

Tinkle

DIGEST



Your favourites —
• SUPPANDI • KALIA THE CROW
• TANTRI THE MANTRI
• SHIKARI SHAMBU
• ANWAR

See and Smile

By Davo A. Mascarenhas



Editor : Anant Pai

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Ramu Sharma, Kapash & Little Boy © Color Craft India Ltd

TANTRI THE MANTRI

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

R. Karthik

13/3, Muniswamy Layout
Old Madhav Road Cross,
Uttara, Bangalore-560 006.

Illustrations: Ash

IT WAS DARK TIME—

HOW I WISH RAJA HOUDA
WOULD GO UP IN SMOKE
LIKE THOSE FIRECRACKERS.

BHOM!
BHOM!

HE CAN.

HOW? HOW?

SIMPLE—YOU FIX A
TIME-BOMB TO HIS
BED AND IN THE MORN-
ING THERE WILL BE
JUST A WISP OF SMOKE.

WILL YOU DO THIS
FOR ME?

IF YOU WILL MAKE
ME YOUR MANTRI,
MANTRI.

DONE.
LET'S SHAKE
ON IT.



THERE, THAT'S THE KING'S TENT OVER THERE. WE ARE ALL CAMPING OUT THESE DAYS.

AND SO THEY SNEAKED INTO THE KING'S TENT —



THERE, THAT'S DONE IT. WE'LL TIME THE EXPLOSION FOR JUST AFTER AN HOUR. I'VE HEARD THE KING RETIRES EARLY THESE DAYS.

YES, THAT'S RIGHT. AND TOMORROW THE KINGDOM WILL NEED A NEW KING. HEH! HEH!



... AND A NEW MANTRI. DON'T FORGET ME.



MANTRI, COME AND HELP ME EXPLODE THESE FIRECRACKERS.

Y... YES... YOUR MAJESTY.









GET HIM OUT BEFORE HE DROWNS! QUICKLY!

SPLUTTER!
SPLUTTER!!



MAHARAJ, THERE WAS A BOMB TIED TO THE BED.

WHAT!



THE BRAVE TANTRI WAS TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM AN EXPLOSIVE END.

I KNEW IT! MY FAITHFUL TANTRI IS ALWAYS FOILING THE PLOTS OF WOULD-BE ASSASSINS.



TANTRI, I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU. AS A REWARD YOU SHALL SPEND A VACATION IN THE ROYAL HOSPITAL.

THE KING WHO STOPPED THE RIVER

— A FOLKTALE FROM SOUTH INDIA

Script :
Lata M. Farkasakar
Illustrations :
M. Manojdas

ONLY UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FOOLISH KING WHO HAD A WISE DYWAN. ONE WARM SUMMER NIGHT THE KING COULD NOT SLEEP.



SO THE KING AND HIS WISE DWYAN 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?

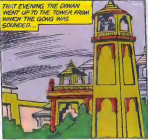
WE MUST STOP IT AT ONCE.

BUT YOUR MAJESTY.





THAT EVENING THE DRWAN
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.



AS YOU
COMMAND,
SIR.

BECAUSE OF THE DRWAN'S ORDER IT WAS
ONLY 5 O'CLOCK WHEN THE SIXTH GONG
WAS SOUNDED



BOUNG!

THE SIXTH
GONG! IT'S
SIX O'CLOCK,
I'D BETTER
WAKE UP
THE OTHERS.



GET UP!
OUR DUTY
IS OVER...

ZZZZH!



IS IT SIX
O'CLOCK
ALREADY?

IT IS.

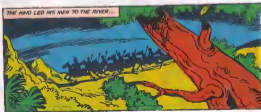


THERE WAS FINING IN THE PALACE, THE COMMANDER OF THE ARMY RUSHED TO THE KING'S CHAMBER.









AND BEFORE THEY BROKE THE DAM DOWN,



THE RIVER BEGAN TO FLOW TO THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY AGAIN.



IT'S ALMOST SIX O'CLOCK, THE SUN SHOULD BE COMING UP ANY MOMENT NOW.



AND SURE ENOUGH—

THE SUN! LOOK! THE SUN!

YOUR PLAN WORKED, YOUR MAJESTY.



YOU HAVE SAVED THE COUNTRY.

OH, IT WAS NOTHING...



THE KING NEVER REALISED NOW HE HAD BEEN FOOLED BY THE DHYAN.

THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE

SCRIPT: LOPE FERNANDEZ - ILLUSTRATIONS: ROBERT BAYNE

THE FIRST BICYCLE WAS BUILT BY A GERMAN, BARTHOLOMEW, IN 1816. IT HAD NO PEDALS.



HE HAD TO MOVE IT BY PUSHING HIS FEET, FIRST ONE THEN THE OTHER, AGAINST THE GROUND.



PEOPLE CALLED HIM A MADMAN. CHILDREN JEERED AT HIM WHENEVER HE PASSED BY ON HIS STRANGE MACHINE.



CYCLES WITH PEDALS FIRST MADE THEIR APPEARANCE AROUND 1868. THE PEDALS WERE FITTED TO THE FRONT WHEEL. IF YOU TURNED THE PEDAL ONCE, THE WHOLE FRONT WHEEL WOULD TURN.



SO FRONT WHEELS WERE MADE LARGER AND LARGER. THE CYCLE SHOWN BELOW WAS CALLED A PENNY-FARTHING, IN ENGLAND.



THE FRONT WHEELS OF THESE PENNY-FARTHERS WERE SOMETIMES MORE THAN 4 FEET HIGH. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO MOUNT THESE CYCLES.



BUT THE REAL TROUBLE BEGAN AFTER YOU MOUNTED THEM AND STARTED PEDALLING.



THE PENNY-FARTHING HAD NO BRAKES!



THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD BRAKENOUT WAS BY JUMPING OFF, WHICH WAS NOT EASY.



AS THE YEARS WENT BY SOMEONE THOUGHT OF PUTTING THE PEDALS IN THE CENTRE; ANOTHER INVENTED THE ROLLER CHAIN; THE FRONT WHEEL WAS MADE SMALLER; THE REAR WHEELS WERE MADE OF SOLID RUBBER.



AND YET IT WAS NO FUN IF YOU HAD TO RIDE OVER BAD ROADS. THE SOLID RUBBER TIRES COULD NOT ABSORB THE BUMPS.



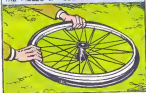
THEN A YOUNG LAD WHO DID NOT LIKE TO BE JOLTED WHEN RIDING HIS CYCLE BEGAN TO PESTER HIS FATHER TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



FINALLY, HIS FATHER, JOHN DUNLOP, HAD A BREAKTHROUGH



HE CUT UP THE GARDEN HOSE, FIXED THE PIECES OF HOSE OVER THE WHEELS.



... PUMPED AIR INTO THEM AND GAVE THE CYCLE TO HIS BOY.

HIS SON RODE AWAY AS IF HE WERE RIDING ON AIR WHICH IN A WAY HE WAS, THE AIR IN THE TYRES ABSORBED THE BUMPS THE CYCLE GOT ON THE WAY



CYCLES THEREAFTER BEGAN TO USE AIR-FILLED TYRES

TODAY IF OUR CYCLES ARE SO SAFE AND SO COMFORTABLE TO RIDE ON, IT IS DUE TO THE EFFORTS OF ALL THESE MEN — FROM BARON DRAIS TO JOHN DUNLOP, THEY MADE THE MODERN CYCLE POSSIBLE.





Shikari Shambu

Teachers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Raghu,
41, Teachers Colony,
P.B. Bag, Bangalore 560 070
Illustrations: V.H. Halbe

ONE DAY, DOOMBA, A NOTORIOUS SMUGGLER,
WAS BEING TAKEN TO JAIL —





THE TRAMPOLINE LOOKS OKAY. LET'S START THE COMPETITION.



MEANWHILE SHIKARI SHAMBU IS TRAILING A MAN-EATER NEAR BY—



... AND THE MAN-EATER IS TRAILING SHIKARI SHAMBU.



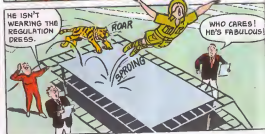
EEK! THE MAN-EATER!

AHA NICE JUICY HUNTER.



EEE!







ANWAR

Based on a story novel by
Aby Muthiah

Readers'
Choice

Illustrations : V. B. Halbe



Atalanta's Race

—A Greek Tale

Script: Luis M. Fernandez

Illustrations: Pradeep Sarhe



MANY MEN TRIED, BUT FAILED.



YOU CANNOT HOPE TO BEAT ATALANTA, SHE IS THE FASTEST RUNNER IN THE WORLD.

I AM A GOOD RUNNER MYSELF.



ONE DAY A YOUNG MAN NAMED HYLATION CAME TO THE PALACE.

I WISH TO RUN AGAINST THE PRINCESS.

GO BACK, SON.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LOSER? HE IS PUT TO DEATH.

I KNOW. I AM NOT AFRAID.





BUT A LITTLE LATER —

SHE HAD
OVERTAKEN
HE AGAIN.



THE
WINNING
POST IS IN
SIGHT. I'LL
THROW MY
LAST
APPLE.



ANOTHER
ONE.



BY THE TIME
ATALANTA PICKED
UP THE APPLE...

...AND RAN BACK, MELANION HAD FINISHED THE
RACE.



HE HAS
WON!

TRUE TO HER WORD,
ATALANTA MARRIED THE
YOUTH AND THEY LIVED
HAPPILY EVER AFTER.



GANESHA THE CLEVER

Script: Susha Rao
Illustrations: C. M. Venker



ONE DAY SAGE NARADA VISITED KAILAS, THE HOME OF SHIVA AND PARVATI.

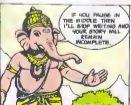
THEIR SONS, SKANDH AND GANESHA, RAN TO GREET THE SAGE.











...AND ONCE HE STARTS BATTING ROCKS, THERE'S NO WAY OF STOPPING HIM.



DO YOU ACCEPT MY CONDITION?

I DO BUT ON ONE CONDITION



WHAT IS THE CONDITION?



YOU MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND WHATEVER I DECIDE AND ONLY THEN TAKE IT DOWN.

AGREED, SIR.



TAKE CARE, SIR. YOU DON'T KNOW HIM. HE UNDERSTANDS FASTER THAN HE SPEAK.

I KNOW THAT'S WHY I NEED HIS HELP.





ONLY THEN DID VISVA BHARUKH
KID DIVY GANESH. HE WRITTED A
DIFFICULT SENTENCE.



AS GANESH PLUGGED FOR A WHILE TO
UNDERSTAND THE SENTENCE...



BUT THE NEXT MOMENT
GANESH CONTINUED TO
WRITE



THIS WENT ON
FOR DAYS
AT LAST--



NOW MAY I GO
HOME, SIR?



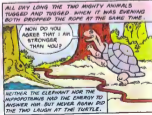
IT'S SIMPLE, SIR.
WHY DON'T YOU
OFFER ME A FEW
RADDIES?











MEET THE SQUIRREL

Based on the material provided by
Narain Deshmukh

Script: Illustrations:
Lapamudra Pradeep Sethi

HAVE YOU EVER
WATCHED A
SQUIRREL?

ONE LEAP TAKES
HIM ALMOST FOUR
FEET UP THE TRUNK
OF A TREE. WILL
HE SLIP AND
FALL?

NOT WITH SUCH
SHARP CLAWS?



ISN'T HE CUTE
NOW HISSLING
AWAY AT THE
MANGO...

...NOW GRINDING AND
SHARP FRONT TEETH?



IF HE DOES
NOT DO IT,
THOSE TEETH
WILL GET
LONGER THAN
HIS BUSHY
TAIL!



WHAT A ANGRY
THING TO DO!

OUR SQUIRREL'S EYES
ARE HALF-CLOSED AND
HE IS HANGING UP-SIDE
DOWN. IS HE... DEAD?

HEAVY WHAT
IS THIS BOY
UP TO? HE'S
OUT TO HUNT OUR
SQUIRREL!



THE NAUGHTY BOY DOES NOT CARE. HE WANTS A SQUIRREL, DEAD OR ALIVE, TO SHOW OFF TO HIS FRIENDS.



BUT WHEN THE NAUGHTY BOY IS ABOUT TO CATCH HIM, OUR FRIEND JUMPS TO SAFETY USING HIS TAIL AS A PARACHUTE!



HE WAS ONLY PRETENDING TO BE DEAD! TELL HE LIVES WHEN AN EAGLE IS AFTER HIM!

HERE HE COMES WITH HIS FRIENDS.



SUDDENLY THEY COME TO A HALT. THAT BEING CAUSE IT'S MISS SQUIRREL TELLING THEM THAT SHE IS READY TO MATE, BUT WHICH OF THEM WILL SHE ACCEPT?



THE STRONGEST, OF COURSE. BUT OUR FRIENDS BEGIN TO PROVE THEIR STRENGTH.



WHAT A FIGHT! COME ON! KEEP IT UP!

WELL DONE! OUR OLD FRIEND IS THE WINNER! AND HERE HE IS BY HER SIDE.



BUT AFTER ALL THAT FUDD,
HE LIVES WITH MRS. SQUIRREL
FOR ONLY A DAY! THEN
HE IS OFF.

SHE LOVES BIRDS
SOO? ARE THERE
ANY IN HERE?

DOES MRS.
SQUIRREL AMMO? NOY
ONE BIT. SHE CAN LOCA
AFTER HERSELF AND THE
BIRDS SHE'LL HAVE! THERE SHE
GOES LOOKING FOR FOOD.

NO? BAD
LUCK!

WELL, SHE'LL FIND
HERSELF SOME
NUTS OR BEANES,
AM-AM-AM!

YUCK, FRESH
BERRIES! SO
MANY OF THEM!

GO AHEAD, MRS.
SQUIRREL. HAVE
YOUR FILL! YOU'RE
GOING TO BE A
MOTHER SOON! YOU
MUST TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELF!

NOW WHAT IS SHE UP TO?
O-O-OH! SHE IS GOING TO
BUILD A NEST.

SEE HOW HARD SHE
WORKS! A LITTLE
TIRE AND... WHAT'S
THAT?

SHE IS PULLING OFF
HARD FROM HER OWN
TAIL! WELL! WELL! WHAT
WON'T A MOTHER DO,
EVEN A SQUIRREL
MOTHER, TO MAKE A
WARM HOME
FOR HER
CHILDREN!

MY WORD! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NEST! WITHIN 45 DAYS SHE'LL HAVE THREE OR FOUR BABIES IN IT.



LIKE THESE IN THIS NEST, LITTLE DID YOU CALL THEM BEAUTIFUL? LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE LILY! THEIR EARS ALL FOLDED IN, THEIR EYES CLOSED, OH, SUCH LILY CREATURES BE THE CHILDREN OF BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHT-EYED MOTHER SQUIRREL!



PATIENCE, MY FRIEND, SEVEN DAYS LATER THEIR EARS WILL STRAIGHTEN OUT.

A FORTNIGHT AFTER THAT THEIR EYES WILL OPEN.

AND YET A FORTNIGHT LATER, THEIR BODIES WILL BE COVERED WITH HAIR...



... LIKE THESE LITTLE ONES OUT HERE TRYING TO HUNT FOR THEIR OWN FOOD.



YOU HAVE MET THE PINK-SQUIRREL, HERE ARE SOME OF THE OTHER SQUIRRELS WE HAVE IN OUR COUNTRY.

THE HOARY GRAY SQUIRREL



THE FLUKE SQUIRREL



THE REDDISH GRAY SQUIRREL



THE CLEVER PRINCE - A GREEK TALE

Script: Devanaku Mohapatra
Illustrations: Souran Roy

AN UP KING OF MACEDONIA,
ONE DAY BOUGHT A HORSE
FOR A VERY LARGE SUM OF
MONEY, BUT LATER WHEN
ONE OF HIS MEN TRIED TO
RIDE IT...



... THE HORSE THREW
HIM OFF.



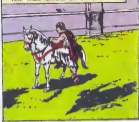
MANY OTHER MEN TOO TRIED
TO RIDE THE HORSE BUT IT
THREW THEM ALL OFF.



...SPOKE GENTLY TO IT...



... AND THEN CLIMBED ONTO THE SADDLE.

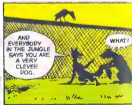


EVERYONE EXPECTED THE HORSE TO REAR UP AND TARRY OFF ITS RIDER, BUT—



THE BOY WAS NONE OTHER THAN ALEXANDER, LATER KNOWN AS ALEXANDER THE GREAT. HE TOOK HIS FATHER'S WORDS SERIOUSLY AND BY THE TIME HE DIED, HE WAS MASTER OF HALF THE WORLD. AS FOR THE HORSE, HE NAMED HIM BUCEPHALUS AND RODE HIM IN ALL HIS CAMPAIGNS.









The secret of the dolls

ILLUSTRATIONS SAM WHEELER

THERE WAS ONCE A KING WHO NEEDED A DEWY. SO HE SENT FOR ALL THE HOSE MEN OF THE LAND AND SAW THEM ONE BY ONE.

I SHALL MAKE YOU MY DEWAN, IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHICH OF THESE THREE DOLLS IS THE BEST AND WHY?



WHEN A STRAW WAS GIVEN TO THE MAN, HE PUT IT INTO THE LEFT EAR OF ONE OF THE DOLLS.



THE STRAW CAME OUT THROUGH THE RIGHT EAR.



MANY PEOPLE ARE LIKE THIS DOLL, YOUR MAJESTY.



THEY DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT IS SAID. WHATEVER THEY HEAR THROUGH ONE EAR GOES OUT THROUGH THE OTHER.



WHEN HE PUT THE STRAW INTO THE EAR OF THE SECOND DOLL, THE STRAW CAME OUT THROUGH ITS MOUTH.

MANY PEOPLE ARE LIKE THIS DOLL. THEY CANNOT KEEP A SECRET. WHATEVER THEY HEAR GOES OUT THROUGH THE MOUTH.



WHEN THE MAN PUT THE STRAW THROUGH THE EAR OF THE THIRD DOLL, THE STRAW REMAINED INSIDE.

ONLY A FEW PEOPLE ARE LIKE THIS DOLL.



THEY LISTEN ATTENTIVELY AND THEY KEEP ALL SECRETS TO THEMSELVES. THIS IS THE BEST DOLL.



YOU ARE THE WISDEST MAN IN THE LAND! THE MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR! YOU MUST STAY HERE AND HELP ME RULE THE LAND.

THE STRANGER WAS APPOINTED DEIVER AND HE SERVED THE KING FAITHFULLY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

The clever farmer

Script: Devansha Mohapatra
Illustrations: Pratap Mullick

ONE DAY A FARMER FOUND HIS BULL MISSING.



HE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR THE ANIMAL.



FINALLY—

IT'S NO USE SEARCHING FOR HIM ANYMORE. I'VE LOST HIM. I'LL GO TO THE MARKET AND BUY ANOTHER ONE.



AS THE SAYING GOES: IT IS EASIER TO BUY EIGHT BULLS THAN TO FIND ONE WHICH IS LOST.



WHEN HE REACHED THE MARKET HE FOUND SEVERAL BULLS THERE FOR SALE.



AS HE WAS INSPECTING THEM—

WHY, HERE IS MY BULL!



THIS BULL IS MINE! WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?



FIND HIM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE BELONGS TO ME.



I'VE HAD HIM FOR OVER A YEAR!
IS THAT SO?



THE FARMER SUDDENLY COVERED THE BULL'S EYES WITH HIS HANDS.

IF HE HAD BEEN WITH YOU FOR OVER A YEAR, YOU SHOULD KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM.



TELL ME IN WHICH EYE HE IS BLIND.

IN THE LEFT EYE.





THE THIEF, REALISING THAT THE GAME WAS UP, RAN AWAY.



AND THE FARMER TOOK HIS BULL BACK HOME.



THE BEAR'S ADVICE

Script: Luis M. Fernandez • Illustrations: Pradeep Sathya



FROM CLAY TABLETS

TO Paper

Script: Luis M. Fernandez
Illustrations - Pradeep Gatta

THE ANCIENT
MESSENIANS USED TO
WRITE ON TABLETS
OF RED CLAY WITH
A TOOL KNOWN AS
THE STYLUS.



LATER, THE CLAY TABLETS WERE BAKED
BY THE SUN OR IN A POTTER'S OVEN SO
THAT THEY WOULD BECOME HARD.



SEVERAL SUCH CLAY TABLETS
HAVE COME DOWN TO US



IT WAS THE
EGYPTIANS WHO
CAME UP WITH
PAPYRUS.



PAPYRUS WAS MADE FROM THE
STEM OF THE PAPYRUS PLANT, A TALL
REED WHICH OFTEN GREW TO A
HEIGHT OF THREE FEET.



THE STALKS WERE CUT INTO THIN STRIPS AND GLUED TOGETHER WITH A PASTE MADE OF FLOUR.



THIS WAS THEN ADDED INTO A THIN SHEET AND DRIED IN THE SUN. SEVERAL SUCH SHEETS WERE THEN GLUED TOGETHER TO FORM LOOSE ROLLS. SOME OF THESE ROLLS WERE OVER A HUNDRED FEET LONG!

PAPYRUS HAD ITS FLAWS. IT SHROUDED EARLY, YET IT BECAME THE CHEAPEST WRITING MATERIAL OF MUCH OF THE ANCIENT WORLD AND REMAINED SO FOR ALMOST FOUR THOUSAND YEARS.



THE GREEKS AND THE ROMANS TOO USED PAPYRUS.



BUT FOR DAY-TO-DAY WRITING, THE ROMANS USED A WOODEN SLATE COATED WITH BLACK WAX.



WHEN ONE SCRATCHED THROUGH THE WAX, THE LETTERS WOULD STAND OUT.

TO RUB OFF WHAT HAD BEEN WRITTEN, ONE HAD TO HEAT THE SLATE.



THIS WOULD SOFTEN THE SURFACE AND THE SLATE OF WAX WOULD BE READY FOR USE AGAIN.

IN INDIA MOST WRITING WAS DONE BY PALM LEAVES...



BUT LATER, THIN BOARDS OF
TERRA COTTA WERE USED FOR
LEGAL RECORDS.



THE CHINESE WERE THE FIRST TO DISCOVER
THE ART OF MAKING PAPER.



THEY MADE IT FROM LINEN RAGS BUT
THEY KEPT THE METHOD A
CLOSELY-GUARDED SECRET.

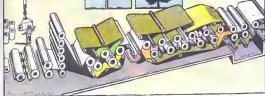
SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS LATER THE
ARABS WHO HAD CONQUERED A CHINESE
CITY, PERSUADED SOME OF THEIR
PRISONERS TO PART WITH THE SECRET.



AND EUROPEANS IN THEIR TURN
LEARNED THE METHOD FROM THE
ARABS.



TODAY THE BEST
PAPER IS STILL MADE
OUT OF RAGS. BUT
MOST PAPER IS MADE
FROM SPRUCE OR
PINE WOOD.





Why we call them NEWSPAPERS

When newspapers first appeared, they were not called newspapers but the letters, NSEW were printed at the top of the paper. The letters stood for North, South, East and West and were meant to show that the information printed in the paper had been collected from all over the world.

One day, the owner of a paper, rearranged the letters N-S-E-W to N-E-W-S and printed them at the top of the page.

Now people had a word they could pronounce and 'news' became a popular word. That is how we got the words 'news' and 'newspaper'!





IT IS FINE DECEMBER WEATHER, AND MASTER FENAY'S CLASS IS ON A TRIP TO THE HISTORIC FORT OF PRATAPSARAI.





AS SUSHASHY
TREMbled...

COME ON,
DON'T
BE
SCARED!

I
FELT
WANTED
TO
SEE
THAT
SPEAR

THAT'S
WHAT
I
WANT
IT
I
WANT
IT!

A
MAN
ADVANCED
WITH
A
SPEAR!

MURDERER!

OMET!
WRITE
YOUR
FATHER'S
NAME
AND
ADDRESS
HERE.

NOW,
WRITE
AS
I
DICTATE... I
WANT
A
RANSOM
OF
RS
20,000

THE
SACHU
NOW
TURNED
TO
HIS
ACCOMPLICE -

DELIVER
THE
LETTER
AT
ONCE... I'LL
TAKE
THE
BOY
WITH
ME
TO...

...TO
OUR
HIDE-OUT,
MASTER!

THE
SACHU
AND
SUSHASHY
CLIMBED
ONTO
A
BALLOON
CART -

YOU
RELEASE
MR. I'LL
SEND
YOU
AN
M.O.

YOU'RE
A
BRAMPTON.
I'M
NOT.

THEY
HAD
NOT
KNOWN
FAR,
WHEN...

THE
WEATHER
HAS
BECOME
HOT
AND
STUFFY.

THERE WAS THUNDER
IN THE AIR...

WHAT'S
THAT?

THE FEATHERED BALLOONS
FRANCOIS...

MY GOD! THE
EARTH IS
SHAKING.

SUBHASH AND HIS CARTER WERE
THROWN OFF THE CART.

THE SITUATION WAS NO LESS
DERRISIVING AS THE FASTER FERRAS
FRIENDS WERE ASKING:

WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

AM I DREAMING?
OR IS THE
HOUSE REALLY
SWINGING?

INDEED IT WAS AN EARTHQUAKE.

SUBHASH! WHERE'S
SUBHASH?

FATHER FERREY RAN IN
SEARCH OF SUBHASH DEAR.

ANOTHER
EARTH
TREMOR.

A CAVE!...

THIS BALL FERREY IS
SUBHASH'S!
GOOD GOD!
A SPEAR!

SURPRISED, AND AFRAID
FATHER FERREY ENTERED
THE CAVE
CAUTIOUSLY...

ALL OF A SUDDEN,
ANOTHER TREMOR.



HIS MOMY WAS BEHIND!



HE WAS TRYING TO RUN AWAY FROM THE DOG.
BUT HE WAS TRAPPED!



SWEATING PROFUSELY,
FASTER FEHAY JUMPED IN.



AFTER THE TREMORS
WERE OVER -



SEARCH PARTIES WERE
DISPATCHED IN VARIOUS
DIRECTIONS...



NOON... STILL NO NEWS OF
THE MISSING BOYS...



AT THE FOOT OF THE
MOUNT, THE HORRID
LEADER TOOK SOME
DECISIONS...



MEANWHILE, BY THE ROADSIDE IN THE VALLEY... SUBHASH REMAINED CONSCIOUS...



WHERE AM I?
I AM THIRSTY.

THERE'S A WELL HERE... I MUST CLIMB DOWN.



THE COOL FRESH WATER RELIEVED HIM. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN —



ANOTHER SHOCK!



SAVED FROM DROWNING!... BUT WHERE ARE THE STEPS?

THE GUARD HAD COVERED THE WELL.



THERE IS DIM LIGHT AHEAD!
OH! A TUNNEL!

DESPERATELY, SUBHASH CLIMBED THROUGH THE TUNNEL.



THERE'S NO END TO THIS! I'VE COME HERE!



BUT HE IS FATIGUED.

MEANWHILE, FASTER FENAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

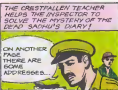
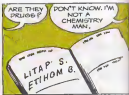


ACH! A SEAT!.. NO, A BOX!



COULD IT BE A TREASURE CHEST?







BUT THE TELEPHONE
AND THE TELEGRAPH
WERE OUT OF ORDER...



THE
SADHU'S MEN
MUST BE
HOLDING HIM
FOR RANSOM...



...IF THE SADHU
BROUGHT HIM IN THE
CART, HE HAS EITHER
ALREADY HIDDEN
HIM...



...OR THE
BOY HAS
ESCAPED!

RIGHT! AND NO
MOTOR VEHICLE
HAS GONE
OUT SINCE
EARLY MORNING.
YOU STAY ON
HERE. !



HAVALDAR, FILL UP
THE JEE^{PS} FOR A
RUN TO POONA !

MEANWHILE RABBIT PENNY
WAS STILL IN THE TUNNEL.



I FEEL GIDDY!
I'VE RUN
ENOUGH...
I CAN'T GO
FARTHER.



ANYWAY, I CAN'T GO
ON NOW... IT'S A DEAD
END !... WHAT'S THAT?



FORGETTING HIS FEAR, FASTER FENAY BECAME CURIOUS.

THE WALL SEEMS THIN!



AGAIN?!



FASTER FENAY, LIFTING HIS BREAR EXCITED...

GET BACK!.. I AM ATTACKING YOU!



FENAY!

SUBMACH!



FOR SEVERAL SECONDS THEY WERE SPEECHLESS WITH JOY, THEN THEY EXCHANGED STORIES.

.. I CAME UP FROM A WELL IN THE VALLEY..

... AND I CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN CAVE...



A RIGHT ROYAL HALF-WAY MEET, EH?

BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?

BUT HOW TO GET OUT WAS THE PROBLEM...

MEANWHILE, IN POONA, AT MR. DESAI'S RESIDENCE -

THAT'S THAT, MR. DESAI, THE KIDNAPPER'S MAN MIGHT CONTACT YOU ANY MOMENT.

I'LL BE AT HIS BECK AND CALL!



NOTHING HAPPENED TILL MIDNIGHT, THEN -

TRUNG!



AS MR. DESAI OPENED THE DOOR, A MAN STEALTHILY STEPPED IN...



MEANWHILE, IN THE KOPPA VALLEY, THE HELPLESS SCHOOL TEACHER RETURNS TO THE POLICE STATION.





WHEN THEY HAD TOLD THEIR STORIES —



THE FOOLISH FROG

AN AFRICAN
TALE

THEY WAS ONCE A FROG.



HE WAS THE BIGGEST FROG IN POND AND HE WAS VERY PROUD OF IT.

ONE DAY HE MET A TINY FROG WHO WAS VERY SMALL.



THEY ONE DAY...

HE'S HUGE!

YES, I AM HUGE.



NOT YOU, UNCLE.

WHAT!



IS THERE SOMEONE BIGGER THAN ME?

YES.



WHO WHEREP TAKE ME TO HIM!

COME WITH US, THEN.



THE TINY FROGS TOOK THE BIG FROG TO A MEADOW...



...AND SHOWED HIM AN OX.

THERE!





Kalia THE CROW

Script
LUIS
Illustrations
PRADEEP SATHI



HEY, DEER DEER! JOIN THE OTHER ANIMALS AND HOLDING THEIR BREATHS TODAY! THE DEER WILL BE THE FIRST TO RUN!

HEY!



THEY WILL BE RUINING THE MEAT!

I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN TO WATCH A DEER RACE.



NO YOU FOOL...



...ER... I AM AN OATH SWORN MAN! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!



IF WE HIDE IN THE BUSH, WE COULD GRAB A DEER OR TWO AS THEY RUN PAST.

WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA!



WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO. DEER MEAT IS DELICIOUS!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



MEANWHILE SOME DISTANCE AWAY...

SHALL WE START THE RACE, KALIA? THE DEER ARE READY.

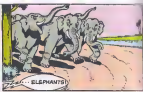
HOLD ON! I'LL SEE IF THE TRACK IS CLEAR.



I HOPE NO TREES OR BouldERS HAVE FALLEN ACROSS THE PATH.







THE MOON IN THE WELL

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The National Amusement & Entertainment Co.

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



THE
GOD!



THE MOON HAS
FALLEN INTO
MY WELL!



I MUST TAKE HIM
OUT AND THROW HIM
BACK INTO THE
SKY.



I'LL GET A
HOOK AND A
ROPE AND
PULL HIM
OUT.







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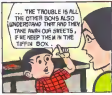
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RAMU AND SHAMU

SMART PAIR-MOMENDAS



TRINKET BOX



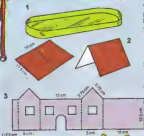
You will need: 4 match boxes, 4 toothpaste tube caps, 2 pieces of card paper 15 cm square, some paints, a brush and glue.

1. Glue the matchboxes on one sheet of card paper.
2. Glue the toothpaste caps on to the matchboxes.
3. Glue the second card piece on top of the matchboxes and decorate gaily with a design of your choice.

NOAH'S ARK

You will need: A sheet of card paper, a pencil box, some paints, a brush and glue.

1. Draw and cut the Noah's Ark from the card paper following the measurements in picture 3. Remember to cut windows 2.5 cm square on all four sides of the Ark.
2. Cut a piece of card paper 17.5 cm x 20 cm. Fold it in half and place on the Ark as the roof.
3. Draw the pictures of your favourite animals on the remaining card paper. Colour them brightly, cut out carefully and stick at the windows of the Ark.



A GOOD CATCH

A Nasruddin
Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Bedouk Gausla Farheen
Cairo, Akira, Cairo, 97, 1000,
Treas 402 001

Illustrations:
Sergiy Wozniak



FINDING OUT

A Suppendi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Anush Patel
4146 144th Avenue
M.V. Road, Astoria, Ore.,
Sunset 400 200

Illustrated by:
Sally Weisler



SAVING MATCHES

A Suppandi Tale

Readers' choice

Based on a story sent by
Master P. Ravi
18/24 M M Street
Chennai
Andra Pradesh
- 528 001

Illustrations:
Ravi Vasudevan

SUPPANDI'S NEW MASTER WOULD BE A
RIGOR

SUPPANDI!
I'M GOING OUT

YES,
MASTER

COOK MY LUNCH AND KEEP
IT READY BUT REMEMBER!
DON'T WASTE ANY MATCHES
LIGHTING THE STOVE.

I'LL
REMEMBER
THAT

OH DEAR! MASTER
SAID NOT TO WASTE
MATCHES

WADOH!

TWO HOURS LATER—
IS THE LUNCH
READY, SUPPANDI?

YES,
MASTER!

I HOPE YOU DID
NOT WASTE TOO
MANY MATCHES

NO, MASTER.
I REMEMBERED
YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS.

SO I DIDN'T
PUT OFF THE GAS
AT ALL SINCE
MORNING!

FAMILY MATTERS

A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

R. Sunita

411 First Main Road,
New Delhi, Chandigarh,
India-110 004

Illustrations:

Ram Wazirkar



KARISH



ANANT PAJ

THE NEWS SPREAD LIKE WILD FIRE IN THE JUNGLE OF KARISH-

HAVE YOU HEARD?
BABOOCHA HAS
BEEN CAPTURED
BY DOPHA.

DIDN'T
KARISH COME TO
HIS RESCUE?

HE DID NOT
EVEN KNOW ABOUT
IT, WHEN I TOLD
HIM.

CAN'T WE DO
SOMETHING
TO SAVE
BABOOCHA?

WHO IS THAT?

HE,
MOTU.
I AM
HERE.

LET'S GO TO KARISH.
WE ARE NOT FIND
A WAY OUT.

YES,
LET'S GO.

THEY ALL WENT NEAR THE ALANGO TREE, ON A
BRANCH OF WHICH KARISH WAS SEATED.

BABOOCHA HAS BEEN KEPT
IN A CAGE AND THE CAGE
IS BEING SENT TO DOPHA.

HOW?

BY A PASSENGER TRAIN,
DOPHA IS TAKING
THE CAGE WITH HIM.

CAN'T WE STOP
THE TRAIN?



THEY PUT THEIR PLAN INTO ACTION.
SOON—



RAPISH JUMPED DOWN TO THE LOWEST
BRANCH OF THE MANGO TREE...



... AND STARTED WAVING THE RED FLAG. HE HAD
TIED THE RED CLOTH TO A STICK.



WHETHER THE DRIVER STOPPED AFTER
SEEING THE RED FLAG OR THE ELEPHANTS
WAS NOT CLEAR, BUT THE ENGINE
DID COME TO A HALT.



SHAKILA TOOK HER POSITION IN FRONT OF
THE ENGINE.



SHAKILA STOOD NEAR THE LOBBAGE VAN.



RAPISH JUMPED INTO THE VAN, THERE IT WAS—
THE CAGE.



BEFORE ANYONE COULD RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK, KARNAY OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CAGE.



OUT CAME BABOOGNAH.



OH, KARNAY! I KNEW YOU'D COME TO SAVE ME.



THIS IS NO TIME FOR MESSAGES. BUT WE GO.

THEY JUMPED DOWN TO THE GROUND.



... AND BOTH WERE IN THE JUNGLE.



POPOPO, WHO WAS AN ANOTHER COACH CAME TO KNOW OF HIS LOSS ONLY 7 - 34 FELLOW PRESIDENTS.

STRANGE. THE ELEPHANTS STOOD SILENT. THE WOMEN OPENED THE POOR OF THE CAGE. OUT CAME A BEAR. THEY ALL DISAPPEARED INTO THE JUNGLE.

THE BEAR?



HE GOT UP, ANGRY AND UNHAPPY.

IT WAS MY DEAR. I HAD CAUGHT IT. I AM RUINED.



IN THE JUNGLE, BABOOGNAH WAS SO HAPPY THAT HE WAS GIVING A DANCE PERFORMANCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FRIENDS.

THE END

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See and Smile

By

Savio A. Mascarenhas

I WANT THE BOOK
"CURT FROM FEAR OF
NIGHTS" BY
"E. LONG."



YOU'LL
FIND IT ON
THE TOP
SHELF.



HEY OPEN
UP, WON'T
THAT A
PERFECT
LANDING.





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A close-up photograph of a vibrant yellow rose. The petals are bright yellow with some orange-red variegation at the edges. The rose is in full bloom, surrounded by green leaves and a stem with a small bud. The background is a soft, out-of-focus yellow.

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