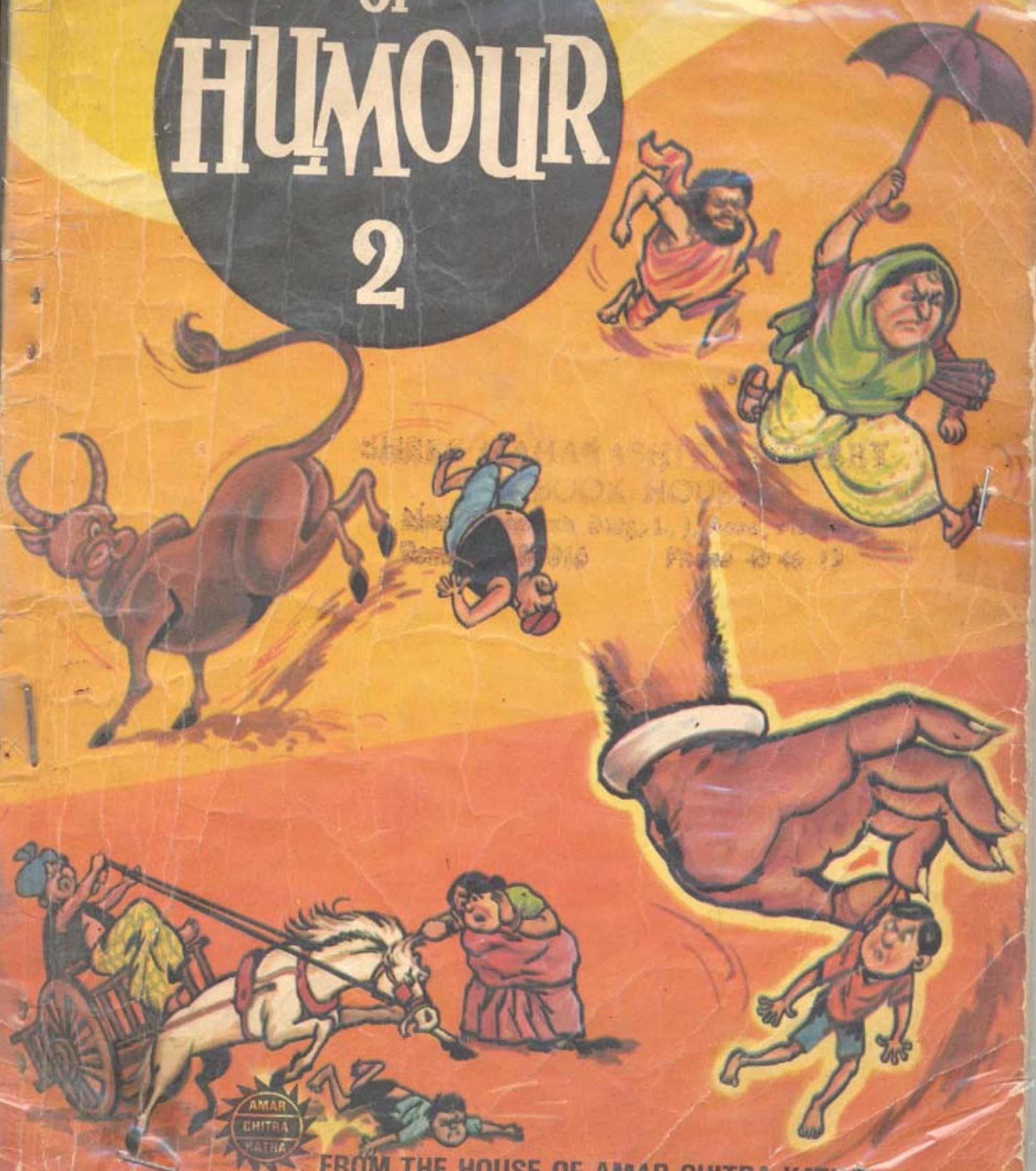


A TINKLE COLLECTION 10

Rs. 10

TALES OF HUMOUR 2



AMAR
CHITRA
KATHA

FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

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THE MONEY-LENDER MEETS HIS MATCH

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Tel: 4454287/4462061

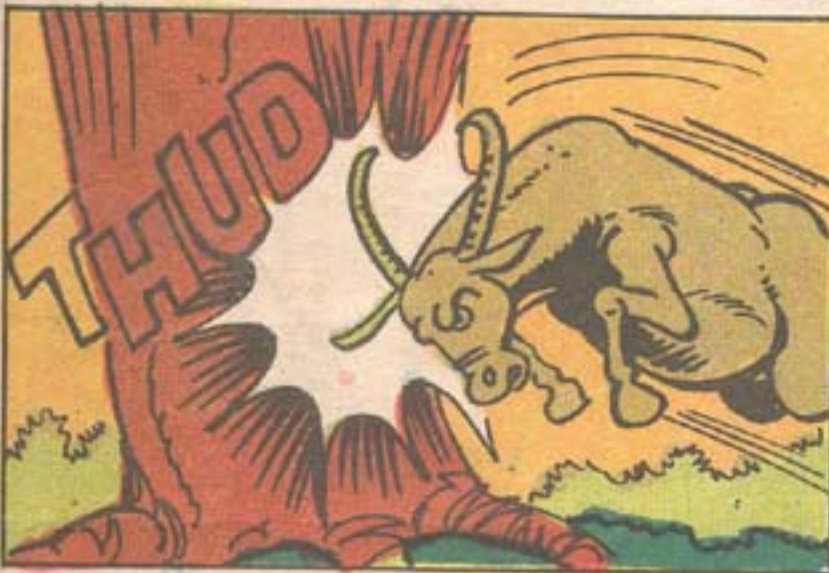


Based on a story sent by Arup Jyoti, Nagaland

ONE AFTERNOON, A WOOD CUTTER WAS CHOPPING WOOD IN THE FOREST WHEN SUDDENLY, HE SAW A WILD BUFFALO CHARGING TOWARDS HIM.



AT ONCE, HE CLIMBED UP A TREE.

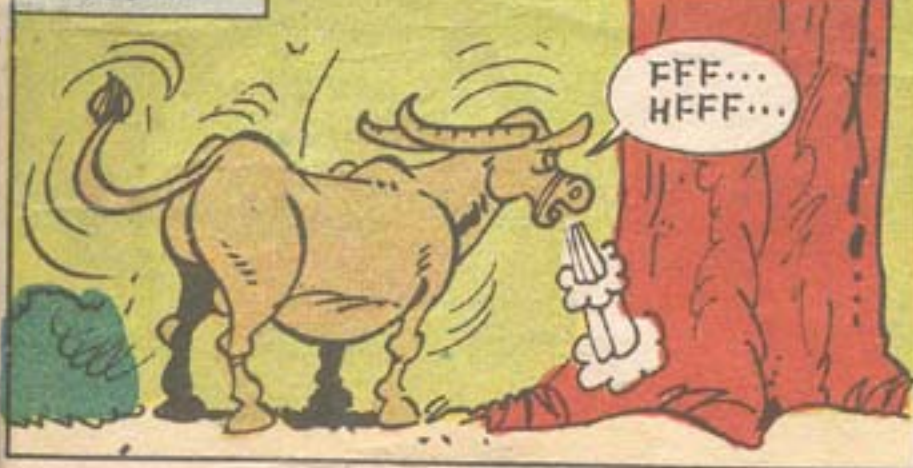


THE BUFFALO RAMMED THE TREE AGAIN AND AGAIN...



HELP!
HELP!

AFTER SOME TIME THE BUFFALO GREW TIRED...



FFF...
HEFF...

... AND FELL ASLEEP.



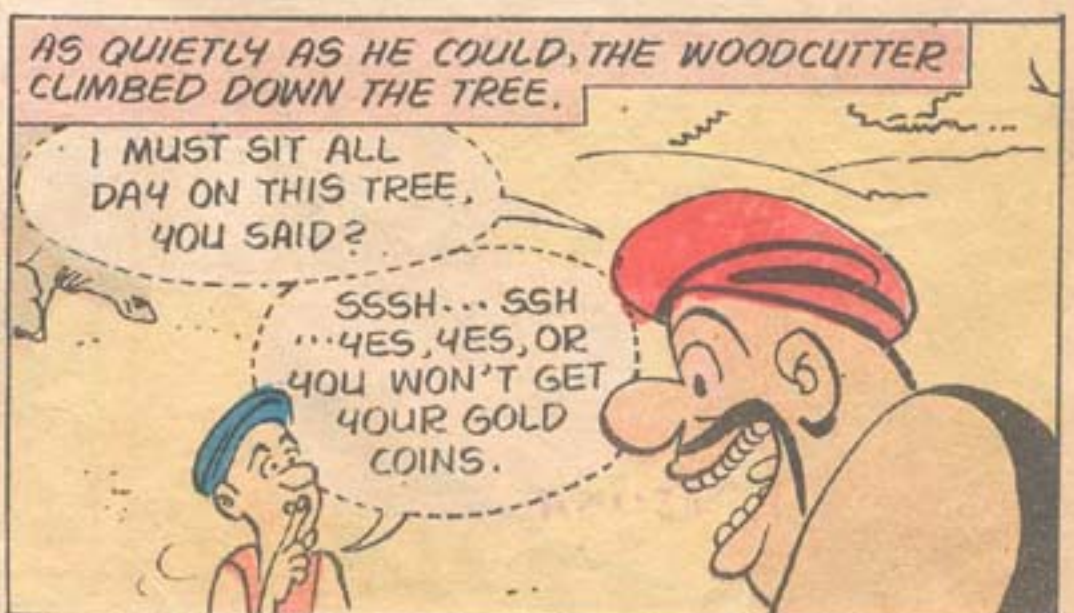
SAVED!

NOW I'LL QUIETLY CLIMB DOWN AND...





WHEN THE MAN HAD CLIMBED UP —



SO ALL AFTERNOON, THE MONEY LENDER SAT ON THE TREE.

OOOH!
HOW STIFF
AND SORE
MY LIMBS
HAVE BECOME.

FINALLY, IN THE EVENING, HE CLIMBED DOWN.

GET UP, YOU!
I WANT MY
GOLD COINS.

GRRRAH...

OW!

AAAH! HE'LL
GORE ME TO
DEATH.

HELP!

RAM

IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE THE
BUFFALO LEFT...

... AND THE TERRIFIED MAN COULD CLIMB
DOWN AGAIN.

I... I NEVER
WANT TO SEE
A BUFFALO
AGAIN!

SUNDAR AND THE SETH

Based on a story
sent by Avlok,
New Delhi

Illustrations :
V. B. Halbe

HEY, SONU!
NO WORK
TODAY?

I'VE
STOPPED
WORKING
FOR
SETHJI.

I'D RATHER
STARVE THAN
WORK FOR
HIM.

WHY?
WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE DID NOT PAY ME
A PAISA AND... HE
WAS ABOUT TO...
C... CUT OFF MY
NOSE.

HOW
AWFUL!
BUT, WHY?

BECAUSE THAT WAS HIS
CONDITION WHEN HE HIRED ME.
IF I LEFT HIS SERVICE, HE COULD
CUT OFF MY NOSE AND IF HE
SACKED ME, I COULD CUT
OFF HIS NOSE.

HOW
STRANGE!

YOUR SETHJI
SOUNDS LIKE AN
INTERESTING
MAN.

I'LL GO AND
OFFER MY SERVICES
TO HIM.

SOON —

SETHJI, DO YOU NEED A SERVANT?

I DO, BUT...

...I HAVE CERTAIN CONDITIONS...

I KNOW ABOUT THEM, SETHJI.

YOU DO? THEN YOU CAN START IMMEDIATELY.

A FEW DAYS LATER —

HE DOES THE WORK OF THREE MEN!

AND EATS AS MUCH!

LET HIM EAT! REMEMBER, HE WON'T BE GETTING A PAISA FROM US!

ONE DAY AS SUNDER WAS PASSING BY A DESERTED SPOT —

A DEAD HORSE. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

SUNDER CUT OFF THE HORSE'S TAIL. THEN GOING HOME HE UNTIED THE SETH'S MARE, LED IT TO THE FOREST...

... AND TIED IT TO A TREE THERE.

AFTERWARDS HE PLANTED THE HORSE'S TAIL IN A MARSHY SPOT...

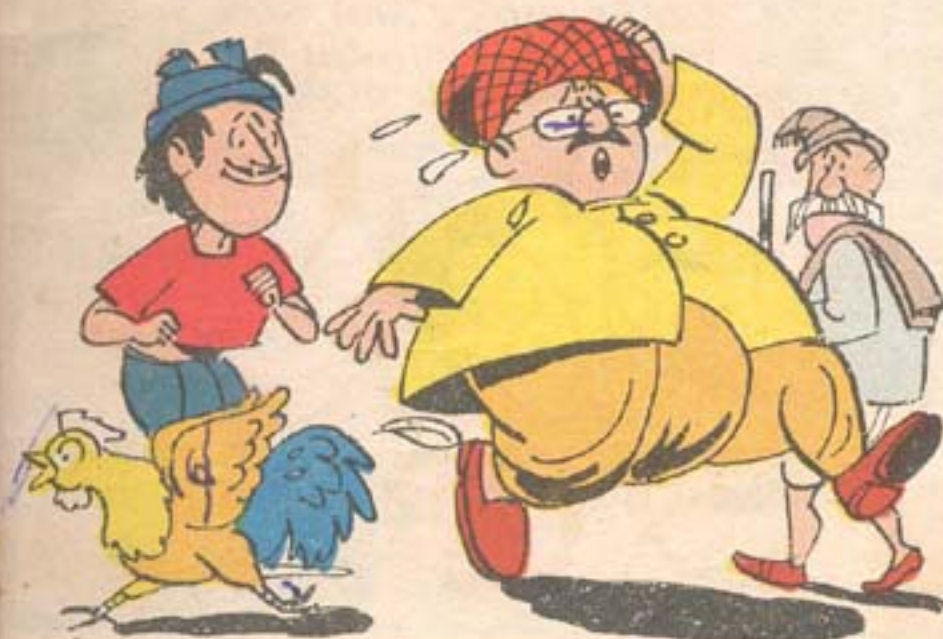


... AND RAN HOME.



SETHJI! SETHJI!
YOUR MARE IS SINK-
ING IN THE MARSH.
HURRY! HURRY!

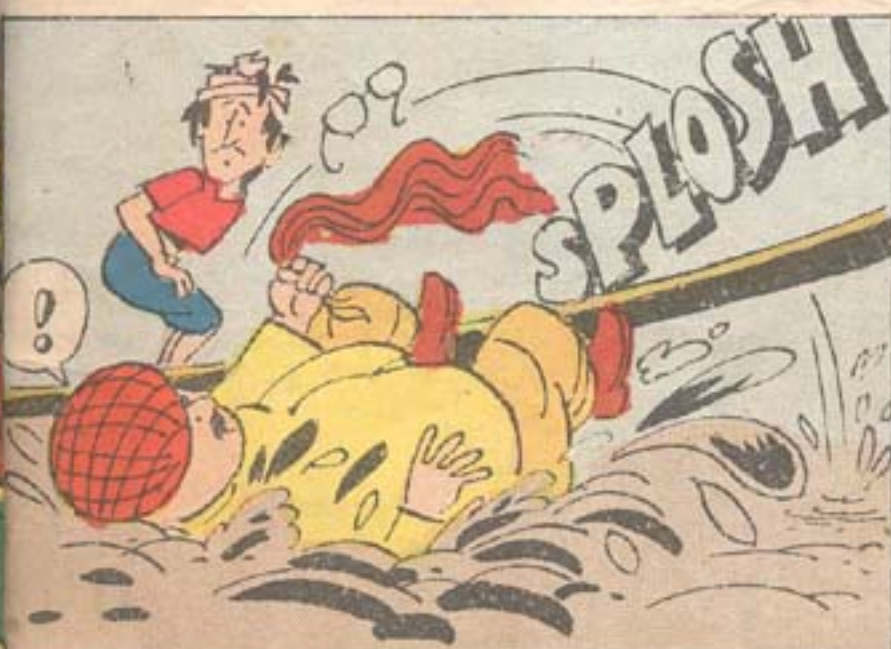
OH!



LOOK! IT'S
GONE IN!



OH, THE
POOR
MARE!

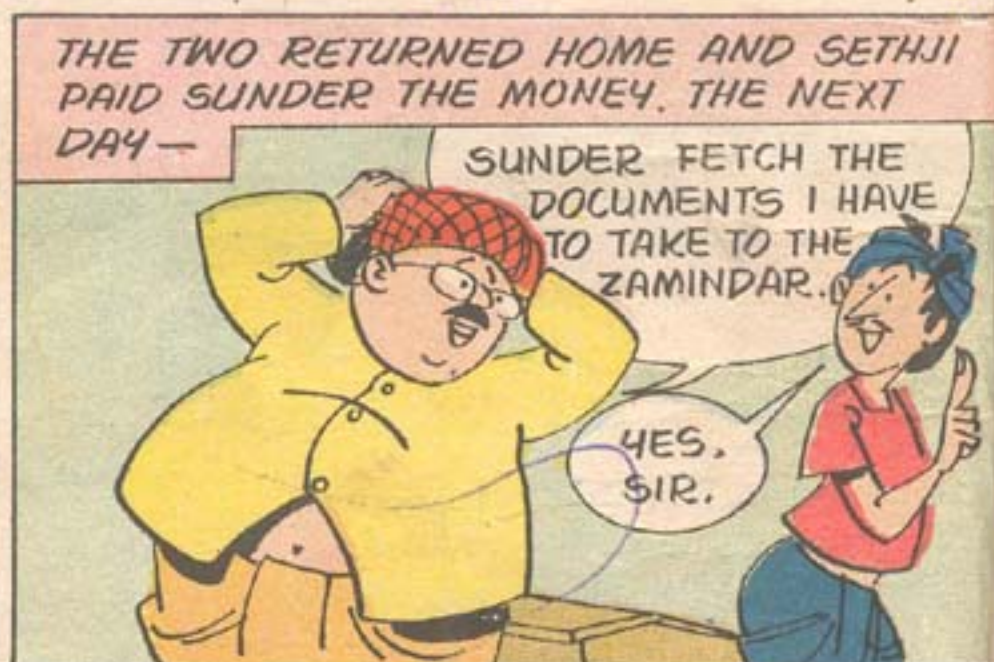
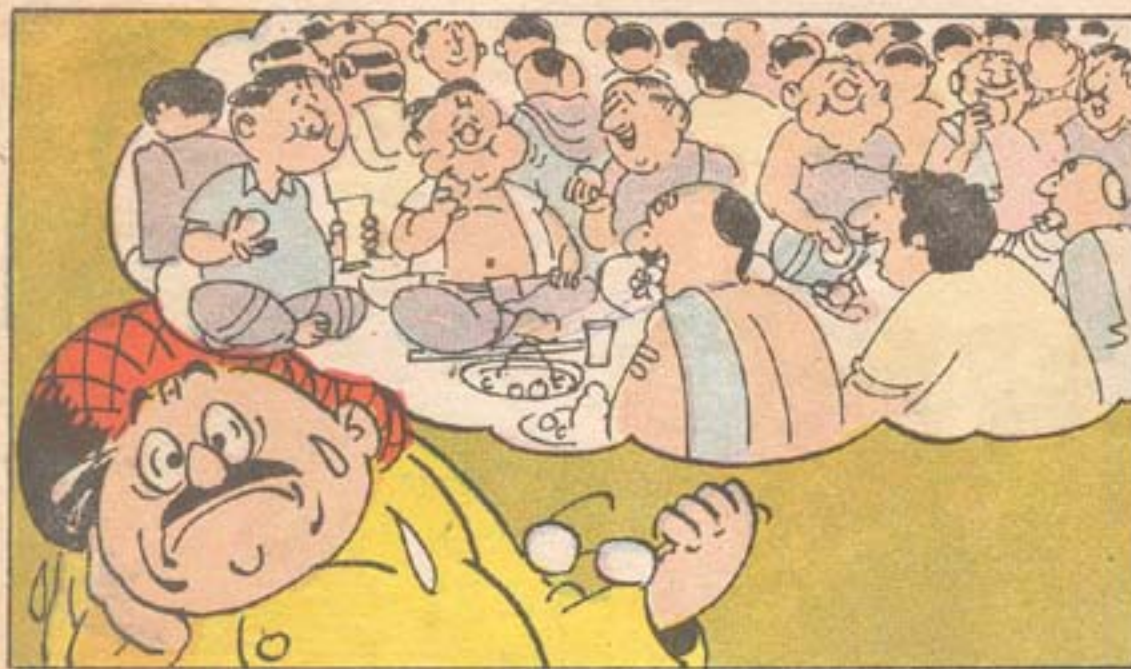


SPLOSH!



SETHJI, YOU HAVE
KILLED YOUR MARE. NOW
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE A
FEAST TO ATONE FOR
YOUR SIN.

A...
FEAST?



AT THE ZAMINDAR'S HOUSE —

I HAVE BROUGHT THE PAPERS, SIR.



HERE THEY...
OH! OH!

HA! HA! HA!



THE SETH RETURNED HOME, FUMING
WITH RAGE —

YOU...
YOU...!

YES,
SETHJI?



YOU ROGUE! HOW
DARE YOU INSULT
ME!

I DIDN'T DO A
THING SETHJI...

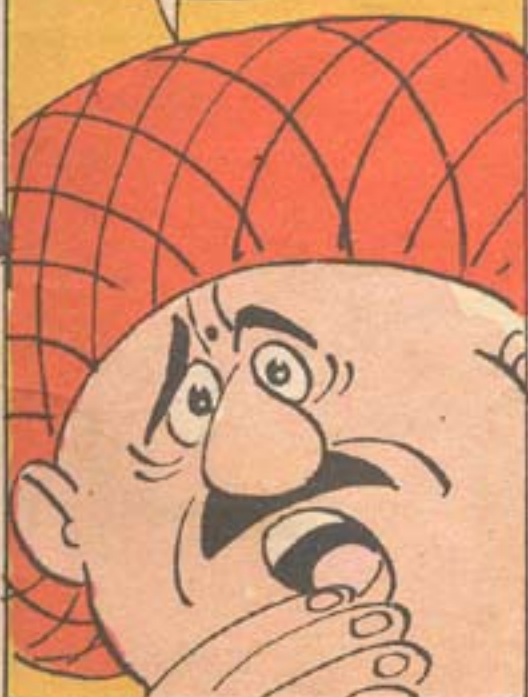


...YET YOU CAN
SACK ME IF
YOU LIKE!

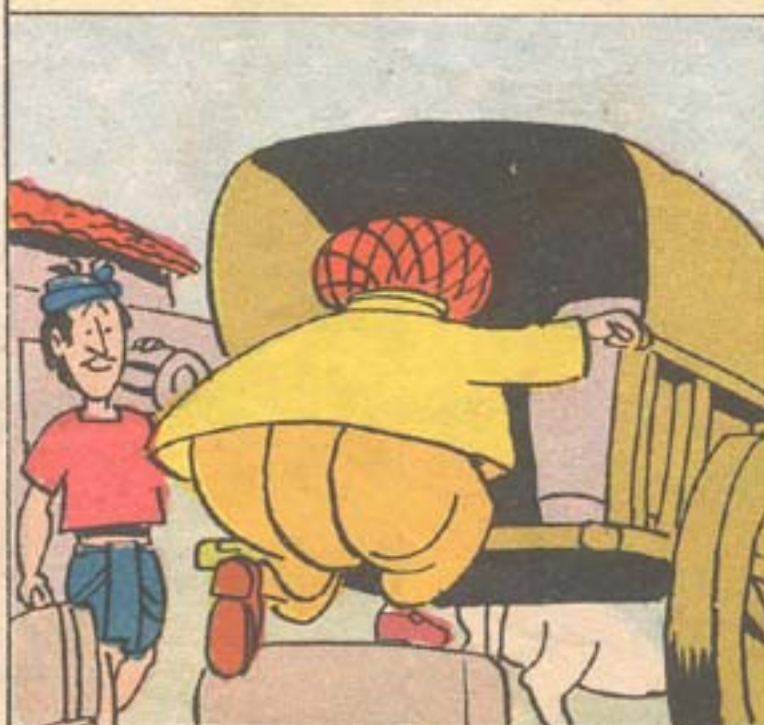
I WILL!



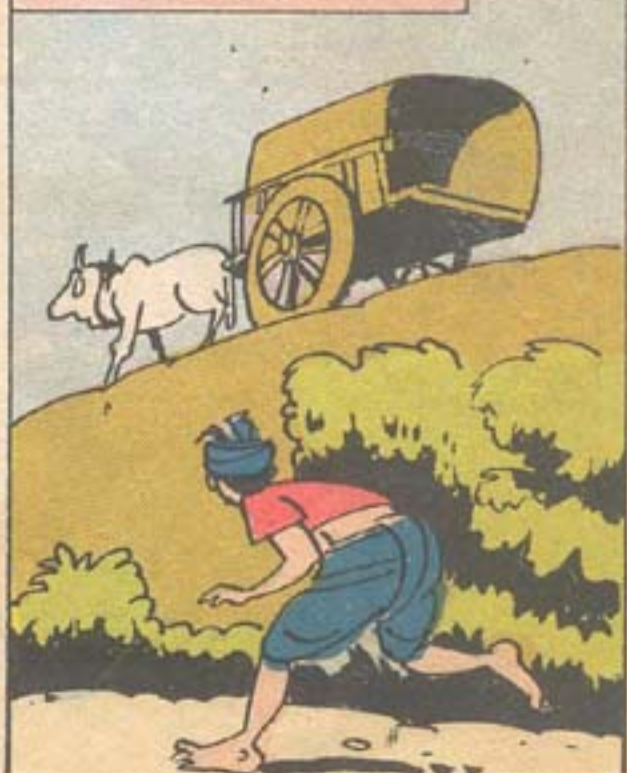
YOU'RE...
YOU'RE...!
NEVER MIND!



A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN
SETHJI HAD TO GO TO HIS
FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSE...

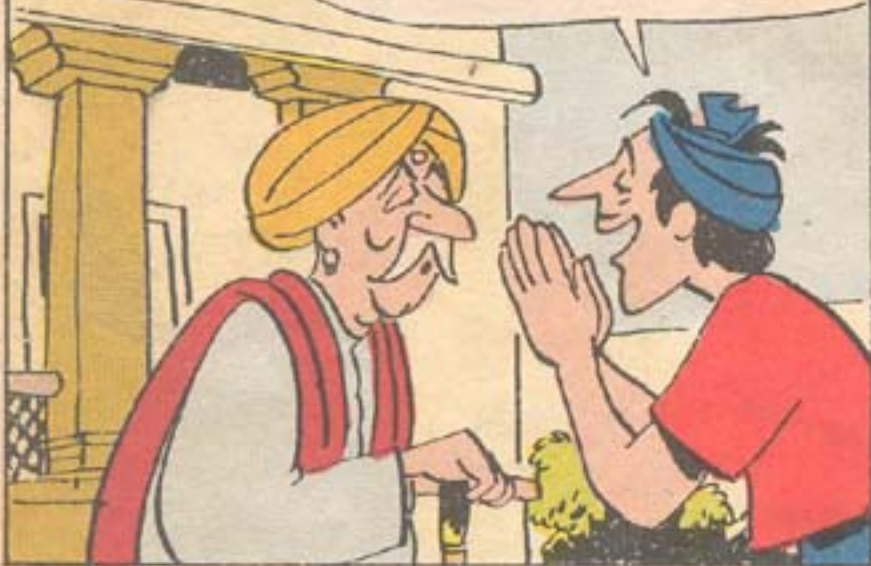


... SUNDER FOLLOWED
HIM QUIETLY...



...AND TAKING A SHORTER ROUTE,
REACHED AHEAD OF HIS MASTER.

NAMASKAR, SIR! I AM A
SERVANT OF YOUR
SON-IN-LAW. SETHJI IS
ON HIS WAY HERE.



SETHANI HAS SENT
ME TO TELL YOU THAT
ONLY GREEN CHILLIES
AND BLACK SALT
SHOULD BE GIVEN TO
HIM AS FOOD.

GREEN
CHILLIES
AND SALT?



A SPECIAL DIET, SIR.
HE IS NOT WELL, YOU
KNOW.

WHAT
IS WRONG
WITH HIM?



HE IS ... SUFFERING ... FROM
BRAIN-FEVER ... BEHAVES
STRANGELY AT TIMES.



OH, MY
GOD!

SETHJI ARRIVED A LITTLE LATER. AT
LUNCH TIME —

HERE IS YOUR
SPECIAL LUNCH,
SON-IN-LAW.

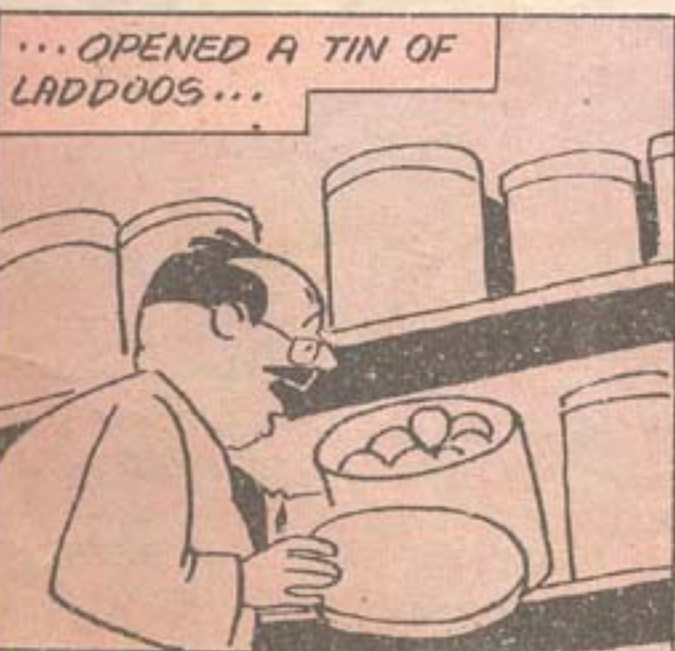
SPECIAL
LUNCH...
THIS?



YES, YOUR
SERVANT
HAS TOLD
US ALL.

MY SERVANT?









ONE DAY A FARMER WENT TO HIS FIELD.



ARE MY EYES
PLAYING TRICKS
ON ME?



I'VE NEVER SEEN
A PUMPKIN AS LARGE
AS THIS.



I'LL GIVE IT
TO OUR
KING.



THE KING WAS PLEASED WITH THE GIFT.

THIS MUST BE
THE BIGGEST
PUMPKIN IN THE
WORLD!



GIVE HIM A
THOUSAND GOLD
PIECES.



THE FARMER
IS A LUCKY
MAN INDEED!



NEWS OF THE FARMER'S GOOD FORTUNE
REACHED THE EARS OF A RICH MISER.

A THOUSAND
COINS FOR
A MERE
PUMPKIN?



I WONDER WHAT
HE WOULD GIVE ME
IF I OFFERED HIM
THIS COSTLY
NECKLACE.



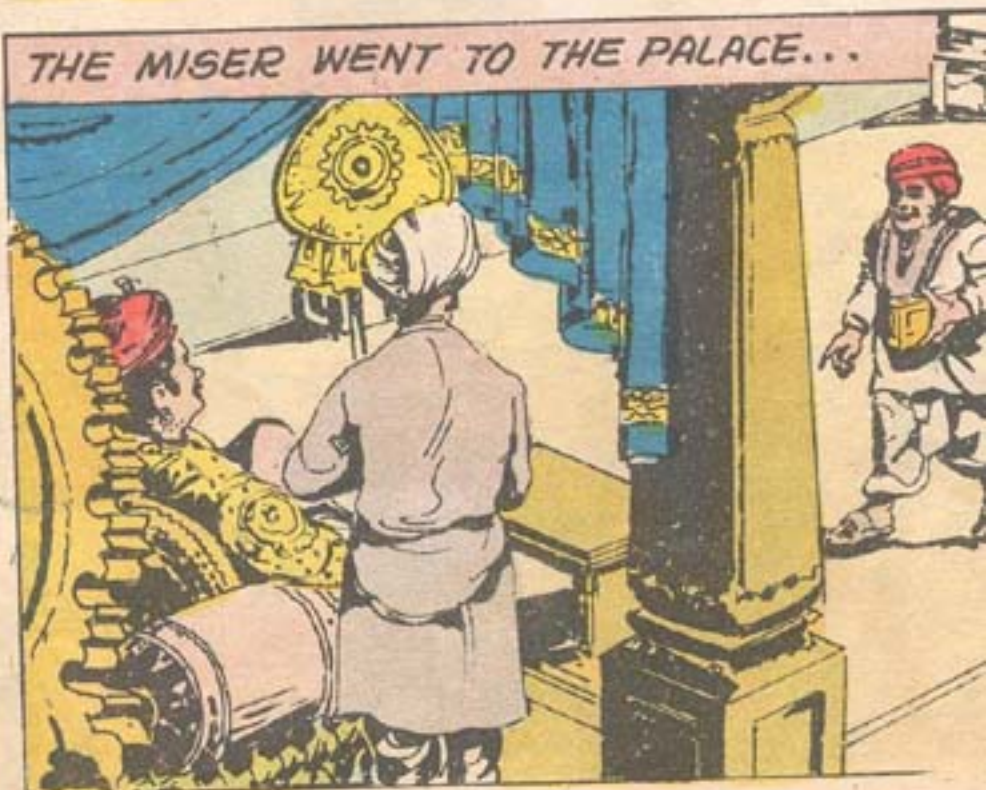
CARTLOADS OF
GOLD...



...OR
DIAMONDS!

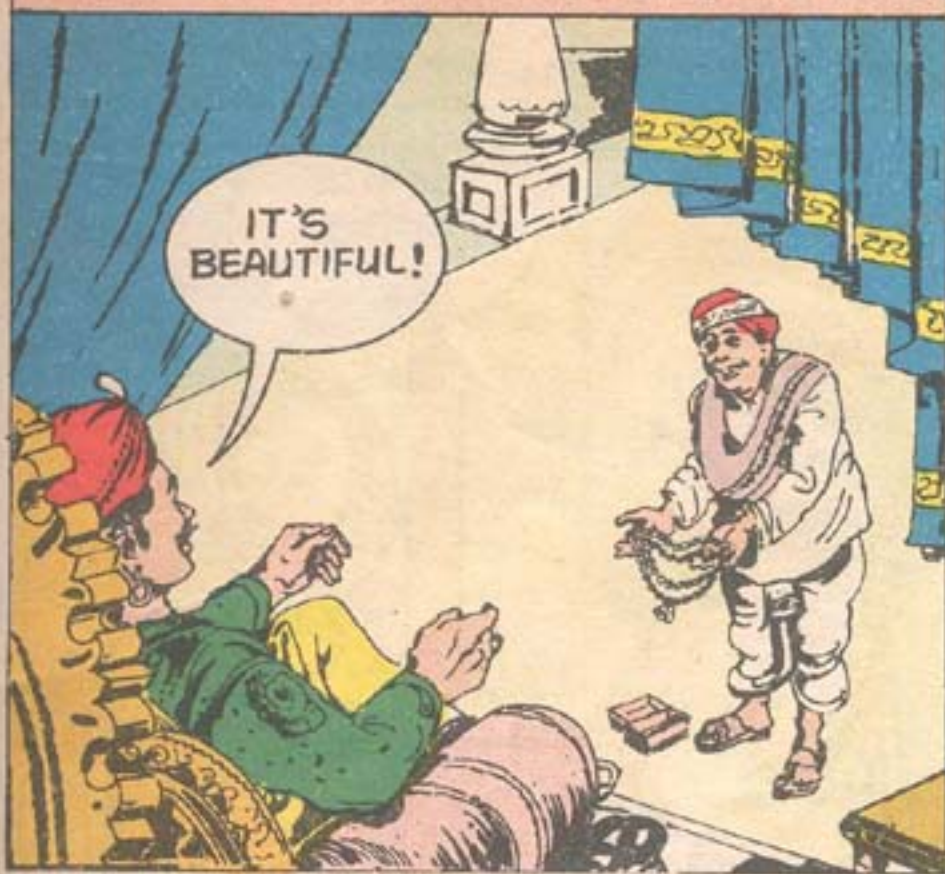


THE MISER WENT TO THE PALACE...



... AND GAVE THE NECKLACE TO THE KING.

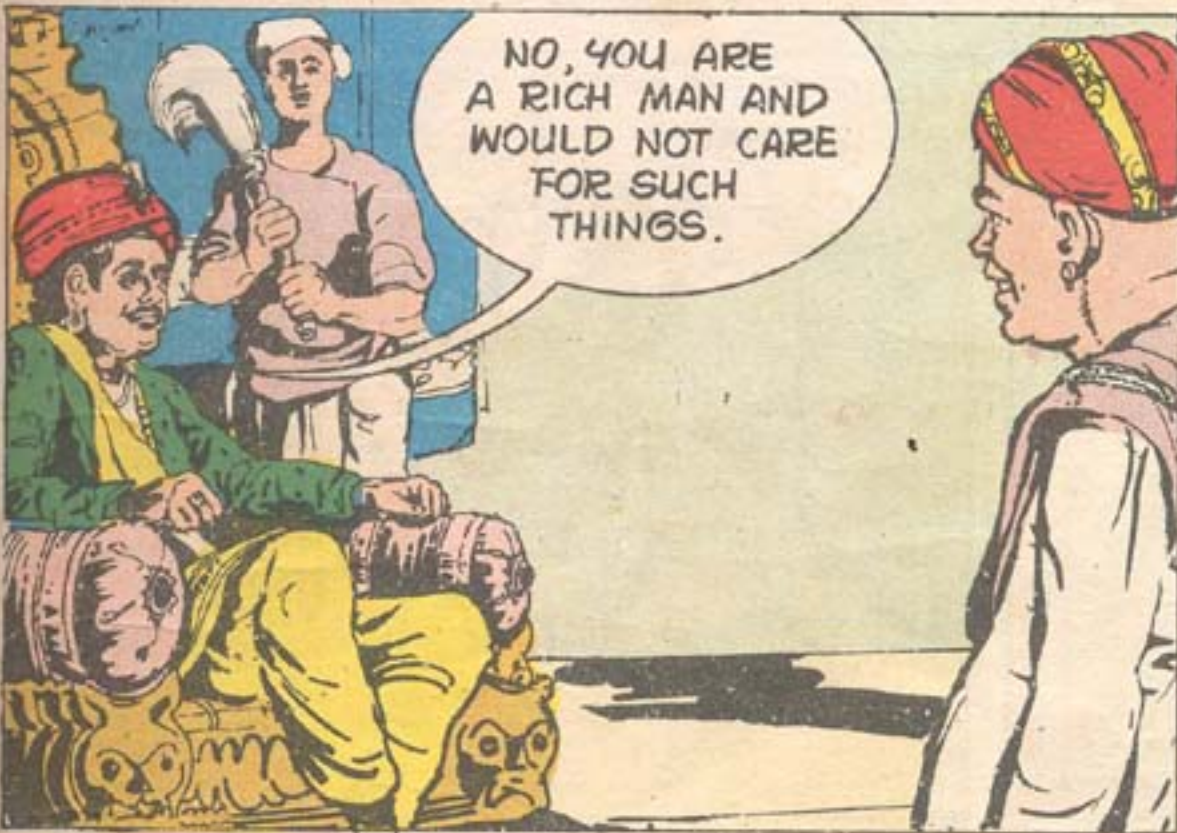
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



WHAT CAN I GIVE YOU IN RETURN? GOLD? DIAMONDS?



NO, YOU ARE A RICH MAN AND WOULD NOT CARE FOR SUCH THINGS.



AH, I KNOW WHAT I CAN GIVE YOU!



THE PUMPKIN!



THE MISER, CLUTCHING THE HEAVY PUMPKIN STUMBLED OUT OF THE PALACE IN A DAZE.



A MATTER OF RIGHTS

Story by : Kamini Dinesh
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

A SADHU ON HIS
DAILY ROUNDS,
KNOCKED ON A
DOOR.



PRAISE
BE TO
GOD...



I'M SORRY.
I'VE NOTHING TO
OFFER.



CHARITY
IN THE NAME
OF...

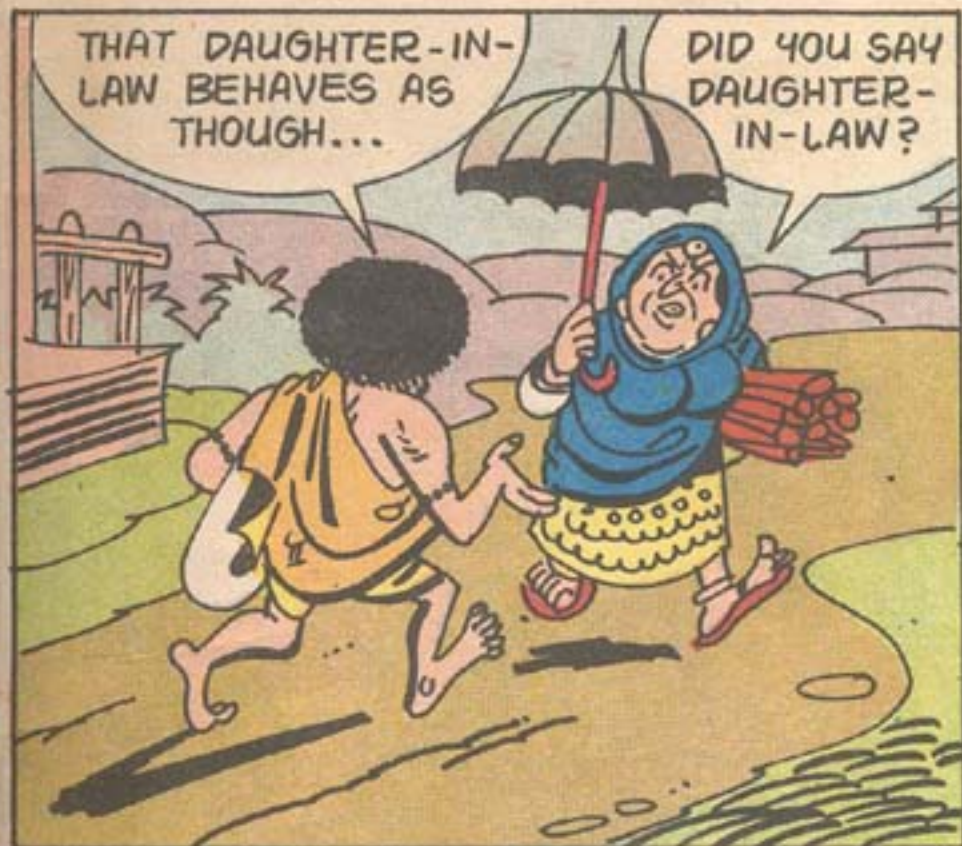


BANG

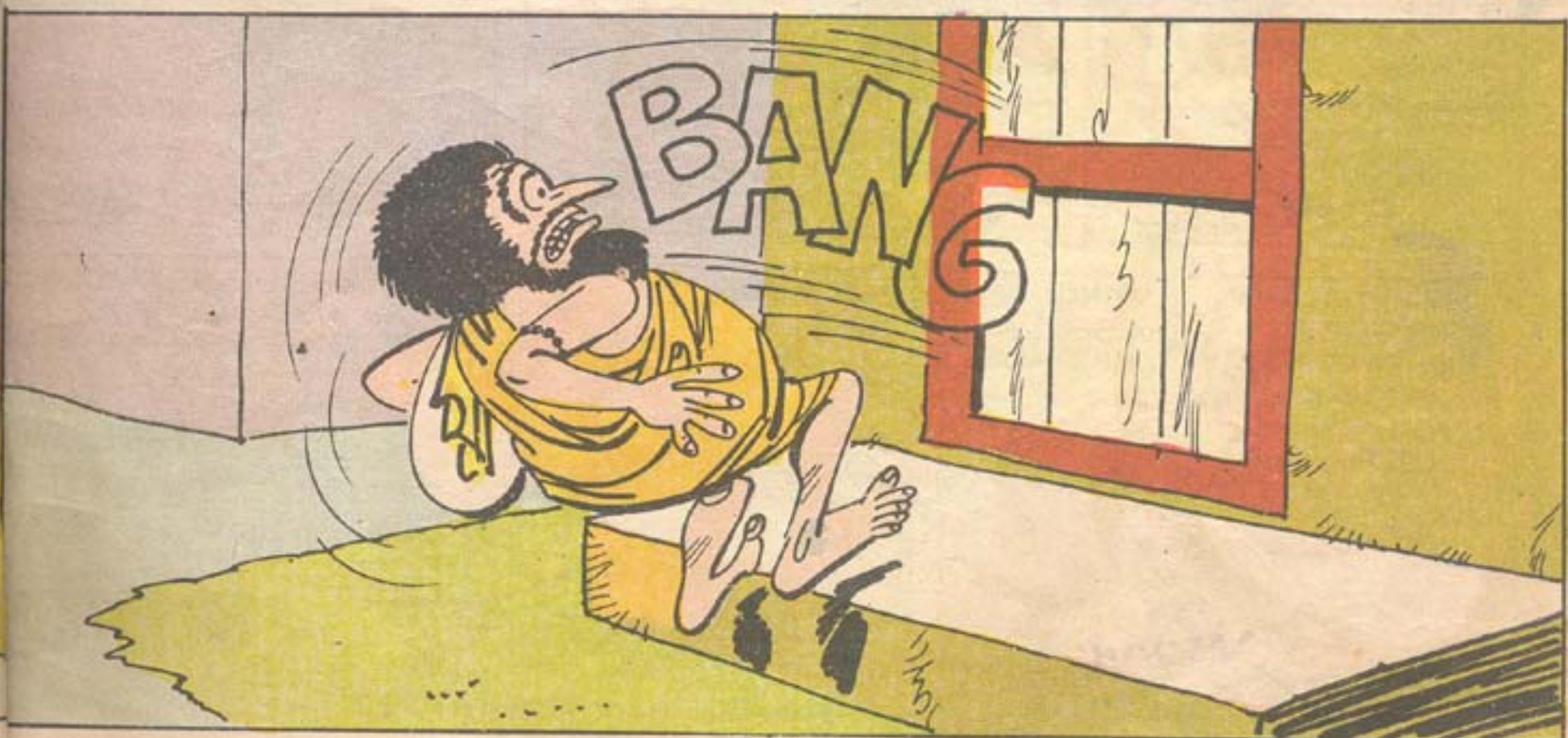


SHE HAS
NO RESPECT
FOR SADHUS.





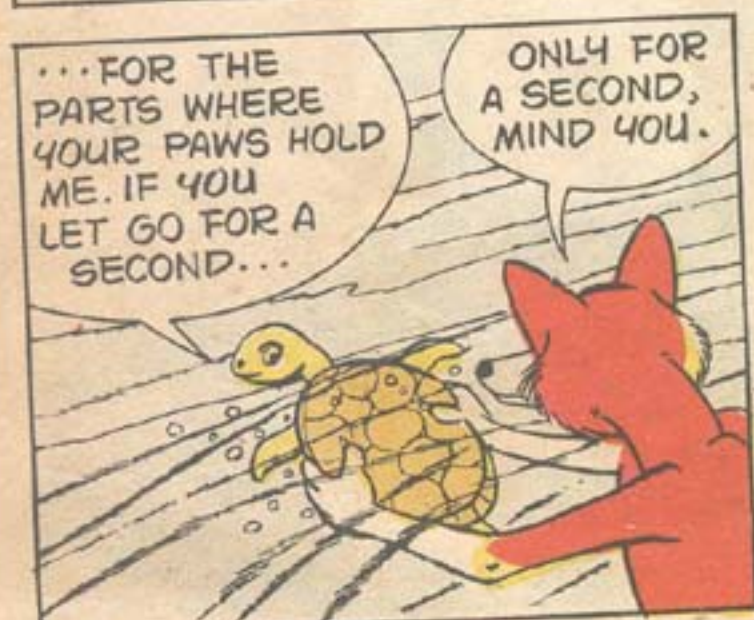
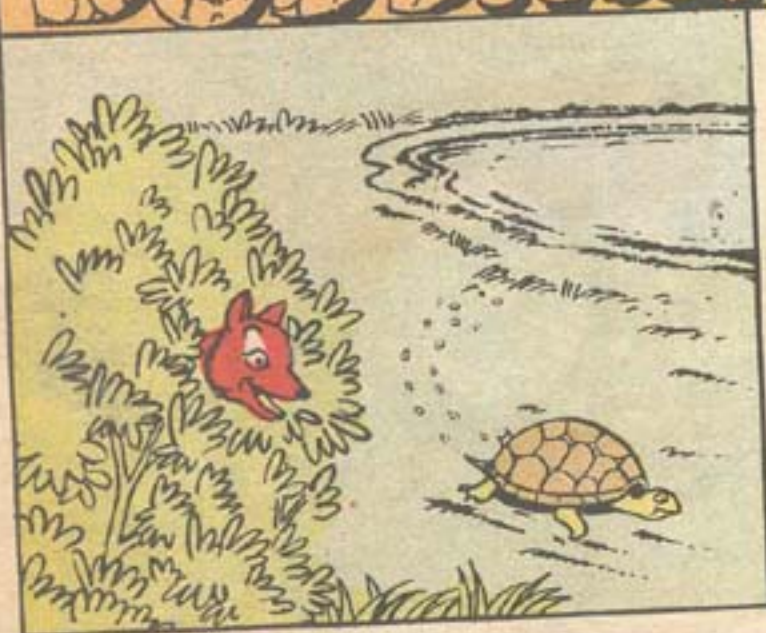




BUDDHIRAJ

Illustrations:
Chandrakant Rane

Based on a
story sent by
P. Sunil,
Hyderabad



THE BOY AND HIS COINS

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

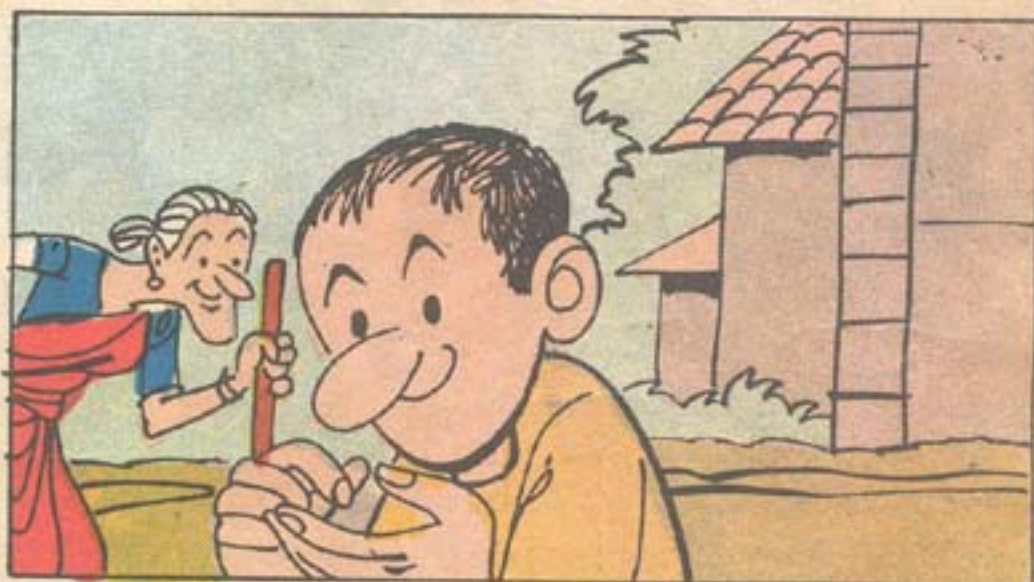
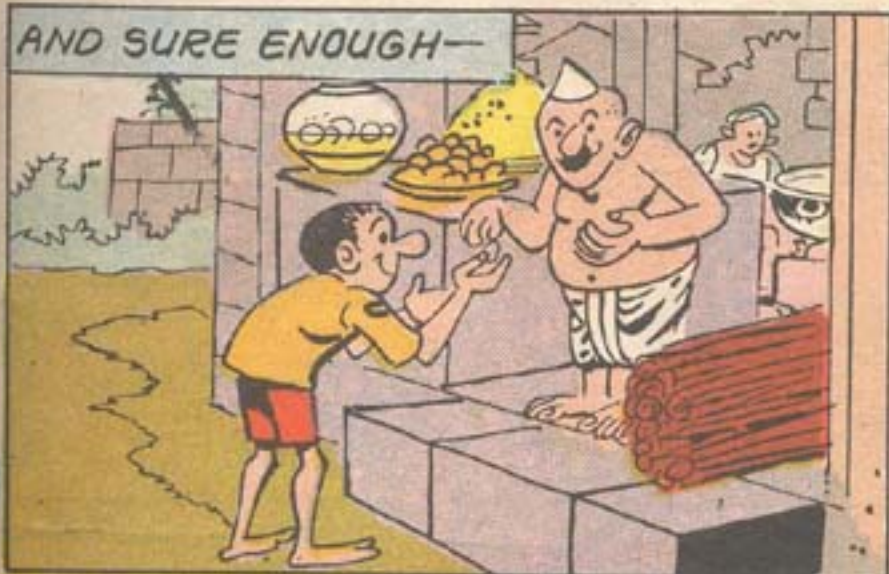


Based on a story
sent by
S. Prema, Arcot

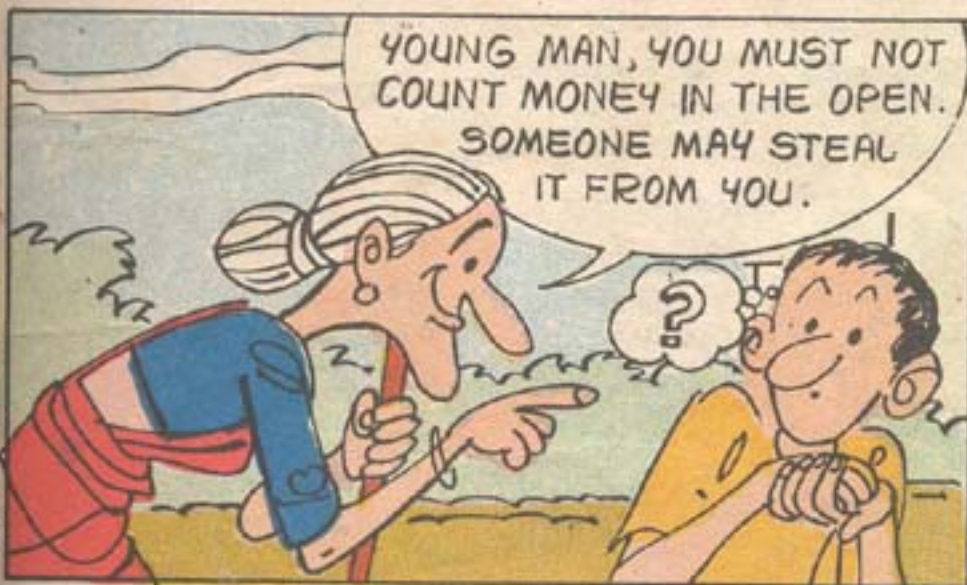
ANAND USED
TO MAKE A
LIVING BY
SELLING WOOD.
ONE DAY—



AND SURE ENOUGH—



YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST NOT
COUNT MONEY IN THE OPEN.
SOMEONE MAY STEAL
IT FROM YOU.



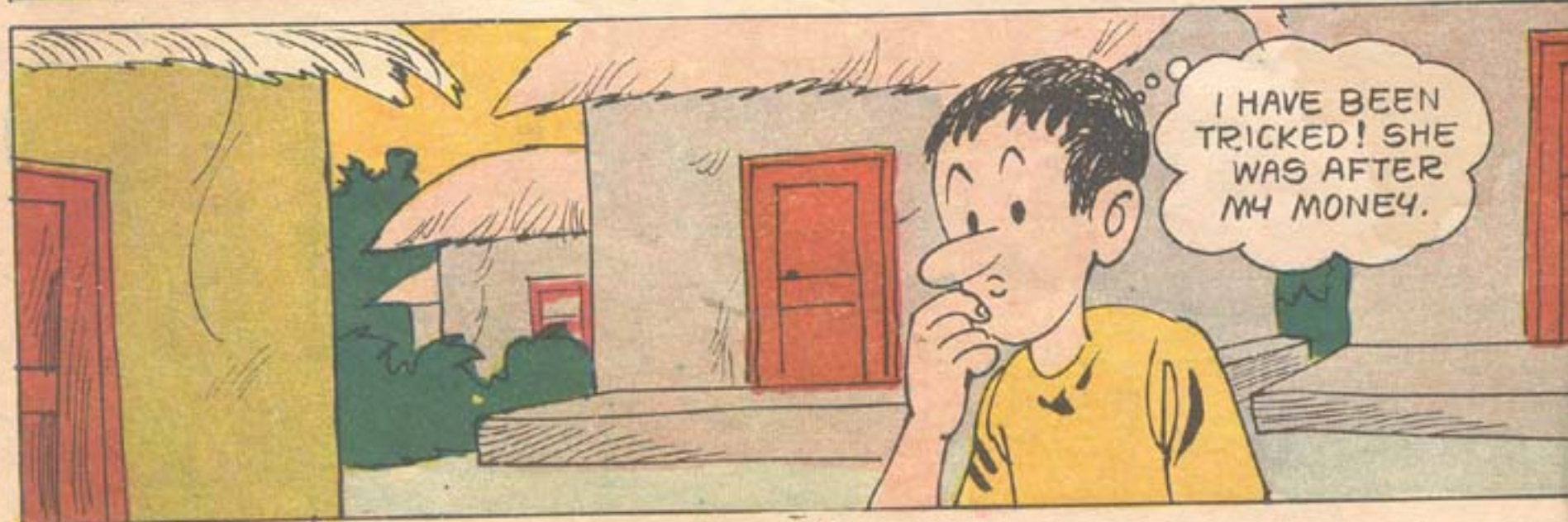
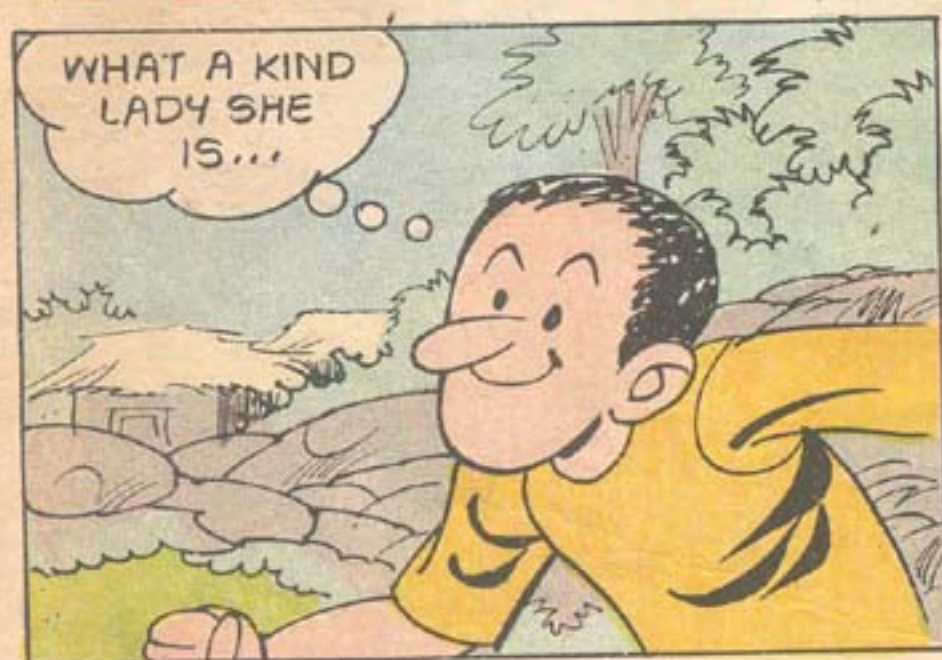
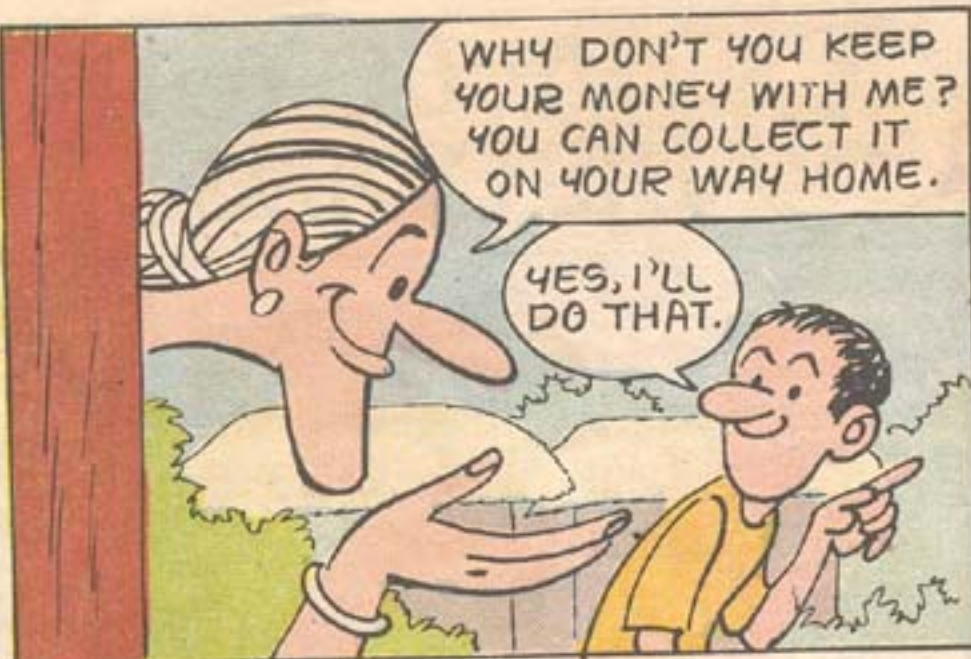
YOU LOOK TIRED AND
HUNGRY. COME, I WILL
GIVE YOU SOMETHING
TO EAT.

THANK YOU,
KIND LADY.
FOOD WOULD
BE MOST
WELCOME.



SOME TIME LATER—





THE BOY BEGAN TO CRY...



AND SOON A CROWD COLLECTED...



I FOUND TEN GOLD COINS ON THE ROAD.



AND I WANT TO KEEP THEM WITH THE KIND LADY WHO HELPED ME, BUT I CAN'T FIND HER HOUSE!



HERE I AM, BOY. HERE I AM! GIVE ME THE COINS!



THE ONLY COINS I HAD ARE WITH YOU.



NOW MAY I HAVE THEM BACK?

TRICKED!



THE OLD WOMAN COULD DO NOTHING ELSE BUT RETURN THE BOY'S MONEY.

THE LOCKED POSTBOX

Illustrations : Jayanti Manoharan

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Bhagat Chandra, Vasco-da-Gama

THE MERCHANT, POPATLAL WAS
VERY BUSY ONE MORNING.

THIS
LETTER
MUST GO
TODAY.

HERE KALLU!
TAKE THIS
LETTER AND
POST IT.

B... BUT
WHERE DO I
POST IT, SIR?

IN A
POSTBOX,
OF COURSE!

SIR, I'VE
NEVER SEEN
A POSTBOX!

GOOD
GRIEF!

GO DOWN
THAT STREET. YOU
WILL FIND SEVERAL
POSTBOXES. THEY ARE
ALL RED IN COLOUR!

YES,
SIR!

SO KALLU WENT

... AND DID NOT RETURN THE
WHOLE DAY. IN THE EVENING -

WHERE'S
THAT FELLOW?
I MUST LOCK UP
NOW.. AH! HERE
HE COMES!

SIR! SIR!
HERE'S YOUR
LETTER.

WHAT?!
YOU DIDN'T
POST IT?!

NO, SIR. I'VE
SEEN SEVERAL
POSTBOXES ALL
DAY... BUT THEY
WERE ALL LOCKED!

?!

HOW COULD
I PUT YOUR LETTER
INTO A LOCKED
POSTBOX?

OH,
GOD!

THE SHOW-OFF

Readers' Choice

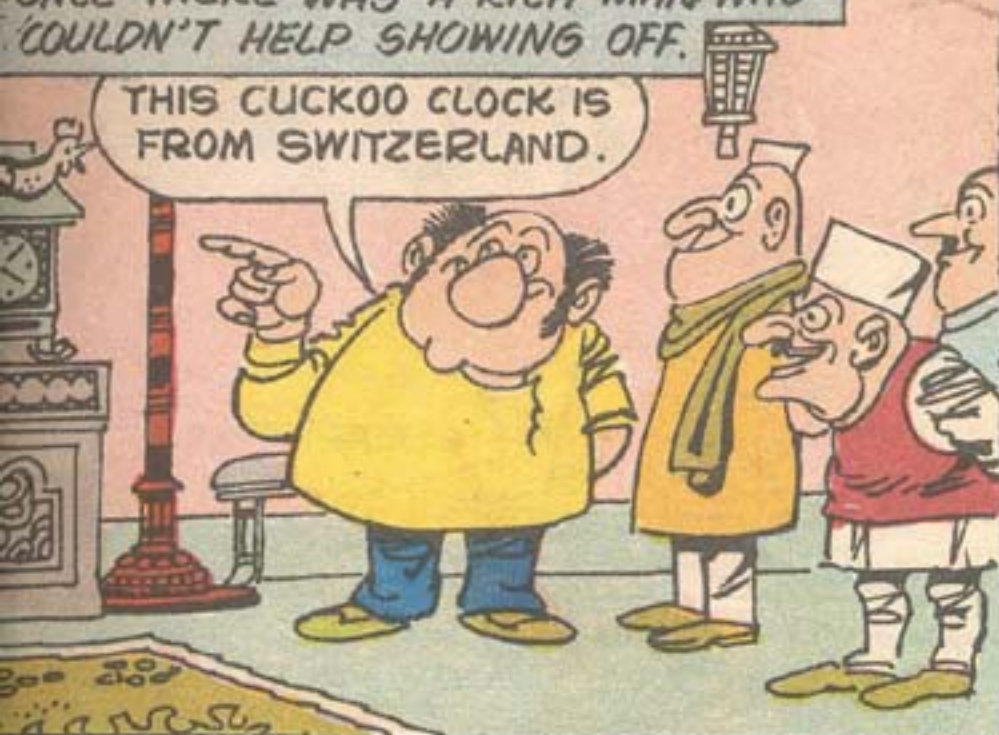
Illustrations:
Ram Waerker



Based on a story
sent by
Ajay Pahuja,
Bombay

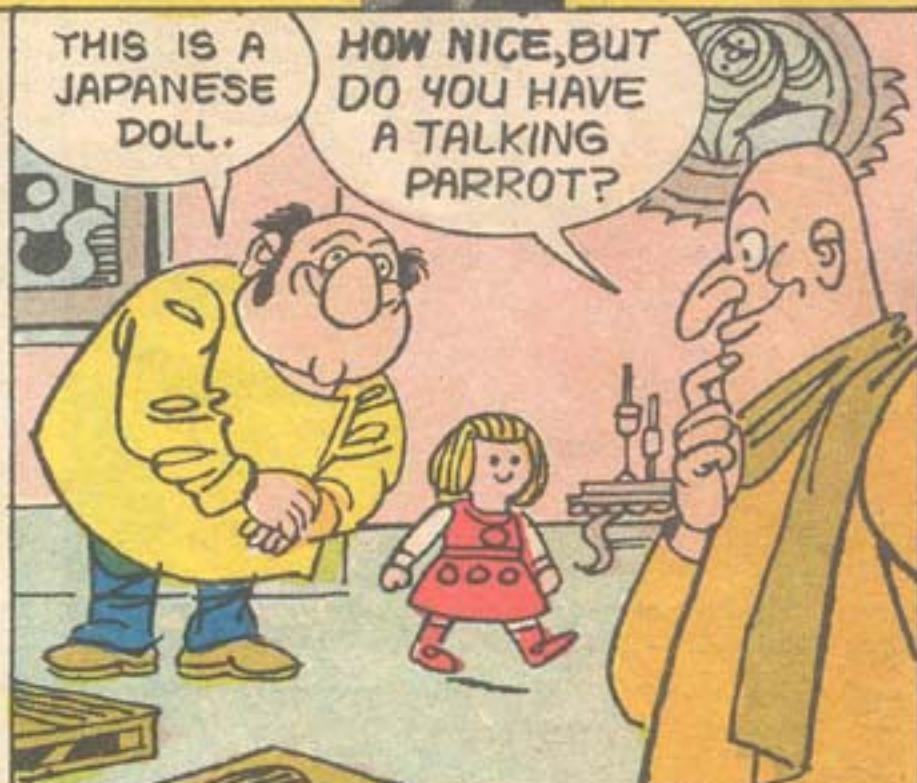
ONCE THERE WAS A RICH MAN WHO
COULDN'T HELP SHOWING OFF.

THIS CUCKOO CLOCK IS
FROM SWITZERLAND.

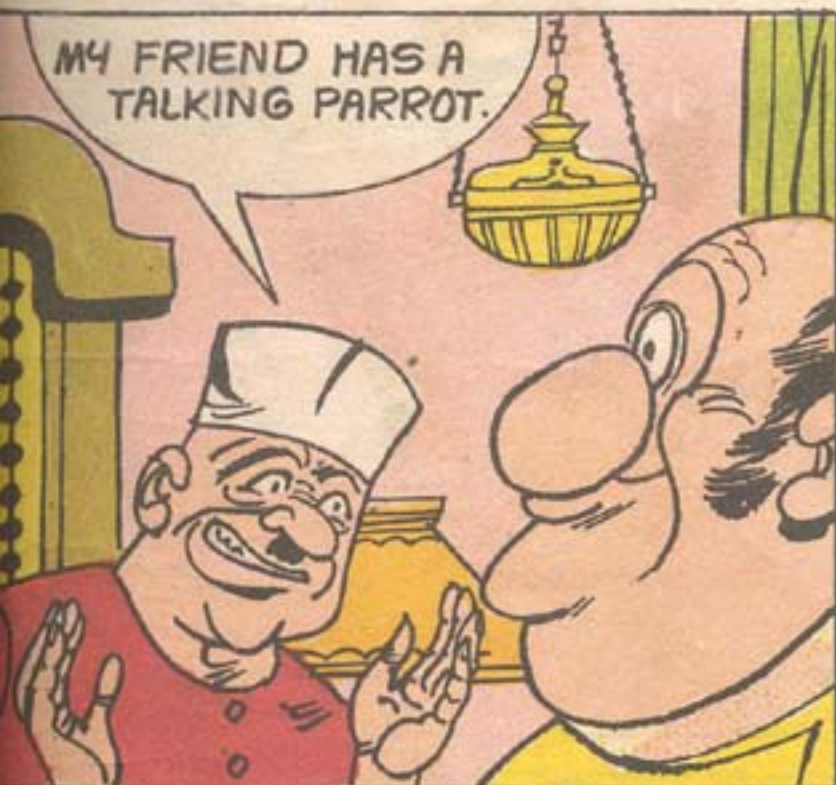


THIS IS A
JAPANESE
DOLL.

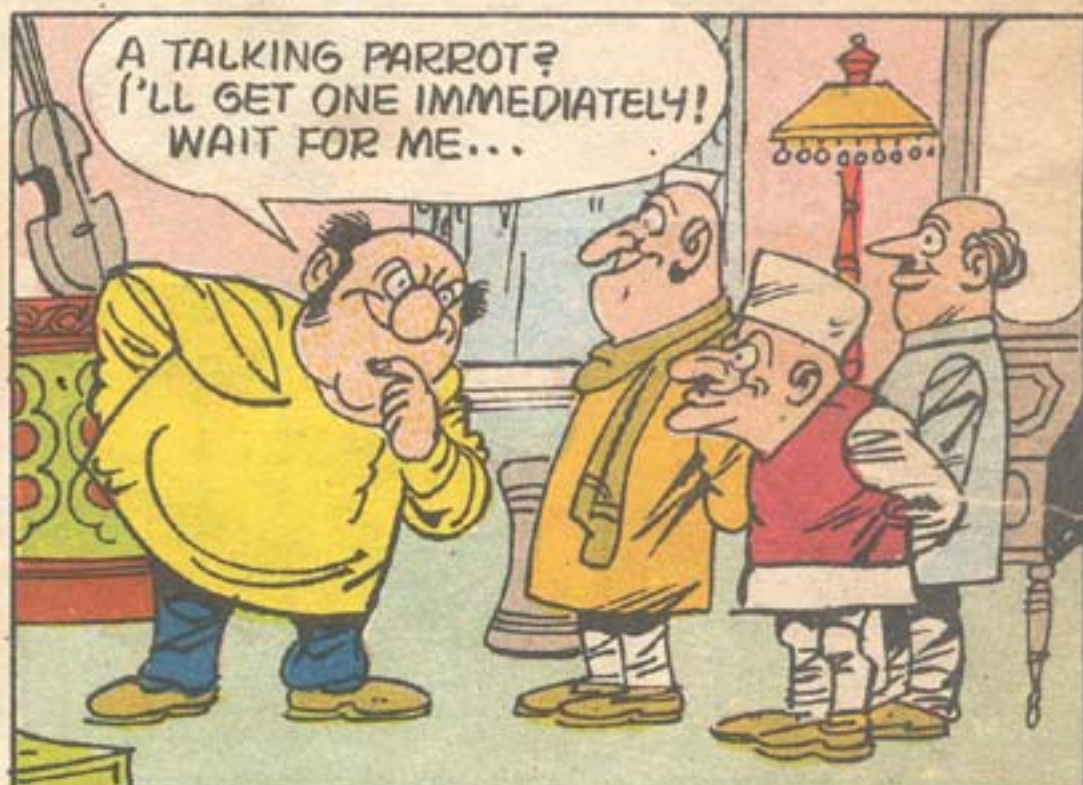
HOW NICE, BUT
DO YOU HAVE
A TALKING
PARROT?



MY FRIEND HAS A
TALKING PARROT.



A TALKING PARROT?
I'LL GET ONE IMMEDIATELY!
WAIT FOR ME...



AND OFF HE WENT TO THE
MARKET-PLACE.

CAN THIS
PARROT
TALK?

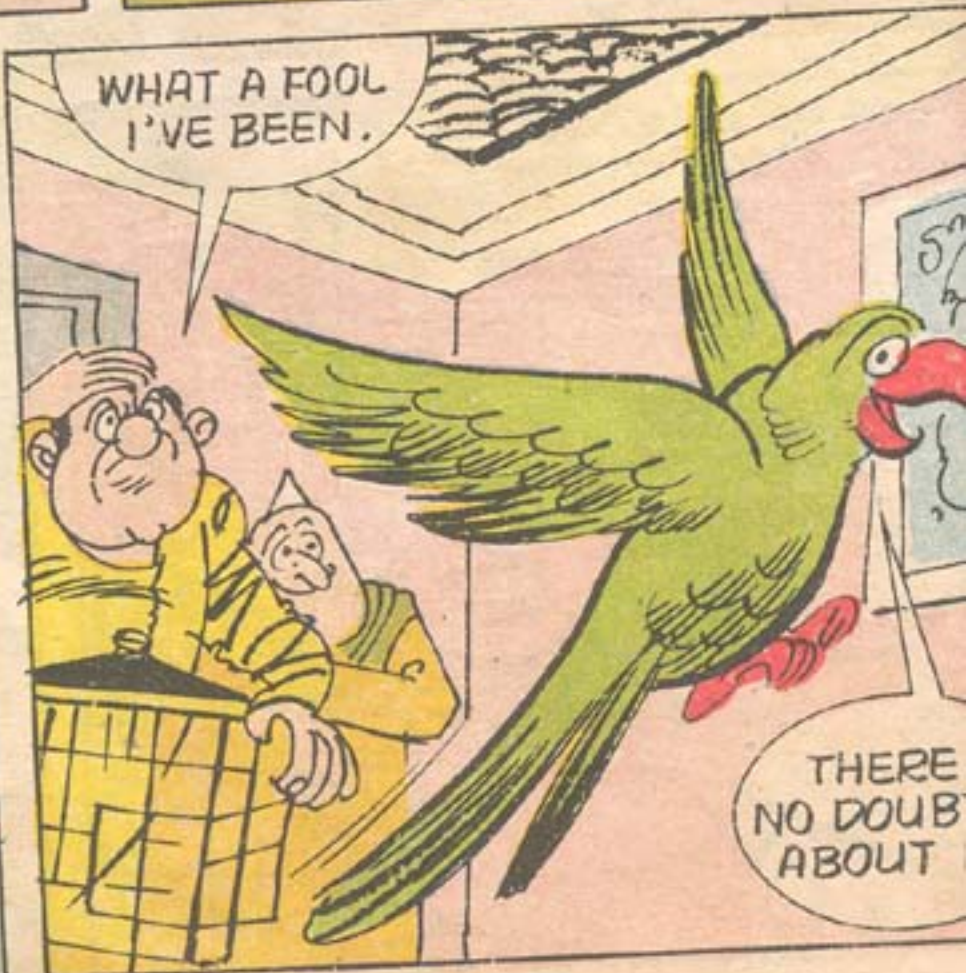
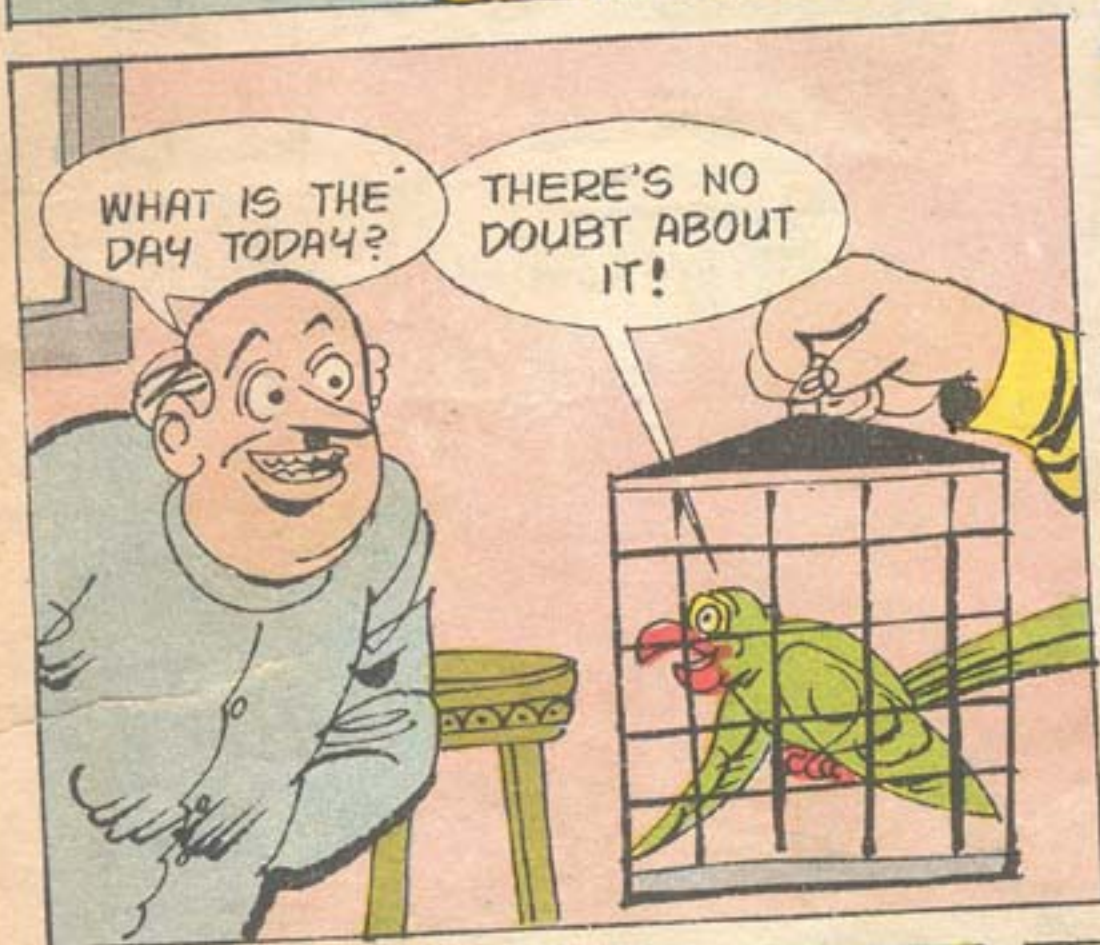
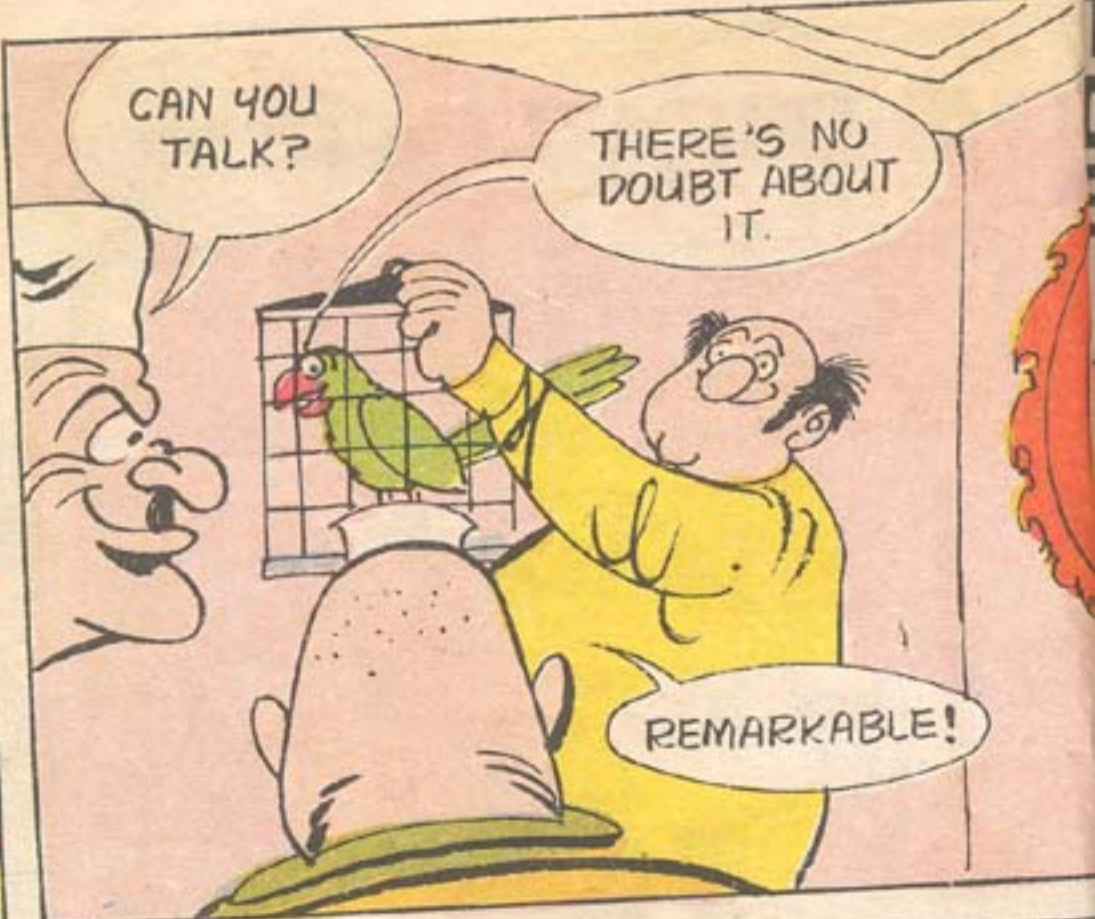
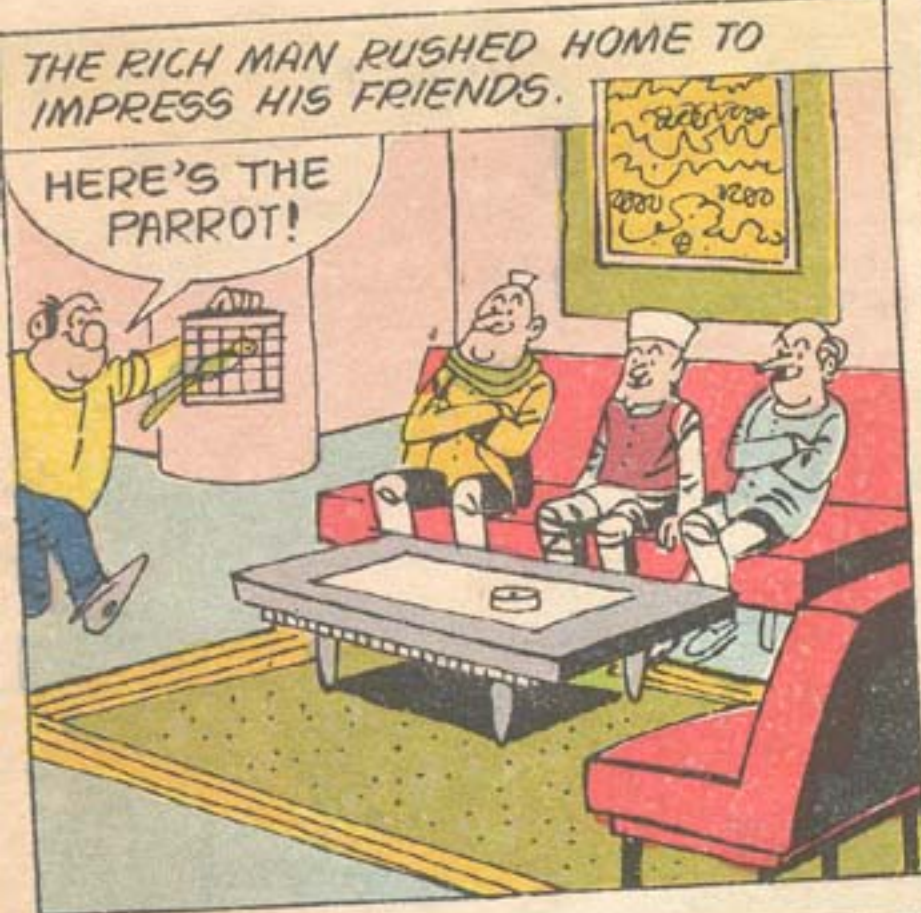
THERE'S NO
DOUBT ABOUT
IT!



HERE'S A
HUNDRED RUPEES
FOR THIS
PARROT.

!!!



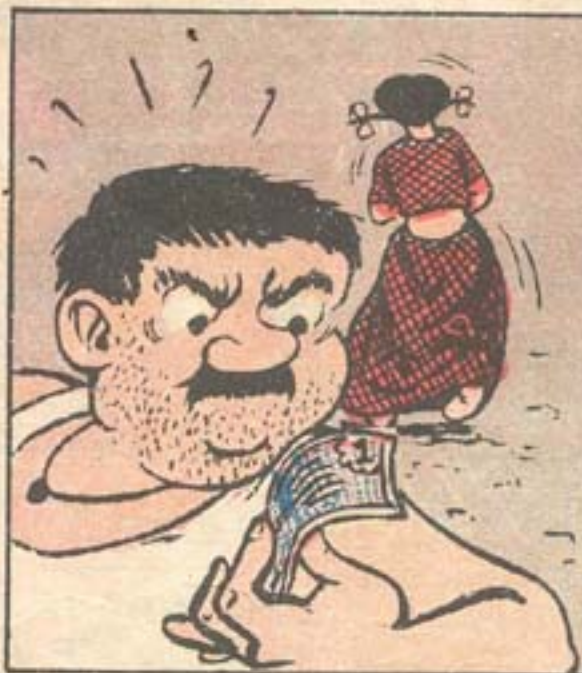


THE CONSIDERATE SHOPKEEPER

Illustrations:
Shekhar Jathar

Readers'
Choice

Based on a
story sent by
Purswani Rani B.,
Ulhasnagar



READERS'
CHOICE

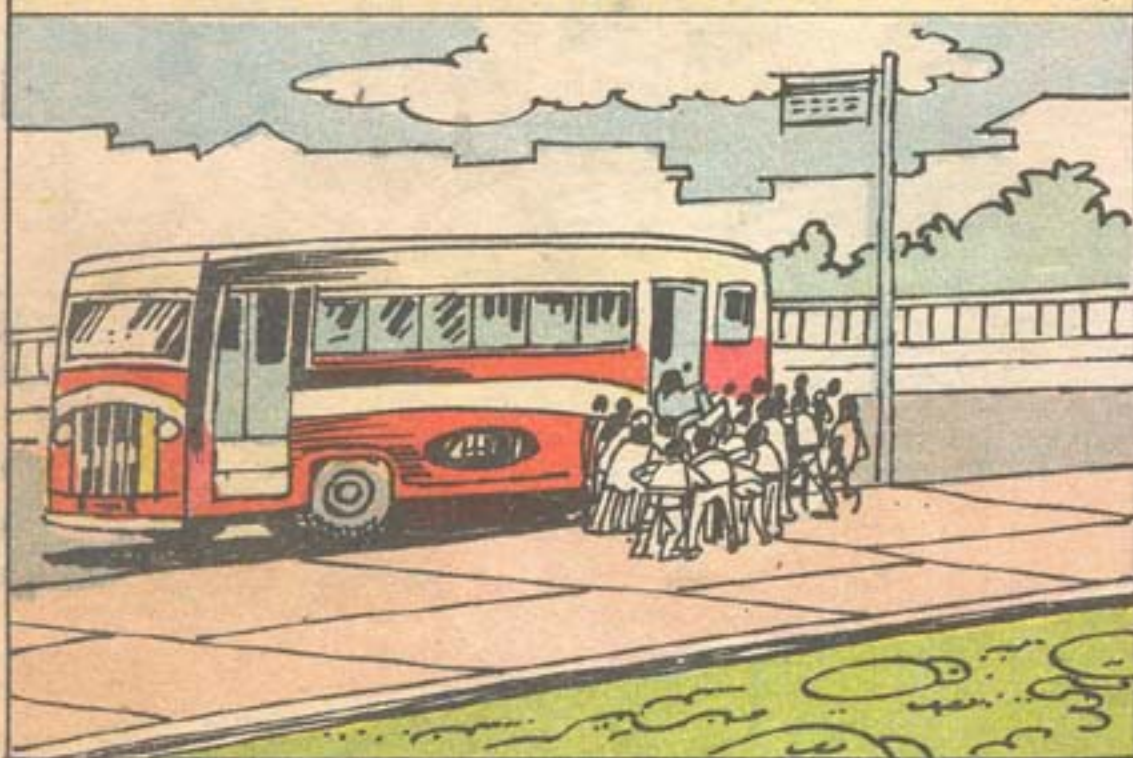
THE FAT MAN

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

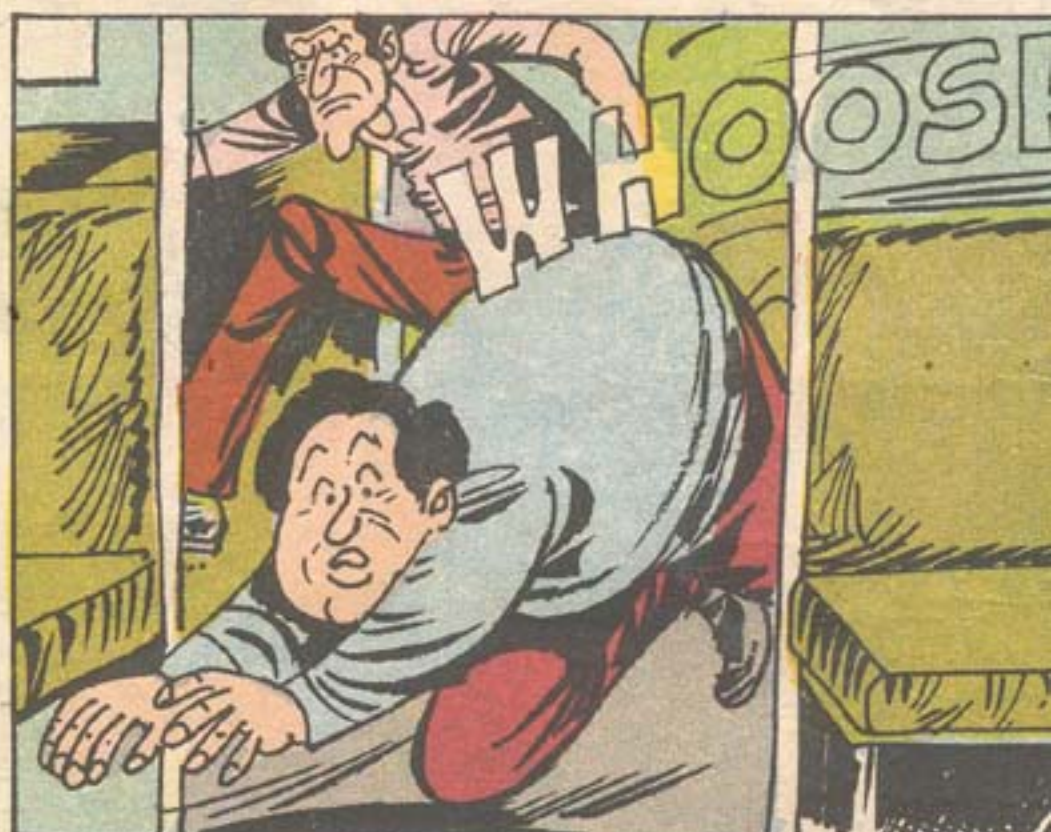
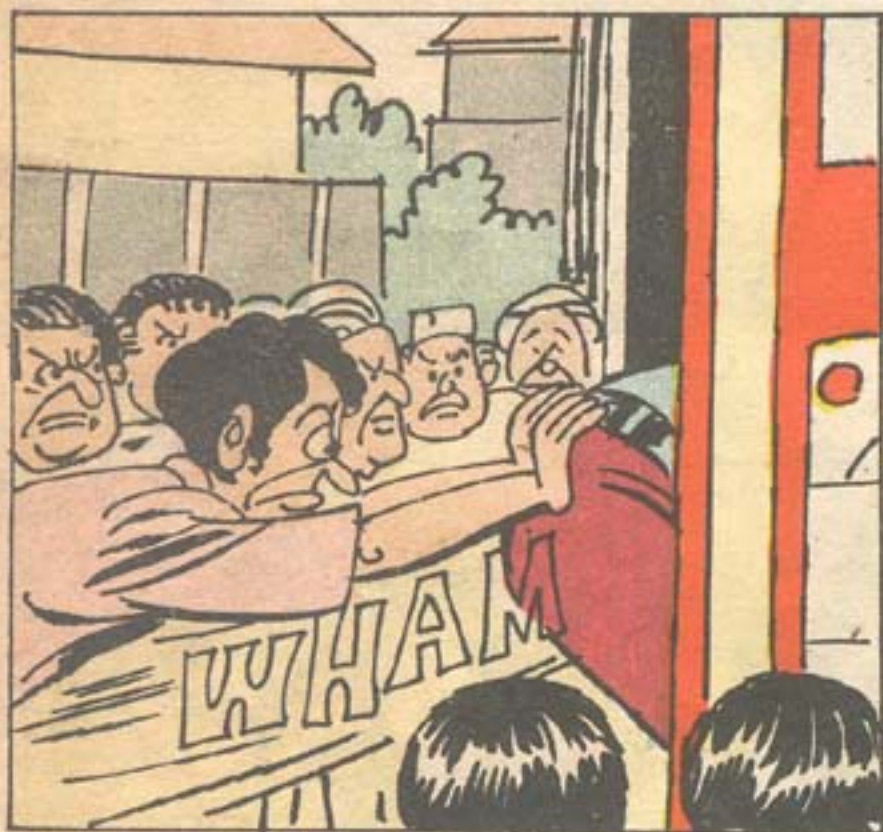


Based on
story by
Raj Vaidya
Panjimbh

A FAT MAN WAS TRYING TO GET INTO A BUS.



OH, LORD!
HOW LONG IS
HE GOING TO
TAKE?

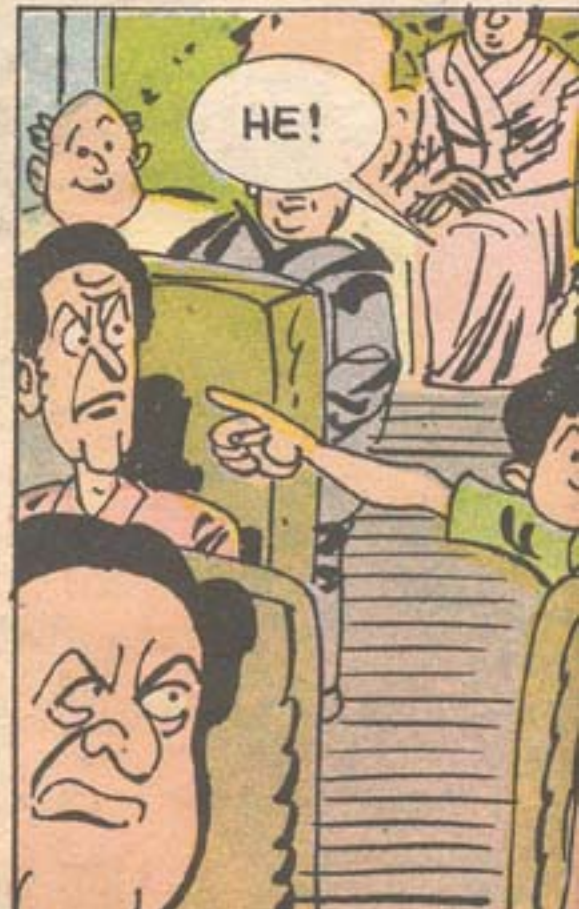


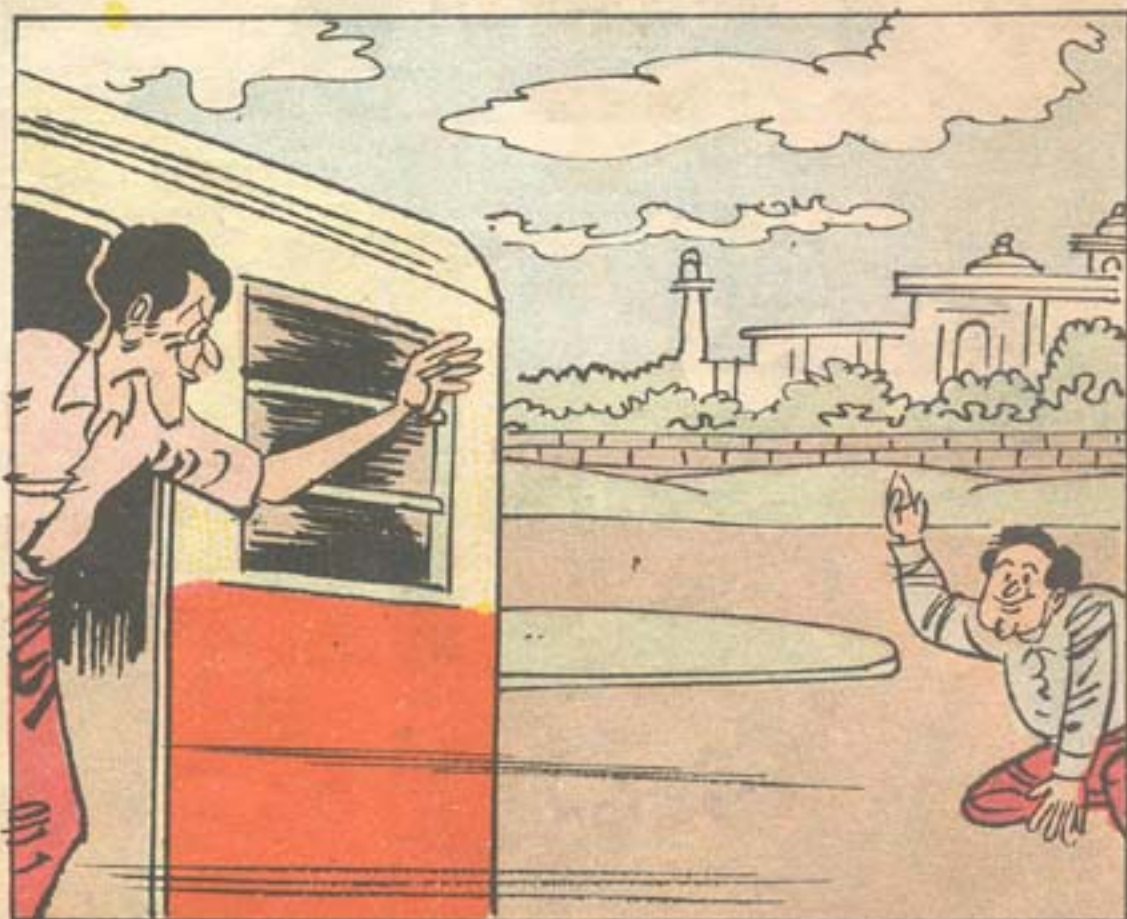
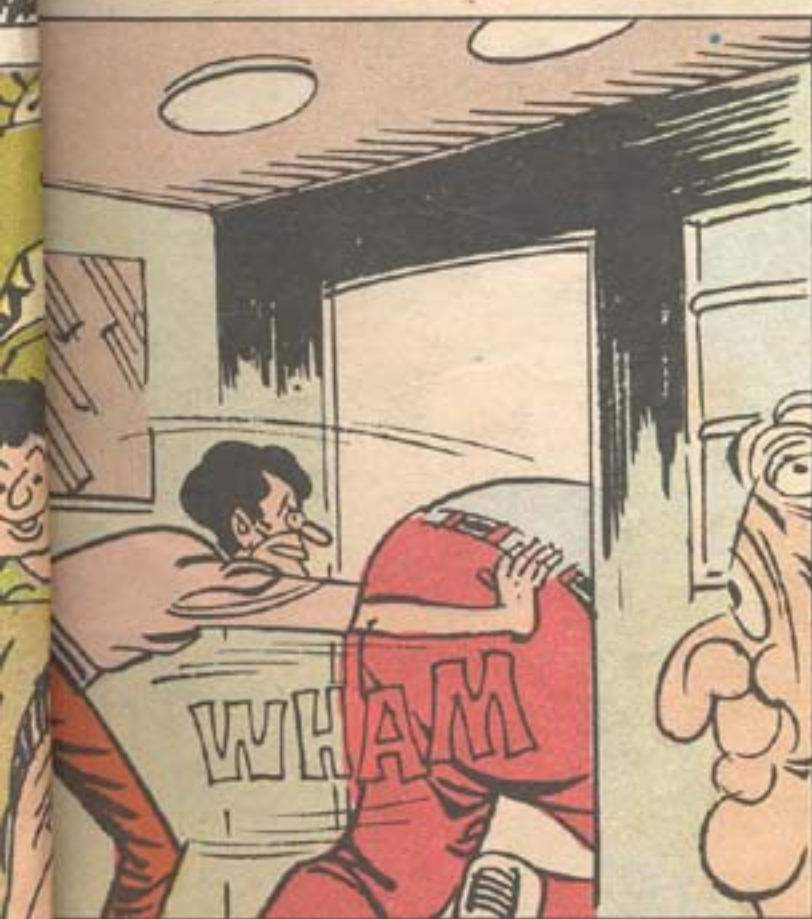
THE PEOPLE GOT IN AND
THE BUS SPED AWAY.



SOMETIME LATER—

WHO WAS IT THAT
PUSHED ME AS
I WAS TRYING TO
GET IN?



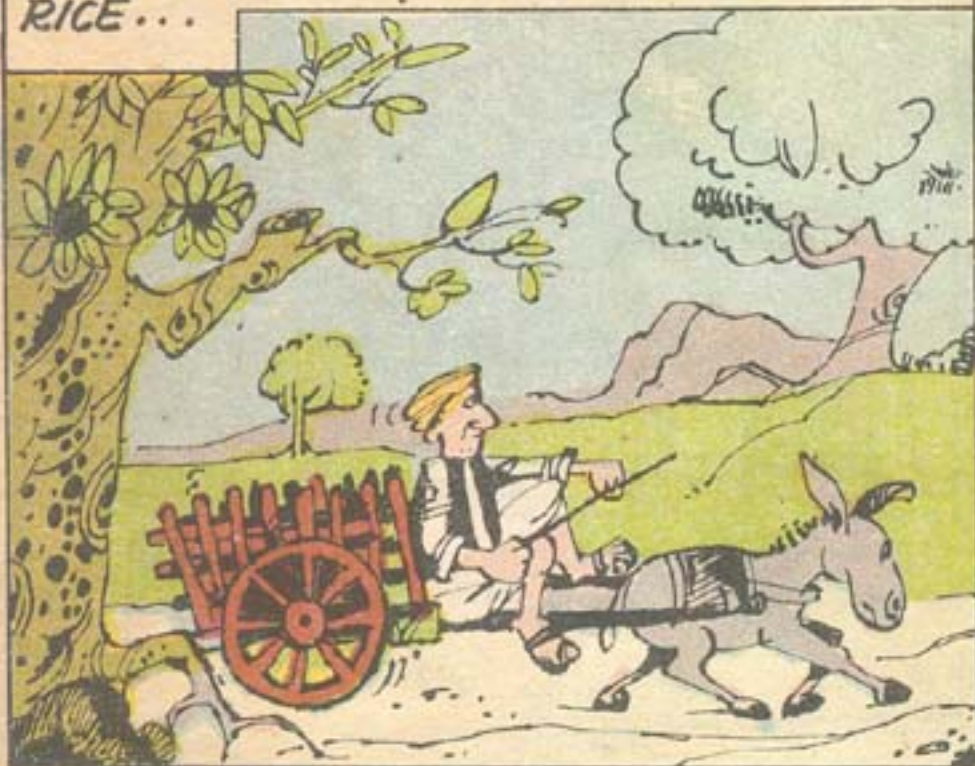


The Fee

Story : P. Varadarajan

Illustrations : Prabhakar Patil

ONE DAY, RAMU WAS GOING TO THE FAIR IN HIS DONKEY-CART, TO BUY RICE...



WHEN —

OH! THERE'S THE TOLL-KEEPER OF THE BRIDGE.



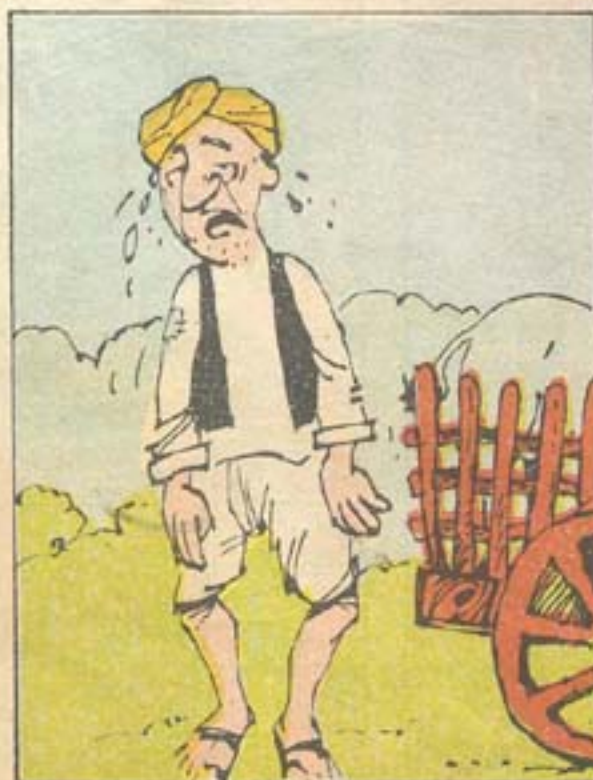
NOW I'LL HAVE TO PAY THE TOLL FEE OF ONE RUPEE TO CROSS OVER.



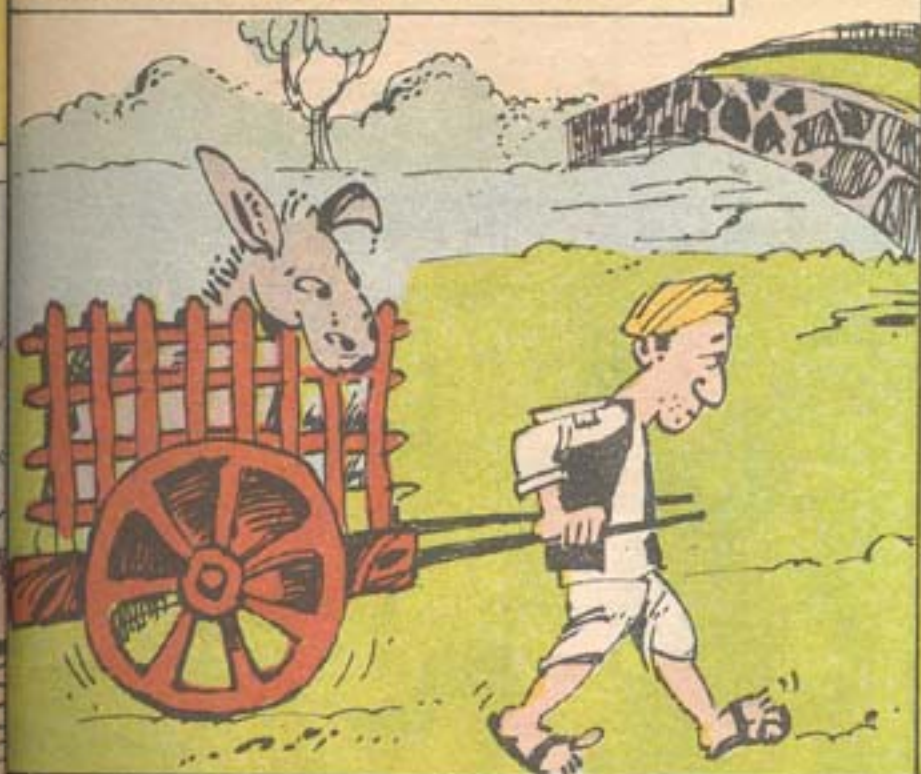
HMM...



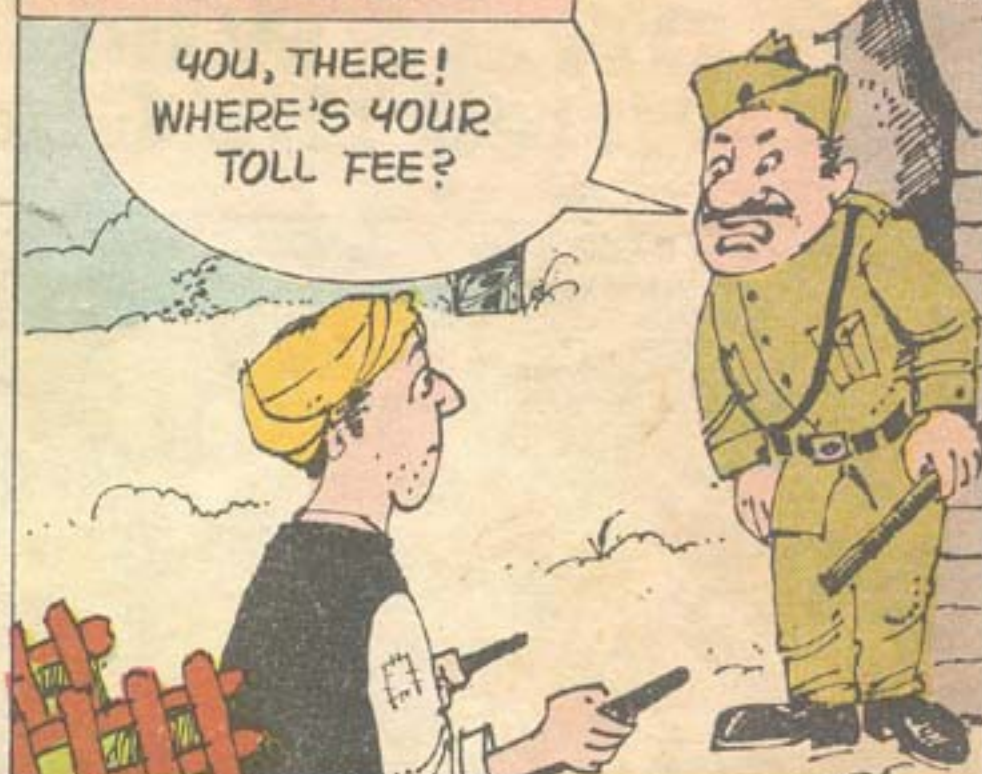
SUDDENLY, RAMU GOT DOWN FROM HIS CART AND UNHARNESS HIS DONKEY.



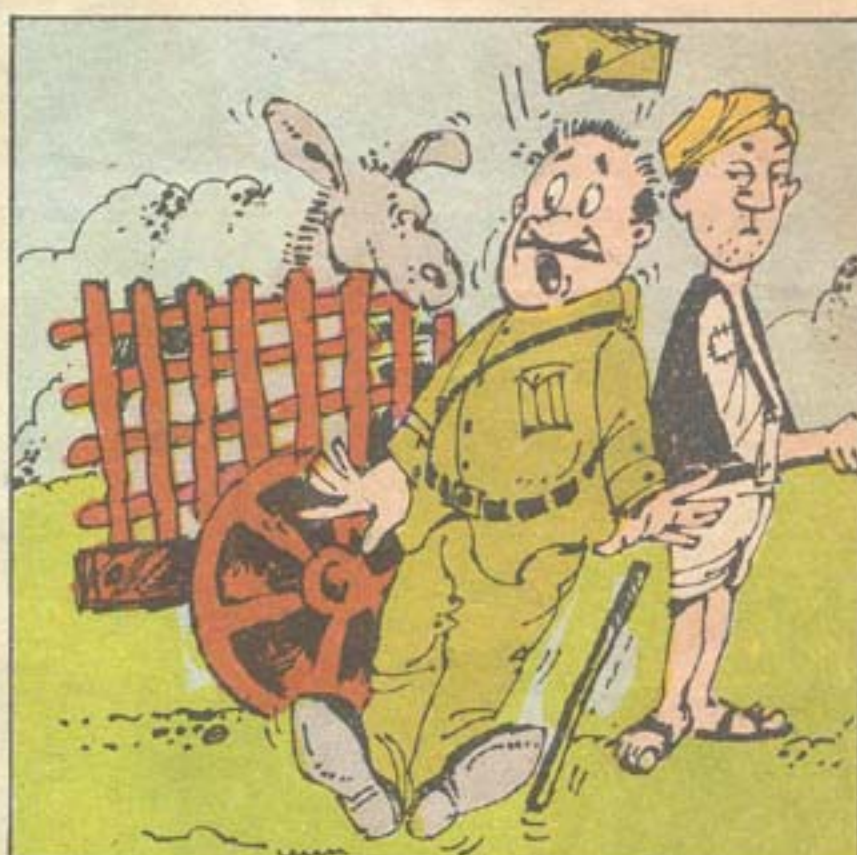
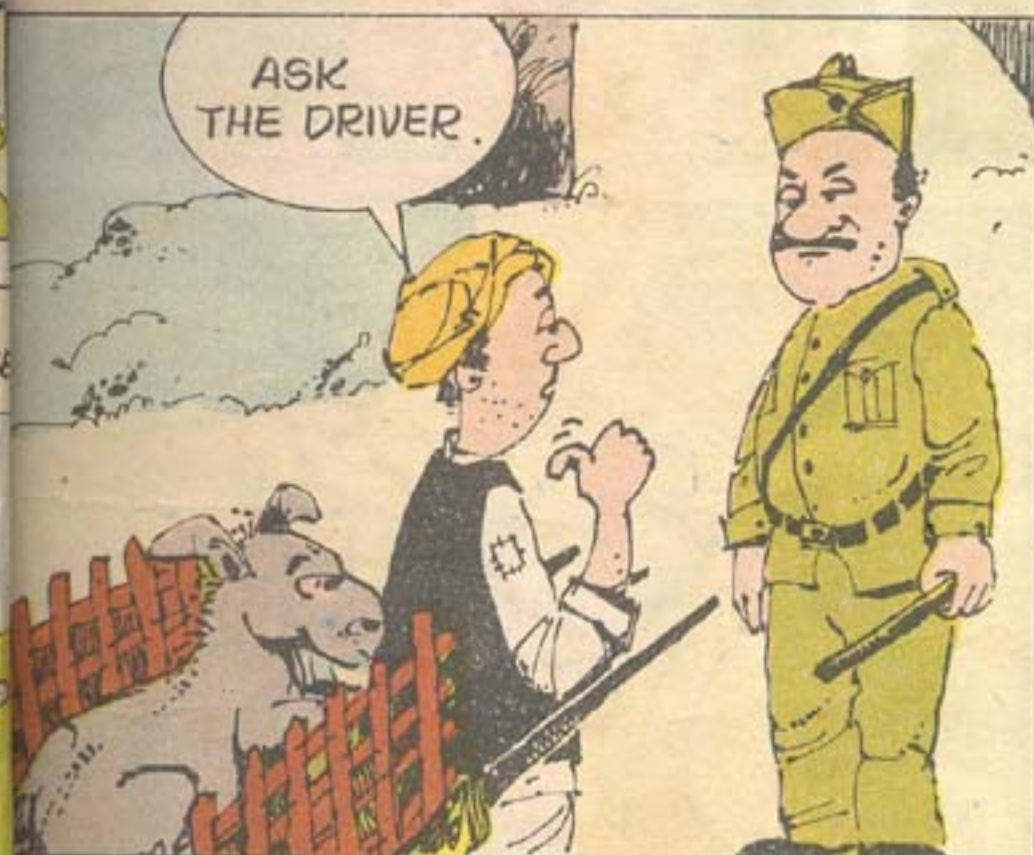
THEN RAMU SET OFF AGAIN.



AT THE BRIDGE —



ASK
THE DRIVER.

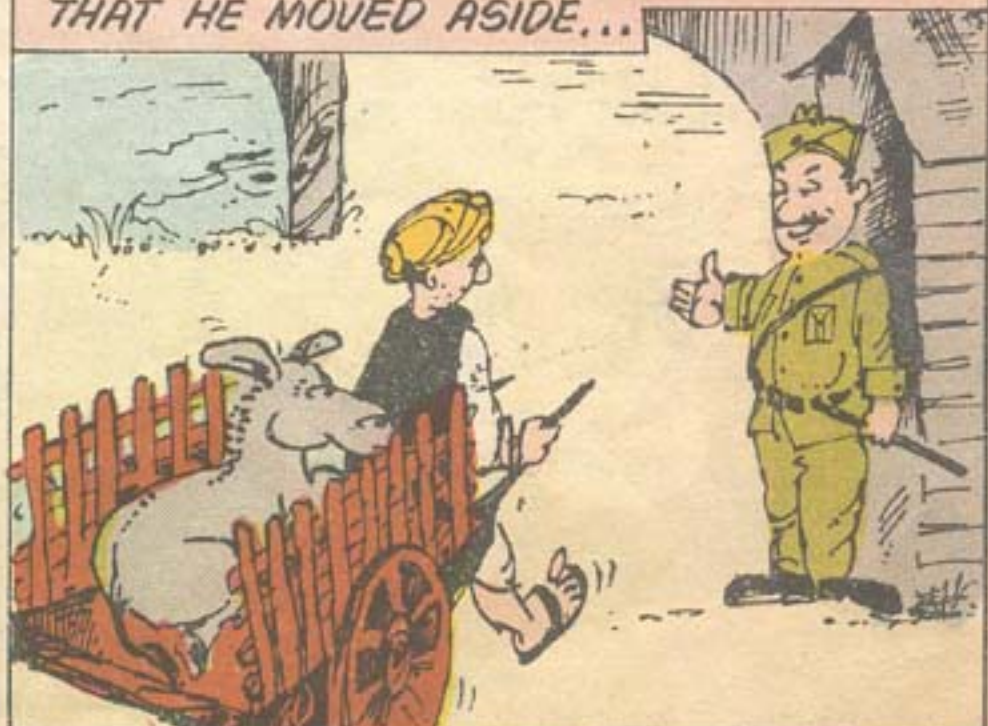


THEN —

HA, HA,
HA, HA!



SO AMUSED WAS THE TOLL-KEEPER
THAT HE MOVED ASIDE...



... AND LET RAMU CROSS OVER
WITHOUT CHARGING HIM THE FEE.

The Dwarf Who Outwitted the Giant

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

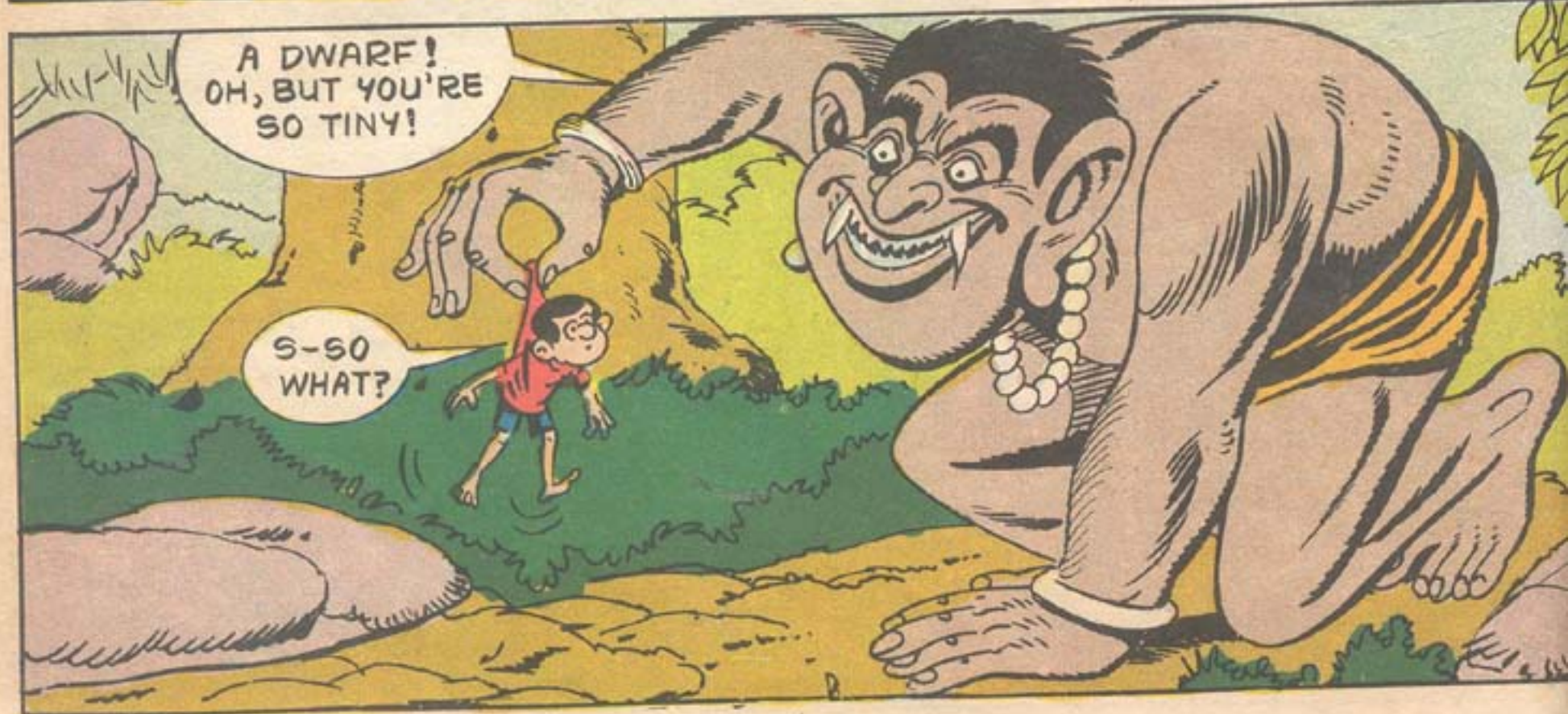
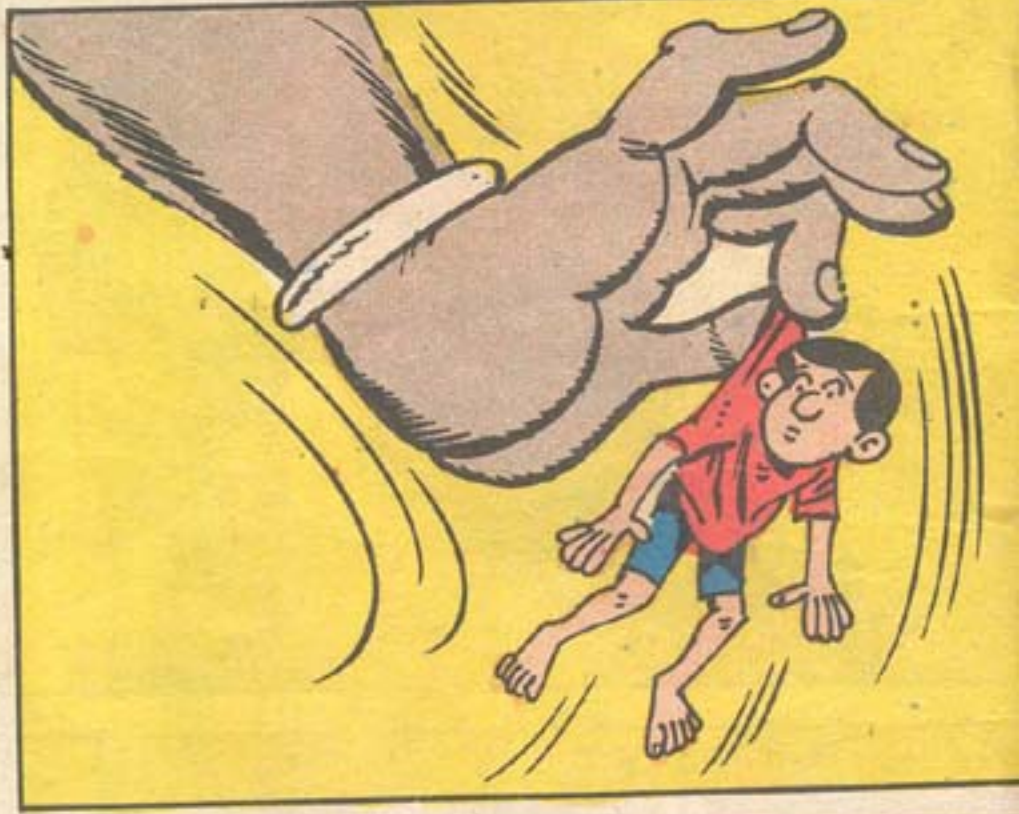
Based on a story sent by
Praveen Murthy, Bangalore



MILIND WAS CROSSING A DENSE JUNGLE.



SUDDENLY —





I AM JUST
AS STRONG
AND SMART
AS YOU.

HA HA! THAT'S
THE FUNNIEST THING
I'VE EVER HEARD.



ANYWAY, YOU'VE COME
JUST IN TIME. I'M
HUNGRY.

WAIT A
MINUTE,
SIR.



YOU-YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY WANT
TO EAT ME! I'M
AFTER ALL, SO
VERY SMALL!

I'LL LOOK
FOR MORE
FOOD
AFTERWARDS.



WAIT!



I HAVE A CHALLENGE
FOR YOU!

A CHALLENGE?
FOR ME? FROM
YOU?

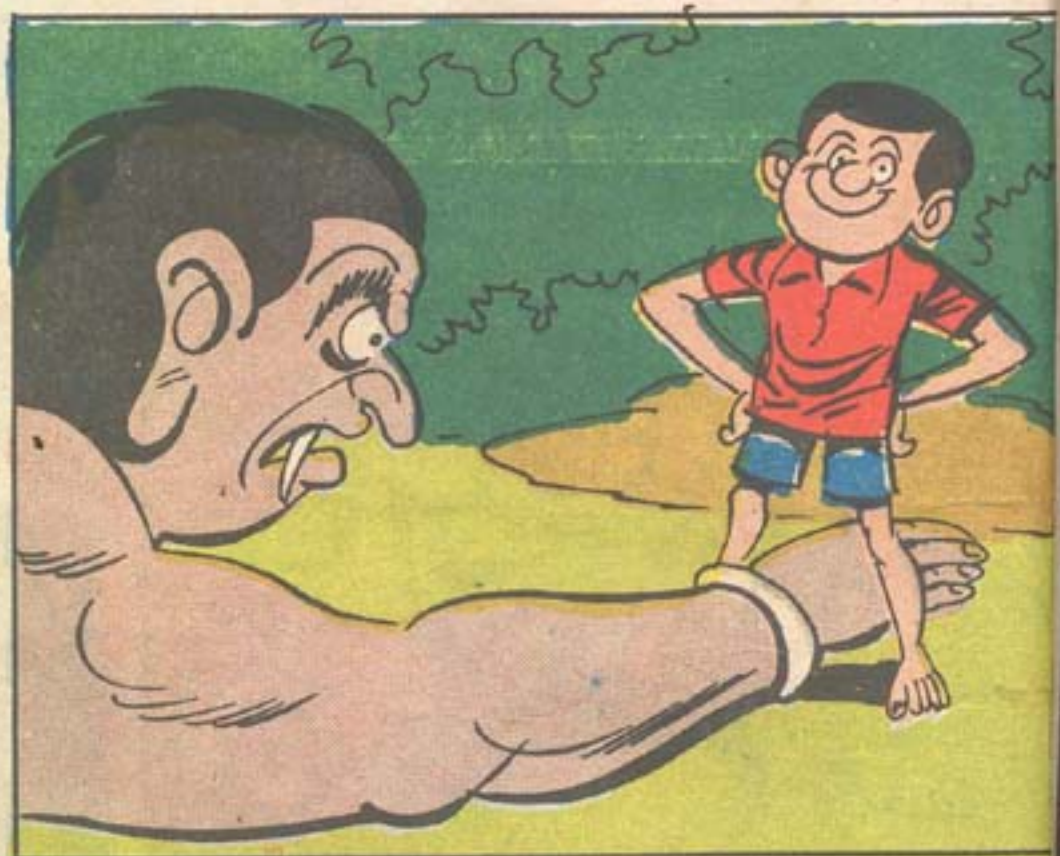


WHAT SORT
OF
CHALLENGE?

PUT ME
DOWN FIRST.

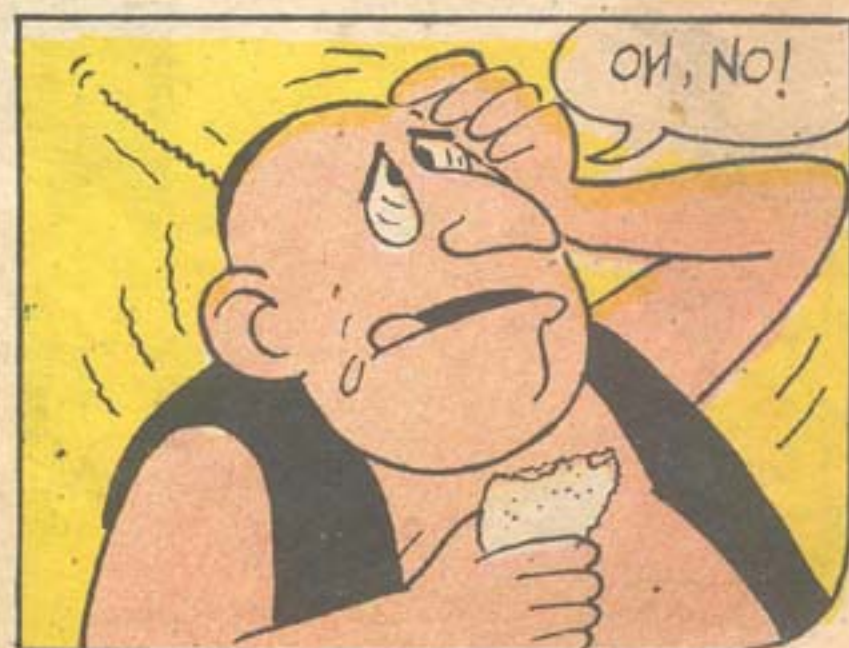
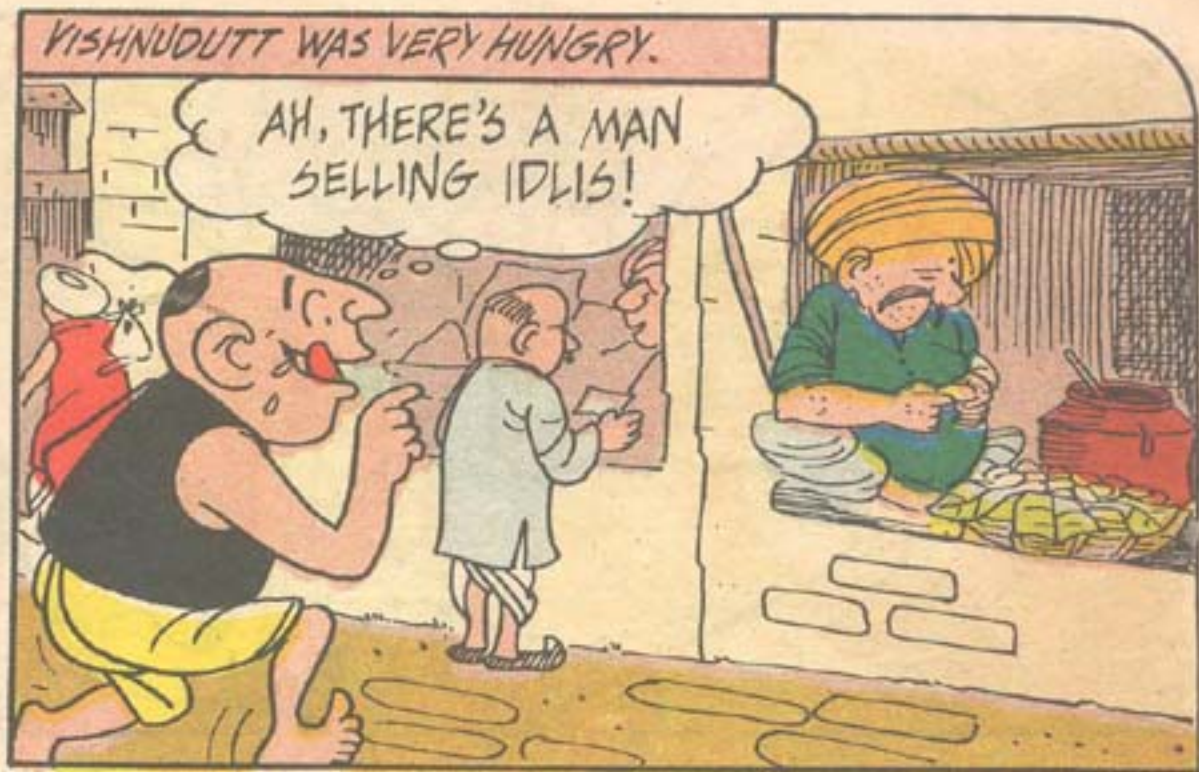


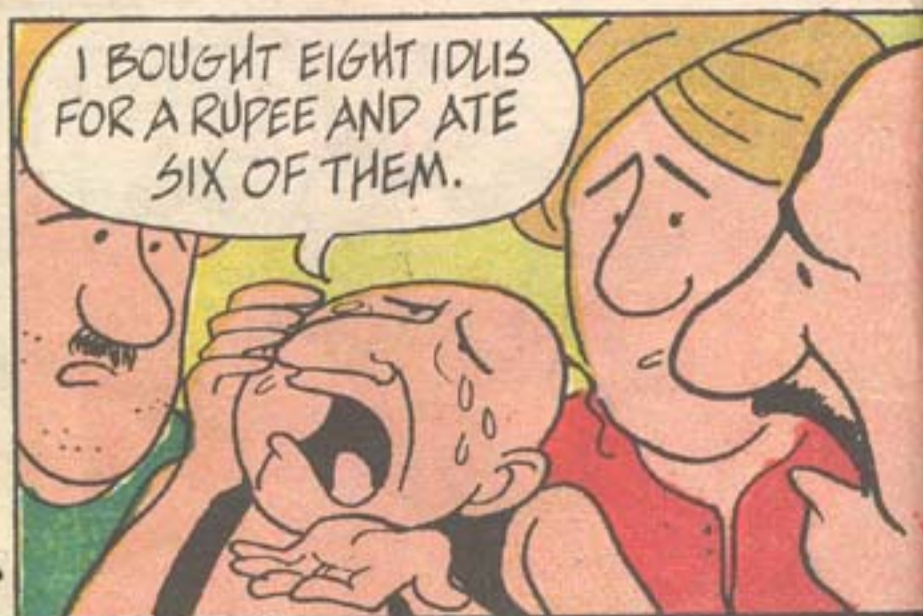
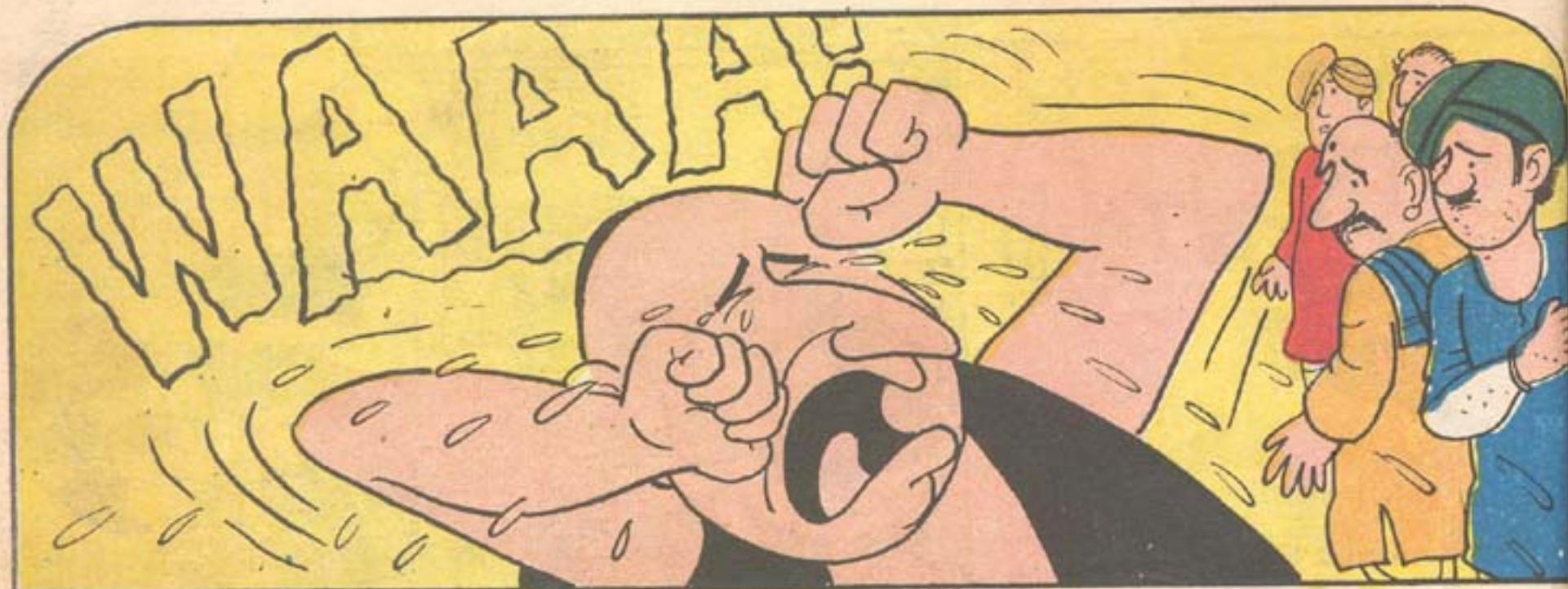
THERE!



THE SEVENTH IDLI

Script:
Rina Mukherji
Illustrations:
Sumitra S. Sawant

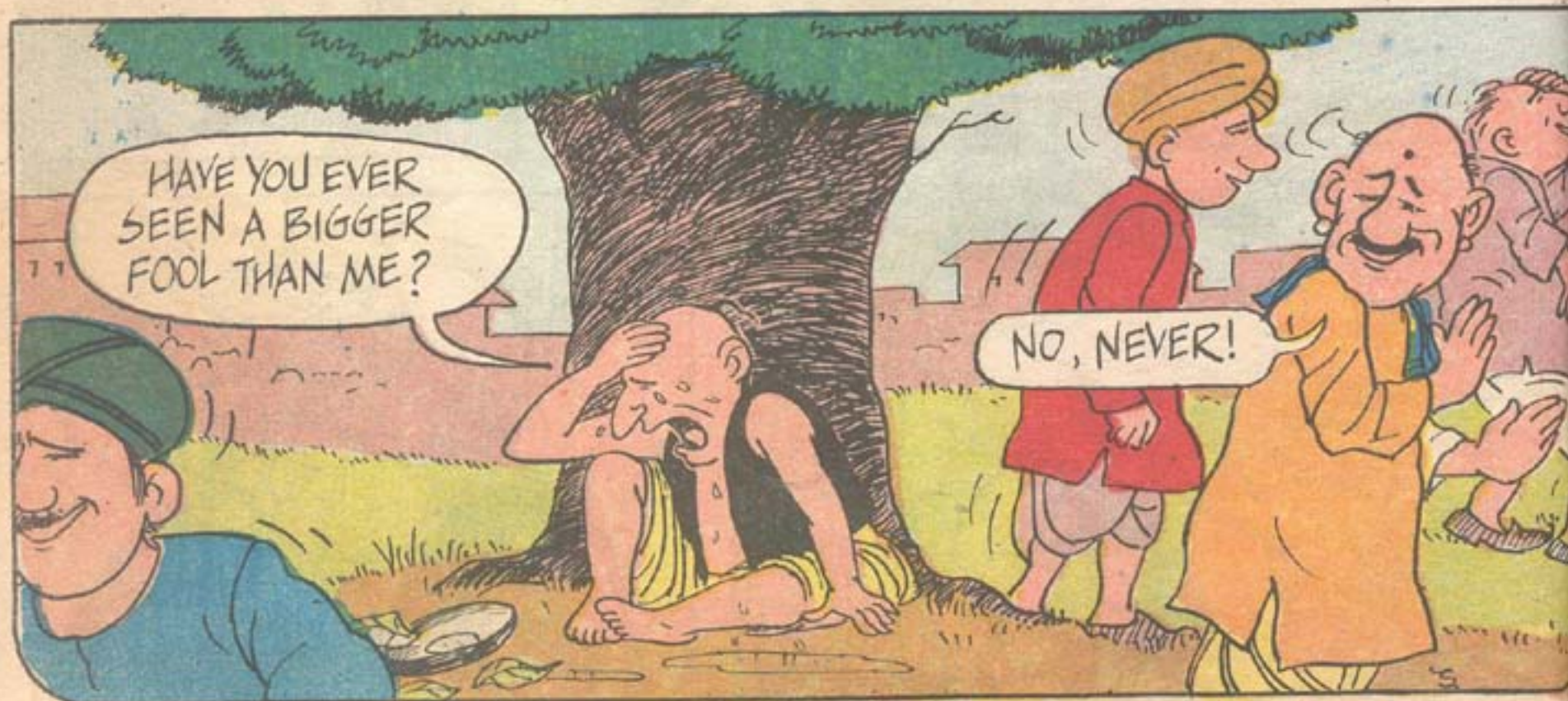




BUT IT WAS ONLY
THE SEVENTH ONE
WHICH SATISFIED
MY HUNGER.



IF I HAD EATEN THE
SEVENTH ONE FIRST
I COULD HAVE SAVED
THE OTHERS!



A MATTER OF PAYMENT

Based on a story
sent by
Dilip Kesari, Jharia

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

**FOKUT RAM
MISHTHAN BHANDAR**
DON'T WORRY!
BILLS WILL BE RECOVERED
FROM
YOUR HEIRS!
**COME IN AND
EAT AS MUCH
AS YOU WANT!**



... I DON'T
HAVE TO PAY!



THE AMOUNT
WILL BE RECOVERED
FROM MY HEIRS!



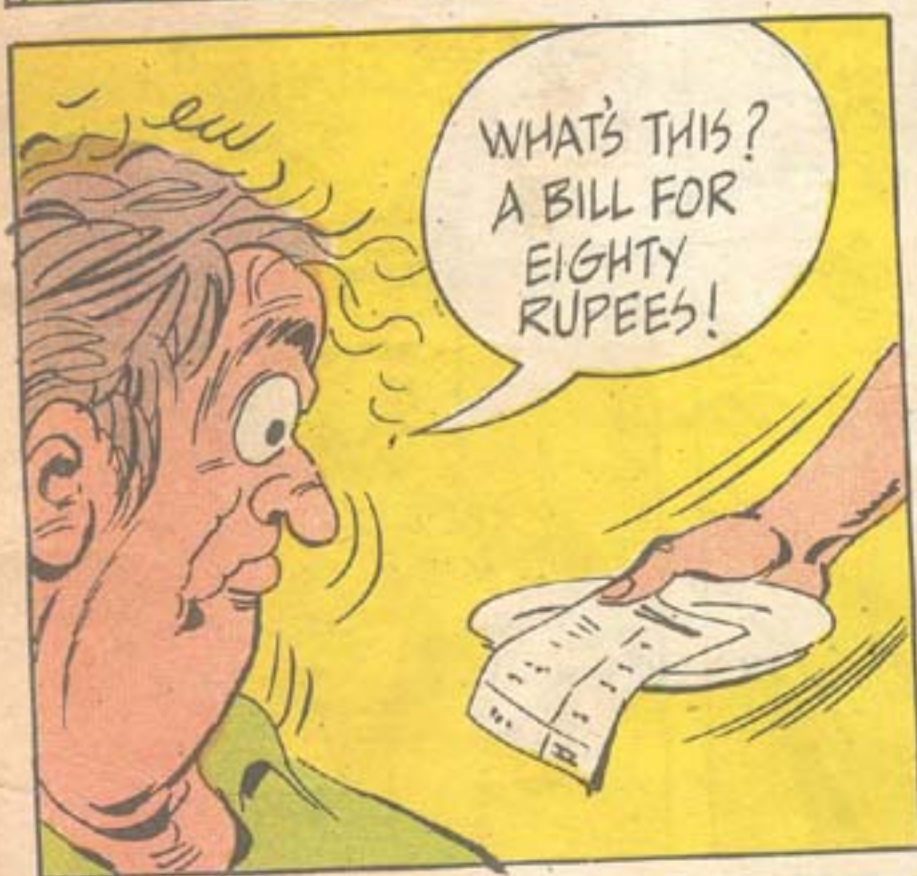
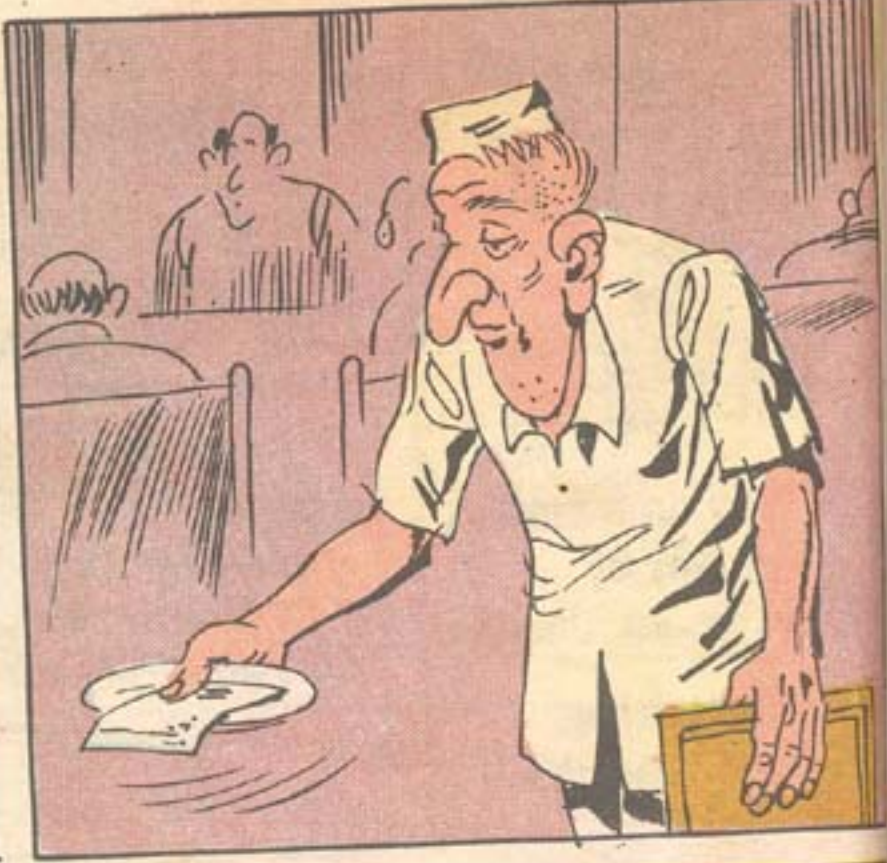
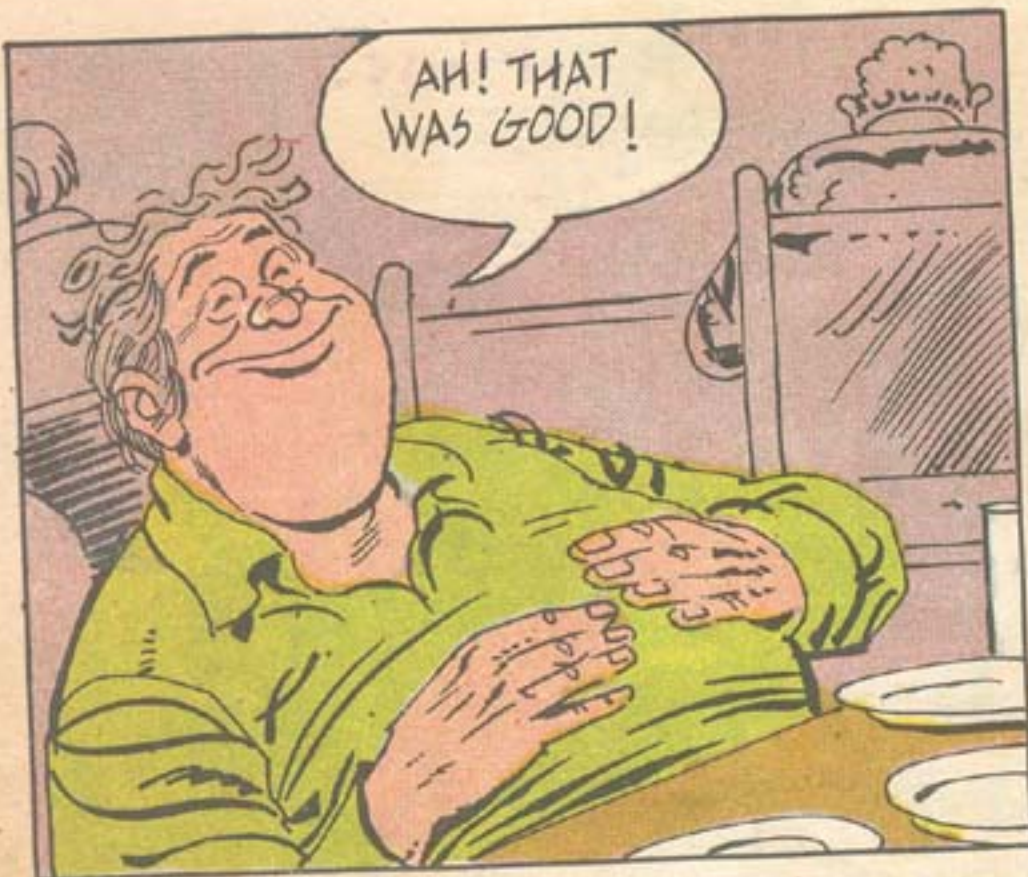
SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY
IS NOT TO BE
MISSED!



3 PLATES RASMALAI
½ KG. JALEBI, ½ KG.
PEDHA, 2 PLATES RASAGOLLA.

RIGHT
AWAY,
SIR!





THE MERCHANT AND THE THIEF

Illustrations : V. B. Halbe

Readers'
Choice

Based on
a story sent by
Subhash Godakh,
Ahmednagar

THE MERCHANT, GHUNA, WAS ON A JOURNEY TO SONAI. ON THE WAY—

DO YOU MIND IF
I ACCOMPANY
YOU?

NOT
AT ALL!

IN FACT, I WAS
LOOKING FOR
COMPANY.

THIS AREA IS
INFESTED WITH
THIEVES.

YOU ARE
ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT!

THAT NIGHT THEY STOPPED AT AN
INN.

I AM VERY TIRED
AND I'M GOING
TO SLEEP.

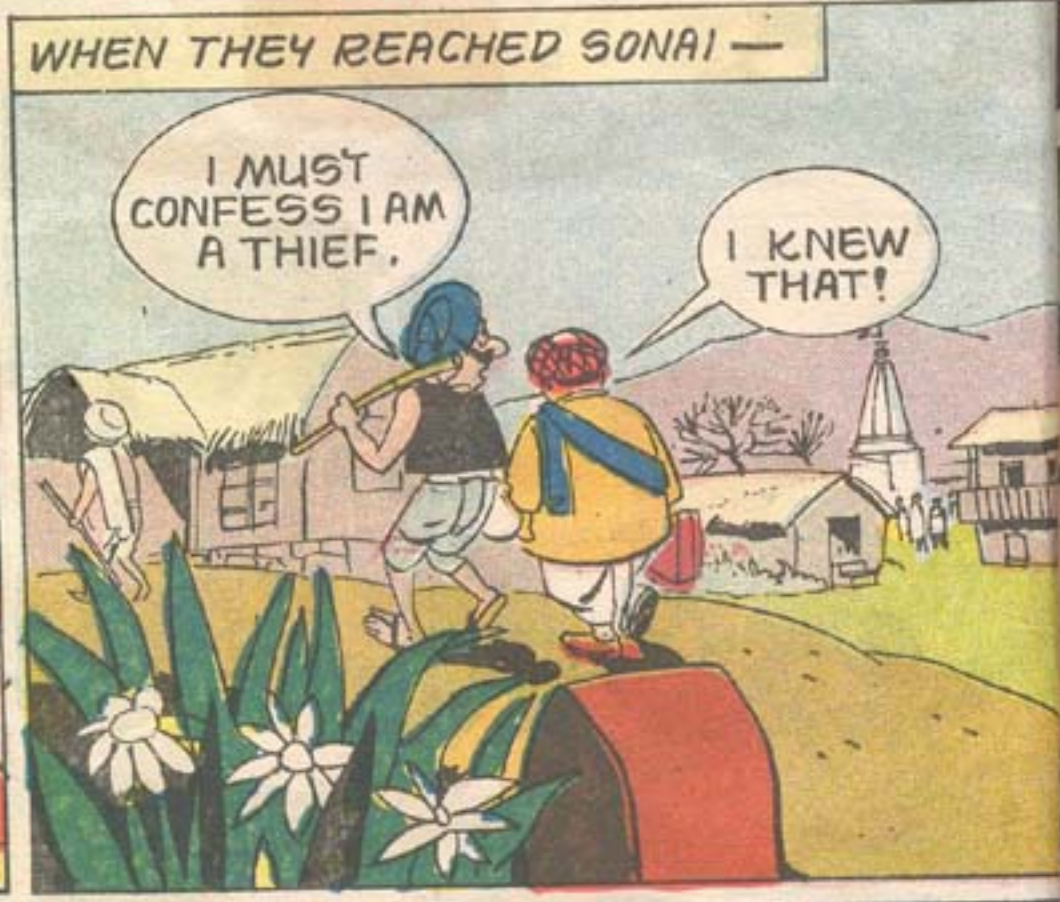
NOW IS THE
TIME TO RIFLE
THROUGH HIS
LUGGAGE...

BUT THE THIEF
WAS DISAPPOINTED.

NOTHING!

THE NEXT MORNING —

ARE YOU
CARRYING
ANY MONEY
WITH YOU?



THE WATCHFUL EYE

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Readers' Choice



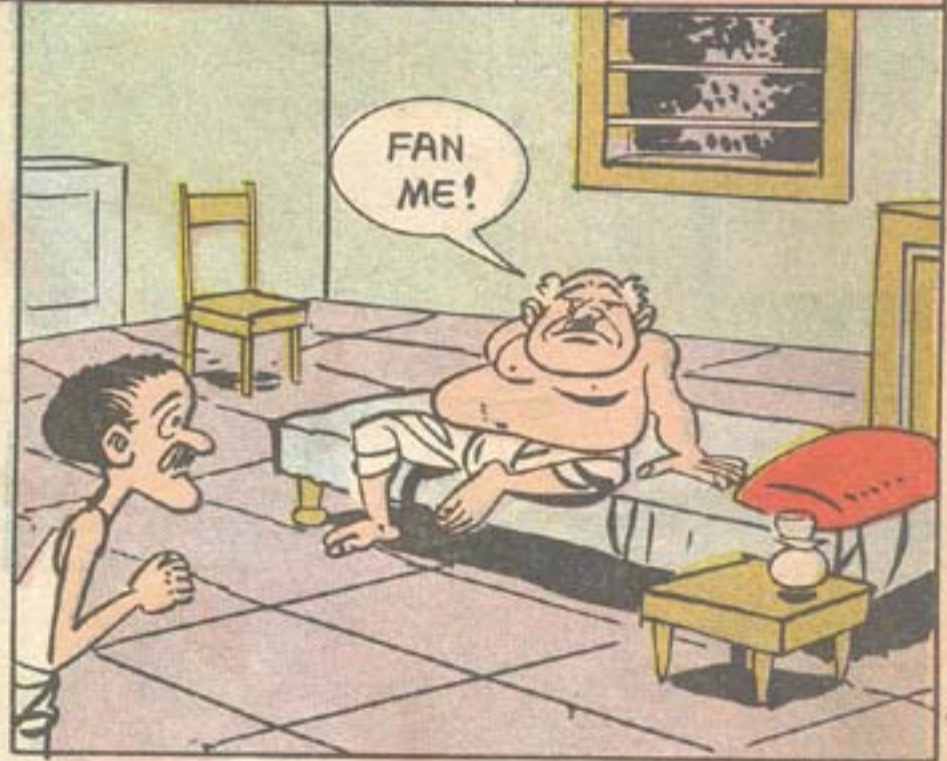
Based on a story sent by Iffat Rashid, Srinagar

VITHALRAO, THE RICH MERCHANT HAD A GLASS EYE.

IT'S A HOT NIGHT! I AM GOING TO SLEEP.



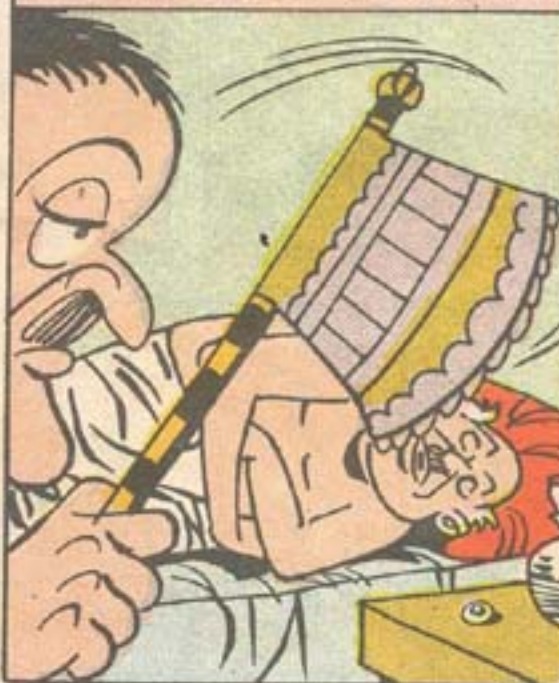
FAN ME!



HE TOOK OUT HIS GLASS EYE AND KEPT IT CAREFULLY ON A SIDE TABLE...



... AND WENT TO SLEEP.



THE NEXT DAY—

YOU LOOK SO TIRED EVERY MORNING. DON'T YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?

HOW CAN I? I HAVE TO FAN THE MASTER THE WHOLE NIGHT.



YOU FOOL, YOU SHOULD GO TO SLEEP THE THE MOMENT HE CLOSES HIS EYES.

THAT'S THE TROUBLE. THE CUNNING MAN DOESN'T CLOSE BOTH EYES WHEN HE SLEEPS.



HE TAKES ONE OUT AND KEEPS IT ASIDE SO THAT IT CAN WATCH OVER ME!



The Secret Reason

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a
story sent by
Deepa Sethi,
Nainital



ONE DAY A GURU
AND HIS DISCIPLE
WERE ON THEIR
WAY TO A FEAST.

EAT AS MANY
LADDOOS AS YOU
CAN, UNDERSTAND?

YES,
GURUJI.

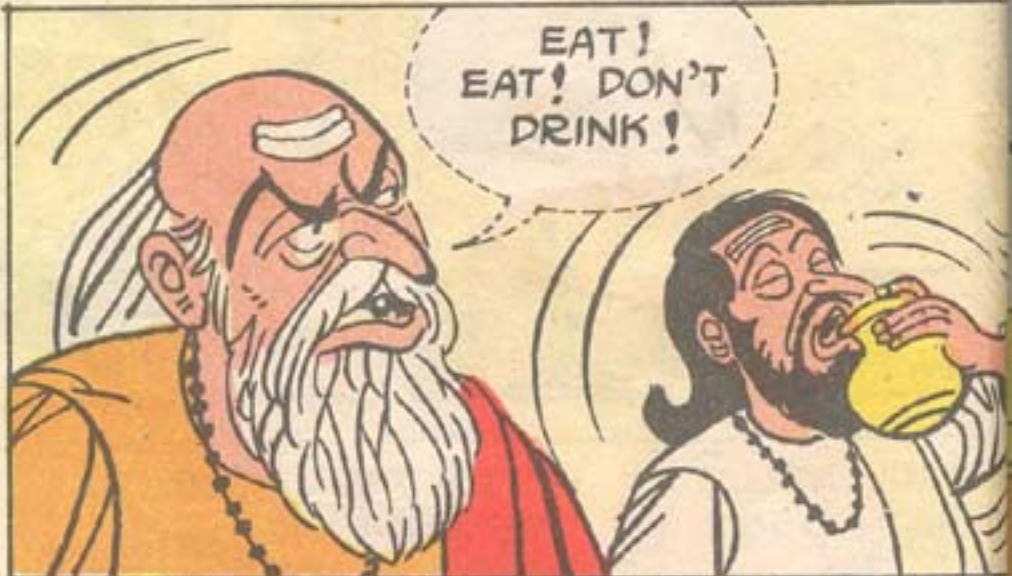


A LITTLE LATER—

O...
OUCH!



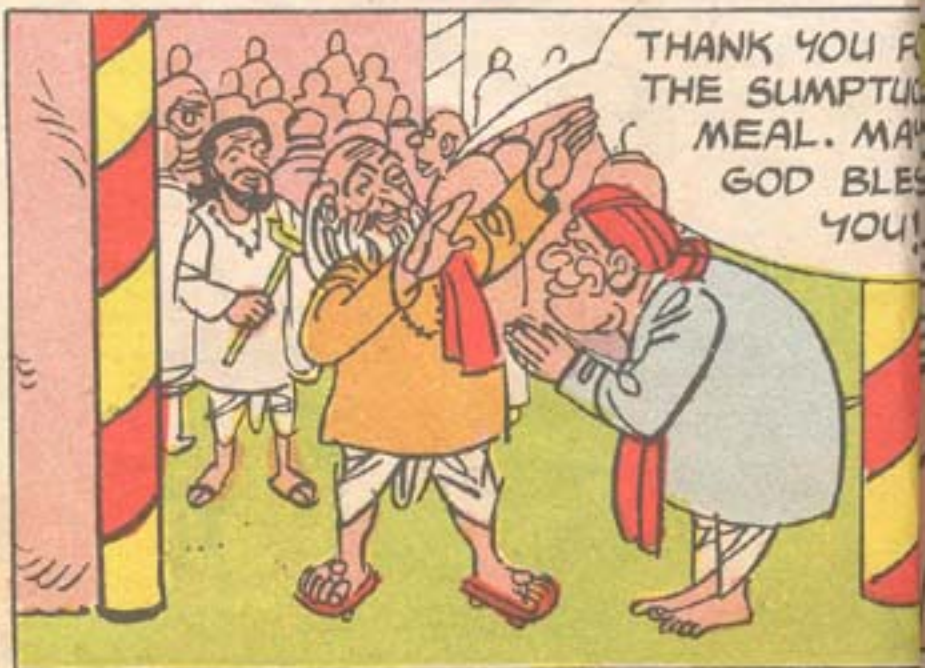
EAT!
EAT! DON'T
DRINK!



BUT SOON AGAIN—



THANK YOU FOR
THE SUMPTUOUS
MEAL. MAY
GOD BLESS
YOU!



AS SOON AS THEY WERE FAR ENOUGH—

FOOL! IDIOT!
FILLING YOUR
STOMACH WITH
WATER INSTEAD
OF LADDOOS!
I AM ASHAMED
OF YOU!

BUT
GURUJI...

...I HAD
A REASON.

REASON?
WHAT
REASON?

JUST
WATCH!

NOW, HASN'T THE
MUD SETTLED
PROPERLY BECAUSE
OF THE
WATER?

SO
WHAT?

IN THE SAME WAY I WAS
TRYING TO SETTLE THE
LADDOOS IN MY STOMACH
SO THAT I COULD EAT
TO THE FULLEST.

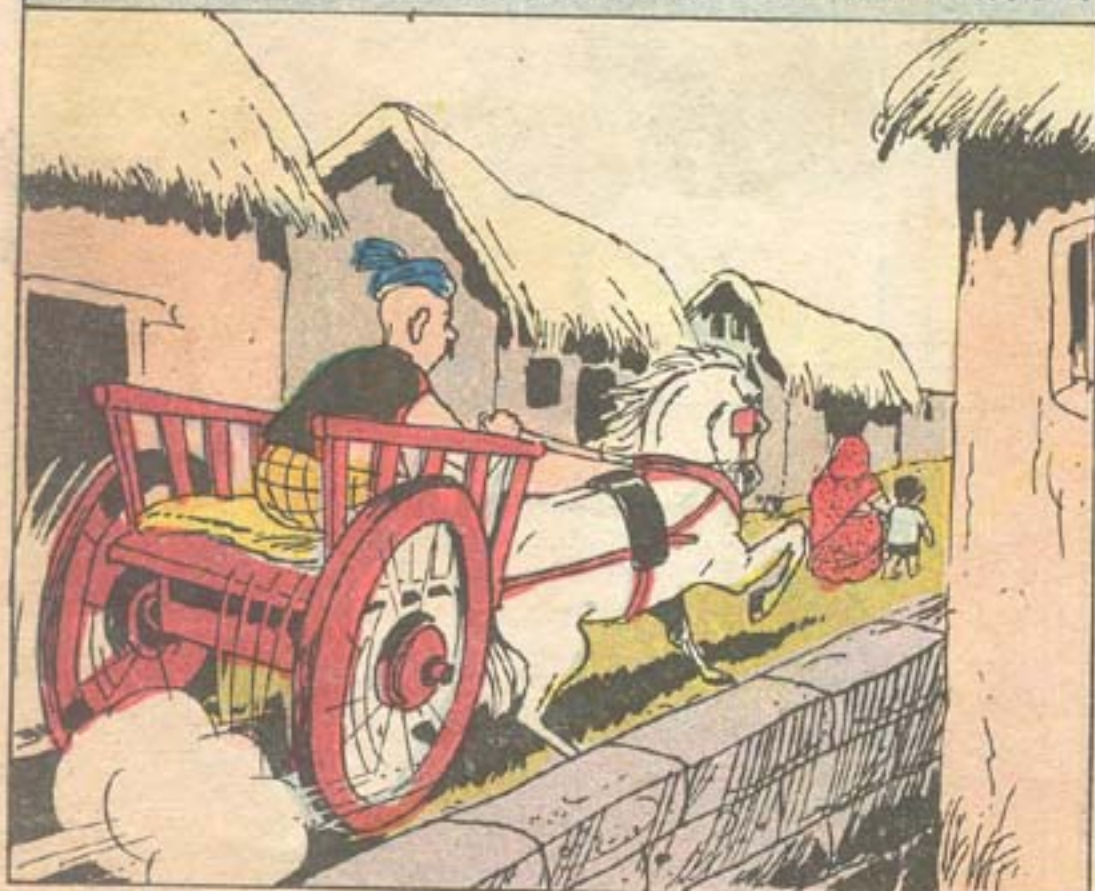
YOU
WERE, WERE
YOU?

YOU SELFISH
WRETCH!

WHY DIDN'T
YOU LET ME
IN ON THE
SECRET?



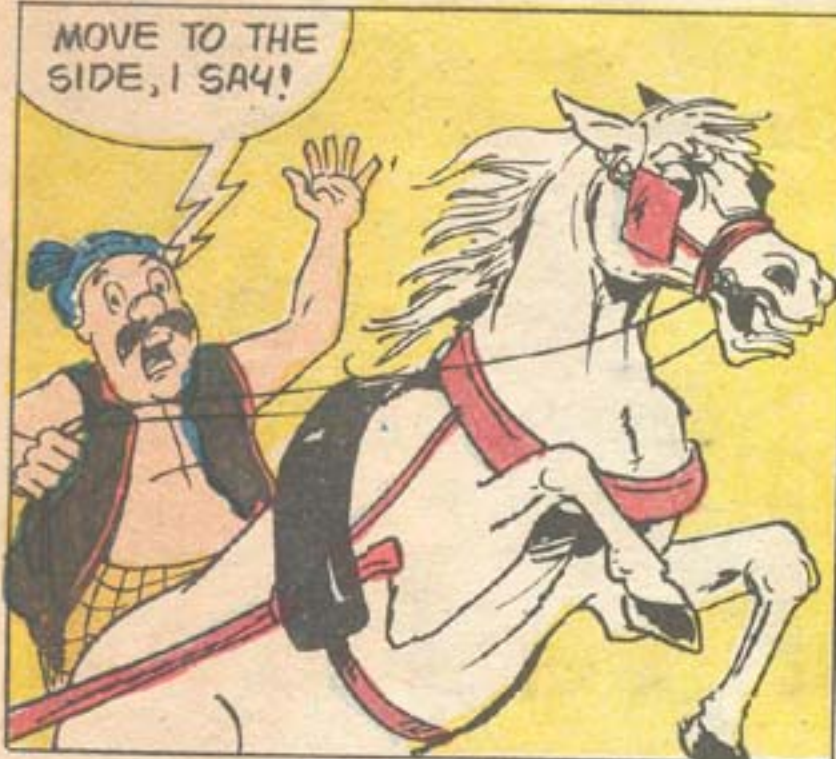
A MAN, DRIVING HIS HORSE-CART THROUGH A NARROW VILLAGE LANE, SUDDENLY LOST CONTROL...



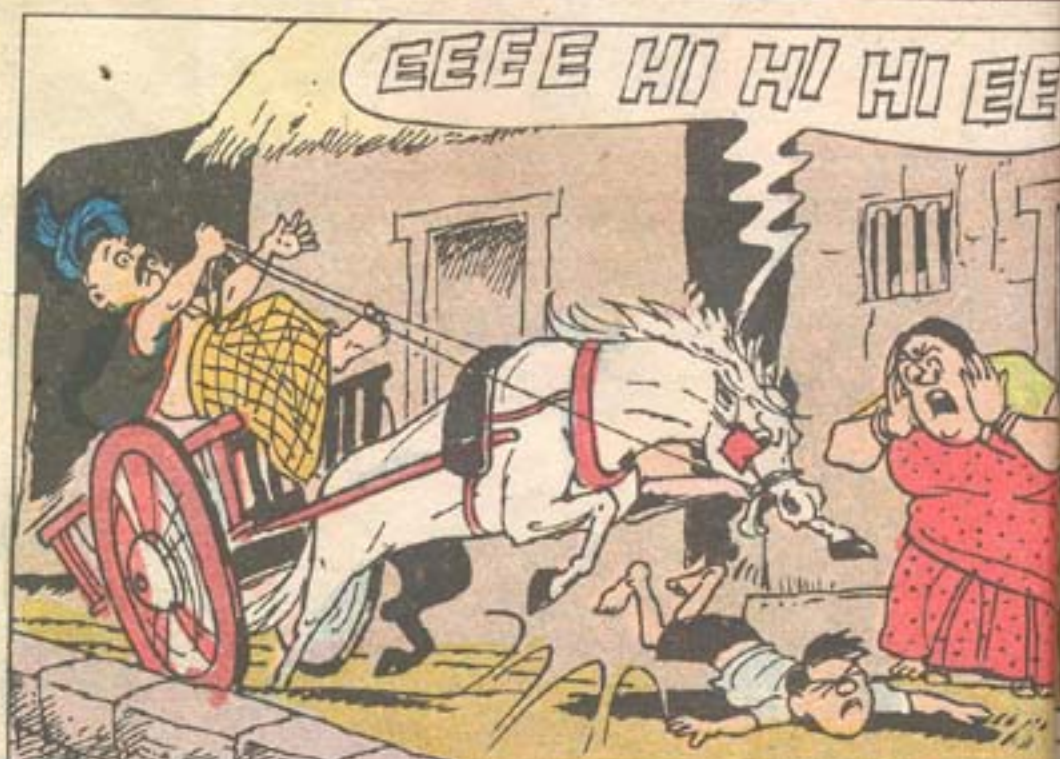
...AND THE CART WENT HURTLING DOWN THE LANE.



MOVE TO THE
SIDE, I SAY!



EEEE HI HI HI EEE



HELP!
HELP!

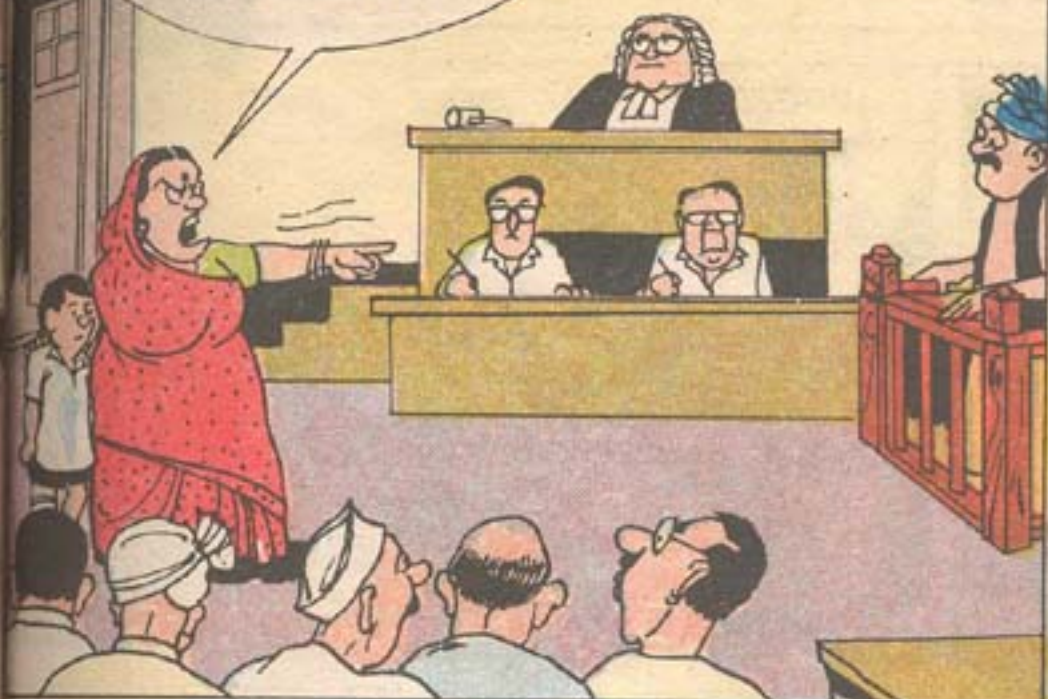


LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
YOU'VE HURT MY BOY!
I'LL TAKE YOU TO
COURT FOR THIS!

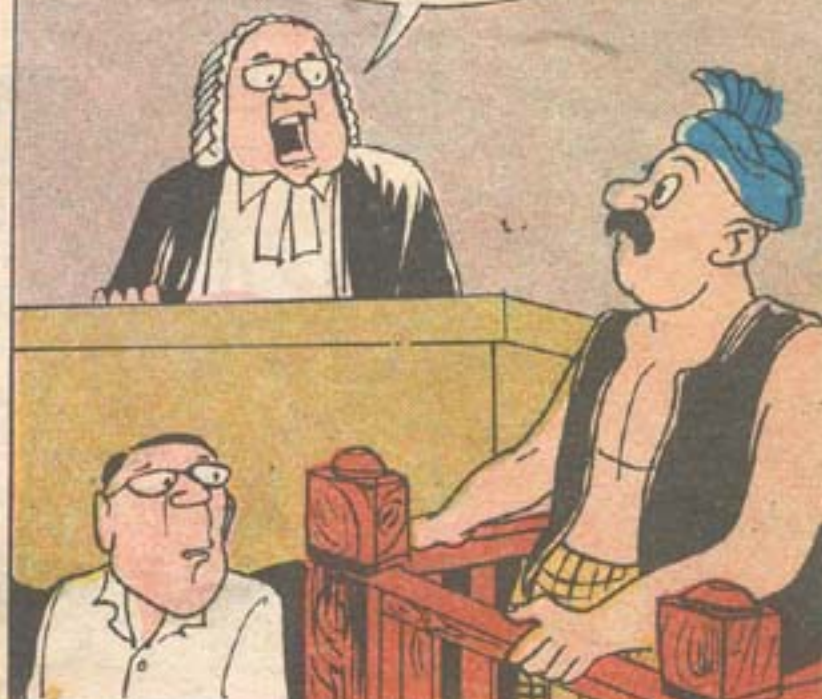


LATER IN COURT—

MY LORD, THIS MAN
PURPOSELY KNOCKED
MY BOY DOWN WITH
HIS CART!



IS THAT TRUE? DID YOU
PURPOSELY KNOCK
THE BOY
DOWN?



THE JUDGE REPEATED
THE QUESTION BUT THE
MAN LOOKED BLANKLY AT
THE JUDGE.

I AM ASKING YOU A
QUESTION! WHY DON'T
YOU ANSWER?



ON THE ROAD HE WAS
SHOUTING: "MOVE TO
THE SIDE! MOVE TO
THE SIDE!" AND NOW
HE'S NOT SAYING
ANYTHING!



DID YOU HEAR THAT MY
LORD? I KEPT ON SHOUT-
ING TO EVERYONE TO GET
OFF THE ROAD. I DID NOT
HURT THE BOY ON
PURPOSE.



YOU MAY GO—
SHE HAS NO CASE
AGAINST YOU!



READERS' CHOICE

THE FOX IN THE PIT

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

Based on a
story sent by
S. Rajeeva,
Bangalore



ONE EVENING A FOX WAS
GOING HOME...



...WHEN HE FELL INTO A PIT.



NOW HOW
DO I GET OUT
OF HERE?

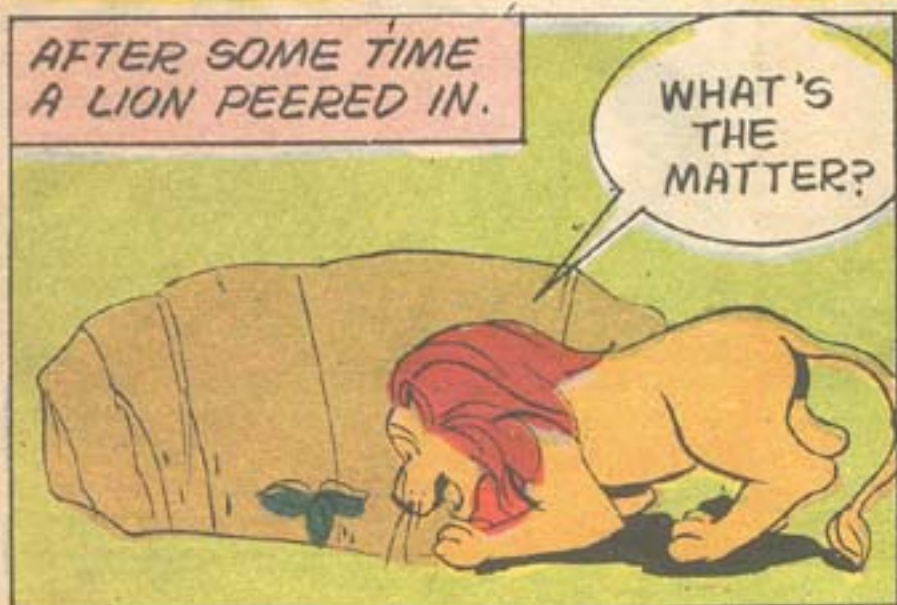


HE BEGAN TO HOWL.



AFTER SOME TIME
A LION PEERED IN.

WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?



WHY ARE YOU
HOWLING LIKE
THAT?

THE WORLD IS
ABOUT TO COME
TO AN END.



HOW DO
YOU
KNOW?

I HAD
A DREAM.

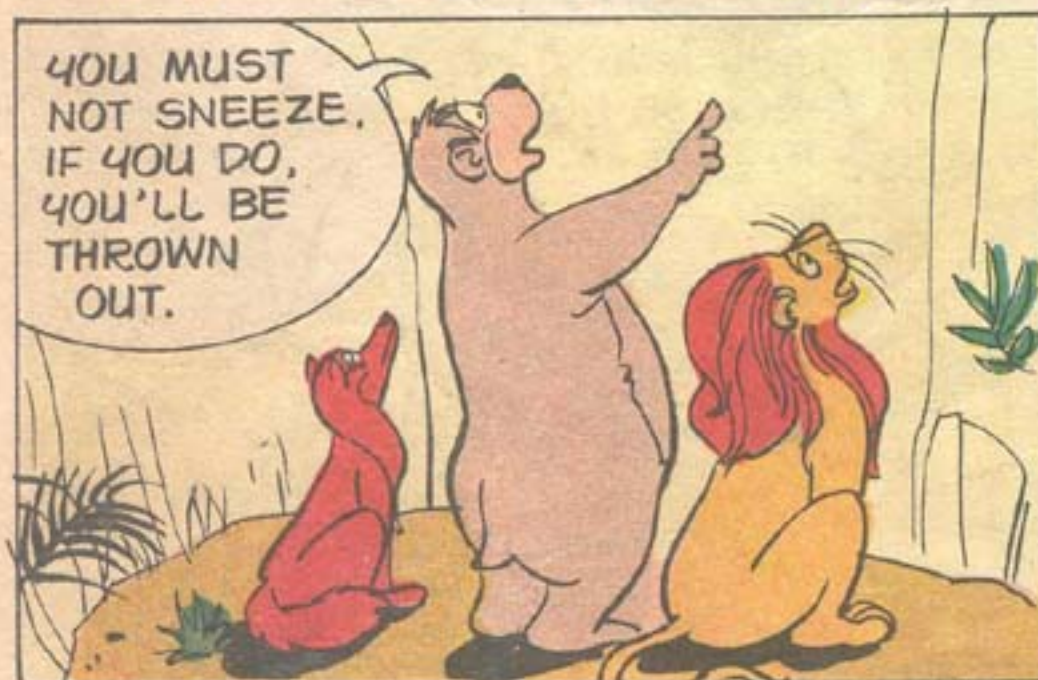


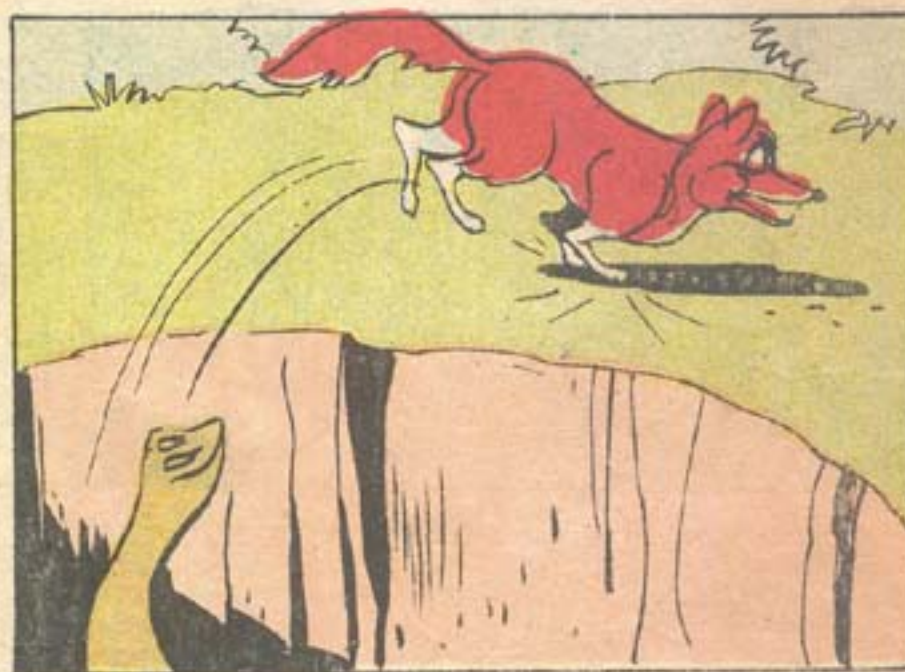
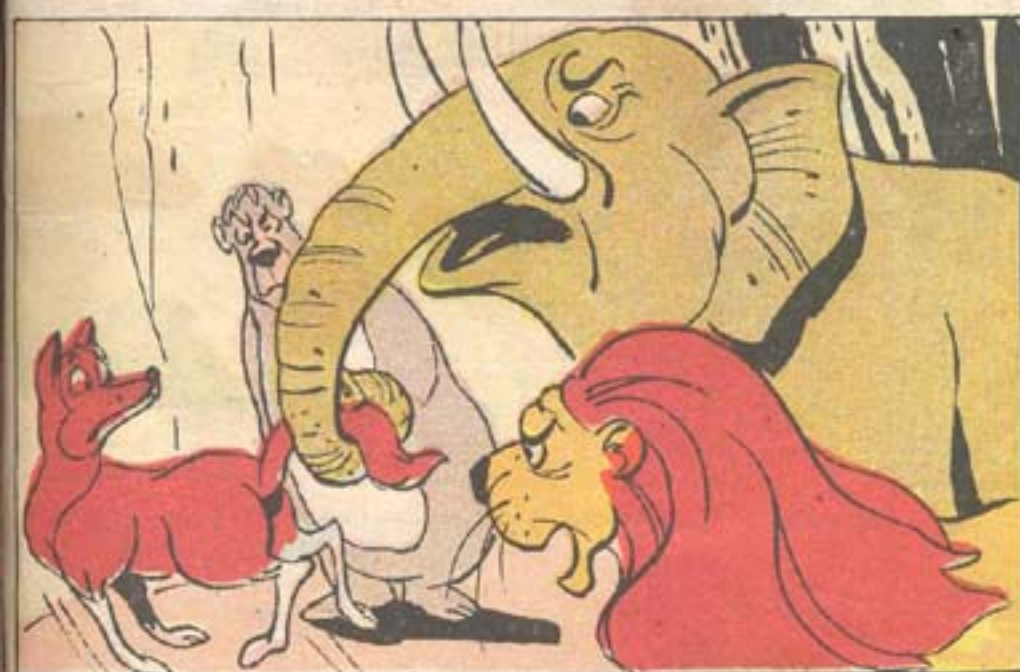
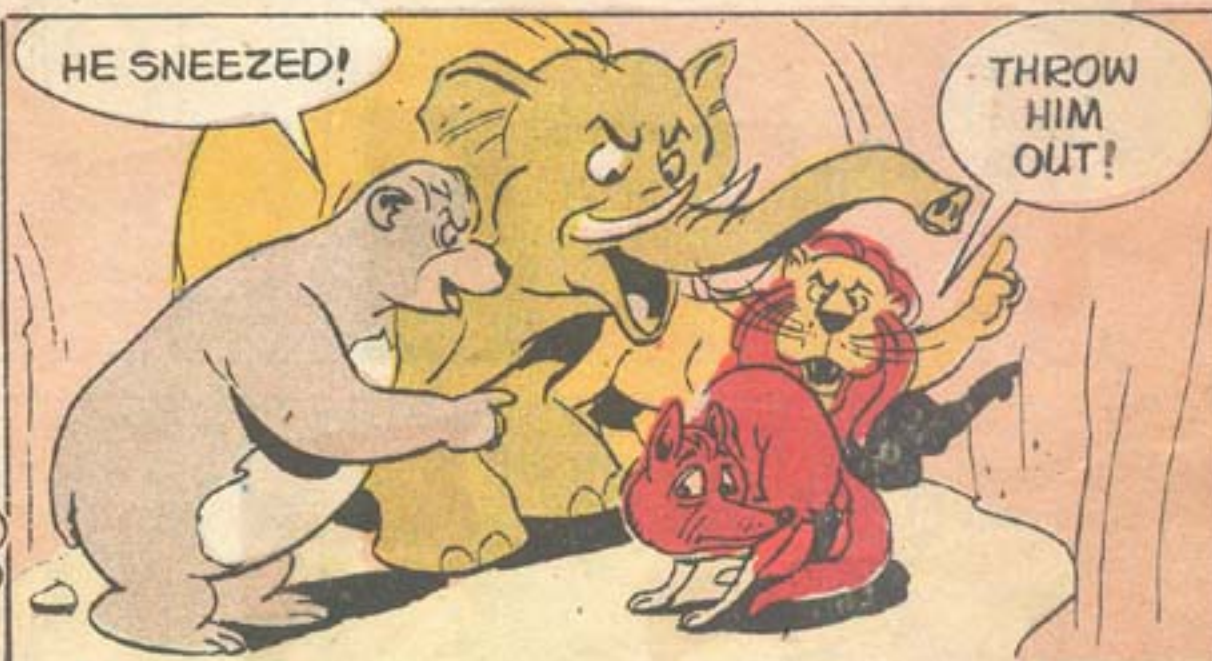
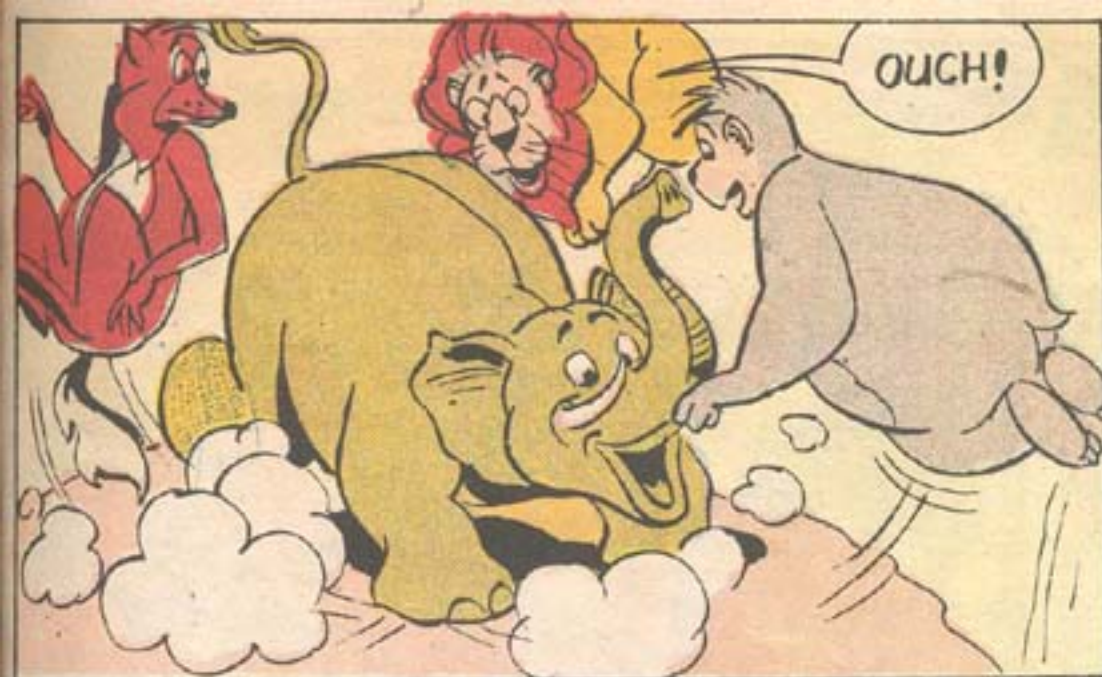
ONLY THOSE
IN THIS PIT WILL
BE SAVED.

OH!

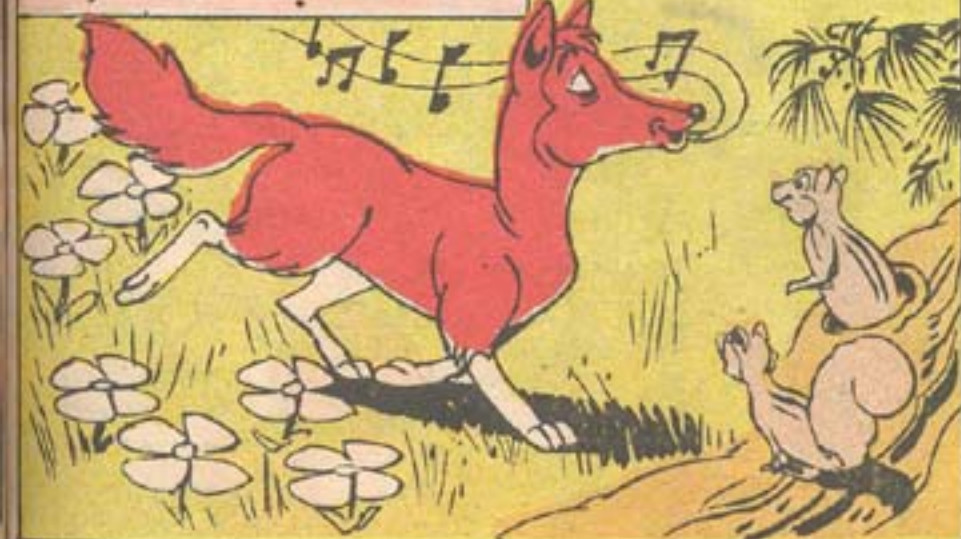








THE FOX, DELIGHTED TO BE OUT OF THE PIT, HURRIED HOME.



RAMESH EARNS A PILE

Illustrations : Ram Waerkar

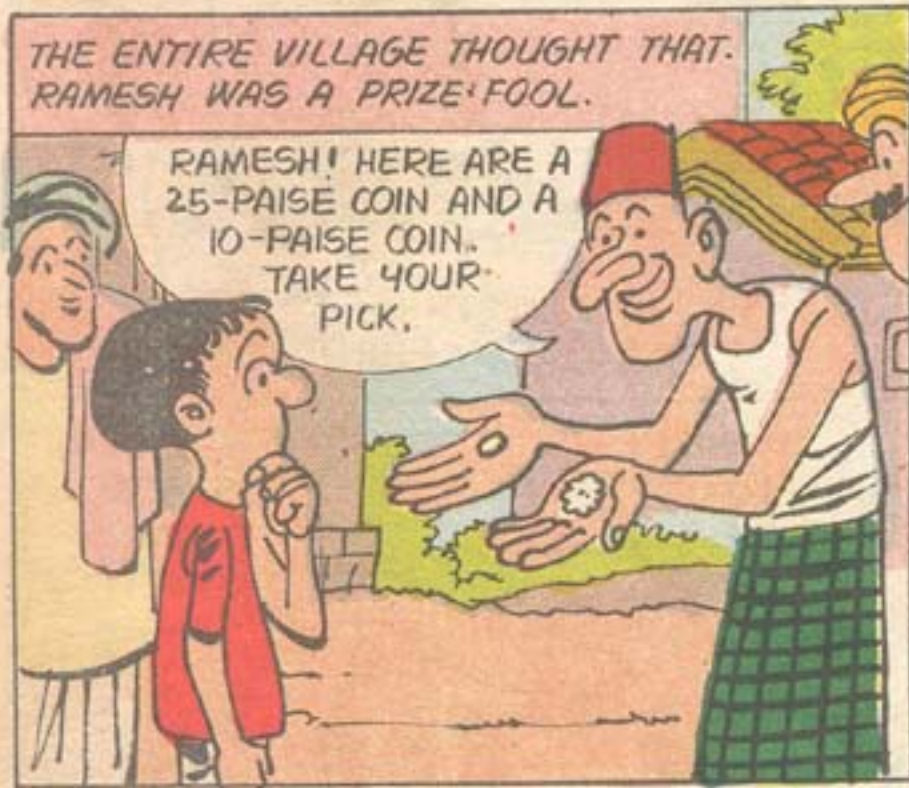
Readers'
Choice

Based on a story sent by
K. Srinivasan,
Coimbatore



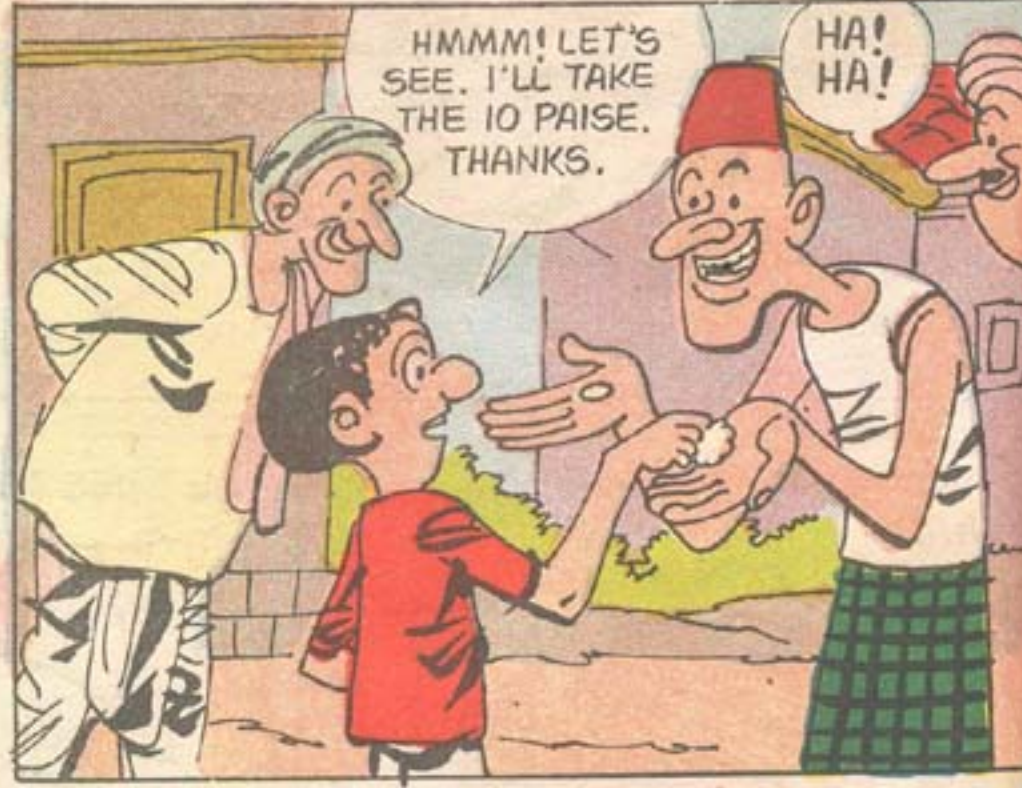
THE ENTIRE VILLAGE THOUGHT THAT.
RAMESH WAS A PRIZE-FOOL.

RAMESH! HERE ARE A
25-PAISE COIN AND A
10-PAISE COIN.
TAKE YOUR
PICK.



HMMM! LET'S
SEE. I'LL TAKE
THE 10 PAISE.
THANKS.

HA!
HA!



HE'S SUCH A FOOL—
HE TOOK THE
SMALLER COIN!

HEH!
HEH!



THIS BECAME A FAVOURITE GAME IN
THE VILLAGE.

COME, LET'S
TRY IT
AGAIN!

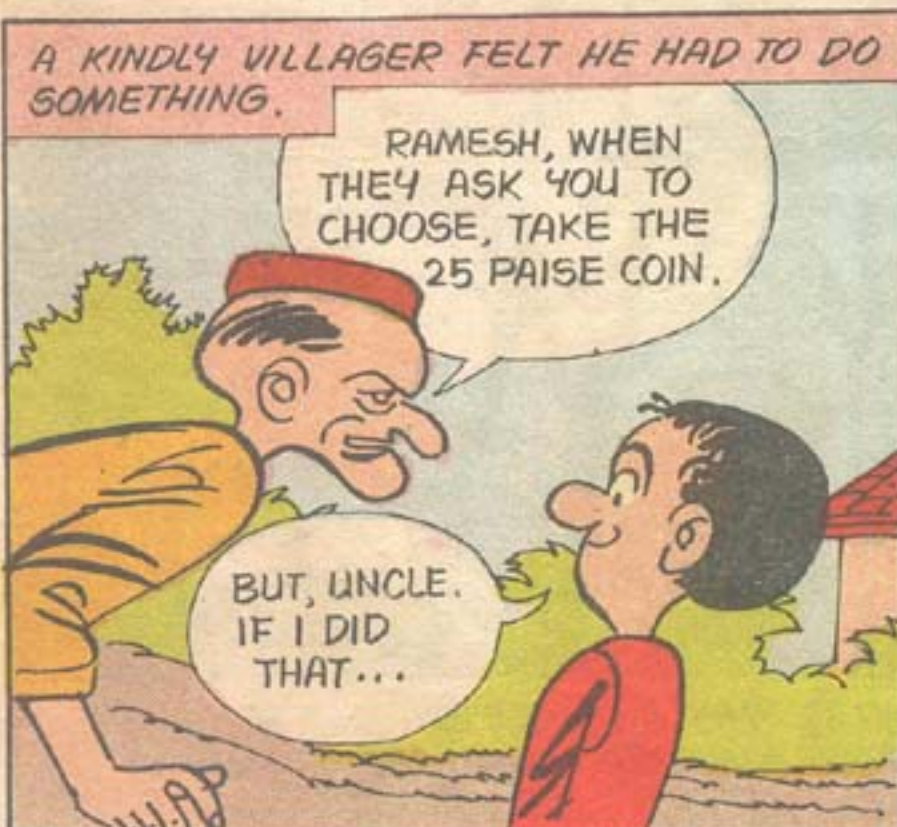
THE
10 PAISE
PLEASE.



A KINDLY VILLAGER FELT HE HAD TO DO
SOMETHING.

RAMESH, WHEN
THEY ASK YOU TO
CHOOSE, TAKE THE
25 PAISE COIN.

BUT, UNCLE.
IF I DID
THAT...



... THEY
WOULD STOP
OFFERING
ME COINS!



THE GREEDY DOOR-KEEPER

Illustrations : Bapu Patil

Readers'
Choice

Based on
a story sent by
Qudsia Mahnaz,
Hyderabad.



ONE CHILLY NIGHT A WEARY TRAVELLER
KNOCKED AT THE DOOR OF AN INN.



AFTER SOME TIME THE DOOR-KEEPER
PEEPED OUT.

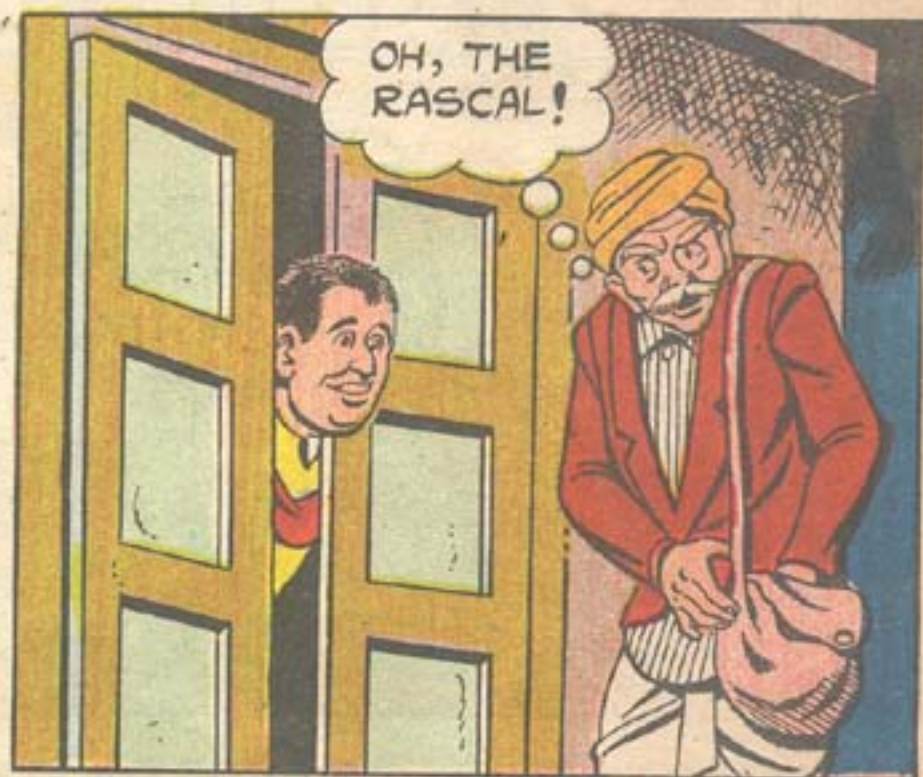
I NEED A ROOM
FOR THE NIGHT.
PLEASE OPEN
THE DOOR.



THIS IS A SPECIAL
DOOR. IT CAN
BE OPENED ONLY
WITH A SILVER
COIN.



OH, THE
RASCAL!



HERE!





A PAIR OF CUCKOOS

Illustrations : Ram Wæerkar

Based on a story
sent by
Praveen Kirpalani,
Bombay



JAGU WAS WALKING DOWN THE VILLAGE ROAD
ONE MORNING WHEN SUDDENLY—



A LONG TIME LATER—



THE GOLD RING

Illustrations by : M. Mohandas.

READERS'
CHOICE

Based on a
story sent by
Rupam Kakotti,
Jorhat.

ONE EVENING, A COACH CARRYING AN OLD
MAN RUMBLLED THROUGH THE
COUNTRYSIDE.



OUR PASSENGER
HASN'T ASKED US
HOW MUCH HE'LL
HAVE TO PAY.



WE CAN CHARGE
HIM WHATEVER WE
WANT!

SSSSH! NOT
SO LOUD. HE
MAY HEAR.



BUT THE PASSENGER HAD ALREADY
HEARD.

WHAT RASCALS!
I MUST
OUTWIT
THEM SOME-
HOW.



AS THE COACH NEARED
ITS DESTINATION, THE OLD
MAN TOOK OFF HIS GOLD
RING...



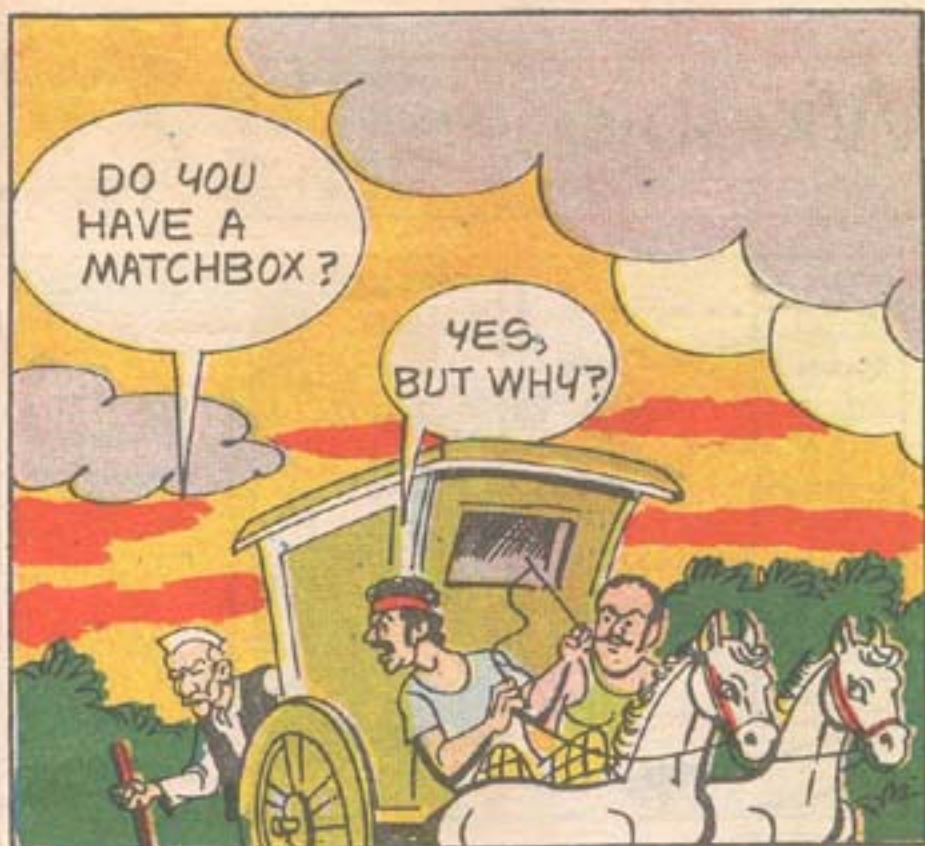
... AND SLIPPED IT
INTO HIS POCKET.



THEN—

STOP!
PLEASE
STOP!





DO YOU HAVE A MATCHBOX?

YES, BUT WHY?



MY GOLD RING SLIPPED OFF MY FINGER AND ROLLED UNDER THE SEAT.



AND IT'S TOO DARK IN THERE FOR ME TO FIND IT WITHOUT A LIGHT.



DON'T WORRY, OLD MAN! WE'LL FIND YOUR RING...



... AND KEEP IT FOR OURSELVES! HEH-HEH!



THEY FELL FOR MY TRICK.



AND I'VE REACHED HOME WITHOUT HAVING TO PAY THEM ANYTHING. HA HA HA!

The Face in the Window

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Based on
a story sent by
Tanuj Kumar,
New Delhi



ONE DAY A MAN WENT TO THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIEND, A RICH MERCHANT.



I HAD ASKED YOUR MASTER FOR A LOAN AND HE CALLED ME TODAY. PLEASE TELL HIM I'VE COME.



I'M SORRY. THE MASTER HAS GONE OUT.

HAS HE?



TELL HIM THAT THE NEXT TIME HE GOES OUT...



... HE SHOULD TAKE HIS FACE ALONG WITH HIM AND NOT LEAVE IT IN THE WINDOW!



THE CITY LOVER

READERS'
CHOICE

Based on a story sent by
Hemal Parikh
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar





THERE WAS ONCE
A VERY STRONG
MAN IN A KING'S
COURT...



...WHO WAS ALWAYS SHOWING OFF.



ONE DAY—

I CAN
CARRY THAT
BIG ROCK.



I CAN DRINK ALL THE
WATER IN THAT POT!
CAN ANY ONE
ELSE HERE
DO IT?



NO? NOT
ONE OF
YOU?



I CAN! I CAN DO MORE!
I CAN CARRY A HILL. I CAN
DRINK ALL THE WATER IN
THE RIVER.



IF YOU ARE JOKING,
I'LL BREAK YOUR
HEAD!

AND IF I AM
NOT? WHAT
WILL YOU
GIVE ME?



A HUNDRED GOLD
COINS.

GOOD! THEN
I'LL DO IT NEXT
SUNDAY.



BUT I'LL HAVE TO
EAT WELL FOR
THE NEXT SEVEN
DAYS.



THE STRONG MAN HAD THE BEST FOOD IN TOWN
SENT TO THE YOUTH.



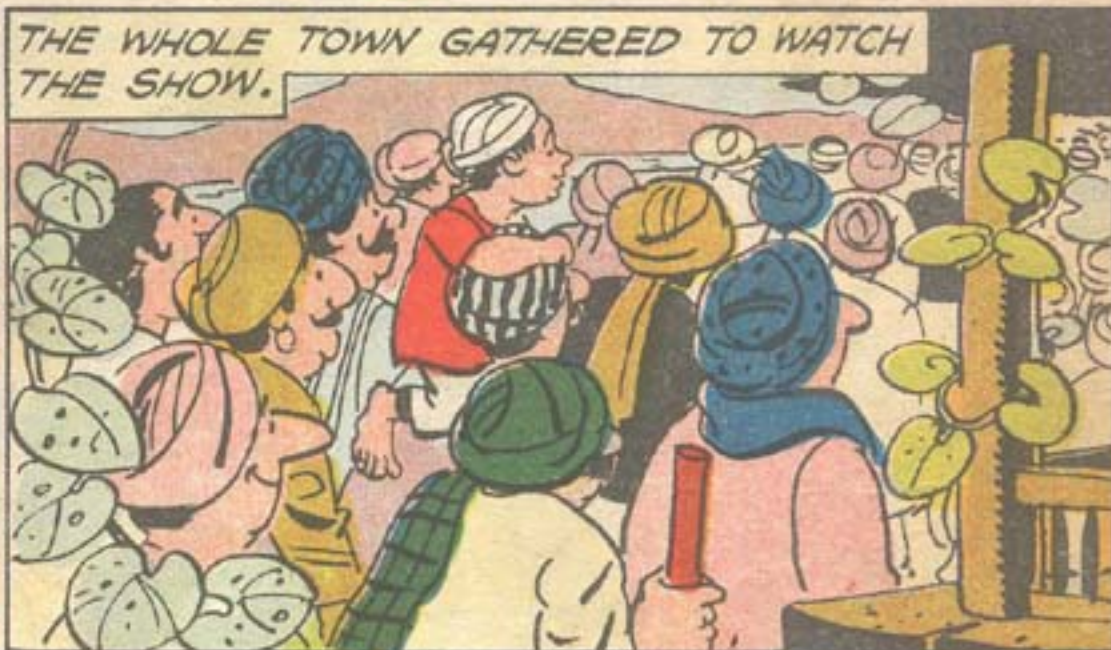
AH! THIS
IS THE
LIFE!

WHEN SUNDAY
CAME AROUND—

SHALL WE
GO?



THE WHOLE TOWN GATHERED TO WATCH
THE SHOW.



I'M READY,
SIR. YOU CAN
PUT THE HILL ON
MY BACK, NOW.

I CAN'T LIFT
THE HILL!
YOU DO IT
YOURSELF.



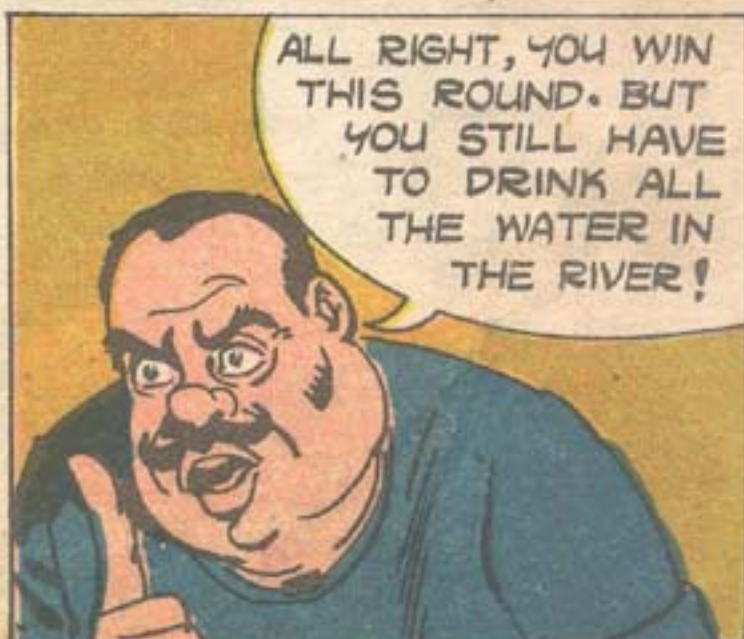
OH,
NO! I SAID
I WOULD CARRY
IT, NOT LIFT IT!



HAHAHA!

COME ON,
LIFT THE
HILL.

AND PUT
IT ON HIS
BACK!



ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN
THIS ROUND. BUT
YOU STILL HAVE
TO DRINK ALL
THE WATER IN
THE RIVER!

THE YOUNG MAN WADED INTO THE RIVER.

WHERE
AM I NOW,
SIR?

IN THE
RIVER...



HE FILLED A JUG FROM THE
RIVER AND DRANK ALL THE
WATER.



WHAT DID I
DO JUST NOW,
SIR?

YOU DRANK
ALL THE
WATER.



THERE YOU ARE,
SIR. I DRANK ALL
THE WATER IN
THE RIVER.



WHAT A CLEVER,
FELLOW!

HA!
HA!

CLAP!
CLAP!



YOU... YOU
TRICKSTER!
I-I'LL...

DON'T BE ANGRY,
SIR. I DID IT JUST
FOR FUN. I DON'T
WANT YOUR GOLD
COINS.



WELL,
YOU ARE VERY
CLEVER, MY YOUNG
FRIEND.



THE KING, TOO, WAS PLEASED.

HERE ARE A HUNDRED
GOLD COINS FOR
YOUR TROUBLE,
YOUNG MAN!





A VILLAGER WAS ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO BOMBAY.



MISERLY WIT

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

READERS'
CHOICE

Based on a story sent by
Reema Kagti, Digboi



THREE FRIENDS
WERE RETURNING
HOME ONE
EVENING.

WE MADE QUITE
A LOT OF
MONEY TODAY!

YES! WHAT
WILL YOU DO
WITH YOURS?



WELL, IT IS GOD
WHO HAS GIVEN
US THIS MONEY.



SO I'M GOING
TO KEEP A
QUARTER
AND GIVE
THE REST
TO THE
TEMPLE.



AND YOU?

I'M GOING TO
KEEP HALF
AND GIVE THE
OTHER HALF
TO THE
TEMPLE.



WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
BROTHER?

I... ER...
UH...



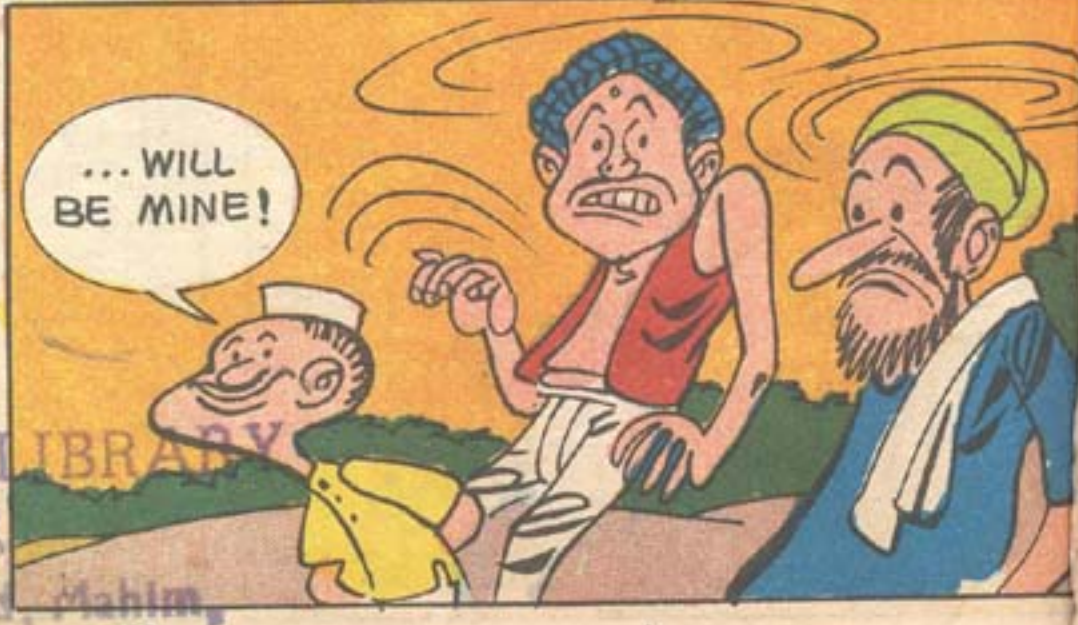
I'LL TIE UP
ALL THE MONEY
IN A PIECE OF
CLOTH AND
THROW IT UP...



... GOD WILL TAKE
AS MUCH AS HE
WANTS AND
WHATEVER FALLS
BACK DOWN...



... WILL
BE MINE!

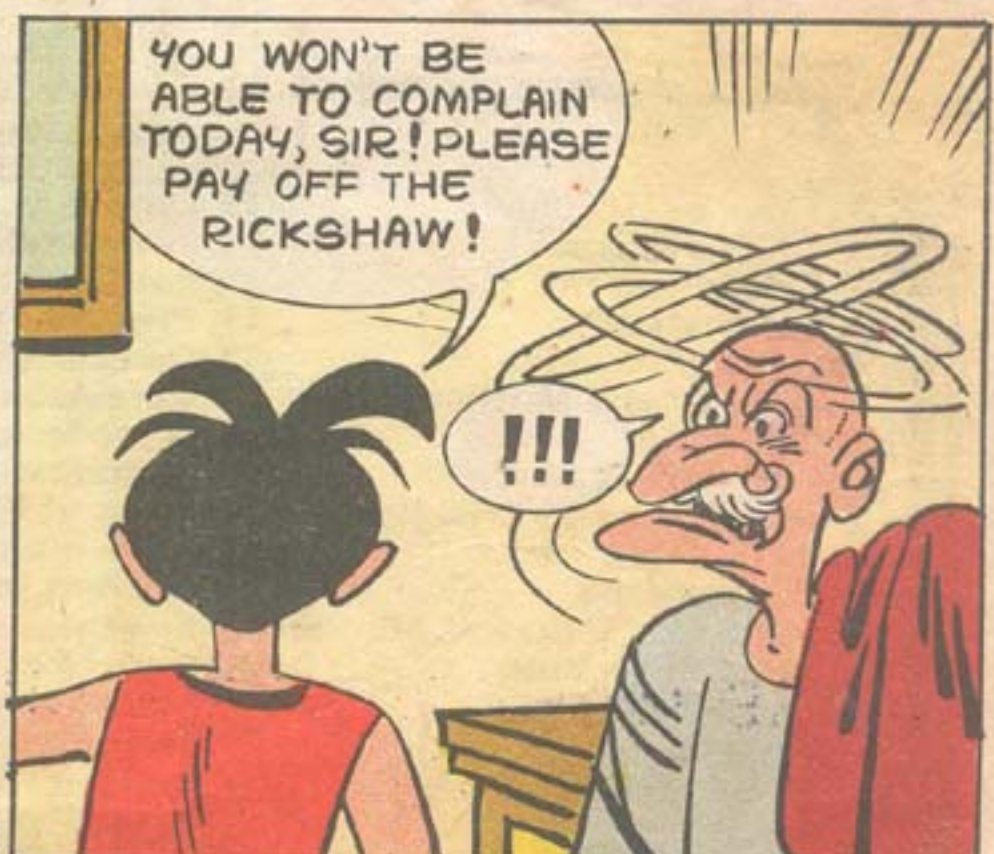
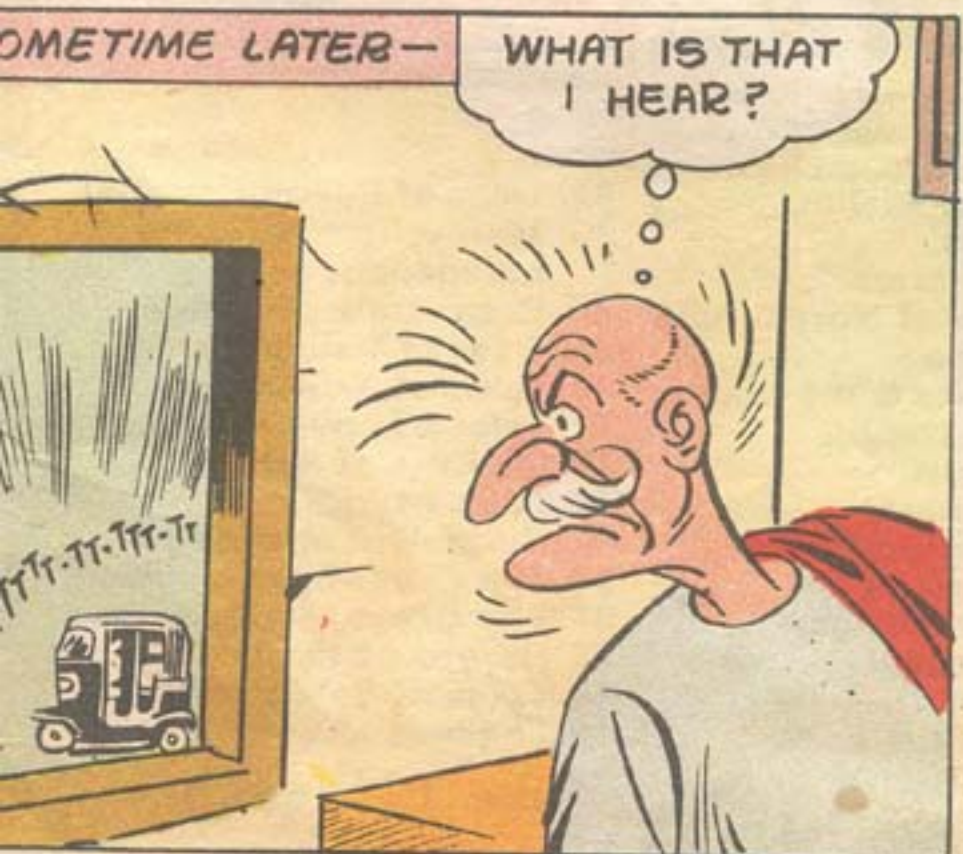
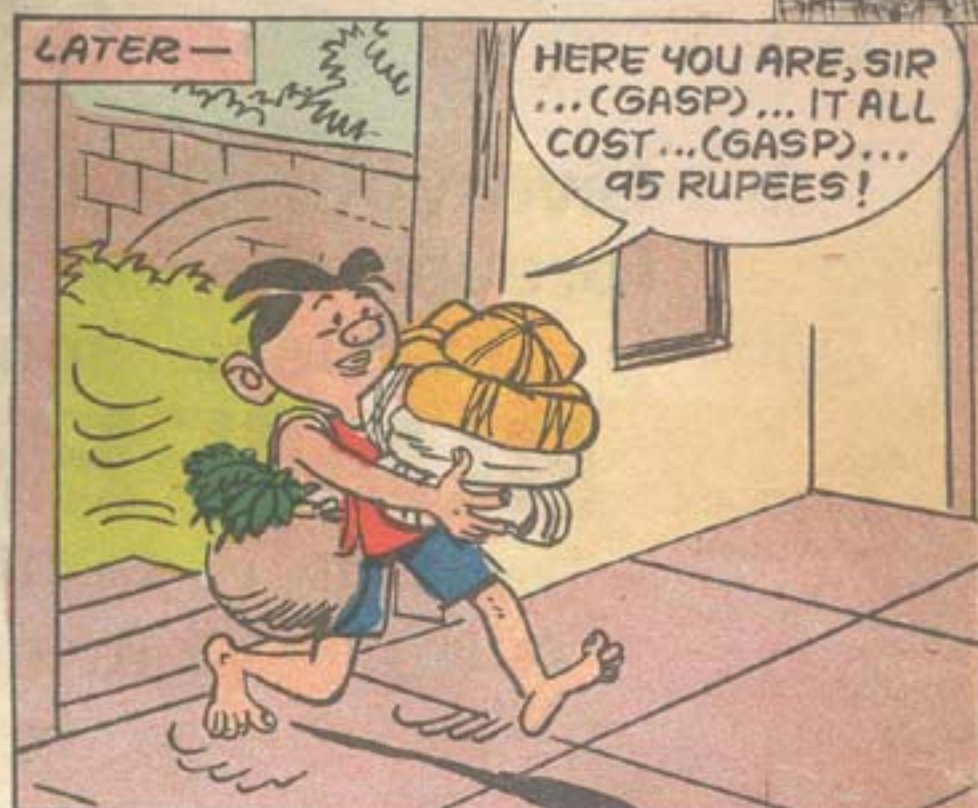
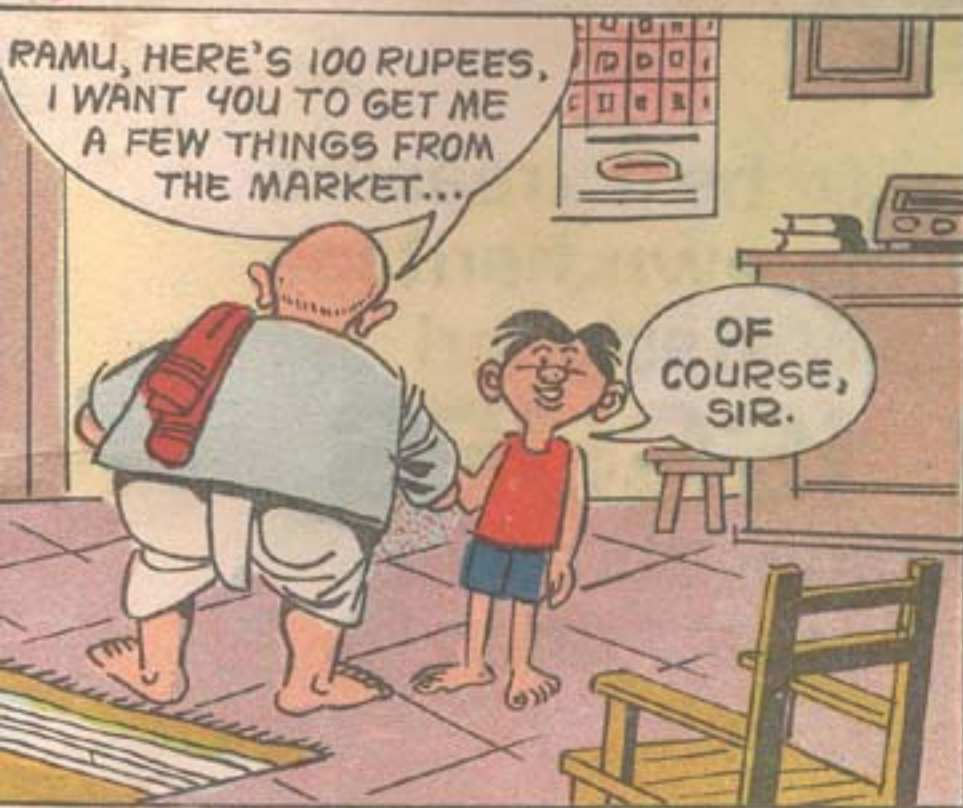


RAMU AND THE RICKSHAW

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by
Kumar Menon, Cochin





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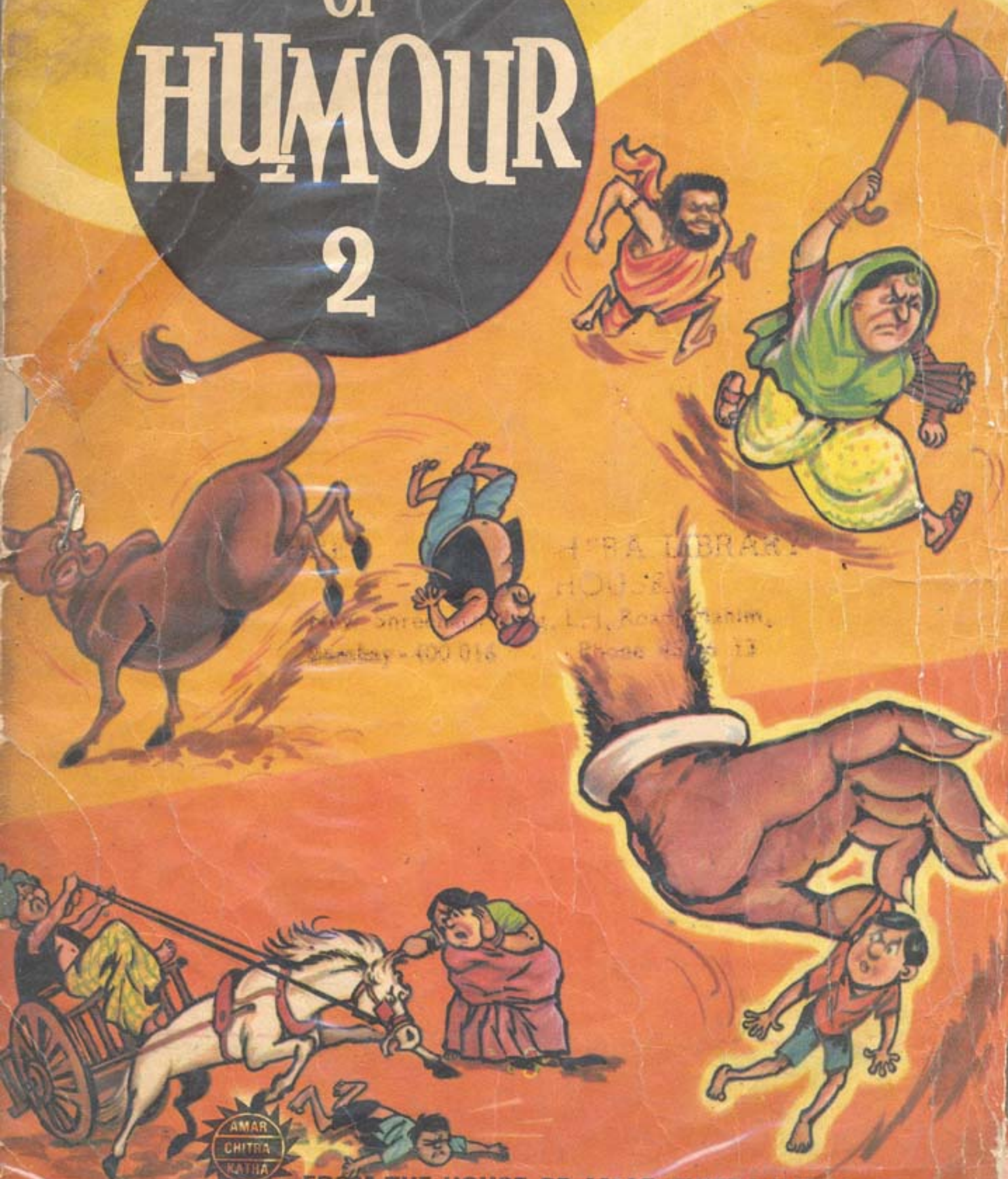
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