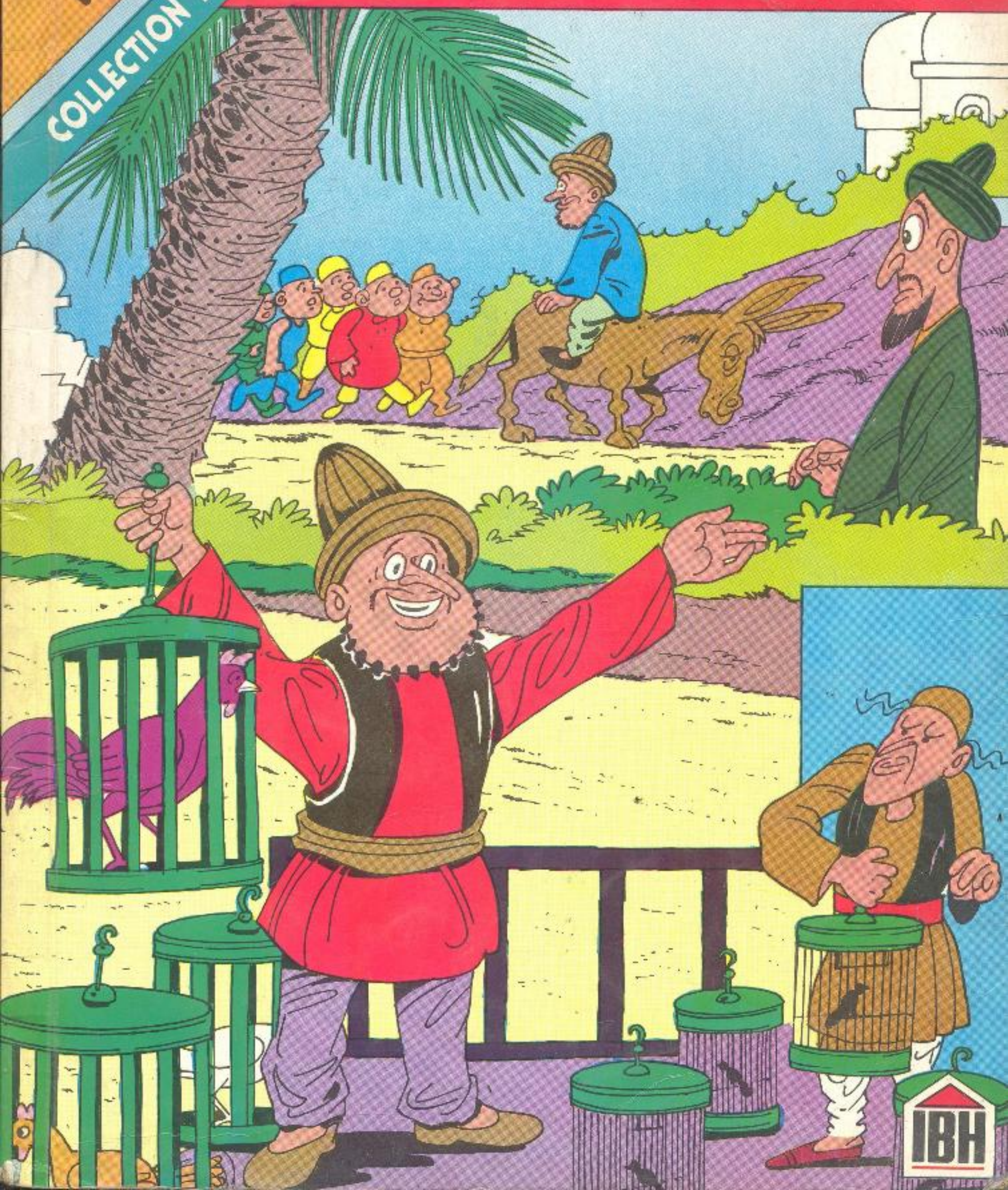
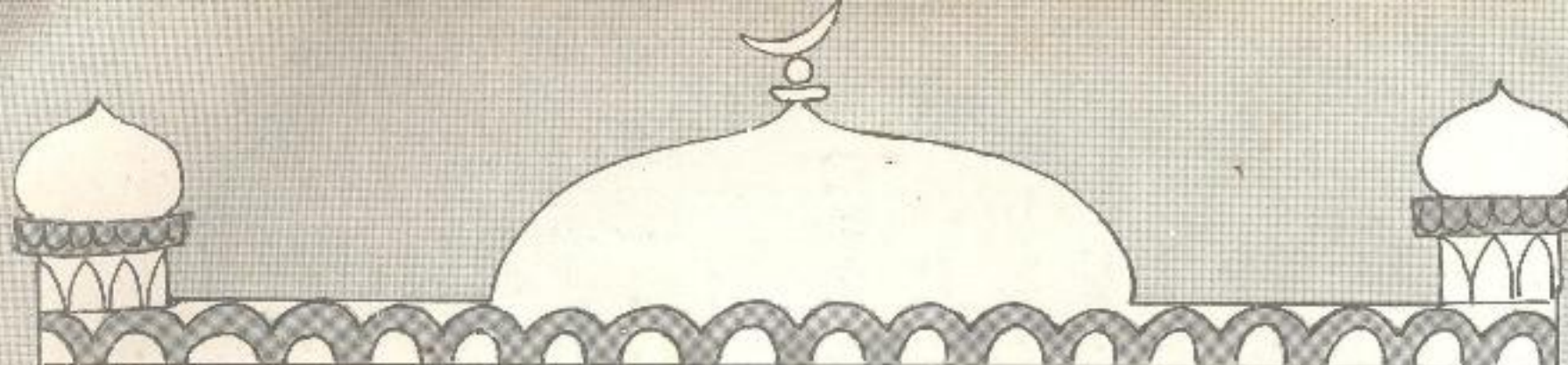


TINKLE

COLLECTION : 255 RS. 30

TALES OF NASRUDDIN HODJA





TALES OF *Nāsruddīn Hodja*

Quick-witted and glib-tongued, the portly Nasruddin Hodja is an all-time-favourite. A constant threat to his enemies and an invaluable asset to his friends, Hodja is always game for a challenge and his sense of humour and presence of mind ensure that he emerges the winner. This enjoyable collection brings you stories about the scrapes that he gets into and the dexterity with which he gets out of them.



Editor : Anant Pai

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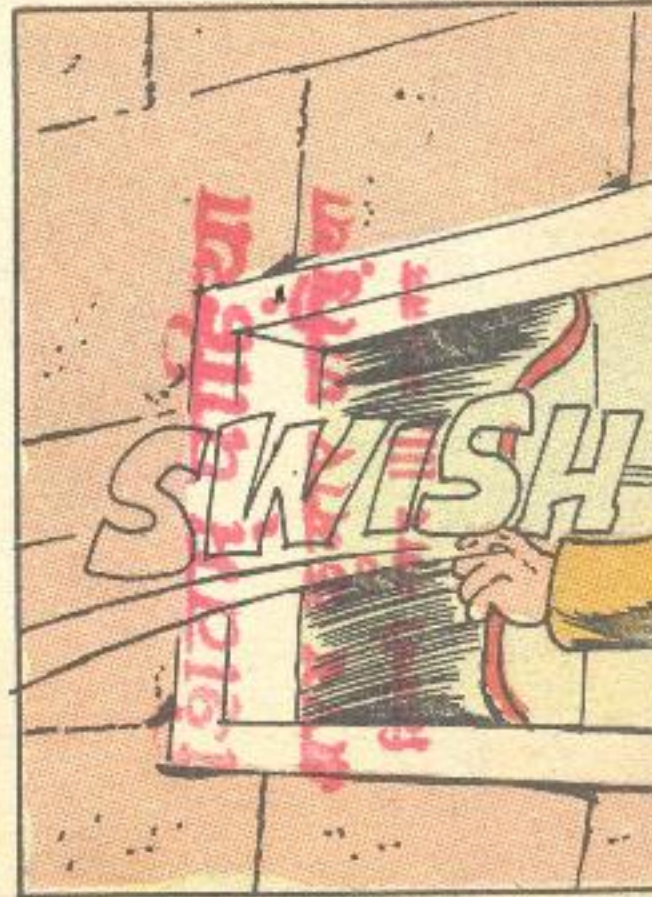
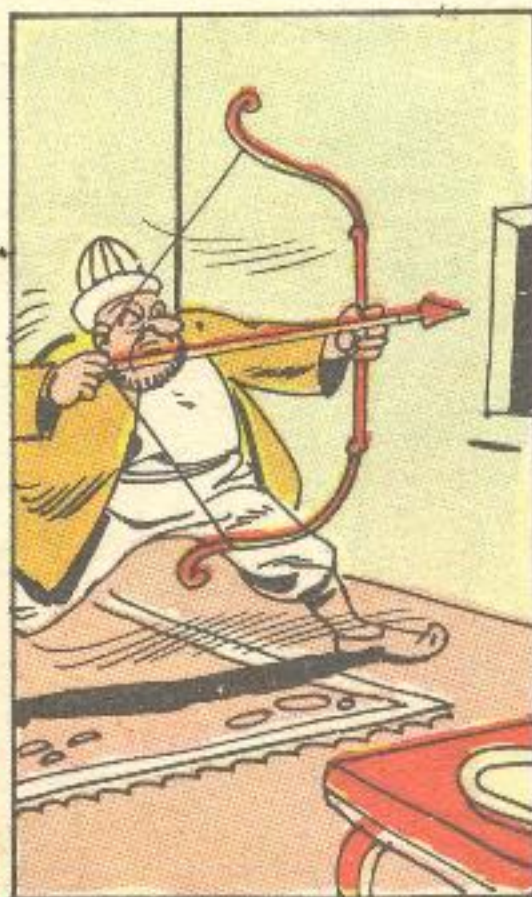
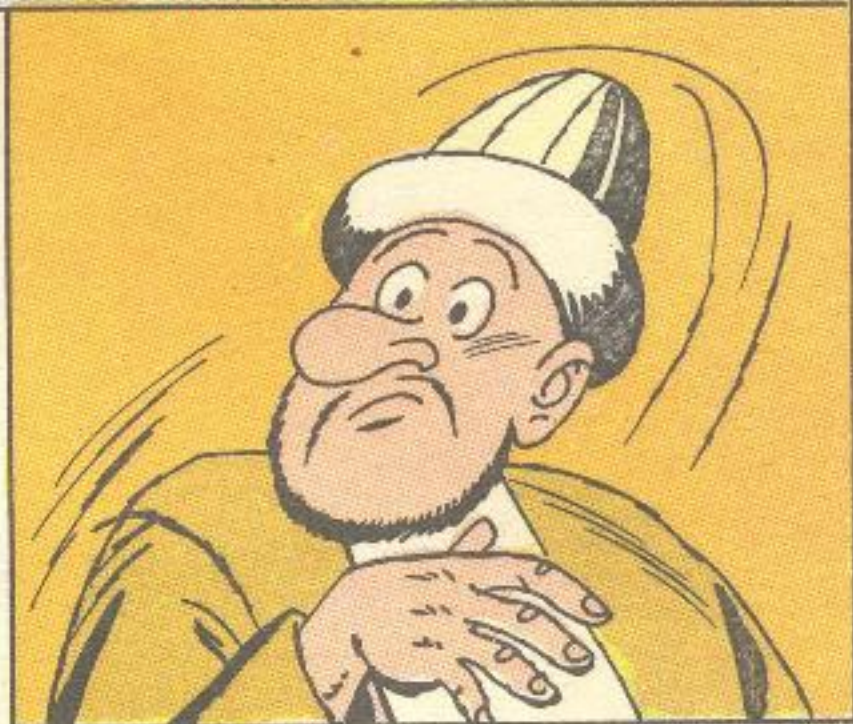
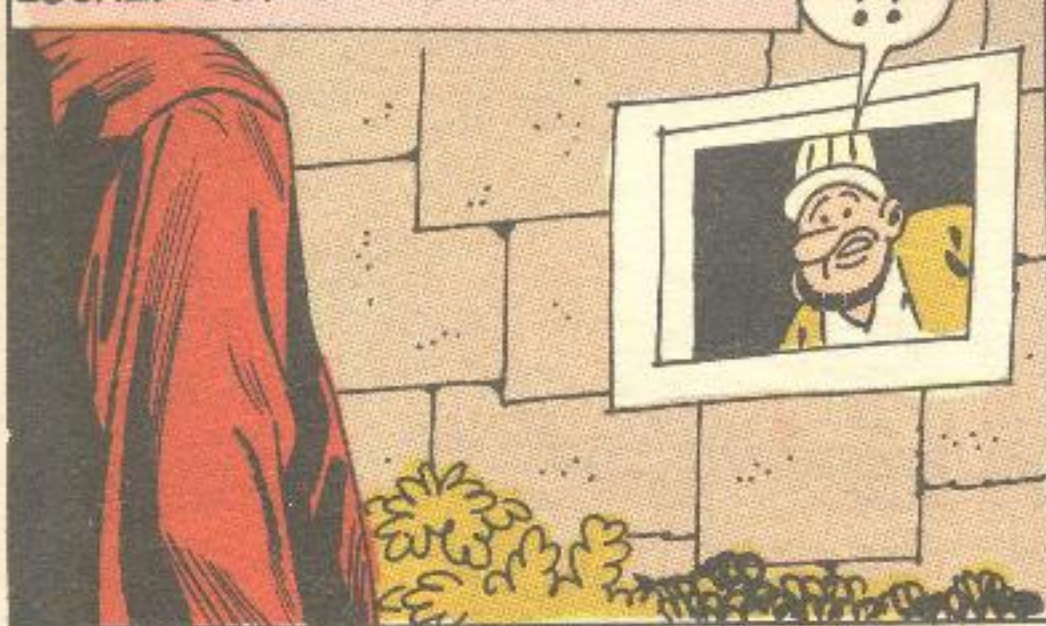
THE LUCKY ESCAPE

—A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Script : Shruti Desai

Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

ONE NIGHT, WHEN NASRUDDIN HODJA LOOKED OUT OF HIS WINDOW —





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING NASRUDDIN HODJA AND HIS WIFE CAUTIOUSLY STEPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE.



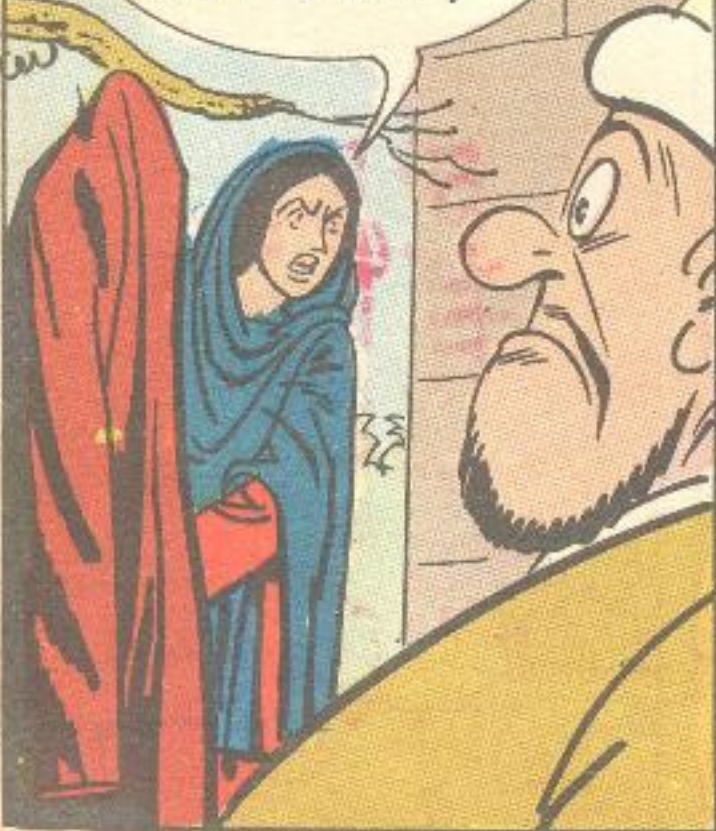
NOW STAY CLOSE BEHIND ME AND...



SO THAT'S THE MONSTER YOU SHOT!



YOUR OWN OVERCOAT WHICH I HAD HUNG OUT TO DRY!



... SHOT AT MY OWN OVERCOAT?



THANK GOD I WAS NOT IN IT!



THE THOUSAND COINS

Script: Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

NASRUDDIN HODJA HAD A HABIT OF PRAYING ALOUD. AND EVERY DAY HE USED TO PRAY FOR THE SAME THING—AND IN THE SAME WAY.



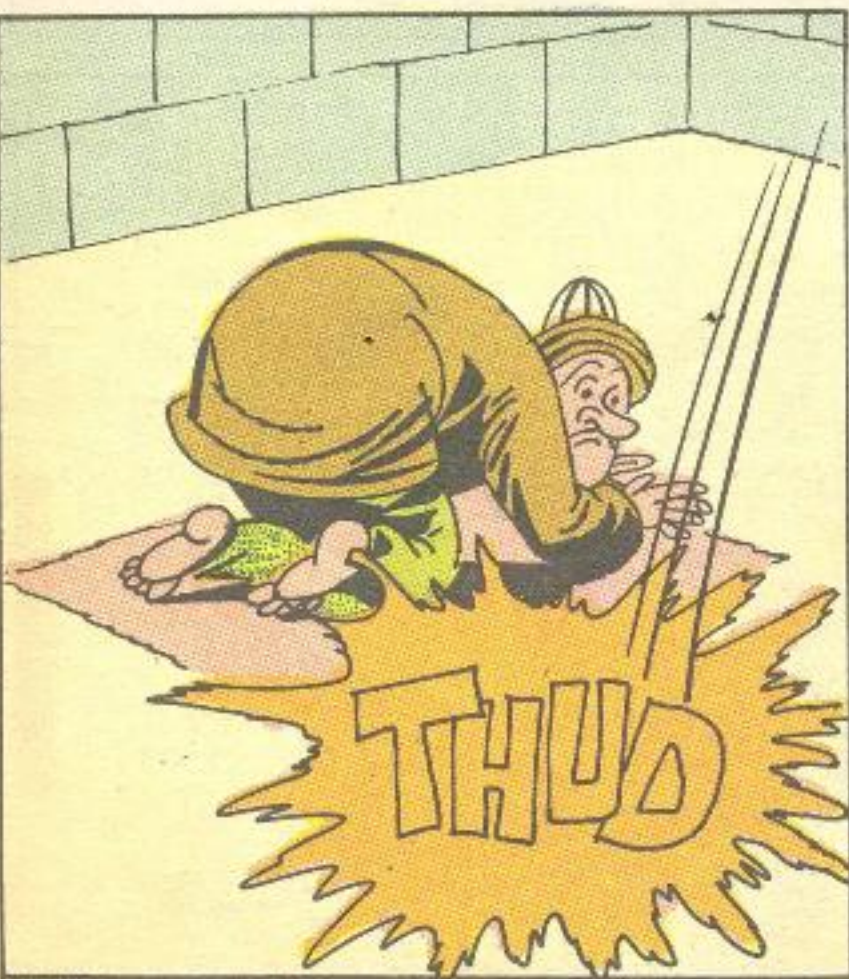
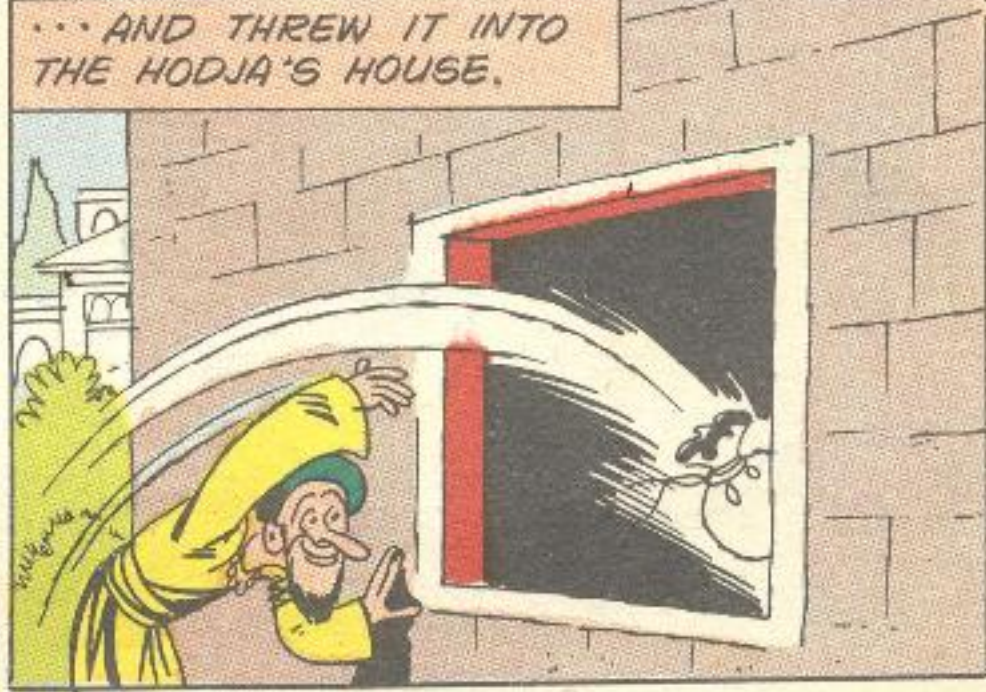
ONE THOUSAND COINS, MIND YOU! IF YOU GIVE ME EVEN ONE COIN LESS I WON'T ACCEPT THE MONEY.



ONE DAY HIS NEIGHBOUR DECIDED TO PLAY A TRICK ON HIM. HE PUT NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE COINS IN A BAG...



... AND THREW IT INTO THE HODJA'S HOUSE.



A BAG OF COINS! GOD HAS ANSWERED MY PRAYERS!



WHEN THE HODJA
COUNTED THE
MONEY —

NINE-HUNDRED AND
NINETY-NINE
COINS!

NOW
LET'S SEE
WHAT HE
DOES.

HE WILL HAVE TO REFUSE
THE MONEY BECAUSE IT IS
ONE COIN SHORT OF
A THOUSAND.

BUT TO HIS NEIGHBOUR'S SURPRISE —

THANK YOU FOR THIS
MONEY, GOD!

BUT PLEASE
SEE THAT YOU SEND
THE REMAINING COIN
AS SOON AS
YOU CAN.

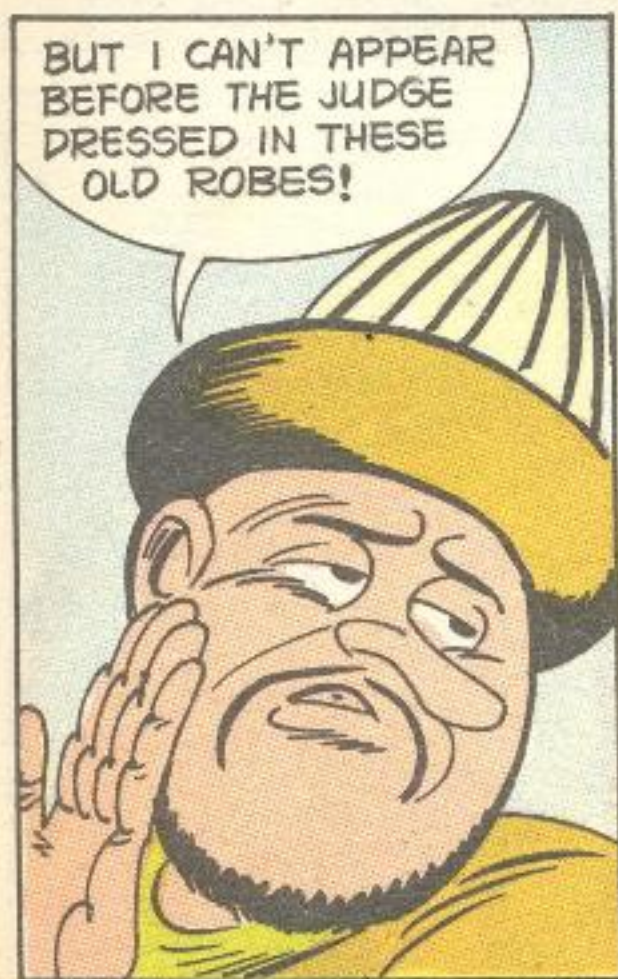
WHAT A RASCAL YOU ARE,
NASRUDDIN! EVEN YOUR
PRAYERS ARE FALSE!

ANYWAY, GIVE
ME MY MONEY
BACK!

YOUR
MONEY?

THIS MONEY
WAS SENT TO ME
BY GOD.

IT WAS I WHO
THREW IT INTO
YOUR HOUSE.



SOON —

YOUR HONOUR,
LISTEN TO MY STORY!
THIS MAN PRAYS
LOUDLY EVERY
MORNING...

THE NEIGHBOUR SPOKE FOR A LONG
TIME. WHEN HE HAD FINISHED —

SO THE BAG
OF MONEY WHICH
THE HODJA FOUND
IS YOURS!

THAT IS
THE TRUTH,
YOUR
HONOUR.

DON'T BELIEVE
HIM, YOUR HONOUR.
HE IS ALWAYS
CLAIMING
OTHER PEOPLE'S
PROPERTY AS
HIS OWN.

I WON'T BE SURPRISED
IF HE SAYS THAT THE
MULE ON WHICH
I RODE HERE IS
HIS.

IT IS
MINE!

NEXT, YOU'LL
SAY THAT THIS COAT
TOO IS YOURS!

IT IS!
AND WELL
YOU KNOW
IT.

DO YOU SEE HOW
IT IS, YOUR
HONOUR?

I DO,
INDEED!

IT IS CLEAR TO ME
THAT THE BAG OF MONEY
TOO IS NOT YOURS!

NOT
MINE!

BUT...BUT...

THE
CASE IS
DISMISSED!

THIS IS
MADDENING!

PLEASE HAVE
MERCY ON ME,
NASRUDDIN.
I AM NOT
A RICH
MAN...

YOU SHOULD
HAVE
THOUGHT
OF THAT
EARLIER.

ANYWAY, HERE
IS YOUR
MONEY.

AND YOUR FUR
COAT AND YOUR
MULE.

HIS NEIGHBOUR
NEVER DARED TO
INTERFERE WITH
HIM AGAIN.

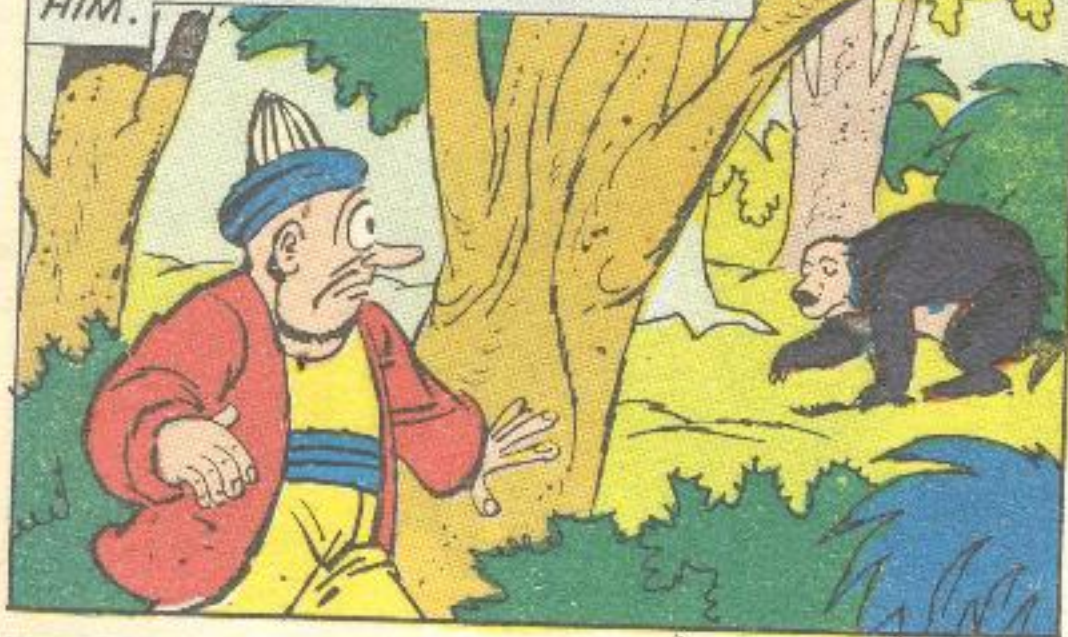
OH, GOD, SEND
ME A THOUSAND
COINS...

A BEAR ON A TREE

- A Nasruddin
Hodja tale

Script: Devenshu Mohapatra
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY THE HODJA WAS WALKING
THROUGH A FOREST WHEN HE
SAW A BEAR COMING TOWARDS
HIM.



HE HASTILY
CLIMBED UP
THE NEAREST
TREE...



...AND WAITED
FOR THE BEAR
TO PASS BY.



UNFORTUNATELY, THE
BEAR CHOSE THAT VERY
TREE...



...TO SLEEP
UNDER



THE POOR HODJA SPENT THE
WHOLE AFTERNOON ON THE
TOP OF THE TREE. THEN
TOWARDS EVENING —

HE'S GETTING
UP AT LAST!
OH, WHAT A
RELIEF!



EH!



OH, MY
GOD! HE'S
CLIMBING
UP!



THE BEAR WAS HUNGRY AND HAD CLIMBED UP TO EAT FRUITS.



HE'S COMING AFTER ME. I'D BETTER CLIMB TO THE HIGHEST BRANCH!



CHOMP
CHOMP



BUT AFTER SOME TIME, THE BEAR TOO REACHED THAT SAME BRANCH.

NOW IT'S OVER FOR ME!



THIS IS MY LAST DAY ON EARTH.





THE BEAR HAD NOT SEEN THE HODJA TILL THEN. HE WAS SO STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A HUMAN...



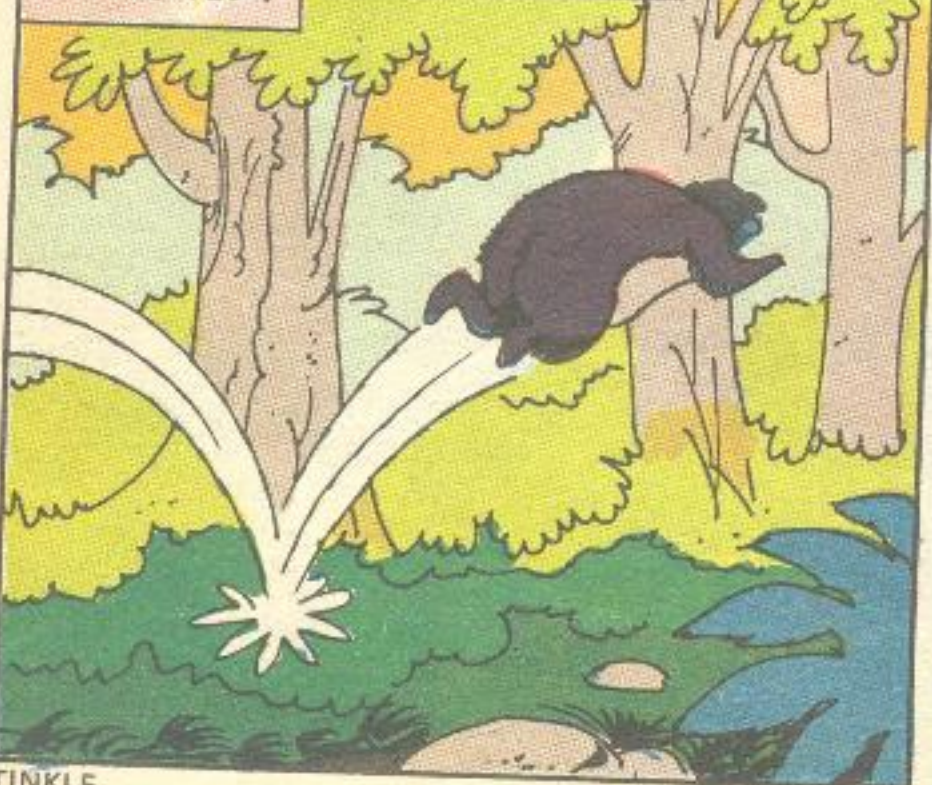
... THAT HE LOST HIS BALANCE.



... AND FELL.



THEN PICKING HIMSELF UP, HE RAN AWAY AS FAST AS HE COULD.



HE'S GONE! THANK GOD!

BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED OF ME!

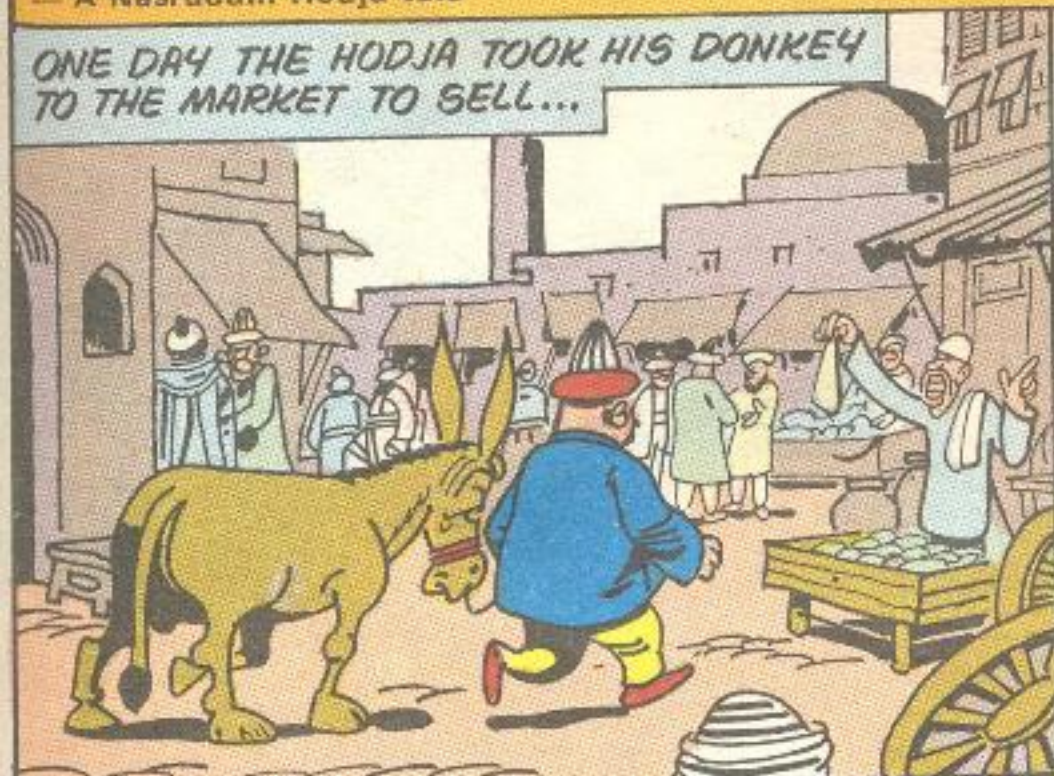


How Hodja Bought a Donkey

Script : Luis Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

— A Nasruddin Hodja tale

ONE DAY THE HODJA TOOK HIS DONKEY TO THE MARKET TO SELL...



... AND SOON FOUND A BUYER FOR IT.

I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY-FIVE PIASTRES FOR IT.

ALL RIGHT.



THE MAN PAID HODJA THE MONEY...



... AND THEN IMMEDIATELY PUT THE DONKEY UP FOR SALE AGAIN.

COME FOLKS, LOOK AT THIS MAGNIFICENT BEAST.



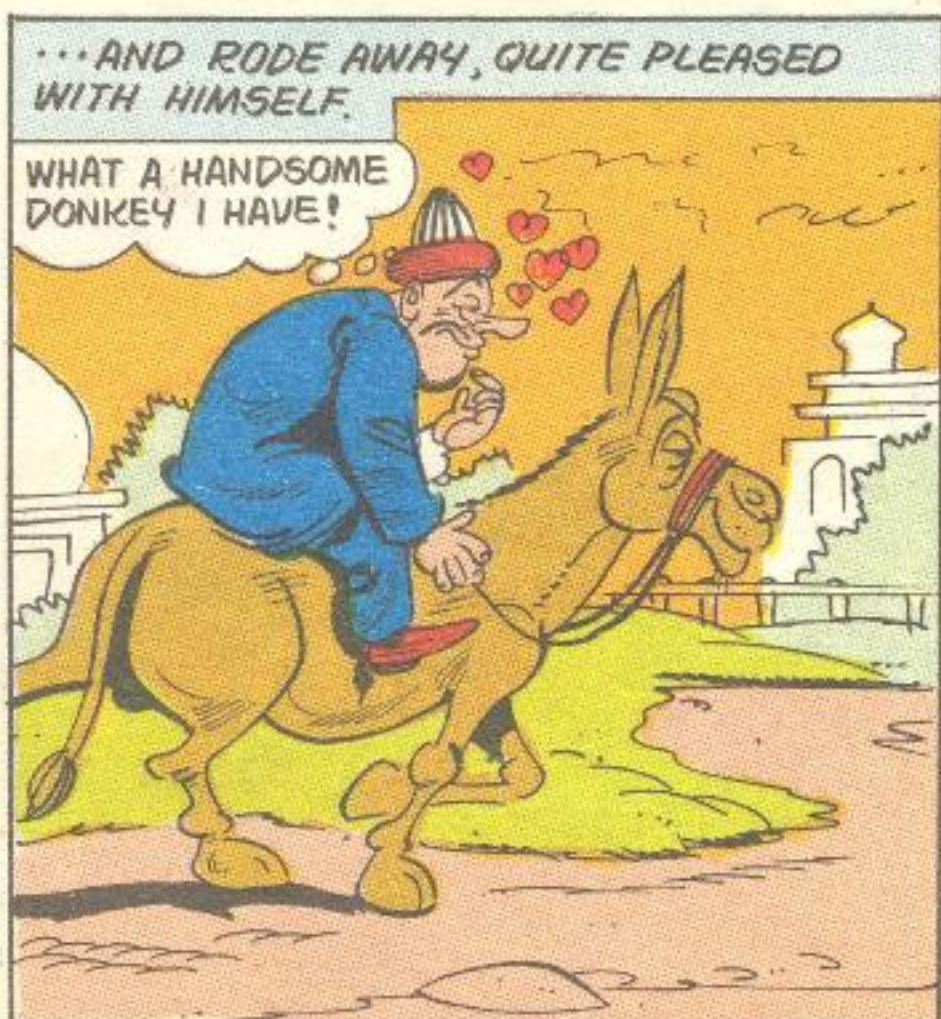
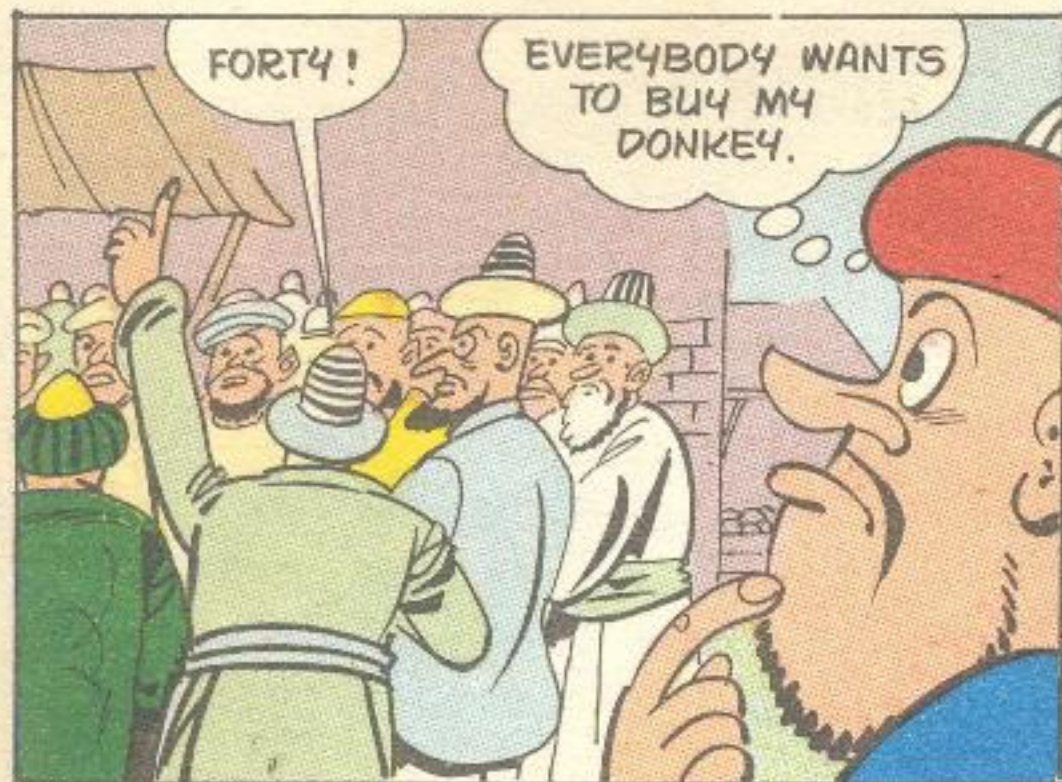
SEE HOW STRONG AND HEALTHY IT LOOKS. AND IT IS SO GENTLE TOO.

I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY PIASTRES FOR IT.



I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY-FIVE.





SO HODJA BOUGHT BACK HIS OWN DONKEY...

Nasruddin Hodja

Script : Shruti Desai
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

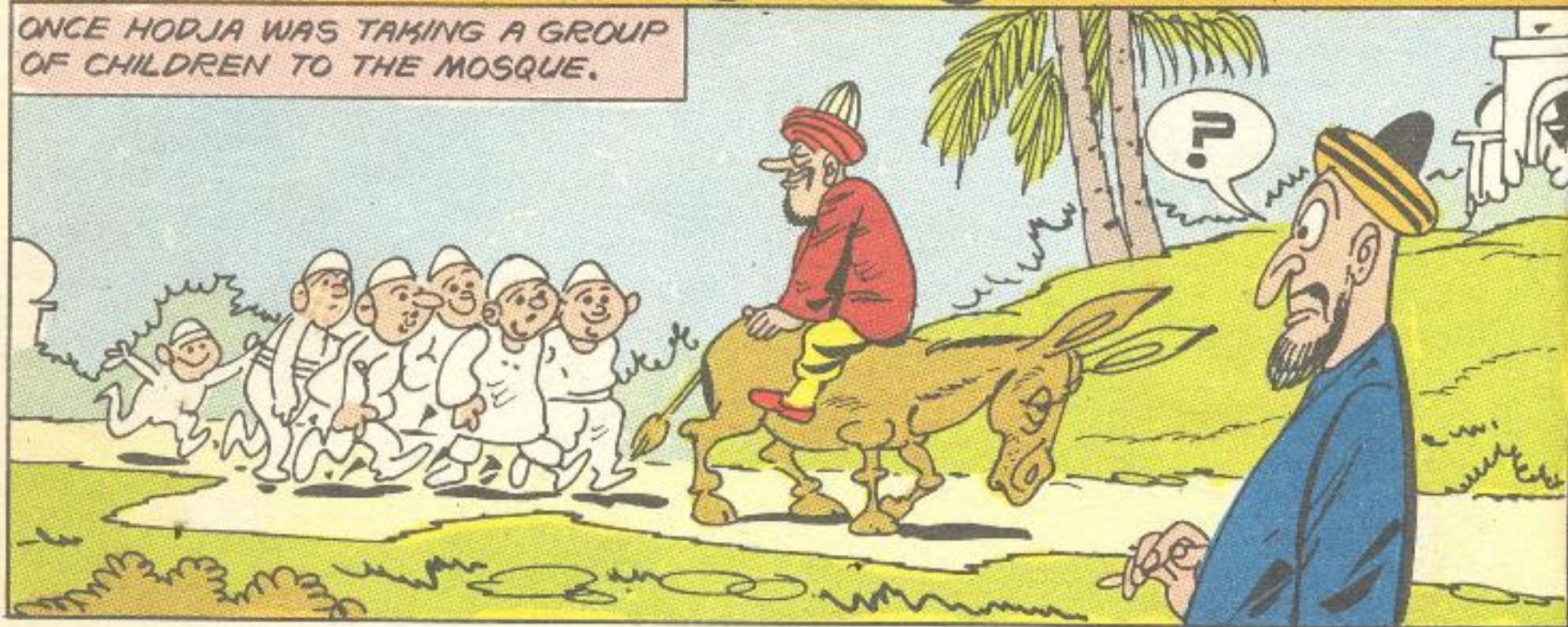


Nasruddin Hodja

Script: Shruti Desai

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

ONCE HODJA WAS TAKING A GROUP OF CHILDREN TO THE MOSQUE.



WHY ARE YOU SITTING THAT WAY, HODJA?

WELL, I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO LEAD THESE CHILDREN TO THE MOSQUE.



IF I RIDE WITH MY BACK TO THEM I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM.



THEN WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM GO AHEAD OF YOU?



HOW CAN A LEADER ALLOW HIS FOLLOWERS TO WALK AHEAD OF HIM?



Nasruddin Hodja

Script : Shruti Desai
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS ASKED TO GIVE A TALK TO SOME PEOPLE.

WHAT A NUISANCE THESE PEOPLE ARE.



WHY DO THEY WANT TO HEAR ME SPEAK. LET'S SEE IF I CAN GET RID OF THEM.



DO ANY OF YOU KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

NO.



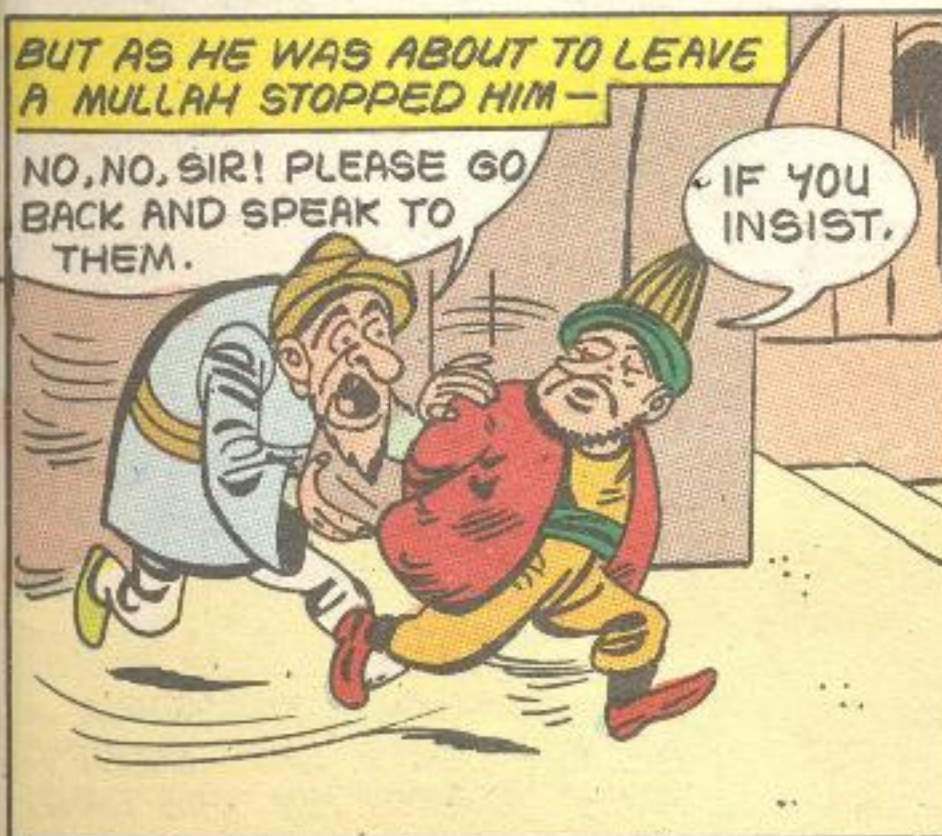
YOU SEEM TO BE VERY DULL PEOPLE. I'M SORRY, BUT I CANNOT WASTE MY TIME TALKING TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU.



BUT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE A MULLAH STOPPED HIM—

NO, NO, SIR! PLEASE GO BACK AND SPEAK TO THEM.

IF YOU INSIST.

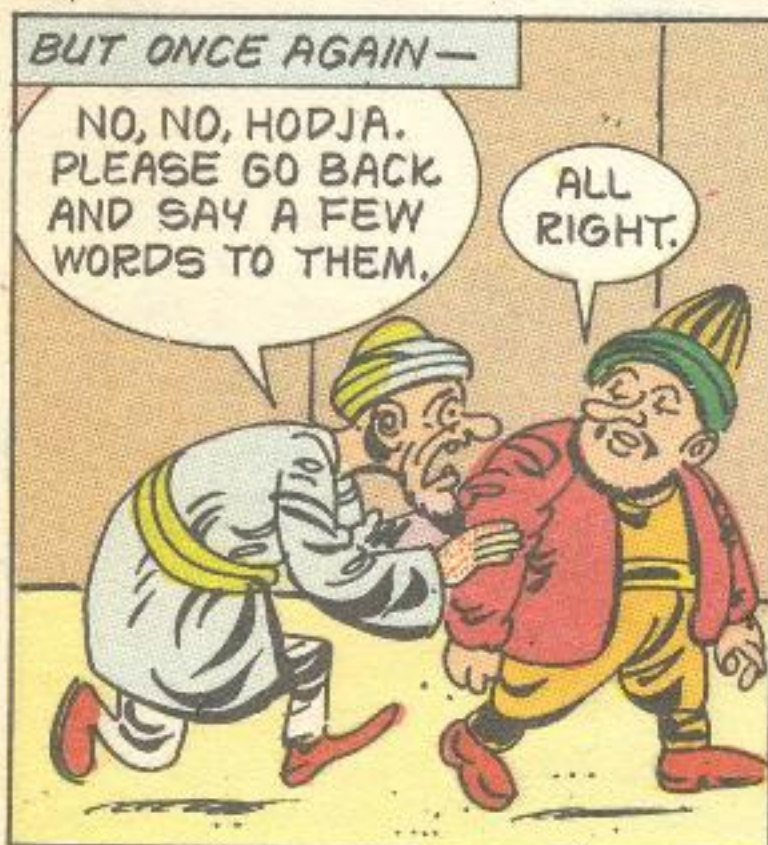
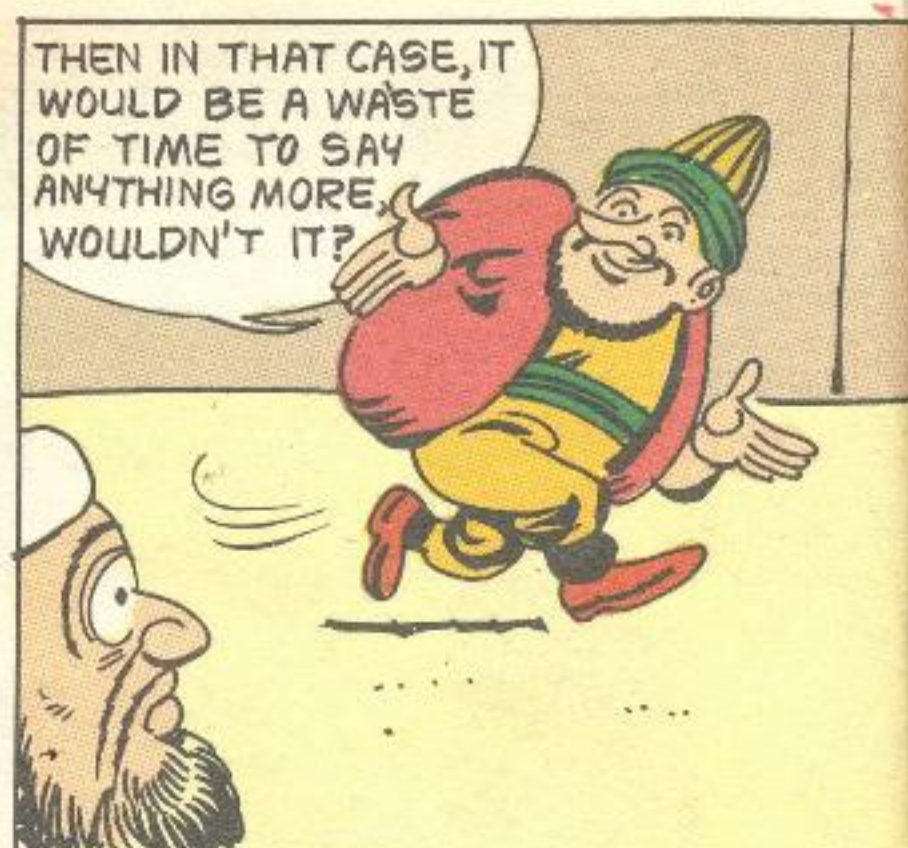
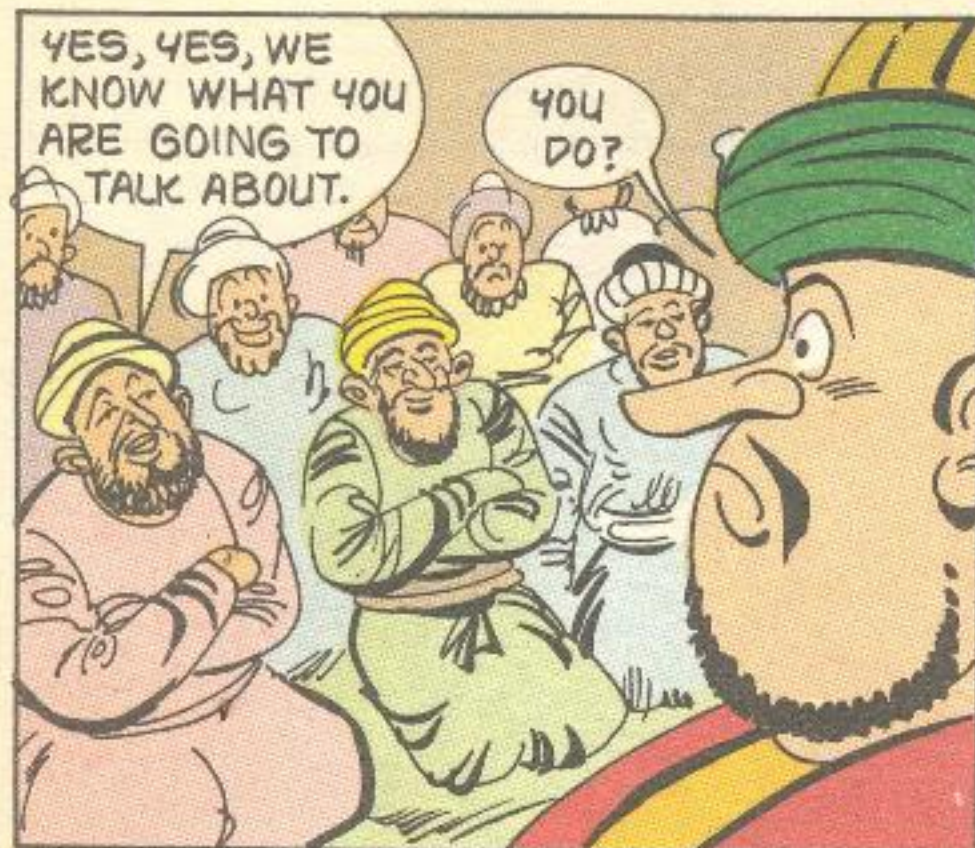


SO HODJA WENT BACK TO THE AUDIENCE AND ASKED THEM THE SAME QUESTION AGAIN.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

LET'S NOT GET FOOLED THIS TIME.





GOOD ADVICE

A Nasruddin Hodja tale Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

Readers'
Choice

Based on a story
sent by V. Nagarik,
Hyderabad



SECONDLY, DON'T
EVER BELIEVE THAT
FLAMES OF FIRE
CAN BECOME HARD
OR SOLID.



AND LASTLY, DON'T
EVER BELIEVE THAT
ICE CAN BE HOT.



WHAT
NONSENSE
ARE YOU
SPOUTING?

I DON'T WANT YOUR
'WISE SAYINGS'!
GIVE ME MONEY,
INSTEAD,

TOO LATE!
YOU ASKED
FOR THE
SAYINGS.



PLACE THE
BASKET NEAR
THE WINDOW.



WHY DID YOU
THROW IT OUT?

YOU TOLD
ME TO PLACE
IT NEAR THE
WINDOW.



HOW SHOULD I
KNOW WHETHER
YOU MEANT
INSIDE
OR OUTSIDE
THE ROOM?



AND IF ANYONE
TELLS YOU
THERE'S A
SINGLE BOTTLE
UNBROKEN IN
THAT BASKET...



... DON'T
BELIEVE
HIM!



Nasruddin Hodja

Script : Shruti Desai
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY THE KING FORCED NASRUDDIN HODJA TO GO ON A BEAR HUNT WITH HIM.



WHEN THE HUNTING PARTY RETURNED IN THE EVENING —



HOW DID THE HUNT GO, HODJA?

MARVELLOUSLY.

HOW MANY BEARS DID YOU KILL?



NONE.

HOW MANY DID YOU CHASE?



NONE.

HOW MANY DID YOU SEE?



NONE.

BUT YOU SAID THE HUNT WENT MARVELLOUSLY?



MY DEAR FELLOW, WHEN YOU'RE HUNTING A DANGEROUS ANIMAL LIKE A BEAR...



... IT'S MARVELLOUS NOT TO COME ACROSS ANY!



Nasruddin Hodja

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Sharadraj Y. Shanbhag,
Kumta



NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS IN A GREAT HURRY -

COME ON, QUICK...
I MUST CROSS THE
RIVER BEFORE DUSK.

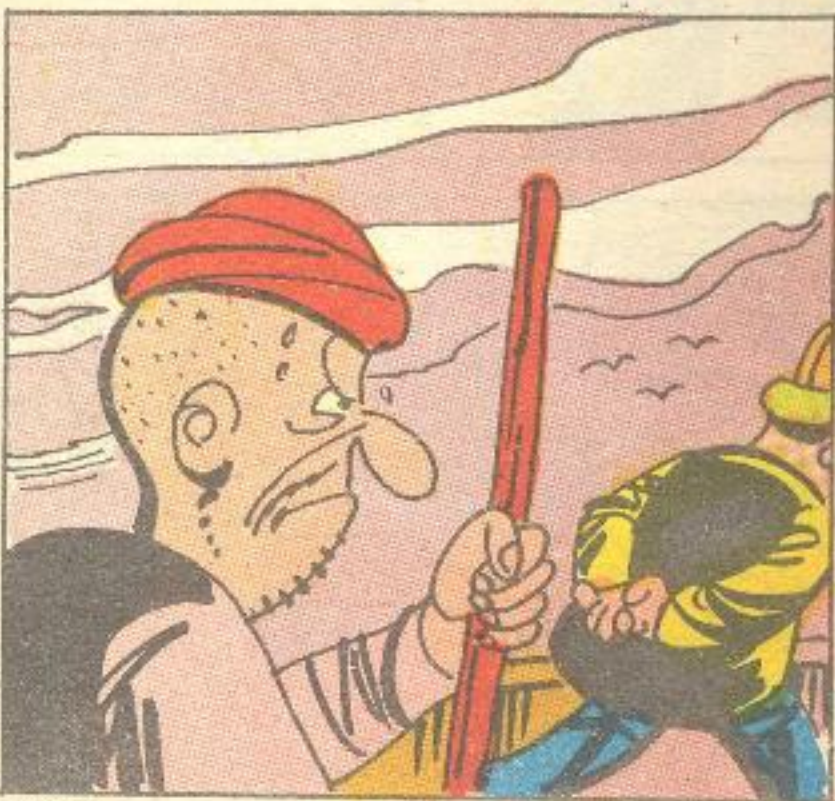
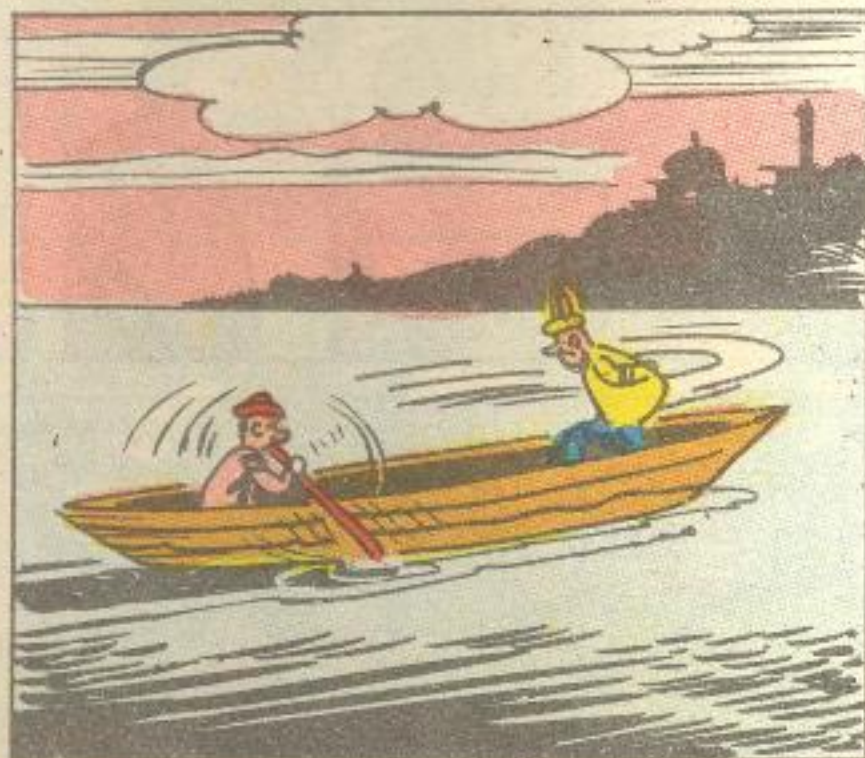


HURRY, HURRY...IT'S
URGENT.

I'M ROWING
AS FAST AS
I CAN!



?



WHY DON'T YOU
JUST SIT DOWN
AND RELAX?

IF I SIT DOWN
AND RELAX, HOW
CAN I CROSS THE
RIVER BEFORE DUSK?

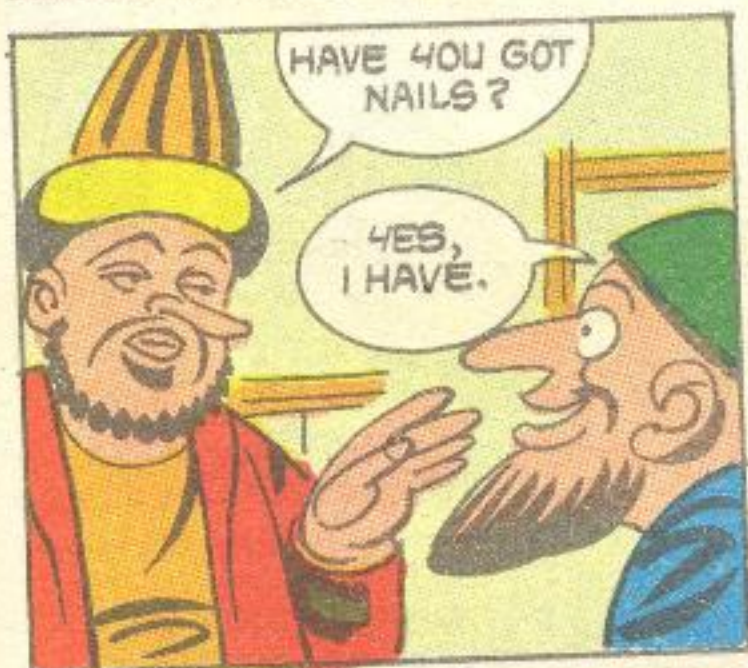


Shoes for HODJA

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Dev Nadkarni

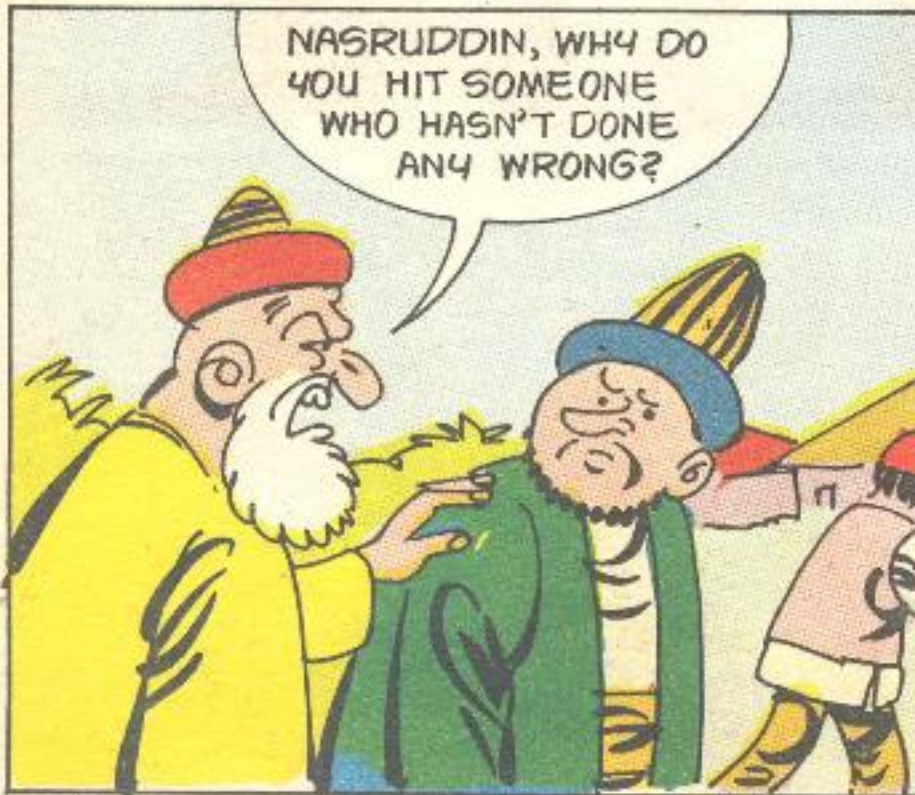
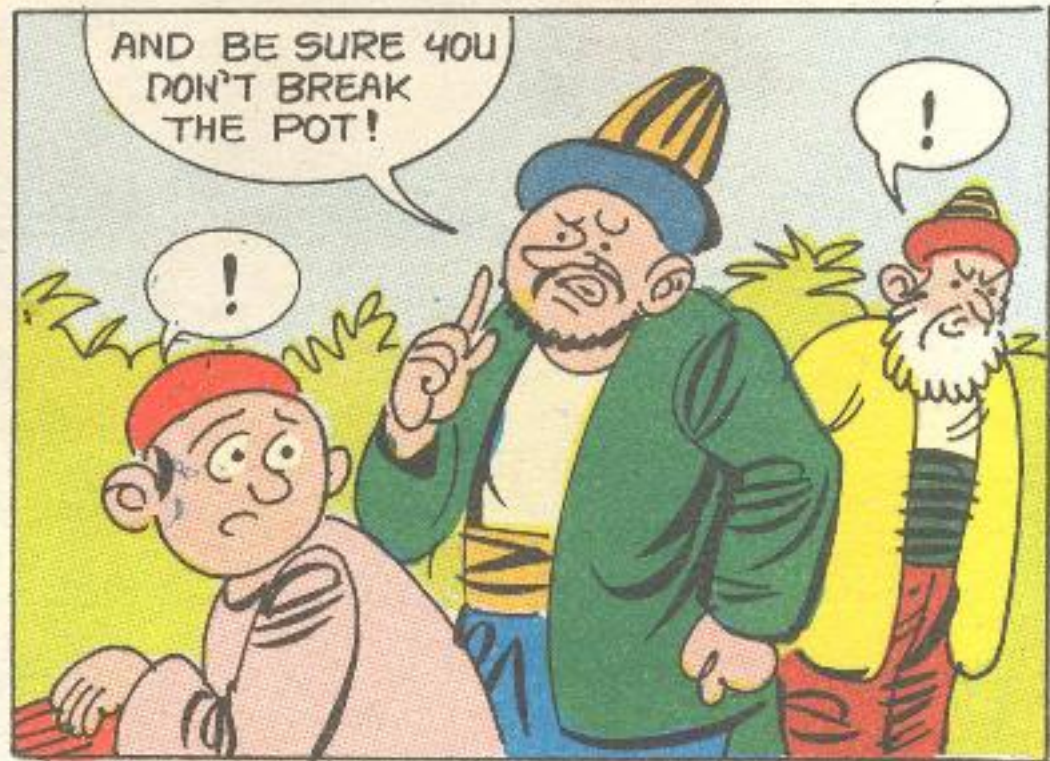
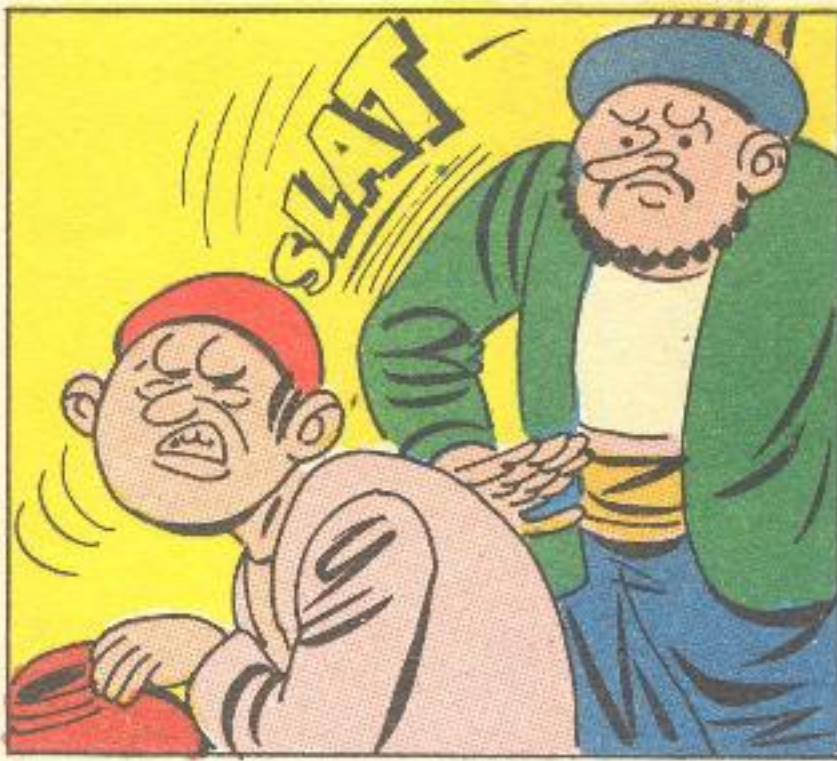
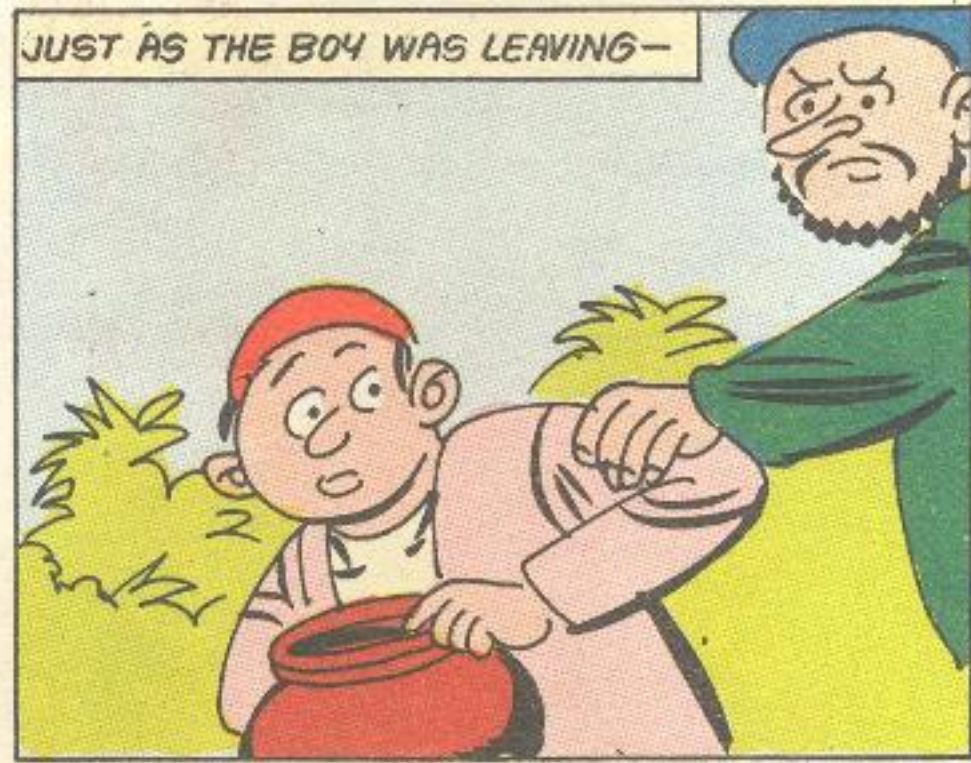
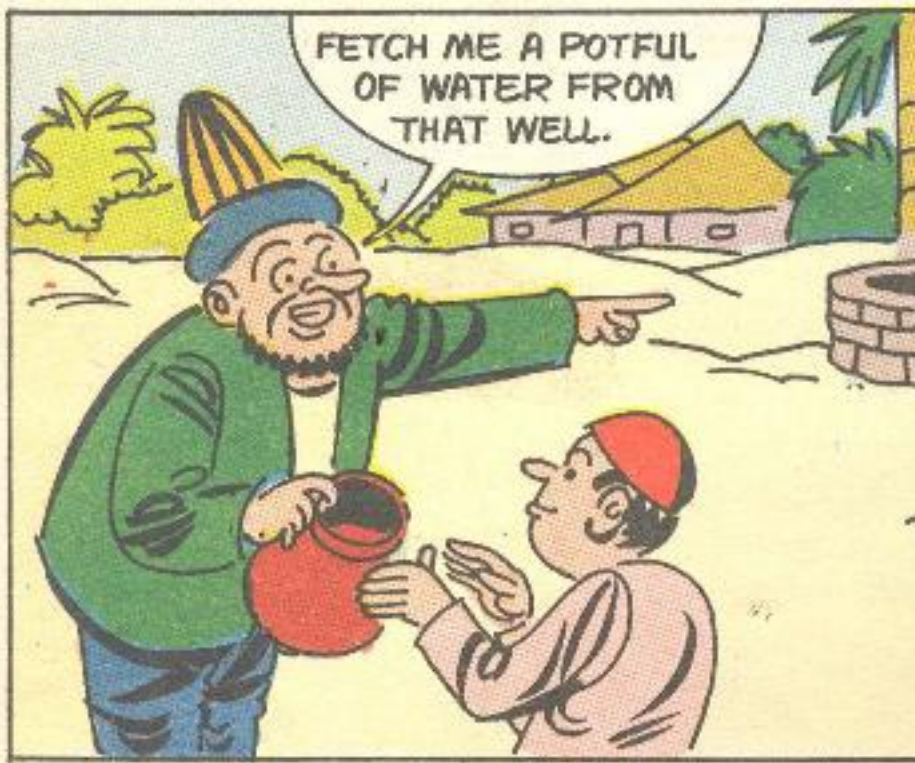
Illustrations: Ram Wasekar



SAFETY MEASURE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar



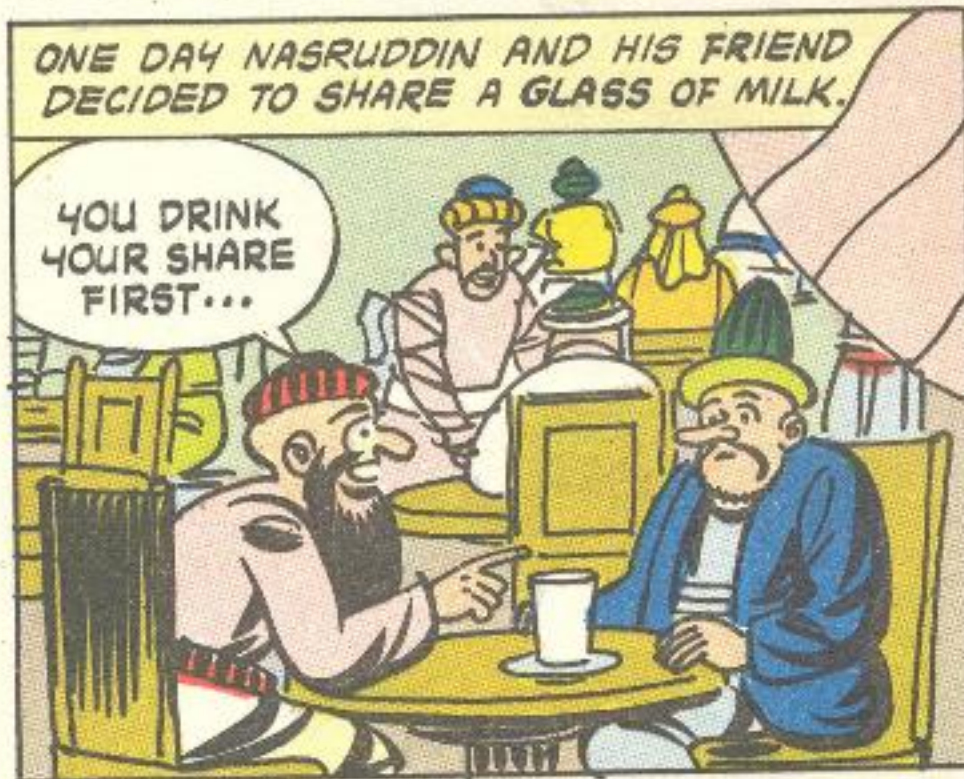
FAIR SHARE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Dev Nadkarni
Illustrations: Ram Waerker

ONE DAY NASRUDDIN AND HIS FRIEND
DECIDED TO SHARE A GLASS OF MILK.

YOU DRINK
YOUR SHARE
FIRST...



...I HAVE SOME
SUGAR, BUT IT'S SUFFICIENT
FOR ME ALONE...



SO AFTER YOU HAVE
YOUR SHARE, I'LL ADD
IT TO MINE AND THEN
DRINK IT.

WHY DON'T
YOU ADD IT
NOW...

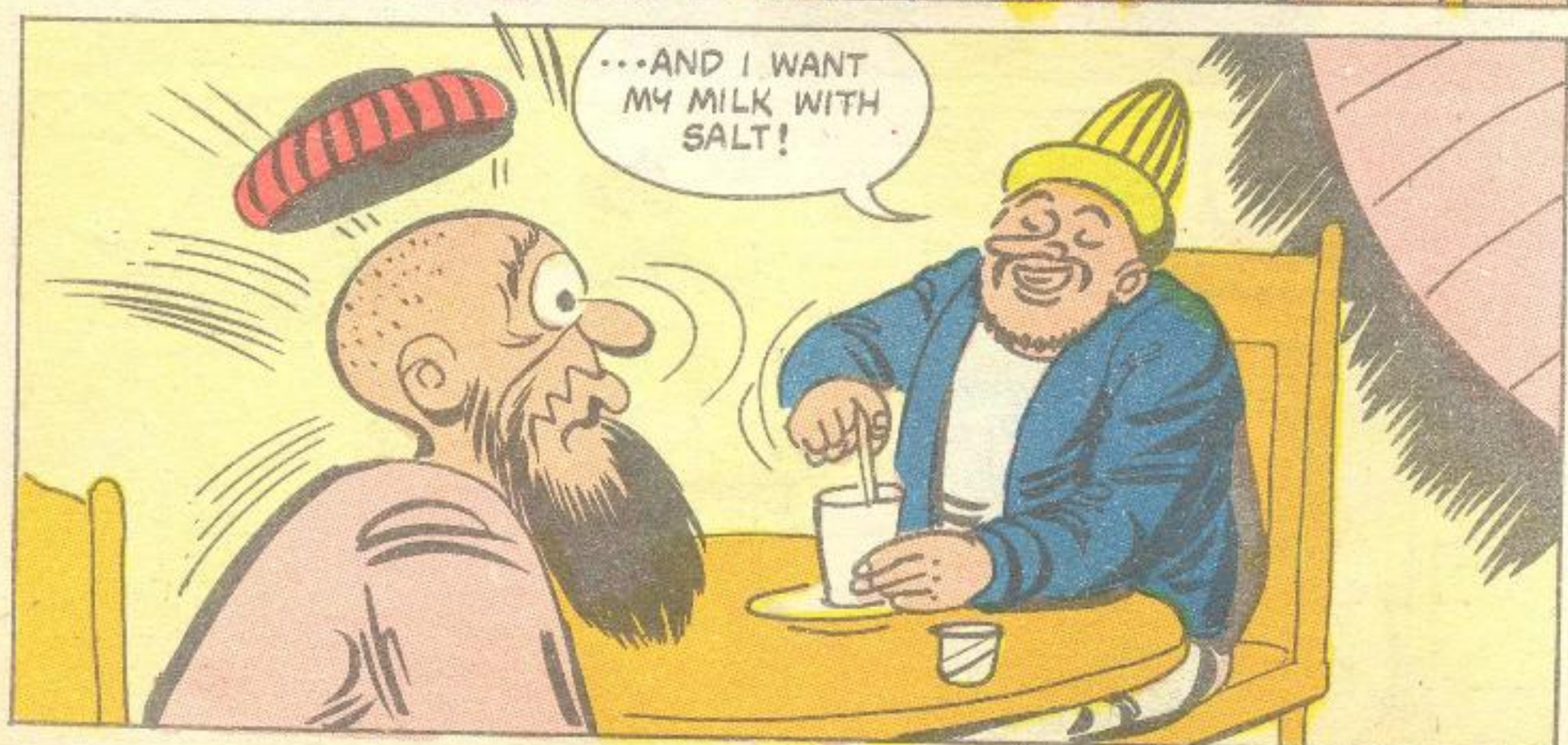
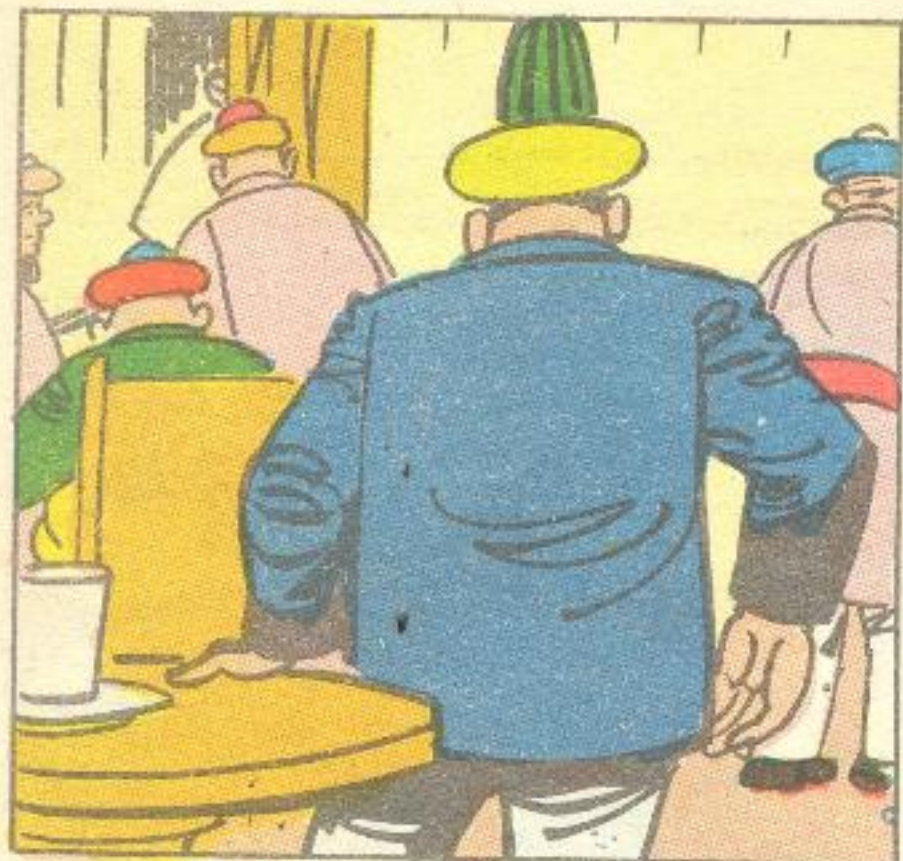


...I'LL
DRINK ONLY
MY HALF.



SORRY. IT'S
ENOUGH FOR ONLY
ONE—ME.





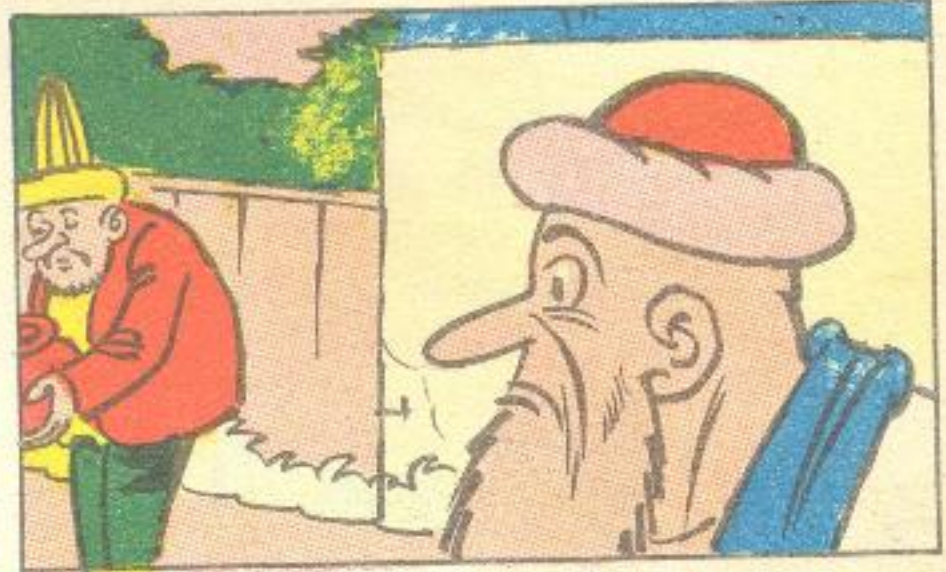
SWEETS FOR A FRIEND

A Nasruddin Hodja tale
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Neeraj Sharma, New Delhi

AN OLD MAN WENT TO VISIT HIS DAUGHTER'S GRAVE ONE MORNING.



WHAT'S IN THAT POT, HODJA?

SWEETS.



BUT WHY ARE YOU KEEPING SWEETS ON A TOMB?



MY FRIEND LOVED SWEETS SO I'VE BROUGHT SOME FOR HIM!



HOW SILLY! DO YOU THINK YOUR FRIEND CAN COME OUT TO EAT THE SWEETS?



WHY NOT? WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER CAN COME TO APPRECIATE THE FLOWERS...



...WHY CAN'T MY FRIEND EAT THE SWEETS?



IGNORANCE CONFIRMED

—A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by
Sandeep Bhaskaran, Bombay

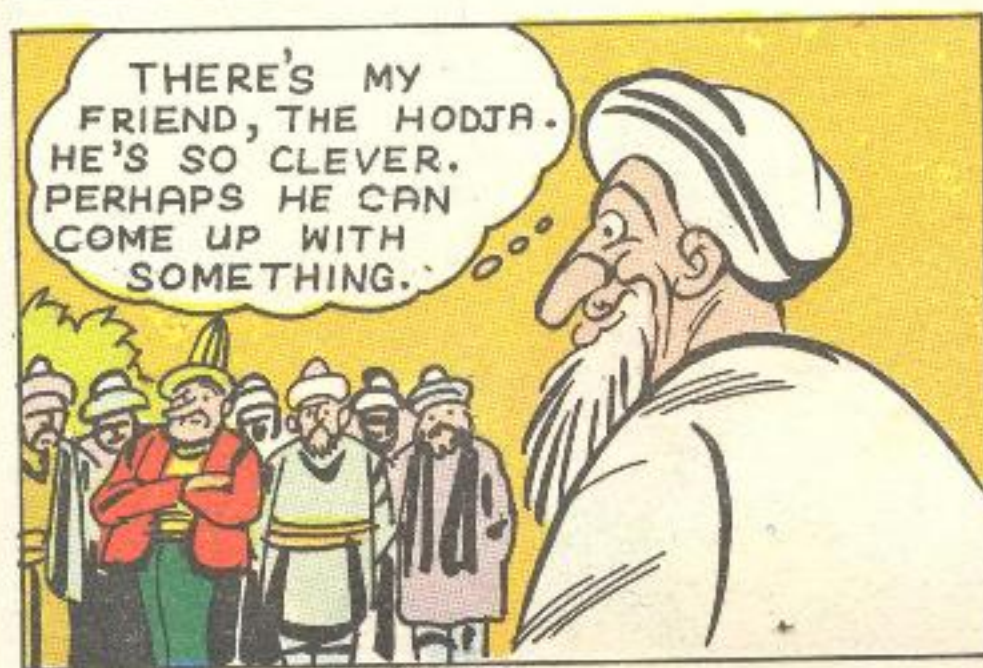
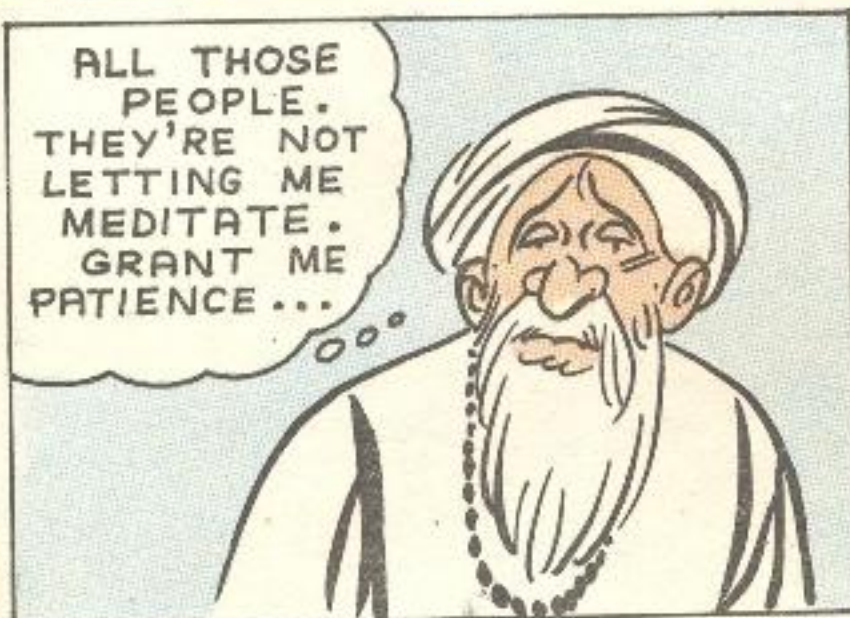
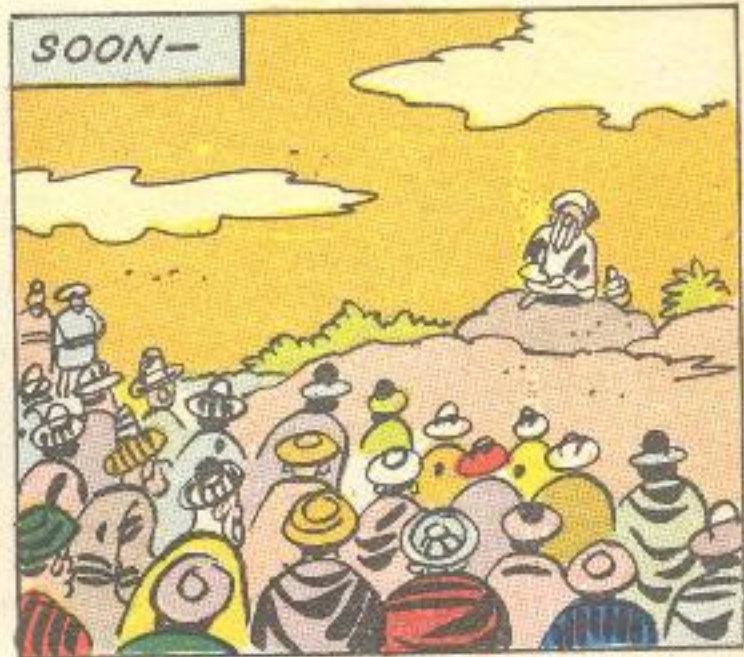
ONE MORNING, HODJA WAS AMBLING DOWN THE STREET WHEN —

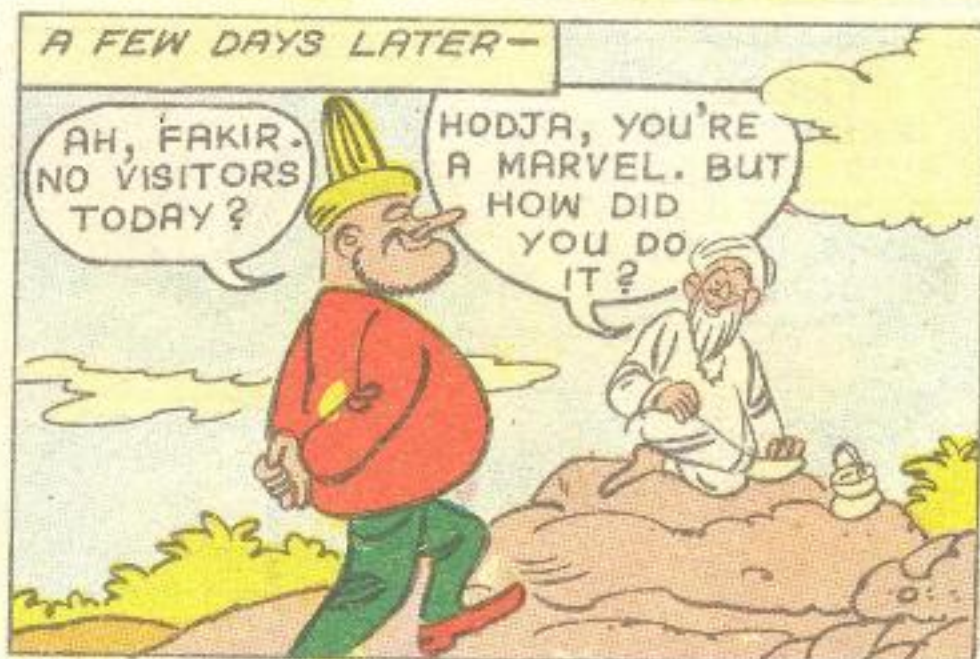


MONEY POWER

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script:
Iyer Prasad B.
Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar





ABOUT-TURN

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script:
Dev Nadkarni

Illustrations:
Ram Waerker

ONE MORNING, NASRUDDIN RUSHED TO HIS NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE—



MY COW HAS BEEN MAULED BY YOUR BULL...



SO?

I'M ENTITLED TO SOME COMPENSATION, AREN'T I?

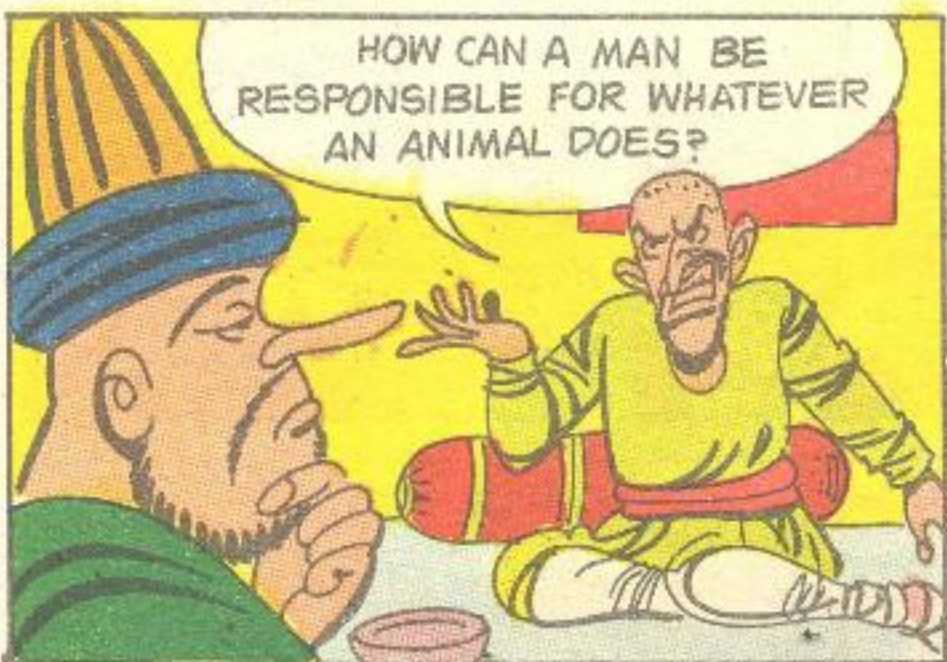
HUH?



HOW DARE YOU DEMAND COMPENSATION FROM ME?



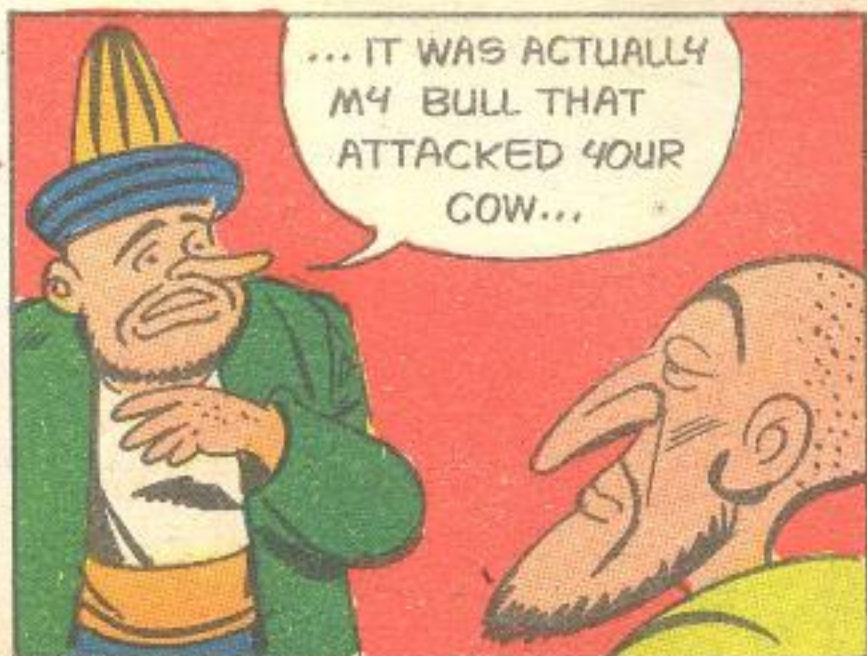
HOW CAN A MAN BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHATEVER AN ANIMAL DOES?



ER... I SEEM TO HAVE MADE A MISTAKE...



...IT WAS ACTUALLY MY BULL THAT ATTACKED YOUR COW...



...BUT ANYWAY, IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE NOW.



TURNING THE (VEGE) TABLES

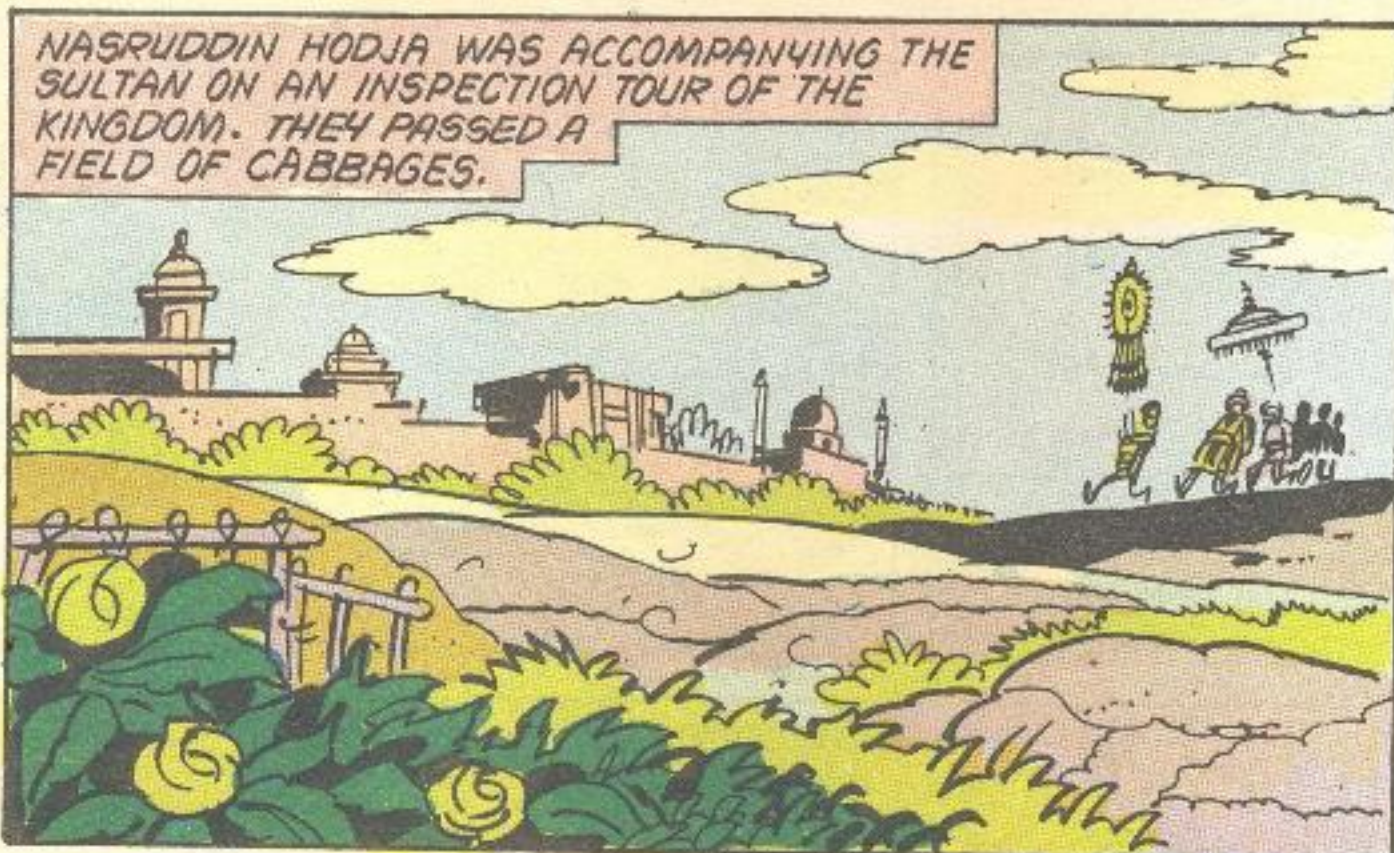
A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

Based on a story sent by
Rajendra Pillai, Calcutta

Readers' Choice

NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS ACCOMPANYING THE SULTAN ON AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE KINGDOM. THEY PASSED A FIELD OF CABBAGES.



AH! JUST
LOOK AT THOSE
CABBAGES...
THEY LOOK
SO JUICY!

YES, YOUR
MAJESTY. THE
CABBAGE IS
INDEED THE
BEST OF ALL
VEGETABLES.



BUT, NOW THAT YOU
MENTION IT, I AM NOT
PARTICULARLY FOND OF
EATING CABBAGES.
I ONLY LIKE
THEIR
APPEARANCE.



BUT, OF COURSE!
THE CABBAGE IS THE
WORST OF ALL
VEGETABLES.



NASRUDDIN, HOW
CAN YOU CHANGE
YOUR MIND SO
QUICKLY?



IT'S SIMPLE, YOUR
MAJESTY. I AM YOUR
SERVANT, NOT THE
SERVANT OF
CABBAGES!



BUY? BYE!

A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Based on a
story sent by
Katyayani Juloori,
Secunderabad

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY HODJA SET OUT
TO BUY A LAMP.

THERE GOES
HODJA. I'LL
FOLLOW HIM
AND HAVE
SOME FUN!

HOW MUCH
IS THAT
LAMP?

THIRTY
RUPEES!

THIRTY?
I'LL TAKE
IT.

NO, NO, I'D
LIKE TO
BUY THAT
LAMP. I'LL
PAY YOU
MORE!

BUT I ASKED
FOR IT FIRST!

HUSH,
HODJA! HOW
MUCH WILL
YOU PAY?

FIFTY
RUPEES!

FIFTY! BUT...
BUT HODJA WAS
HERE FIRST!

I'LL... I'LL PAY YOU
SEVENTY-FIVE!

HODJA?

GIVE IT TO
HIM.

IT'S YOURS FOR
SEVENTY-FIVE!

?!

I'M OFF TO THE
NEXT SHOP—
THERE'S ONE
THERE JUST
LIKE IT FOR
ONLY THIRTY.

?!

GRAMMATICAL ERROR

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Boipu Serto, Manipur

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONCE, AS NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS TRAVELLING TO A NEARBY TOWN—

...AND HOW MANY CHILDREN DO YOU HAVE?



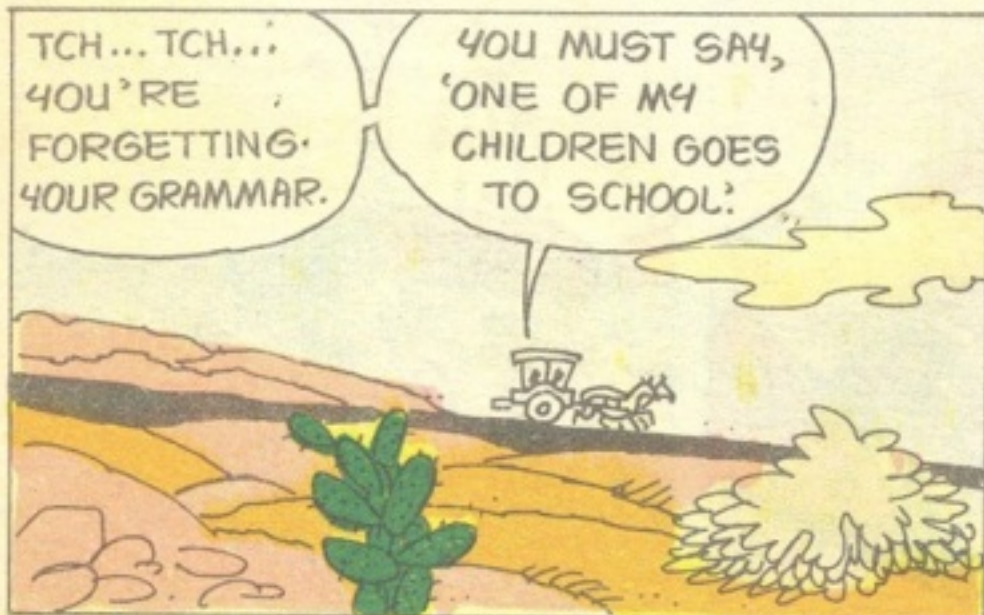
TWO.

DO THEY GO TO SCHOOL? ONLY ONE OF MY CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL.



TCH... TCH... YOU'RE FORGETTING YOUR GRAMMAR.

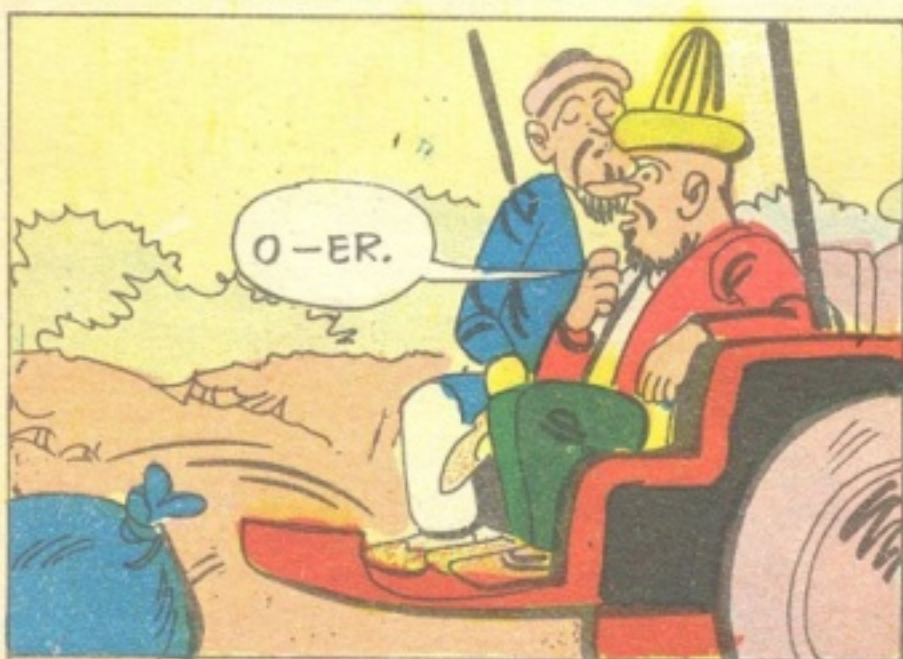
YOU MUST SAY, 'ONE OF MY CHILDREN GOES TO SCHOOL.'



SPEAK CORRECTLY OR DON'T SPEAK AT ALL— THAT'S MY PRINCIPLE!



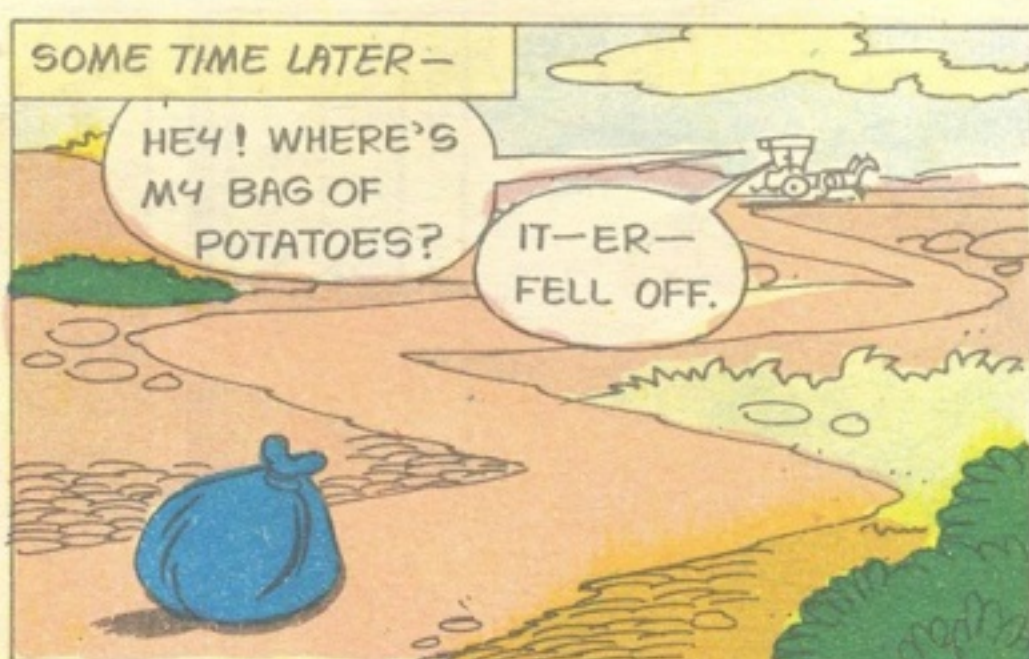
O-ER.



SOME TIME LATER—

HEY! WHERE'S MY BAG OF POTATOES?

IT-ER— FELL OFF.



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

I WAS-ER— PLANNING TO...



...BUT I WAS WONDERING WHETHER 'YOUR BAG IS FALLING OFF' WAS CORRECT OR 'YOUR BAG FELL OFF' WAS MORE LIKE IT!



TURNING THE TABLES

Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar

Based on a story
sent by
Sachin S. Ahirao,
Bombay

ONE DAY IN THE
SULTAN'S COURT—

WHO IS THE
WISEST MAN IN
THE KINGDOM?

IT'S
NASRUDDIN
HODJA, MY
LORD.

AH! HERE'S
A CHANCE TO
CORNER
HODJA.

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

I'VE HEARD
PEOPLE SAY THAT
HE CAN READ
EVERYBODY'S
MIND!

HUM...
CAN YOU,
NASRUDDIN?

NOW LET'S
SEE HOW HE
GETS OUT OF
THIS ONE.

CAN
YOU READ
THIS MAN'S
MIND?

OF COURSE!
HE WISHES THAT
YOU LIVE FOR A
HUNDRED
YEARS!

IS HODJA
CORRECT?

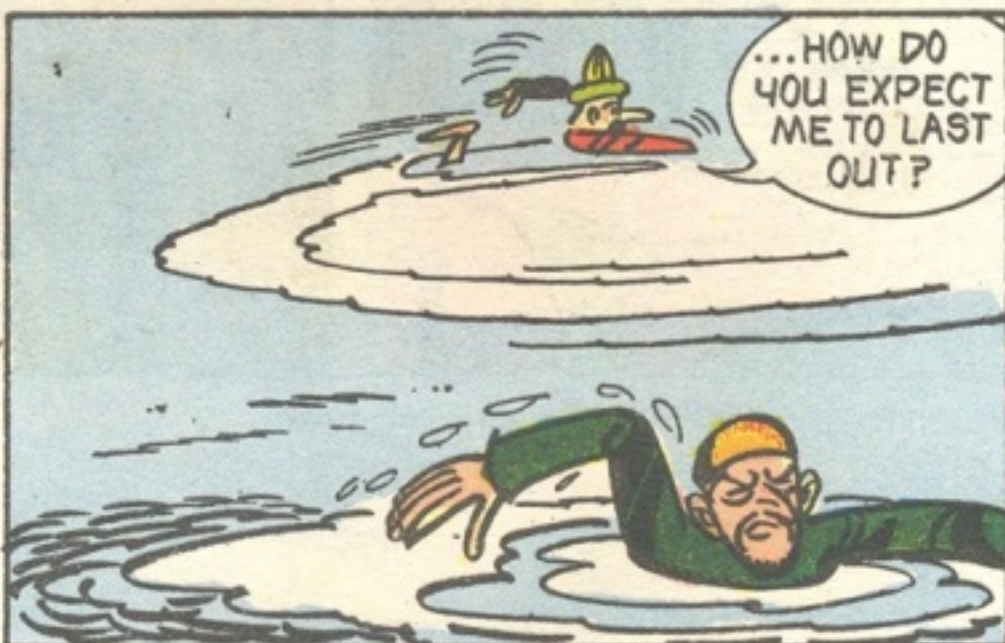
Y... YES, ER...
ABSOLUTELY
CORRECT! I...
I ALWAYS HAVE
GOOD THOUGHTS
FOR YOU.

'WHEW!
I COULDN'T
DENY
THAT
ONE.

THE OPTION

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale
Based on a story sent by
Bharat Agarwalla, Calcutta

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar



Readers' Choice

THE ARCHER

A Hodja Tale

Based on an
idea sent by
Kaushik Poddar

Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar

HODJA WAS A FAVOURITE OF THE
SULTAN—

LOOK,
VAZIR, THERE
GOES HODJA,
CURRYING
FAVOUR AS
USUAL.

CADI, WE MUST
DO SOMETHING SO
THAT HE FALLS FROM
THE SULTAN'S
FAVOUR..

WE ARE GOING
TO WATCH OUR
ARCHERS PRACTISE.
I WANT YOU ALL
TO COME.

THIS
IS OUR
CHANCE.



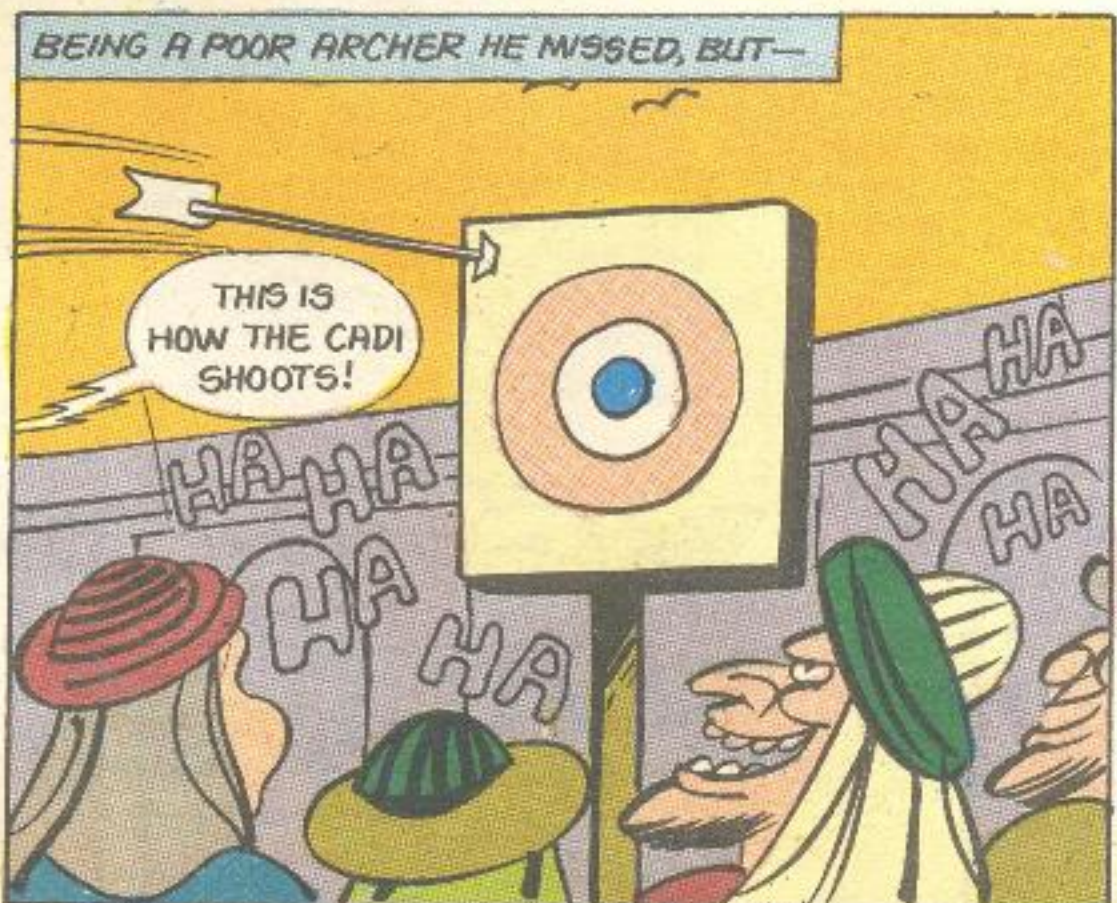
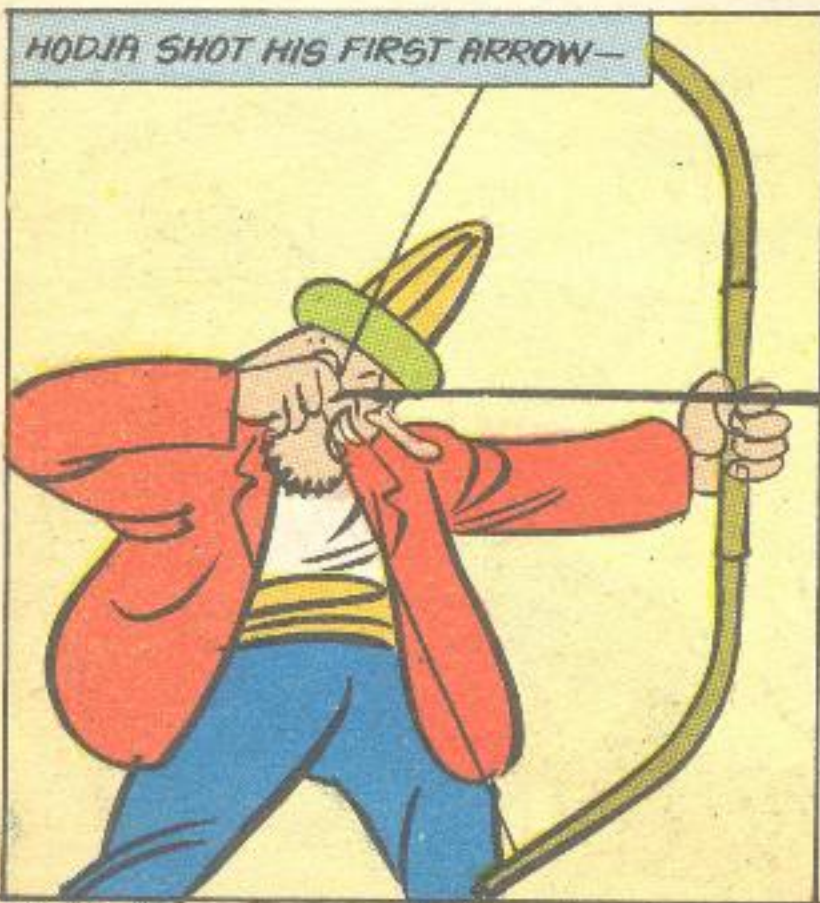
ANOTHER HIT. MY
ARCHERS ARE THE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
NO ONE CAN
OUTDO THEM.

EXCUSE ME, BUT
THERE IS ONE WHO
CLAIMS TO BE THE
BEST ARCHER IN
YOUR KINGDOM.

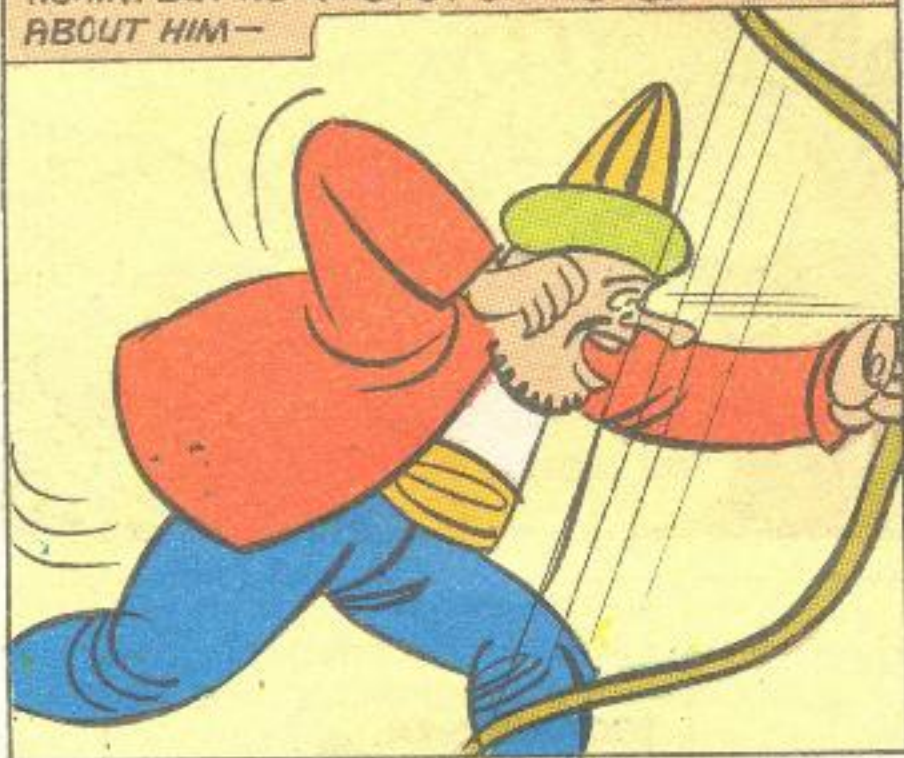
WHO IS
THAT?

HODJA.

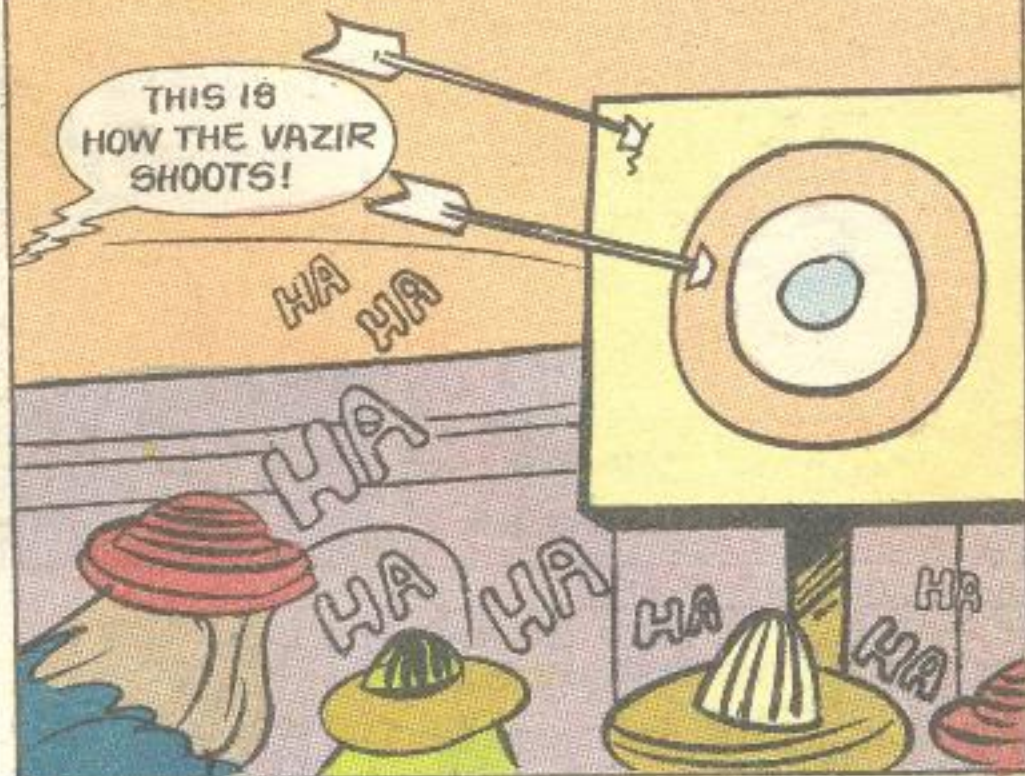




HE SHOT HIS SECOND ARROW AND MISSED AGAIN. BUT HE QUICKLY GATHERED HIS WITS ABOUT HIM—



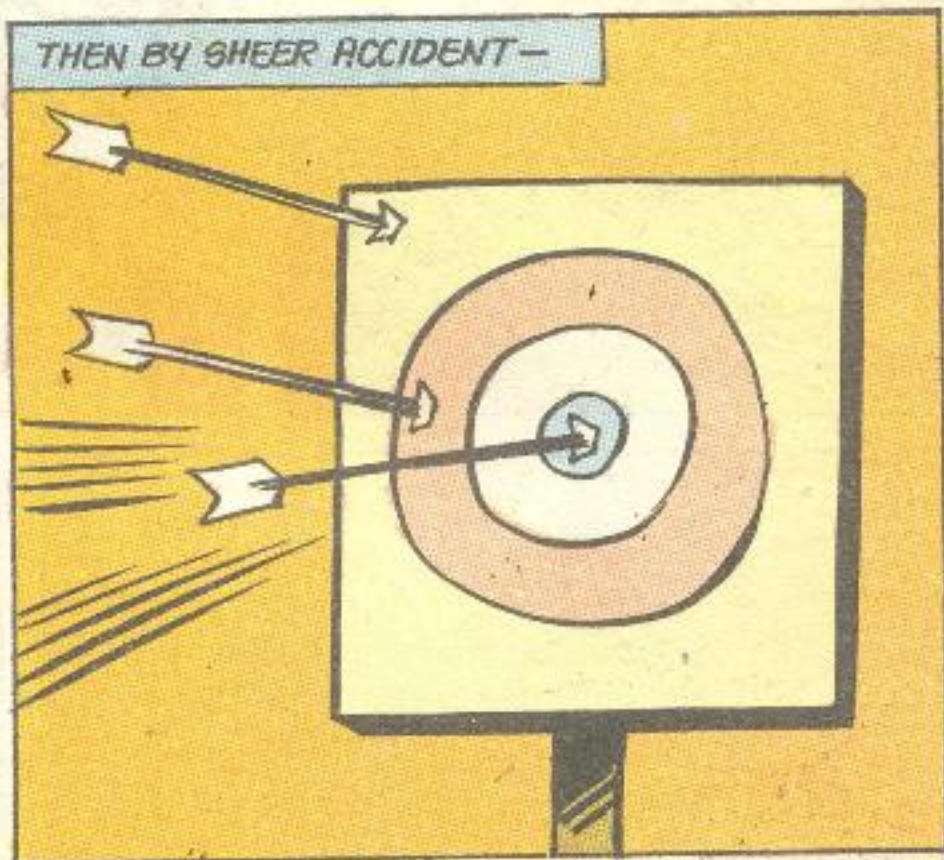
THIS IS HOW THE VAZIR SHOTS!



I HOPE I DON'T MISS THIS TIME.



THEN BY SHEER ACCIDENT—



...AND THAT IS HOW NASRUDDIN HODJA SHOTS!



WELL DONE, HODJA.



Readers' Choice

REAR EXIT

A Hodja Tale

Based on a story sent by
M.A. Aleem, Hyderabad

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

COME ON, HODJA!
TAKE US HOME
AND GIVE US
DINNER!

YES, HODJA! YOU
HAVEN'T ENTER-
TAINED US FOR
A LONG TIME!

OKAY, IF
YOU INSIST.

I'LL JUST GO AND
INFORM MY WIFE.

WAIT
HERE!

WIFE, I'VE
BROUGHT FOUR
FRIENDS HOME
FOR DINNER.

BUT THERE'S
NO FOOD IN
THE HOUSE!

WELL THEN, GO
AND TELL THEM
I'M NOT AT
HOME.

?!

HODJA IS
NOT AT
HOME.

WHAT?

BUT HE
CAME HERE
WITH US!

HE JUST
WENT IN!

WE
HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM
LEAVE!

THAT'S BECAUSE
I WENT OUT
THROUGH THE
BACK DOOR!

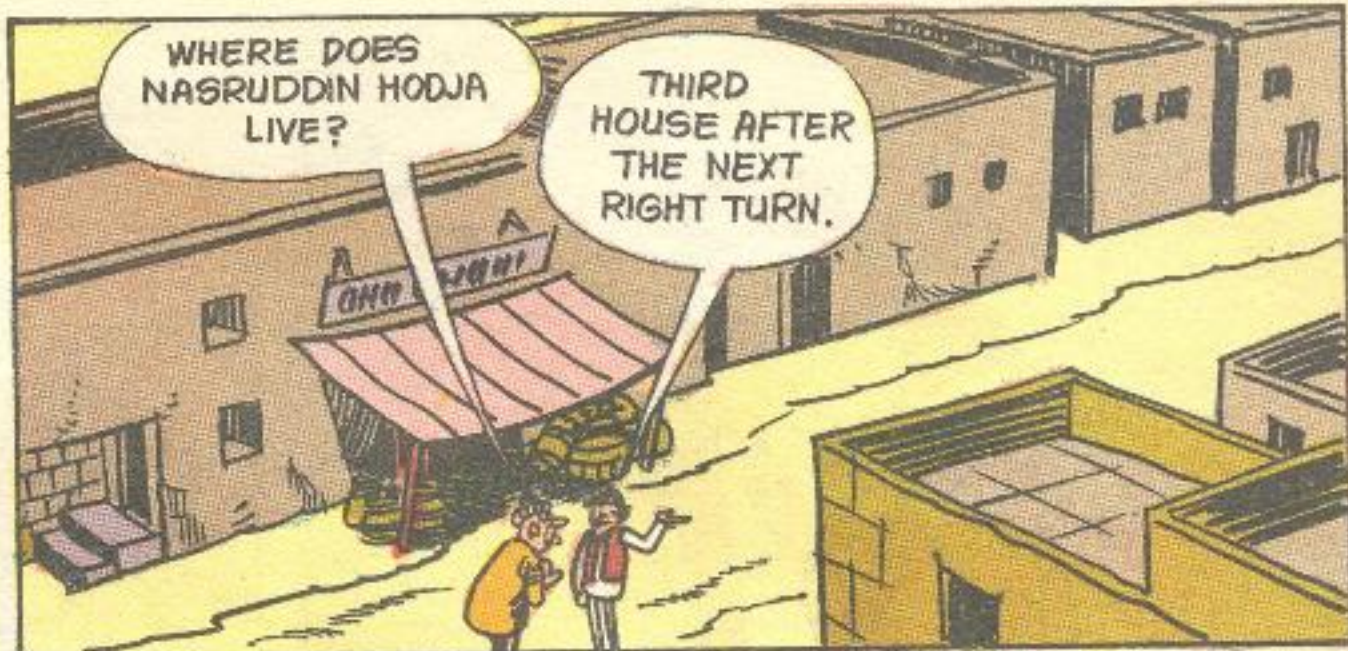
A SUPERB TRICK

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Meeta Gupta, New Delhi

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar







Extracting Repayment

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on a story sent
by Ajay C. Khunte

301, Shreepal Society,
21, Shukrawar Peth,
Pune 411002

Readers' Choice

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO
AHMED HAD BORROWED
A HUNDRED GOLD DINARS
FROM HODJA.

THERE'S HODJA. HE'LL
WANT HIS MONEY BACK,
I SUPPOSE...



NOW AHMED HAD NO INTENTION
OF RETURNING THE LOAN—

HEE HEE HEE!
I'LL NIP INTO THIS
ALLEY AND
VANISH.

AHMED!
WAIT!



GRR... THAT
AHMED! HE ALWAYS
GIVES ME
THE SLIP!



I'VE A SNEAKING SUSPICION
THAT HE DOESN'T WANT TO
RETURN THE MONEY
HE'S BORROWED!



BUT I'LL FIX
HIM OR MY
NAME ISN'T
HODJA.



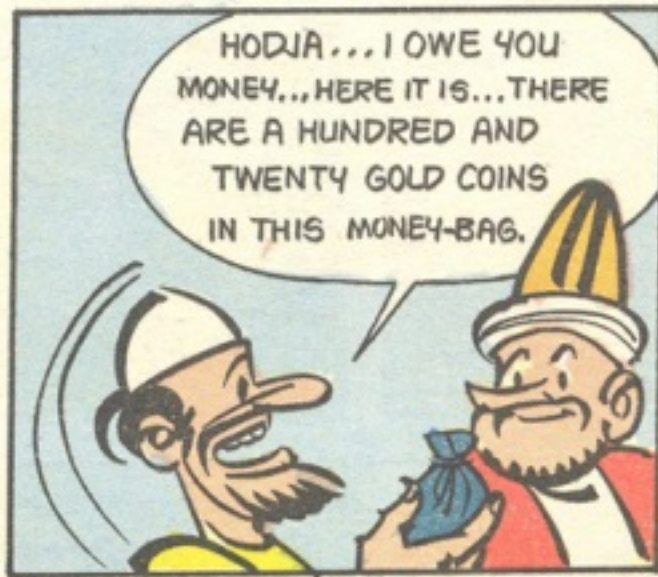
I'LL SEE
MY FRIEND
AFZUL,
RIGHT AWAY...



SO THE NEXT DAY—

I'LL HIDE IN THIS
ALLEY. AHMED'S SURE
TO PASS THIS WAY...





THE PLAN THAT BACKFIRED!

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on an idea sent by
R. Mohammed Sultan,
Bombay

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

HODJA WAS VERY POPULAR AND ENTERTAINED OFTEN.



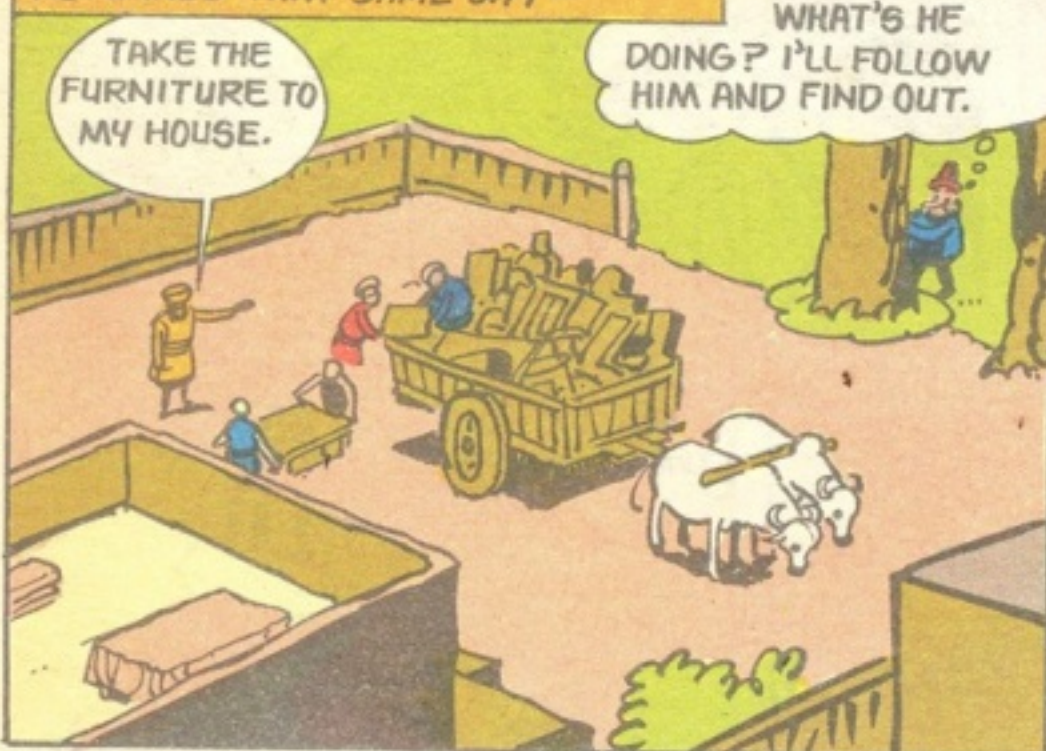
HODJA, I'VE COME TO YOUR HOUSE SO MANY TIMES THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE EVERY PIECE OF FURNITURE BLINDFOLDED.

BUT HODJA HAD ONE BITTER ENEMY—AHMED, THE WEAVER.



IT'S GOOD THAT HODJA'S GOING AWAY. I'LL PLAY A PRANK ON HIM. I'LL HAVE EVERY PIECE OF HIS FURNITURE CARTED AWAY. HEE HEE HEE!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR AHMED, HODJA RETURNED THAT SAME DAY—



TAKE THE FURNITURE TO MY HOUSE.

THAT'S AHMED... WHAT'S HE DOING? I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND FIND OUT.



THE CART IS GOING TOWARDS AHMED'S HOUSE.



SO THAT'S HIS GAME, BUT I'LL FIX HIM!

MOVE EVERY PIECE INSIDE THE HOUSE.

YES, SIR.

THE NEXT MORNING AHMED WENT OUT FOR A WALK. WHEN HE RETURNED—

HEY, HODJA! GET UP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SITTING ON THE PORCH OF MY NEW HOUSE, THAT'S WHAT!





Readers'
Choice

THE SIGNATURE

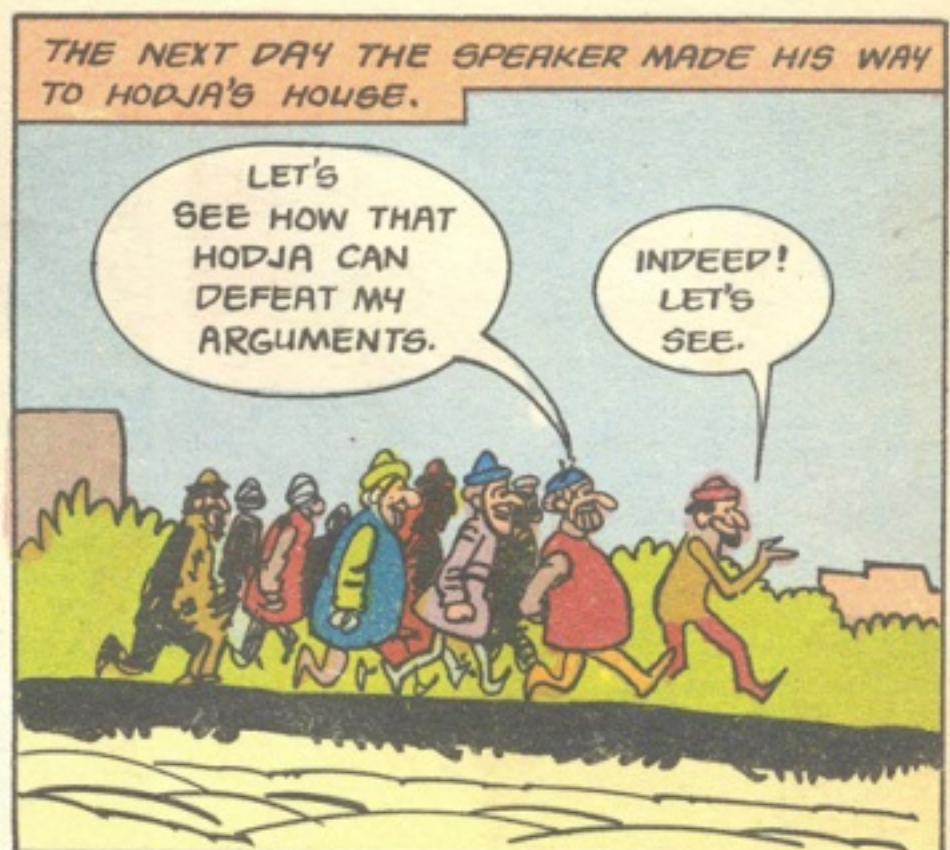
A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on a story
sent by Pritam
76, New Rayiwar Peth,
Kasturi Chowk, Pune 411002.

Illustrations :
Ram Waeerkar

NASRUDDIN HODJA ONCE CAME ACROSS A MAN
GIVING A SPEECH TO A LARGE AUDIENCE.







THE LENT DONKEY!

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on an idea sent
by Prabhakar Anvekar

Gonsalves Bldg.,
Chinchpokli Road,
Bandra,
Bombay 400 050

Illustrations: Ram Waerker

ONE DAY HODJA WAS SITTING ON THE
PORCH OF HIS HOUSE —



AH! WHAT
A LOVELY
DAY!

OH, NO! THERE
COMES MY PEST OF
A NEIGHBOUR.

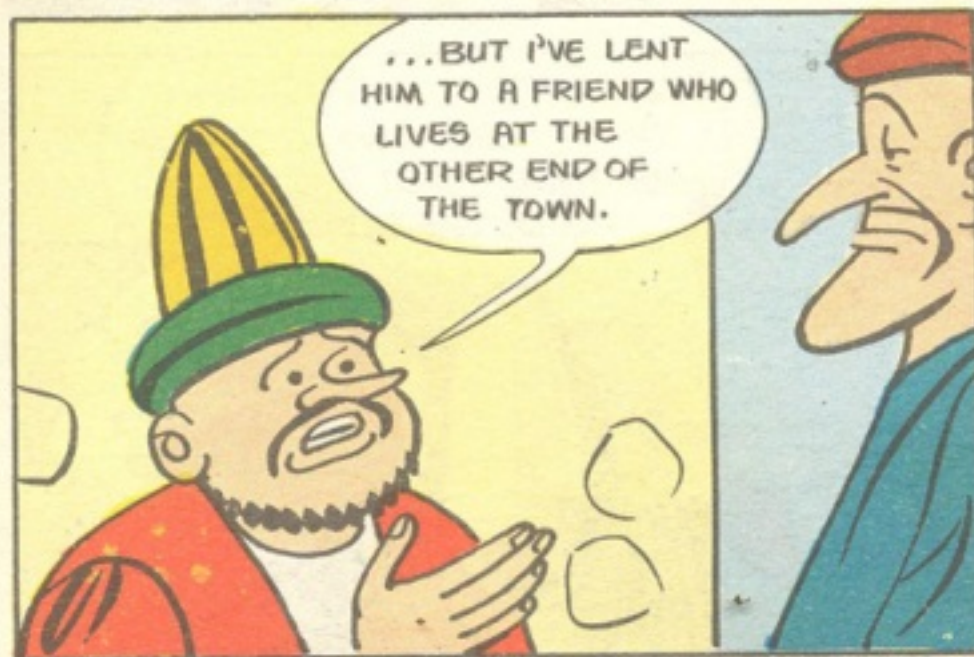


HE'S SUCH A
NUISANCE — ALWAYS
BORROWING THINGS
FROM ME!



HODJA! I NEED YOUR
DONKEY URGENTLY.
PLEASE LEND
IT TO ME!

I'M
SORRY...



...BUT I'VE LENT
HIM TO A FRIEND WHO
LIVES AT THE
OTHER END OF
THE TOWN.



SUDDENLY—

HEE HAW!
HEE HAW!



SO, YOU'VE LENT HIM,
EH? WASN'T THAT A
DONKEY BRAYING?



LISTEN, WHO WOULD
YOU RATHER BELIEVE?
ME OR MY DONKEY!

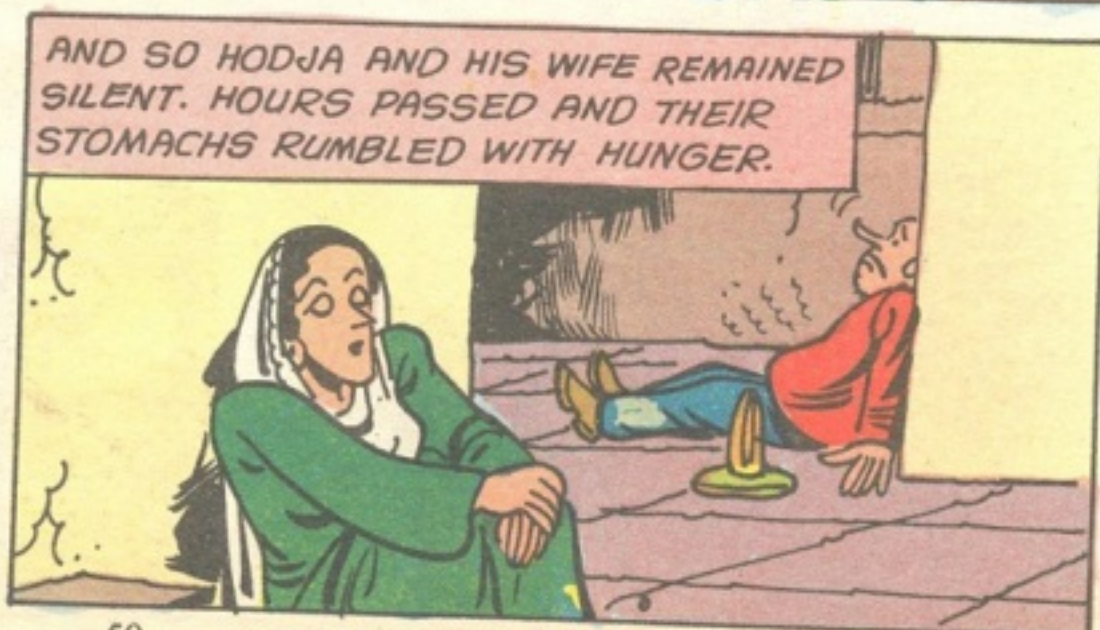
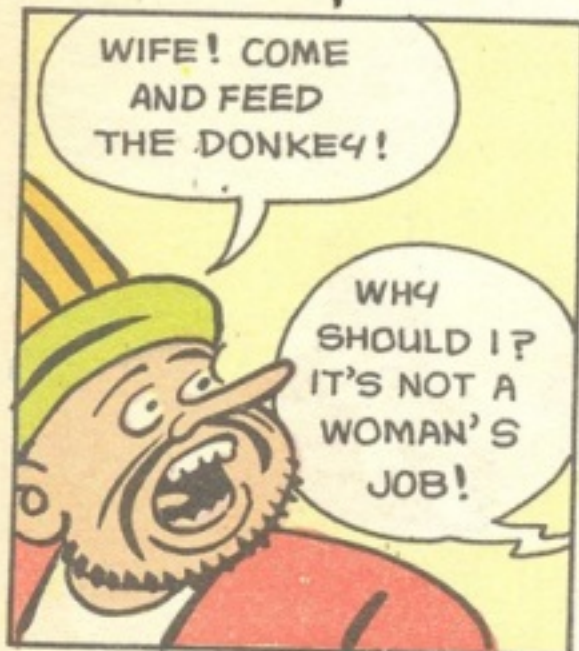
EH?

SILENT STRUGGLE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar



AND THE DONKEY'S HUNGRY BRAYS WENT UNHEARD.



I'M FAMISHED!
I'LL ASK MY WIFE
TO MAKE SOME
SOUP...



OH, NO! I CAN'T DO
THAT! I'LL HAVE TO
FEED THE DONKEY
THEN!



AND SO A TRUCULENT* HODJA KEPT
SILENT.

I'LL MAKE MY WIFE
SPEAK FIRST IF
IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO!



OH! I'M TIRED OF THIS.
I'LL HAVE A CHAT
WITH MY
NEIGHBOUR.



SEEING HER GO OUT HODJA ALMOST
CALLED OUT BUT STOPPED HIMSELF
JUST IN TIME.

ULP!



HODJA'S WIFE NARRATED THE STRANGE
AGREEMENT TO HER NEIGHBOUR.

...AND SO HE
REFUSES TO BUDGE
FROM HIS CORNER...
AND HE HASN'T
EATEN ALL DAY.



HE MUST
BE FAMISHED.

I'LL TELL MY BOY
TO TAKE A BOWL
OF SOUP OVER TO
HIM.



MEANWHILE A THIEF BROKE INTO HODJA'S HOUSE.

A THIEF!

EH! IT'S THE OWNER! BUT WHY DOESN'T HE YELL?

PERHAPS HE'S PARALYZED. HEE HEE HEE! I'M GOING TO HAVE THE TIME OF MY LIFE!

THE THIEF RANSACKED THE HOUSE TAKING EVEN HODJA'S TURBAN...

... AND LEFT GIGGLING HAPPILY!

HEE HEE HEE!

SOON THE BOY CAME WITH A BOWL OF SOUP.

HERE, HAVE THIS...

EH? WHAT WAS THAT! CAN'T YOU SPEAK?

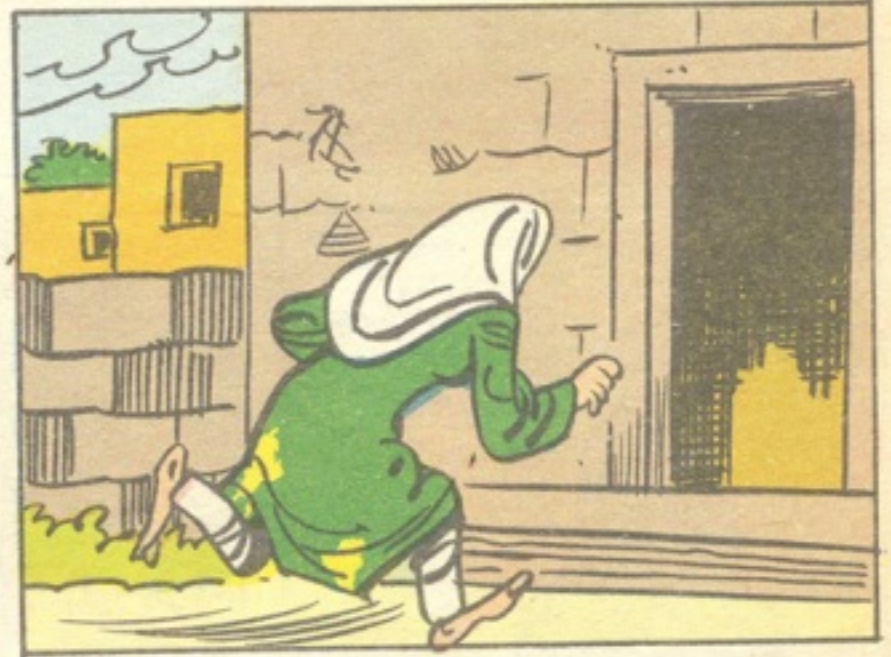
HODJA WOULDN'T...

... BUT HE DECIDED TO USE SIGN LANGUAGE.

YOU WANT ME TO CLEAR THE COBWEBS ON THE WALL?

HODJA CIRCLED HIS HAND ROUND HIS HEAD TO INDICATE THAT EVEN HIS TURBAN HAD BEEN STOLEN.

AH! I UNDERSTAND YOU WANT ME TO POUR THE SOUP ON YOUR HEAD!



HIDDEN TALENT

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on a story
set by
Watinungsang A.O.
Nagaland

Readers'
Choice

Illustrations : Ram Waerkar

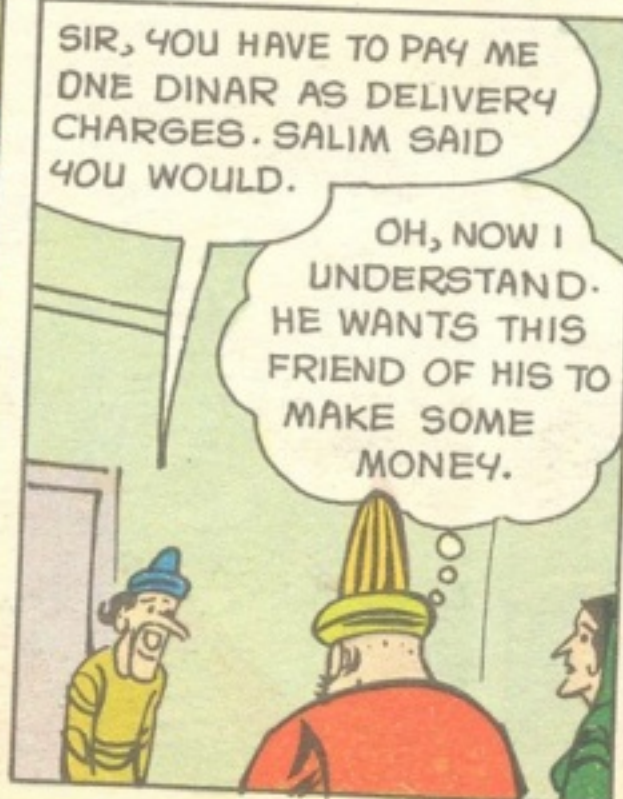
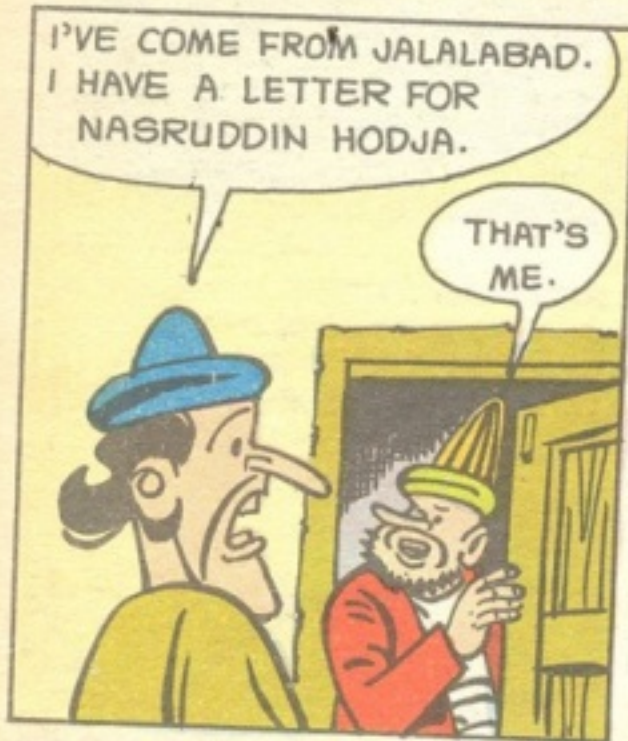


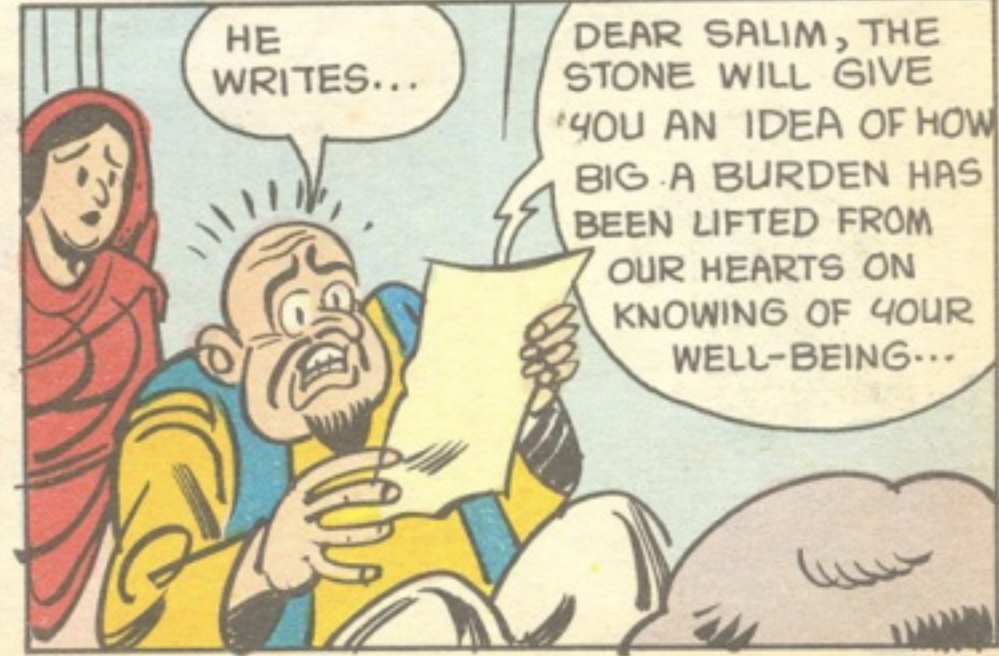
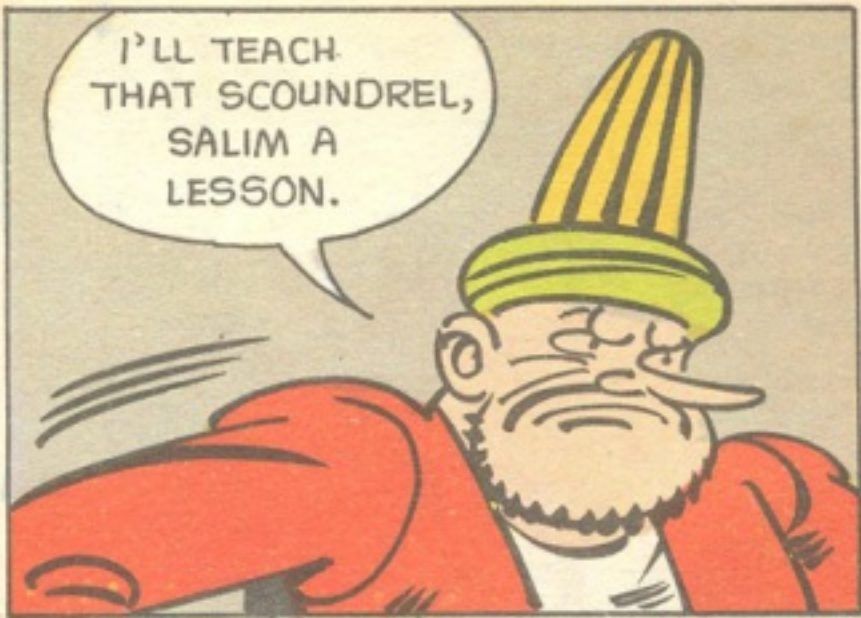


THE BIG PARCEL

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Shubha Khandekar
Illustrations: Ram Waerkar





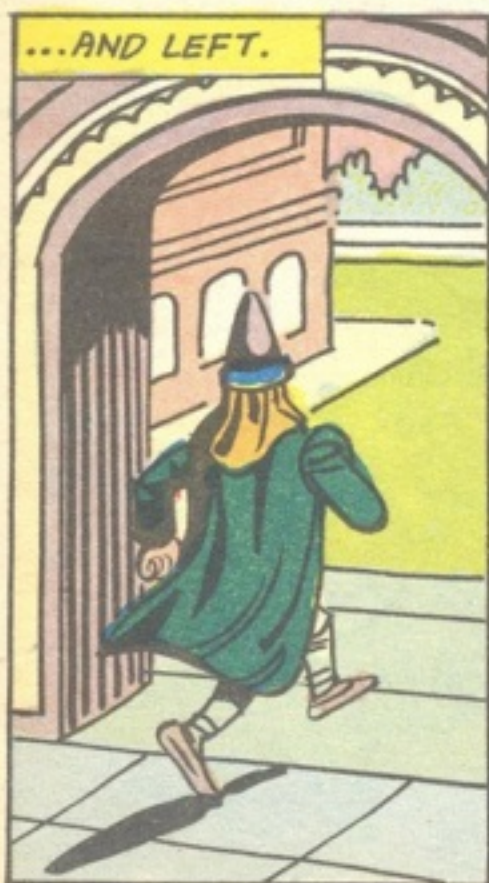
DUEL OF WITS

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY AN ENVOY FROM A NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY CAME TO THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF BOKHARA.



THE WISEST COUNCILLORS WERE CONSULTED BY THE SULTAN AND THEY CAREFULLY EXAMINED THE CIRCLE.



THE WISE COUNCILLORS CONFERRED AMONG THEMSELVES.

FINALLY —



SUDDENLY ONE COURTIER HAD AN IDEA.

YOUR MAJESTY, WHY NOT SEND FOR HODJA? IF ANY ONE CAN SOLVE THE PUZZLE... HE CAN!

A BRILLIANT IDEA. HE'S THE CLEVEREST PERSON IN MY KINGDOM. I WONDER WHY I DIDN'T THINK OF IT MYSELF.



THE CRY WAS TAKEN UP...



THE MATTER WAS EXPLAINED
TO HODJA.

...AND THE SULTAN HAS
OFFERED A REWARD TO
ANYONE WHO CAN
SOLVE THE RIDDLE.

REWARD...
I'M COMING.
BUT I'LL
NEED A FEW
THINGS.



HODJA PICKED UP A
COUPLE OF KNUCKLE-
BONES + AND HIS PET
CHICKEN...



...AND SOON WAS ON HIS
WAY TO THE PALACE.



HODJA, WELCOME TO
YOU. I'VE BEEN
DREADFULLY WORRIED.

THERE...
THERE...



HMM...



AAGH! THERE
COMES THE ENVOY.
QUICK, HIDE ME!

LEAVE
HIM TO
ME.









HARD BARGAIN

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale
Based on a story sent
by Dilip Chaudhari
Tambapur, Jalgaon-425 001

Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar

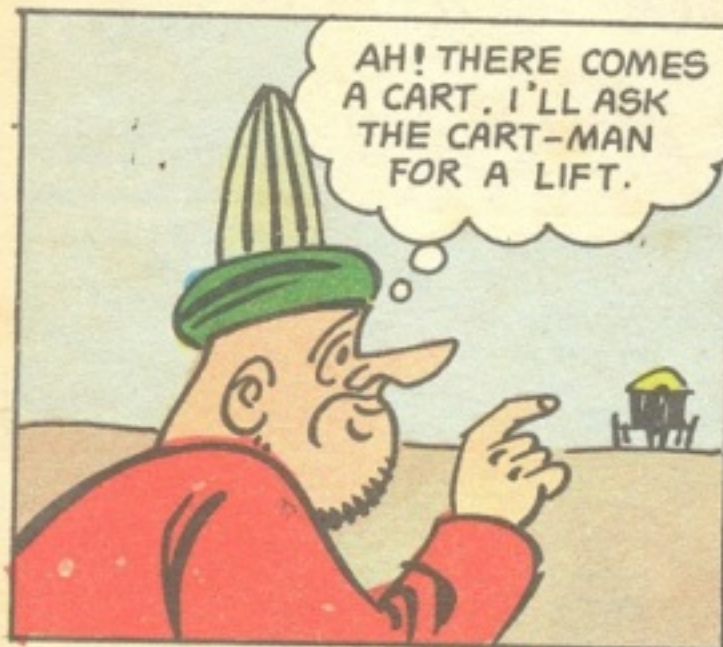
ONE DAY HODJA WAS
ON HIS WAY TO THE
MARKET—

OOPH! IT'S SO HOT.
AND I'VE STILL GOT
A LONG WAY TO GO.



AH! THERE COMES
A CART. I'LL ASK
THE CART-MAN
FOR A LIFT.

GRR! THESE
CART-MEN ARE SO
RUDE. HE'LL NEVER
GIVE ME A LIFT.



GOOD DAY! WILL YOU
GIVE ME A RIDE TO THE
MARKET?



GRR! THE
SCOUNDREL!

HE'S
IGNORING
ME.



IT WILL COST YOU
10 DINARS.



HOW MUCH WILL
YOU TAKE TO DELIVER
A COAT TO A FRIEND
OF MINE AT THE
MARKET?

HMM...
TWO
DINARS.



HERE ARE
YOUR TWO
DINARS.

THANK YOU!
BUT WHERE'S
THE COAT?



I'M WEARING IT!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TAKE IT WITH
ME IN IT.

EH?





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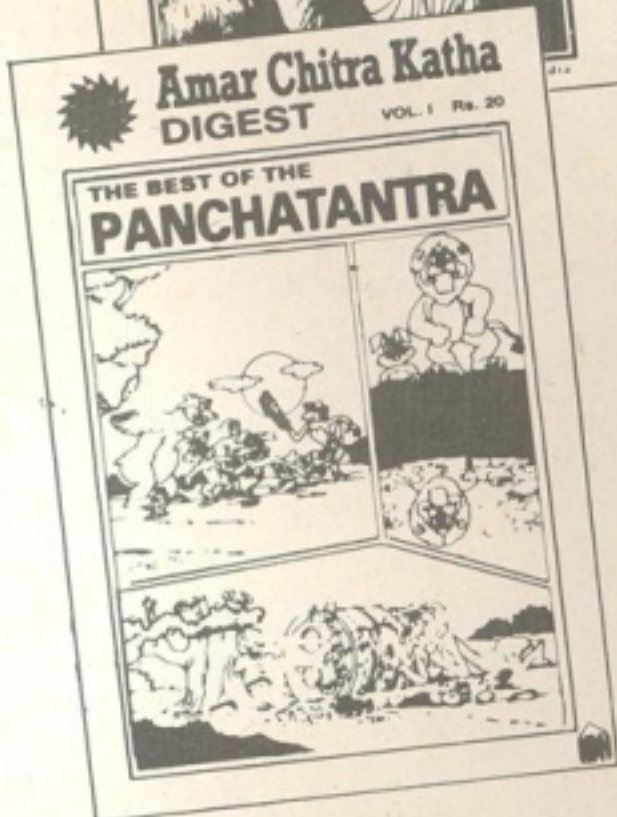
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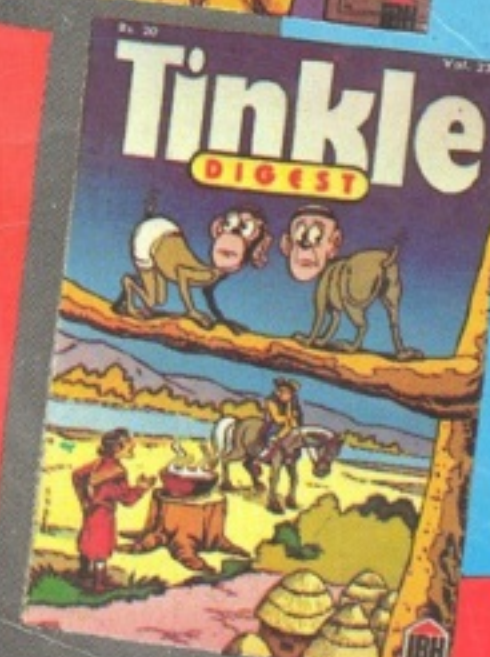
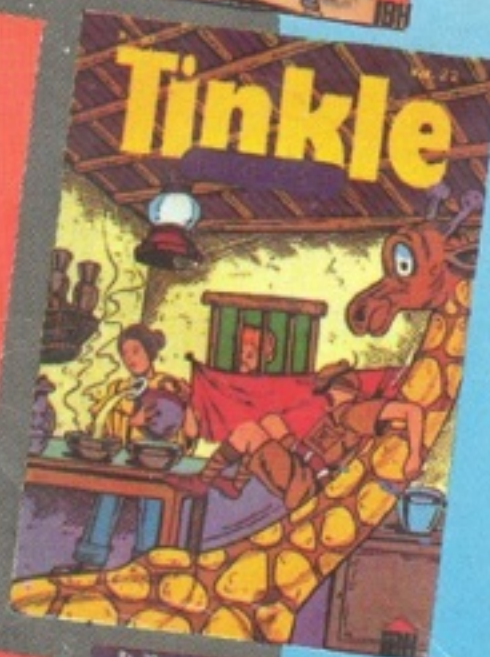
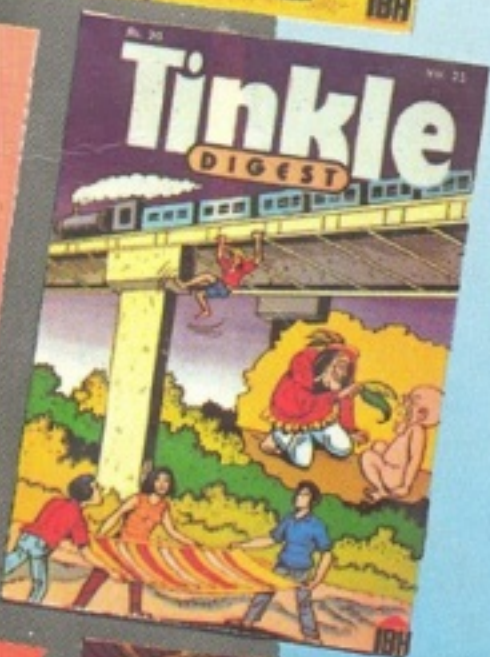
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