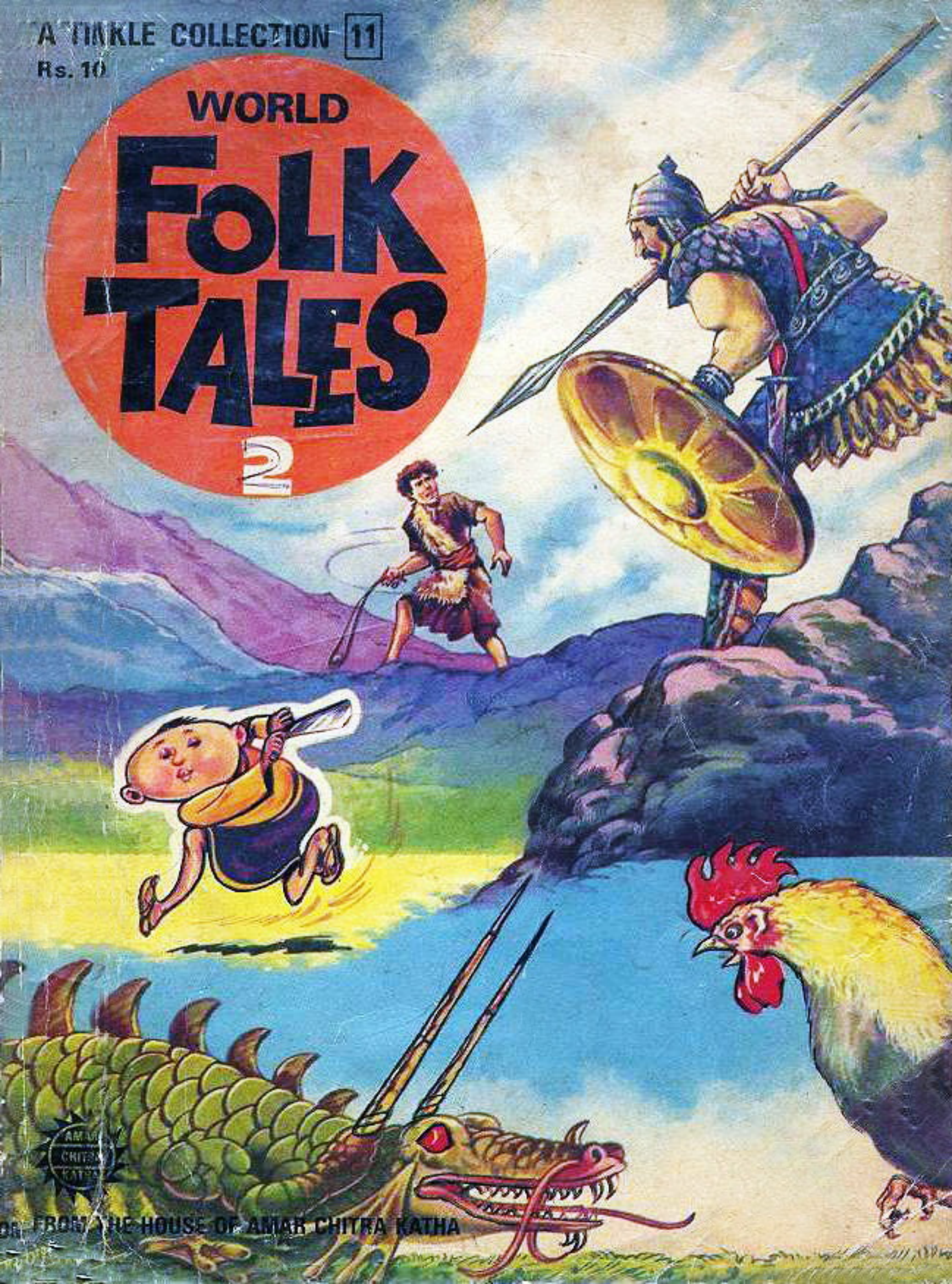


A TINKLE COLLECTION 11

Rs. 10

WORLD FOLK TALES

2



FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

This Book Belongs to:

Contents

The Clever Prince	...	1
The Story of Silk	...	3
David and Goliath	...	7
The Hunchback of Kashgar	...	14
Androcles and the Lion	...	24
Why Cocks Eat Worms?	...	28
Adventures of Kasperle	...	32
The Six Wives Who Ate Onions	...	38
Atalanta's Race	...	46
The Three Good-Luck Charms	...	49
The Little Bun and the Old Fox	...	57
Echo and Narcissus	...	60

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THE CLEVER PRINCE - A GREEK TALE

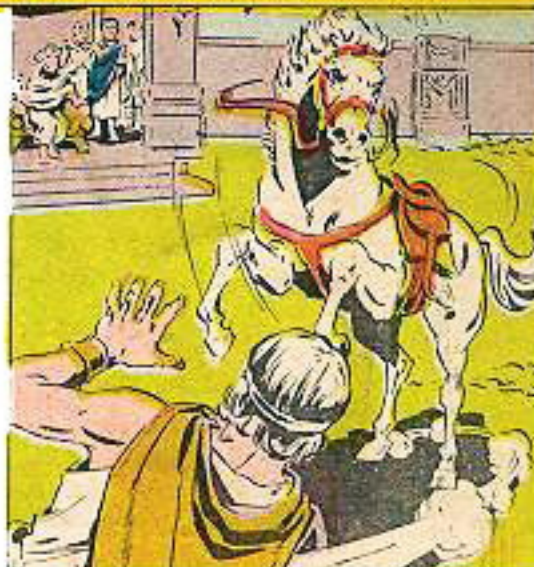
Script: Devanshu Mohapatra

Illustrations: Souren Roy

PHILIP, 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.



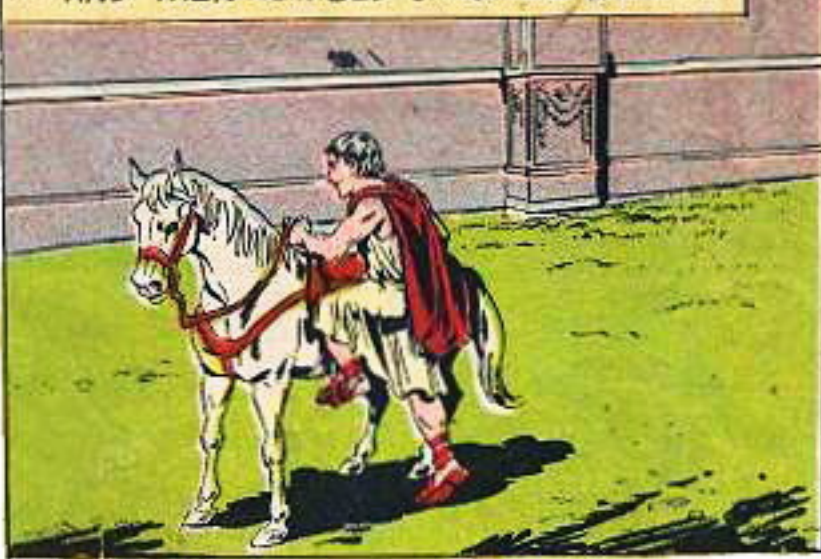
MANY OTHER MEN TOO TRIED TO RIDE THE HORSE BUT IT THREW THEM ALL OFF.



...SPOKE GENTLY TO IT...



...AND THEN CLIMBED ONTO THE SADDLE.



EVERYONE EXPECTED THE HORSE TO REAR UP AND THROW OFF ITS RIDER. BUT —



HE'S RIDING IT!

THAT'S MY BOY!

IT WAS HIS OWN SHADOW THAT WAS FRIGHTENING HIM, FATHER.



WHEN I TURNED HIM TOWARDS THE SUN, HE COULD NOT SEE HIS SHADOW. THAT IS WHY HE BECAME SO GENTLE.

I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY SON.



YOU DESERVE TO BE KING OF A LARGER KINGDOM THAN MACEDONIA.



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 STORY OF SILK

Script:
Luis

Illustrations:
Pradeep Sathe

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, A YOUNG CHINESE PRINCESS SAW SOME STRANGE WORMS EATING THE LEAVES OF A MULBERRY BUSH.



THE GIRLS WATCHED IN WONDER AS THE WORMS WOVE COCOONS ROUND THEMSELVES.

THOSE MUST BE THEIR COFFINS. SEE, SOME OF THEM HAVE COVERED THEMSELVES COMPLETELY. THEY MUST BE DEAD ALREADY. WE WILL HAVE TO BURY THEM.



CLAP
CLAP

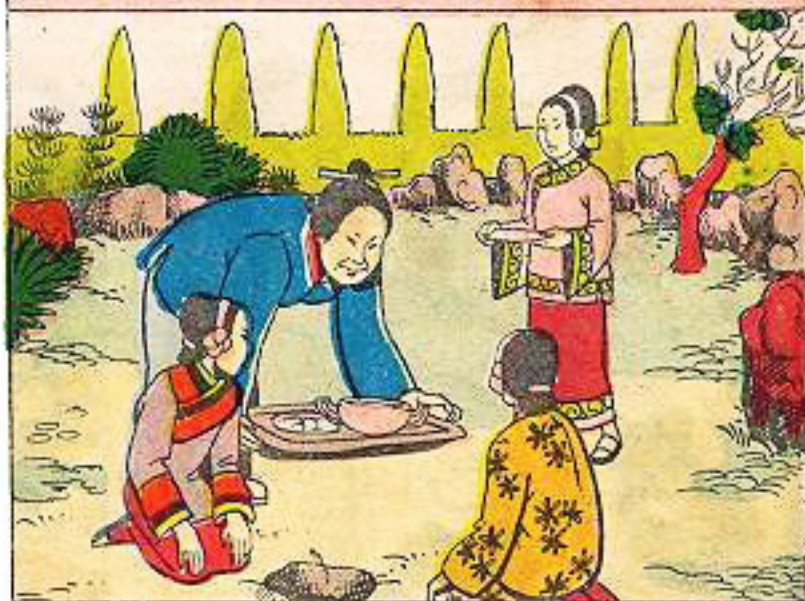


PLEASE BRING US SOME TEA AND RICE CAKES.

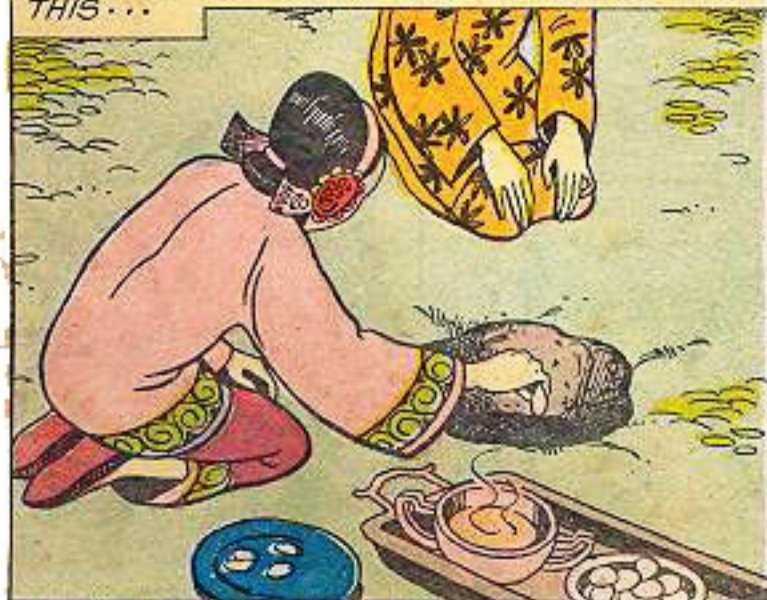


WHEN THE CHINESE BURIED THEIR DEAD THEY USED TO KEEP FOOD AND DRINK ON THE GRAVES.

SOON THE GRAVE WAS READY. THE PRINCESS BROUGHT THE COCOONS...



...AND BEGAN TO DROP THEM ONE BY ONE INTO THE GRAVE, AS SHE WAS DOING THIS...



... SHE ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED ONE OF THE COCOONS INTO A CUP OF HOT TEA.



THE SOFT-HEARTED PRINCESS BURST INTO TEARS.



WHAT HAVE I DONE! ITS COVERING HAS BECOME LOOSE.



SHE DECIDED TO TAKE IT TO HER MOTHER.



HER MOTHER, SI-LING WAS A VERY CLEVER WOMAN.

DON'T WEEP. LEAVE THIS WORM WITH ME AND GO BACK TO YOUR COUSINS.



A WORM WHICH MAKES A COVERING FOR ITSELF. HOW STRANGE!



SHE DROPPED THE COCOON INTO A BOWL OF HOT WATER.



THEN TOOK IT OUT AGAIN...



...AND BEGAN TO UNWIND IT.



THE STRAND BROKE
SEVERAL TIMES.



BUT SHE JOINED IT UP
EACH TIME AND KEPT ON.

AFTER SOME TIME SHE HAD
A LONG GLISTENING STRAND
IN HER HAND.



I MUST
SEE THOSE
WORMS FOR
MYSELF.



WHEN HER DAUGHTER TOOK HER TO THE
MULBERRY TREE AND SHOWED HER THE
COCOONS, SHE WAS OVERJOYED.

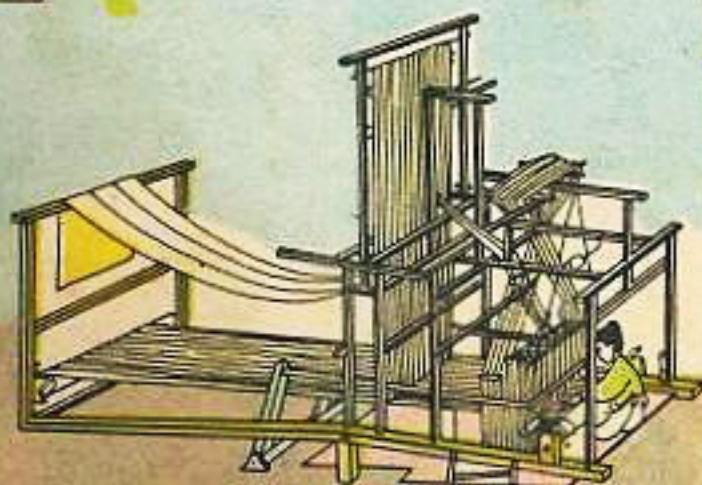
YOU HAVE FOUND
SOMETHING VERY
WONDERFUL, MY
DAUGHTER.



YOU HAVE FOUND
THE THREAD FROM
WHICH WE SHALL
WEAVE THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
CLOTH EVER
SEEN.



LADY SI-LING TAUGHT HER SERVANTS HOW TO
SPIN THE STRANDS INTO THREAD AND TO WEAVE
THE THREAD INTO THE CLOTH WHICH WE NOW
CALL SILK.



EVER SINCE, LADY SI-LING HAS
BEEN CALLED THE FIRST MAKER OF
SILK. THE NAME OF THE LITTLE
PRINCESS HOWEVER HAS NOT COME
DOWN TO US.

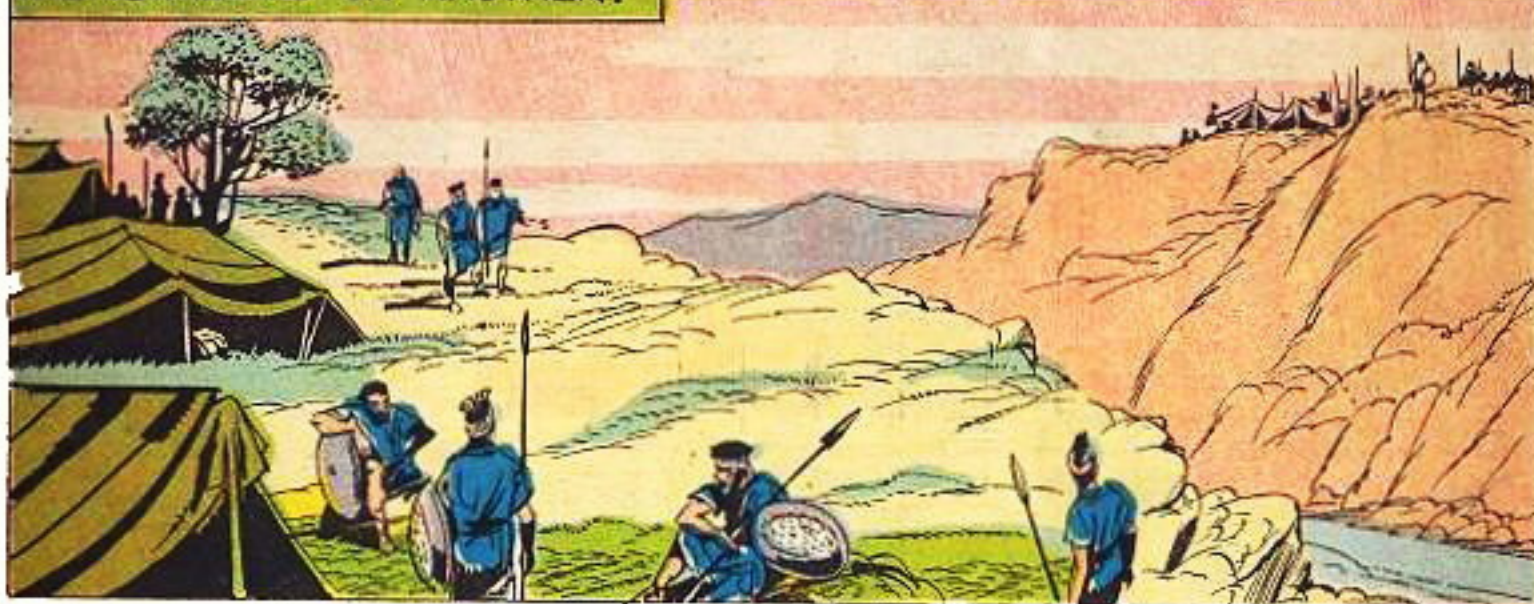
DAVID AND GOLIATH

Script : Toni Patel

Illustrations : Pratap Mulick

— A TALE FROM THE BIBLE

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ISRAEL WAS ATTACKED BY THE PHILISTINES. IT WAS A LONG WAR. THE PHILISTINE CAMP STOOD ON ONE HILL AND THE ISRAELITE ON ANOTHER.



ONE DAY, THERE WAS A GREAT UPROAR IN THE PHILISTINE CAMP. THE ISRAELITES CAME RUNNING OUT TO SEE WHAT THE MATTER WAS.



WHAT CREATURE IS THAT ?



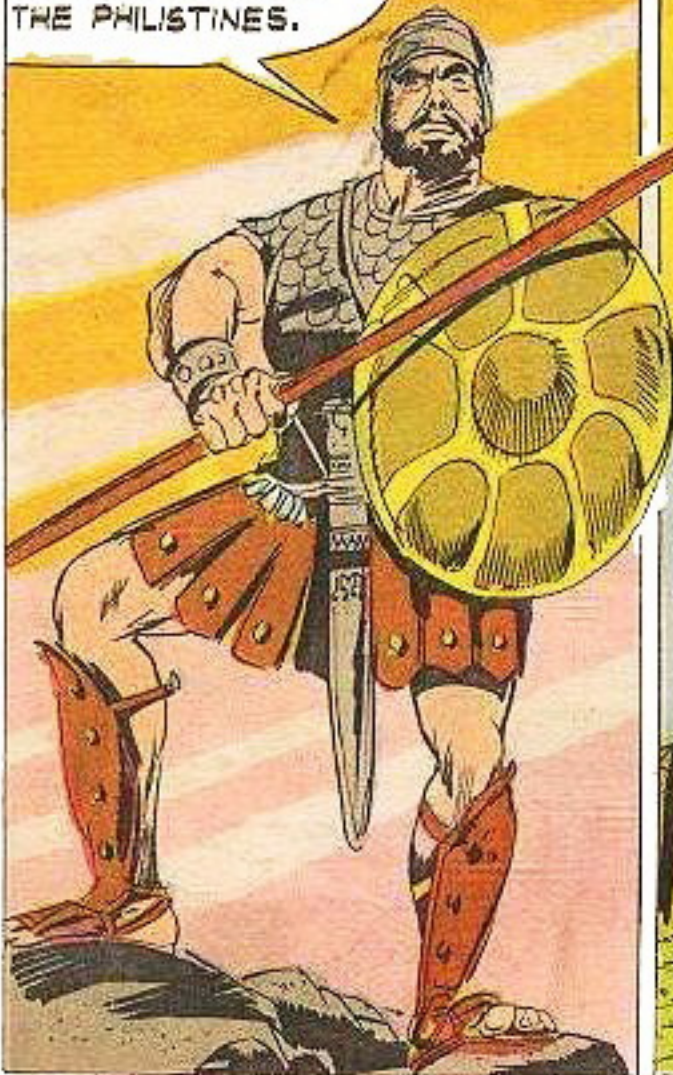
LOOK AT ME !
YOU WHITE-FACED,
LILY-LIVERED,
COWARDS ! DON'T
RUN AWAY.



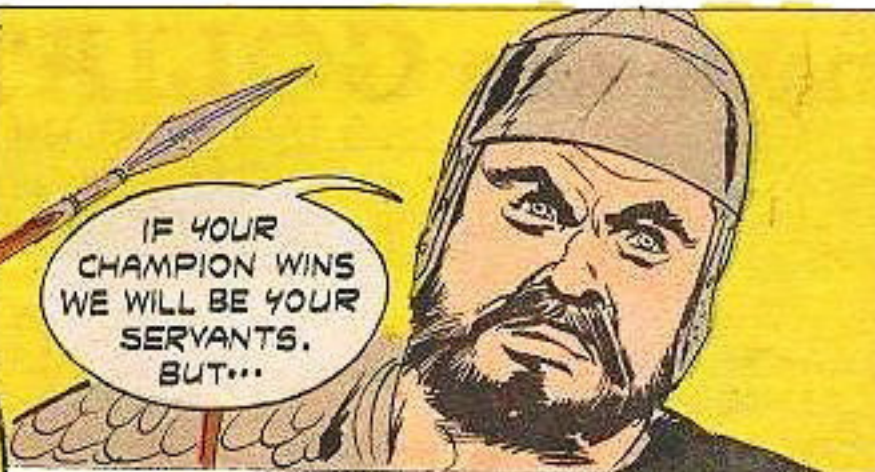
SEND ONE,
JUST ONE PUNY
ISRAELITE TO
FIGHT WITH
ME...



...GOLIATH OF GATH,
THE CHAMPION OF
THE PHILISTINES.



IF YOUR
CHAMPION WINS
WE WILL BE YOUR
SERVANTS.
BUT...



...IF HE IS
KILLED, YOU WILL BE
OUR SERVANTS
FOREVER!



HE COULD
CRUSH US LIKE
NUTS WITH HIS
BARE HANDS.

WHO COULD
KILL HIM?
ONLY A FOOL
WOULD TRY.



EVERY DAY GOLIATH
CAME AND SHOUTED
OUT THE SAME
CHALLENGE.

PUNY MEN!
WEAK-KNEED
CREATURES! SO, NOT
ONE OF YOU DARES
FIGHT ME?



MANY DAYS PASSED, BUT
NO ONE DARED TO ACCEPT
GOLIATH'S CHALLENGE. AND
EVERY DAY AFTER SUNSET,
HE WENT BACK TO HIS CAMP.

COWARDS!



ONE DAY, A YOUNG SHEPHERD
NAMED DAVID CAME TO THE
ISRAELITE CAMP.

WHAT
DO YOU WANT
HERE?

I AM
LOOKING FOR
MY BROTHERS.



AH,
THERE THEY
ARE!

DAVID! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE? THIS IS
NOT A SAFE PLACE
FOR YOU!



HOW IS
FATHER?

HE'S
WELL.



AND HOW
IS...

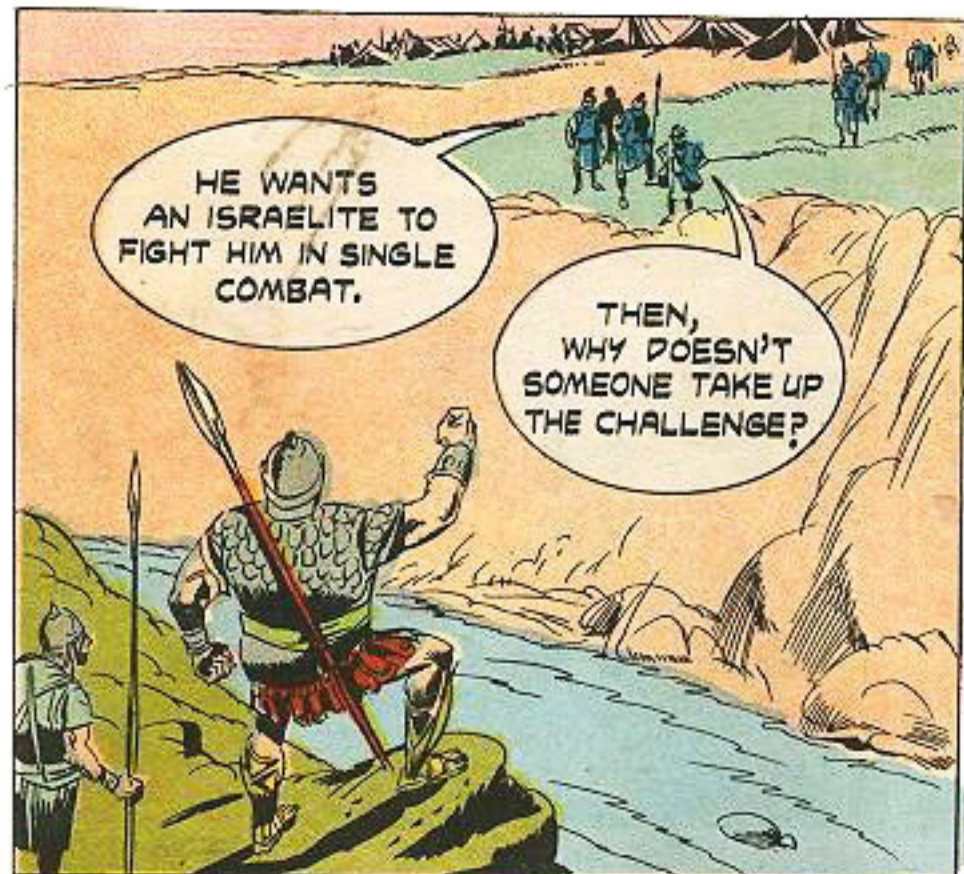
COME
AND FIGHT, YOU
WEAKLINGS!



WHO IS THAT?

IT'S GOLIATH...
THE CHAMPION OF
THE PHILISTINES.





HE WANTS
AN ISRAELITE TO
FIGHT HIM IN SINGLE
COMBAT.

THEN,
WHY DOESN'T
SOMEONE TAKE UP
THE CHALLENGE?

WHO WOULD
DARE TO FACE
HIM?

I WOULD!



YOU ARE A FOOL, DAVID.
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE
ANY SENSE IN
YOUR HEAD!

GO AND
LOOK AFTER
YOUR SHEEP,
DAVID. LEAVE
THE FIGHTING
TO US.

BUT, INSTEAD OF GOING BACK HOME, DAVID
WENT TO A STREAM NEAR BY...



...CHOSE FIVE SMOOTH STONES
FOR HIS SLING...



...AND WALKED
TOWARDS THE
GIANT.

GOLIATH!
I WILL FIGHT
WITH YOU!

WHEN GOLIATH SAW HIM
COMING—

SO THEY HAVE
SENT A BOY...
HOHOHO!



BUT DAVID ONLY WENT NEARER.



THAT
POOR BOY!

DAVID!
FOOLISH BOY,
COME BACK!

THE
GIANT WILL
GRIND HIM
TO DUST!



GOLIATH! YOU CAN'T REFUSE
TO FIGHT! IT WAS YOU WHO
DEMANDED SINGLE COMBAT...



RUN OFF,
NOW, BEFORE
I DECIDE TO
CRUSH YOU!

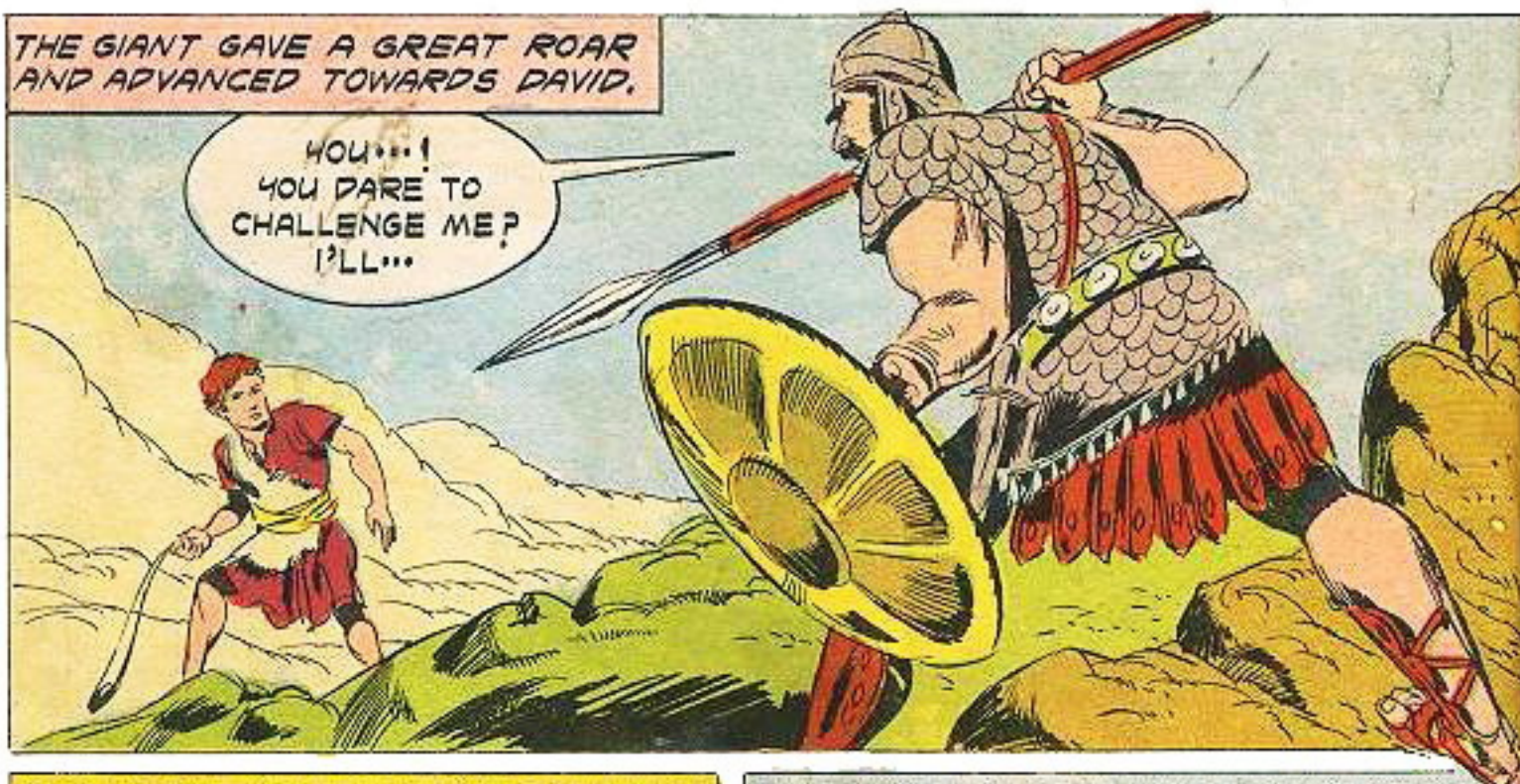


... AND I HAVE
TAKEN UP YOUR
CHALLENGE!



THE GIANT GAVE A GREAT ROAR
AND ADVANCED TOWARDS DAVID.

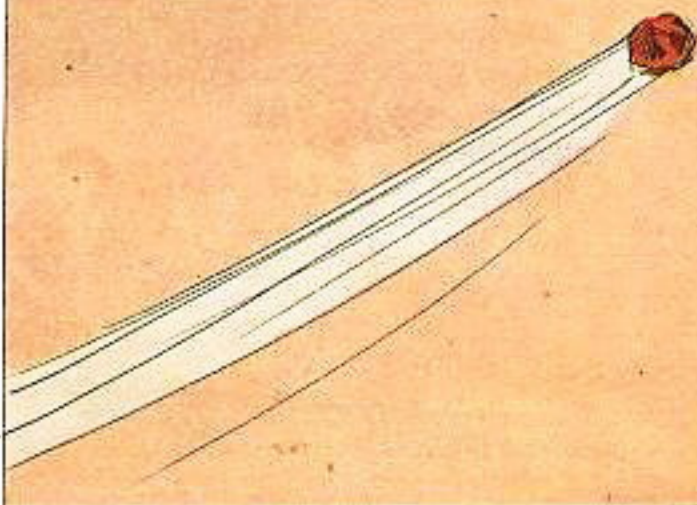
YOU...!
YOU DARE TO
CHALLENGE ME?
I'LL...



BUT HE DID NOT FINISH HIS SENTENCE.
QUICK AS A FLASH, DAVID FIXED
A STONE IN HIS SLING AND BEGAN
TO SWING IT.



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE STONE CAME
FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...



...AND HIT GOLIATH,
RIGHT ON HIS
FOREHEAD.

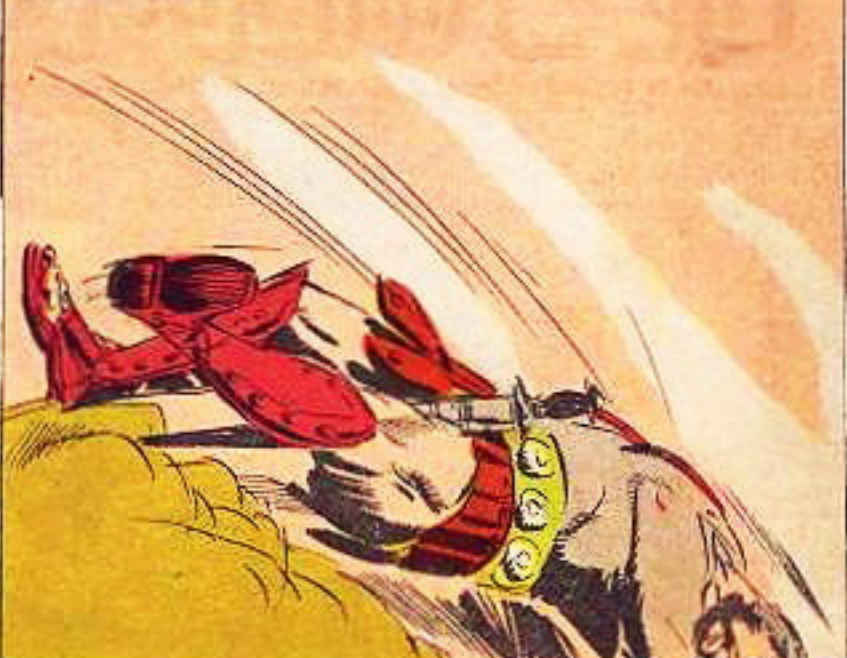
TWACK!



GOLIATH SWAYED LIKE
A MOUNTAIN IN
AN EARTHQUAKE...



...AND FELL.



GOLIATH HAS
FALLEN!



LOOK,
THE PHILISTINES
ARE RUNNING AWAY!
QUICK, AFTER
THEM!



THE ISRAELITES PURSUED
THE PHILISTINES AND
SLEW MANY OF THEM.

WHEN DAVID GREW UP, HE BECAME
KING OF THE ISRAELITES.



The Hunchback of Kashgar

Based on a tale from the Arabian Nights • Script : B.R. Bhagwat • Illustrations : Dilip Kadam

ONE NIGHT ABDULLA THE TAILOR, BROUGHT A HUNCHBACK HOME TO DINNER.

HELP YOURSELF, MY FRIEND.



THIS FISH TASTES GOOD!



BUT AS HE WAS MERRILY EATING, A BONE STUCK IN HIS THROAT.

ARR - ULP!

WHAT'S THAT?



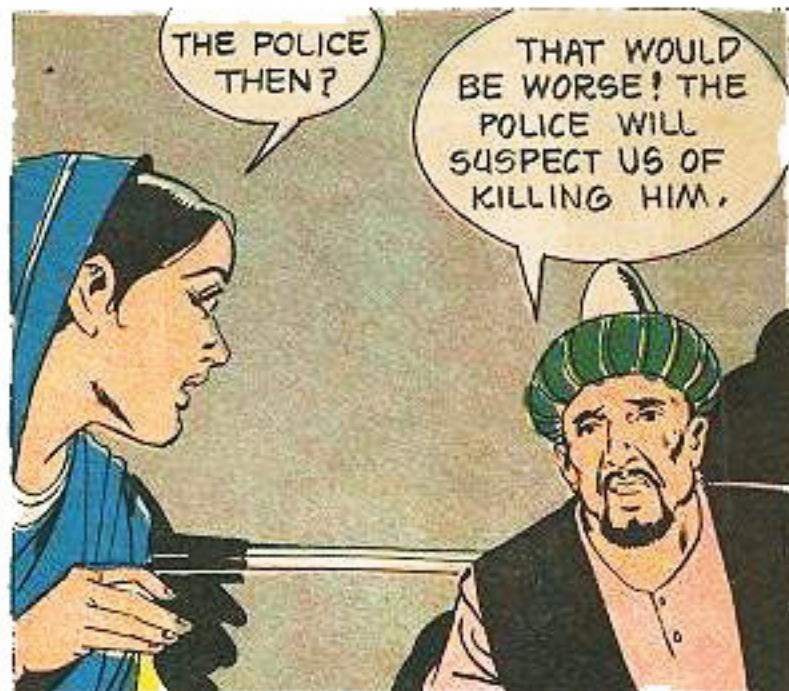
UGH-
UGH-
UGH...



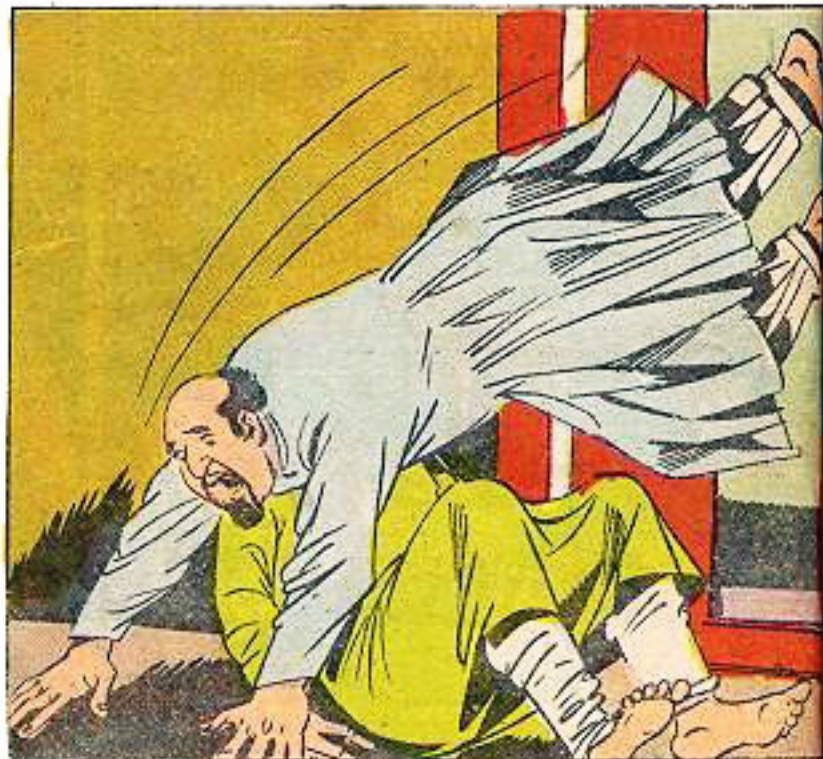
MY GOD!

HE'S DEAD!





NOT WAITING FOR IT, HE OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED OUT.



BRING THE LAMP QUICKLY, YOU FOOLISH WOMAN!



WHAT HAVE I DONE! HE'S DEAD! I'VE KILLED MY PATIENT!



AS HE WAILED, HIS WIFE JOINED HIM.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO NOW?

PEOPLE WILL SAY I MURDERED HIM. I WILL BE HANGED!



I HAVE IT! HELP ME CARRY HIM UP TO THE TERRACE.

AFRAID OF BEING ACCUSED OF MURDER, HE CARRIED THE BODY OUT AND...

HE MAY BE A THIEF, BUT I HAD NO RIGHT TO KILL HIM!



... PROPPED THE BODY AGAINST A SHOP IN A LANE AND RAN AWAY.



A LITTLE LATER A MAN WAS PASSING BY AND -

WHA...!



IT'S A MAN!
THE FELLOW IS
TRYING TO
MURDER ME!



YOU
THUG!



HEARING A THUD, TWO POLICEMEN CAME THAT WAY.

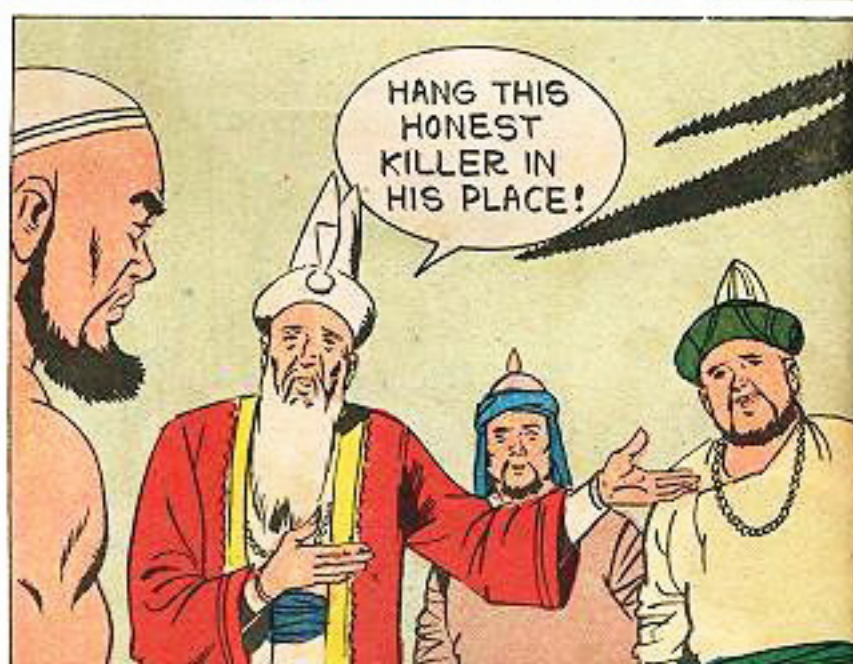
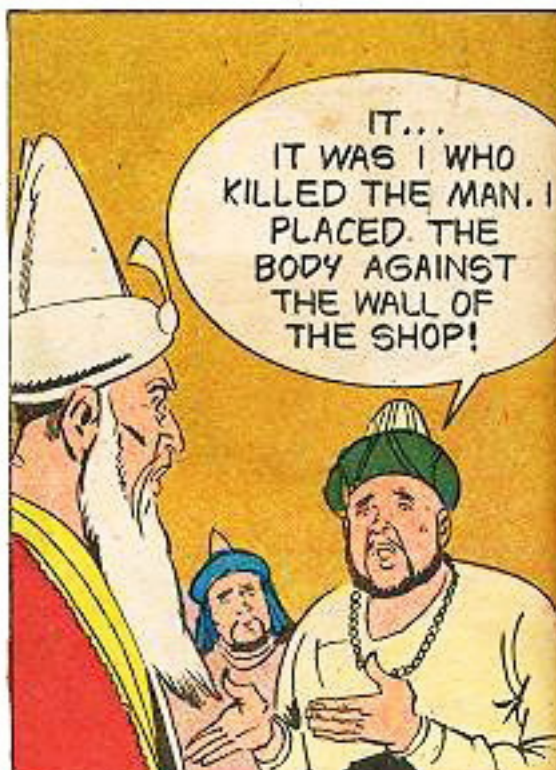
WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE,
SIR?





THE MAN WAS TAKEN TO THE KAZI.





WHEN THE GROCER WAS ABOUT TO BE HANGED —



BUT WHEN THE DOCTOR WAS ABOUT TO BE HANGED, ABDULLA CAME RUSHING TO THE PLATFORM.



THE NEWS REACHED THE EARS OF THE SULTAN.



YES, YOUR MAJESTY. AND ALL OF THEM SAY THEY'VE KILLED HIM.

YOU MEAN, IT'S OUR FRIEND THE HUNCHBACK?



AND EACH TIME THE ROPE WAS TIED, IT HAD TO BE UNTIED AGAIN!



HOW TIRESOME!

TELL THE KAZI TO COME HERE WITH THE BODY AND THE FOUR FUNNY MEN!



WITHIN MINUTES THE ORDER WAS CARRIED OUT.

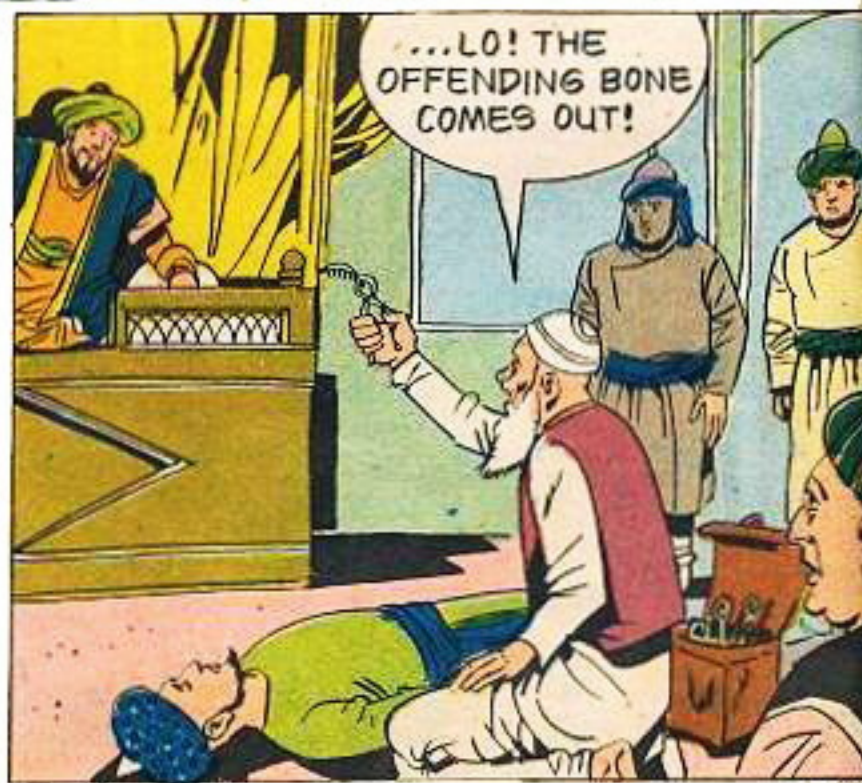
DEATH! THIS DURBAR HALL, A CHAMBER OF DEATH? I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT!



WHO SAID THAT?

THIS OLD MAN, SIR!





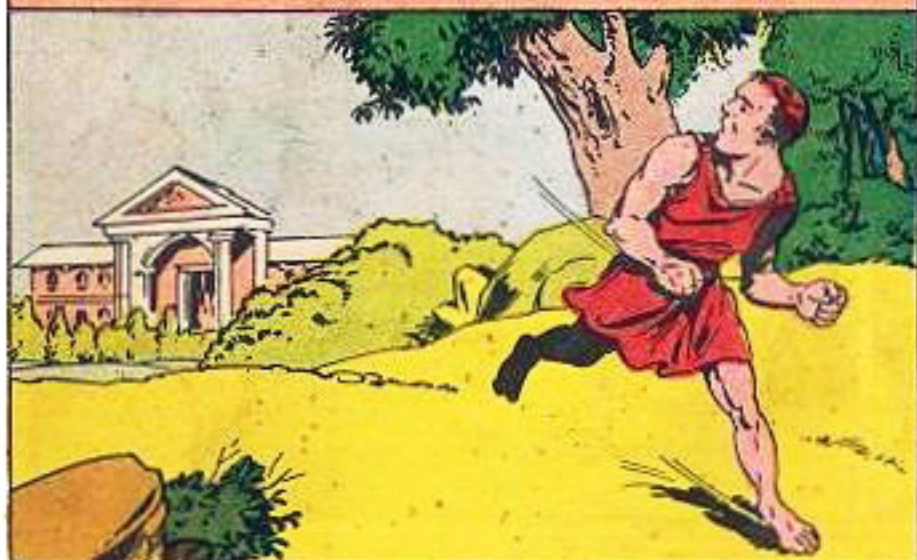


ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Script: Devanshu Mohapatra

Illustrations: Souren Roy

IN ANCIENT ROME, A SLAVE NAMED ANDROCLES,
ONE DAY, RAN AWAY FROM HIS CRUEL MASTER.



HIS SOLDIERS WILL
SOON BE AFTER ME.
I MUST RUN AWAY AS
FAR AS I CAN.



HE FLED INTO A JUNGLE...



...AND TOOK SHELTER IN
A CAVE THERE.



SUDDENLY -



THIS MUST
BE HIS CAVE!
I'M TRAPPED!



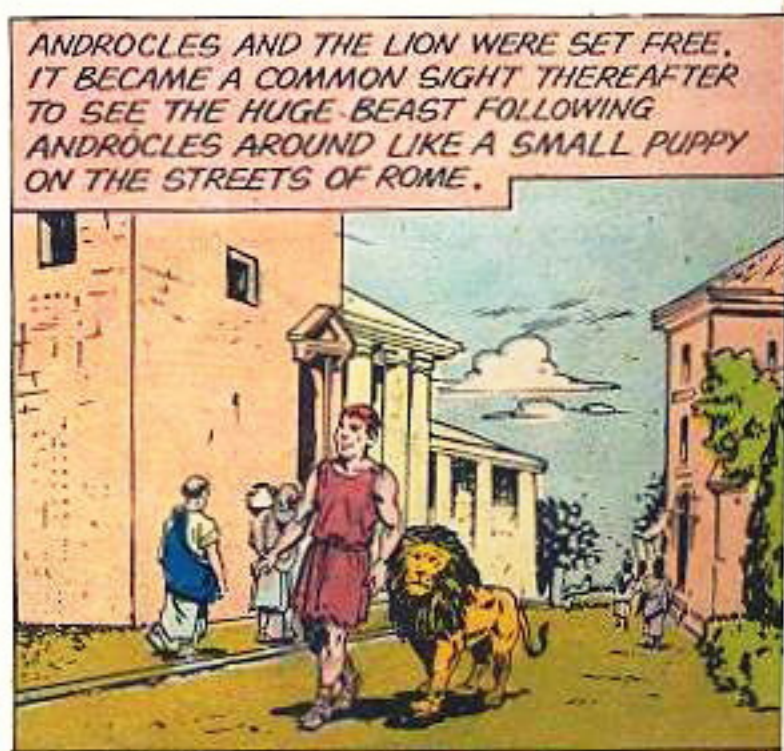
HE'S HOLDING
OUT HIS PAW...
OH, THERE'S A
THORN STUCK
IN IT!





SOME DAYS LATER, POOR ANDROCLES WAS PUSHED INTO ONE SUCH ARENA.



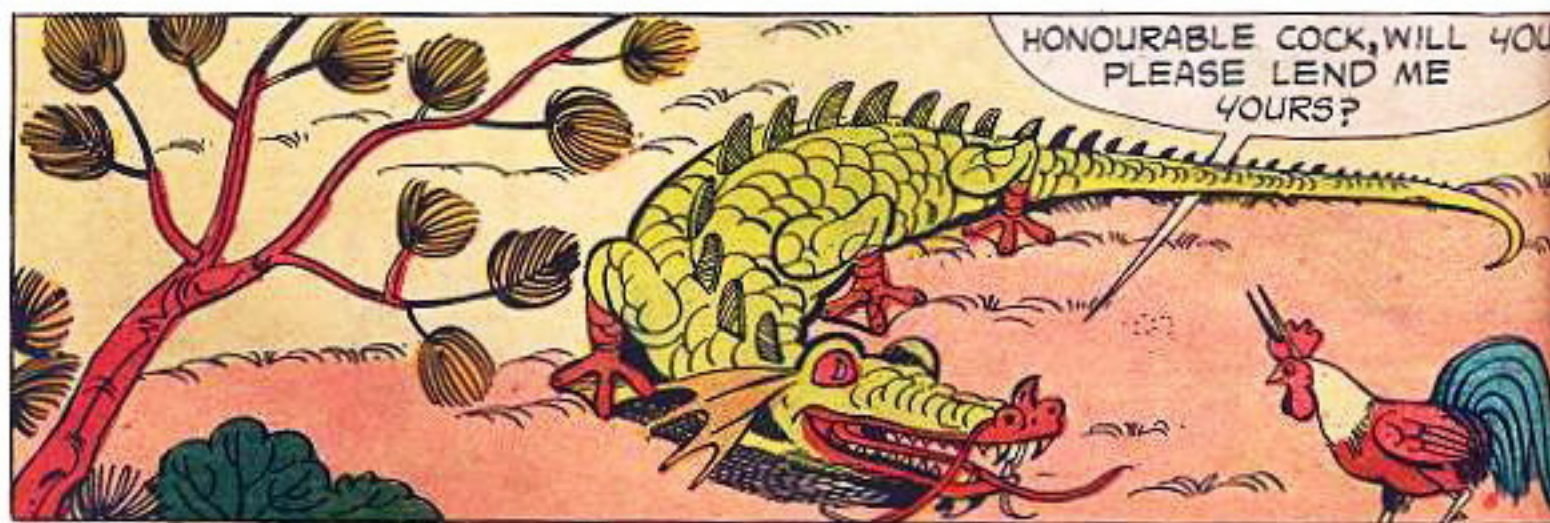
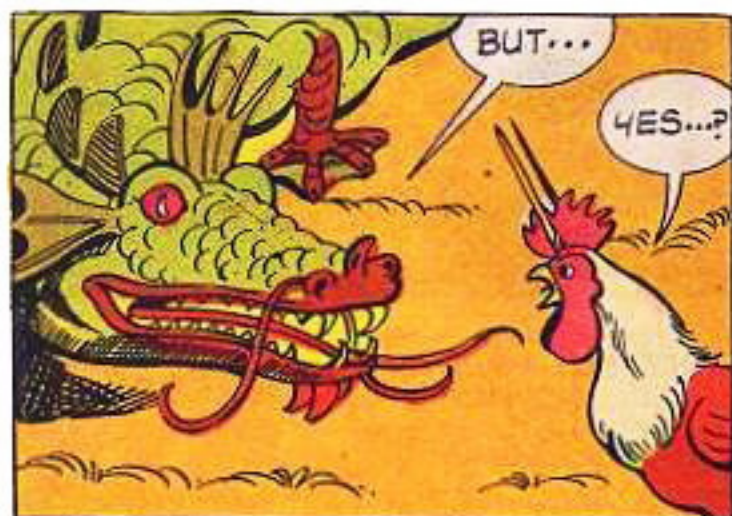
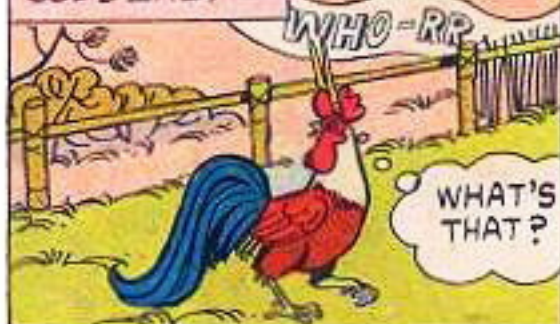


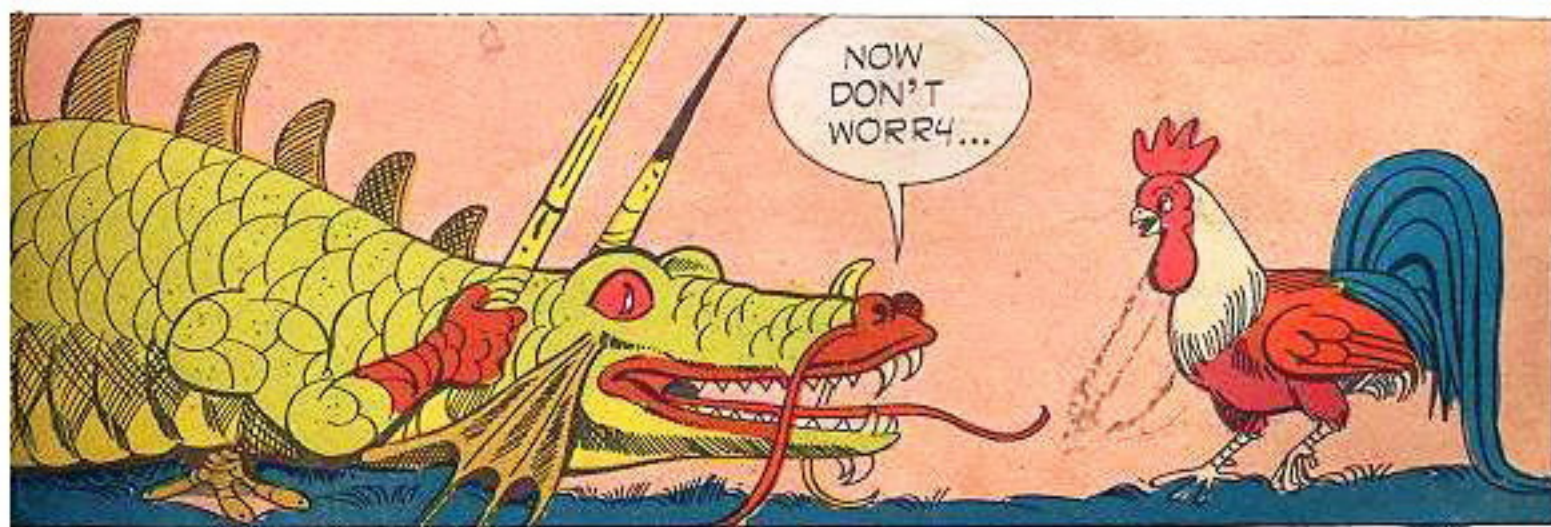
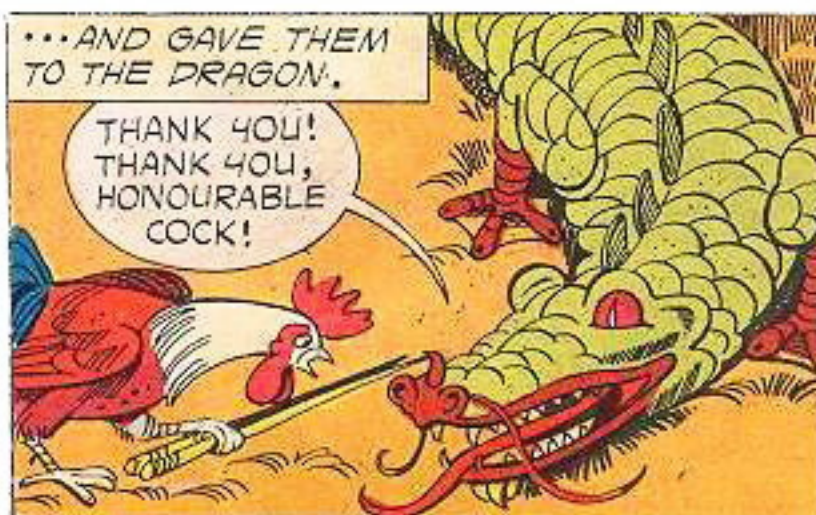
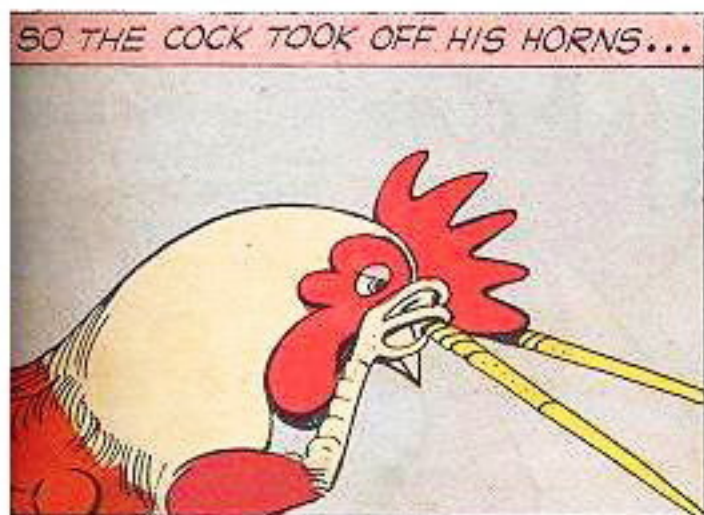
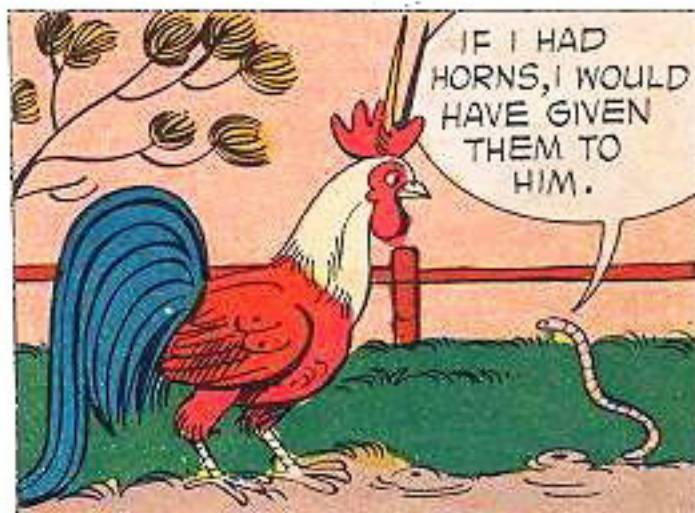
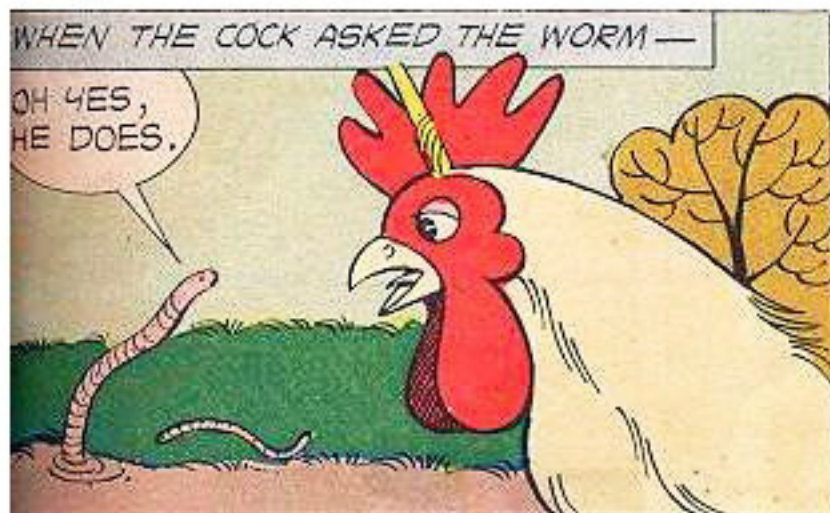
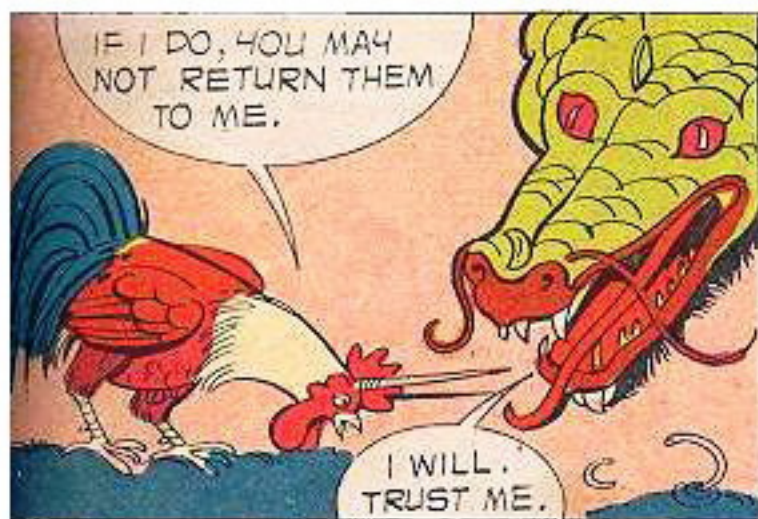
WHY COCKS EAT WORMS?

A CHINESE TALE

SCRIPT:
LUIS M. FERNANDES
ILLUSTRATIONS:
M. MOHANDAS

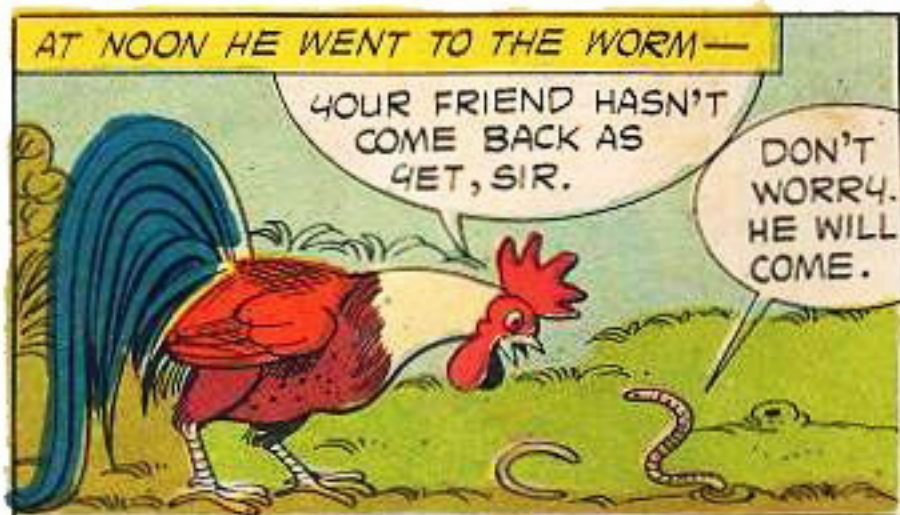
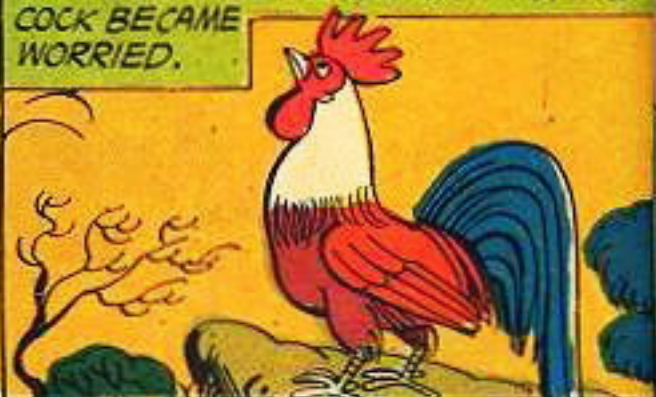
COCKS, IN ANCIENT DAYS,
USED TO HAVE HORNS. ONE
DAY A COCK WAS WALKING
AROUND IN A YARD WHEN
SUDDENLY—



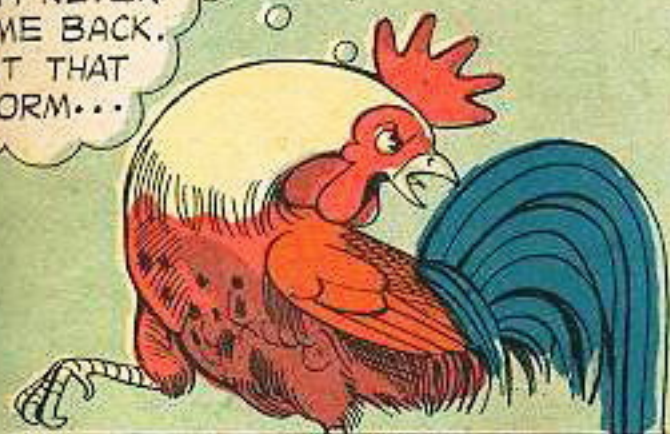




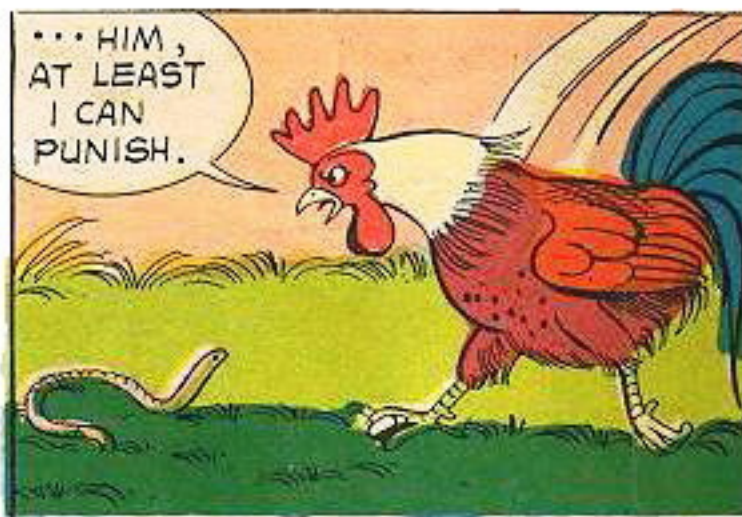
BUT THE DRAGON DID NOT COME BACK THAT EVENING. NOR DID HE SHOW UP THE NEXT MORNING. THE COCK BECAME WORRIED.



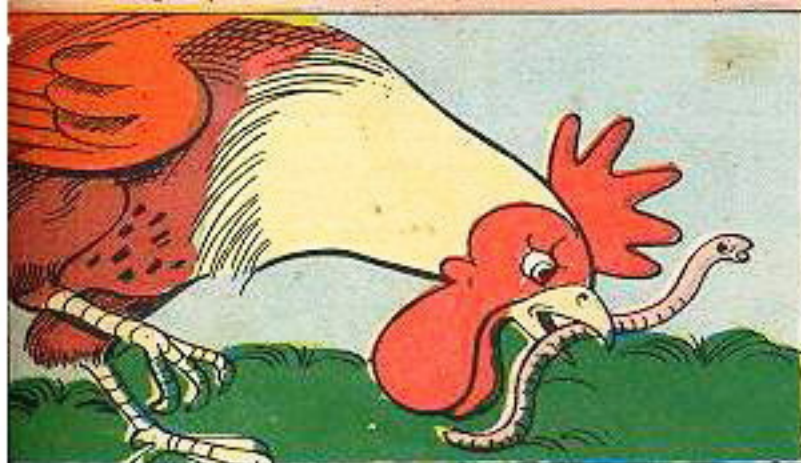
THE DRAGON
MAY NEVER
COME BACK.
BUT THAT
WORM...



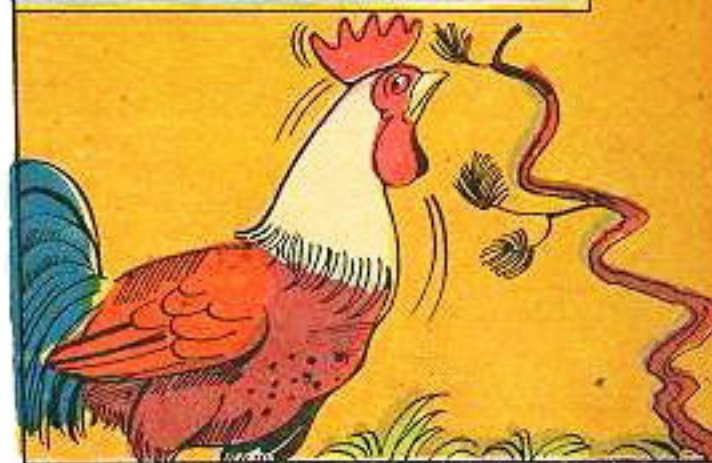
... HIM,
AT LEAST
I CAN
PUNISH.



THE ANGRY COCK CAUGHT THE WORM...

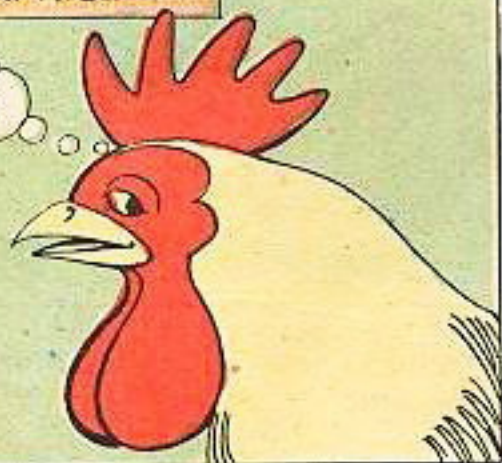


... AND GULPED IT DOWN.



TO HIS SURPRISE —

IT'S
DELICIOUS!

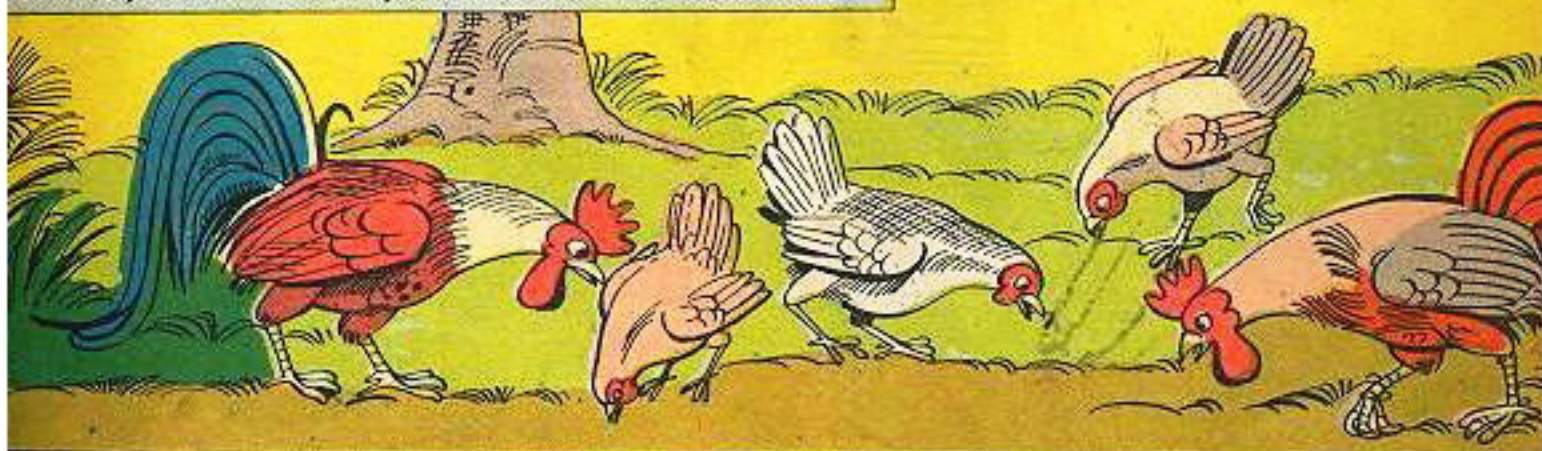


LET ME SEE IF I CAN
FIND ANOTHER
ONE.



FROM THEN ON, HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT
HIS HORNS, WHICH HE NEVER GOT
BACK, AND SPENT ALL HIS TIME
LOOKING FOR WORMS.

COCKS, TO THIS DAY, ARE FOND OF WORMS.



Adventures Of KASPERLE

A folktale from
Germany

Script:
Sarla Mehta
Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

WALKING THROUGH THE FOREST, KASPERLE STOPPED TO READ A SIGN.



WHY ARE YOU
HERE, YOUR
MAJESTY?



YESTERDAY A WICKED
WITCH CAST A SPELL
OVER MY DAUGHTER
AT THIS VERY
SPOT.



MY DAUGHTER
DISAPPEARED. BUT I KNOW
SHE IS HERE
SOMEWHERE.



THAT'S WHY I NEED
SOMEONE TO KEEP A
WATCH HERE.



I WILL GLADLY STAND
GUARD FOR YOU, YOUR
MAJESTY.

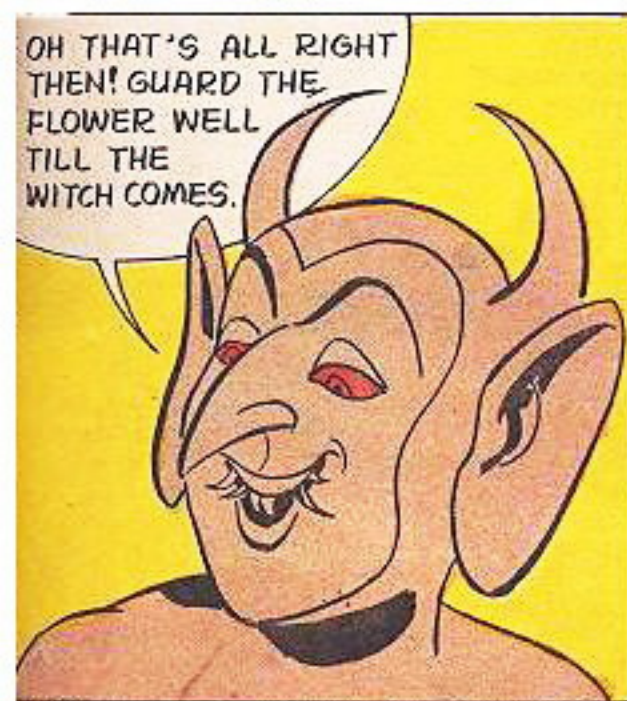
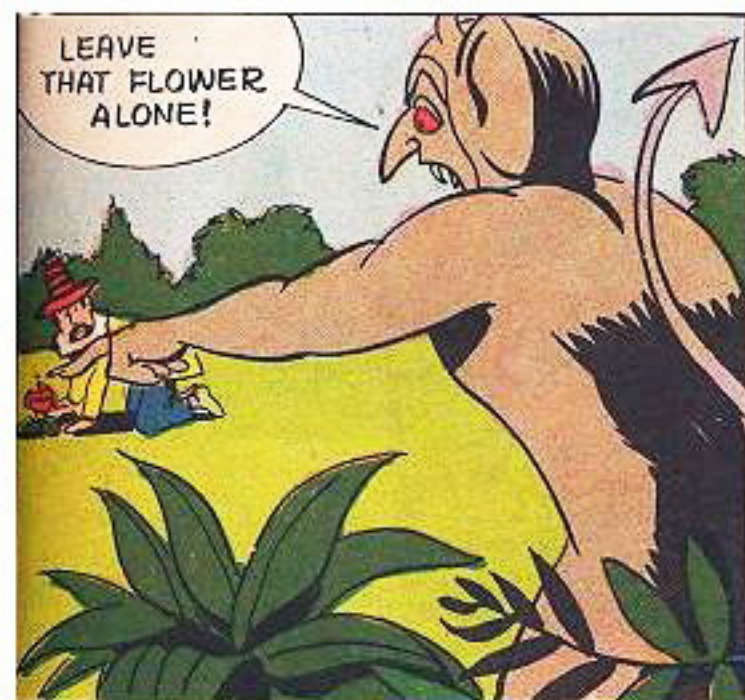


THEN PLEASE START YOUR
DUTIES NOW. I WILL
RETURN WITH MY
SOLDIERS TO MAKE A
SEARCH OF THE FOREST.











HEE HEE HEE! MY
LOVELY PRISONER!
YOU WILL BE
MY DINNER
TONIGHT.

WILL NOBODY
HELP ME?

I WILL HELP
YOU, PRINCESS.

ABRACADABRA,
MIGHT AND POWER,
WITCH TURN INTO
UGLY FLOWER!

NO!

OH THANK YOU,
THANK YOU!

DAUGHTER!

THANK
GOD YOU'RE
SAFE!

THE KING REWARDED
KASPERLE HANDSOMELY FOR
RESCUING HIS DAUGHTER.

THE SIX WIVES WHO ATE ONIONS

An American Indian Story

Adapted by Hema Pande*

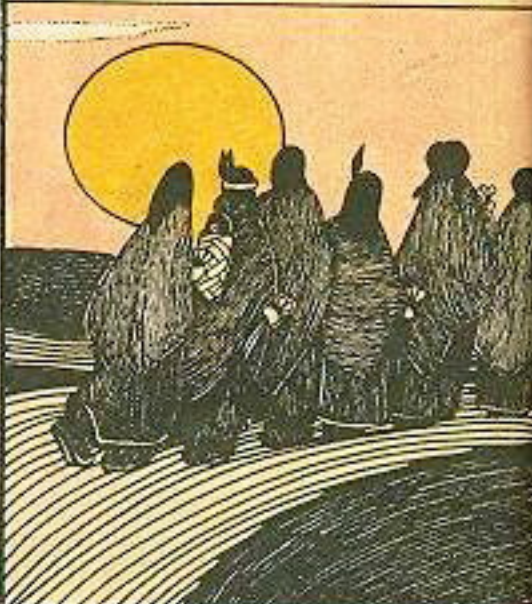
Illustrations:
Manjula Padmanabhan

ONE DAY, LONG AGO, SIX AMERICAN INDIAN WOMEN WERE GATHERING FRUITS. SUDDENLY—

OH, LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND!



WHEN THEY RETURNED HOME IN THE EVENING, EACH OF THEM WAS CARRYING A LARGE BUNCH OF WILD ONIONS.



* "Six Wives Who Ate Onions" is from the book *STORIES CALIFORNIA INDIANS TOLD* by Anne B. Fisher, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Copyright © 1957 by Anne B. Fisher. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

LATER, THEIR HUSBANDS CAME HOME, WEARY
FROM HUNTING THE WHOLE DAY LONG.



AH, IT'S
GOOD TO BE
HOME.



I HAVE
A SURPRISE
FOR YOU.



LOOK, WHAT
WE...

ARRGHH!



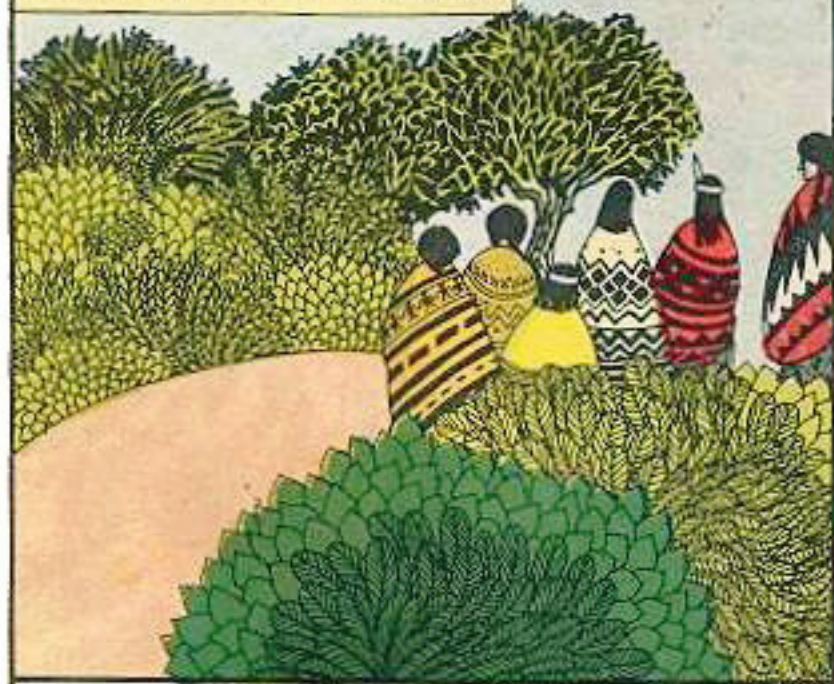
YOUR BREATH
SMELLS AWFUL!
I CAN'T BREATHE
IN HERE!





THE WOMEN HAD TO SPEND THE NIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN.

BUT THE NEXT DAY TOO, THEY WENT TO THE FOREST...



...AND ATE SEVERAL ONIONS EACH.

OUR HUSBANDS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE MISSING!

IF ONLY THEY WOULD TASTE ONE.



AND AGAIN
THAT NIGHT—



OH, THAT
ODOUR!

OUT! GET
OUT!



ALL THE OTHER WIVES WERE DRIVEN
OUT TOO AND THEY HAD TO SPEND
ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE OPEN.

FOR A WHOLE WEEK THE WIVES WOULD GO TO THE FOREST AND EAT ONIONS IN THE
MORNING. AND AT NIGHT, THEIR HUSBANDS WOULD PUSH THEM OUT OF THEIR
HOUSES. FINALLY—

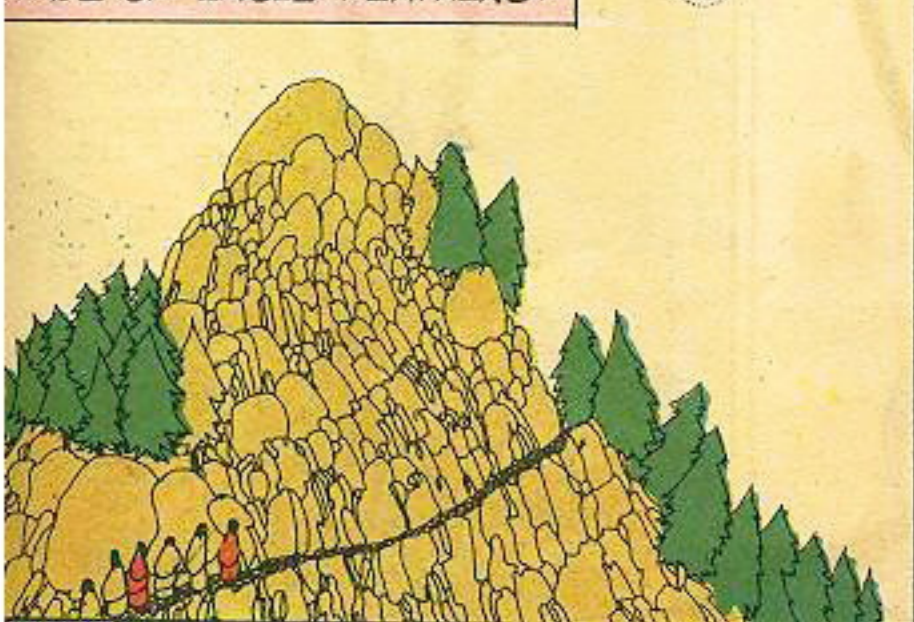


LET'S
LEAVE OUR
HUSBANDS AND
GO AWAY!

YES, LET'S DO
THAT!

THEY'RE
HORRID!

THE NEXT MORNING THE
WIVES WENT UP A MOUNTAIN
CARRYING MAGIC ROPES
MADE OF EAGLE FEATHERS.



THEY CLIMBED UP TO THE
HIGHEST ROCK AND THEN THE
PRETTIEST WIFE WHISPERED
A MAGIC WORD...



...AND THREW HER EAGLE FEATHER
ROPE INTO THE SKY...



...UP WENT
THE ROPE...

...HIGHER AND HIGHER...



...AND THEN IT DROPPED
OVER A CLOUD...

...AND BOTH ENDS OF
THE ROPE DANGLED
DOWN TO THE WOMEN
BELOW. THE OTHER
WOMEN TIED THEIR OWN
ROPES IN A CIRCLE TO
THE ROPE FROM THE
CLOUD...



...AND CLASPING HANDS, BEGAN TO
CHANT —



THE CLOUD SAILED SLOWLY ACROSS THE SKY...



...CARRYING THE WOMEN AWAY WITH IT.

AS THEY PASSED
OVER THEIR VILLAGE
THEIR HUSBANDS
SAW THEM GOING,
BUT THEY COULDN'T
DO ANYTHING ABOUT
IT.



SO THEY SCOLDED THEIR
WIVES' PARENTS—

YOU SHOULD HAVE
KEPT THEM AT
HOME!



THE SIX HUSBANDS BECAME
VERY LONESOME, FINALLY—



LET'S GO
AFTER THEM AND
PERSUADE THEM
TO RETURN.

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I WAS ABOUT
TO SAY
TOO.



SO THE HUSBANDS WENT UP
TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN
WITH THEIR OWN EAGLE
FEATHER ROPES...

...CHANTED MAGIC
SPELLS AND THREW
THEIR ROPES...



...AND SOON, THEY TOO
WERE FLOATING IN THE
SKY. AFTER SOME TIME—



THEIR WIVES LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THEIR
HUSBANDS COMING
AFTER THEM—



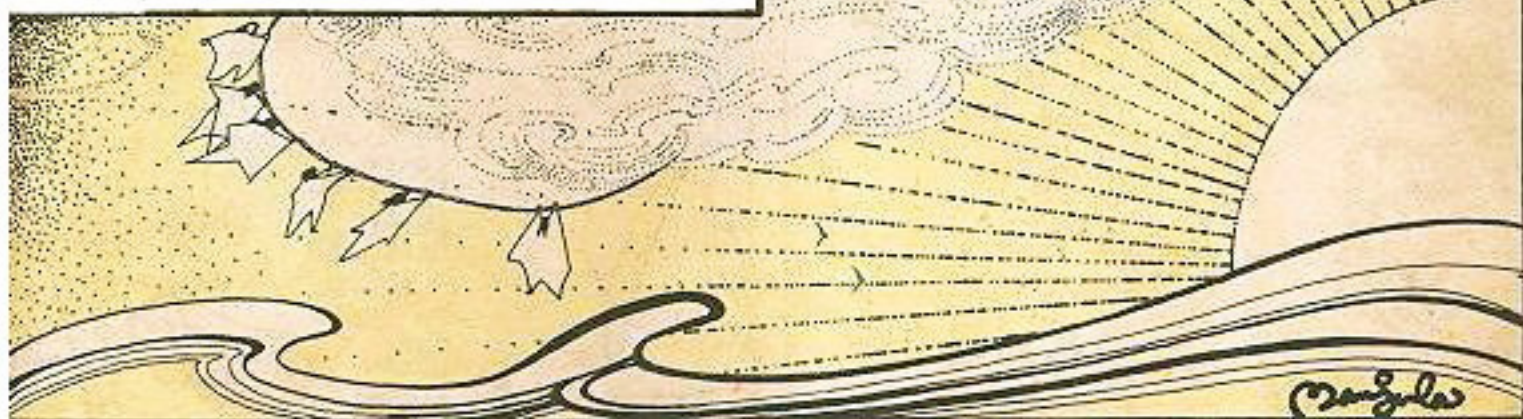
SO THE WOMEN
CHANTED MAGIC
WORDS WHICH
MADE THE ROPES
GO FASTER. THEIR
HUSBANDS TOO
URGED THEIR
ROPES ON...

STAY
WHERE YOU
ARE!

WAIT FOR
US!

...BUT THEY COULDN'T
CATCH UP WITH
THEIR WIVES.

THE CHASE WENT ON AND ON
AND ON. AND FINALLY THEY
ALL TURNED INTO STARS.



AMERICAN INDIANS KNOW THE
HIGHER GROUP OF SIX STARS,
'THE PLEIADES' AS 'YOUNG
WOMEN'.

AND THE LOWER SIX STARS OR
'TAURUS' ARE CALLED 'YOUNG MEN'.



EVERY CLEAR NIGHT, THE TWO
GROUPS CAN BE SEEN MOVING
SLOWLY ACROSS THE SKY.

Atalanta's Race

—A Greek Tale

Script: Luis M. Fernandes

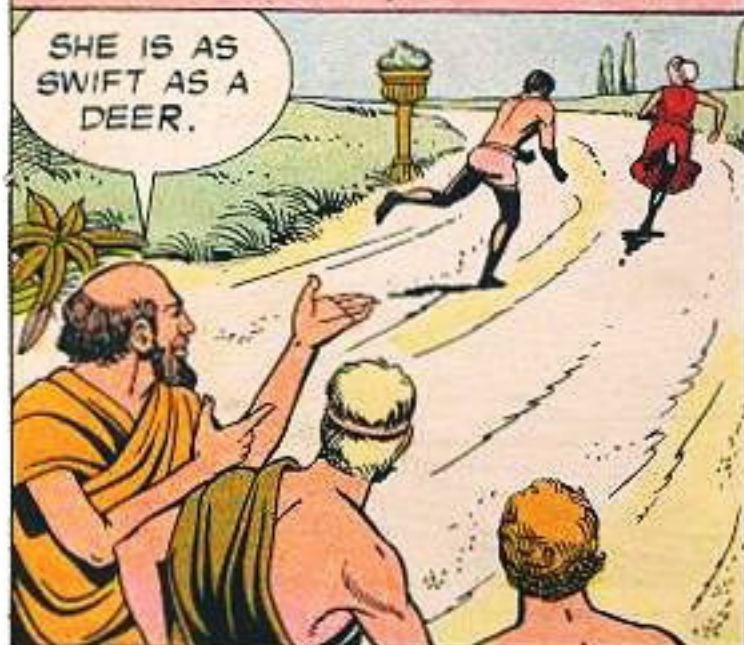
Illustrations: Pradeep Sathe

ATALANTA WAS THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF GREECE. SHE HAD AGREED TO MARRY ANY MAN WHO COULD BEAT HER IN A RACE.



MANY MEN TRIED, BUT FAILED.

SHE IS AS SWIFT AS A DEER.



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

I WISH TO RUN AGAINST THE PRINCESS.

GO BACK, SON.



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

I AM A GOOD RUNNER MYSELF.



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

I KNOW. I AM NOT AFRAID.



THEN COME
BACK TOMORROW
FOR THE RACE.



THE NEXT DAY AT THE STARTING
POINT—



HE'S SO
HANDSOME AND
HE SEEMS SO
SURE OF
HIMSELF.

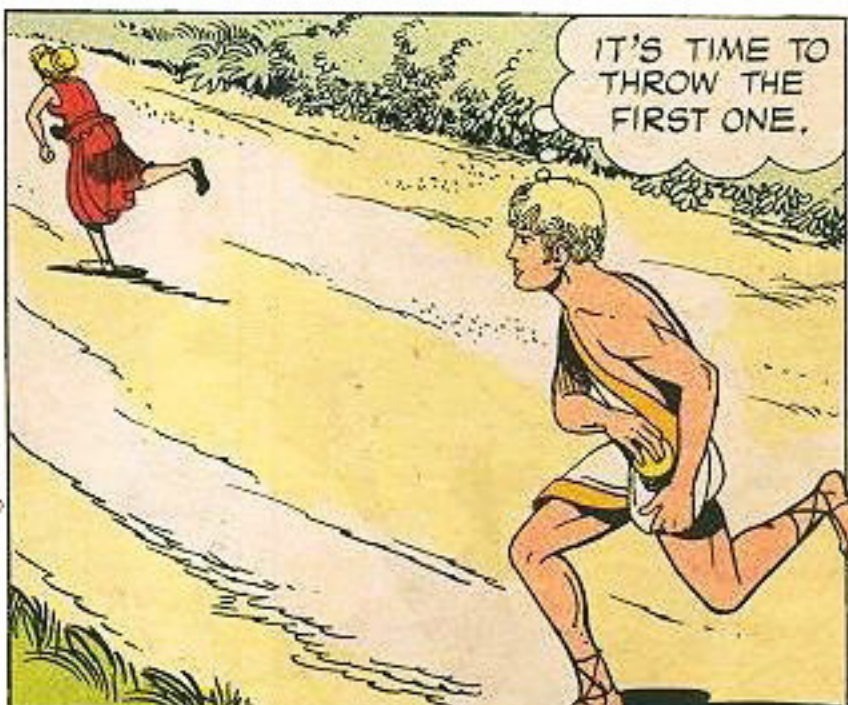
BUT THE POOR
FELLOW DOESN'T
HAVE A CHANCE.



THE RACE BEGAN. ATALANTA
SPED AWAY.



SHE CAN
CERTAINLY
RUN FAST.



IT'S TIME TO
THROW THE
FIRST ONE.



A GOLDEN
APPLE!



SHE IS
CHASING
THE APPLE...
JUST AS I
EXPECTED.



AND NOW
I AM AHEAD
OF HER.

BUT IT DID NOT TAKE
THE PRINCESS LONG TO
OVERTAKE THE YOUTH.
THEN HE THREW ANOTHER
APPLE AND SHE WENT
AFTER THAT ONE TOO.

BUT A LITTLE LATER —

SHE HAS
OVERTAKEN
ME 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, MILANION HAD FINISHED THE
RACE.

HE HAS
WON!



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



THE THREE GOOD-LUCK CHARMS

A tale
from Japan

Story retold by Hema Pande
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

IT WAS A LOVELY DAY.
A LITTLE BOY-MONK
LOOKED OUT OF THE
MONASTERY WINDOW.

OH, HOW I LONG
TO GO OUTSIDE
AND GATHER
CHESTNUTS!

SAYING HIS PRAYERS AND
FINISHING HIS WORK
QUICKLY, HE RAN TO THE
OLD MONK.

MAY I GO AND
PICK CHESTNUTS
TODAY?

NO, YOU
MUSTN'T
GO OUT. WHAT
IF THE
MOUNTAIN
WITCH
CATCHES
YOU?

OH, PLEASE,
PLEASE LET
ME GO.

ALL RIGHT,
GO IF YOU
MUST...

...BUT TAKE THESE
THREE PIECES OF
PAPER. THEY ARE
GOOD-LUCK CHARMS.
IF YOU RUN INTO ANY
TROUBLE, ASK THEM
TO HELP YOU.



THE BOY-MONK ROAMED THE
MOUNTAIN SLOPES AND THEN
WANDERED FARTHER AND
FARTHER AWAY FROM THE
MONASTERY.

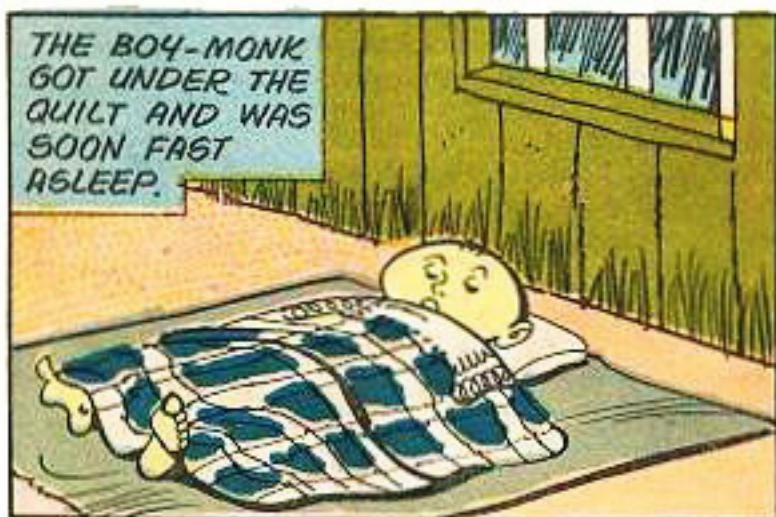
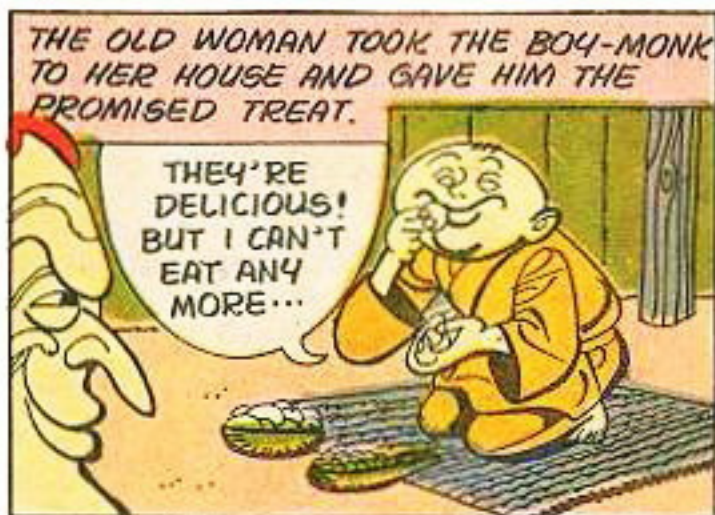
WHAT A LOT
OF CHESTNUTS
I'VE PICKED!

SUDDENLY—

LITTLE BOY,
YOU ARE FROM
THE TEMPLE
MONASTERY,
AREN'T YOU?

IT WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

COME
ALONG WITH
ME.







AND THE BOY-MONK TIPTOED OUT OF THE BACK DOOR AND RAN OFF LIKE THE WIND...



AT LAST, SHE GOT TIRED OF WAITING AND KICKED OPEN THE DOOR.

WHAT!
HE'S GONE!

I'VE BEEN TRICK-
ED! I'VE BEEN
TRICKED!

BUT I'LL
CATCH YOU
STILL.

THE WITCH SOON CAUGHT UP WITH
THE BOY-MONK, BUT HE BROUGHT
OUT ANOTHER GOOD-LUCK CHARM.

BE A
HIGH SAND
MOUNTAIN.

WHOOSH

UP THE SAND
MOUNTAIN
WENT THE
WITCH. SHE
SLIPPED AND
SANK, SANK
AND SHOUTED...

...BUT FINALLY REACHED THE TOP.

WAIT,
WAIT... I AM
GOING TO EAT
YOU UP!

THE BOY-MONK
RAN ON AND ON
AND WHEN HE
COULD SEE THE
MONASTERY
IN THE
DISTANCE HE
FLUNG UP HIS
LAST CHARM.

BE
A BIG
RIVER!

SPLASH
WHOOSH

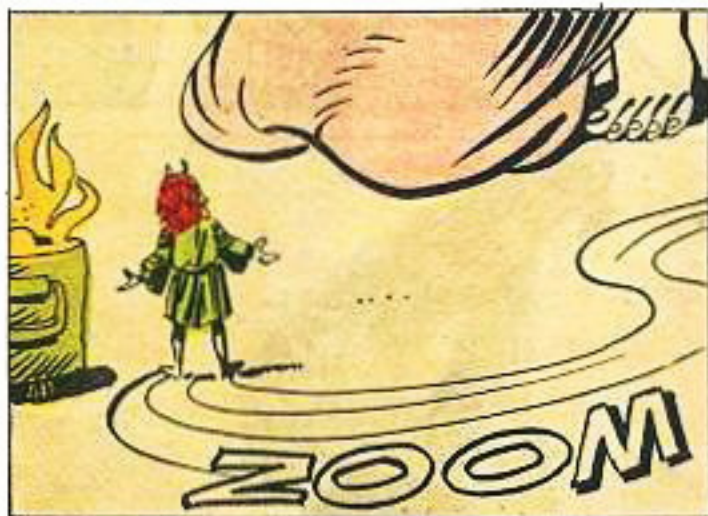
THE WITCH TRIED TO SWIM AS FAST AS SHE COULD, BUT THE WAVES PUSHED HER BACK...



...TILL THE BOY-MONK REACHED THE MONASTERY.







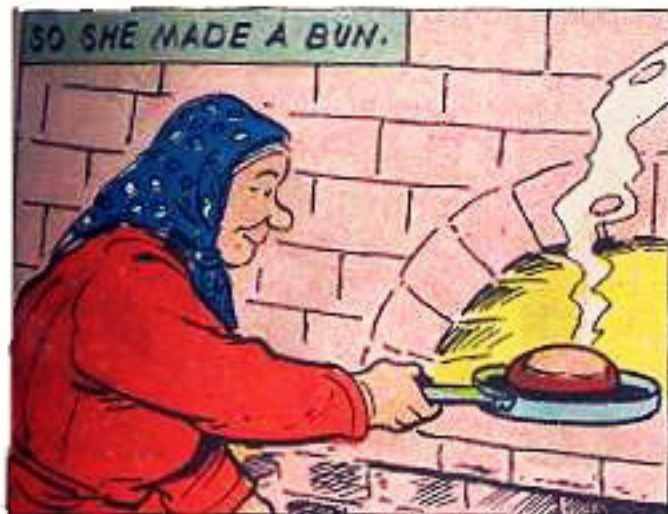
The Little Bun and The Old Fox

Illustrations:
Ashok Dongre

ONCE THERE LIVED AN OLD MAN AND HIS
WIFE, ONE DAY—



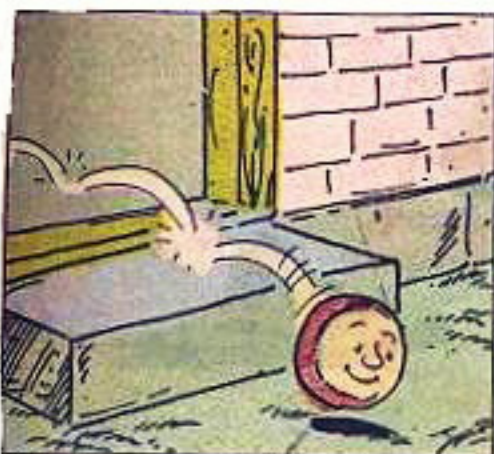
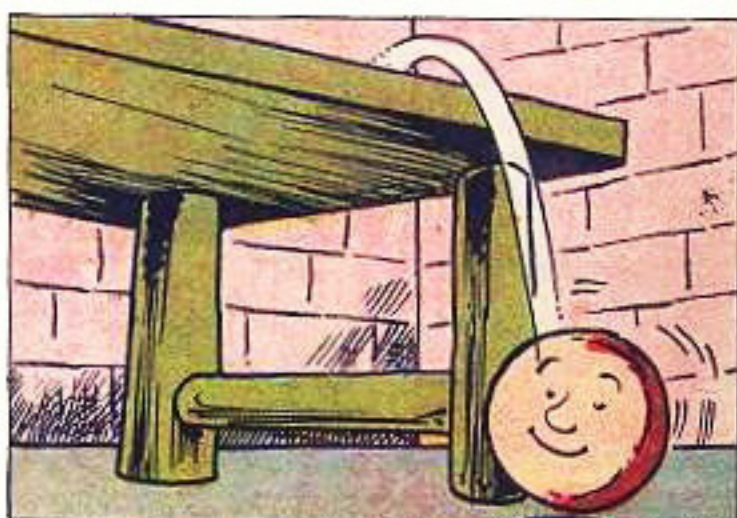
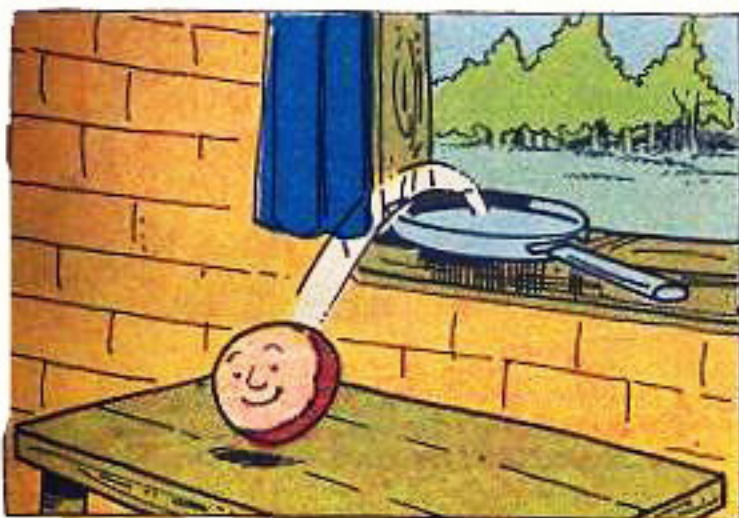
SO SHE MADE A BUN.



AND LEFT IT ON THE
WINDOW SILL TO COOL.



BUT AS SOON AS
SHE WAS OUT
OF SIGHT—



I'M FREE!
FREE!

THE BUN ROLLED ON AND
ON...



...TILL IT MET A HARE.

OH, SWEET
LITTLE BUN, I'LL
EAT YOU UP!

DON'T EAT
ME, DEAR LITTLE
HARE. I'LL SING
YOU A SONG.

DUM-DEE-
DUM-DEE...
DUM...

HEY!

...DUM-
DUM-
DUM...

THE BUN GOT AWAY
FROM THE HARE AND
ROLLED ON AND ON.
SUDDENLY-

A WOLF!

PLEASE DON'T EAT
ME UP, SIR! I'LL
SING A SONG
FOR YOU.

DUM-DEE-
DUM-DEE-
DUM...

!

...DUM-
DUM-
DUM!

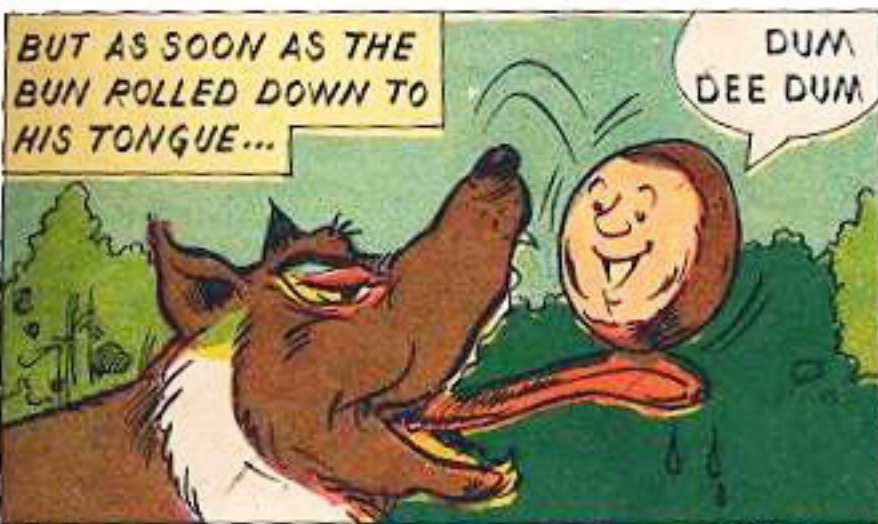
A LITTLE LATER-

STOP FOR ME,
O LITTLE BROWN
BUN. I WANT TO
EAT YOU UP.

BUT THE BUN GOT AWAY FROM
THE BEAR, TOO.

COME
BACK!

...DUM-
DUM-
DUM...



Echo and Narcissus

A tale from
Greek
Mythology

Script: Anand Kumar Raju
Illustrations: Pradeep Sath

ECHO, THE NYMPH, WAS VERY TALKATIVE —

AND THEN I SAW
THE DEER RUNNING
AWAY. I
FOLLOWED
IT....

ECHO,
PLEASE STOP.
YOU'VE BEEN
TALKING FOR
HOURS. I'M
TIRED.

BUT LISTEN, I
HAVEN'T TOLD
YOU WHAT
HAPPENED
AFTER THAT.

ECHO, PLEASE,
ENOUGH. I'M
GOING.

SHE'S
GONE!

JUST THEN, THE MOTHER OF THE GODS,
HERA, CAME THAT WAY.

ECHO, HAVE YOU
SEEN MY HUSBAND,
ZEUS?

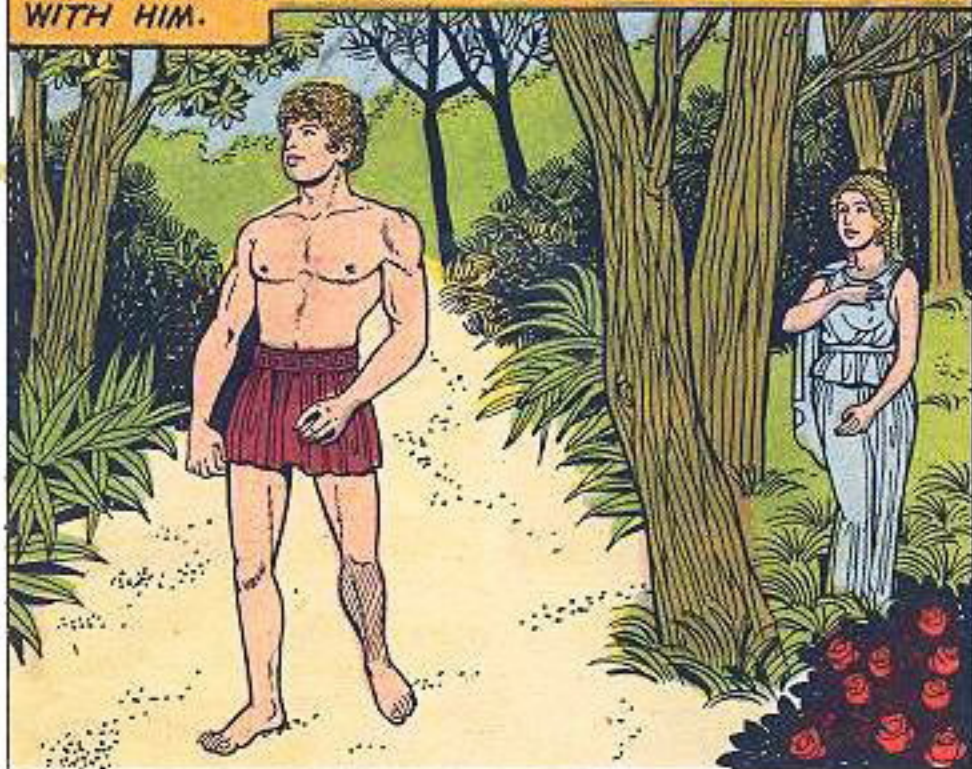
NO, MOTHER
HERA, I HAVEN'T
SEEN FATHER ZEUS.

BUT I'M SURE
I SAW HIM
COME HERE.

HE HASN'T
BEEN
HERE, MOTHER
HERA!



ONE DAY A HANDSOME LAD CALLED NARCISSUS
CAME TO THE FOREST. AND SHE FELL IN LOVE
WITH HIM.



AS SHE FOLLOWED HIM
AROUND—

WHO ARE
YOU, GIRL?

...GIRL.



I KNOW THAT YOU
ARE A GIRL. WHAT
IS YOUR NAME?

...NAME.



OH, GO AWAY
YOU SILLY GIRL.
YOU ARE STUPID.

...STUPID.



HOW DARE YOU
CALL ME STUPID,
YOU WRETCHED
CREATURE!

...CREA-
TURE.



NARCISSUS WENT AWAY IN ANGER
LEAVING ECHO ALONE.



ECHO, HEART-BROKEN, MELTED INTO A
SPIRIT, WATCHED BY NEMESIS, THE
GODDESS OF REVENGE.



THE GODDESS SOUGHT OUT NARCISSUS.



LOOK
INTO THE
POND!



NARCISSUS STAYED FOR A LONG TIME,
LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION.

I SHALL NEVER LEAVE
THIS PLACE. I WANT
TO LOOK AT THIS
CHARMING FACE
FOREVER.



SO NARCISSUS REMAINED ROOTED
THERE AND WAS CHANGED INTO A
PLANT BEARING A BEAUTIFUL
FLOWER.



BUT ECHO, A SPIRIT NOW, WANDERS IN
SEARCH OF NARCISSUS. SHE CANNOT ASK
ANYONE WHERE NARCISSUS IS. SHE CAN
ONLY REPEAT WHAT OTHERS SAY.

HELLO, ECHO!
NOW WE KNOW
YOUR STORY.

...STORY!



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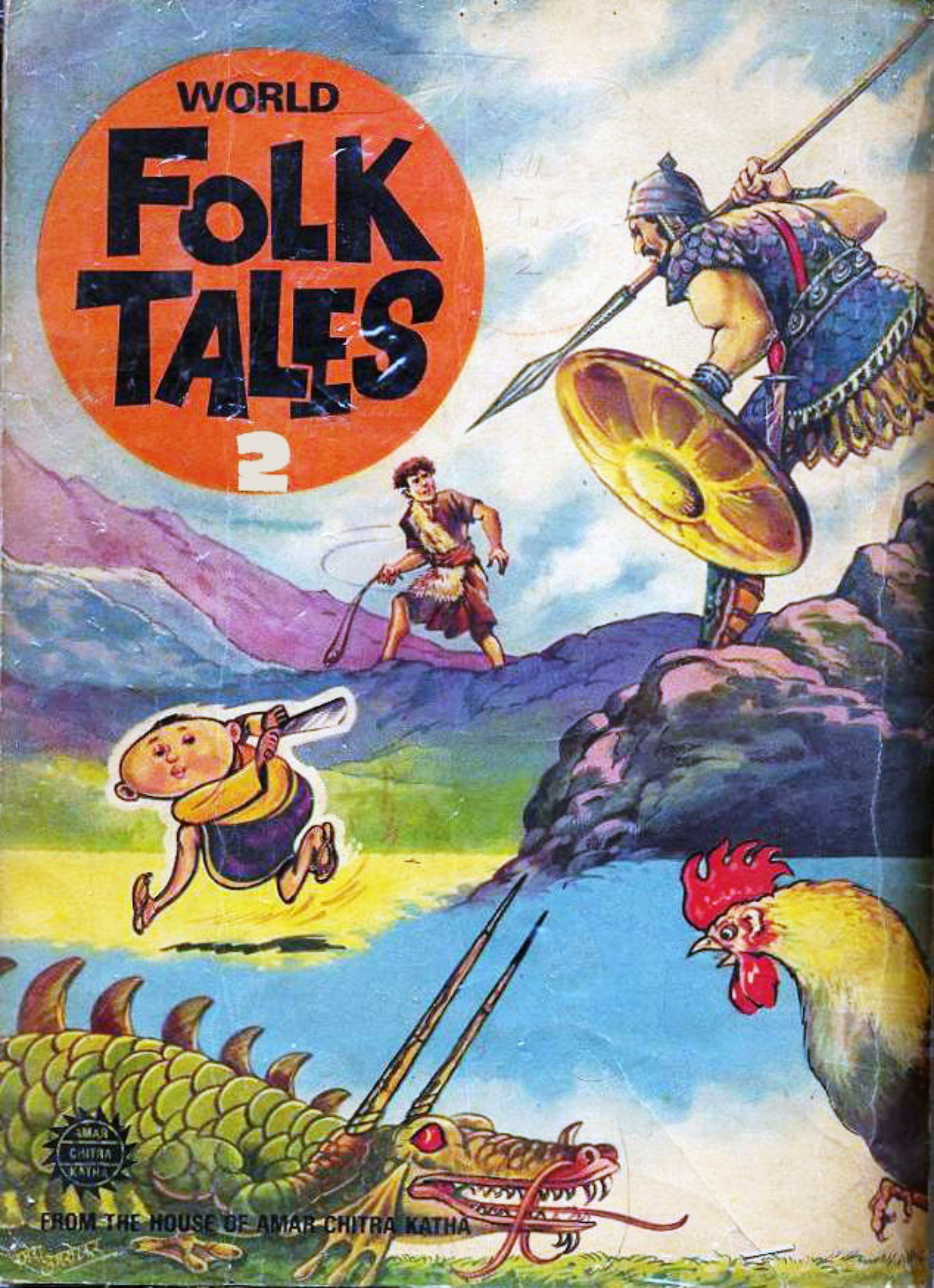
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