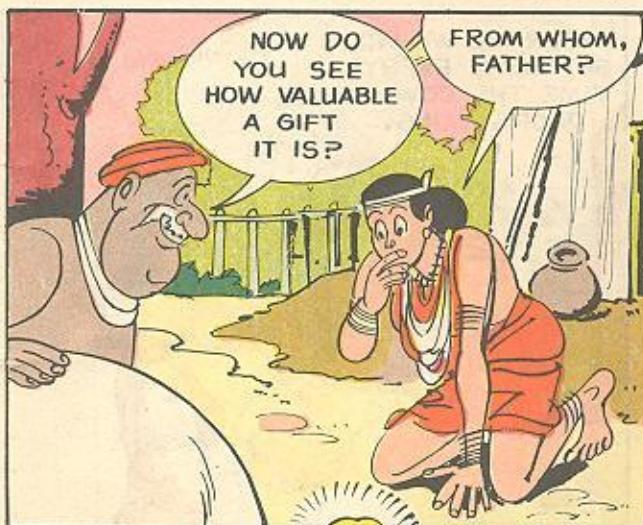


THAT WAS PRECISELY WHAT THE COW DID AT THAT VERY MOMENT.



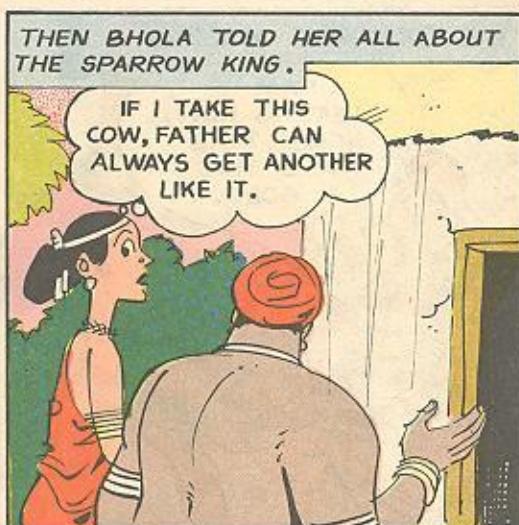
NOW DO YOU SEE HOW VALUABLE A GIFT IT IS?

FROM WHOM, FATHER?

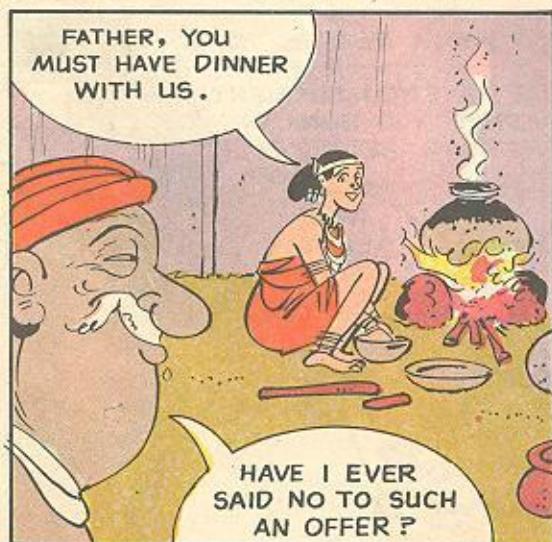


THEN BHOLA TOLD HER ALL ABOUT THE SPARROW KING.

IF I TAKE THIS COW, FATHER CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER LIKE IT.



FATHER, YOU MUST HAVE DINNER WITH US.

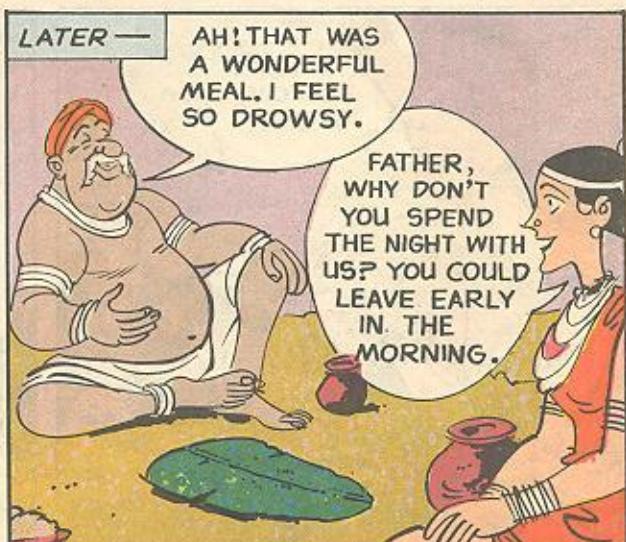


HAVE I EVER SAID NO TO SUCH AN OFFER?

LATER —

AH! THAT WAS A WONDERFUL MEAL. I FEEL SO DROWSY.

FATHER, WHY DON'T YOU SPEND THE NIGHT WITH US? YOU COULD LEAVE EARLY IN THE MORNING.



THAT NIGHT WHILE THE INNOCENT BHOLA SLEPT...



... HIS DAUGHTER LED SONAR BARSA TO HER OWN COWSHED.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING —

I AM  
LEAVING NOW.  
HERE, TAKE  
ALL THIS  
GOLD.



AFTER ALL WE WILL  
GET SOME EVERY  
TIME THE COW  
DROPS DUNG.

THANK YOU,  
FATHER.



DO COME  
AGAIN.

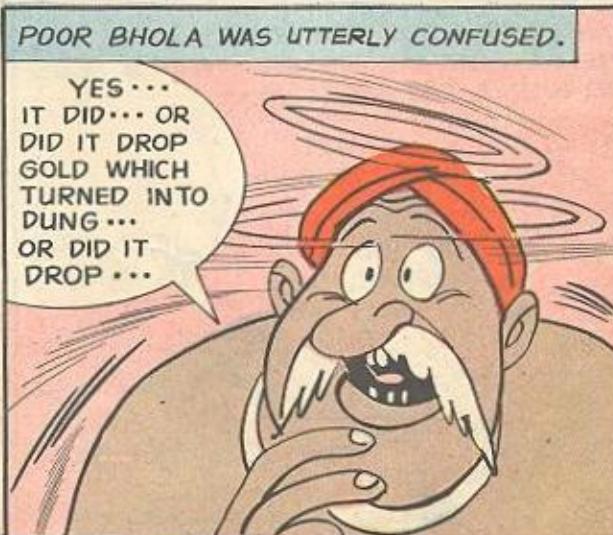
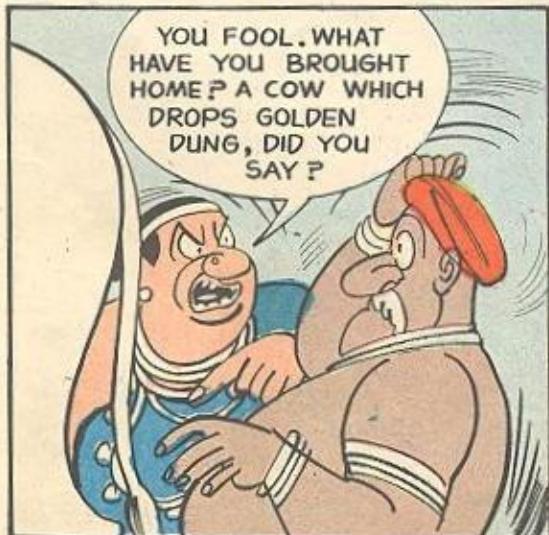
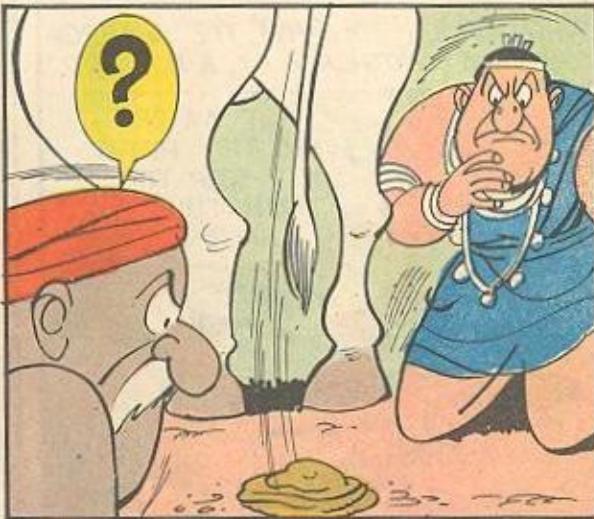
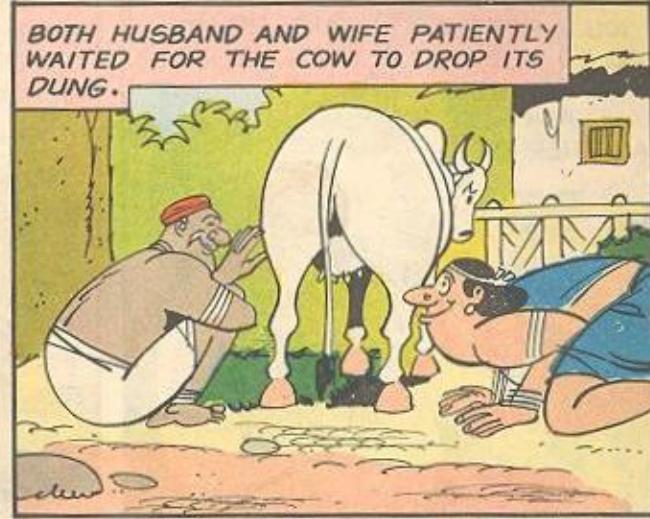
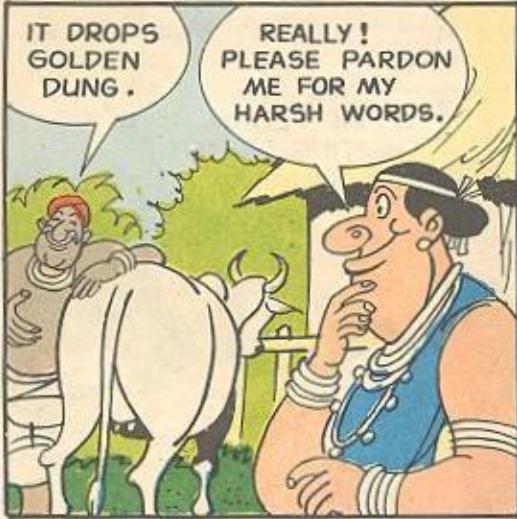


WHEN BHOLA REACHED HOME —

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT?  
COULDN'T YOU THINK OF  
SOMETHING BETTER?

WAIT  
TILL IT  
DROPS  
DUNG.





YOU'D BETTER GO TO THE SPARROW-KING AND ASK FOR ANOTHER GIFT.

ALL RIGHT  
... ALL RIGHT.



SO BHOLA WENT BACK TO THE SPARROW-KING.

YOU ARE A FINE FELLOW, CHEATING FRIENDS LIKE ME !



WHEN BHOLA TOLD HIM, THE SPARROW GAVE HIM ANOTHER GIFT, A POT AND A SPOON.

PUT WATER INTO THIS POT AND STIR IT WITH THIS SPOON.



THE WATER WILL TURN INTO ANYTHING YOU WANT TO EAT !

ANYTHING I WANT TO EAT !

BHOLA SET OUT FOR HOME. ON THE WAY HE STOPPED AT HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSE TO SPEND THE NIGHT.

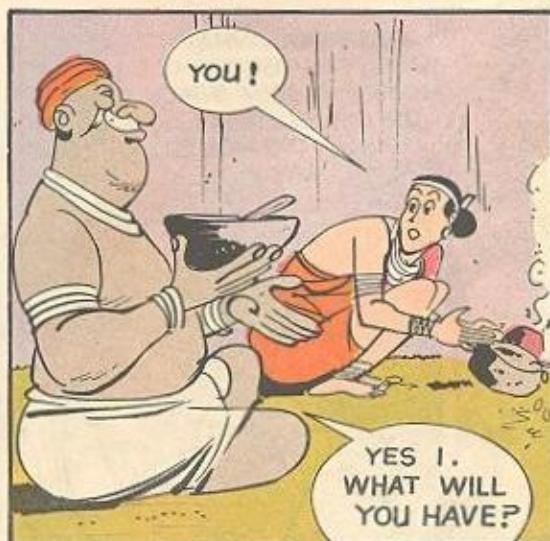
FATHER, LET ME COOK FOR YOU.

MY DEAR, I'LL COOK FOR YOU.

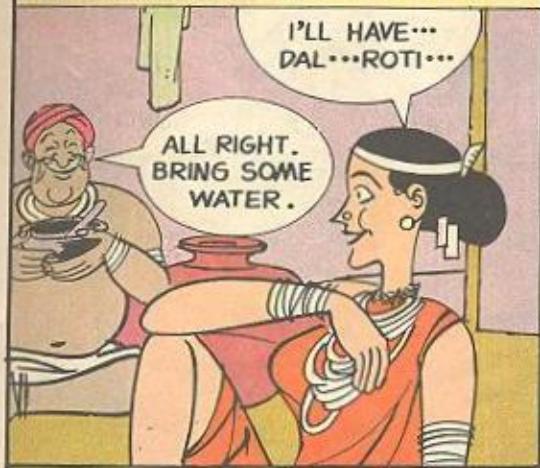


YOU !

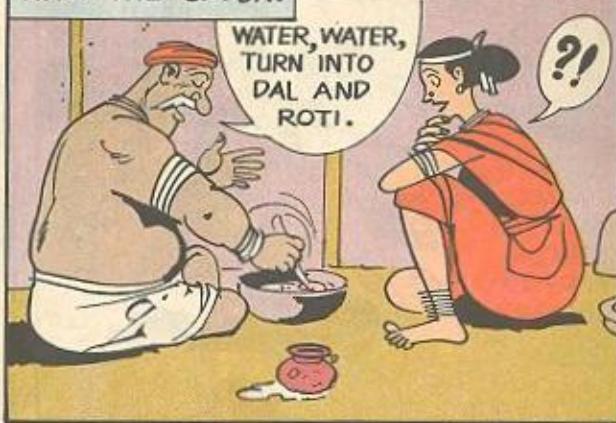
YES I. WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?



THE DAUGHTER TOOK IT AS A JOKE.



THE WATER WAS BROUGHT. BHOLA PUT IT INTO THE POT AND STIRRED IT WITH THE SPOON.



AND LO!

YOUR  
DINNER  
IS READY.

THAT MAGIC  
POT AND SPOON  
WILL SOLVE ALL  
MY PROBLEMS.



THAT NIGHT, WHILE BHOLA SLEPT, HIS DAUGHTER TOOK THE MAGIC UTENSILS AND REPLACED THEM WITH ORDINARY ONES.



THE NEXT DAY WHEN BHOLA REACHED HOME, HE TOLD NIMMO ALL ABOUT THE POT.

NOW COOK ME  
SOME DAL AND ROTI.  
I'M TERRIBLY  
HUNGRY.

I'LL  
BRING  
WATER  
AT ONCE.

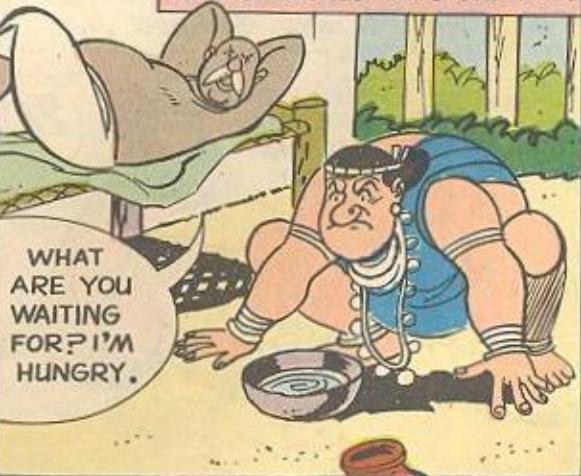


NIMMO BEGAN TO COOK.

O WATER,  
TURN INTO  
DAL AND  
ROTI.



NIMMO LOOKED INTO THE POT.



SO POOR BHOLA WENT BACK TO THE SPARROW-KING AND TOLD HIM HIS TALE OF WOE.



THE SPARROW-KING ASKED FOR A GOLDEN ROPE AND A STICK TO BE BROUGHT.



WHEN HE STOPPED AT HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSE THAT NIGHT—

FATHER DIDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THE NEW GIFT. IT MUST BE VERY PRECIOUS.



I'LL TAKE IT AWAY BEFORE HE WAKES UP.



THE MOMENT SHE TOUCHED  
THE GOLDEN ROPE  
HOWEVER ...



...IT COILED ITSELF  
AROUND HER.



BUT MORE WAS  
TO FOLLOW. THE  
STICK FLEW UP  
IN THE AIR ...



...AND CAME DOWN ON HER  
HEAD.



IT WENT UP,  
WHIRLED ROUND...



...AND CAME DOWN  
ON HER BACK.



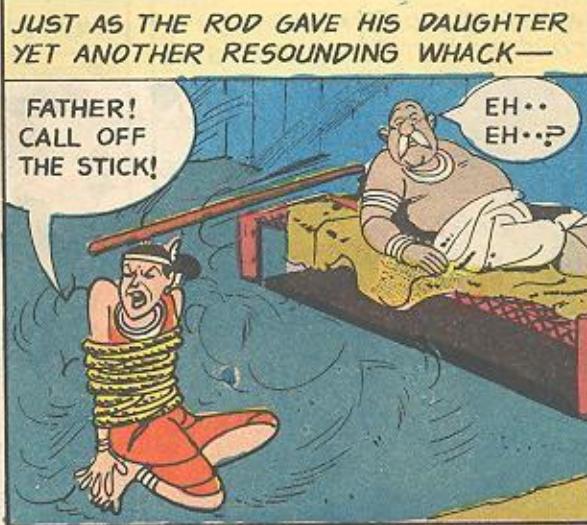
WHEN IT WENT UP AGAIN—

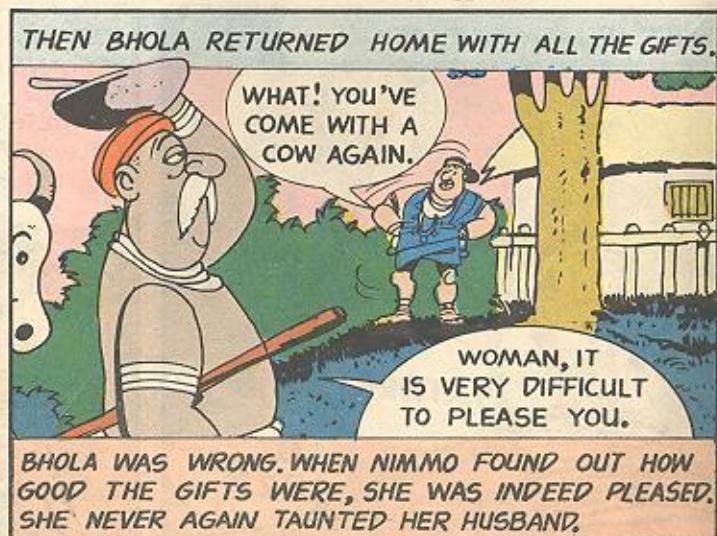
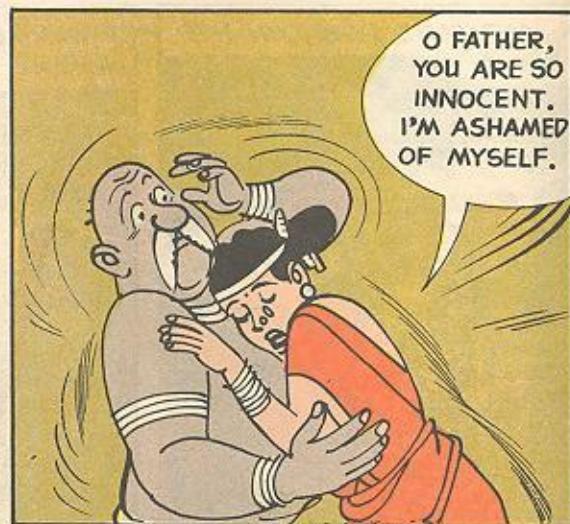
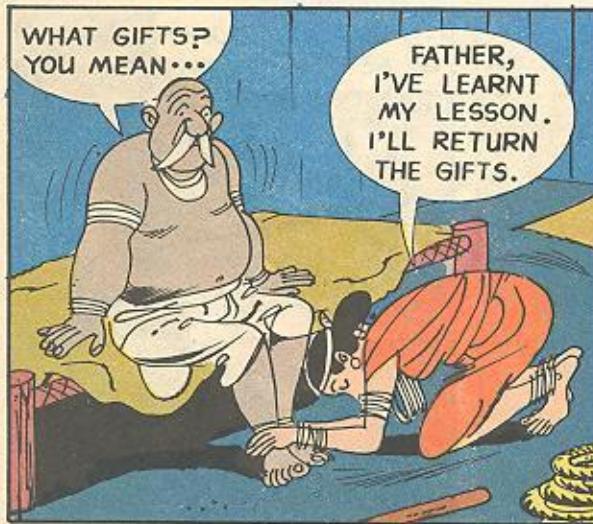
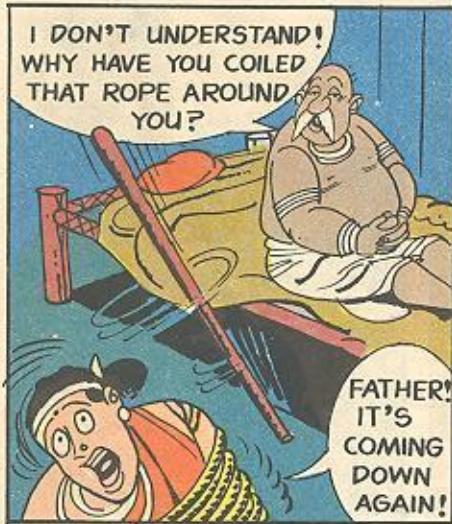


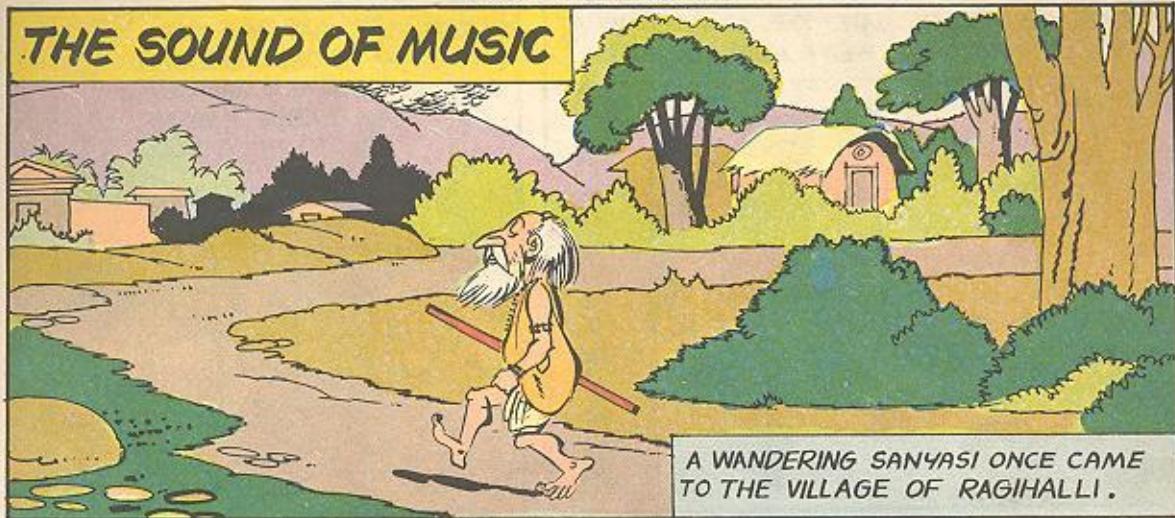
JUST AS THE ROD GAVE HIS DAUGHTER  
YET ANOTHER RESOUNDING WHACK—

FATHER!  
CALL OFF  
THE STICK!

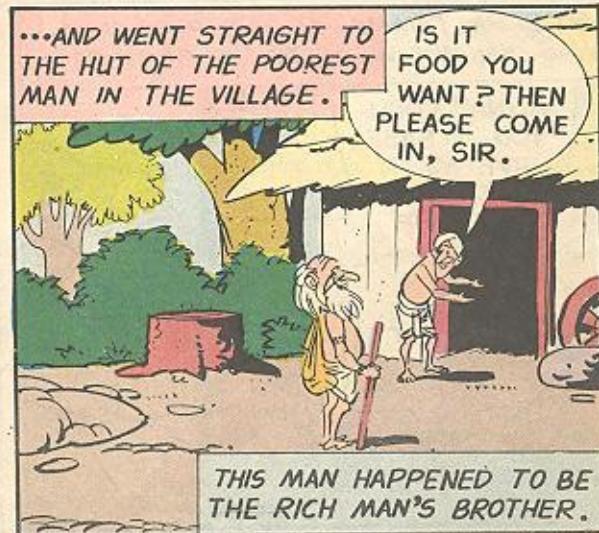
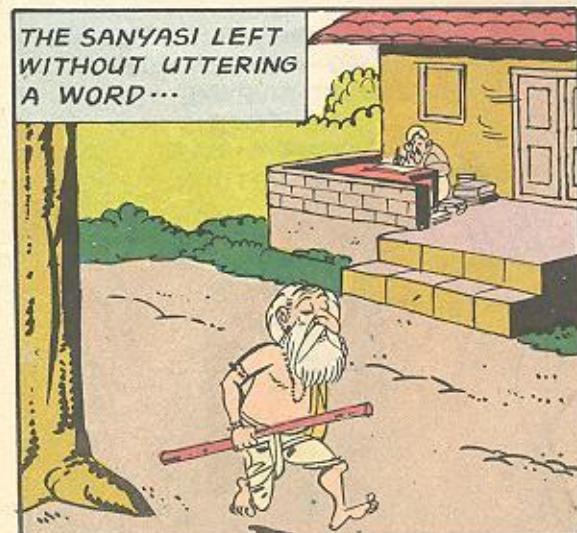
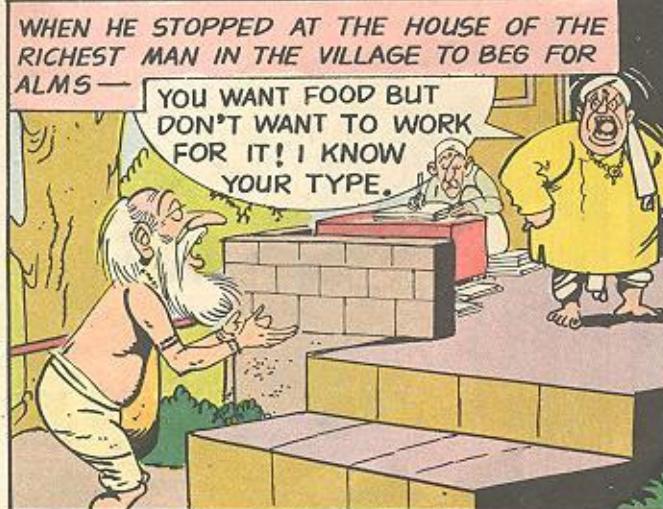
EH...  
EH...?



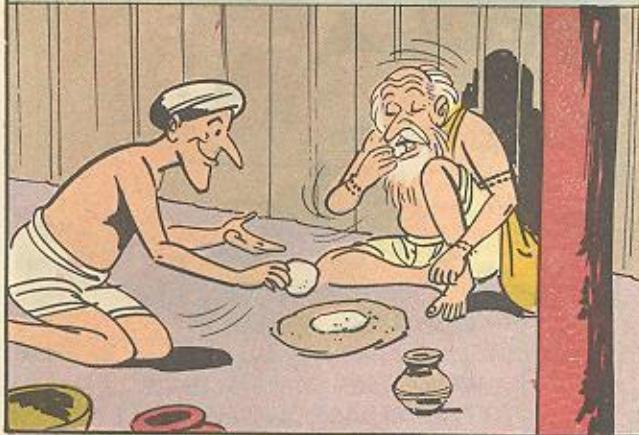


**THE SOUND OF MUSIC**

A WANDERING SANYASI ONCE CAME TO THE VILLAGE OF RAGIHALLI.



BUT HE CHEERFULLY GAVE THE SANYASI WHAT LITTLE HE HAD, AND WENT HUNGRY HIMSELF.



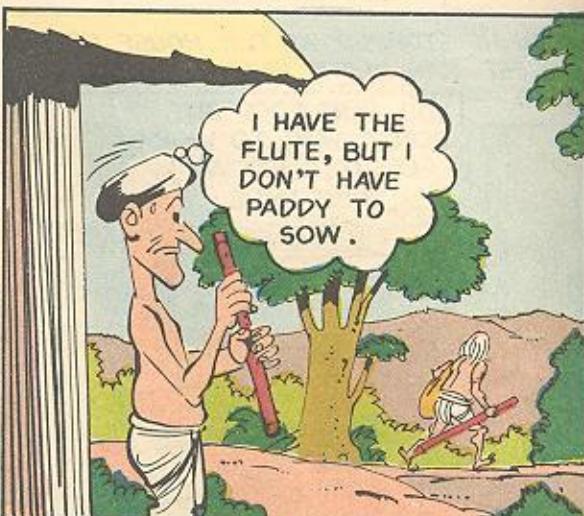
LATER—

THAT WAS THE MOST DELICIOUS MEAL I HAVE EVER EATEN. I WANT TO HELP YOU.



TAKE THIS FLUTE AND PLAY IT IN YOUR FIELD. YOU WILL SOON REAP A RICH HARVEST.

THANK YOU, SIR,



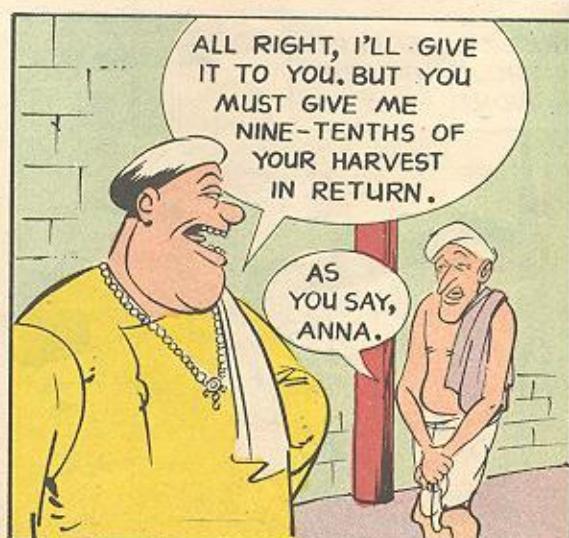
SO BADA TAMMA, AS THE POOR MAN WAS KNOWN, WENT TO HIS BROTHER.

ANNA\*, COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME A SACK OF PADDY?



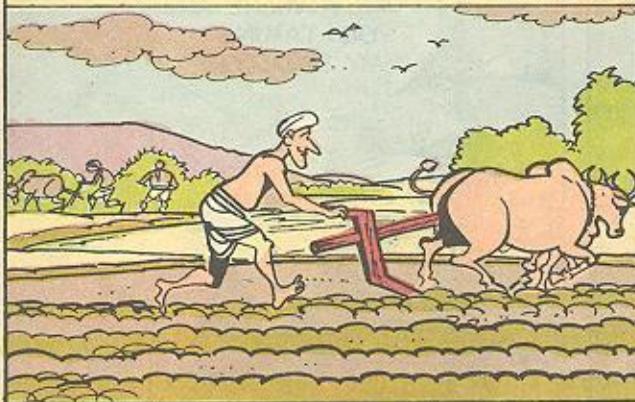
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU. BUT YOU MUST GIVE ME NINE-TENTHS OF YOUR HARVEST IN RETURN.

AS YOU SAY, ANNA.



\* ANNA MEANS ELDER BROTHER IN KANNADA

WHEN IT WAS TIME TO SOW, ALL THE FARMERS GOT BUSY IN THEIR FIELDS. SO DID BADA TAMMA. HE PLOUGHED HIS FIELD...



...AND SOWED THE SEEDS.



THEN, DAY AFTER DAY, HE SAT IN THE FIELD AND PLAYED THE FLUTE FROM DAWN TO DUSK.



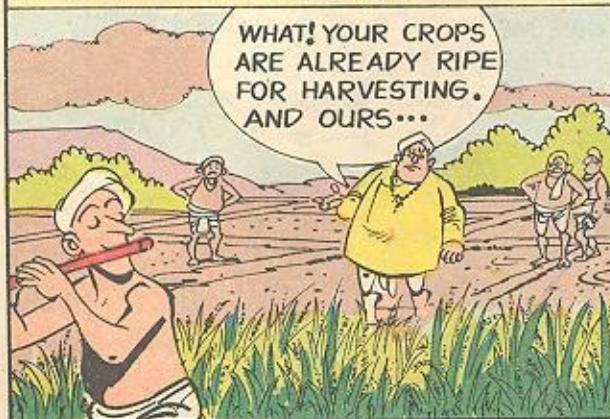
ONE DAY HIS BROTHER HAPPENED TO PASS BY.



WHY HERE OF ALL PLACES? YOUR CROPS ARE NOT GOING TO GROW ANY THE FASTER FOR IT!



BUT THE RICH BROTHER WAS IN FOR A SURPRISE. A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN HE CAME THAT WAY AGAIN—



WHEN BADA TAMMA TOLD HIM ABOUT THE MAGICAL POWER OF THE FLUTE—

BADA TAMMA,  
WILL YOU LEND  
ME YOUR FLUTE?



WITH  
PLEASURE,  
ANNA.

A FEW DAYS LATER—

HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING? WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING  
MY PADDY?

TO YOUR BROTHER'S HOUSE.  
REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE?  
NINE-TENTHS OF YOUR  
HARVEST WOULD  
GO TO HIM.

THAT HEAP—  
ONE-TENTH OF  
WHAT YOU GREW—  
IS YOURS.

ALL RIGHT! I WILL  
SOW MY SHARE AND  
RAISE ANOTHER CROP  
WITH THE HELP OF MY  
FLUTE ... AH! MY  
FLUTE!

BADA TAMMA WENT TO HIS BROTHER'S  
HOUSE.

ANNA, PLEASE ALL RIGHT. WAIT  
GIVE ME MY HERE. I'LL BRING  
FLUTE. I IT TO YOU.  
NEED IT.

HERE YOU ARE!  
AND DON'T COME  
TO ME AGAIN FOR  
FLUTE OR  
PADDY.

I WON'T,  
ANNA, I WON'T  
TROUBLE YOU  
AT ALL.

BADA TAMMA SOWED THE SEEDS...



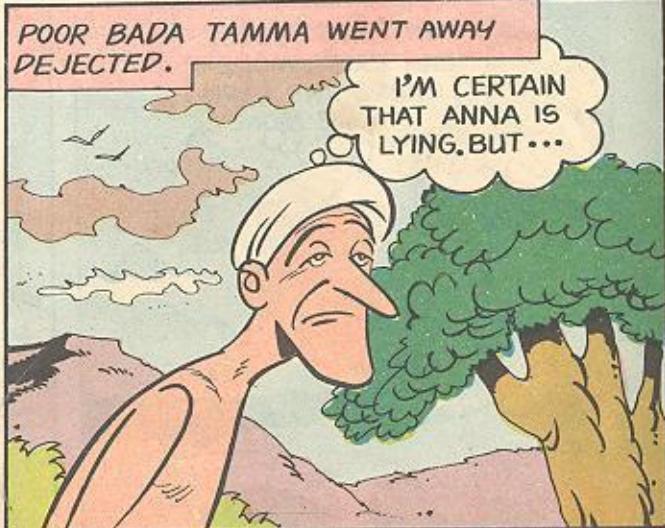
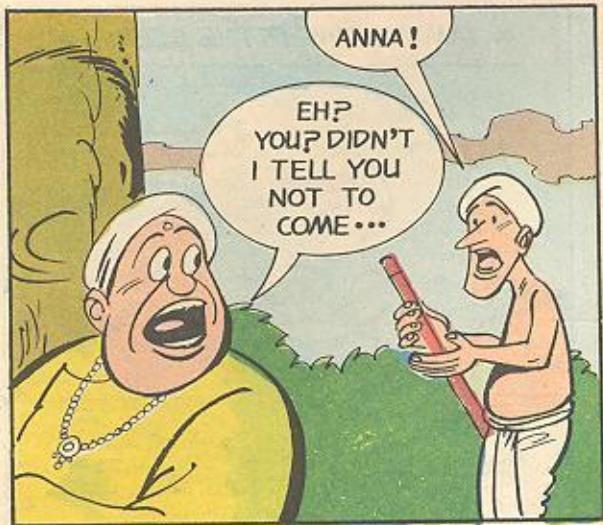
...AND BEGAN TO PLAY THE FLUTE.

IT DOESN'T SOUND  
THE SAME! I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...



WITH THIS FLUTE,  
I CAN RAISE MORE  
CROPS AND EARN  
MORE MONEY.





JUST THEN - FRIEND,  
HOW ARE YOU?

OH! IT'S YOU, SIR!  
I AM GLAD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN,  
SIR.

DID YOU  
HAVE A GOOD  
HARVEST?

I DID, SIR. BUT IT  
DIDN'T HELP.

BADA TAMMA THEN TOLD HIS STORY.

I'M  
SORRY. I  
DON'T HAVE  
ANOTHER  
FLUTE.

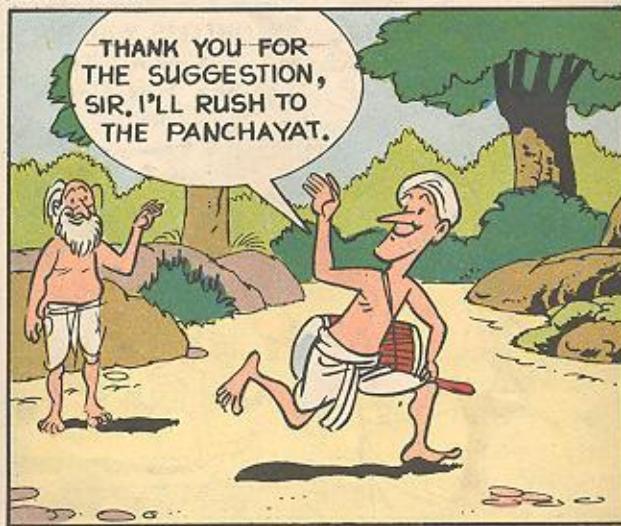
BUT YOU MAY  
HAVE THIS  
DRUM.

THANK  
YOU, SIR.

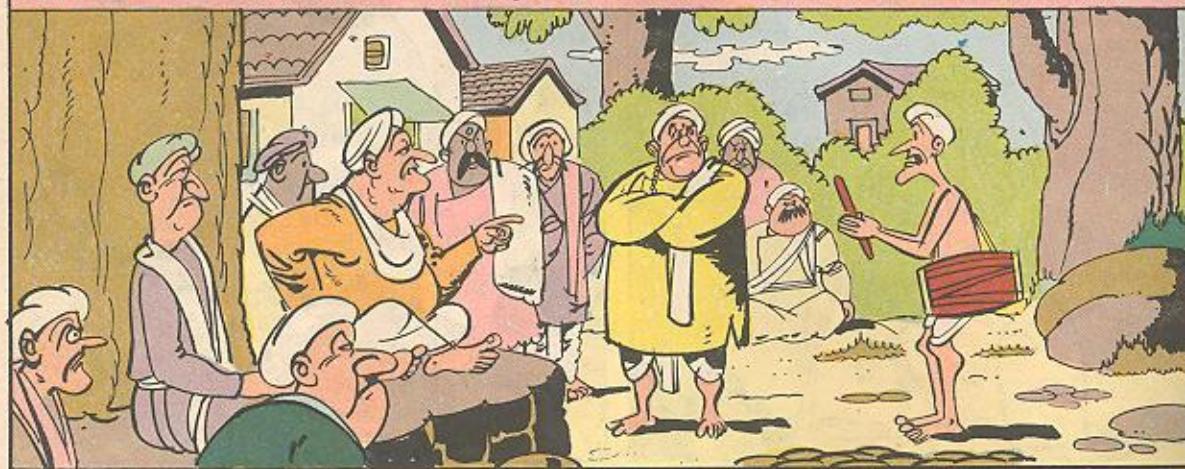
WILL IT HELP ME TO  
RAISE QUICK CROPS,  
SIR.

I'M  
AFRAID  
NOT.

FOR THAT YOU MUST GET  
BACK THE FLUTE. WHY DON'T  
YOU GO TO THE PANCHAYAT\*  
AND LODGE A  
COMPLAINT  
AGAINST YOUR  
BROTHER?

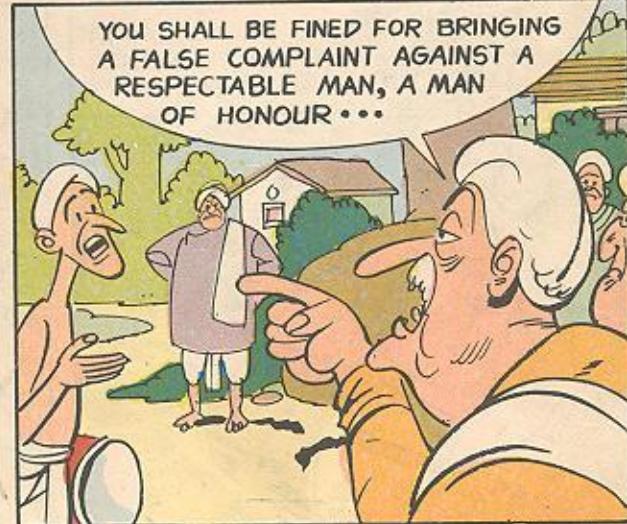
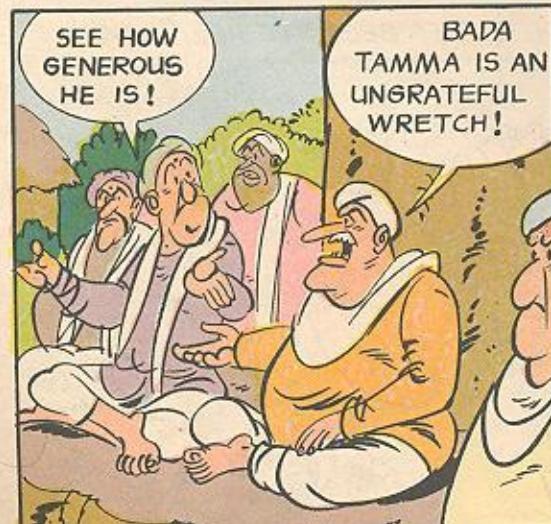
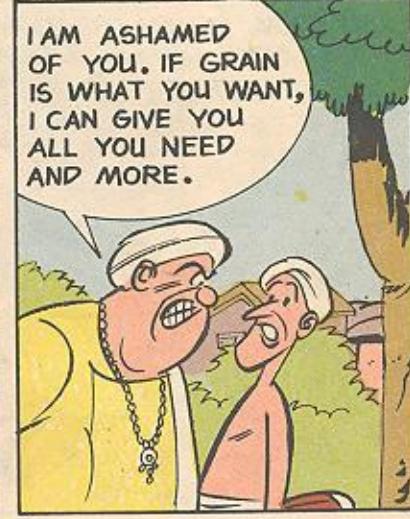
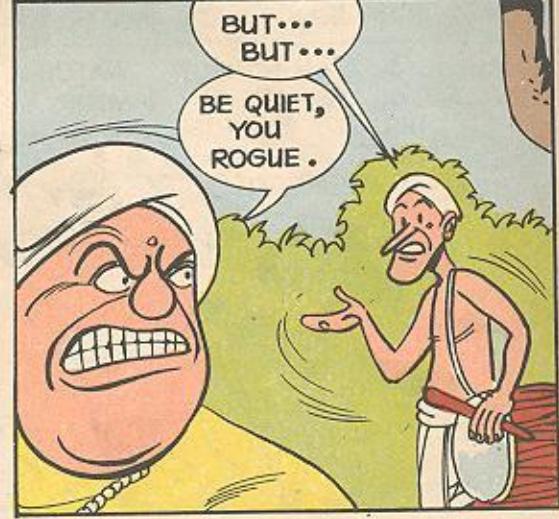
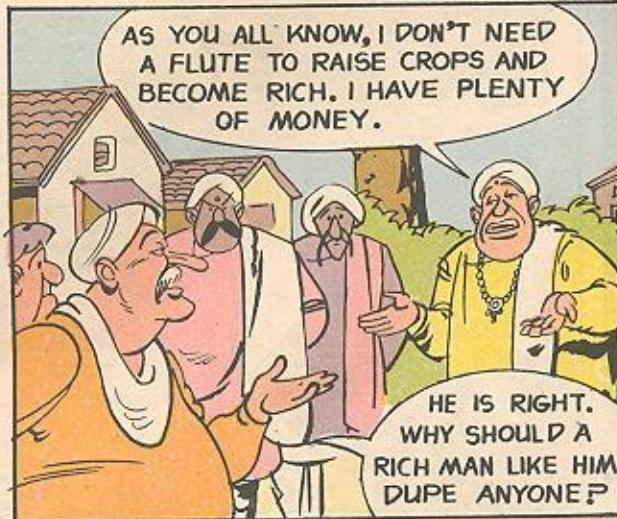


TO HEAR BADA TAMMA'S COMPLAINT, THE PANCHAYAT MET UNDER A BANYAN TREE.



BADA TAMMA TOLD HIS TALE OF WOE. THEN—



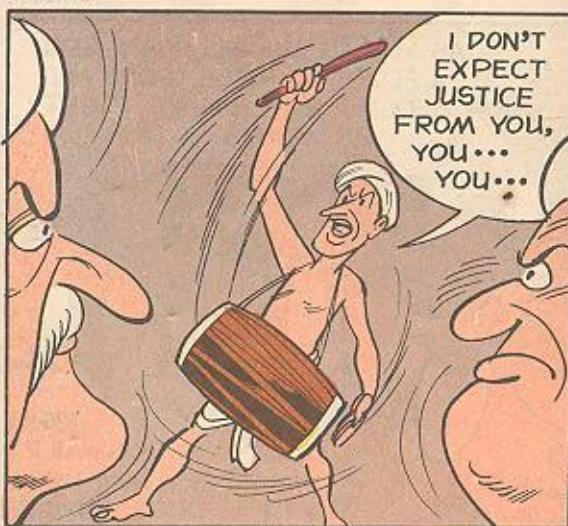
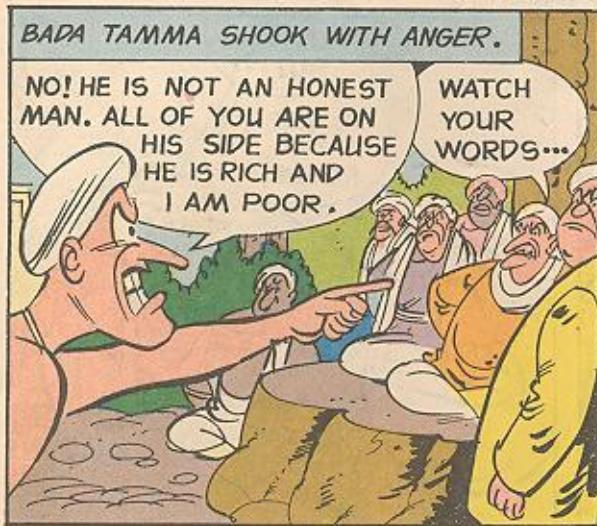


BADA TAMMA SHOOK WITH ANGER.

NO! HE IS NOT AN HONEST MAN. ALL OF YOU ARE ON HIS SIDE BECAUSE HE IS RICH AND I AM POOR.

WATCH YOUR WORDS...

I DON'T EXPECT JUSTICE FROM YOU, YOU... YOU...



AND BADA TAMMA BROUGHT THE STICK DOWN ON THE DRUM.



THE NEXT MINUTE, ALL THE ELDERS WERE PULLED TO THEIR FEET.



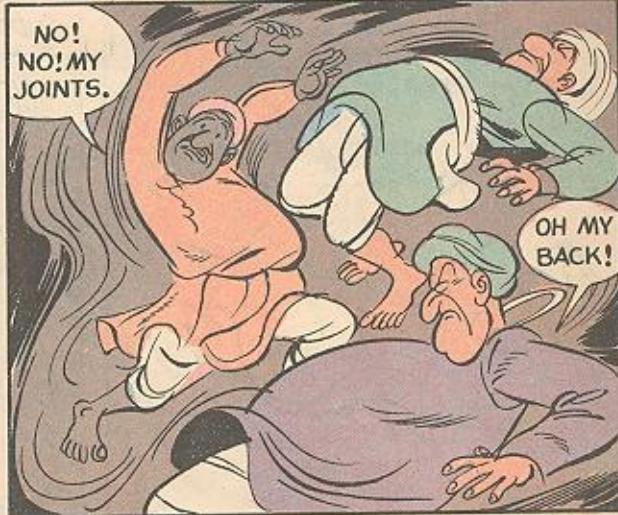
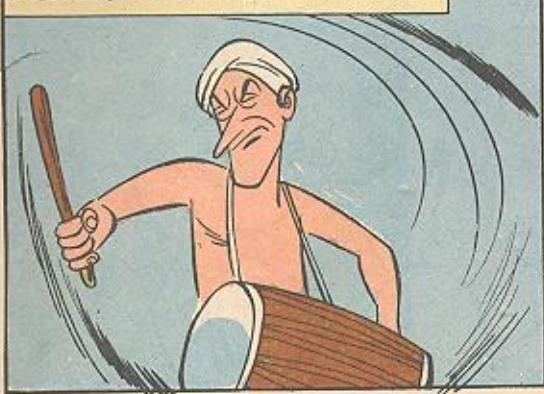
DAMATAKA  
AS BADA TAMMA BEGAN TO BEAT THE DRUM...



...THEIR FEET BEGAN TO KEEP TIME.



BADA TAMMA WAS NOT EVEN AWARE OF THEIR PLIGHT. HE KEPT ON BEATING THE DRUM. THE FASTER HE BEAT, THE FASTER THEIR FEET WORKED.



THEY TRIED TO SIT ...



... BUT WERE JERKED TO THEIR FEET AGAIN ...



... AND WERE FORCED TO DANCE TO THE BEAT OF THE DRUM.

OH BADA TAMMA!  
PLEASE STOP.

I ADMIT MY GUILT!  
STOP.



I WILL RETURN YOUR FLUTE.  
STOP BEATING THE  
DRUM, PLEASE!



SUDDENLY, BADA TAMMA STOPPED.

OH GOD!  
WHAT A  
RELIEF!

AT LAST HE  
HAS STOPPED.



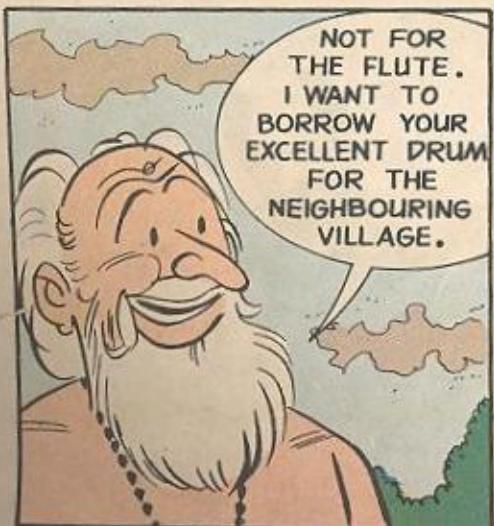
BADA TAMMA GOT BACK HIS FLUTE...



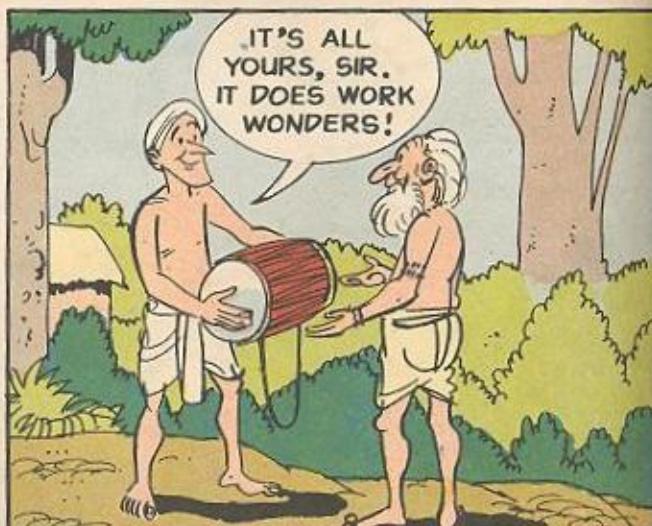
...AND RAISED FRESH CROPS.



NOT FOR  
THE FLUTE.  
I WANT TO  
BORROW YOUR  
EXCELLENT DRUM  
FOR THE  
NEIGHBOURING  
VILLAGE.



IT'S ALL  
YOURS, SIR.  
IT DOES WORK  
WONDERS!





## What are Dipy's jams made of?

Strawberries from Panchgani

Mangoes from Ratnagiri

Allahabad guavas. Trichur pineapples

Papayas from Dahanu

and Jalgaon bananas. All picked

for the sun-blessed goodness of

Dipy's Mixed Fruit Jam.

When it's Dipy's, it's got to be the best.

Dipy's Jams: Apricot, Mango, Mixed Fruit,  
Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry, Orange  
Marmalade and Guava Jelly.

**Dipy's jams — a fruit-full experience.**