

TINKLE

COLLECTION : 256 Rs 40

FOLKTALES OF

SOUTH INDIA



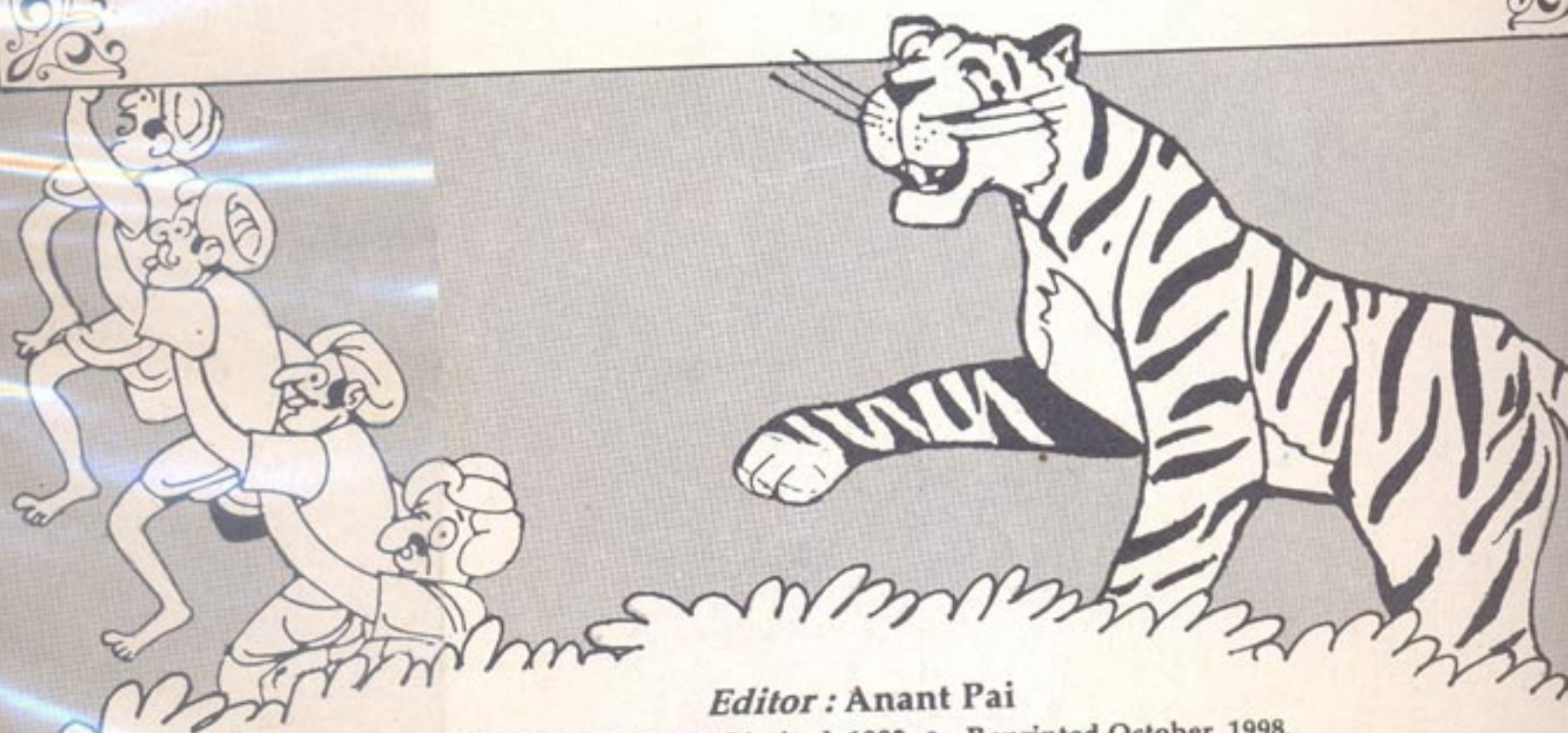
IBH



FOLKTALES OF SOUTH INDIA

India has a very rich cultural heritage. An integral part of this culture are the folktales – ancient stories which have been passed on from one generation to another by word of mouth. Folktales give us an insight into ancient India. They turn the clock back hundreds of years, thereby giving us an opportunity to sample the delectable flavour of the past.

This collection brings you a classic mixture of funny, informative and interesting folktales from the Southern regions of India. Enjoy a ride on 'The Heavenly Elephant', meet 'The Man in the Bush', find out 'How the Dwarf Outwitted the Giant' and lots more in these Folktales of South India.



Editor : Anant Pai

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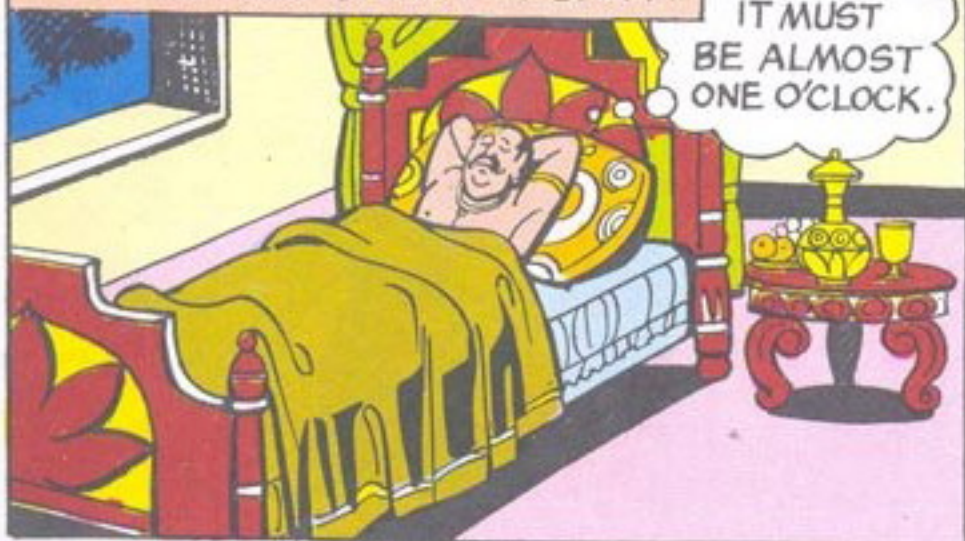
THE KING WHO STOPPED THE RIVER

— A FOLKTALE FROM SOUTH INDIA

Script :
Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations :
M. Mohandas

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

IT MUST BE ALMOST ONE O'CLOCK.



ONE HOUR LATER —

THERE GOES ANOTHER GONG... IT'S TWO O'CLOCK.



AT LAST WHEN HE HEARD THE SIXTH GONG, THE KING SAT UP.

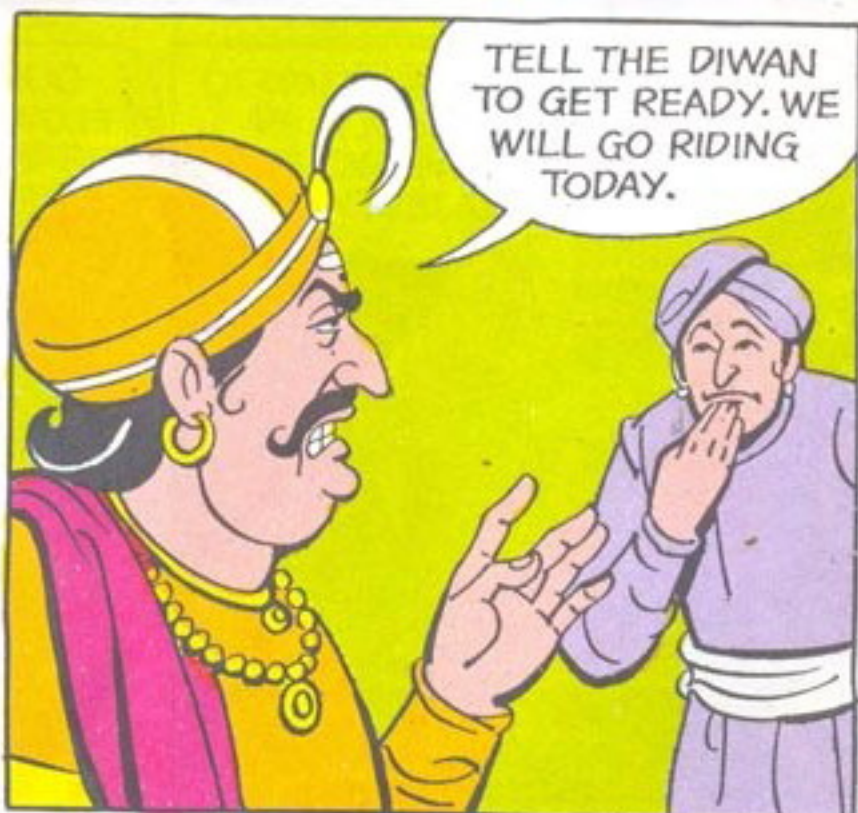
IT'S SIX O'CLOCK! I'LL HAVE TO GET UP NOW. BUT I FEEL SO DULL.



I THINK I'LL RIDE OUT INTO THE COUNTRYSIDE AND GET SOME FRESH AIR.



TELL THE DIWAN TO GET READY. WE WILL GO RIDING TODAY.



SO THE KING AND HIS WISE DIWAN SET OUT.



AN HOUR LATER —



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



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



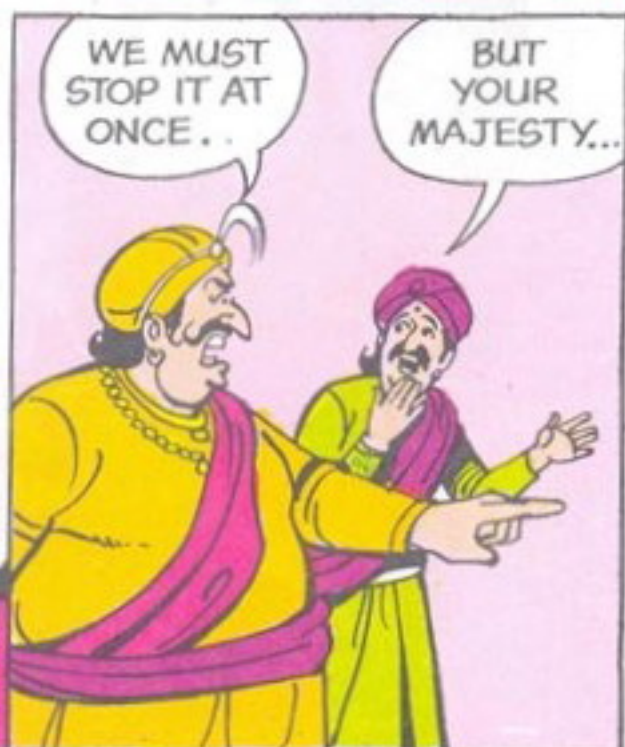
IT FLOWS DOWN TO THAT KINGDOM IN THE EAST, YOUR MAJESTY.



OUR RIVER FLOWING INTO THEIR COUNTRY?



WE MUST STOP IT AT ONCE..



BUT YOUR MAJESTY...

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

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

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

IT WILL BE WORSE
DURING THE MONSOON.

SO WHAT?

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

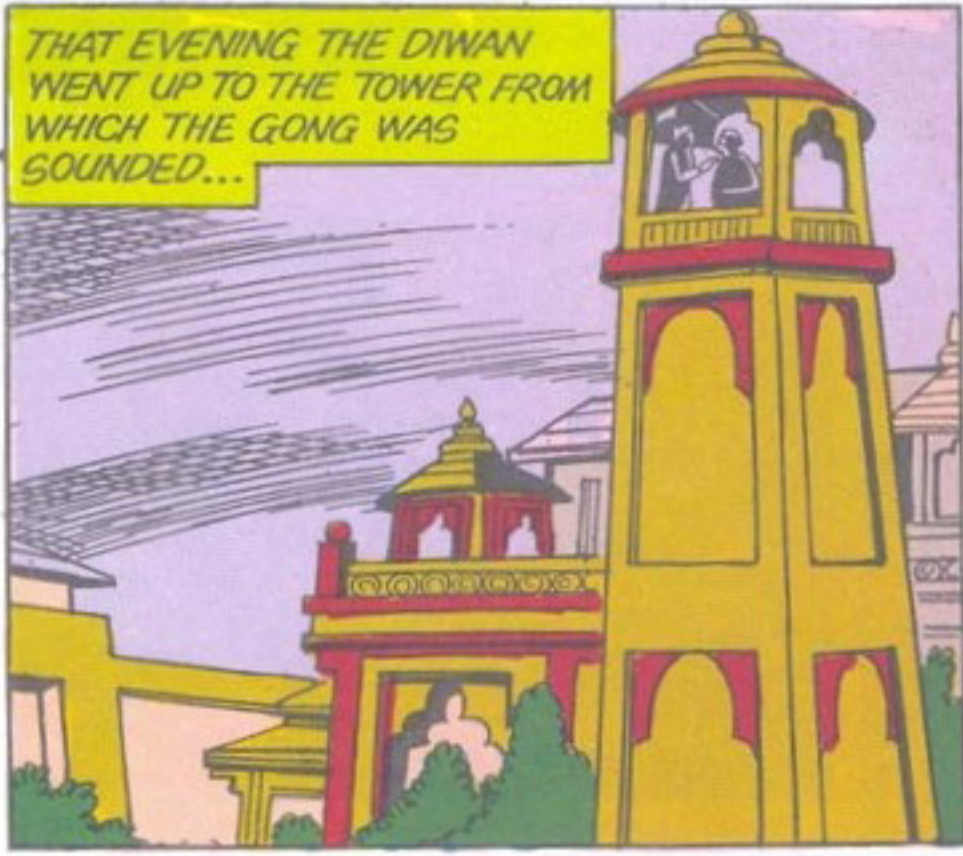
HOW FOOLISH
CAN HE
GET?

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

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

AH! I'VE
GOT IT!

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



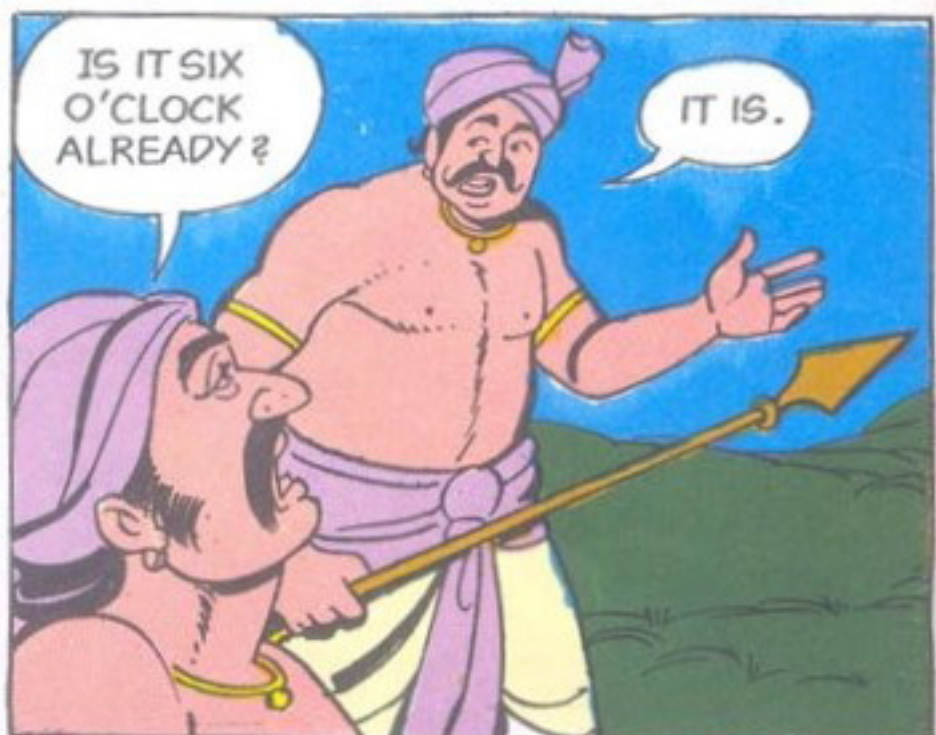
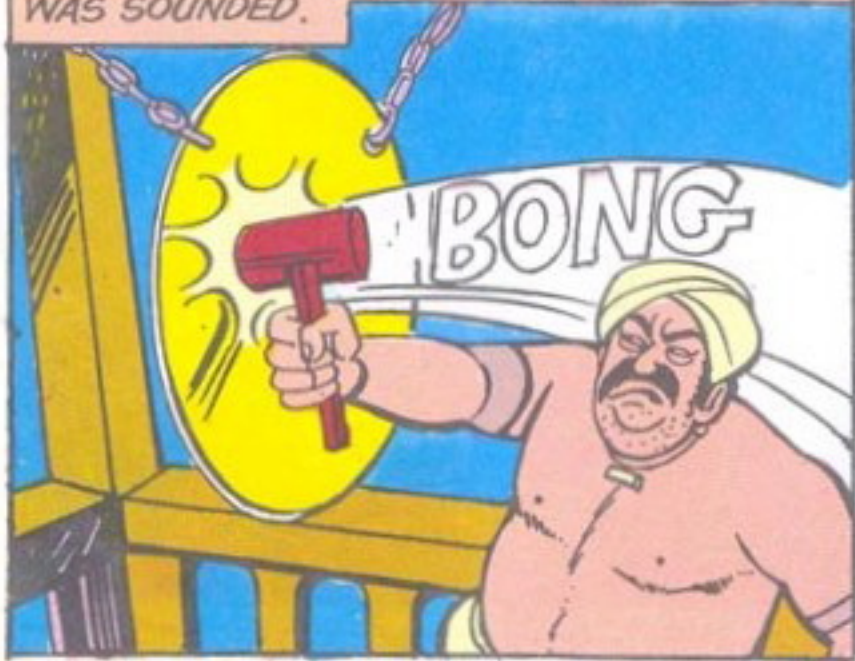
... AND SPOKE TO THE MAN THERE.

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

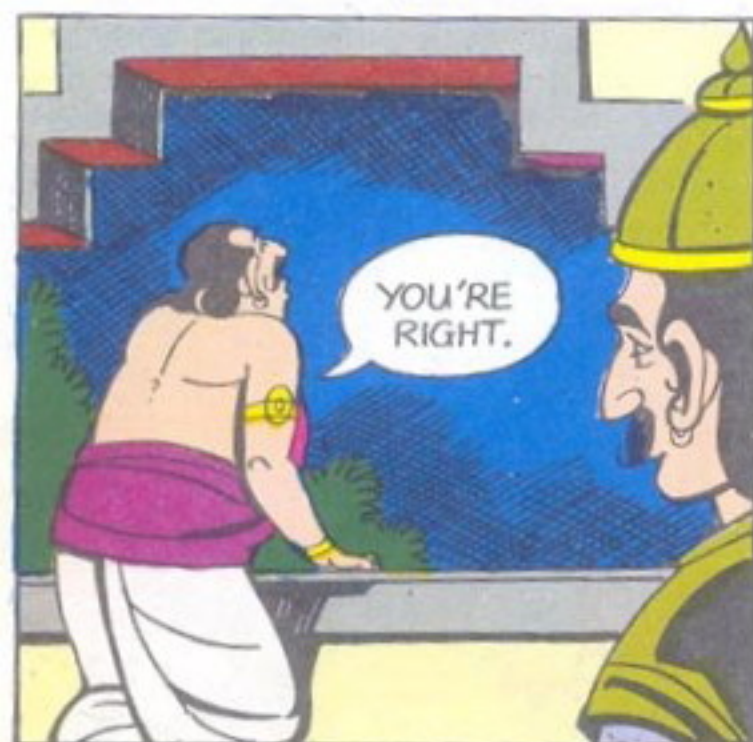


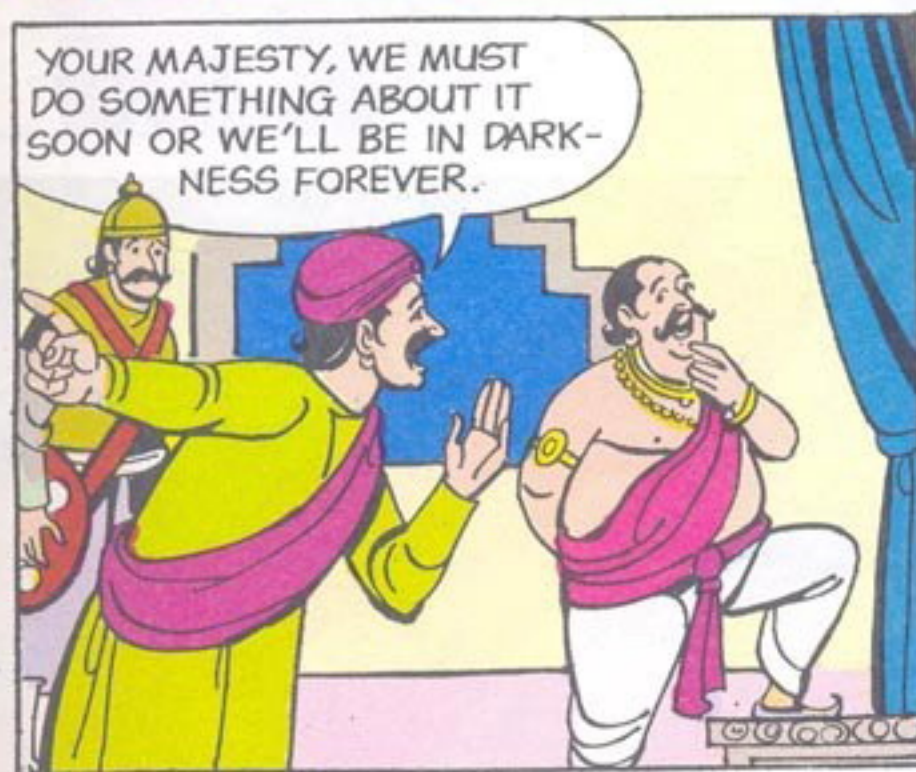
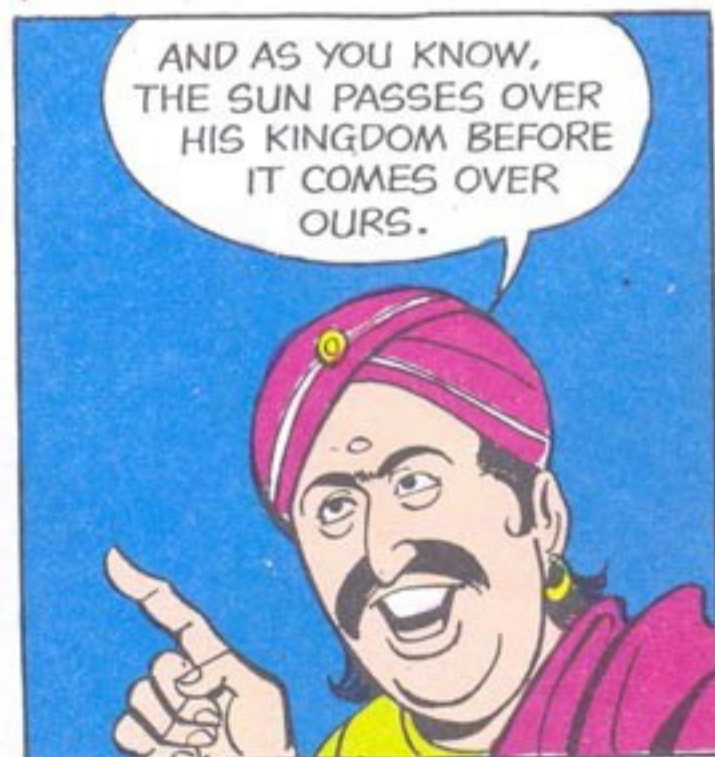
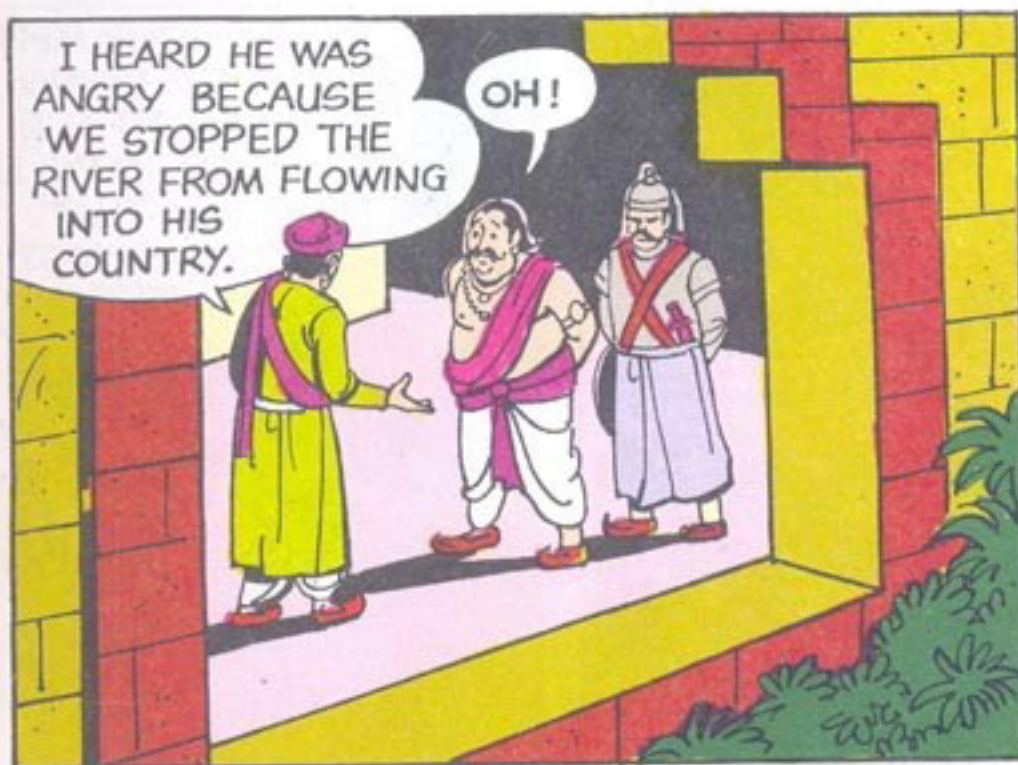
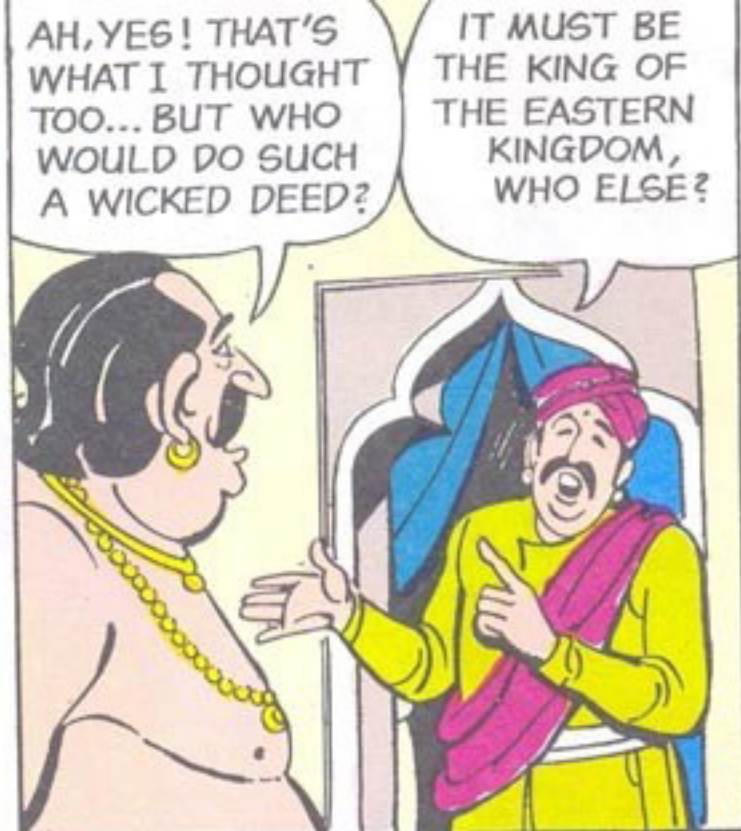
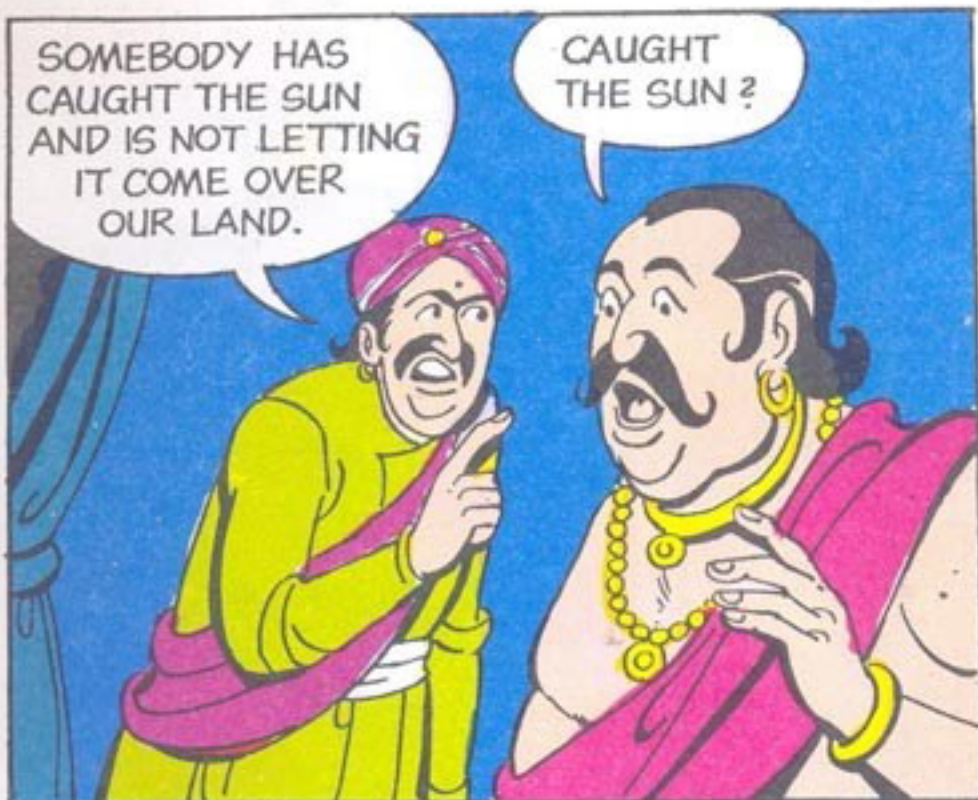
AS YOU
COMMAND,
SIR.

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









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

WHAT A BRILLIANT
IDEA, YOUR
MAJESTY!

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

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

I AGREE.

SUMMON
THE
COMMANDER
OF MY
ARMY!

I AM
HERE,
YOUR
MAJESTY.

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

THE KING LED HIS MEN TO THE RIVER...



... AND BEFORE DAWN THEY BROKE THE DAM DOWN.



THE RIVER BEGAN TO FLOW TO THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY AGAIN.



THE SUN SHOULD BE COMING UP ANY MOMENT NOW.



AND SURE ENOUGH —

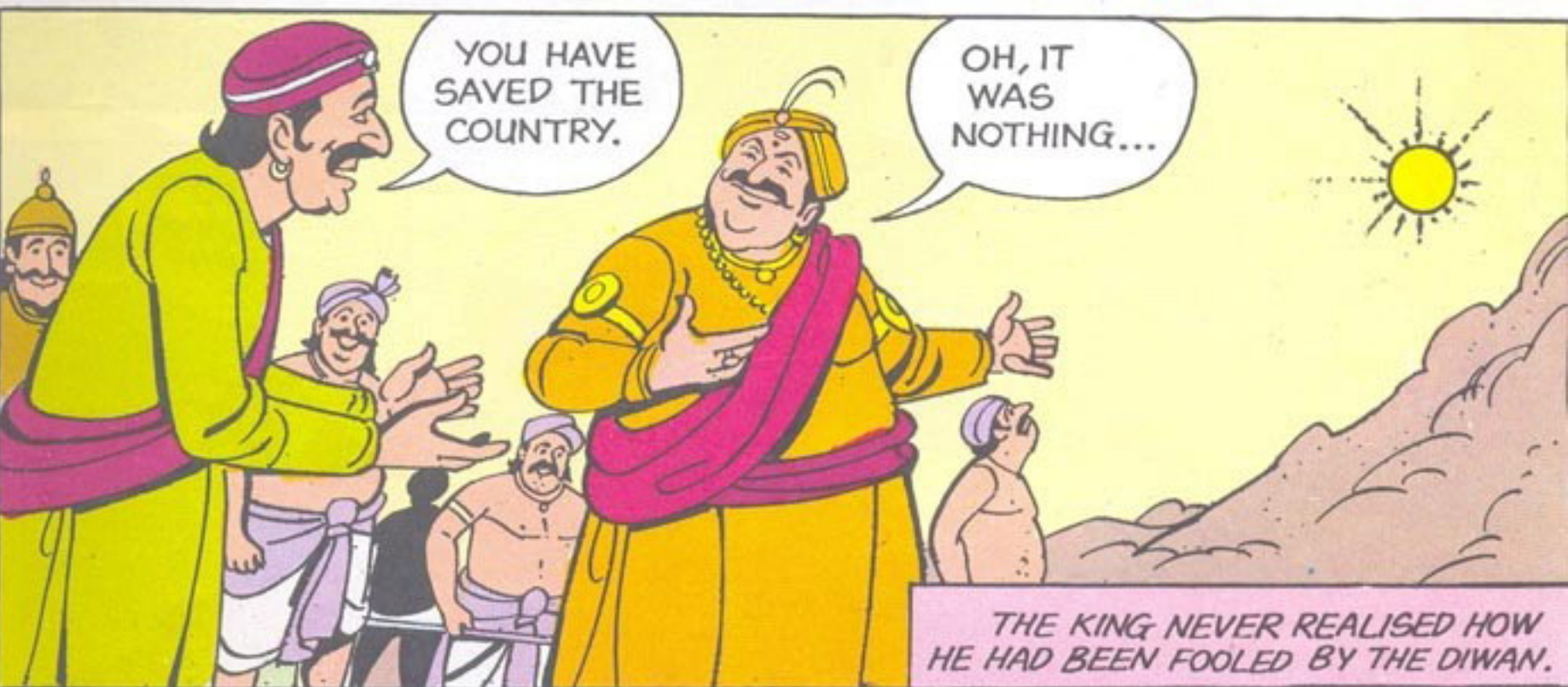
THE SUN! LOOK! THEY'VE LET THE SUN GO!

YOUR PLAN WORKED, YOUR MAJESTY.



YOU HAVE SAVED THE COUNTRY.

OH, IT WAS NOTHING...



THE KING NEVER REALISED HOW HE HAD BEEN FOOLED BY THE DIWAN.

PUNYAKOTI

- A folktale from Karnataka.

Script:

Subba Rao

Illustrations:

K. Chandranath



HULIA THE TIGER WAS WEAK WITH HUNGER.

HE HAD NOT EATEN ANYTHING FOR DAYS.

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



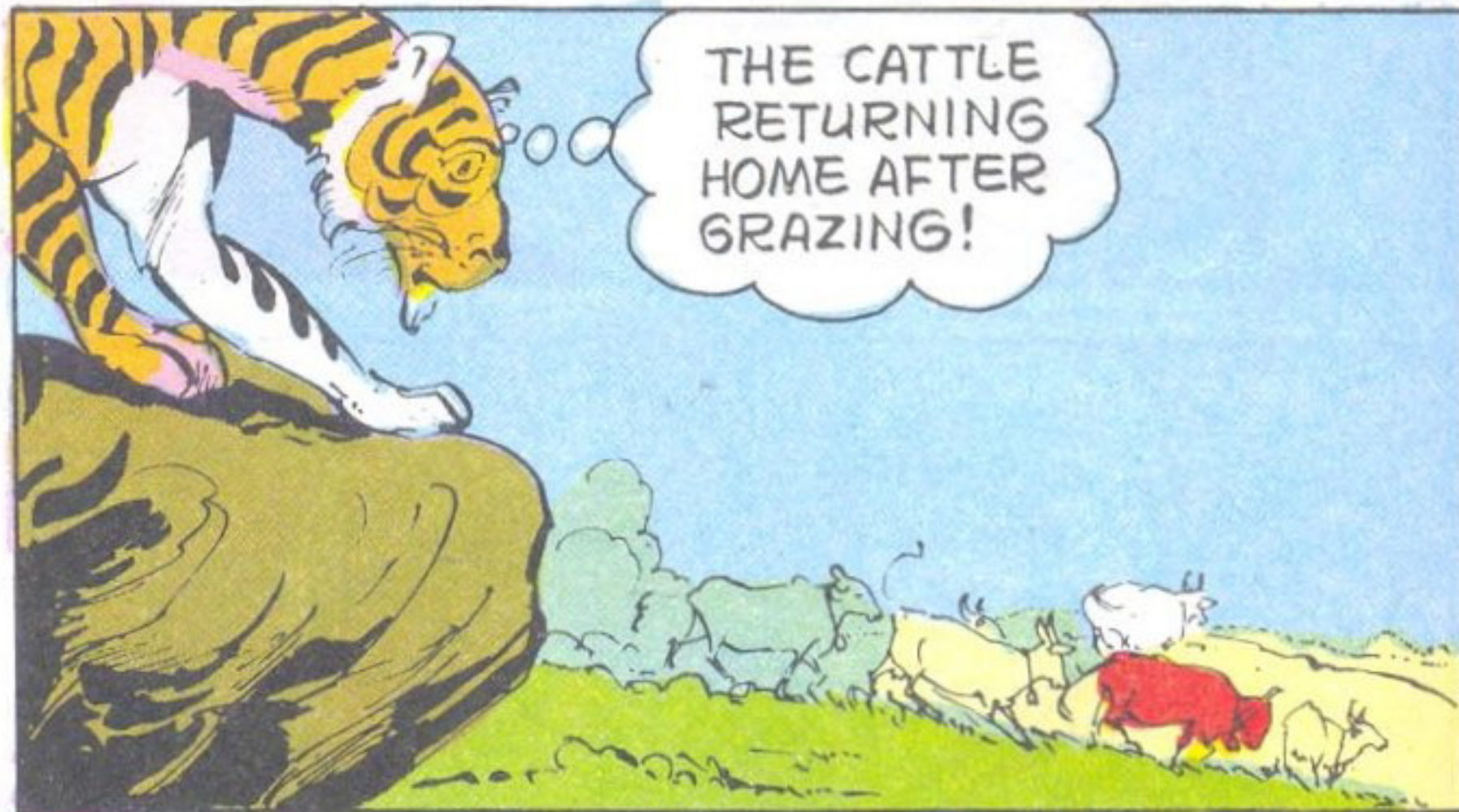
JUST THEN—

TIN-TIN

WHAT'S THAT?



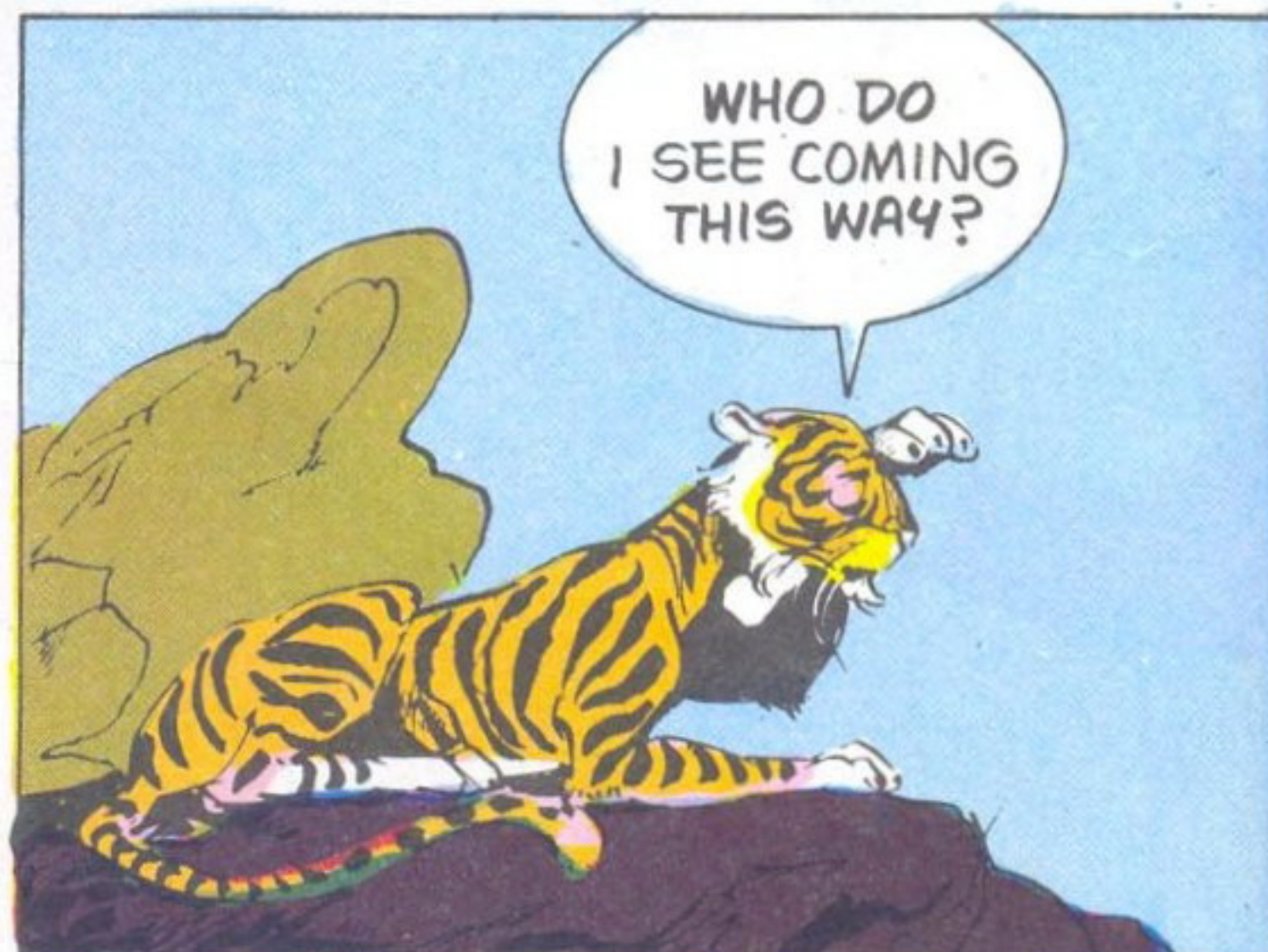
THE CATTLE RETURNING HOME AFTER GRAZING!



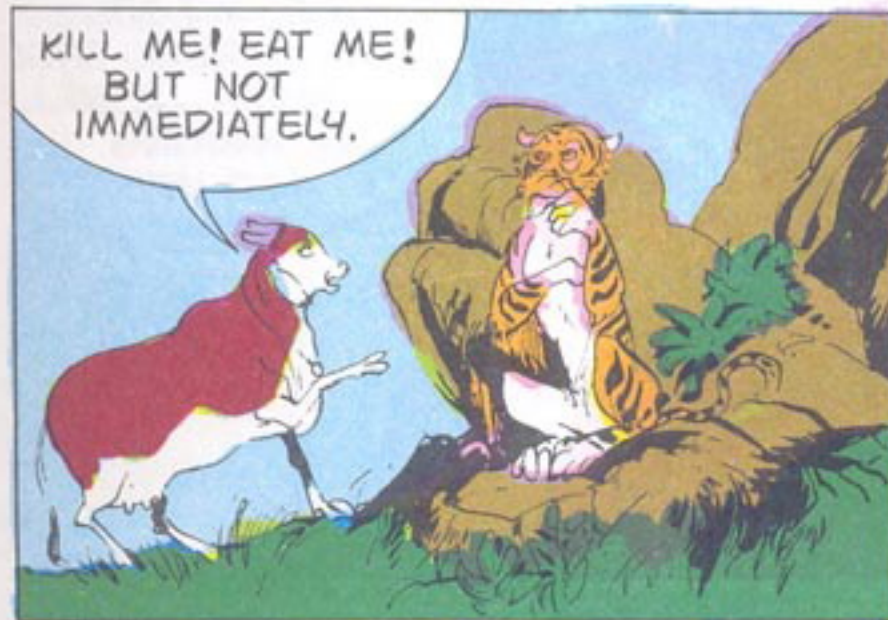
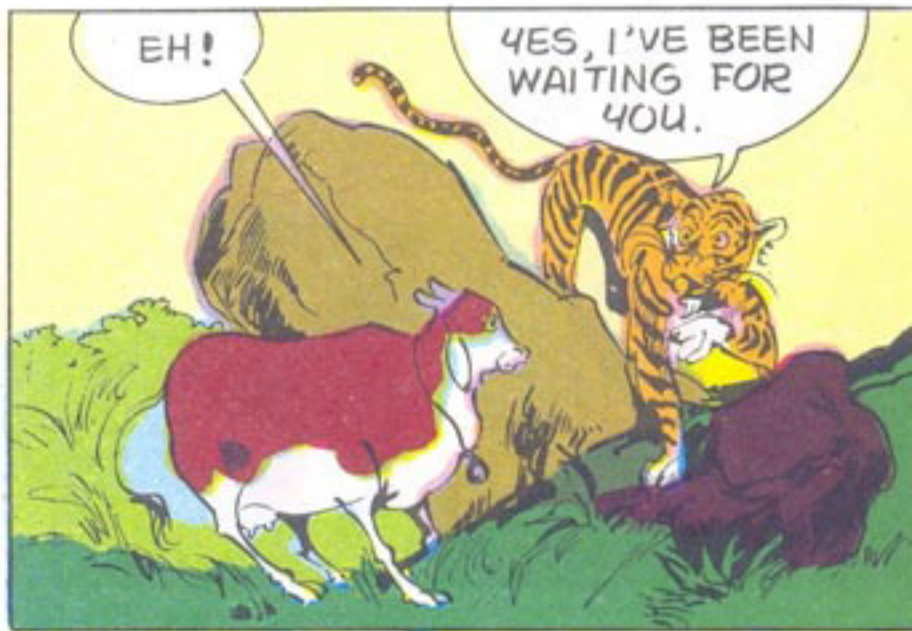
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I COULDN'T CATCH A SILLY COW!

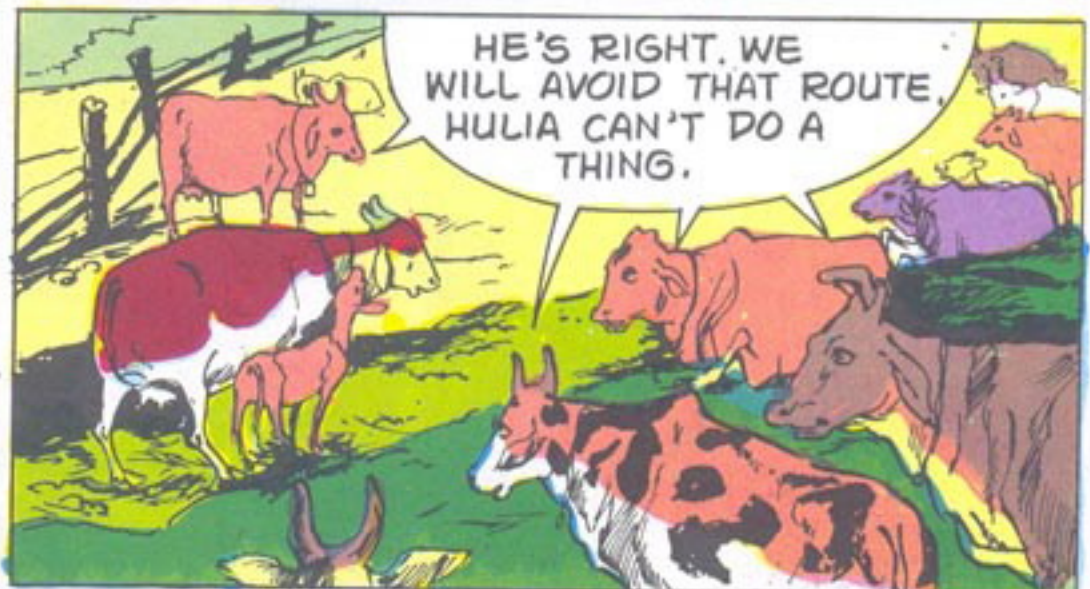
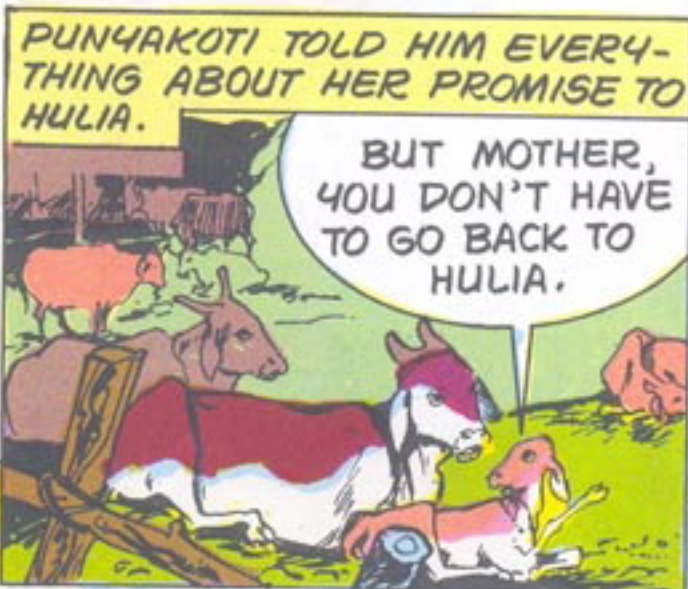
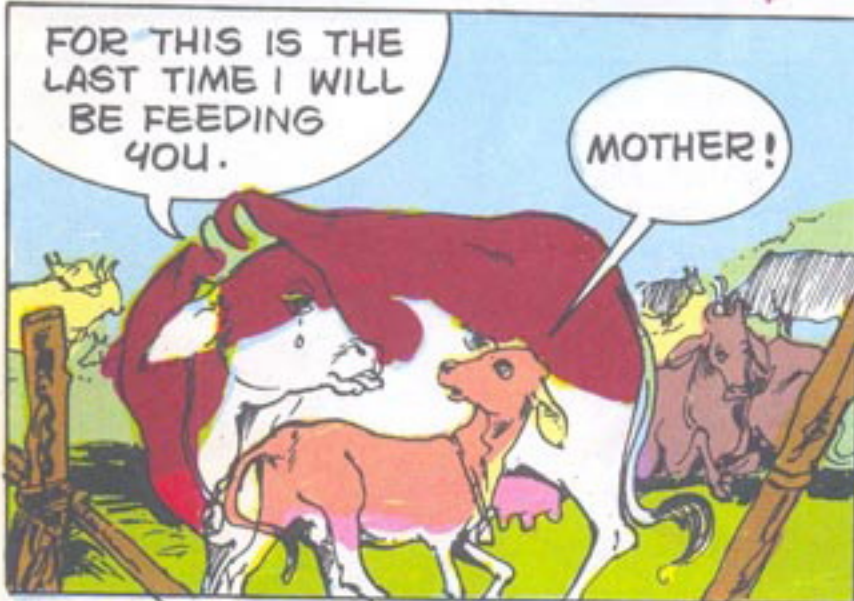
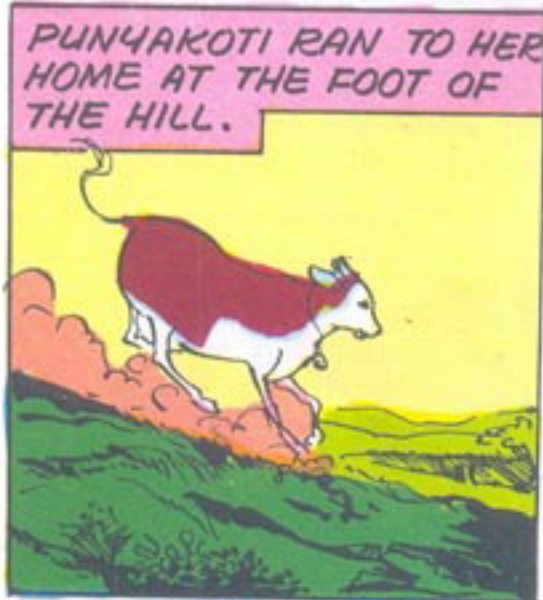


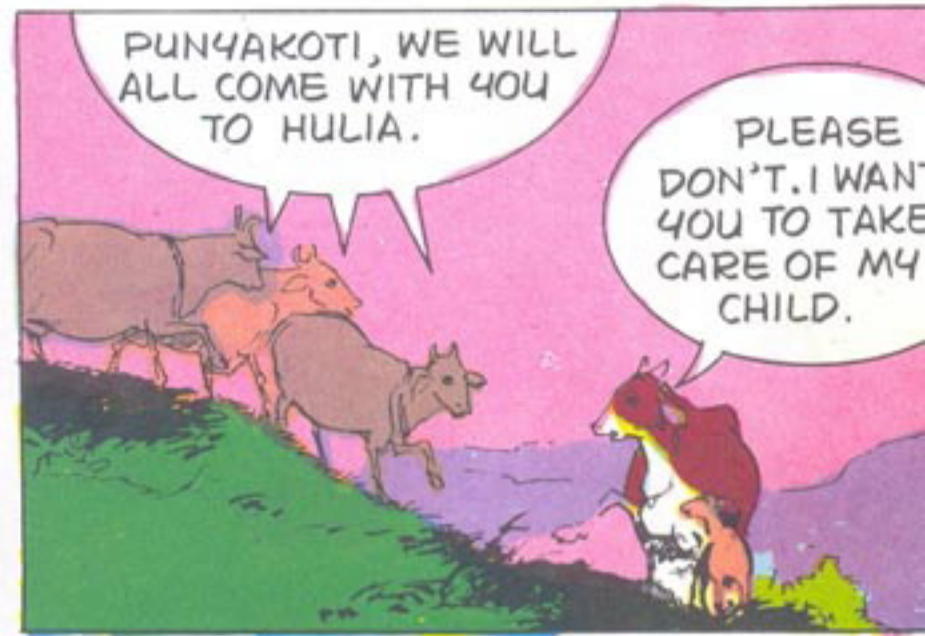
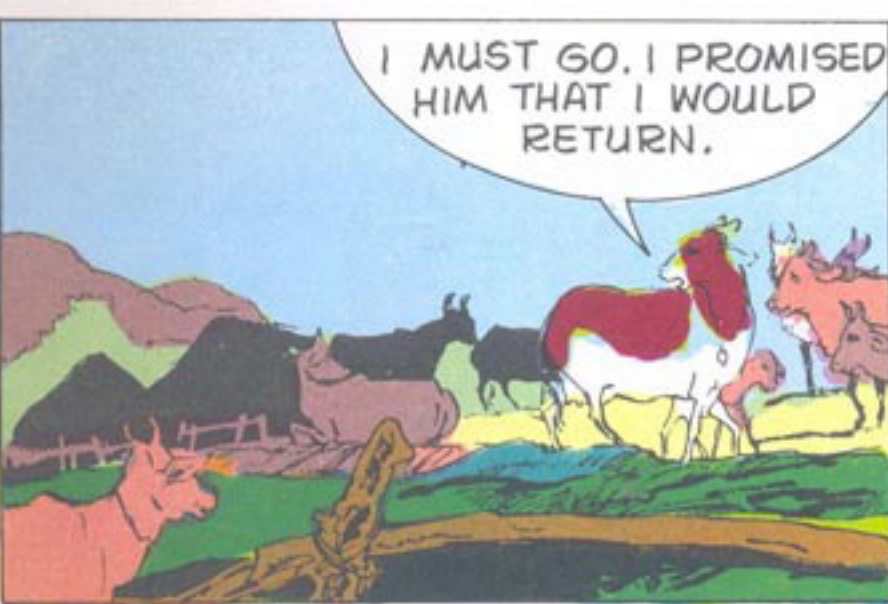
WHO DO I SEE COMING THIS WAY?



IT WAS A COW CALLED PUNYAKOTI.







MEANWHILE HULIA WAS GETTING IMPATIENT.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER GO.



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



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



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



EAT YOU?



NEVER, MY NOBLE SISTER. NEVER.



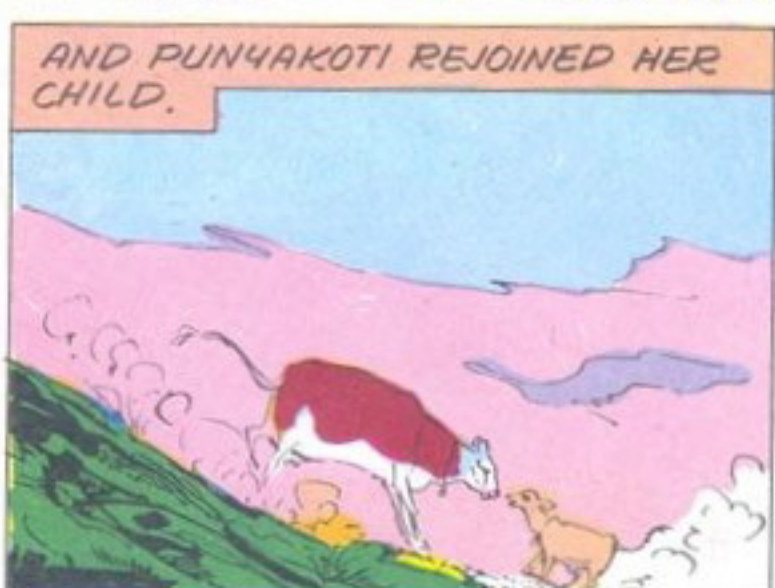
GO BACK TO YOUR CHILD.

HULIA!

HULIA TURNED BACK AND LEFT.



AND PUNYAKOTI REJOINED HER CHILD.



HOW AN ELEPHANT WAS WEIGHED

Script : Shruti Desai

Illustrations : Chandrakant Rane

ONE DAY A KING SENT FOR HIS MAHOUT.

I WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH MY ELEPHANT WEIGHS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE ANSWER BY TOMORROW MORNING...

... I'LL HAVE YOU BEHEADED.

I'M DONE FOR! HOW CAN ANYONE WEIGH AN ELEPHANT? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

AS THE MAHOUT WAS WANDERING AROUND IN DESPAIR, HE MET A SADHU.

WHY DO YOU LOOK SO GLUM, MY FRIEND?

I'M IN REAL TROUBLE, SIR. THE KING HAS ASKED ME TO WEIGH HIS ELEPHANT.

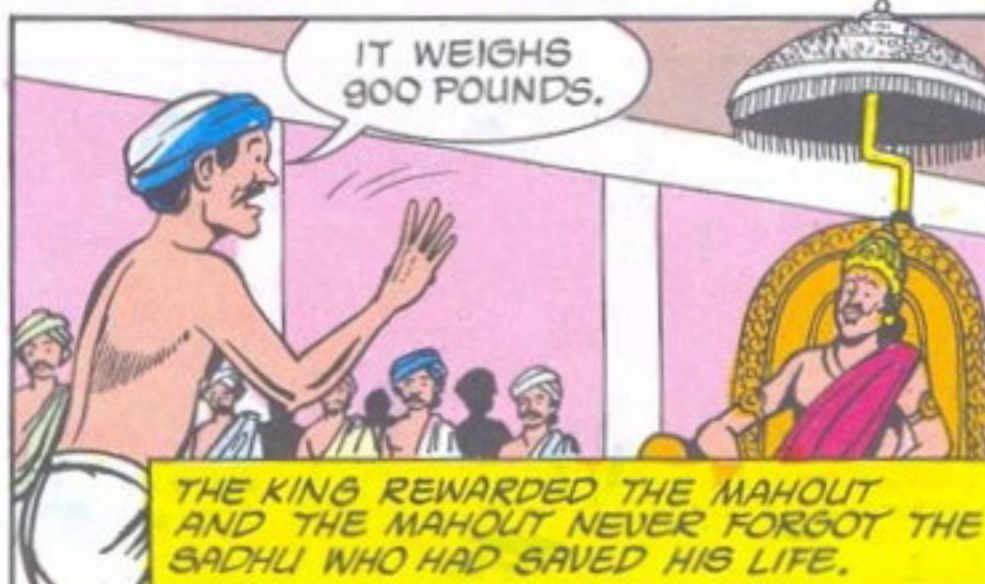
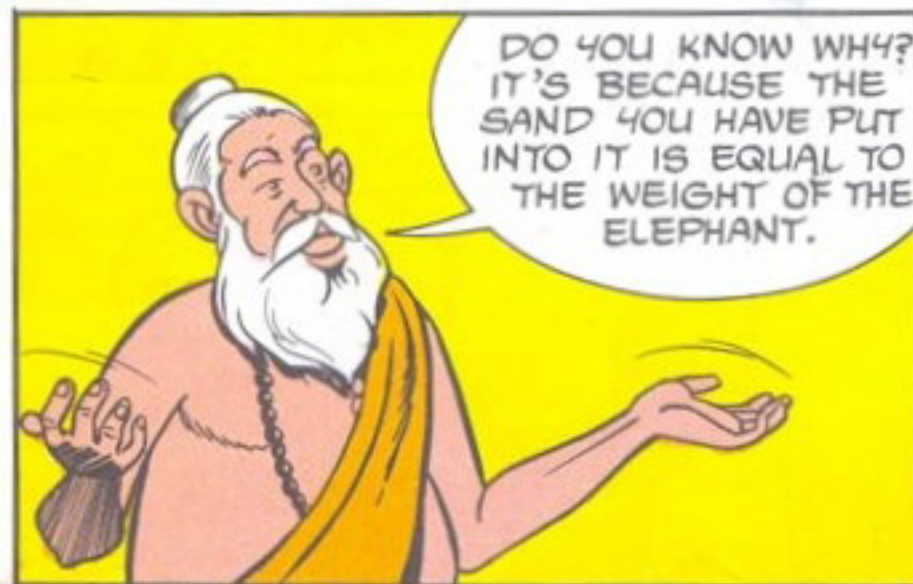
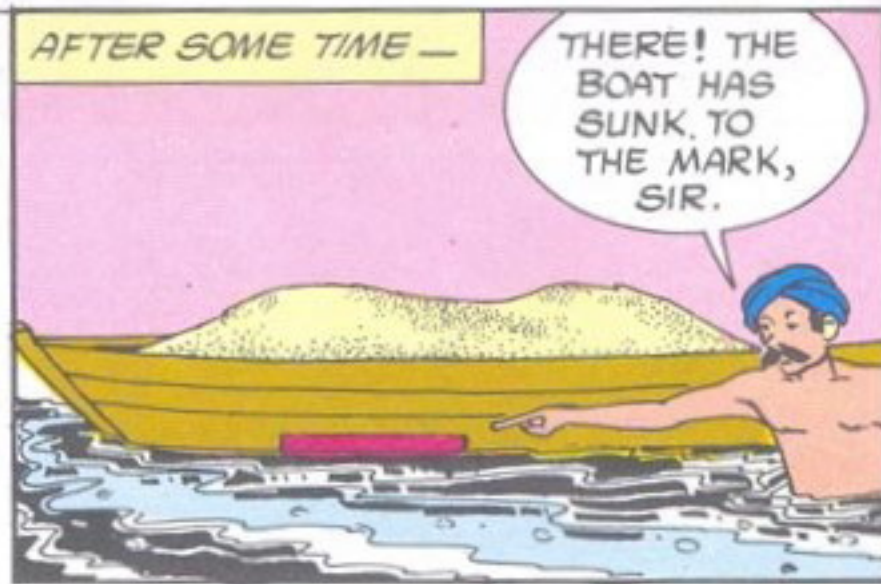
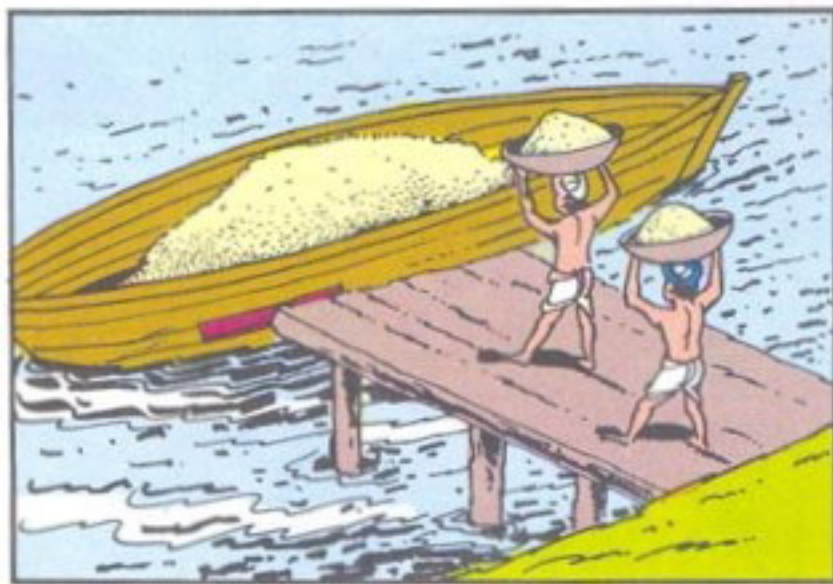
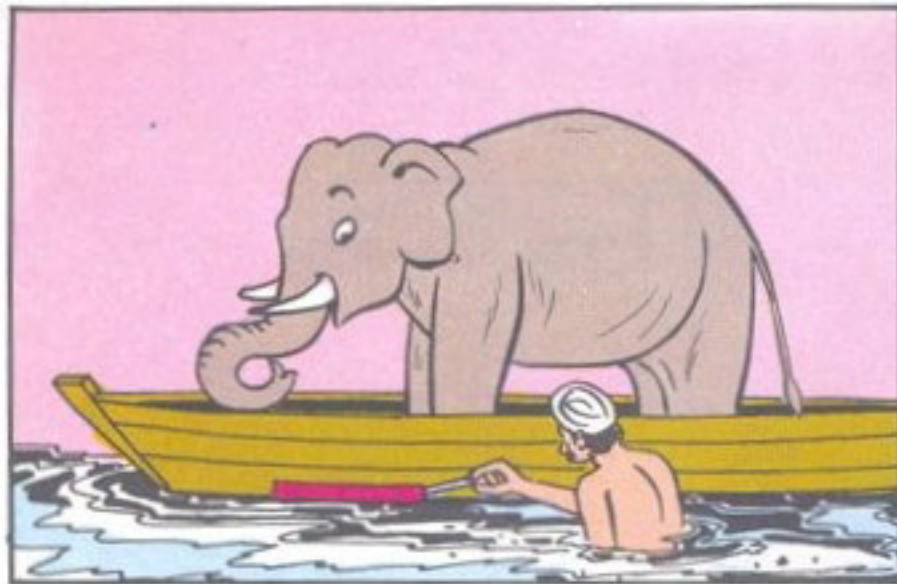
IN THOSE DAYS THEY DID NOT HAVE SCALES THAT COULD WEIGH ELEPHANTS.

IS THAT ALL? CHEER UP. GO AND BRING THE ANIMAL, ALONG WITH ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS TO THE RIVER. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU THERE.

THE MAHOUT DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

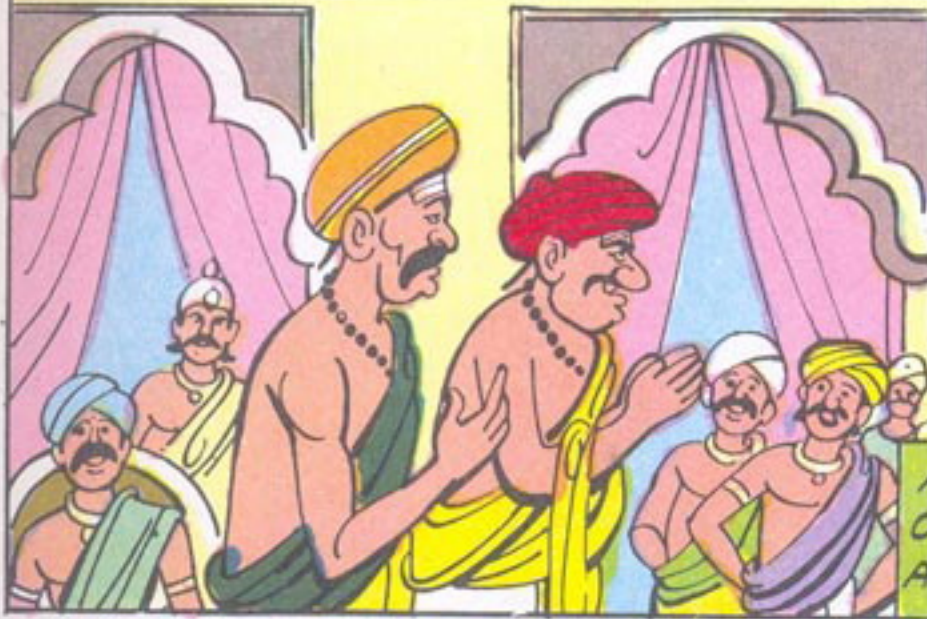
NOW GET HIM INTO THAT BOAT.

THAT'S IT. NOW MARK THE LEVEL TO WHICH THE BOAT HAS SUNK.



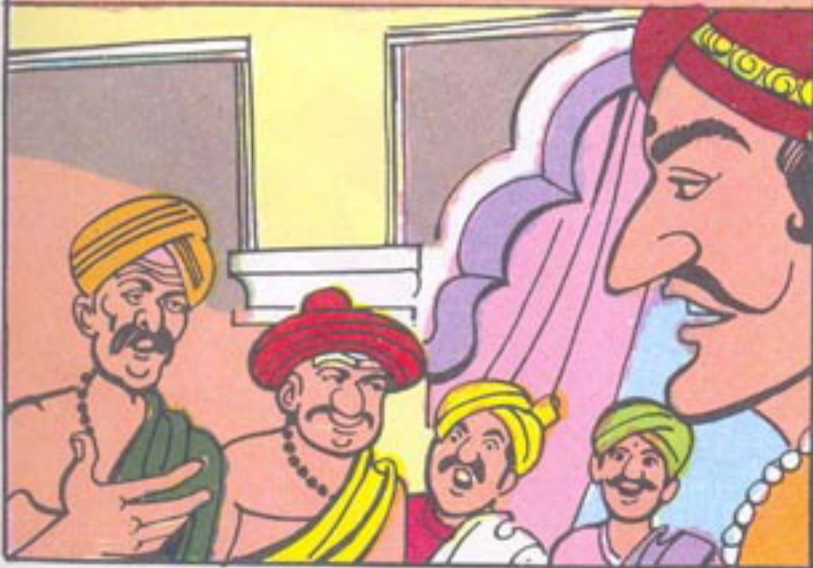
THE TWO PANDITS

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



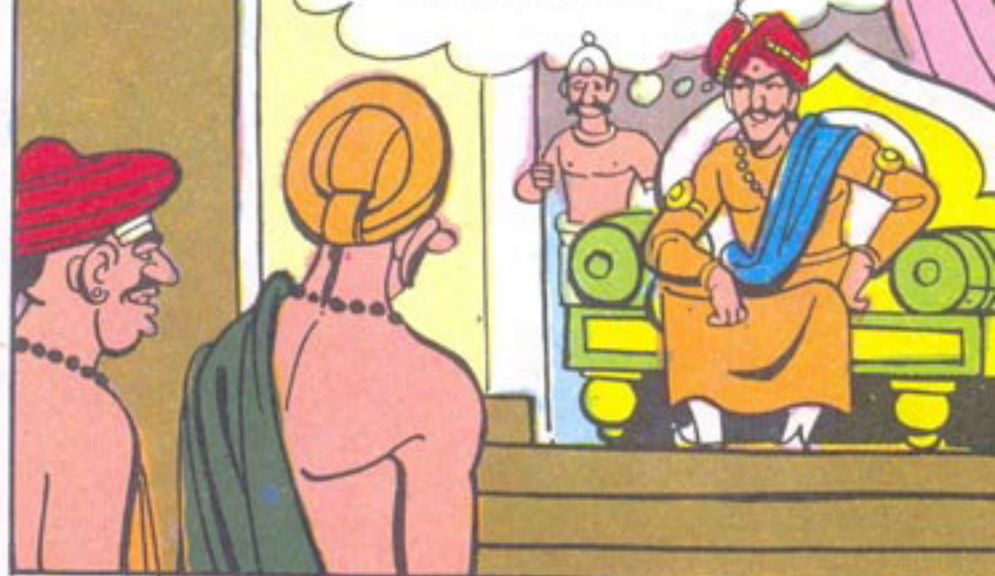
A KING INVITED TWO SCHOLARS TO HIS PALACE.
ONE OF THEM WAS CALLED PANDIT GYANRAJ
AND THE OTHER WAS CALLED PANDIT VIDYARAJ.

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



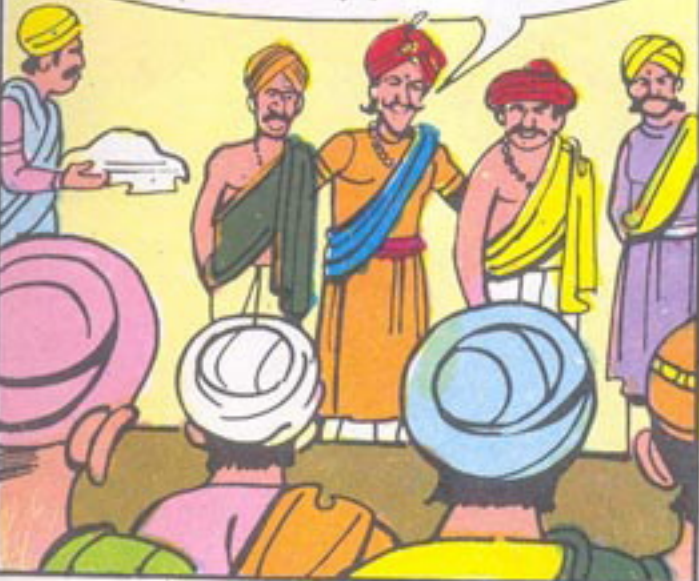
ONE DAY—

SUCH GREAT MEN
SHOULD BE GIVEN RICH
REWARDS.



THE KING INVITED SEVERAL
HUNDRED PEOPLE TO HIS
PALACE.

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



PANDIT
GYANRAJ IS...
ER...



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

PANDIT
VIDYARAJ WILL
BE ABLE TO HELP
ME OUT.



PANDIT VIDYARAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.

WELL...
|...
ER...

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

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

...AN ASS! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.

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

ANYWAY, LET'S SEE WHAT GYANRAJ HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS FRIEND.

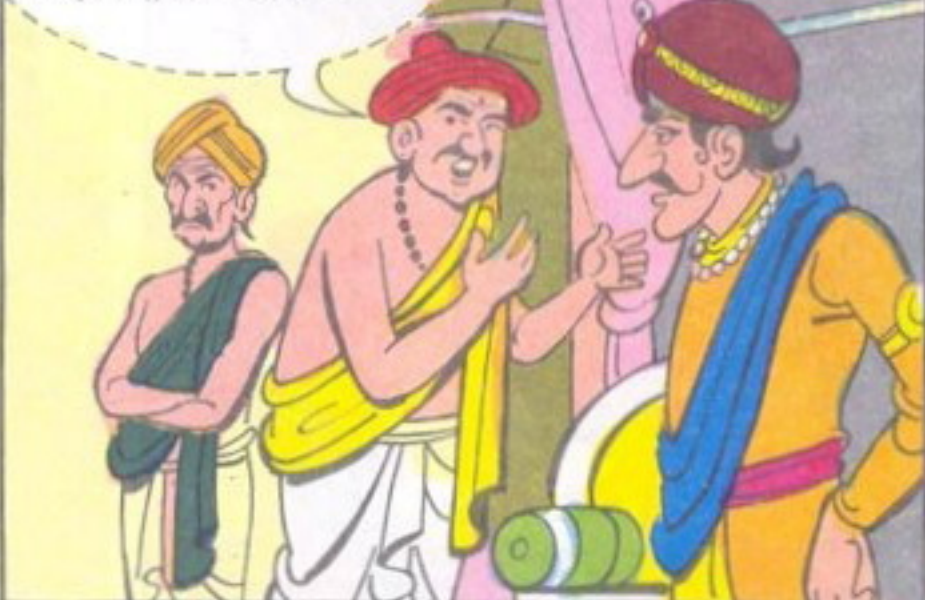
PANDIT GYANRAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.

HE IS...
ER...

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



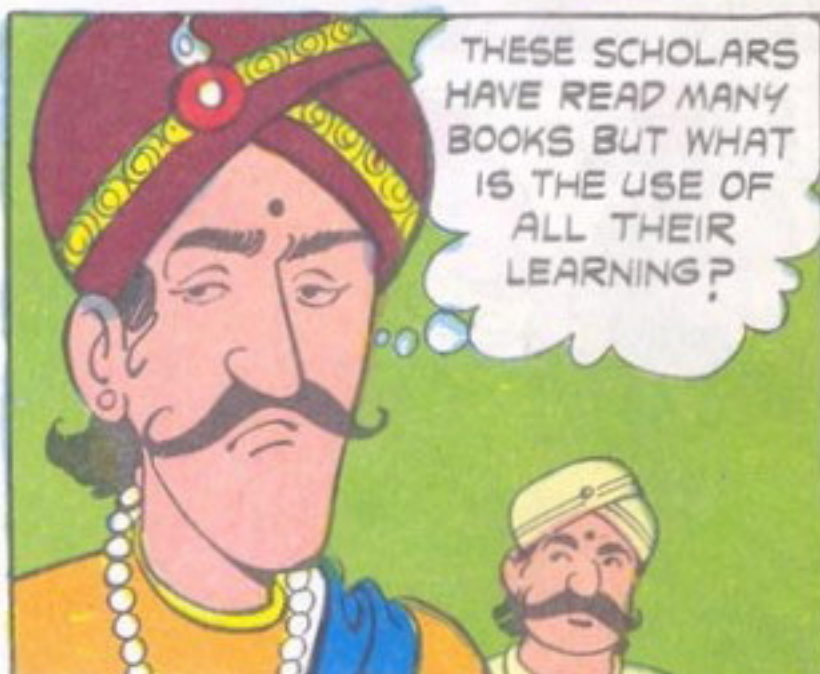
YOUR MAJESTY, SINCE YOU ASK ME, I MUST TELL YOU THAT PANDIT VIDYARAU IS A...



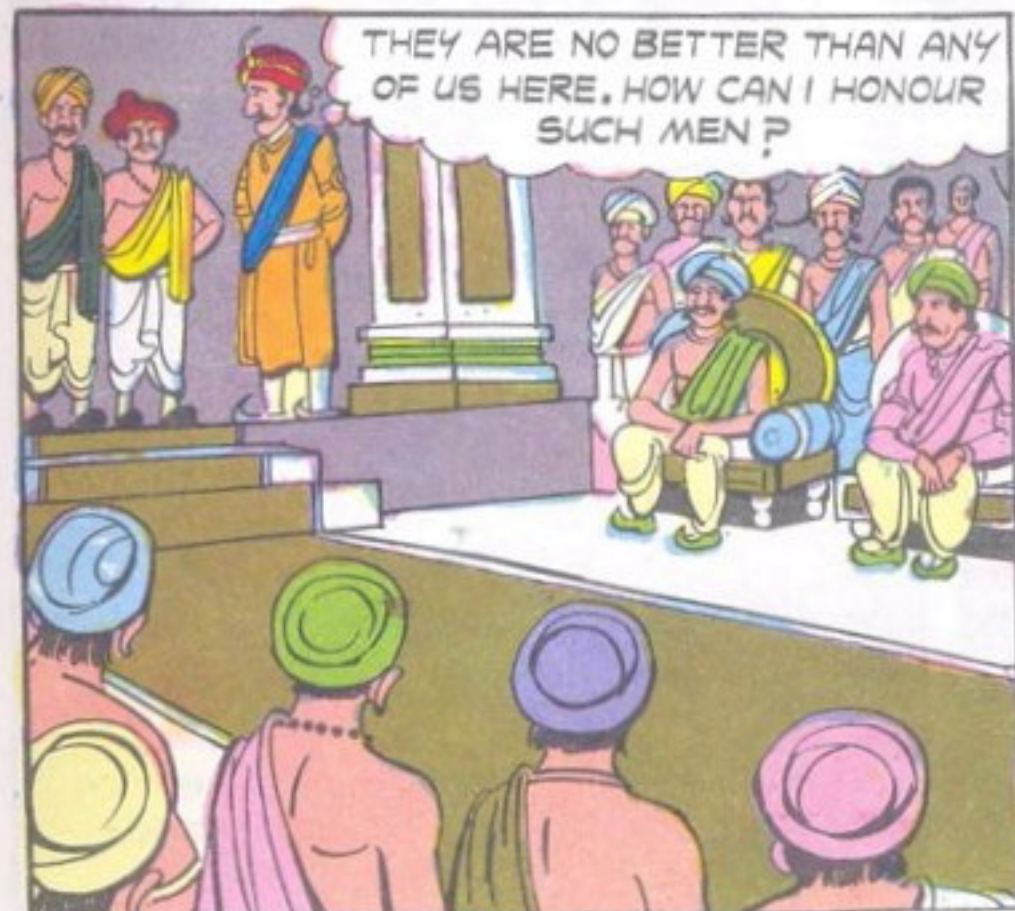
...A DONKEY! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.



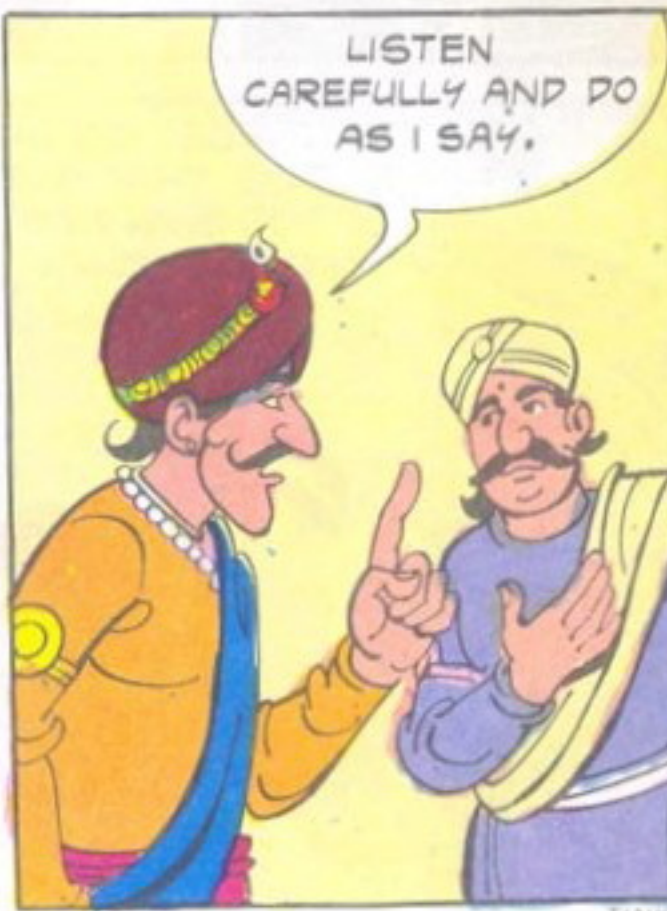
THESE SCHOLARS HAVE READ MANY BOOKS BUT WHAT IS THE USE OF ALL THEIR LEARNING?



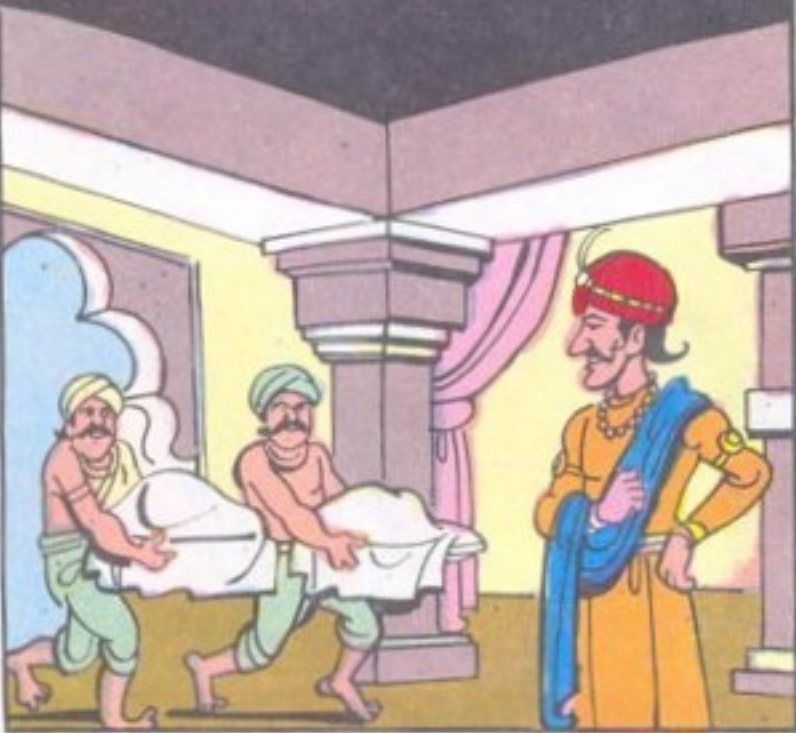
THEY ARE NO BETTER THAN ANY OF US HERE. HOW CAN I HONOUR SUCH MEN?



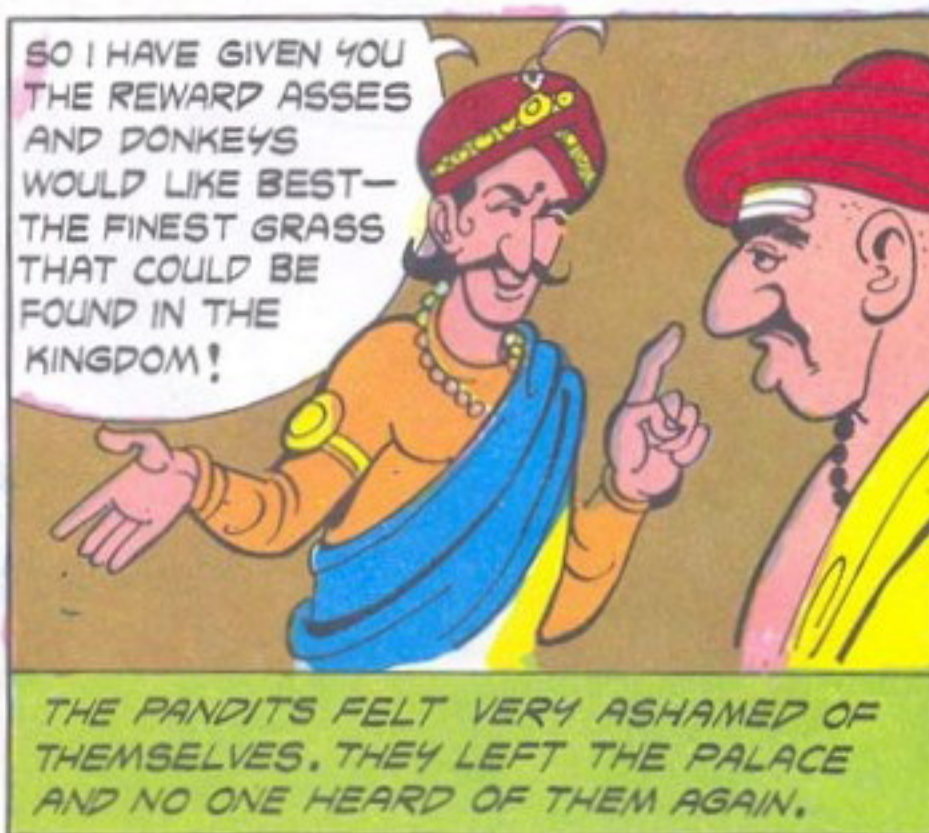
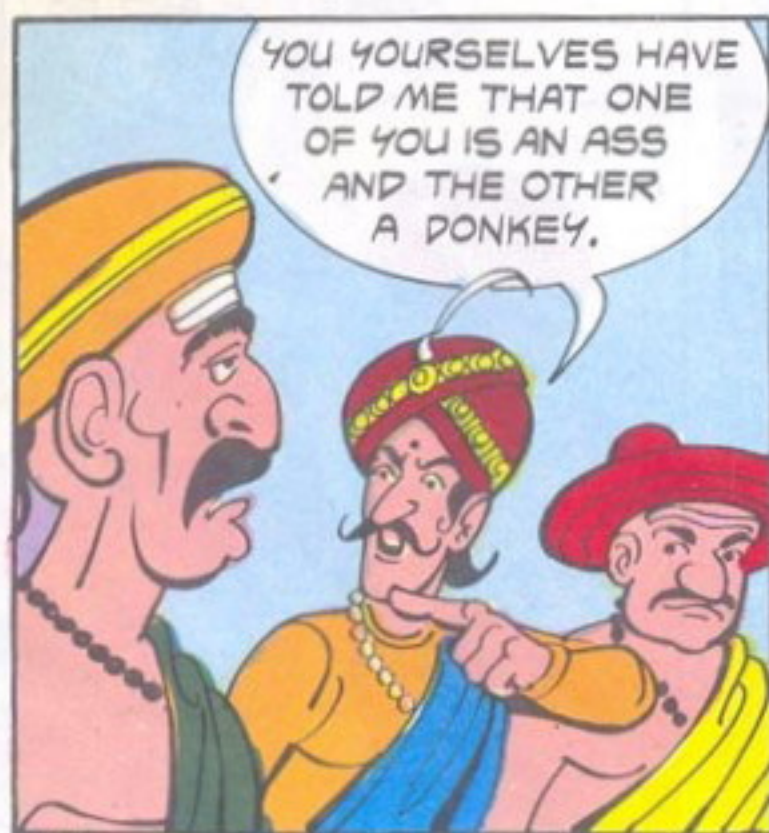
LISTEN CAREFULLY AND DO AS I SAY.



SOMETIME LATER TWO SERVANTS
CAME IN CARRYING GIFTS.



THEY PLACED ONE PLATE BEFORE EACH
PANDIT.



READERS'
CHOICE

DODDA'S DUBUKA

BASED ON A FOLK TALE SUGGESTED BY OUR
READER, RATHNAKAR KAMATH, BANGALORE
ILLUSTRATIONS: VASANT HALBE

YOU TOO CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THIS
FEATURE AND EARN RS.25. IF YOU HAVE
HEARD A GOOD FOLKTALE—NOT ONE
YOU HAVE READ IN BOOKS OR
MAGAZINES—WRITE IT DOWN AND SEND IT TO
THE READERS' CHOICE SECTION, TINKLE.

DODDA WAS INVITED TO HIS
FRIEND'S HOUSE FOR TEA.

THIS IS
DELICIOUS!
DELICIOUS!

PLEASE
HAVE SOME
MORE.

I'LL ASK MY
MOTHER TO MAKE
SOME AT HOME.
WHAT IS IT
CALLED?

KADUBU.

KADUBU... KADUBU...
I MUSTN'T FORGET.
KADUBU...
KADUBU...

I'LL HAVE
TO BE GOING
NOW...
KADUBU...
KADUBU...

WELL
DODDA, THANK
YOU FOR
COMING.

KADUBU...
KADUBU...

KA-A-AAH!

OWW...OWW...
OWW!

NOW
WHAT WAS
THAT SWEET
CALLED?

DUBUKA!



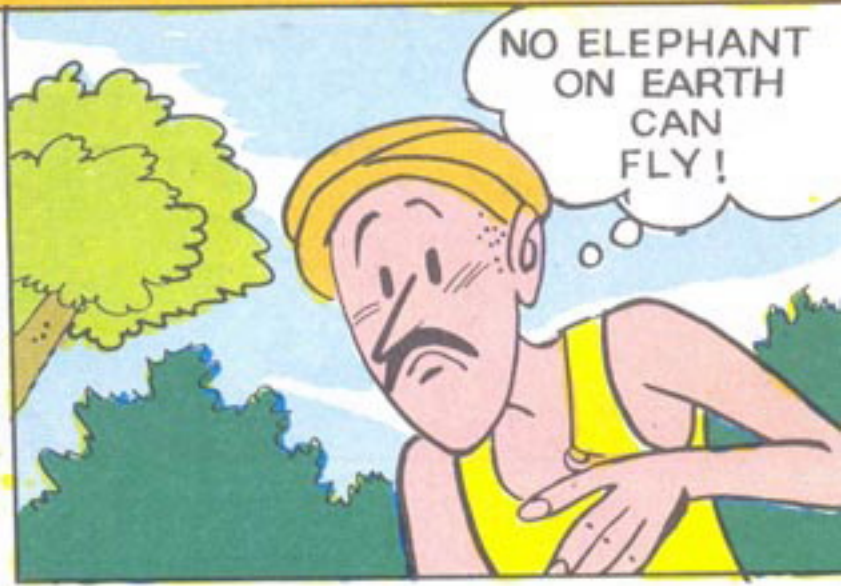
THE HEAVENLY ELEPHANT

Script : Luis Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

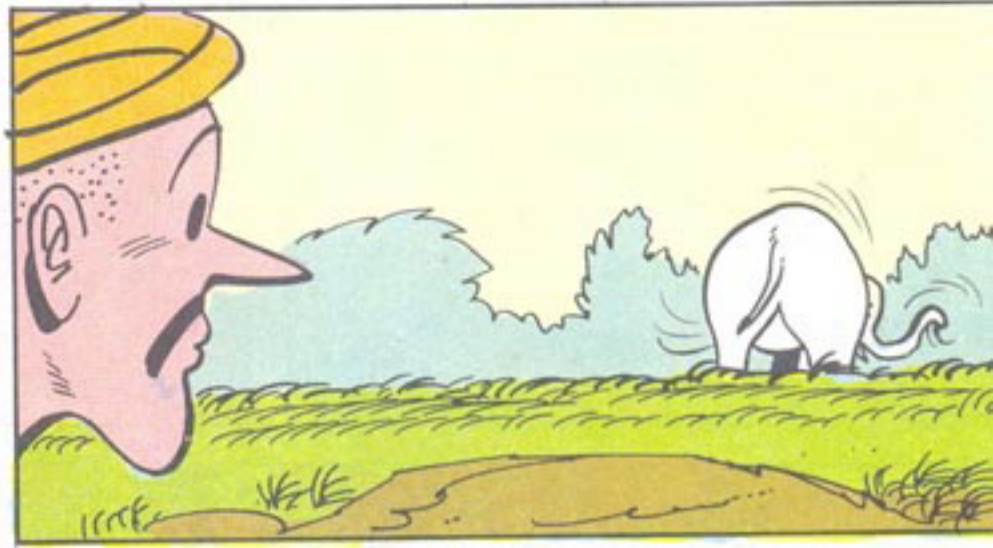
ONE DAY A LABOURER WAS
LOOKING FOR WORK IN THE
FIELDS WHEN HE SAW AN
ELEPHANT DESCENDING
FROM THE SKY.



NO ELEPHANT
ON EARTH
CAN
FLY!



IT MUST HAVE
COME FROM
HEAVEN.

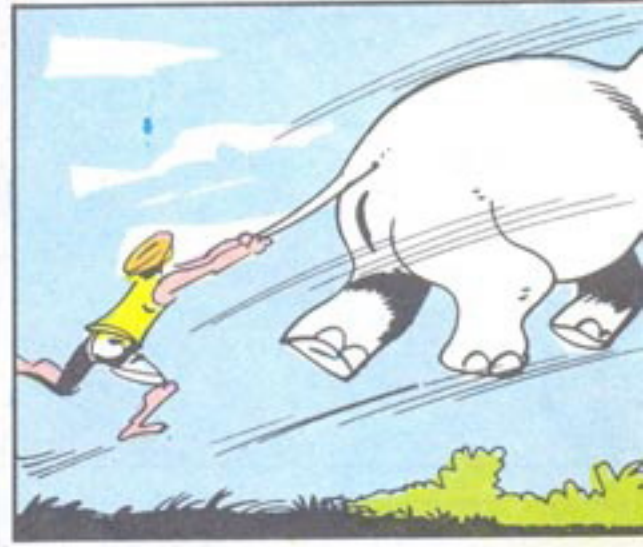


AFTER A WHILE—

IT'S
ABOUT
TO LEAVE!



I'LL GO TO
HEAVEN WITH IT!

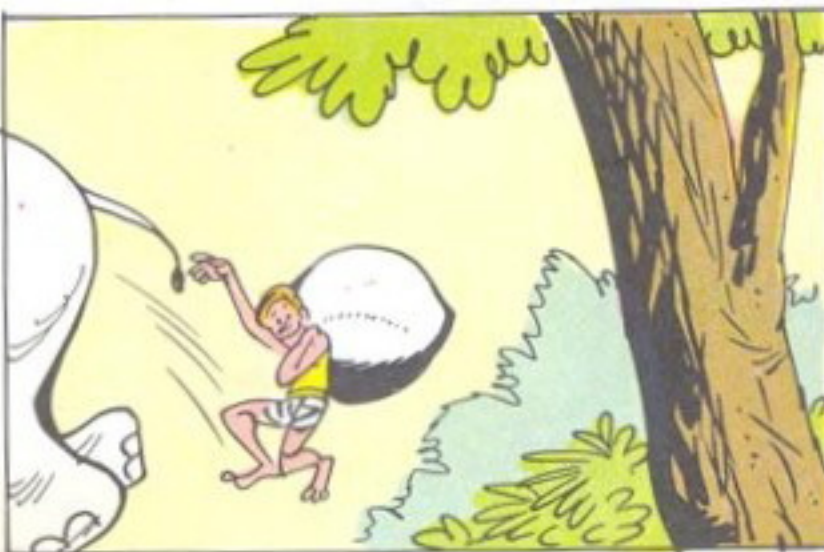
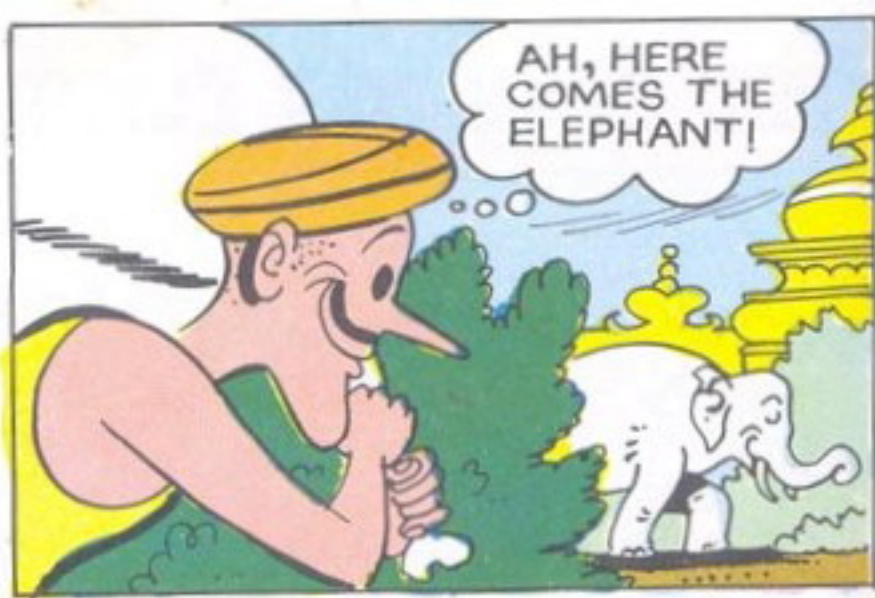


SOMETIME LATER—

AHA! HEAVEN!
THERE SHOULD BE
PLENTY OF WORK
FOR ME HERE.



THE MAN WORKED IN HEAVEN THE REST OF THE DAY AND SPENT THE NIGHT THERE. NEXT MORNING —



WHEN THE MAN RETURNED HOME HE TOLD EVERYONE WHERE HE HAD BEEN.



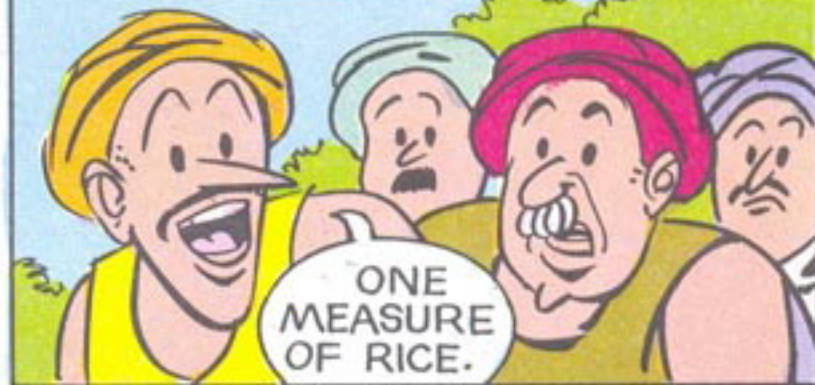
SO THE NEXT MORNING THE MAN TOOK THEM TO THE FIELD WHERE HE HAD SEEN THE ELEPHANT.

QUIET, NOW! DON'T MAKE A NOISE OR HE MAY NOT LAND HERE.



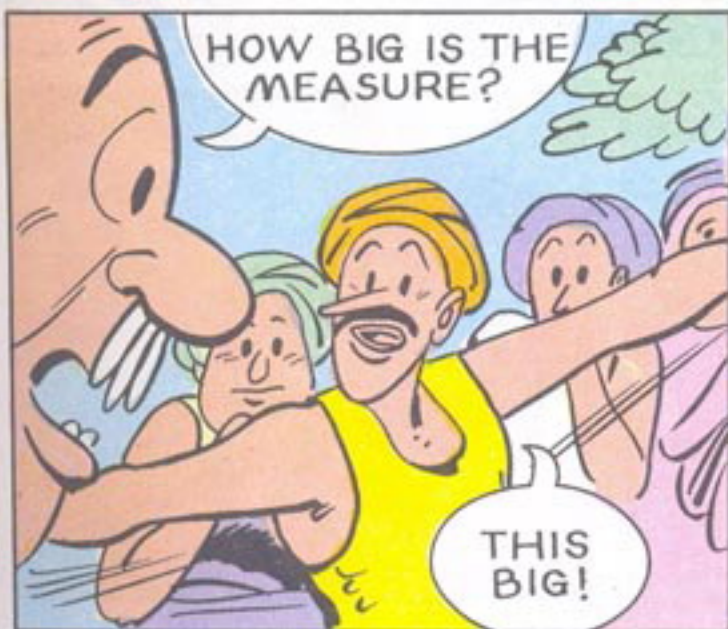
HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY THEY PAY FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK UP THERE?

ONE MEASURE OF RICE.



HOW BIG IS THE MEASURE?

THIS BIG!



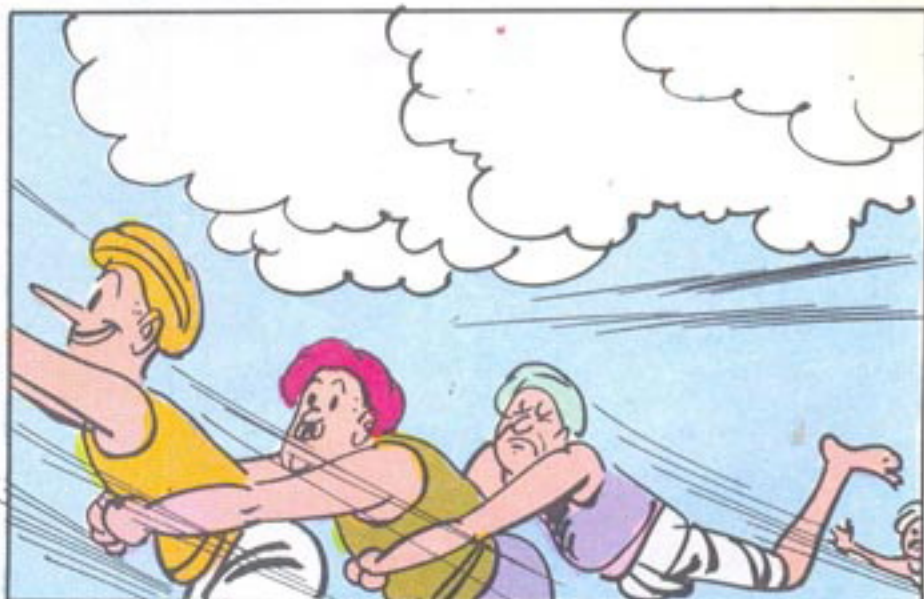
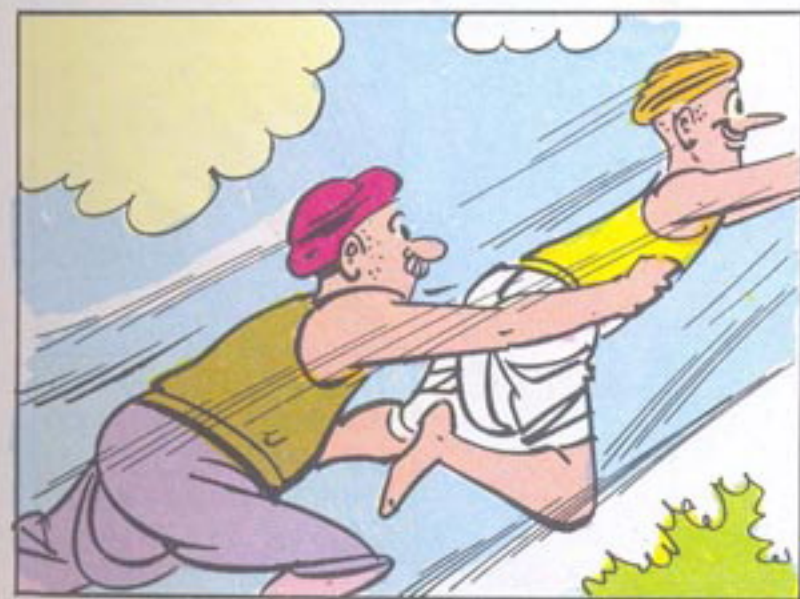
QUIET! HERE HE COMES!



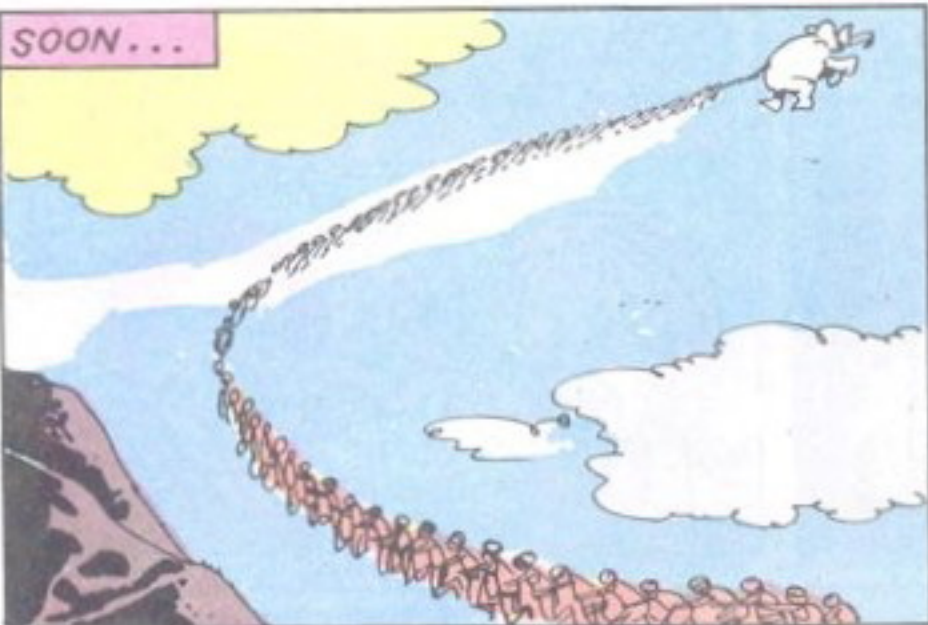
AS THE VILLAGERS WATCHED WITH BATED BREATH THE ELEPHANT LANDED...



...AND ATE. THEN AS IT WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE—



SOON...



...ALL THE VILLAGERS
WERE FLYING UPWARD
TOWARDS HEAVEN.

WE'LL STAY UP
THERE AS LONG AS
WE CAN!



WE'LL RETURN
WITH SACKLOADS
OF GRAIN!

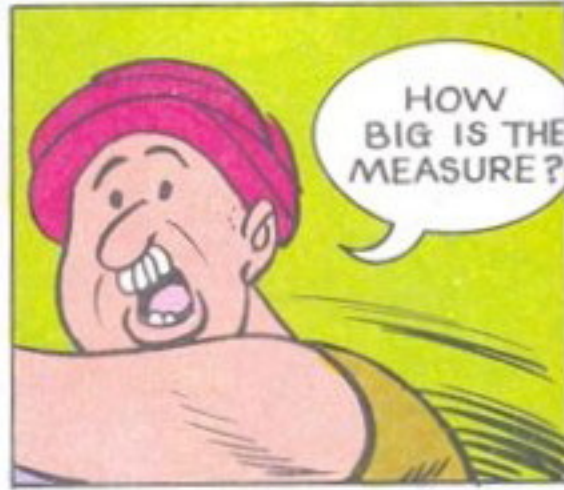


HOW MUCH
DID YOU SAY
THEY PAY FOR
ONE HOUR'S
WORK?



ONE
MEASURE
OF
RICE!

HOW
BIG IS THE
MEASURE?



THIS BIG!



THE NEXT MOMENT ALL OF THEM PLUNGED
INTO A RIVER.



THE ELEPHANT
WAS SO STARTLED
BY THE NOISE
THAT HE NEVER
CAME TO THAT
VILLAGE AGAIN.

Readers'
Choice

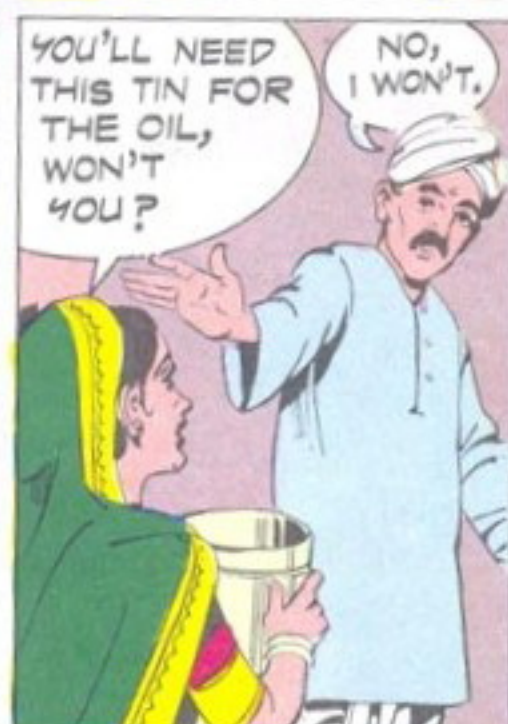
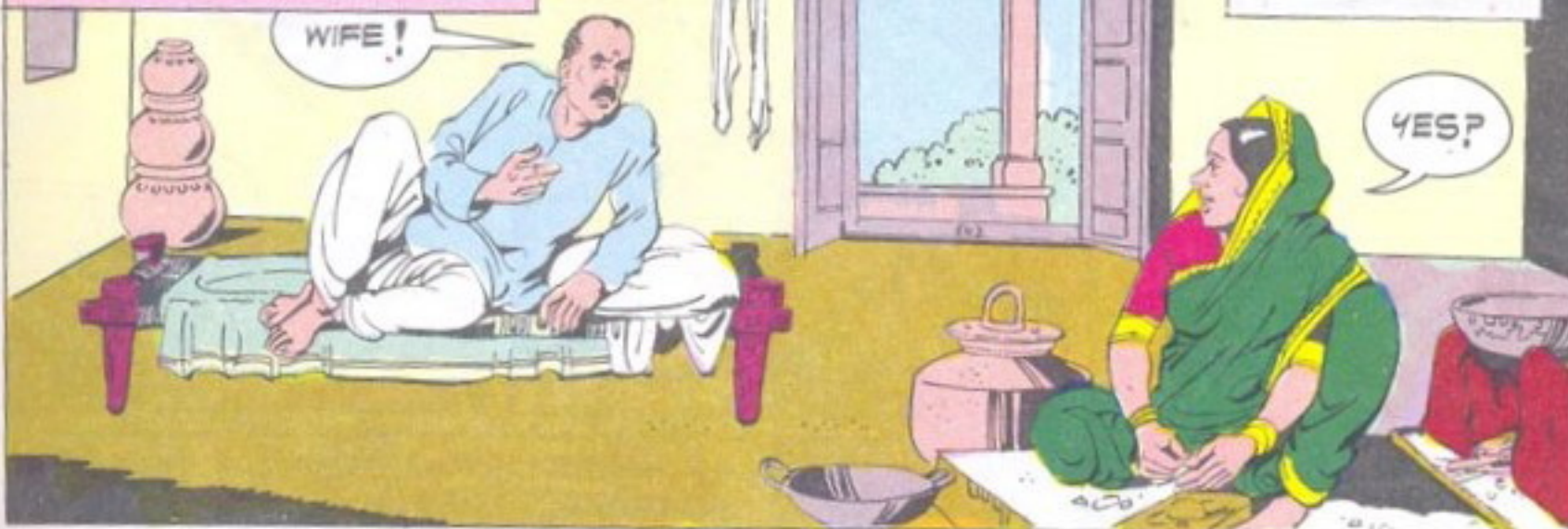
THE MAN WHO LOVED VADAS

Illustrations: M.N. Nangre

Based on
a story sent by
Srinivas Srivatsa,
Bombay.



ONE DAY KHANDOBA, THE MISER,
FELT LIKE EATING VADAS.



KHANDOBA WENT TO A SHOP IN THE MARKET.





IT'S THE
BEST IN THE
MARKET.



LET ME SMELL
IT AND SEE.



KHANDOBA BENT FORWARD,
AS IF TO SMELL THE OIL.

THE NEXT MOMENT —



OH, DEAR! MY
TURBAN!



OH,
NO!

AS KHANDOBA PICKED UP THE OIL-
SOAKED TURBAN —

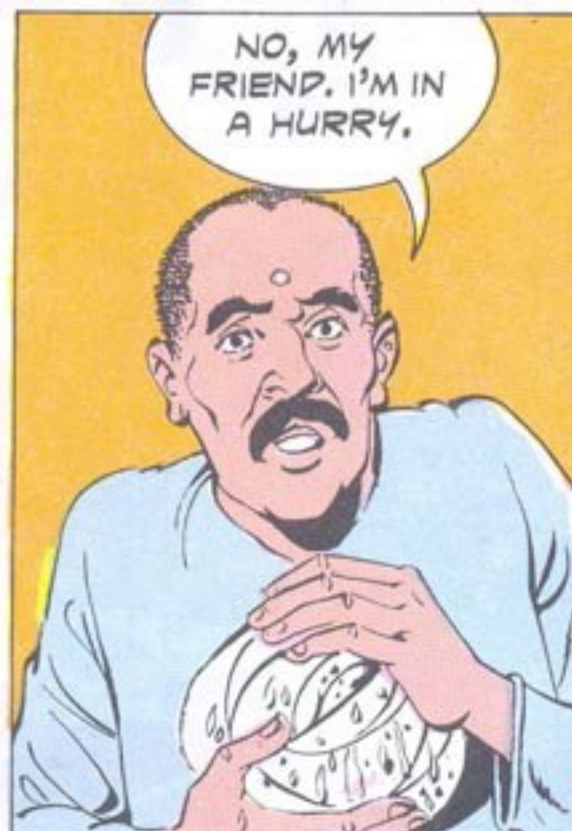


I'M EXTREMELY
SORRY, SIR. YOUR
TURBAN...

NEVER
MIND.



GIVE IT TO ME.
I'LL HAVE IT
WASHED
AND ...



NO, MY
FRIEND. I'M IN
A HURRY.



I MUST LEAVE
RIGHT AWAY.
I'LL COME BACK
LATER FOR THE
OIL.

BACK AT HOME, KHANDOBA
SQUEEZED THE OIL INTO
A VESSEL.

THE VESSEL
IS FULL.



BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU BROUGHT
THE OIL IN YOUR
TURBAN.



NOW TAKE THIS
BAG.

WHAT
FOR?



TO GET
THE DAL.



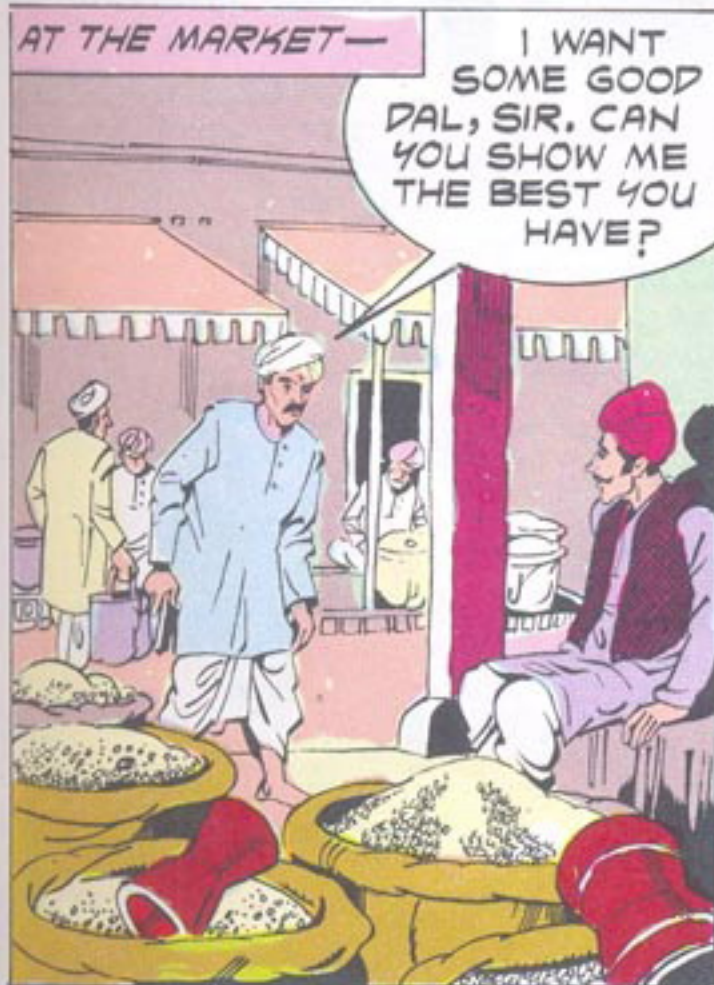
I DON'T
NEED
YOUR
BAG.

I HAVE MY
TURBAN.



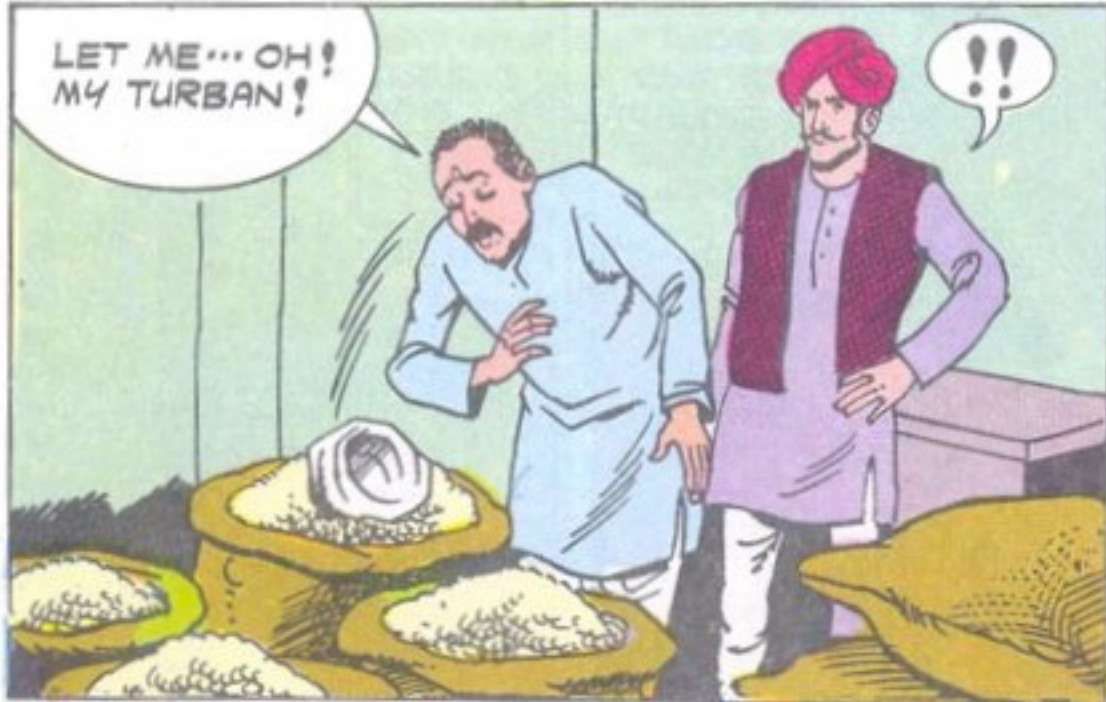
AT THE MARKET—

I WANT
SOME GOOD
DAL, SIR. CAN
YOU SHOW ME
THE BEST YOU
HAVE?



HERE. HAVE
A LOOK AT THE
DAL IN THESE
BAGS, SIR.





LET ME... OH!
MY TURBAN!

!!



I'LL SEE YOU
LATER.



AND KHANDOBA RETURNED
HOME.

HERE YOU ARE!
ALL THE DAL
YOU NEED.



WHY COULDN'T
YOU USE A BAG
AS EVERYONE
ELSE DOES?

I HAVE MY
REASONS.



NOW I AM GOING
OUT. I WANT THE
VADAS TO BE READY
BY THE TIME
I RETURN.

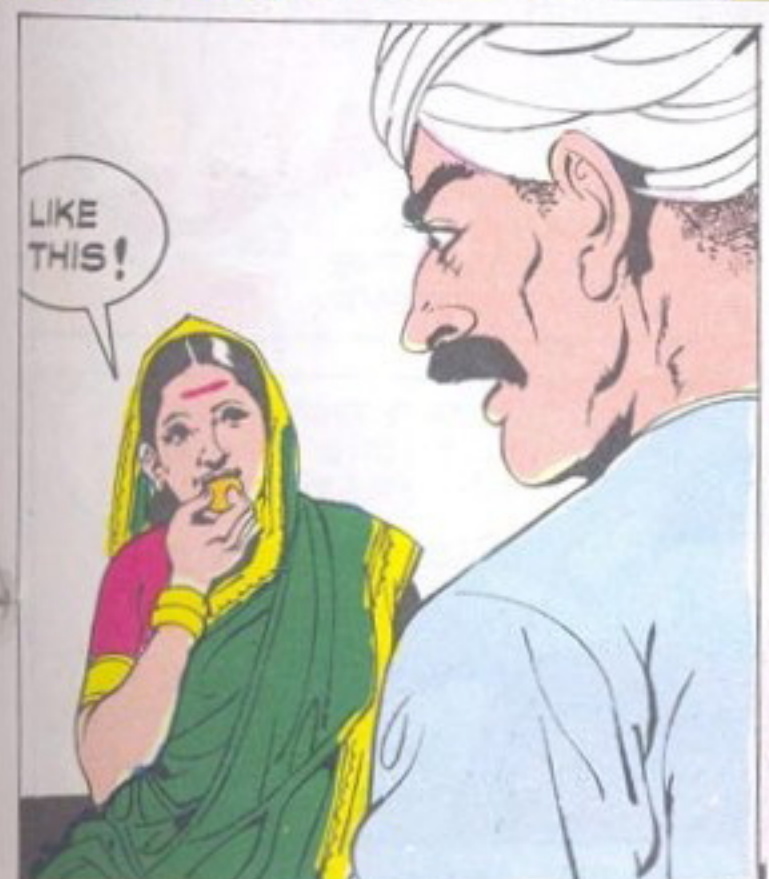


KHANDOBA'S WIFE GROUND THE DAL,
PATTED THE PASTE INTO VADAS
AND BEGAN TO FRY THEM.



SOON SHE HAD A PLATEFUL OF CRISP,
HOT VADAS, READY.

I THINK
I'D BETTER
TASTE ONE AND
SEE.



RAMA TO THE RESCUE

—a folktale from Tamil Nadu

Script : Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

IN A VILLAGE, ONE NIGHT—



OH-HUMM!
WHAT
A HARD DAY IT
HAS BEEN!

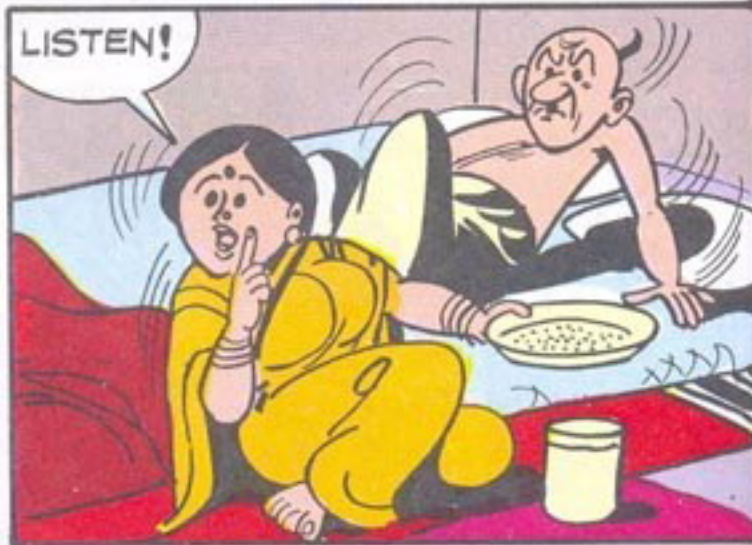


I'M FEELING SO
SLEEPY...

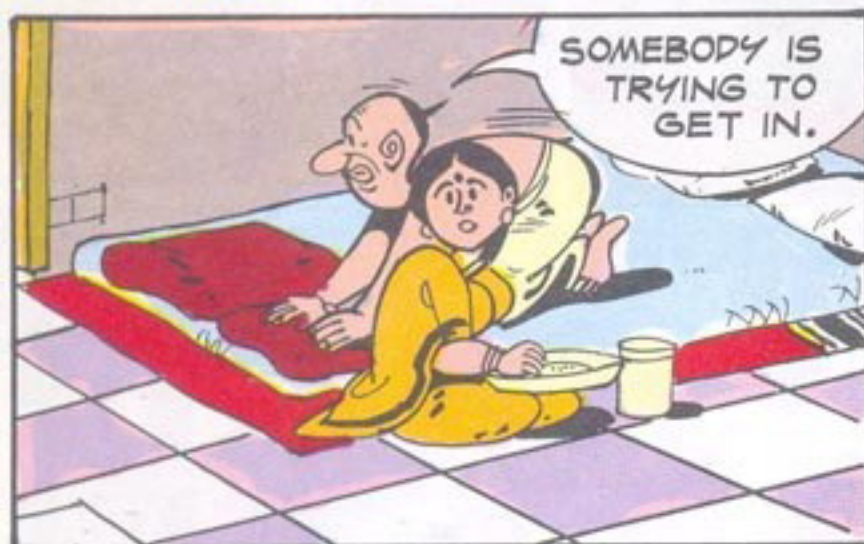


WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING AT?

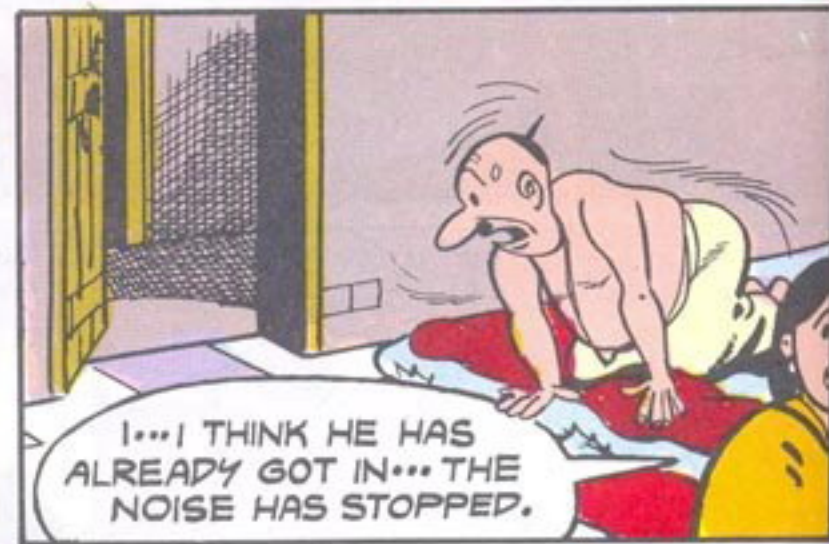
SSSSH!



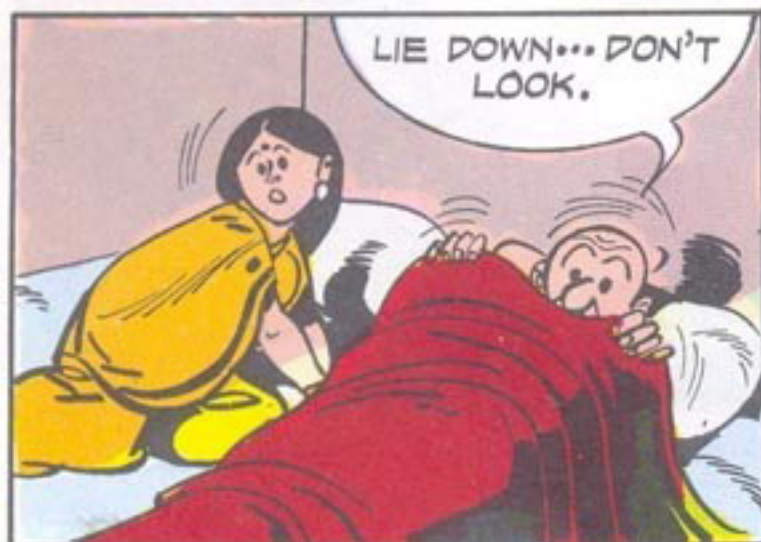
LISTEN!



SOMEBODY IS
TRYING TO
GET IN.



I...I THINK HE HAS
ALREADY GOT IN... THE
NOISE HAS STOPPED.



LIE DOWN... DON'T
LOOK.



IT'S A THIEF... HE
MUST HAVE SOMEHOW
GOT PAST RAMA.

RAMA WAS THE VILLAGE KOTWAL.



BUT WHAT IF HE'S
IN THE YARD?

THEN I'LL CALL
OUT A LITTLE
LOUDER, RAMA,
RAMA!



I WISH THEY WOULD
STOP THIS SILLY GAME
AND TALK ABOUT
THEIR MONEY
INSTEAD.



OR FALL
ASLEEP AT
LEAST!



BUT MY DEAR, WHAT
IF THE BOY IS
NOT IN THE HOUSE
OR IN THE YARD,
BUT IN THE
STREET?



OH,
THEN I'LL CALL
OUT VERY
LOUDLY...

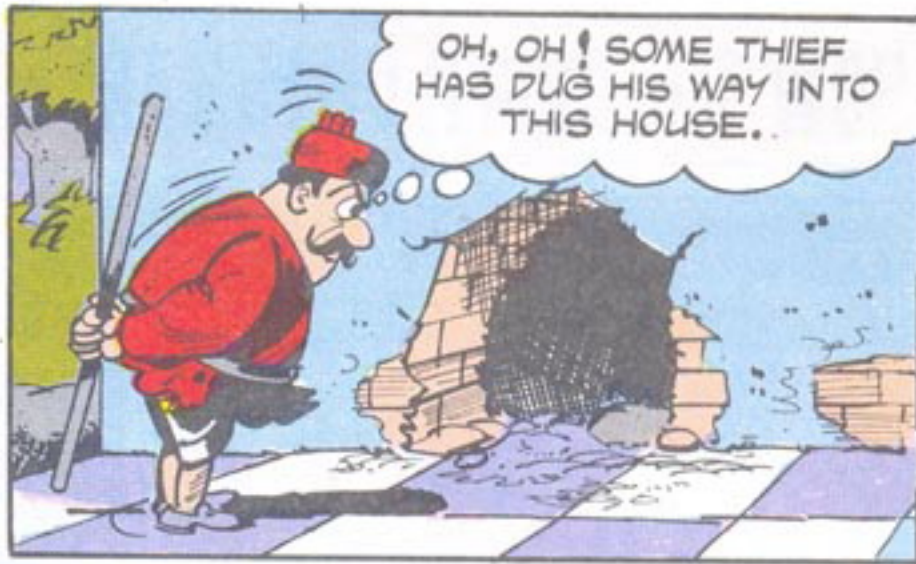
RAMA!
RAMA!



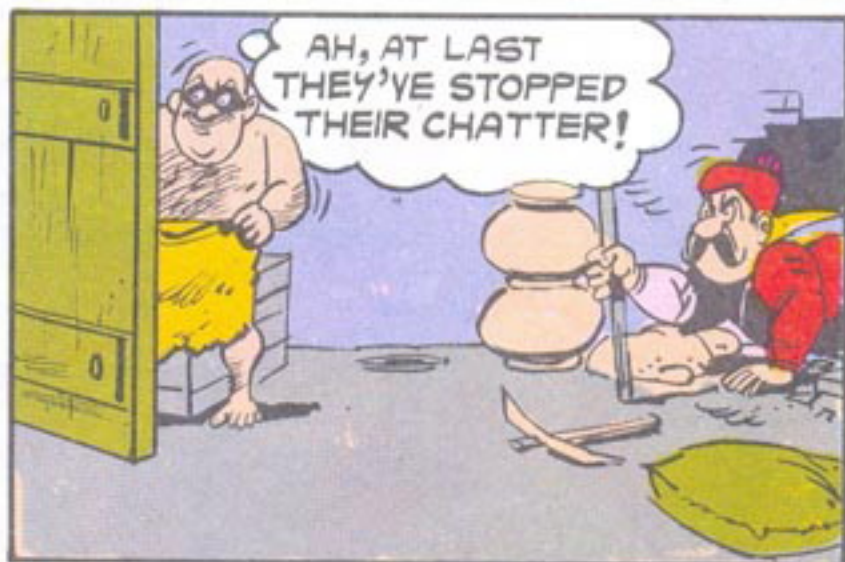
RAMA, THE VILLAGE KOTWAL, RAN TO THE HOUSE FROM WHICH HE HEARD HIS NAME BEING CALLED.



OH, OH! SOME THIEF HAS DUG HIS WAY INTO THIS HOUSE.



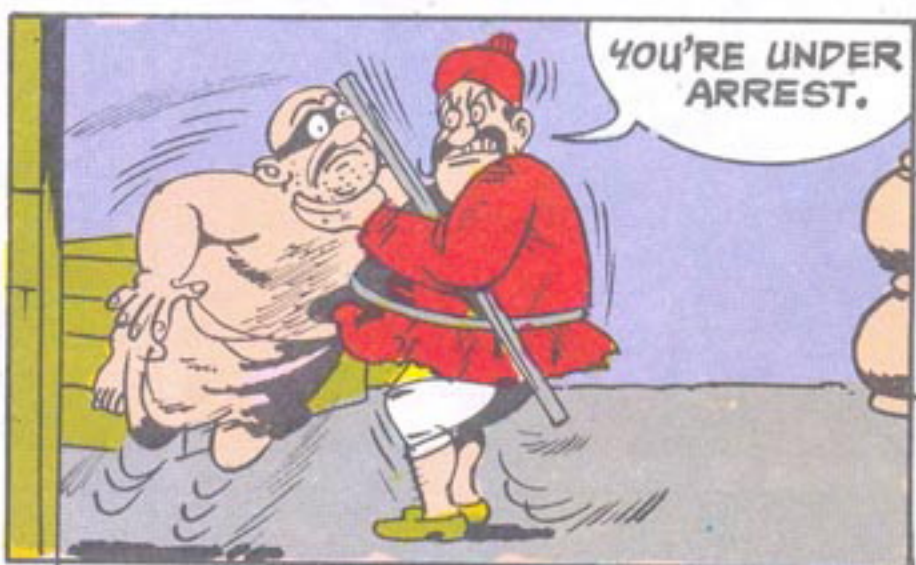
AH, AT LAST THEY'VE STOPPED THEIR CHATTER!



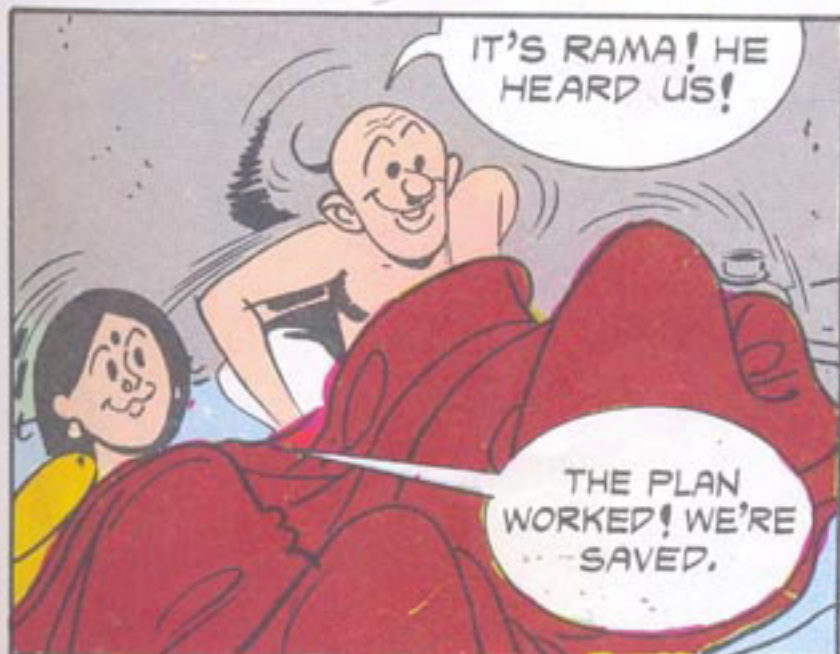
NOW SOON THEY'LL GO TO SLEEP AND... EH!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

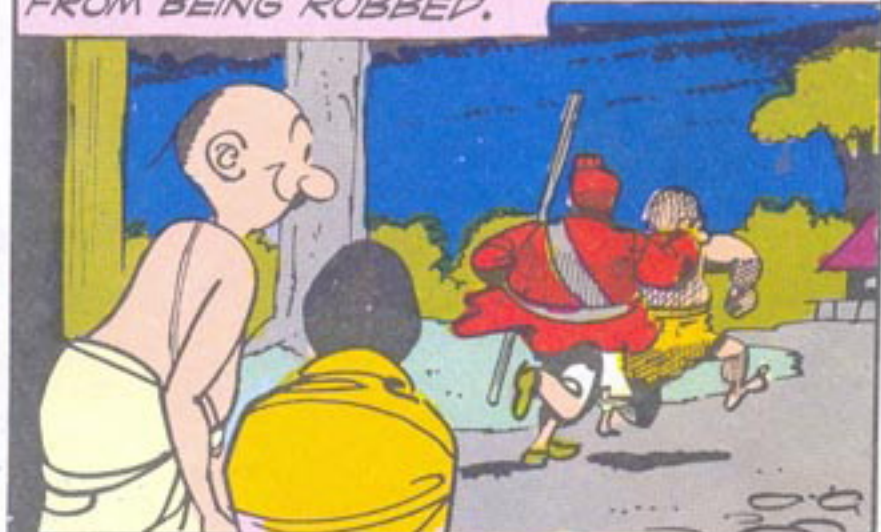


IT'S RAMA! HE HEARD US!



THE PLAN WORKED! WE'RE SAVED.

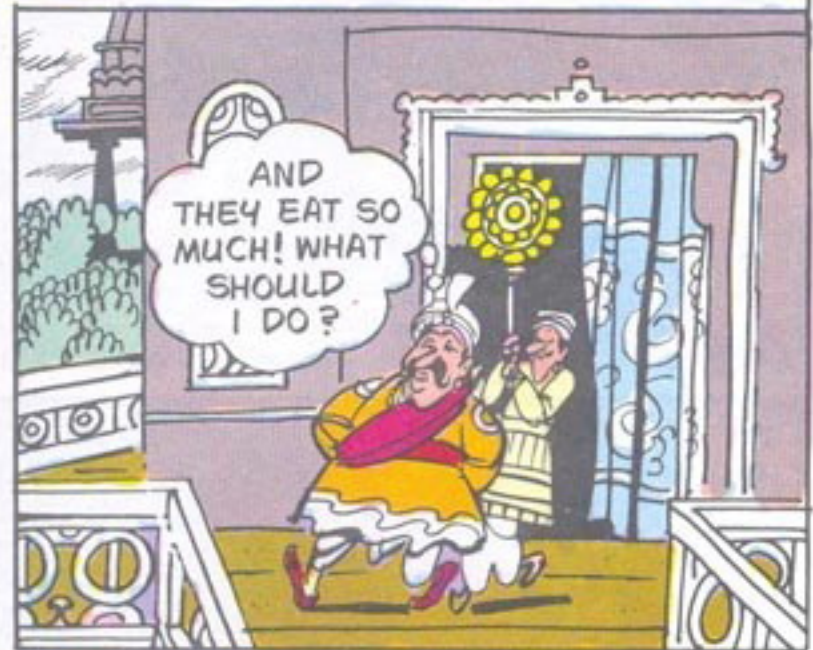
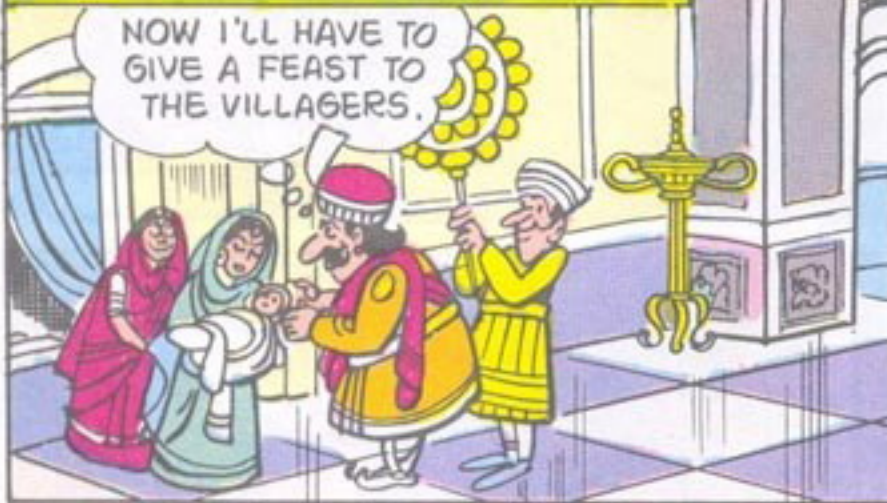
THE MAN AND HIS WIFE BY THEIR CLEVERNESS HAD SAVED THEMSELVES FROM BEING ROBBED.

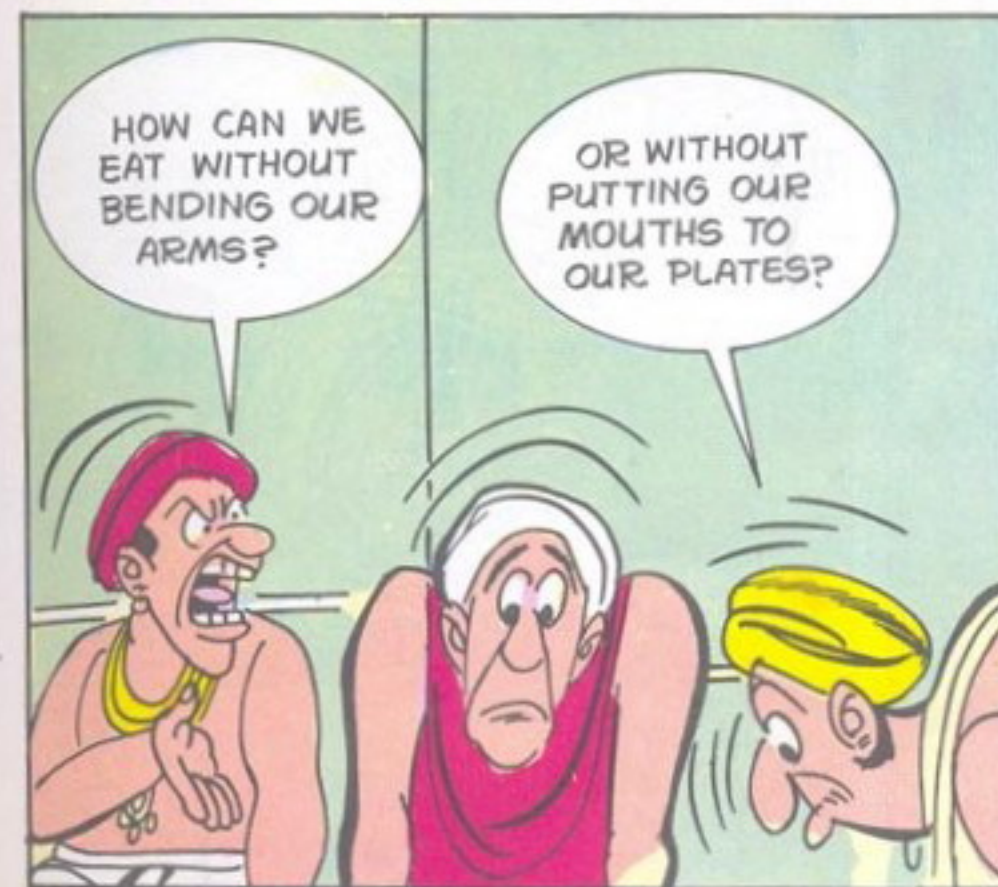
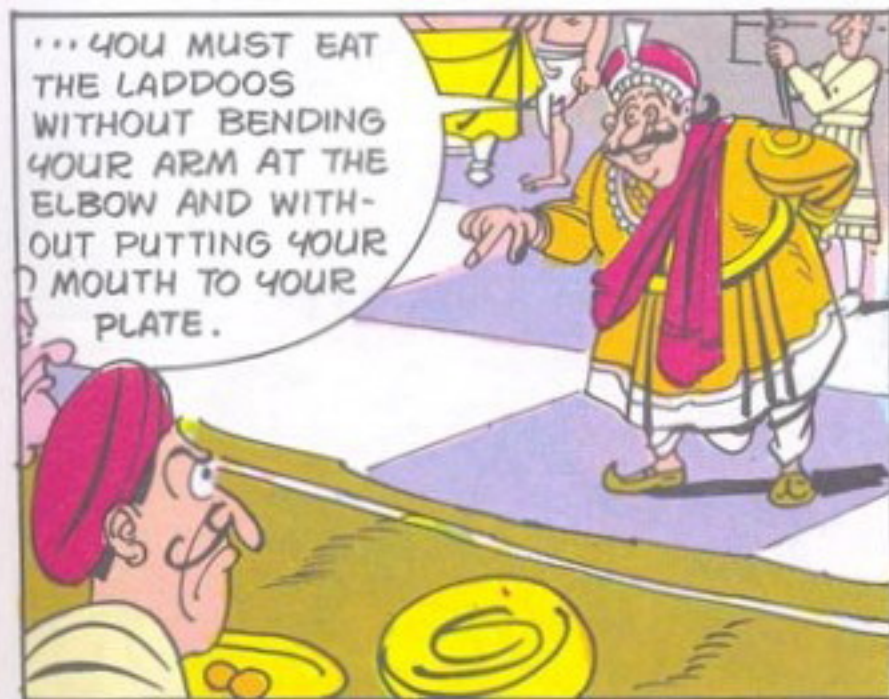


HOW THE MISER OUTSMARTED HIMSELF

Adapted from the folktale as told by the late Saguna Manjeshwar
Illustrations : Ram Waerkar

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MISERLY KING. ONE DAY A SON WAS BORN TO HIM. THIS MADE HIM VERY UNHAPPY.





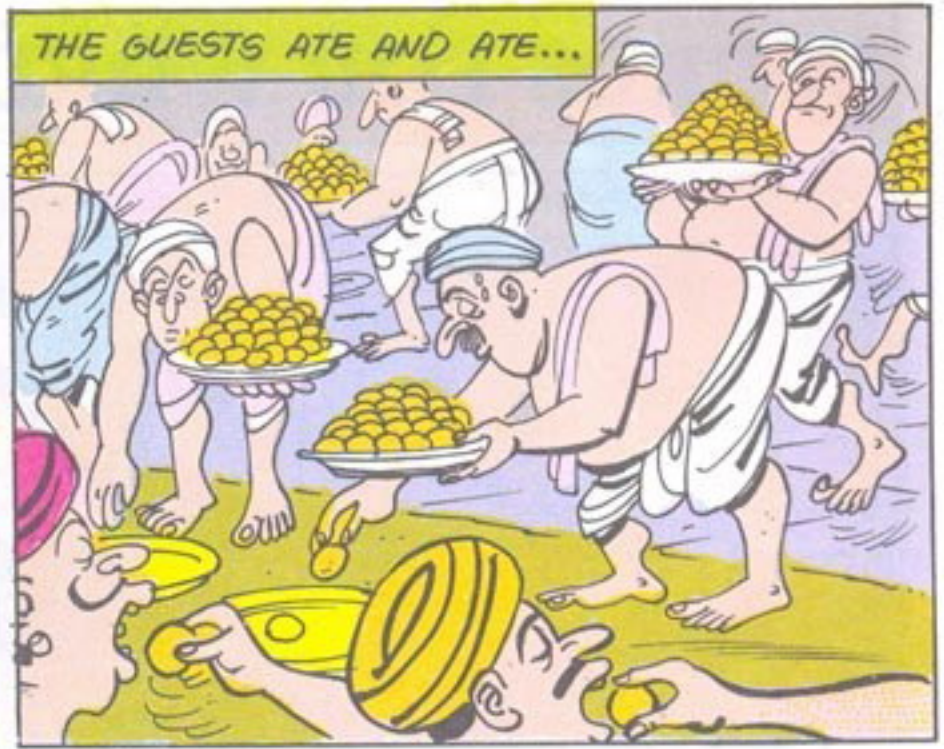
THEN SUDDENLY ONE MAN GOT AN IDEA.

I KNOW HOW WE CAN DO IT!

WHAT ARE THEY WHISPERING?

LET THEM WHISPER. THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN EAT WITHOUT BENDING THEIR ELBOWS...

...OR WITHOUT... WHAT ARE THEY DOING!

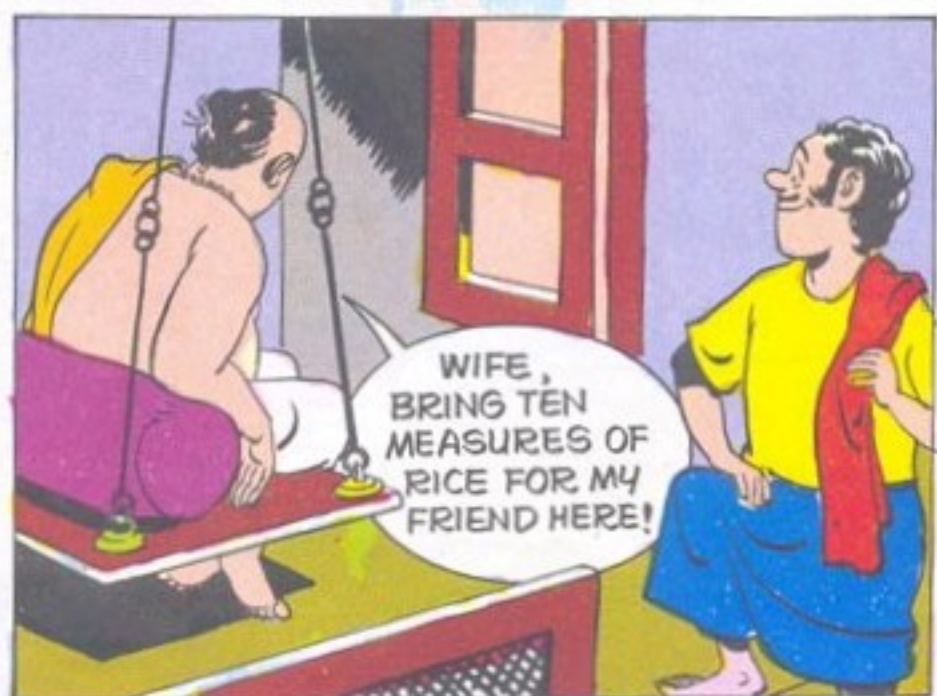


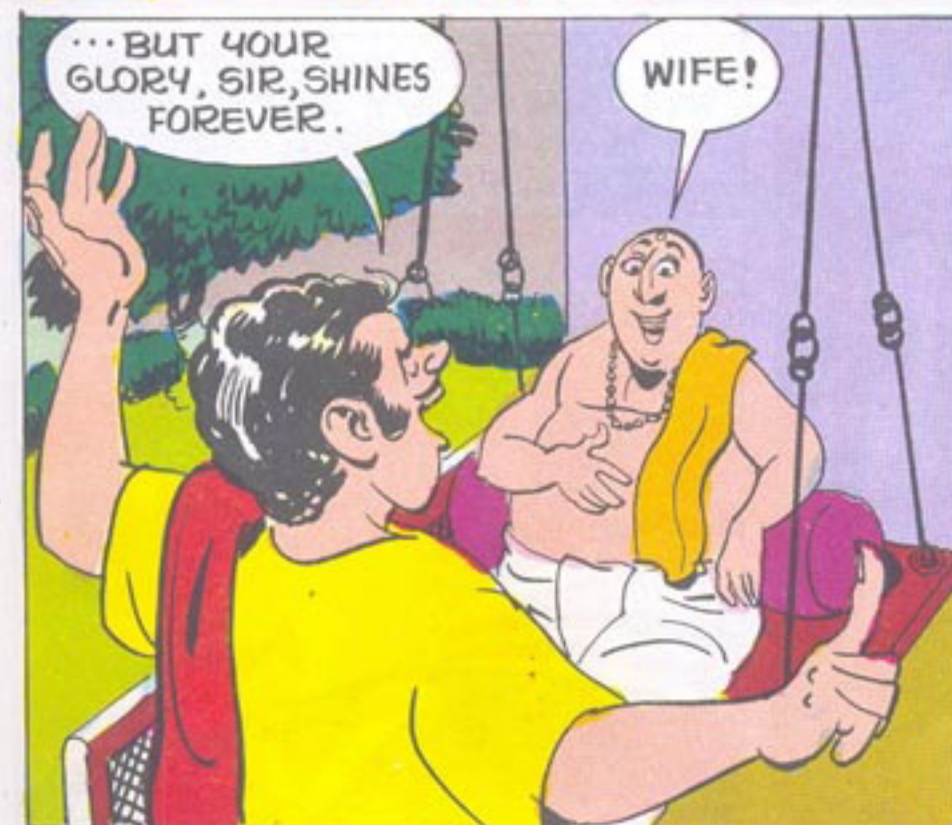
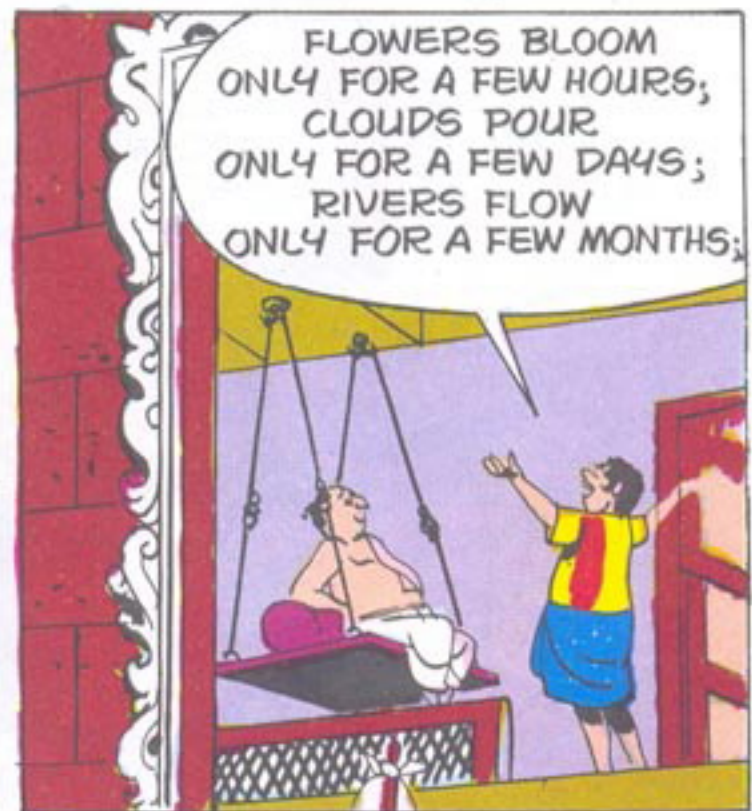
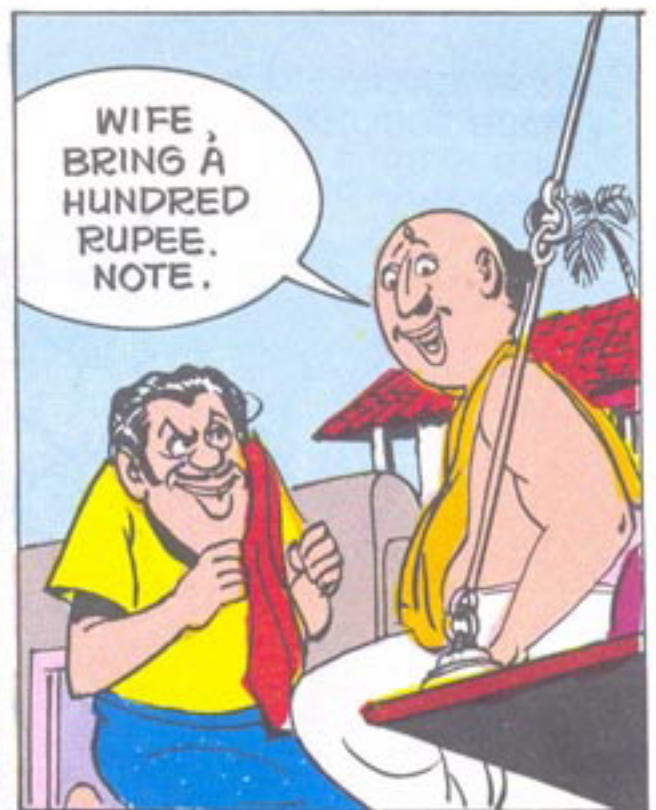
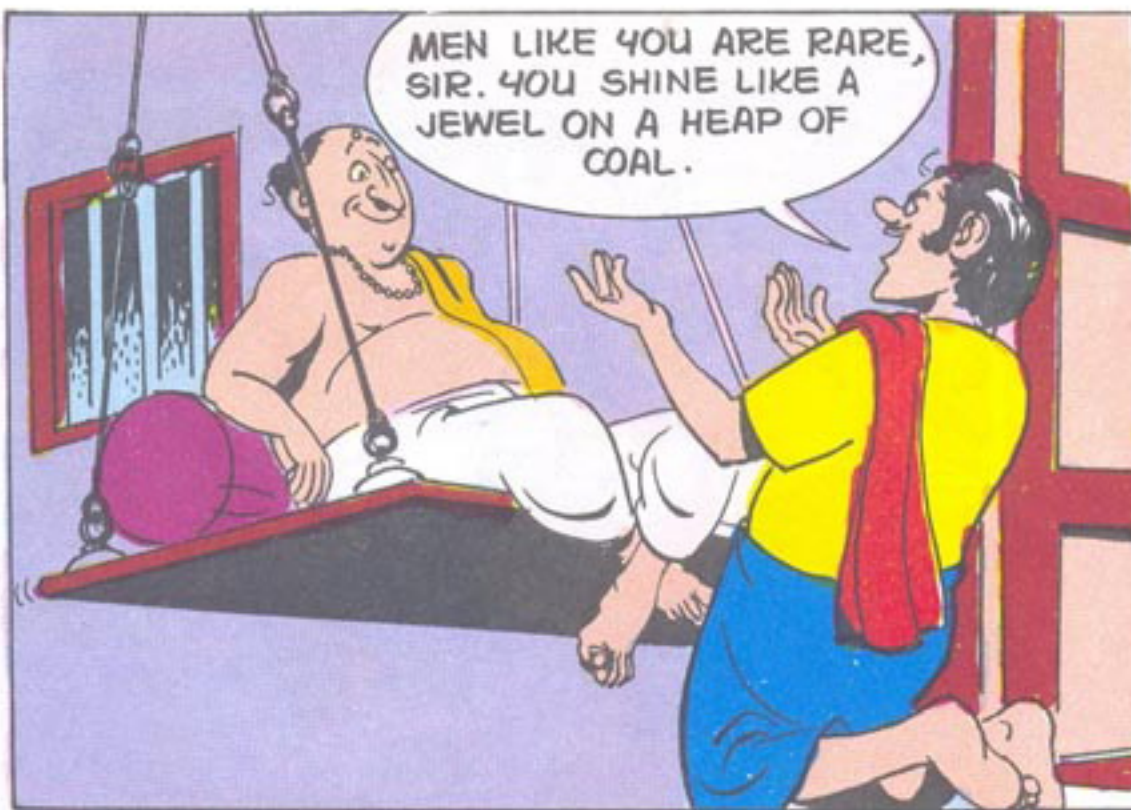
WORDS FOR WORDS

Story:
P. Varadarajan

Illustrations:
V. B. Halbe

A CITY DWELLER WAS PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE.





HOW EASILY
I HAVE FOOLED,
THIS STUPID
FELLOW!



ER...WHY HAVEN'T THE
GIFTS COME AS YET,
SIR.



NOW,
WHAT DID
YOU DO WITH
YOUR WORDS?

I...ER...
MADE YOU
HAPPY.



WELL,
I HAVE MADE
YOU HAPPY
WITH MINE.



WHAT
MORE DO YOU
WANT?



THE MAN REALISED THAT THE
VILLAGERS WERE NOT AS SIMPLE
AS THEY LOOKED AND HASTILY
LEFT THE VILLAGE.



RAMAN'S CAT

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

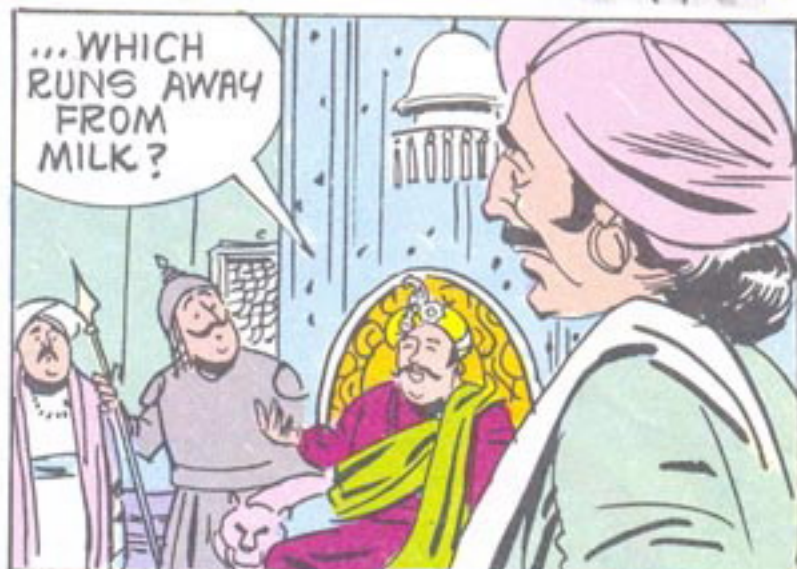
READERS'
CHOICE

Based on a story
sent by
Syed Ashfaq Najeed,
Hyderabad



THE EMPEROR, KRISHNA DEVA RAYA WANTED TO SEE HOW CLEVER HIS MINISTERS WERE.

CAN ANY OF YOU BRING ME A CAT...



...WHICH RUNS AWAY FROM MILK?



NO CAT WILL EVER RUN AWAY FROM MILK,

THERE'S NOTHING A CAT LIKES BETTER,



WHAT? NO ONE?

I WILL BRING YOU SUCH A CAT, YOUR MAJESTY,

THE MAN WHO SPOKE WAS RAMAN.



BUT NOT IMMEDIATELY.

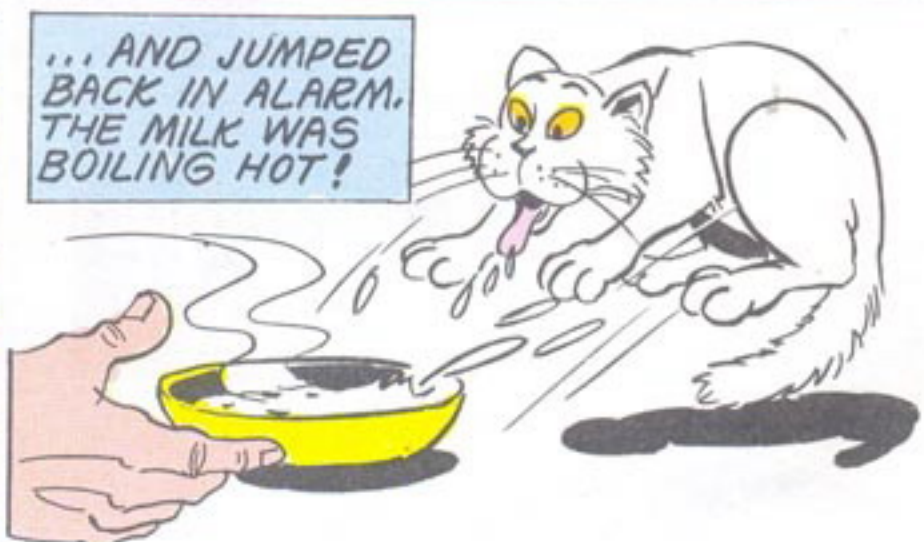
THEN BRING IT WITHIN 30 DAYS



RAMAN WENT HOME AND PLACED A SAUCER OF MILK BEFORE HIS CAT.



THE CAT DIPPED ITS TONGUE INTO IT...



...AND JUMPED BACK IN ALARM. THE MILK WAS BOILING HOT!