

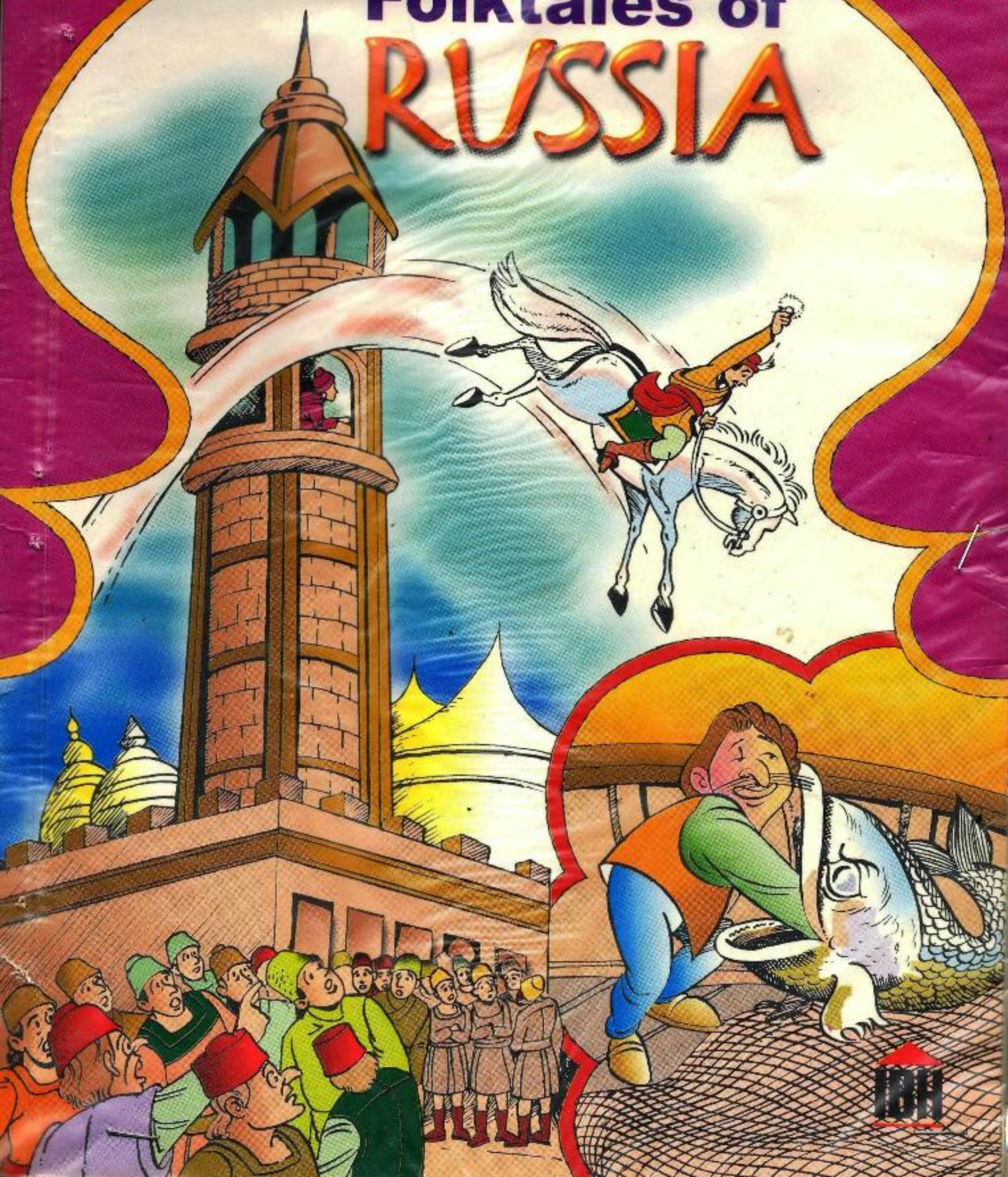


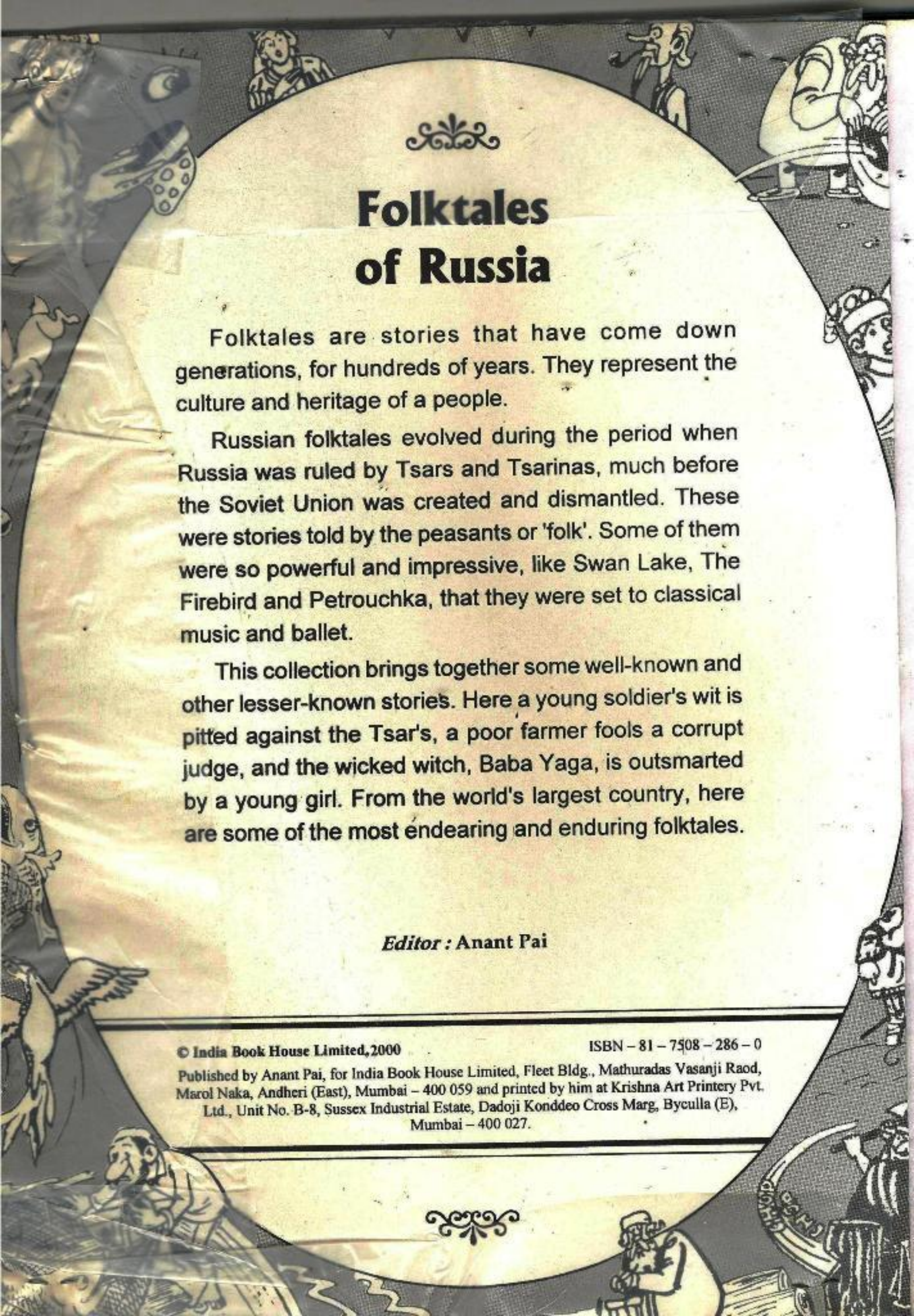
The TINKLE Collection of World Folktales

No. 21

Folktales of RUSSIA

Rs. 45





Folktales of Russia

Folktales are stories that have come down generations, for hundreds of years. They represent the culture and heritage of a people.

Russian folktales evolved during the period when Russia was ruled by Tsars and Tsarinas, much before the Soviet Union was created and dismantled. These were stories told by the peasants or 'folk'. Some of them were so powerful and impressive, like Swan Lake, The Firebird and Petrouchka, that they were set to classical music and ballet.

This collection brings together some well-known and other lesser-known stories. Here a young soldier's wit is pitted against the Tsar's, a poor farmer fools a corrupt judge, and the wicked witch, Baba Yaga, is outsmarted by a young girl. From the world's largest country, here are some of the most endearing and enduring folktales.

Editor : Anant Pai

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THE CLEVER SOLDIER

Based on a Russian folktale

Script:
Prasad Iyer
Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

TSAR DOLMAT WAS VERY ANGRY WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS LEA.

THAT'S ANOTHER BATCH OF SUITORS YOU'VE TURNED AWAY, YOU FOOLISH GIRL.

BUT... BUT I DIDN'T LIKE ANY OF THEM.

AT THIS RATE YOU'LL REMAIN A SPINSTER THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

IT'S TIME I TOOK MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.

MINISTER!

SEND OUT THE CRIERS. LET THEM ANNOUNCE THAT I WILL GIVE MY DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE TO THE ONE WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF A HUNDRED HARES FOR A MONTH.

BUT... BUT...

I DON'T WANT ANY ARGUMENTS.

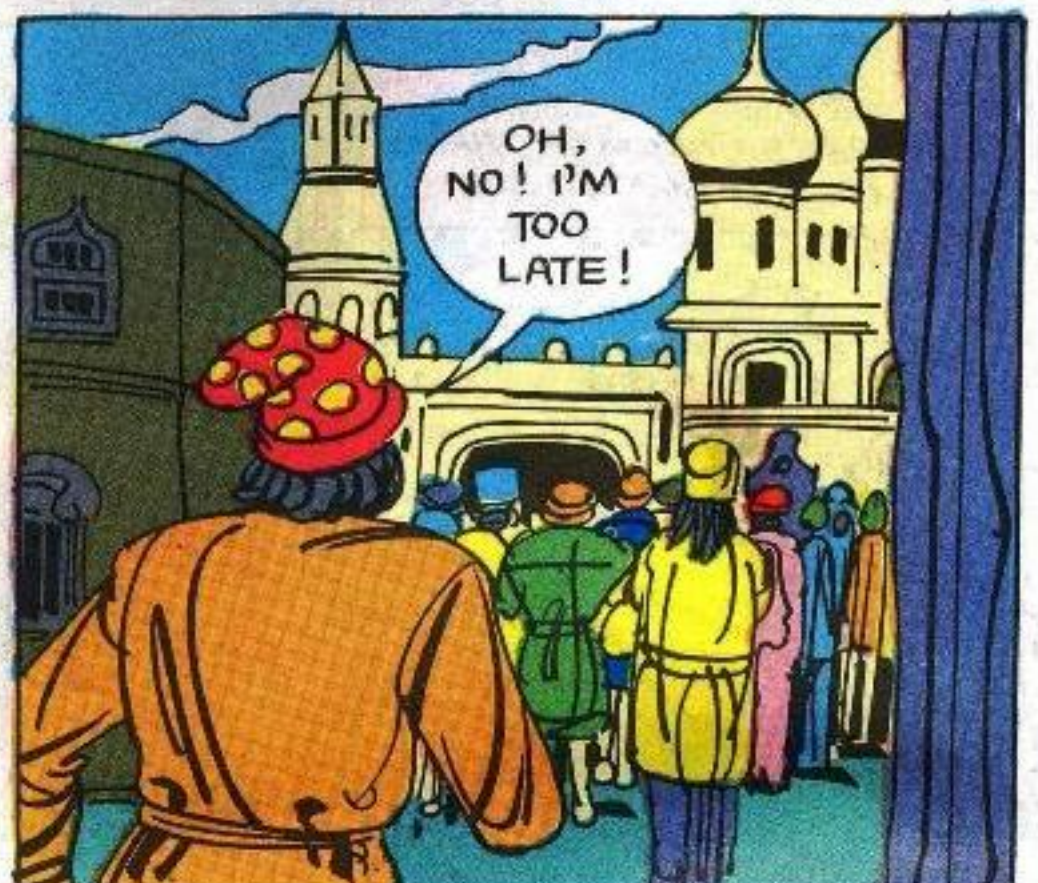
I'LL SEND OUT THE CRIERS AT ONCE, YOUR MAJESTY.

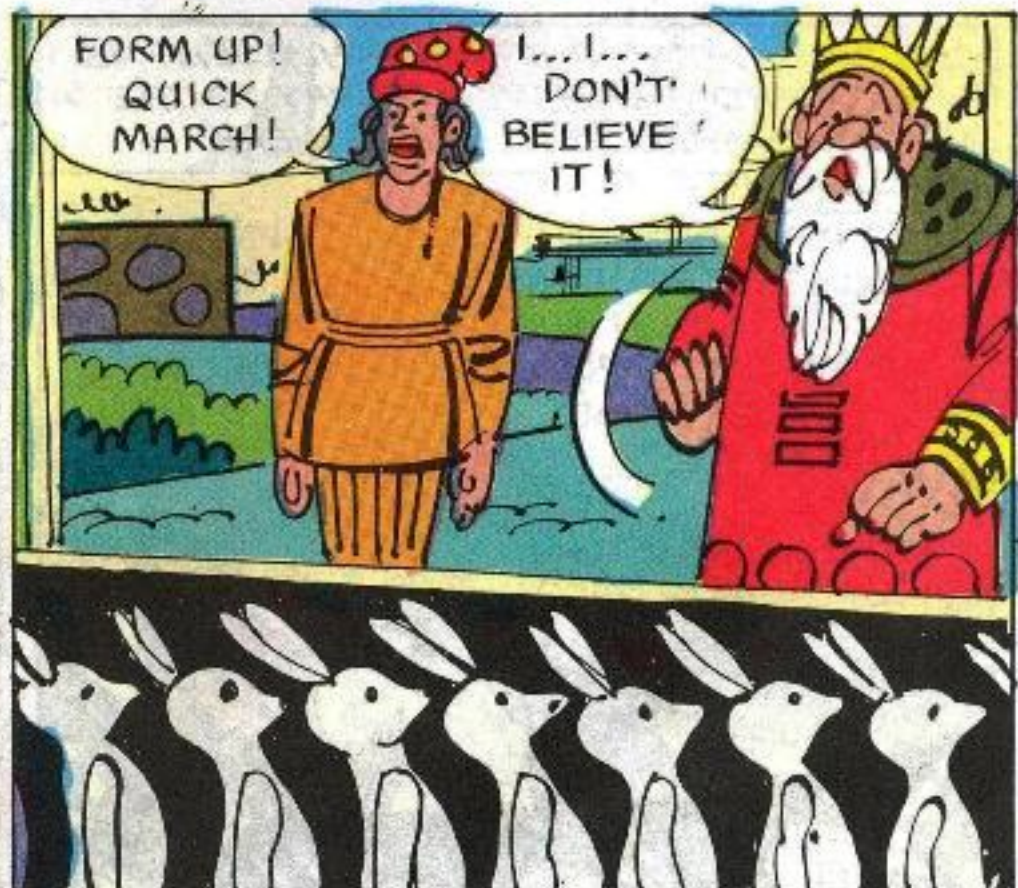
JUST THEN BORIS, A POOR SOLDIER WHO HAD BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY, WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE CAPITAL.

HEY! WHAT'S THIS!

IT'S A CAP AND THERE'S A MESSAGE SCRAWLED INSIDE.

"WEAR ME AND COMMAND ANY ANIMAL AND WISH FOR ANY FOOD."





AND SO EVERY DAY BORIS WOULD LINE UP THE HARES AND TAKE THEM OUT TO THE FIELDS. IN THE EVENING HE WOULD RETURN THEM TO THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.



THE DAYS SWIFTLY PASSED, AND THE TSAR AND TSARINA BEGAN TO HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS.

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS GOING TO WIN.



I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF OUR DAUGHTER MARRYING A COMMON SOLDIER.

I... I WISH I HADN'T BEEN SO RASH. BUT I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE OUR DAUGHTER A JOLT.

A JOLT? YOU DOLT, WE WILL BECOME THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE KINGDOM IF HE SUCCEEDS.



NEVER MIND, I HAVE A PLAN TO THWART HIM... LISTEN... BZZZ... BZZZ...

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BUT I MUST ACT FAST. THERE ARE JUST TWO DAYS LEFT FOR THE MONTH TO END.



AND SO THE TSAR DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A SHEPHERD AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE MEADOW WHERE THE HARES WERE GRAZING.

GOOD DAY, MY YOUNG FRIEND, THAT'S A FINE BAND OF HARES! WILL YOU SELL ME ONE? I'LL GIVE YOU A HANDSOME PRICE.

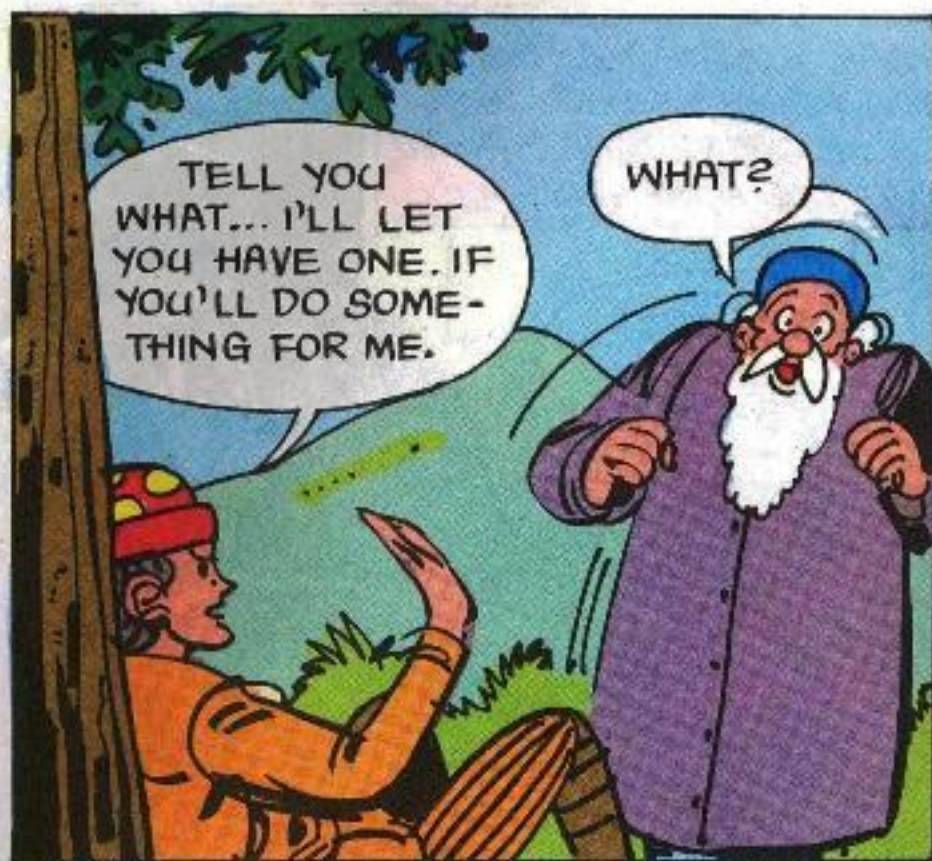
AT! IT'S THE TSAR HIMSELF. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, OLD MAN. HEE HEE!

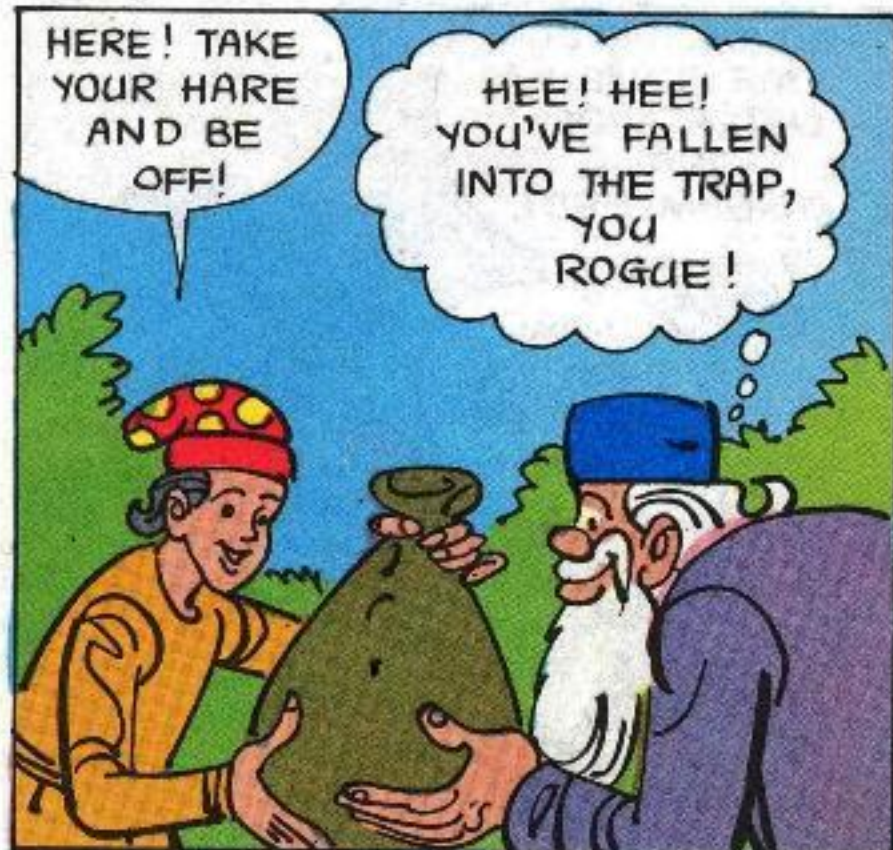


WHAT COULD A TRAMP LIKE YOU PAY ME!

ME! A TRAMP! HOW DARE YOU...









IN THAT CASE
YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO WITHOUT
THE HARE.

ERR... NOW DON'T
BE TOO HASTY.
WHAT I MEANT WAS
THAT I DON'T
MIND WASHING
YOUR COAT...



... AND MAKING ME
A BOWL OF
SOUP.

YES, YES, I'LL
DO THAT
TOO.

PHEW!
HIS COAT
STINKS!



THE POOR TSARINA BEGAN TO
WASH BORIS' COAT. UNAC-
CUSTOMED TO HARD WORK, HER
HANDS SOON BECAME
RED AND RAW.



A FEW HOURS LATER—

YOUR COAT
AND THE
SOUP.

I SAY,
THAT'S
MARVELLOUS!
THE COAT LOOKS
AS GOOD AS
NEW.



AND THE SOUP
IS DELICIOUS.

(GRR)
WHAT
ABOUT
MY
HARE?



AH, YES! TAKE
THIS ONE.

HEE! HEE! YOU'VE
SWALLOWED THE
BAIT, YOU
FOOL!



THE TSARINA TOOK THE HARE AND
RUSHED TO THE PALACE.

LOOK! I HAVE IT!
OUR DAUGHTER IS
SAVED!

WONDERFUL!
YOU'RE SO
CLEVER!



AND NOW, MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF ASKING FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE?

HMM... BUT FIRST YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF HER.

BUT I ALREADY HAVE. I TOOK CARE OF YOUR HARES FOR ONE LONG MONTH AND...

PAH! ANY SHEPHERD COULD DO THAT!

ALL RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

I WANT YOU TO FILL THESE THREE SACKS WITH WORDS. ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE WORTHY OF THE PRINCESS' HAND.

BUT... BUT!

NOW LET HIM GET OUT OF THAT!



BORIS OPENED THE NECK OF THE FIRST SACK AND BEGAN TO NARRATE HIS ADVENTURES...

BLAH BLAH... I TOOK THE HARES TO THE PASTURE...

AND THEN THE TSAR CAME THERE DISGUISED AS A PEASANT AND AT MY COMMAND HE...

THAT'S ENOUGH!

BUT THE SACK ISN'T FULL YET.

OH, YES, IT IS!

IF YOU SAY SO.



THE MAGIC BIRCH TREE

A RUSSIAN FOLKTALE

Script:
Ava Verma

Illustrations:
Ram Waerkar

IN A LITTLE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN RUSSIA
LIVED A KINDLY OLD PEASANT AND HIS
GREEDY WIFE. ONE DAY —



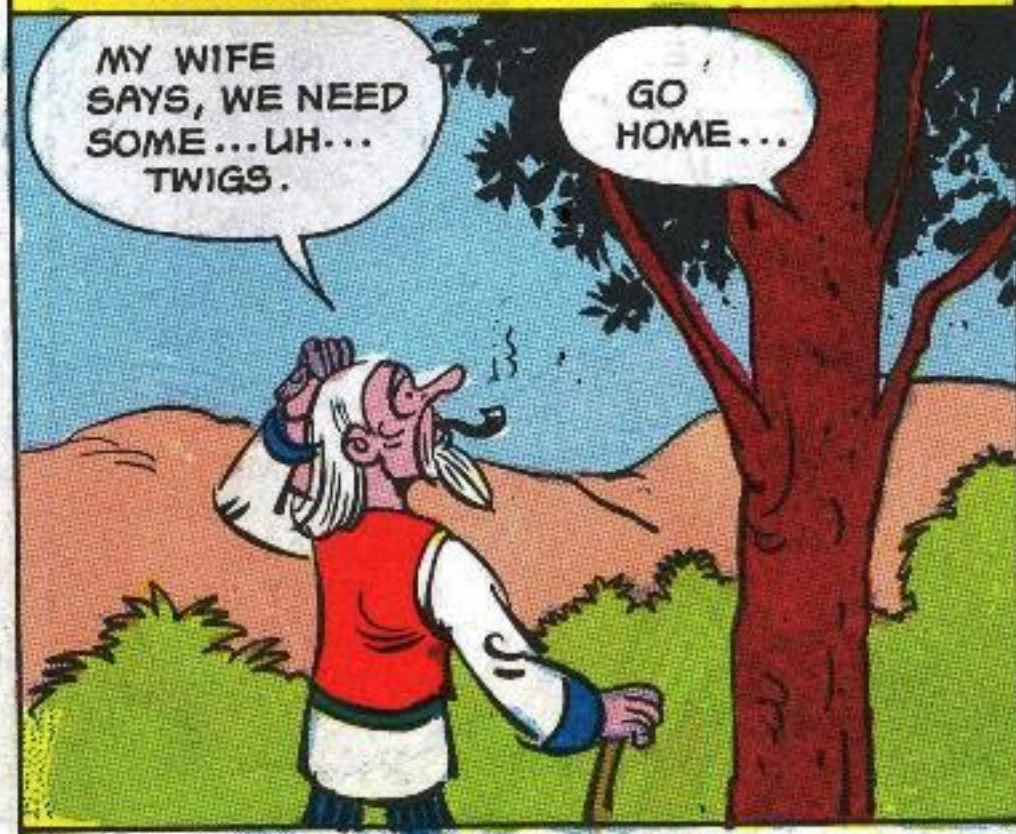
THE OLD MAN WENT OUT WITH HIS AXE. BUT AS HE SWUNG IT AT THE TREE, HE HEARD A SOFT VOICE.

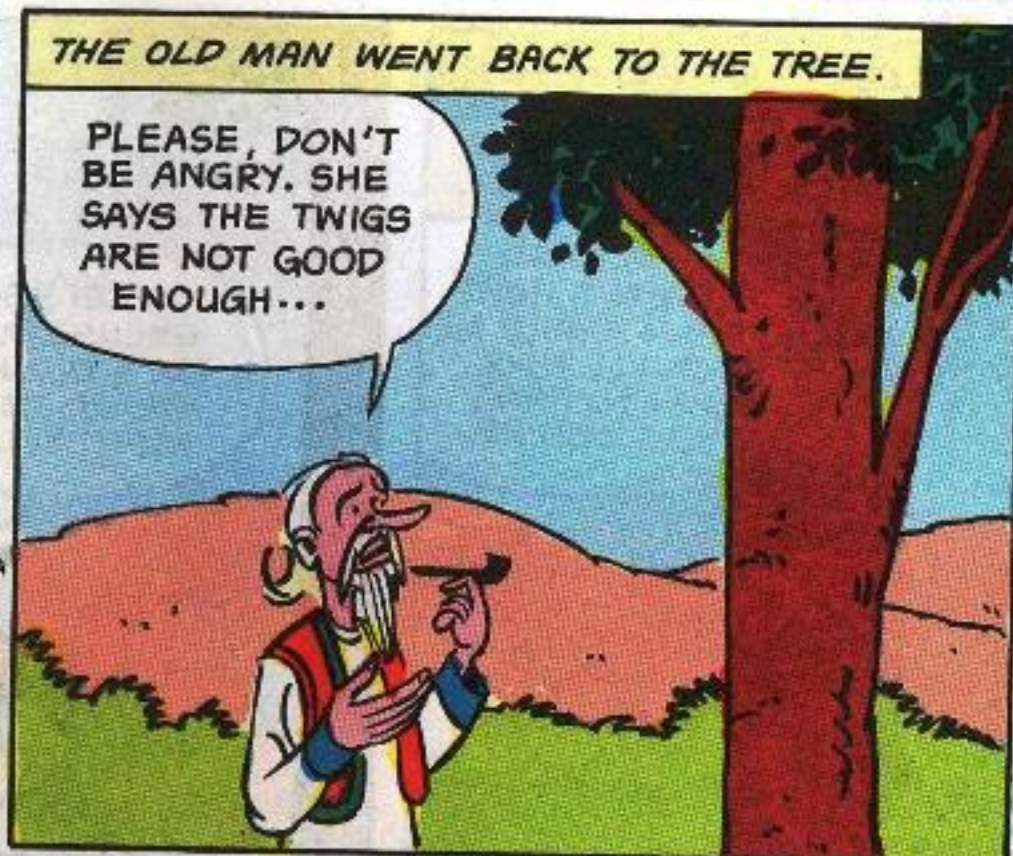
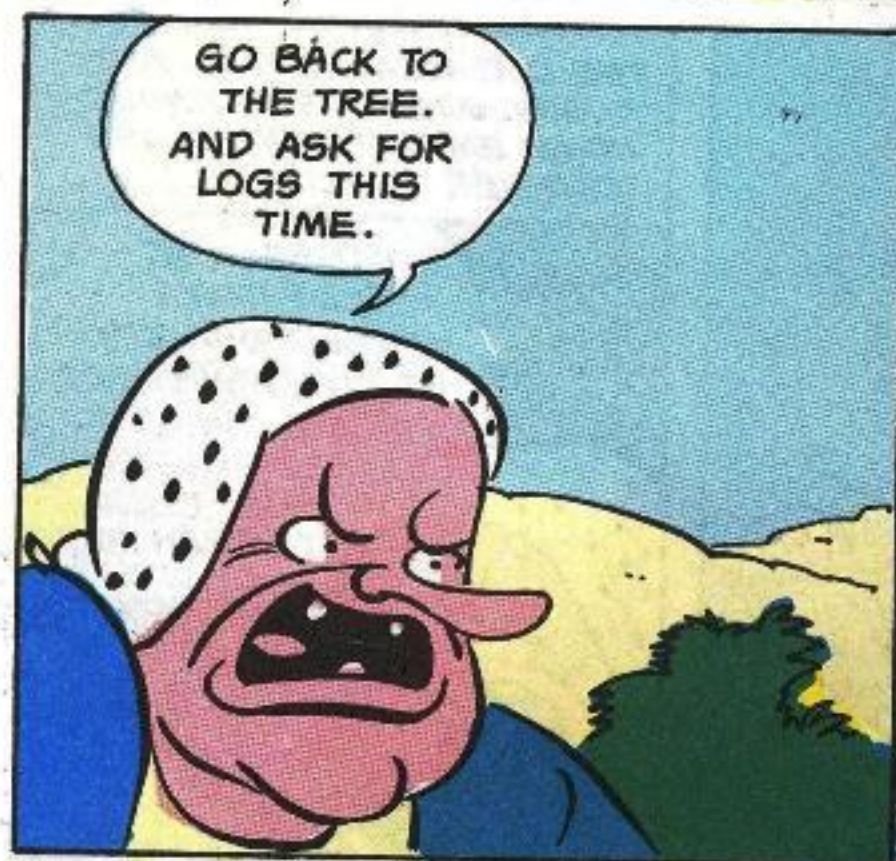
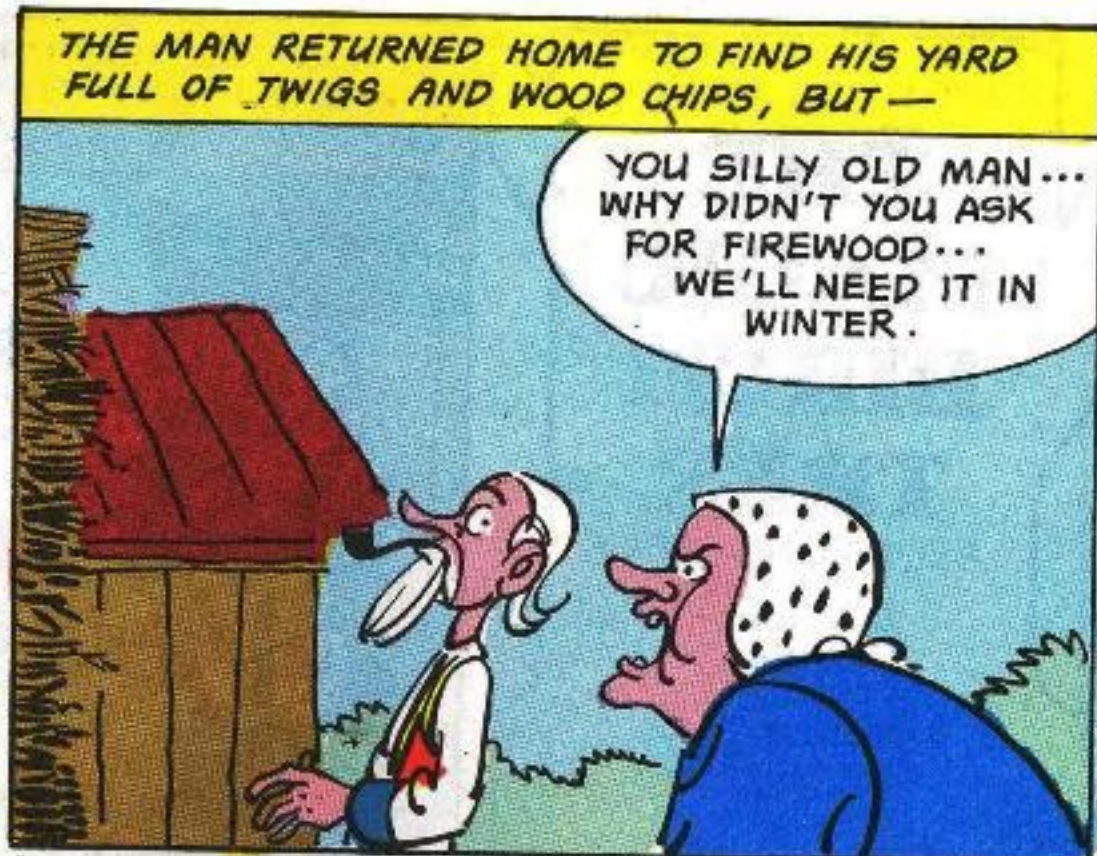


THE OLD WOMAN WAS VERY ANGRY WHEN HE RETURNED HOME EMPTY-HANDED AND TOLD HER HIS STORY.



THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE BIRCH.





BUT THE OLD WOMAN WAS STILL NOT SATISFIED—

WHAT GOOD IS WOOD WITHOUT FOOD TO EAT? GO AND ASK THE TREE FOR SOME FLOUR FOR BREAD.

YES, DEAR...
AT ONCE
...AT ONCE.

SO THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE AND ASKED FOR CORN. AND THE GRANARY WAS FULL OF SACKS OF CORN.

OH! LOOK! NOW WE'LL NEVER BE HUNGRY AGAIN... OH THE KIND, GENEROUS TREE.

WHAT'S SO KIND ABOUT IT? THIS IS ONLY CORN... IT WON'T MAKE US RICH.

I'VE BEEN THINKING... THAT TREE CAN MAKE US RICH. YOU MUST GO BACK AND ASK FOR 2 CHESTS OF GOLD.

2 CHESTS OF GOLD?



WHAT IS IT OLD FRIEND? WHAT DOES SHE WANT NOW? COME TELL ME...

GOLD.

TWO CHESTS OF GOLD.

GO HOME... THE GOLD IS ALREADY THERE.

WHEN HE GOT HOME AND LOOKED IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, THERE WAS HIS WIFE, COUNTING A PILE OF GOLD COINS. AS HE WATCHED, GREED ENTERED HIS HEART TOO —

SO MUCH GOLD.



LOOK OLD MAN! MORE GOLD THAN ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN!



DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT TREE COULD MAKE US RICH.



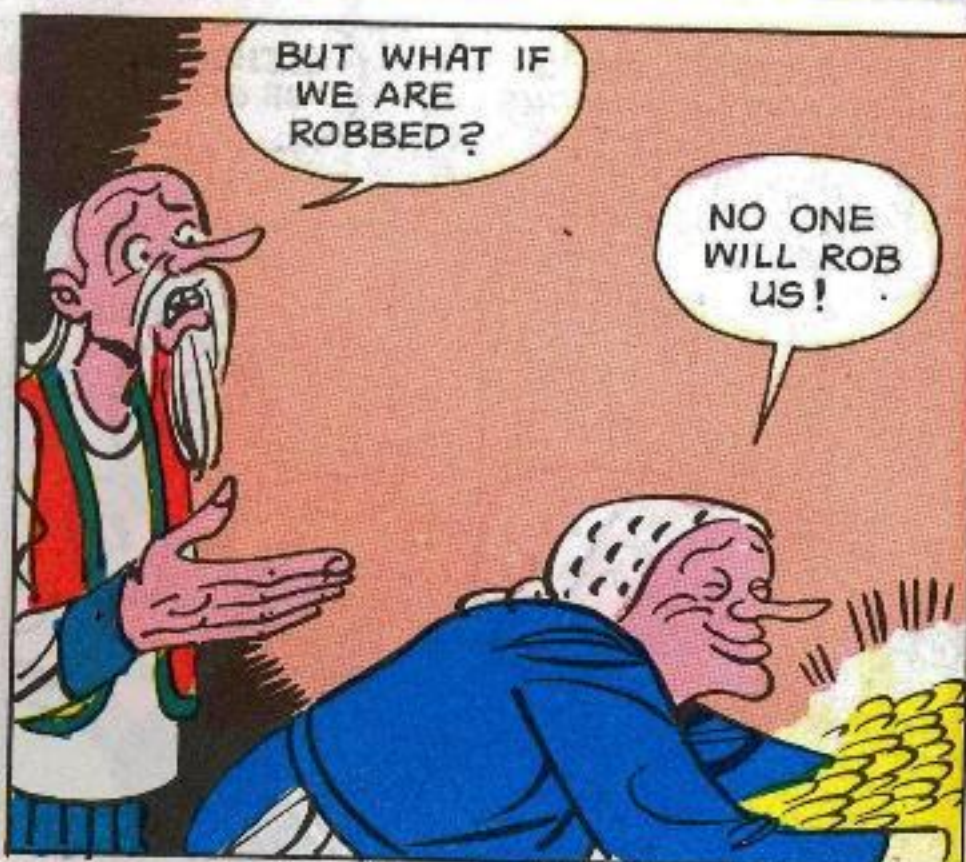
YES! YES! YOU WERE RIGHT TO ASK FOR GOLD. NOW WE ARE RICHER THAN THE LANDLORD.

PERHAPS AS RICH AS THE KING!



BUT WHAT IF WE ARE ROBBED?

NO ONE WILL ROB US!



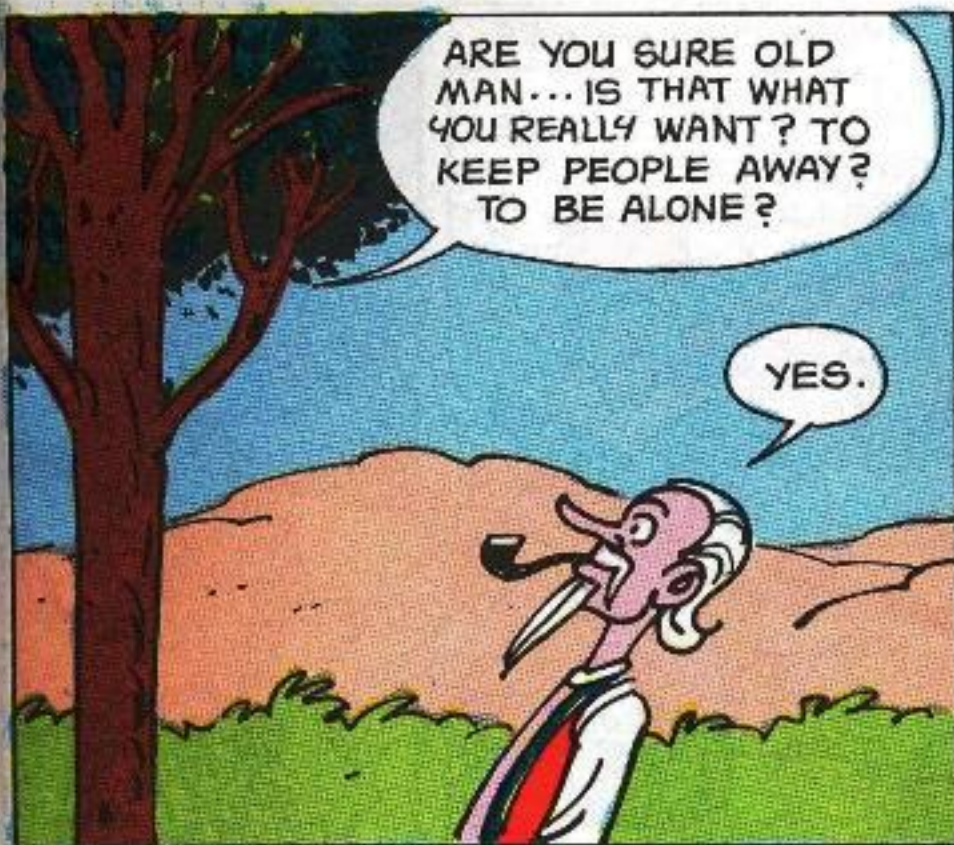
I HAVE A PLAN. YOU MUST GO BACK TO THE TREE.



THE OLD MAN WENT BACK TO THE TREE.

GOOD FRIEND, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO KEEP OUR GOLD SAFE. WE WANT YOU TO MAKE US LOOK UGLY AND FEROCIOUS, SO THAT EVERYONE WILL BE FRIGHTENED AND KEEP AWAY. THAT WAY OUR WEALTH WILL BE SAFE.





Forced Justice

A Russian Folktale

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

ONCE THERE LIVED A POOR FARMER.
ONE DAY —

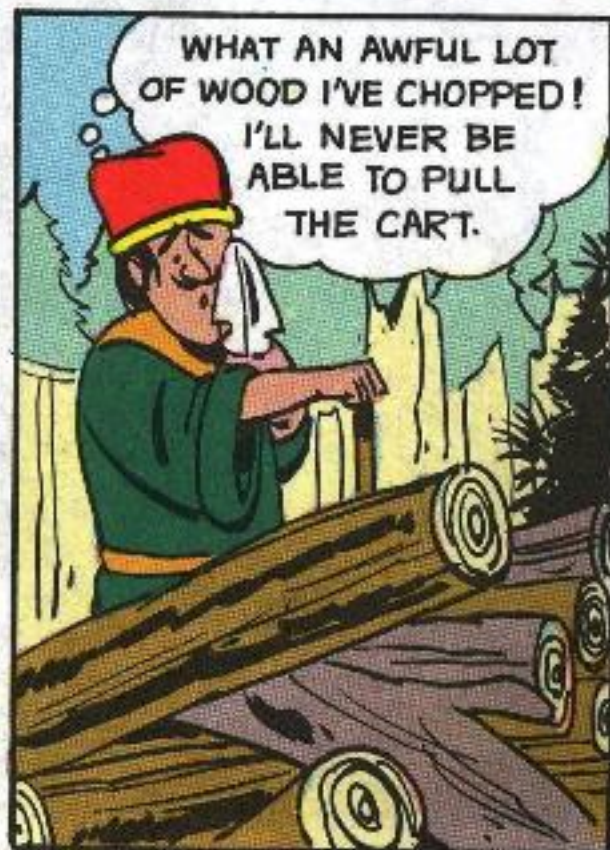
I MUST GO TO THE
FOREST AND CHOP SOME
FIREWOOD.



AND SO —



WHAT AN AWFUL LOT
OF WOOD I'VE CHOPPED!
I'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO PULL
THE CART.



AH! I'VE GOT
IT! I'LL BORROW A
HORSE FROM MY
RICH NEIGHBOUR.



SO HE WENT TO HIS NEIGHBOUR —

ERR... COULD YOU
LEND ME YOUR
HORSE? I'VE GOT
A CART-LOAD OF
LOGS WHICH I
CAN'T PULL
MYSELF...

ALL RIGHT. YOU CAN TAKE
THE HORSE THIS ONCE.
BUT DON'T COME
PESTERING ME
AGAIN.



PHEW! HE'S GOT
A SHARP TONGUE,
HE HAS!



OH, NO! WHAT A FOOL
I AM! I FORGOT TO
BORROW A
HORSE - COLLAR.
I DAREN'T GO
BACK NOW. HE'LL
TAKE BACK THE
HORSE!

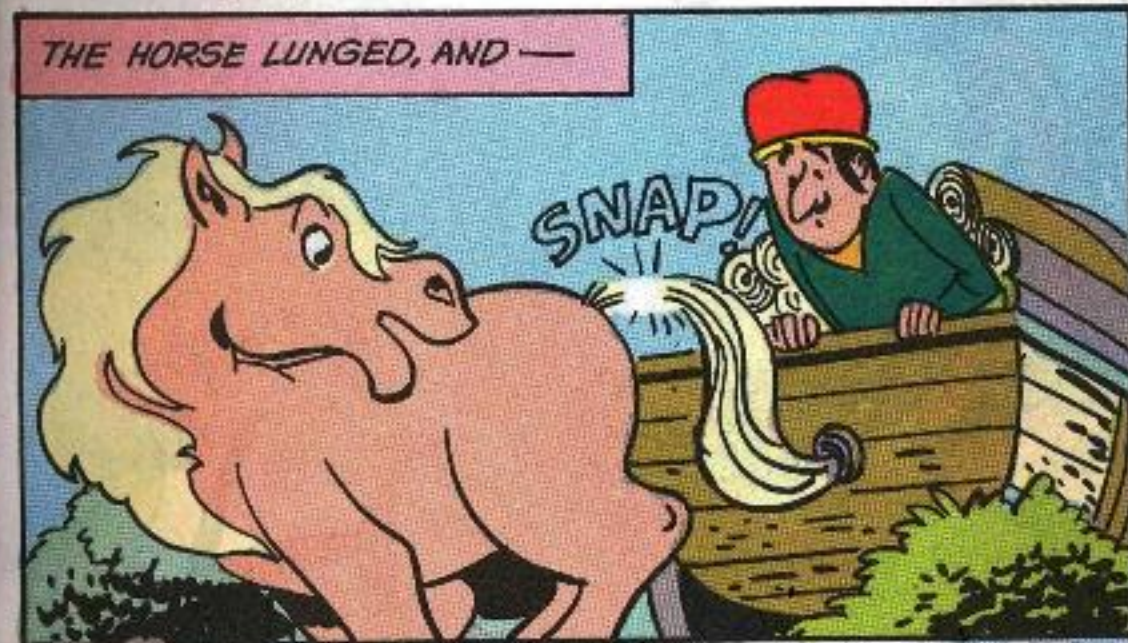




SO THE FARMER TIED THE HORSE'S TAIL TO THE CART.

GIDDAP!
GIDDAP!

NEIGH



THE HORSE LUNGED, AND —

SNAP!



OH, NO! HIS TAIL'S COME
OFF! MY NEIGHBOUR
WILL HAVE MY HIDE
FOR THIS!

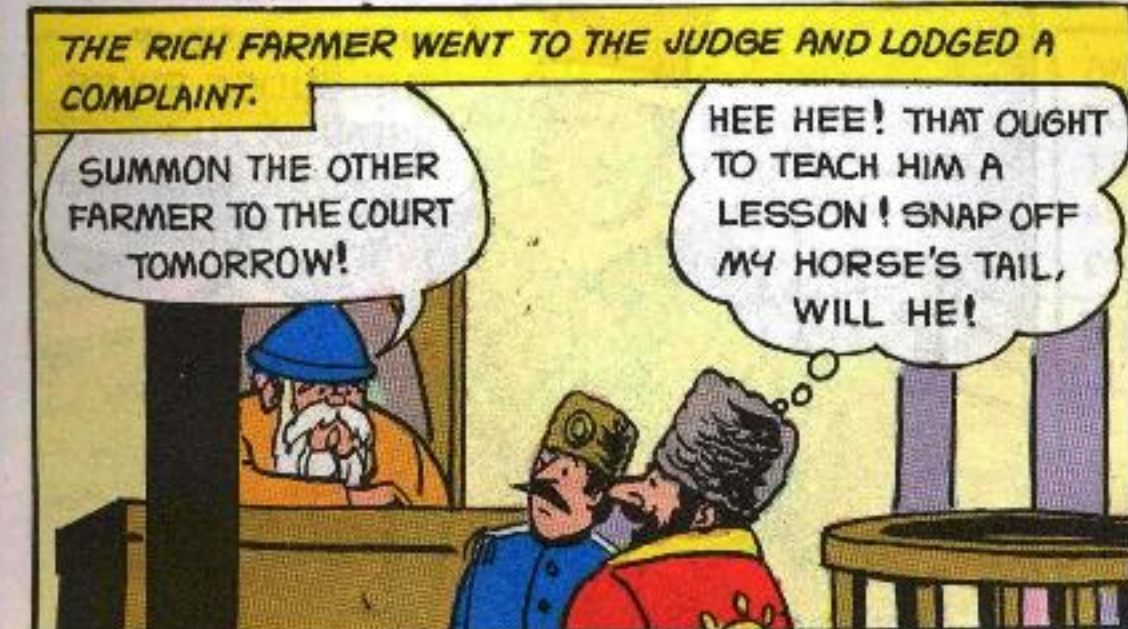


AND SURE ENOUGH —
YOU... YOU... BLUNDERING
FOOL! YOU'VE RUINED MY
HORSE. DON'T THINK I
WILL LEAVE IT AT THAT.

I... I... I'LL
PAY FOR THE
TAIL.



I DON'T WANT YOUR
MONEY. I'LL SEE THAT
YOU'RE PUNISHED
HEAVILY.



THE RICH FARMER WENT TO THE JUDGE AND LODGED A
COMPLAINT.

SUMMON THE OTHER
FARMER TO THE COURT
TOMORROW!

HEE HEE! THAT OUGHT
TO TEACH HIM A
LESSON! SNAP OFF
MY HORSE'S TAIL,
WILL HE!



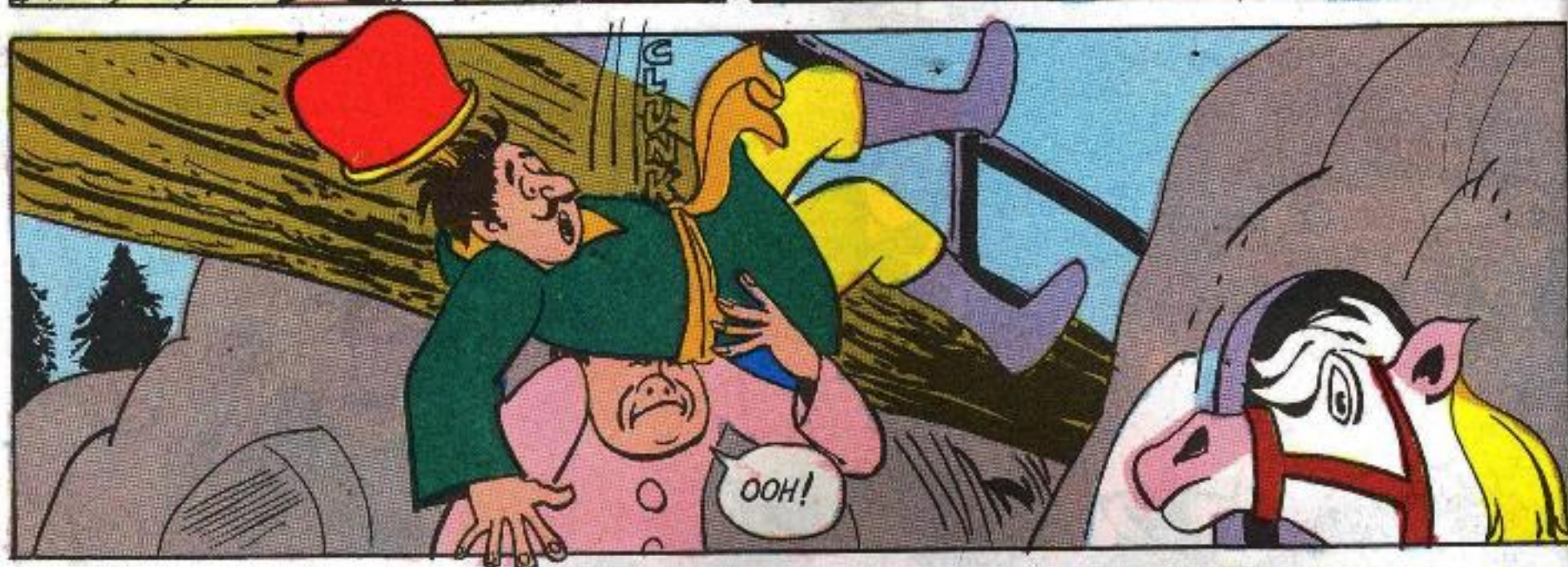
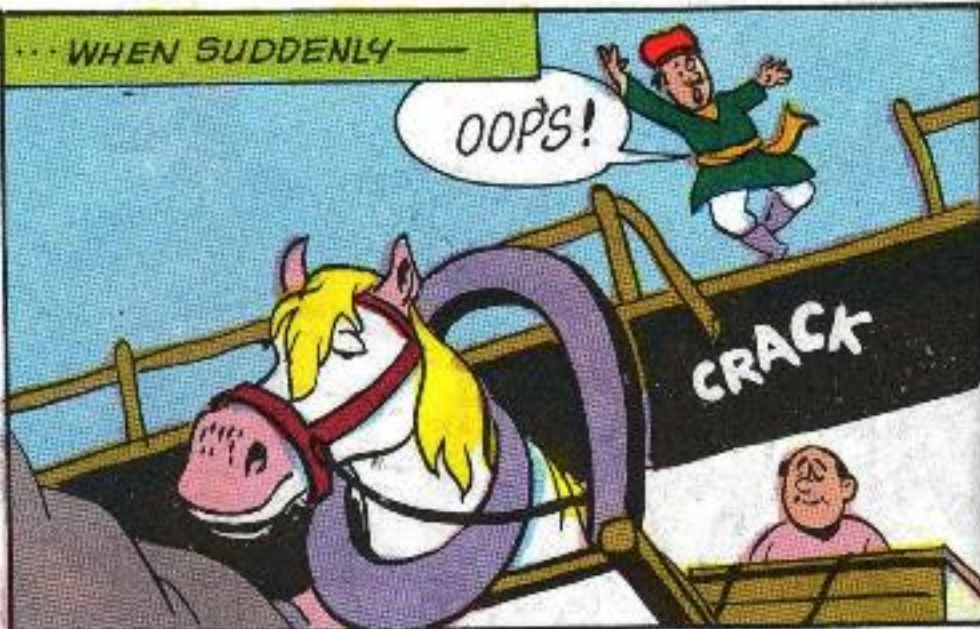
THE JUDGE'S SUMMONS WERE
DELIVERED.

OH, NO! I KNOW THE JUDGE. HE'S A
CORRUPT MAN AND HE'LL FINE ME
HEAVILY, I'M SURE OF IT!

THE NEXT DAY, THE
POOR FARMER WAS
GOING TO THE COURT...



... WHEN SUDDENLY —



YOU SCOUNDREL! TRIED TO
MURDER ME, EH? COME
WITH ME TO THE COURT!

BUT...BUT
IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT!



I DON'T WANT TO HEAR
ANYTHING! LET THE
JUDGE DECIDE IN
THE COURT!

OH, WELL! I WAS
GOING THERE
ANYWAY! I MIGHT
AS WELL RIDE
IN YOUR
CART.



THEY'LL CAST ME
INTO PRISON FOR
LIFE OR EVEN
HANG ME.



IN ANY CASE IF
THE JUDGE RULES
UNFAIRLY, I'LL KNOCK
HIM OUT WITH THIS
ROCK...

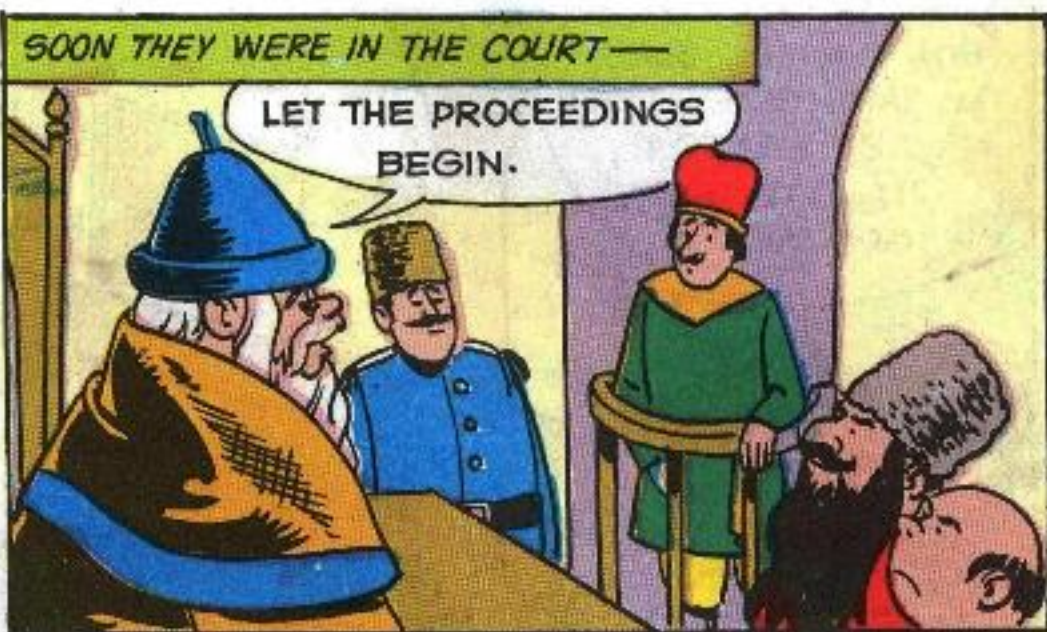


...I MIGHT AS WELL BE HANGED FOR A SHEEP AS FOR A LAMB.



SOON THEY WERE IN THE COURT—

LET THE PROCEEDINGS BEGIN.



THE RICH FARMER AND THE CARTMAN STARTED COMPLAINING—

...(BLAH)...(BLAH)...
...(BLAH)...

JUDGE AWAY, JUDGE!
BUT SEE WHAT I HAVE
IN MY POCKET!



EH! WHY DOES THAT
PEASANT KEEP POINTING TO
HIS POCKET? COULD IT BE
GOLD COINS THAT HE
HAS THERE?

PERHAPS HE
WANTS TO GIVE
THEM TO ME.

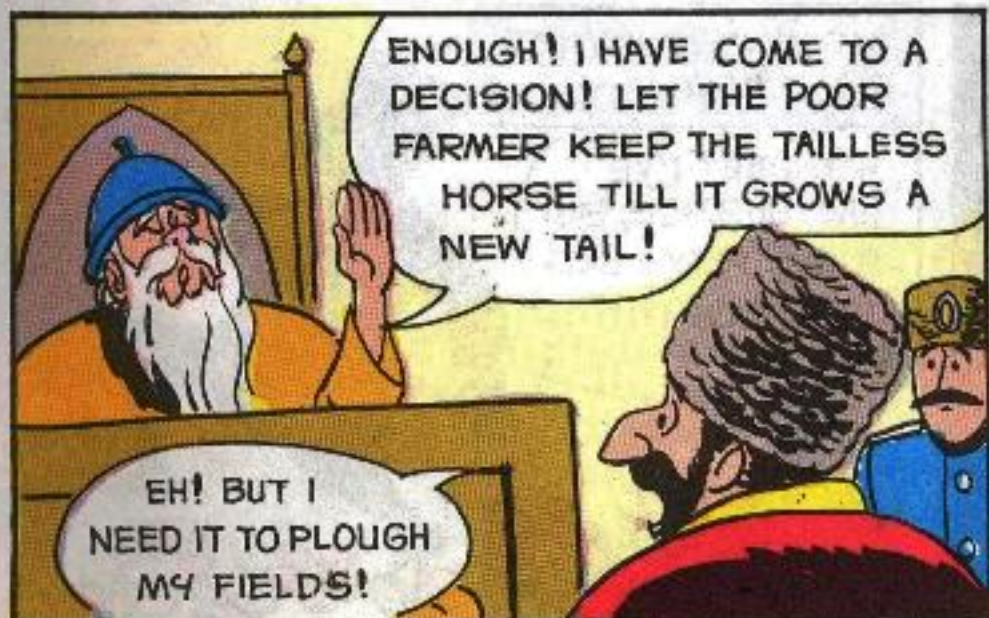


I WOULDN'T MIND
EVEN IF THEY WERE
SILVER COINS! I
MUST NOT JUDGE
THIS CASE
HASTILY!



ENOUGH! I HAVE COME TO A
DECISION! LET THE POOR
FARMER KEEP THE TAILLESS
HORSE TILL IT GROWS A
NEW TAIL!

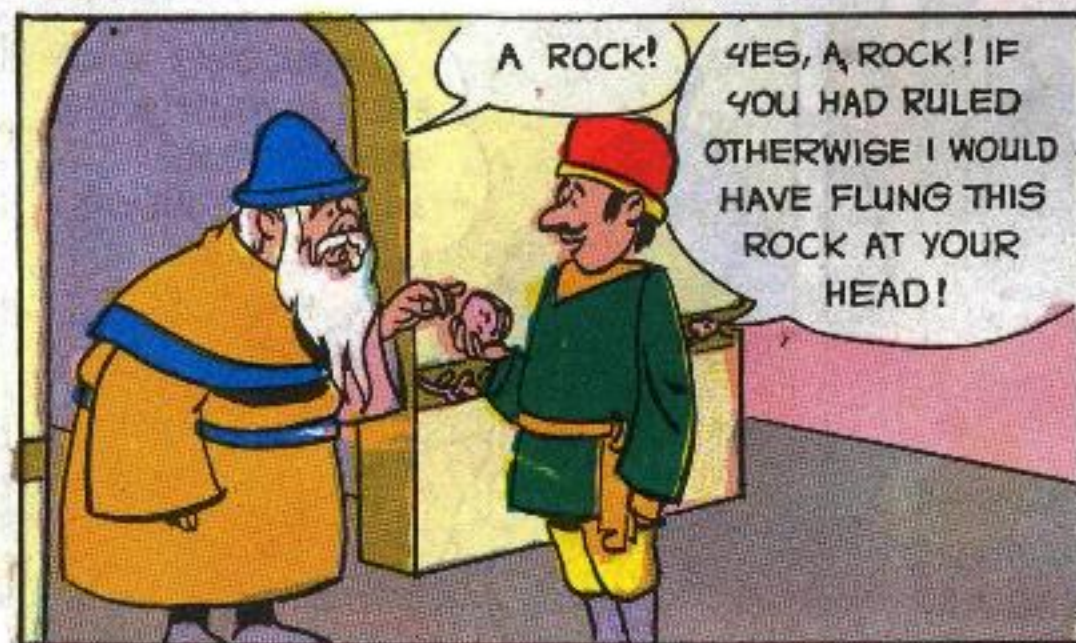
EH! BUT I
NEED IT TO PLOUGH
MY FIELDS!



AND YOU... YOU WILL HAVE
TO LEAP ON THIS MAN
FROM THE SAME BRIDGE
AND TRY TO LAND
ON HIS HEAD!

BUT... BUT...





THE MAGIC HORSE

A Russian Folktale
Script: H. Sabuwala
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

A FARMER HAD A PROBLEM. SOMEBODY WAS TRAMPLING UPON HIS WHEATFIELDS AT NIGHT. SO HE CALLED HIS ELDEST SON -

I WANT YOU TO STAND GUARD TONIGHT.

YES, FATHER.

THAT NIGHT -

I DON'T THINK THE CULPRIT IS GOING TO COME. I'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP.

\$ZZZ...\$ZZZ

IN THE MORNING -

I WAS AWAKE THE WHOLE NIGHT. I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.

BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE FIELD? IT HAS BEEN TRAMPLED UPON!

THE FARMER TURNED TO HIS SECOND SON -

TONIGHT YOU KEEP WATCH.

THAT NIGHT THE SECOND SON KEPT WATCH. TOWARDS MIDNIGHT -

I'M SURE NOBODY COMES TO THE FIELD. I'LL GET SOME SLEEP.

NEXT MORNING -

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KEEP WATCH, WERE YOU NOT?

GO, LOOK AT THE FIELD. THE WHEAT HAS BEEN TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT AGAIN!

FATHER, TONIGHT I WILL KEEP WATCH.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

IT WAS LEO, THE YOUNGEST SON.





THEN HE REMEMBERED—

THE CHESTNUT-GREY!
HE SAID HE
WOULD HELP
ME!



LEO HURRIED TO AN OPEN
SPACE—

CHESTNUT-GREY,
HEAR AND
OBEY!



SOON—

WHAT DO
YOU WISH?



WHEN LEO TOLD HIM WHAT HE WANTED—

I'LL HELP

YOU. BUT FIRST
WE MUST TURN YOU
INTO A NOBLE YOUTH.
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND
SAY: CHESTNUT-GREY,
CHANGE ME INTO A
HANDSOME YOUTH.



WHEN LEO SAID THE
MAGIC WORDS—

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
MY EYES!



COME ON, CHESTNUT-GREY.
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A LOVELY
TIME!

WHY, THERE GO MY
BROTHERS. WELL!
GOOD LUCK TO
THEM!



A LARGE CROWD HAD COLLECTED OUTSIDE
THE TSAR'S PALACE—

THERE IS
THE PRINCESS
ANNA!

ISN'T
SHE
BEAUTIFUL?



LOOK AT THE
RING ON HER
FINGER. IT SHINES
LIKE A SMALL
SUN!

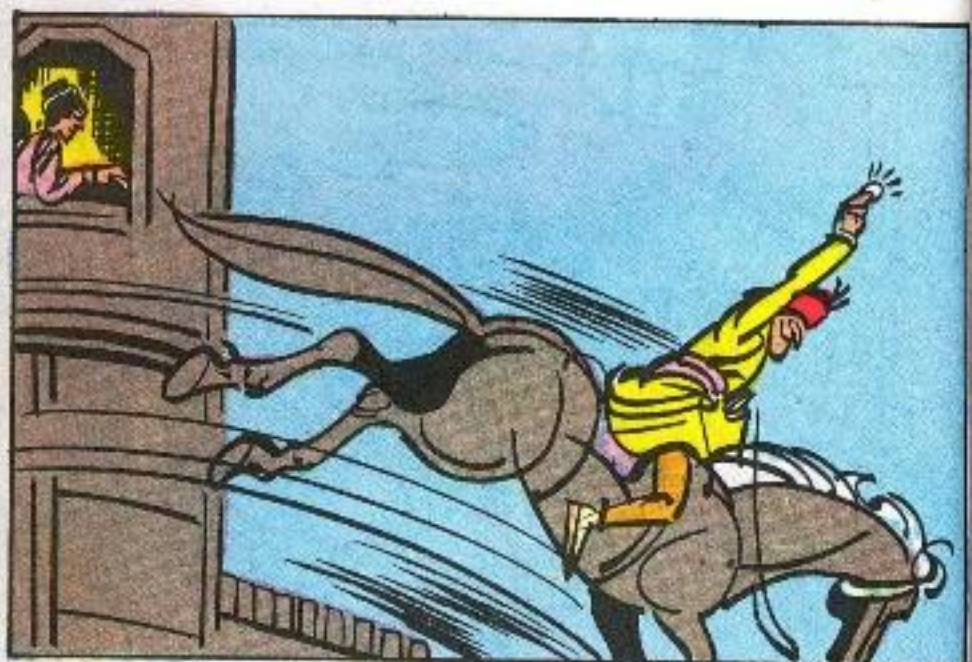
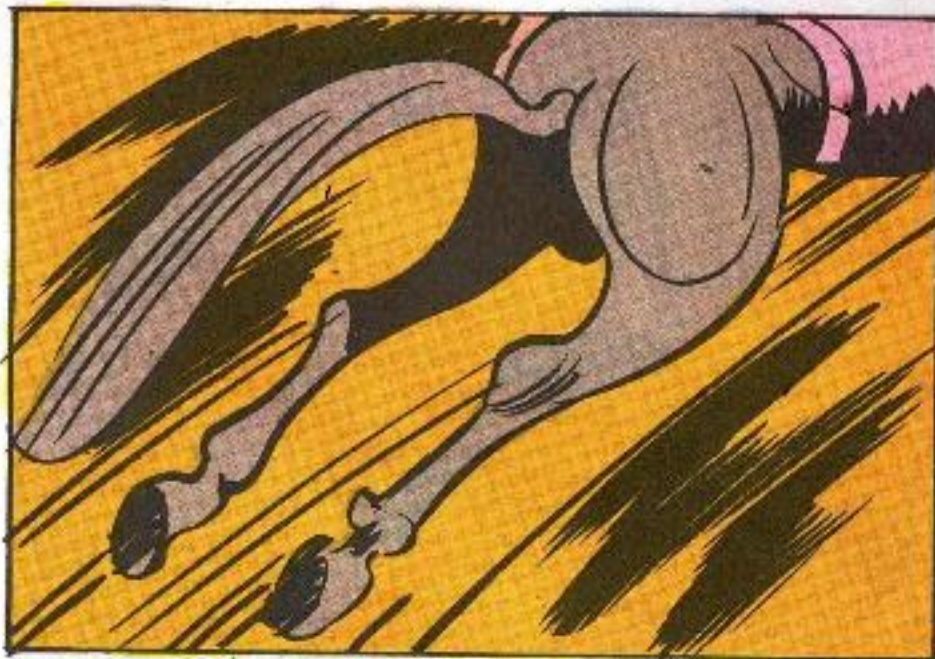




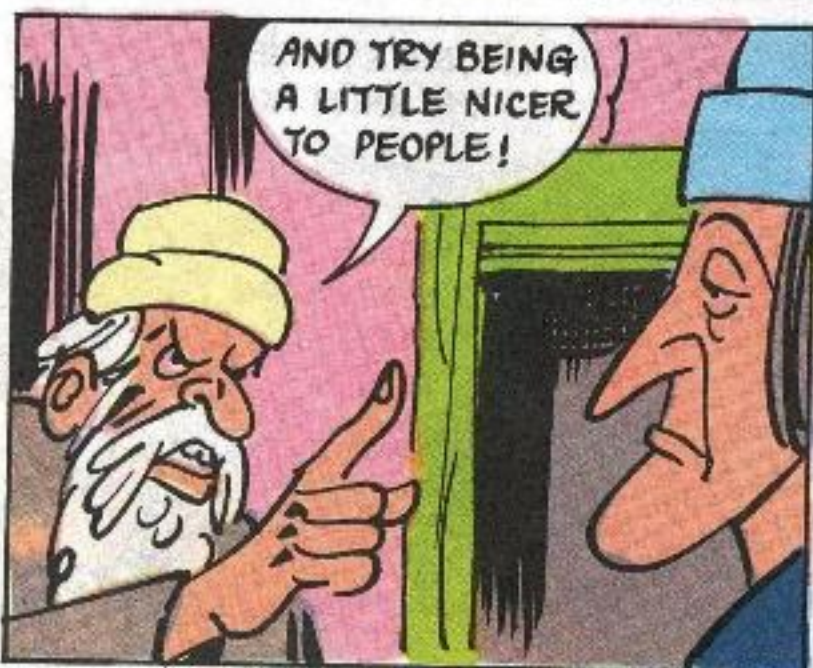
THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER WAS NONE OTHER THAN LEO. BUT AS HE REACHED FOR THE PRINCESS' RING A COLD WIND BLEW FROM THE NORTH...



... AND THE PRINCESS PUT HER HAND TO HER MOUTH AS SHE COUGHED.







THE FIREBIRD

—A RUSSIAN FOLKTALE

Script:
Adil Rangoonwala

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

LONG AGO IN RUSSIA THERE WAS A TSAR WHO HAD A TREE THAT GAVE GOLDEN APPLES. ONE DAY —

THE APPLES ON THE TREE ARE DWINDLING! SOME-ONE IS STEALING THE GOLDEN APPLES. WHO COULD IT BE?



THAT NIGHT THE TSAR PUT HIS ELDEST SON, PETER ON THE WATCH. BUT —



THE SECOND SON, VASSILY, TOO COULD NOT CATCH THE CULPRIT —



ON THE THIRD NIGHT IT WAS THE TURN OF THE TSAR'S YOUNGEST SON, IVAN.



SUDDENLY —

UH... WHAT'S THIS!
I CAN'T SEE A THING!
THIS GLOW IS
BLINDING ME!*



WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY IVAN OPENED HIS EYES AND SAW A MAGNIFICENT BIRD.



IVAN MADE A GRAB AT THE BIRD...

... BUT GOT ONLY A FEATHER.

NEXT MORNING -

THIS IS THE FEATHER OF THE FIREBIRD.



WHOEVER GETS ME THE FIREBIRD SHALL GET HALF MY KINGDOM.

FATHER, WE WILL GET IT FOR YOU.

FATHER, I TOO WANT TO GO IN SEARCH OF THE FIREBIRD.

GO, MY SON! AND MAY FORTUNE FAVOUR YOU!

THE TWO BROTHERS LEFT IMMEDIATELY —

AFTER MANY DAYS OF TRAVEL, IVAN CAME UPON A STONE BEARING AN INSCRIPTION —

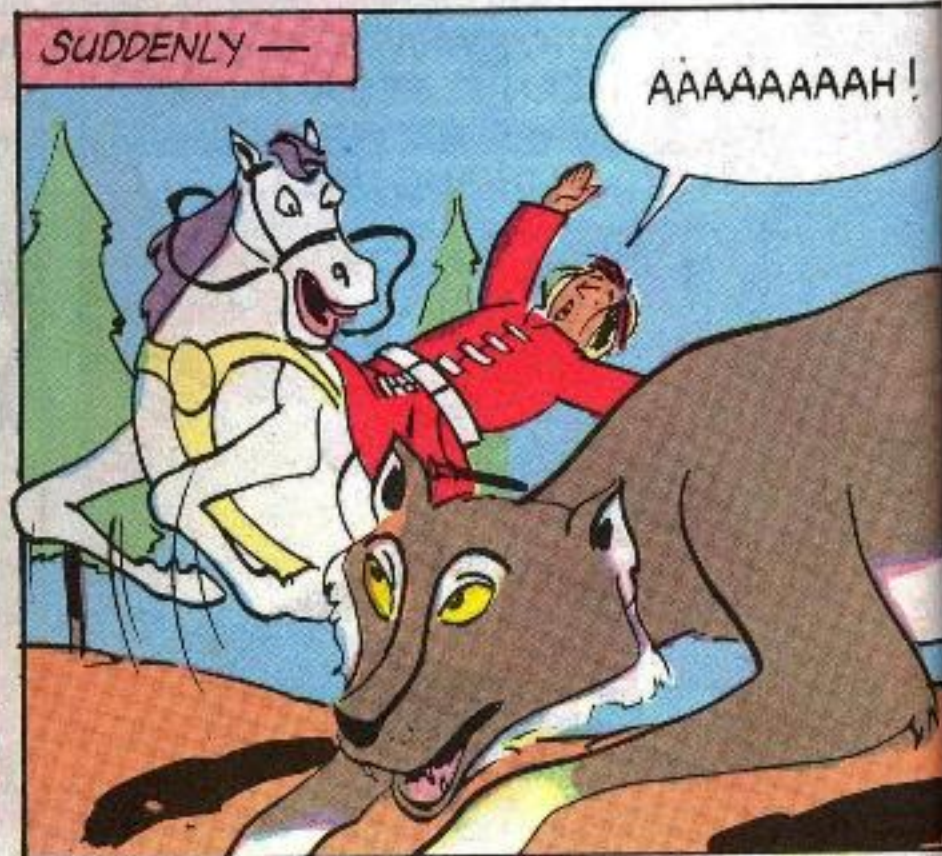
1. GO AHEAD AND YOU WILL BE HUNGRY.
2. GO LEFT AND YOU WILL DIE.
3. GO RIGHT AND YOU WILL LOSE YOUR HORSE.

I WILL GO TO THE RIGHT!

SUDDENLY —

AAAAAAAH!

AND MAKING HIS DECISION IVAN RODE ON.





I LIKE YOUR COURAGE. I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU.

GET ME THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE FIREBIRD.

IVAN WENT BACK TO GREYWOLF AND SOUGHT HIS HELP FOR THE SECOND TASK.

THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE BELONGS TO TSAR KUSMAN.

THEN TAKE ME TO HIS CASTLE!

WITHIN A FEW DAYS —

TSAR KUSMAN'S CASTLE!

YOU WILL FIND THE HORSE IN THE STABLES AT THE REAR OF THE CASTLE.

THE HORSE WILL FOLLOW ANYONE WHO STROKES ITS MANE. ON NO ACCOUNT MUST YOU TOUCH ITS BRIDLE.

I'LL REMEMBER THAT.

BUT WHEN IVAN SET EYES ON THE MAGNIFICENT HORSE HE BECAME SO EXCITED THAT HE FORGOT GREYWOLF'S ADVICE ...

... AND CAUGHT IT BY ITS BRIDLE.

THE HORSE REARED AND NEIGHED...

THE GUARDS CAME RUNNING IN AND HELD IVAN. SOON, HE WAS STANDING BEFORE TSAR KUSMAN.

YOU ARE CERTAINLY VERY BRAVE. I AM PREPARED TO PARDON YOU IF YOU GO ON A MISSION FOR ME.

BRING ME PRINCESS HELENA.

IF YOU SUCCEED, YOUR REWARD WILL BE THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE!

VERY WELL!

PRINCESS HELENA IS THE DAUGHTER OF TSAR DOLMAT.

TAKE ME TO HIS CASTLE.

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THEY WERE AT THE GATES OF THE KINGDOM OF TSAR DOLMAT, THE FATHER OF PRINCESS HELENA.

THIS TIME I WILL GO IN. YOU STAY HERE.

SOON —

'GET ON MY BACK! QUICKLY!



GREYWOLF, THE PRINCESS IS UNCONSCIOUS.

SHE FAINTED WHEN SHE SAW ME.



SHE WILL SOON REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.



AND SURE ENOUGH —

WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

I AM PRINCE IVAN AND I AM TAKING YOU TO TSAR KUSMAN.



HE WANTS TO MARRY YOU!

BUT... BUT...

... AND SOON THEY WERE IN TSAR KUSMAN'S TERRITORY.



GO AND DELIVER THE PRINCESS TO THE TSAR.



I CANNOT PART WITH HER, GREYWOLF.



THEY HAVE GROWN FOND OF EACH OTHER. I MUST HELP THEM OUT...

BUT IS GREYWOLF ABLE TO HELP IVAN?

THE FIREBIRD

Part - II



WHEN THEY REACHED TSAR AFRON'S CASTLE—

IVAN, GO IN AND GIVE THE TSAR THE HORSE AND GET THE FIREBIRD IN EXCHANGE.

I'VE GROWN SO FOND OF THE HORSE THAT...



SAY NO MORE!



AND —

AMAZING!



NOW TRADE ME FOR THE FIREBIRD....



SOON —

HERE! NOW EXCUSE ME... I WISH TO GO FOR A RIDE!



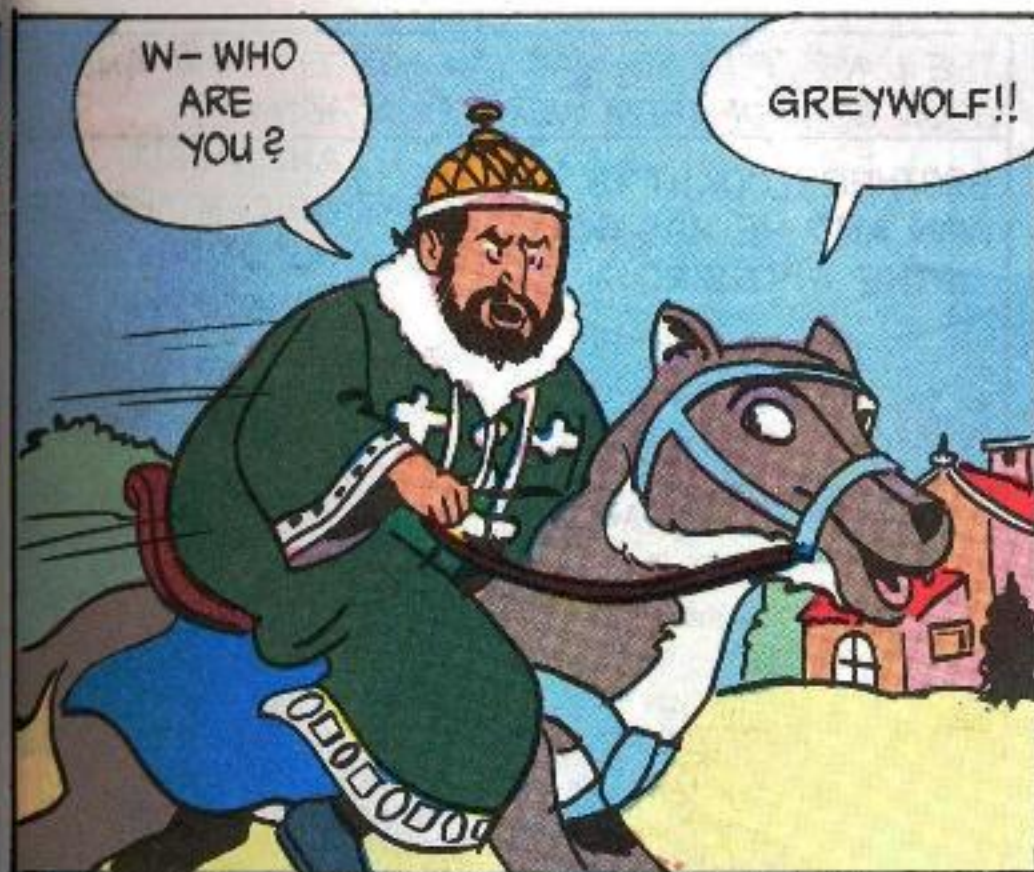
IVAN RETURNED TO HELENA WHILE TSAR AFRON WENT RIDING ON THE HORSE WITH THE GOLDEN MANE.

IVAN WILL SOON THINK OF ME.



YES, I AM CHANGING BACK INTO ...





AFTER SOME TIME —



I AM VERY TIRED.
LET US
REST FOR
A WHILE.

VERY
WELL!

THE LONG JOURNEY HAD EXHAUSTED THEM AND
SOON BOTH OF THEM WERE FAST ASLEEP.

BROTHER, LOOK! IT IS
IVAN AND HE HAS GOT
THE FIREBIRD...

... AND ALSO
A MAGNIFICENT HORSE
AND A BEAUTIFUL
PRINCESS.



FATHER WILL
SURELY MAKE
HIM HIS HEIR
NOW!

NOT WHILE
I LIVE!



IVAN!!

WHEN HE CAME AROUND IVAN
COULD NOT REMEMBER
ANYTHING. HE HAD LOST HIS
MEMORY.

WHO
AM
I?



HE BEGAN TO WANDER
AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE.
THEN ONE DAY —

I... I THINK
I KNOW THAT
ANIMAL. IT...
IT'S...



... GREYWOLF!
NOW I REMEMBER
EVERYTHING.

GET UP ON
MY BACK
IVAN, WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH
TIME.



GREYWOLF TOOK IVAN TO HIS FATHER'S KINGDOM.
AS THEY NEARED THE PALACE —

THE WHOLE
KINGDOM SEEMS
TO BE
REJOICING.

TODAY VASSILY
WILL MARRY THE
PRINCESS
HELENA BY FORCE.
YOU MUST STOP
THE MARRIAGE
AND SAVE HER.

IVAN RUSHED INTO THE PALACE.

IVAN, MY SON!
I AM SO HAPPY
TO SEE YOU!

IVAN! IT'S
TIME YOU TOLD
YOUR FATHER ABOUT
YOUR BROTHERS' MISDEEDS!
I COULD NOT, AS THEY
NEVER LET ME TALK
TO HIM.

WHAT IS SHE
TALKING ABOUT?
TELL ME THE TRUTH,
IVAN!

YES,
FATHER

AND IVAN TOLD HIS FATHER EVERYTHING.

THE TSAR FLEW INTO A RAGE.

YOU RASCALS! YOU
TWO ARE BANISHED
FROM MY KINGDOM!

IVAN, YOU
WILL HELP ME
RULE AND YOU
WILL MARRY
PRINCESS HELENA.

THANK YOU
FATHER. BUT
FIRST LET ME
BRING IN
A VERY TRUE
FRIEND.

GREYWOLF!
GREYWOLF!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

BUT GREYWOLF HAD GONE
BACK TO HIS HOME, THE
WOODS, TO BE OF HELP TO
OTHER TRAVELLERS.

YOUNG FROST LEARNS A LESSON

A folktale from the Soviet Union

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

YOUNG FROST WAS A BRAGGART WHO THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HIMSELF—

HEH HEH! THERE IS NO ONE IN THE WORLD AS POWERFUL AS ME.



AH! A FAT, WELL-FED NOBLE-MAN. I'LL PLAY A PRANK ON HIM.



YOU CAN WRAP YOURSELF IN FURS, MY FRIEND, BUT IT WON'T SAVE YOU...HEE HEE.



YEOW! IT'S C...C...COLD

IT'S F...F..FREEZING. CO... CO.. COACHMAN, DRIVE FASTER!



OOH! OOH!

HE'S HAD ENOUGH.



I HAVE CHILLED
HIM TO HIS BONES
... HEE HEE HEE!



YOUNG FROST FLEW TO HIS FATHER—

YAHOO! LOOK AT ME, FATHER!
I'M SO STRONG. I JUST FROZE A
BIG FAT NOBLEMAN. YOU COULD
NEVER DO IT, BUT I DID IT!
I DID IT!



DON'T BRAG SO
MUCH, MY SON. DO YOU
SEE THAT SKINNY WOOD-
CUTTER OVER THERE?
GO AND TRY TO
FREEZE HIM!



HAH! I'LL
FREEZE HIM IN
A FLASH, SEE IF
I DON'T!



YOUNG FROST BEGAN TO HARASS THE
WOODCUTTER. HE FLEW UP AND
TICKLED HIS NOSE...



... THEN HE FLEW
DOWN AND NIPPED
HIS FEET. ...

BRR... IT'S COLD.
I'LL CHOP FASTER
TO WARM UP.



YOUNG FROST TRIED HARD TO FREEZE THE WOOD-CUTTER. HE CREPT UNDER HIS COLLAR AND TICKLED HIS NECK.

CHOP CHOP

BUT IT WAS OF NO USE.

THE HARDER YOUNG FROST TRIED, THE FASTER THE WOOD-CUTTER SWUNG HIS AXE. FINALLY—

PHEW! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL HOT ... LET ME TAKE OFF MY GLOVES.

THIS IS MY CHANCE!

I'LL HIDE IN HIS GLOVES. WON'T HE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE PUTS THEM ON!

WELL, I'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TODAY. I'LL BE OFF NOW.

EH! MY GLOVES HAVE BECOME AS HARD AS STEEL WITH THE COLD.

AND WHEN YOU PUT THEM ON, THEY'LL FREEZE YOUR HANDS ... HEE HEE HEE.



BUT
I'LL SOFTEN
THEM!



HEY,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING...
OOOH...
AAAH!

THUMP

THUMP

THE WOODCUTTER POUNDED THE
GLOVES AND SOON YOUNG FROST
WAS BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE.



PHEW! I'M
OFF! HE'S A
TERROR, THIS
FELLOW.

ZZIP



YOUNG FROST FLEW BACK TO HIS FATHER.

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
SON? YOU LOOK
ALL SHAKEN UP!

OOH! AAH!
I'M COMPLETELY
WINDED, TRYING
TO FREEZE THAT
WOODCUTTER.



I HOPE THIS WILL
CURE YOU OF
YOUR HABIT OF
BOASTING.



BELIEVE ME, SON.
NOTHING GOOD CAN
EVER COME OUT OF
BRAGGING.

YOUNG FROST DID NOT ANSWER.
HE HAD LEARNT HIS
LESSON THE HARD WAY.

THE FLYING SHIP

A Russian Folktale

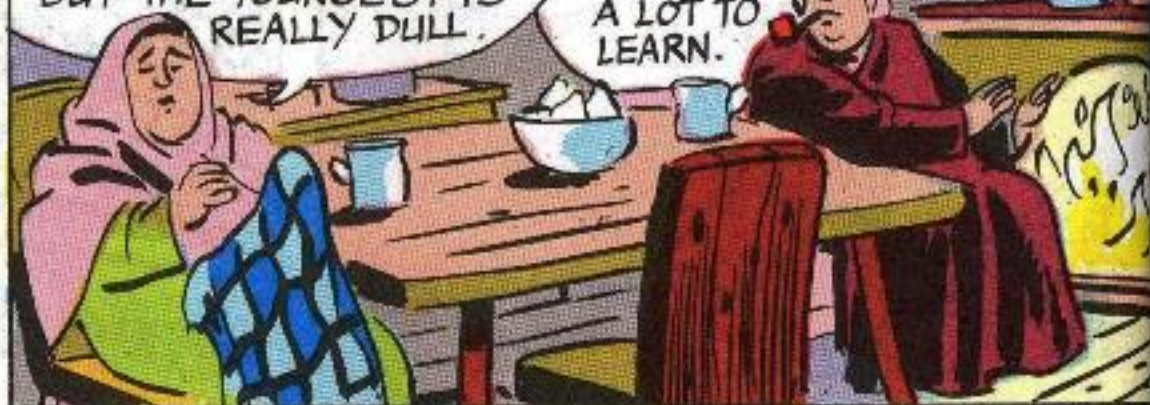
Script:
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED AN OLD PEASANT WITH HIS WIFE AND THREE SONS.

OUR TWO OLDER SONS ARE SMART AND CLEVER, BUT THE YOUNGEST IS REALLY DULL.

OH! HE'S STILL YOUNG. HE'S GOT A LOT TO LEARN.



ONE DAY THE TSAR'S CRIER CAME WITH THE NEWS—

HEAR! HEAR! THE TSAR WILL MARRY HIS DAUGHTER TO THE MAN WHO WILL BRING HIM A FLYING SHIP.



ALL THE YOUNG MEN WERE EXCITED —

WE'LL GO AND TRY OUR LUCK.

WHY NOT!



HERE ARE SOME WHITE ROLLS, SWEETS AND A LARGE BOTTLE OF WINE. FAREWELL!

MOTHER, CAN I GO TOO?



DON'T BE STUPID! THE WOLVES WILL EAT YOU UP.

BUT I DO WANT TO GO.



TO HUMOUR HIM, HIS MOTHER GAVE HIM SOME DRY RUSKS AND A FLASK OF WATER.

HE WON'T GET VERY FAR. HE WILL BE BACK IN A DAY OR TWO, I'M SURE.



THANK YOU, MOTHER. NOW I CAN GO AND TRY MY LUCK TOO.

HIS MOTHER THOUGHT HE WAS PRETENDING, BUT IVAN, THE YOUNGEST BOY, WAS EARNEST. SOON —

WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, YOUNG MAN?

THE TSAR HAS PROMISED TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER TO THE MAN WHO WILL BRING HIM A FLYING SHIP.





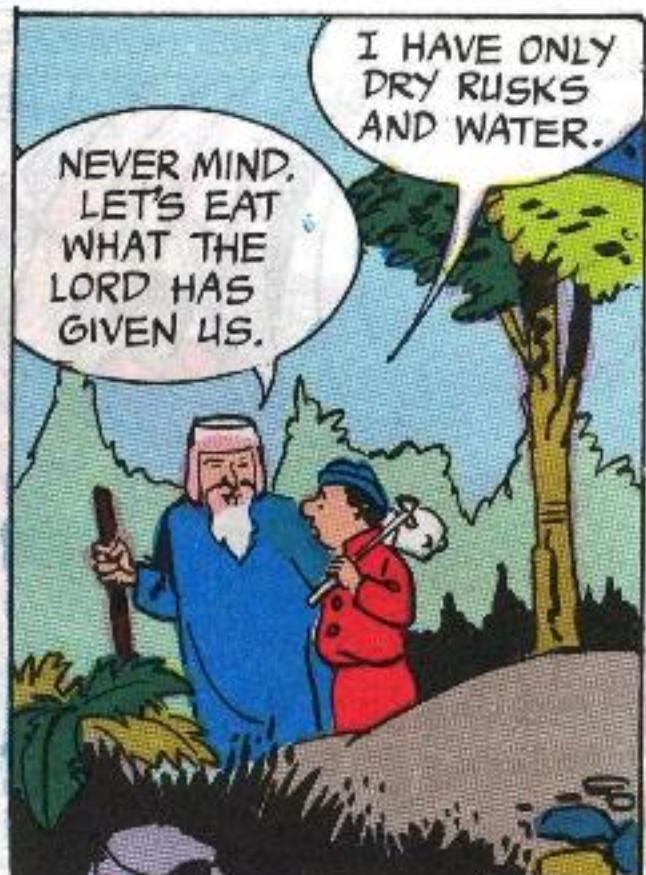
BUT DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET A FLYING SHIP?

NO! BUT I AM GOING BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING SO.



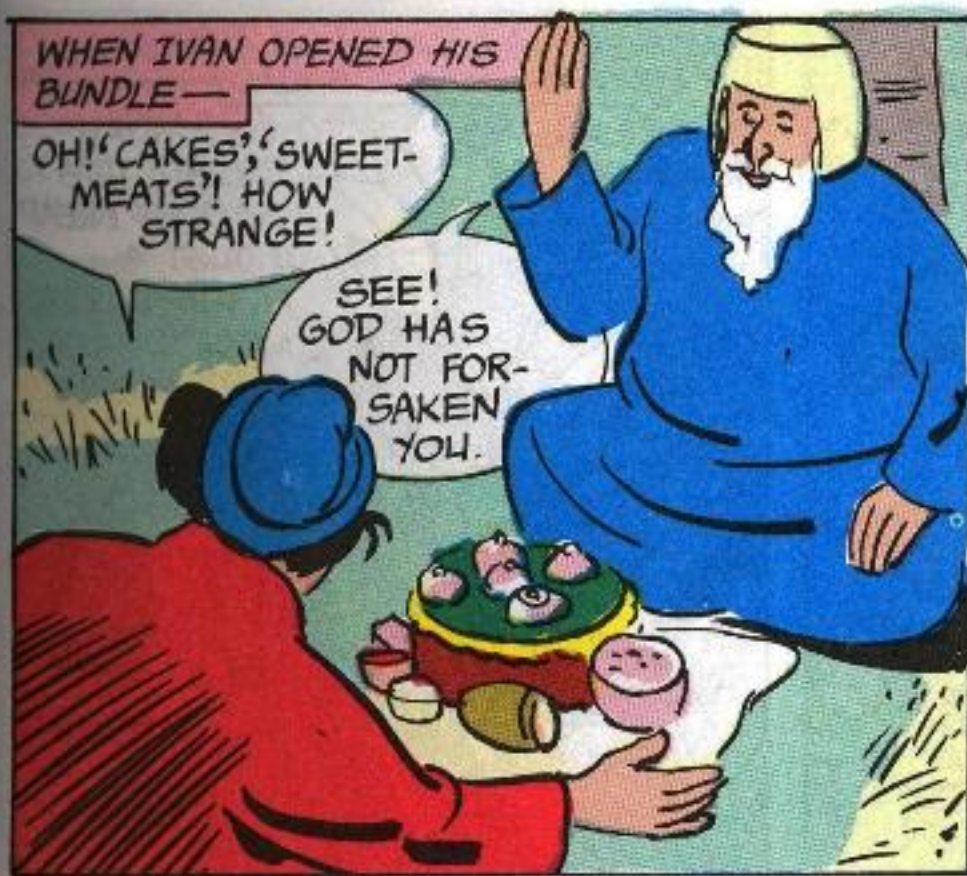
LET'S REST A WHILE AND SHARE OUR FOOD.

I'LL GLADLY SHARE MY FOOD WITH YOU BUT IT'S VERY POOR FARE...



NEVER MIND, LET'S EAT WHAT THE LORD HAS GIVEN US.

I HAVE ONLY DRY RUSKS AND WATER.



WHEN IVAN OPENED HIS BUNDLE —

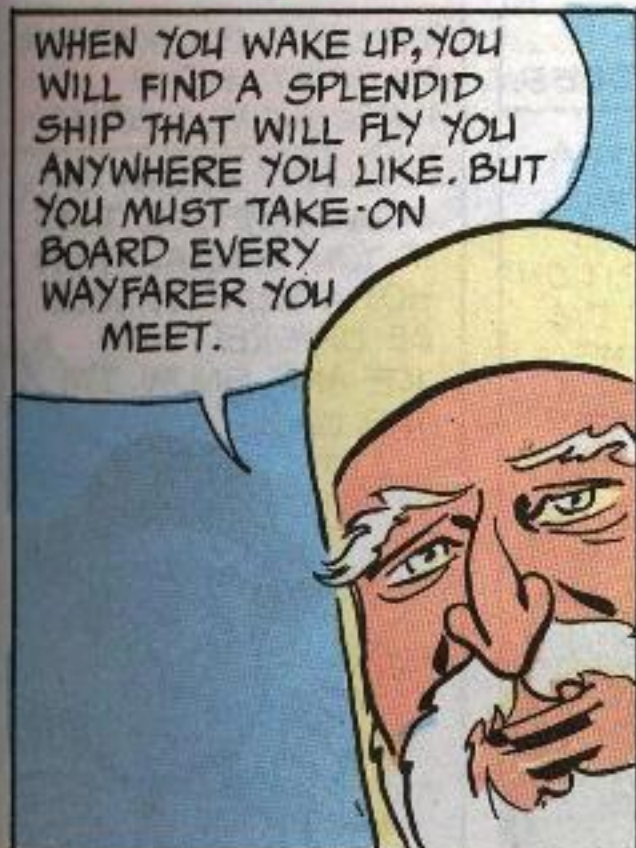
OH! 'CAKES', 'SWEET-MEATS'! HOW STRANGE!

SEE! GOD HAS NOT FORSAKEN YOU.



AFTER THEY HAD EATEN A HEARTY MEAL —

NOW GO TO THE FOREST, APPROACH THE FIRST TREE YOU SEE, CROSS YOURSELF THrice AND STRIKE THE TREE WITH AN AXE. THEN LIE DOWN AND SLEEP.



WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU WILL FIND A SPLENDID SHIP THAT WILL FLY YOU ANYWHERE YOU LIKE. BUT YOU MUST TAKE ON BOARD EVERY WAYFARER YOU MEET.



IVAN DID EXACTLY AS HE WAS TOLD AND SURE ENOUGH —

THE OLD MAN'S WORDS HAVE COME TRUE. HOW WONDERFUL!

IVAN SET OFF IN HIS WONDERFUL SHIP—



HEY! WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

I AM SHARP
EARS. I AM
LISTENING TO
WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE
UNDERWORLD.

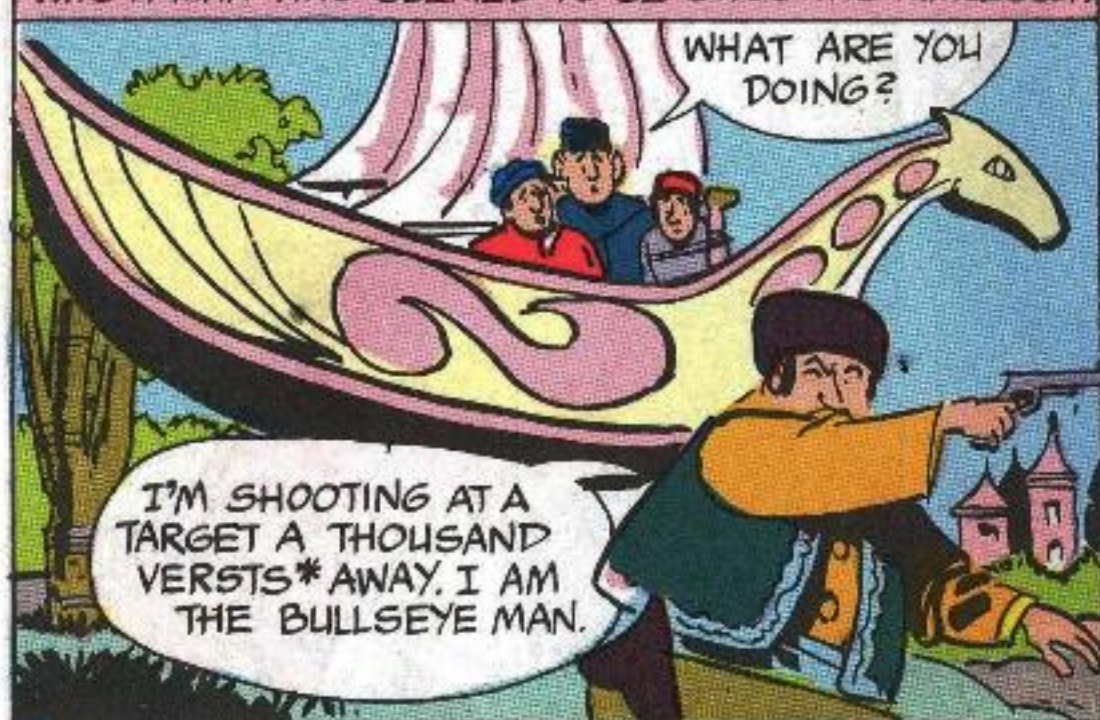
IVAN INVITED THE MAN TO JOIN HIM AND
THEY SAILED ON. SUDDENLY—



HEY! WHY HAVE
YOU TIED YOUR
LEG TO YOUR
CHEST?

I CAN'T UNTIE
MY LEG. IF I DO
I WOULD GO
ACROSS THE WORLD
IN ONE STRIDE. I'M
GIANT STEPS.

AS HE WENT AHEAD IN HIS FLYING SHIP IVAN MET AND
TOOK WITH HIM MANY UNUSUAL PASSENGERS. THERE
WAS A MAN WHO SEEMED TO BE SHOOTING AIMLESSLY.



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

I'M SHOOTING AT A
TARGET A THOUSAND
VERSTS* AWAY. I AM
THE BULLSEYE MAN.

ANOTHER WAS CARRYING A SACKFUL
OF LOAVES ON HIS BACK.



WHERE ARE YOU
RUSHING TO?

TO GET MORE
BREAD. THIS
SACK OF BREAD
IS JUST A
MOUTHFUL FOR
ME. I'M A REAL
GORGER.

THE 'GORGER' WAS TAKEN ON BOARD,
AS WELL AS THE NEXT TRAVELLER.



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
AT THE
LAKE?

I'M GOING TO DRINK
IT UP. IT WILL BE
JUST A GULP FOR ME.
MY NAME IS BIBBER.

LATER THEY SAW A MAN
CARRYING A BUNDLE OF TWIGS.



WHAT A
STRANGE
LOOKING
BUNDLE
YOU'RE
CARRYING.

STRANGE, IS IT? A
WHOLE ARMY WILL
SPRING FROM IT.
IF YOU SPREAD IT ON
THE GROUND, I'M
CALLED THE
GENERAL.

THE LAST MAN IVAN TOOK
ON BOARD HAD A
MIRACULOUS BUNDLE
TOO.



MY STRAW IS
SO WONDERFUL THAT
IF YOU SPREAD IT ON
HOT GROUND IT WILL
BE COVERED WITH
ICE AND SNOW. I'M
THE COOL
CAT.

WHEN IVAN AND HIS COMPANIONS REACHED THE PALACE, THE TSAR WAS EATING HIS BREAKFAST.

YOUR MAJESTY, SOME YOUNG MEN HAVE ARRIVED IN A FLYING SHIP.



OH! NOBLE PRINCES! TO WOO MY DAUGHTER!

NO, YOUR MAJESTY! THEY ALL LOOK LIKE POOR PEASANTS!



OH, I CANNOT MARRY MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER TO A COMMONER! BUT THEY HAVE COME IN A FLYING SHIP! WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?

WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM TO PERFORM SOME IMPOSSIBLE TASKS.



GOOD IDEA! ASK THEM TO FETCH ME A FLASK OF THE WATER OF LIFE BEFORE I FINISH MY MEAL.



SEEING IVAN DISHEARTENED WHEN HE HEARD THE TSAR'S COMMAND, GIANT STEPS CONSOLED HIM.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL GO IN A TRICE AND GET IT.



GIANT STEPS SWIFTLY TRAVELLED ACROSS THE LAND AND SOON WAS ON HIS WAY BACK WITH THE WATER OF LIFE.

OH! THERE'S STILL TIME, I'LL REST A WHILE NEAR THIS WINDMILL.



SOON HE DOZED OFF. MEANWHILE IVAN AND HIS FRIENDS WERE IN A FRENZY OF ANXIETY.

WHERE COULD HE BE? WHY HAS HE NOT RETURNED?



SHARP EARS BENT DOWN.

HMM! I CAN HEAR HIS LOUD SNORES BY THE WINDMILL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EARTH.



NOW MR. BULLSEYE TOOK OVER.

I'LL FIRE MY GUN AND HIT THE WINDMILL.



THE NOISE WOKE GIANT STEPS.

OH DEAR! I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF. LET ME RUN BACK.



JUST AS THE TSAR WAS ABOUT TO GET UP FROM THE BREAKFAST TABLE —

HERE IT IS! THE WATER OF LIFE!



THE TSAR AND HIS MINISTER WERE IN A FIX.

THEY'VE DONE IT!

NEVER MIND! LET'S SET THEM ANOTHER TASK. I'LL SEND THEM A THOUSAND LOAVES OF BREAD AND 50 BARRELS OF WINE WHICH THEY HAVE TO CONSUME IN ONE HOUR!



SOON—

THE TSAR HAS ORDERED YOU TO FINISH THIS MEAL IN AN HOUR.



ALL THIS? WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FINISH IT IN A MONTH, LET ALONE AN HOUR.



THE GOBBLER NUGGED IVAN.

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME, HAVEN'T YOU? ALL THIS WILL BE JUST A LIGHT SNACK FOR ME.



AS THE GOBBLER BEGAN TO POLISH OFF THE FOOD, THE BIBBER SAID—

AND ALL THIS WINE WILL BARELY QUENCH MY THIRST.



SOON— YOUR MAJESTY, THEY'VE FINISHED ALL THE FOOD AND DRINK IN JUST TEN MINUTES.



WE'LL HAVE TO DO AWAY WITH THEM SOMEHOW.

THE CUNNING MINISTER CAME UP WITH ANOTHER PLAN—

THE TSAR HAS AGREED TO YOUR ALLIANCE, BUT YOU MUST HAVE A ROYAL BATH FOR THE CEREMONY TOMORROW.



IVAN AND HIS MEN WERE LED TO THE IRON BATH-HOUSE WHICH HAD BEEN HEATED TO RED HEAT.

OH! IT'S SO HOT! WE CAN'T EVEN STEP IN.

WAIT! LET ME GO IN FIRST.



IT WAS COOL CAT WITH HIS MAGICAL BUNDLE OF STRAW.

THERE! THE ENTIRE BATH-HOUSE WILL SOON BECOME ICE COLD. WE'LL SIT NEAR THE STOVE AND WAIT.



NEXT MORNING, THE MINISTER WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THEM HALE AND HEARTY.

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN BURNT TO A CINDER.

OHH!



QUICKLY HE RECOVERED HIS WITS—

YOU MUST COME FOR THE WEDDING CEREMONY WITH A COMPLETE BATTALION OF SOLDIERS. THAT'S THE FINAL CONDITION.



THE MINISTER GAILY WENT TO REPORT TO THE TSAR.

THEY SURVIVED THE BATH-HOUSE ORDEAL. BUT I'VE GIVEN THEM AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK. THEY MUST PRODUCE A BATTALION OF SOLDIERS.



HOW CLEVER OF YOU! THEY CAN NEVER PRODUCE AN INSTANT ARMY!



IVAN THOUGHT SO TOO—

NOW I'M STUCK! WE MIGHT AS WELL FLY BACK HOME!

DON'T GIVE UP. WE ARE ALL WITH YOU!



HAH! EIGHT OF US DON'T MAKE A BATTALION EVEN BY THE WILDEST STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY MIRACULOUS TWIGS.



QUICKLY THE FRIENDS SPREAD THE TWIGS IN THE WOODS NEAR BY. NEXT MORNING—

SOLDIERS! QUICK MARCH!



AT LAST THE TSAR AND THE MINISTER GAVE IN—

THIS MAN IS INDEED EXTRAORDINARY!

HE CAN DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE COULD DO WONDERS FOR OUR KINGDOM.



AND SO IVAN WAS MARRIED TO THE PRINCESS AMID GREAT POMP AND CEREMONY.



WITH HIS FLYING SHIP AND HIS WONDERFUL FRIENDS, HE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

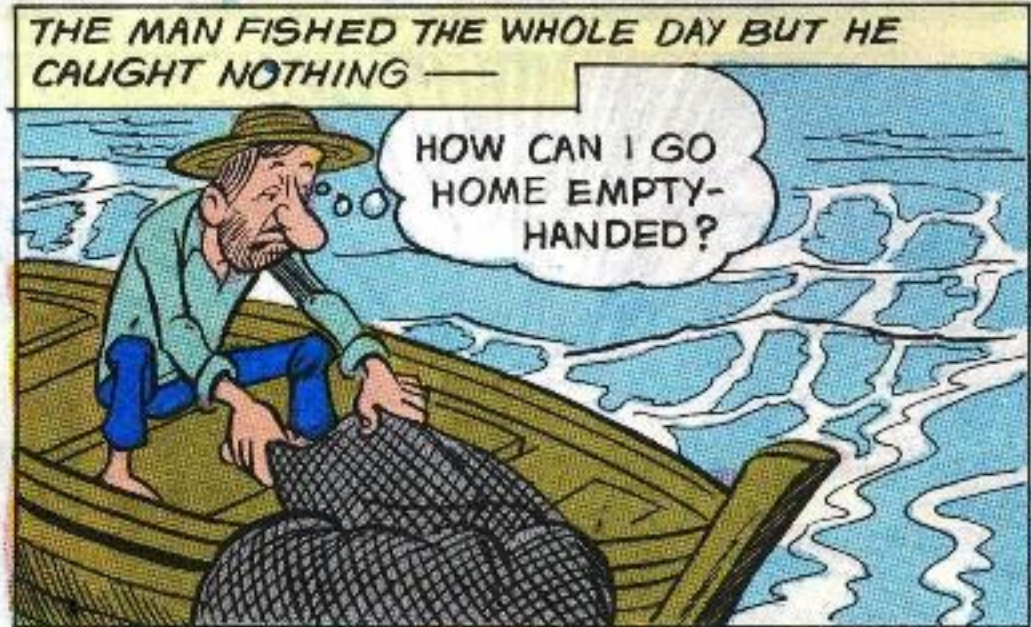
THE GREEDY FISHERMAN

A Russian Folktale

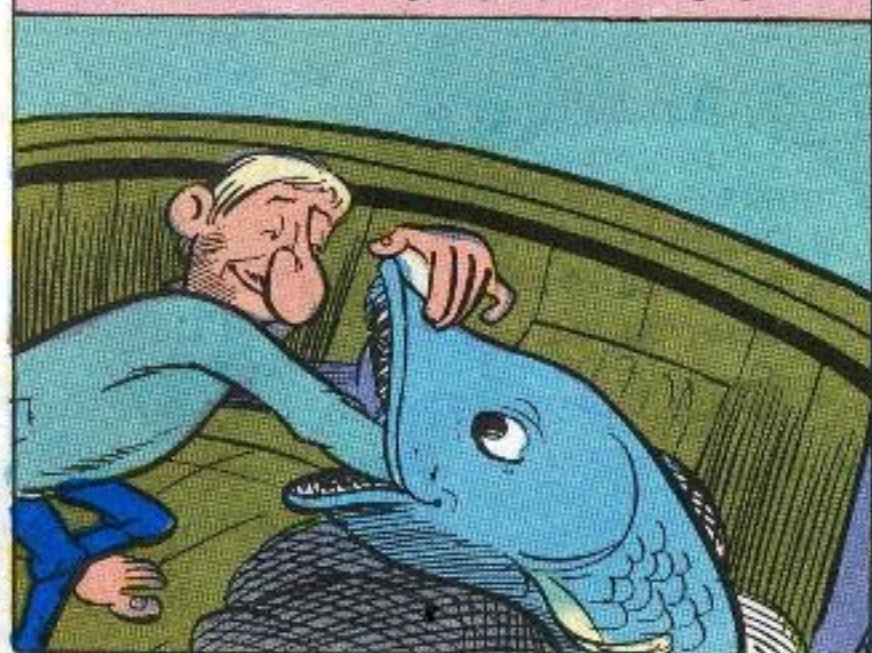
Script: Luis Fernandes

Illustrations: Ajit Vasaiakar

THERE WERE ONCE TWO BROTHERS, THE OLDER ONE WAS VERY RICH AND THE YOUNGER, VERY POOR. ONE DAY—



THE FISHERMAN DID AS HE WAS TOLD —



NOW THROW
THE RING
DOWN.



IT HAS CHANGED
INTO GOLD COINS!

TAKE
THEM. NOW YOUR
FAMILY WILL
NEVER BE HUNGRY
AGAIN.



THE MAN THANKED THE FISH,
LOWERED IT INTO THE WATER
AND BUNDLING THE GOLD
COINS IN HIS SHIRT, RUSHED
HOME —



IT WAS NOT LONG
BEFORE NEWS OF
THE YOUNGER
BROTHER'S
PROSPERITY
REACHED THE EARS
OF THE OLDER
BROTHER —

HOW DID HE
BECOME SO
RICH, SO
QUICKLY?

WHY DON'T YOU
GO AND ASK HIM?

YES. I'LL
DO THAT.



SO THE ELDER BROTHER WENT TO
THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S HOUSE —

HOW I
MISSED
YOU!

SO MANY TIMES I
THOUGHT OF VISITING
YOU BUT YOU KNOW
HOW BUSY I
AM.



TELL ME, BROTHER,
HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE
SO MUCH WEALTH
SO QUICKLY?



HIS BROTHER TOLD HIM —

... AND THE RING
CHANGED INTO A HEAP
OF GOLD COINS...



... I
GATHERED
THEM AND...

SEE YOU
LATER,
BROTHER.



THE ELDER BROTHER BOUGHT A BOAT AND A FISHING NET
AND WENT FISHING —



HE FISHED ALL DAY BUT CAUGHT NOTHING. ON HIS LAST TRY, HOWEVER...



... HE CAUGHT A FISH. IT WAS THE SAME FISH THAT HIS BROTHER HAD CAUGHT.

PLEASE
LET ME GO.

I WILL.
IF YOU GIVE ME
THE RING YOU
GAVE MY
BROTHER.



YOUR BROTHER
WAS POOR.
YOU ARE
ALREADY RICH.

I WANT TO BE
RICHER THAN
HIM.



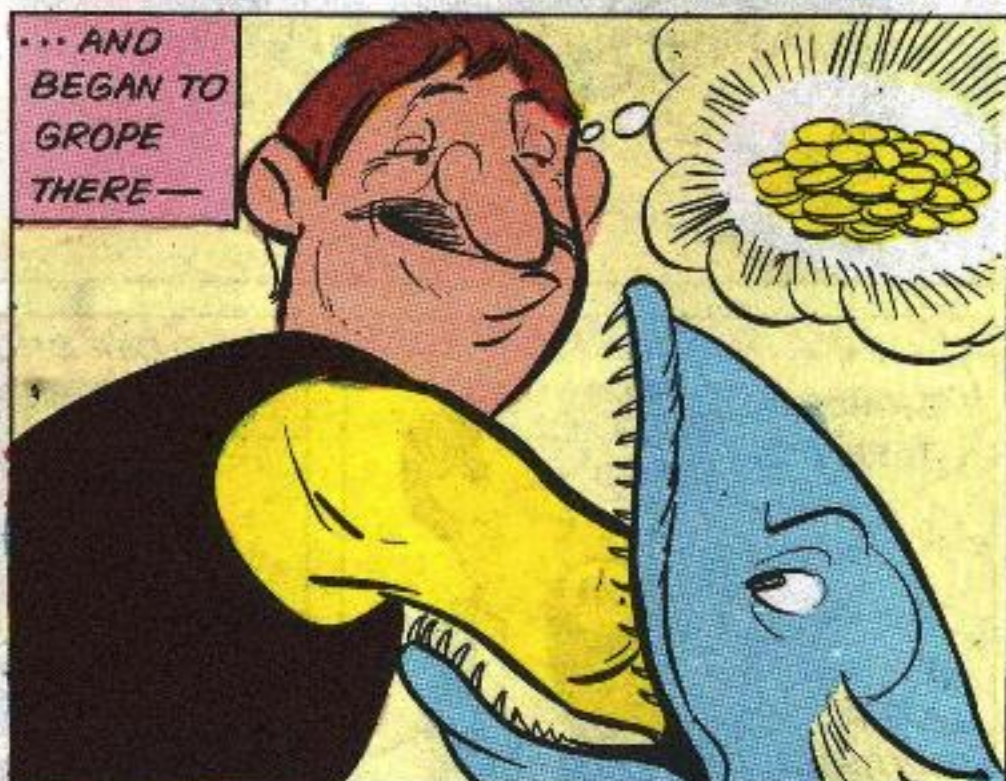
NOW GIVE ME THE
RING OR I'LL TAKE
YOU HOME AND
FRY YOU.

OPEN YOUR
MOUTH!



THE MAN FORCED HIS ARM
DEEP INTO THE FISH'S MOUTH ...

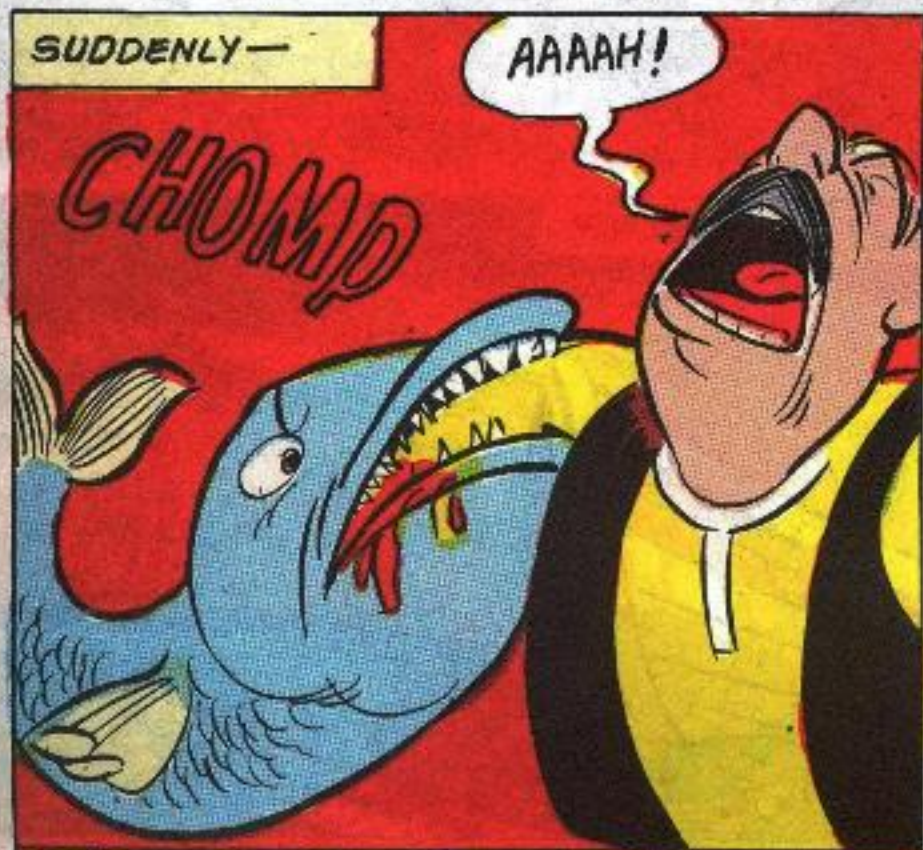
... AND
BEGAN TO
GROPE
THERE—



SUDDENLY—

AAAAH!

CHOMP



THE FISH LEAPED INTO THE WATER AND SWAM
AWAY AND THE MAN WHO HAD COME IN SEARCH
OF GOLD...



... HAD A HARD TIME ROWING HOME WITH
ONLY ONE ARM.

A STORY OF FOOLS

Readers' Choice

Based on a folktale from Russia
sent by :

V.P. Anil Kumar,
Door No. 156, Behind Check Post,
Vidyanagar, T. Dasarahalli,
Bangalore-560 057.

Illustrations : Savio Mascarenhas

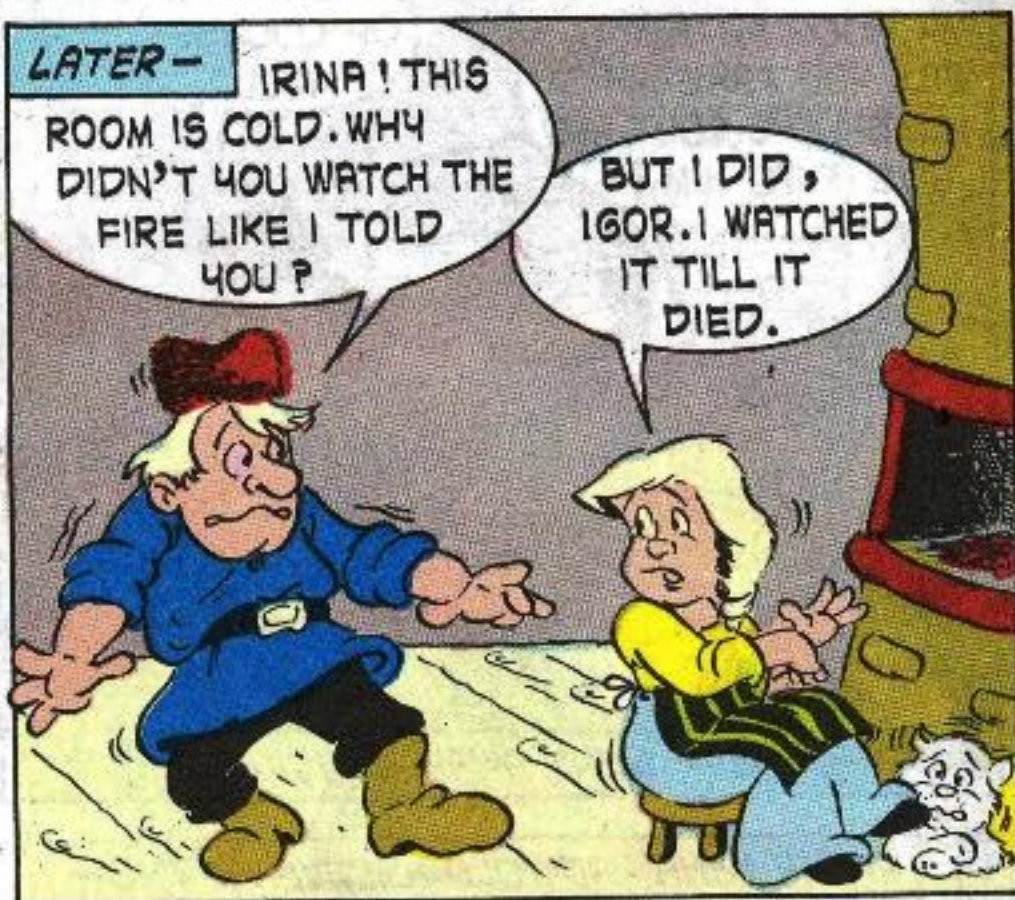
IGOR, A WOODCUTTER, AND HIS WIFE IRINA, LIVED NEAR A FOREST. ONE DAY—



LATER—

IRINA! THIS ROOM IS COLD. WHY DIDN'T YOU WATCH THE FIRE LIKE I TOLD YOU?

BUT I DID, IGOR. I WATCHED IT TILL IT DIED.



IGOR STOMPED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

YOU FOOLISH WOMAN! NOW LIGHT THE FIRE AGAIN WHILE I GO AND CUT SOME WOOD.



A STRANGER PASSING BY WATCHED THIS SCENE.

FOOLISH, IS SHE? THEN I'LL TRICK HER INTO PARTING WITH THAT COAT HANGING ON THE PEG.

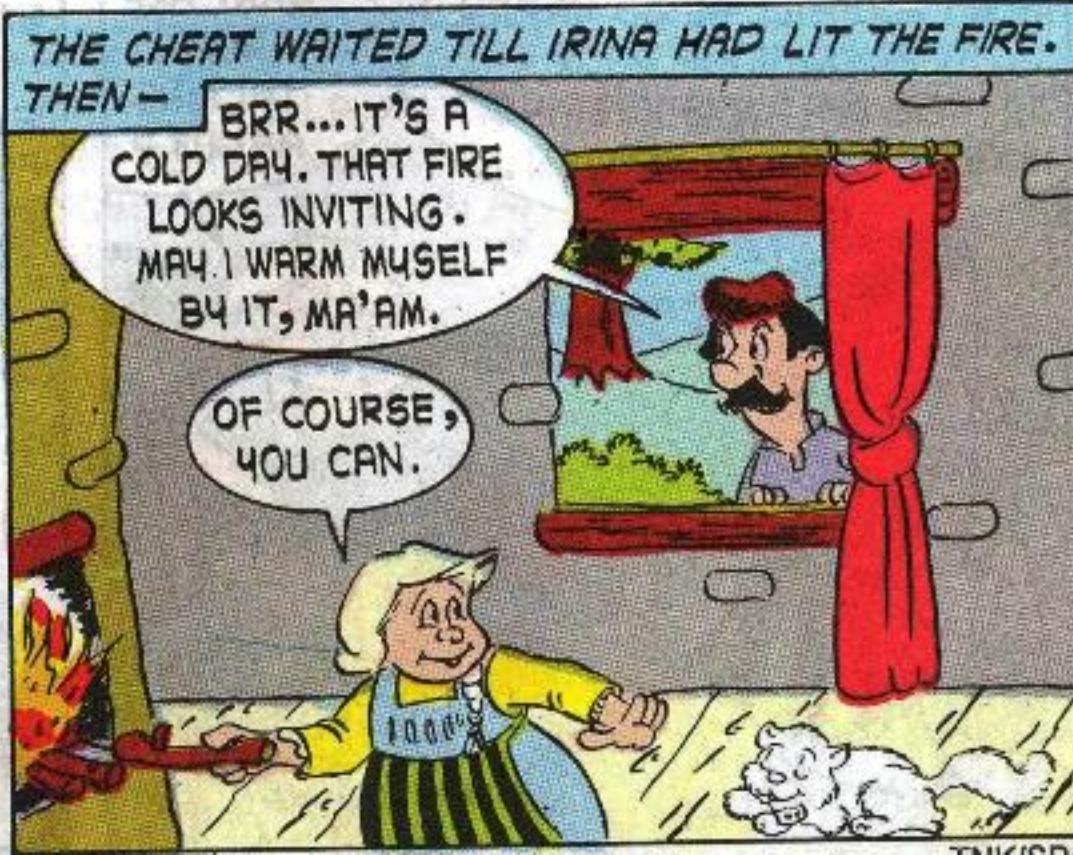


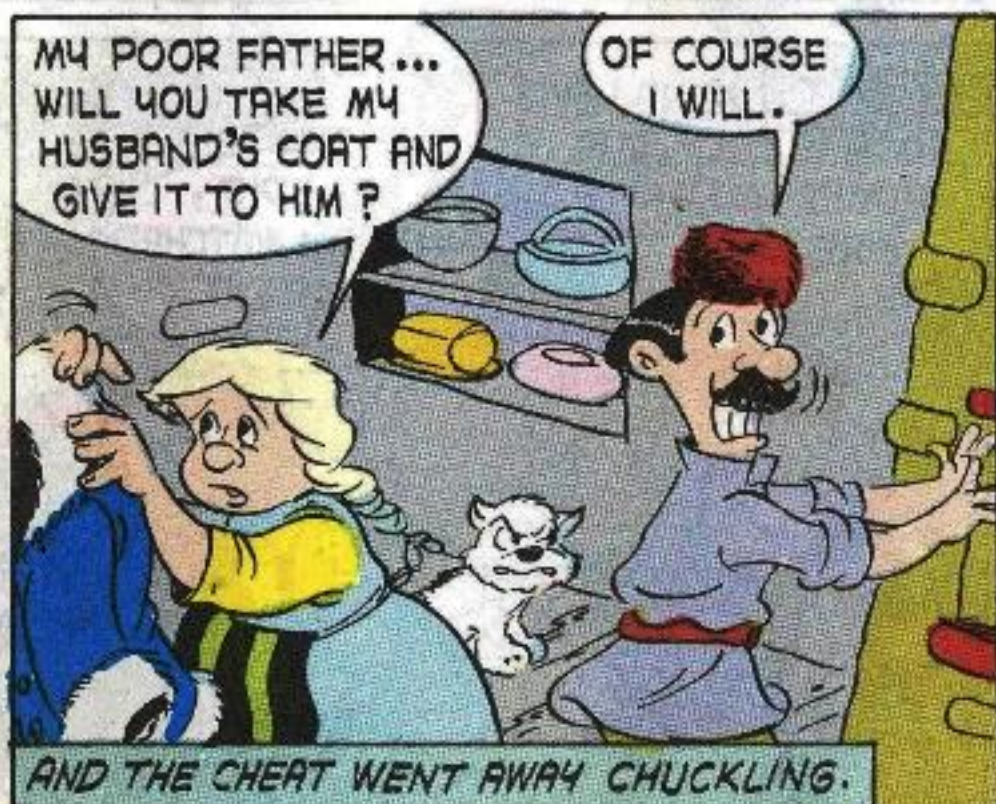
THE STRANGER WAS A CHEAT AND A TRICKSTER.

THE CHEAT WAITED TILL IRINA HAD LIT THE FIRE. THEN—

BRR...IT'S A COLD DAY. THAT FIRE LOOKS INVITING. MAY I WARM MYSELF BY IT, MA'AM.

OF COURSE, YOU CAN.





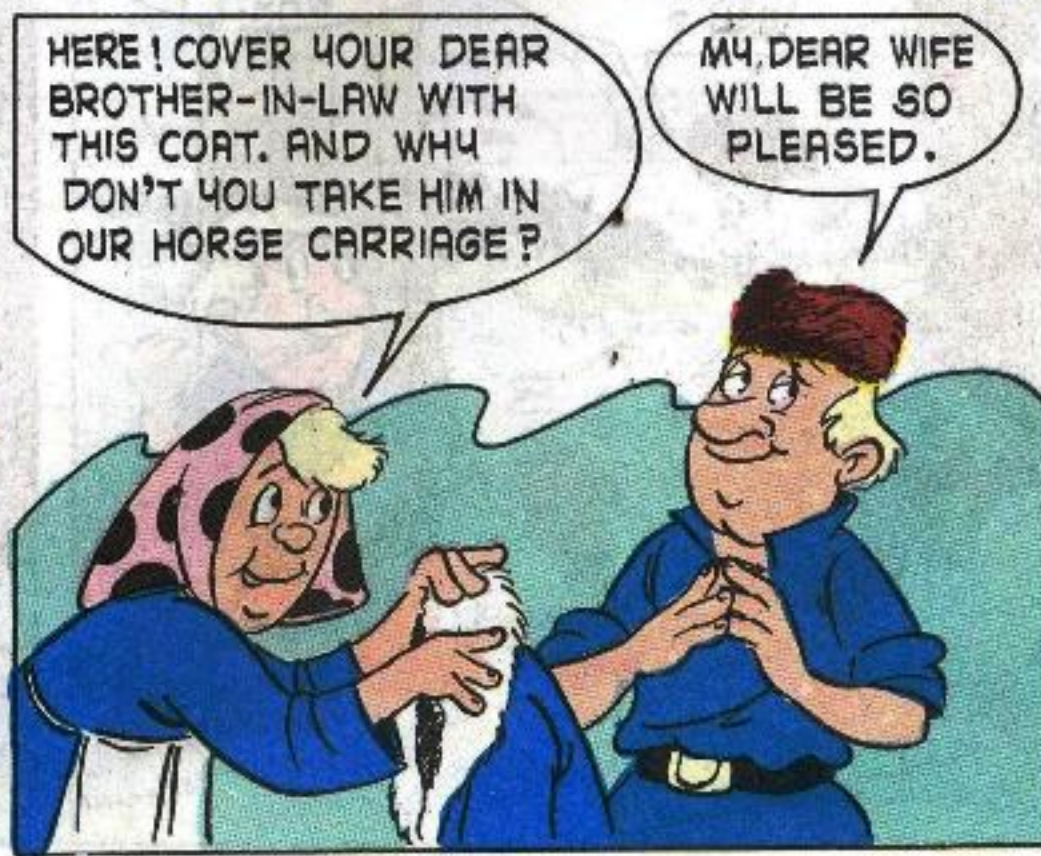
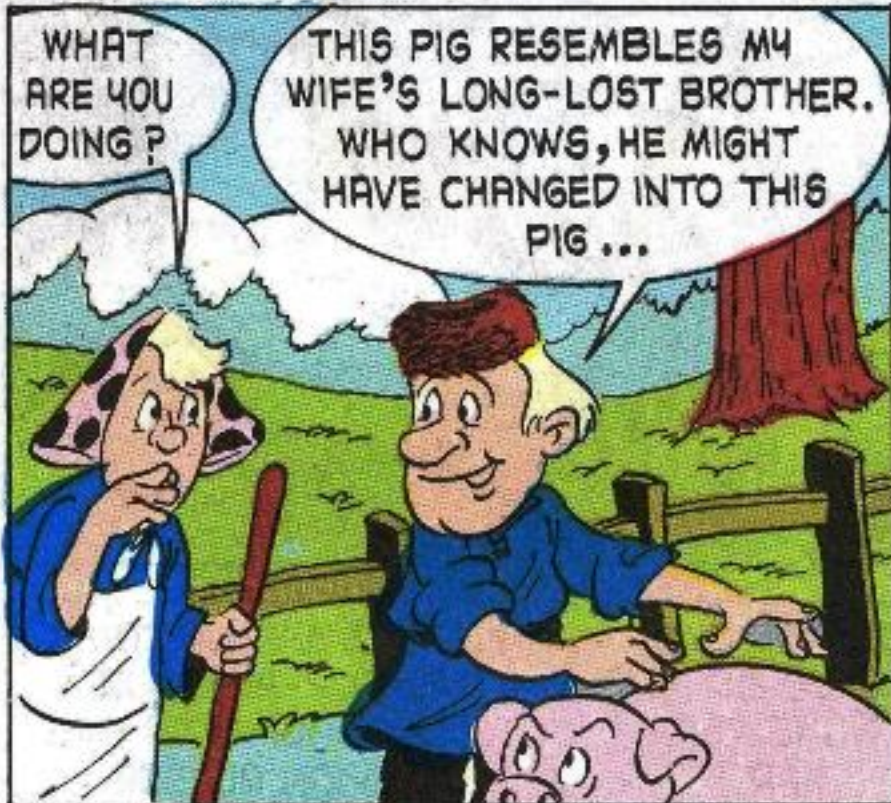
IGOR WENT IN SEARCH OF THE CHEAT. HE TRUDGED ON TILL HE CAME TO A FARMHOUSE.

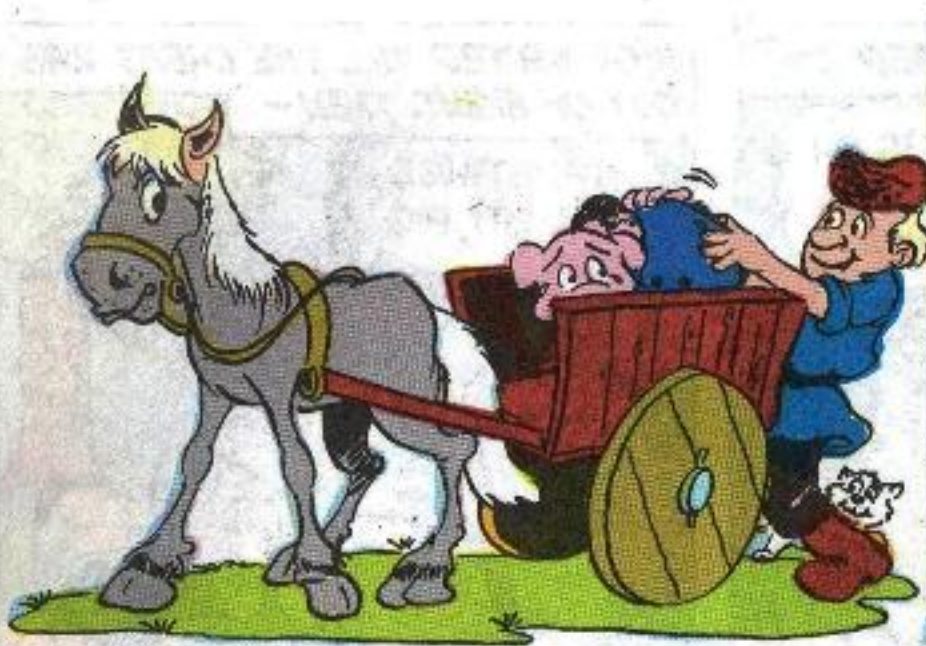
HERE, WIFE, KEEP MY COAT INSIDE. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

THAT'S MY COAT, YOU ROGUE.

IGOR WAITED TILL THE CHEAT WAS OUT OF SIGHT. THEN—

GREETINGS, O GREAT PIG!



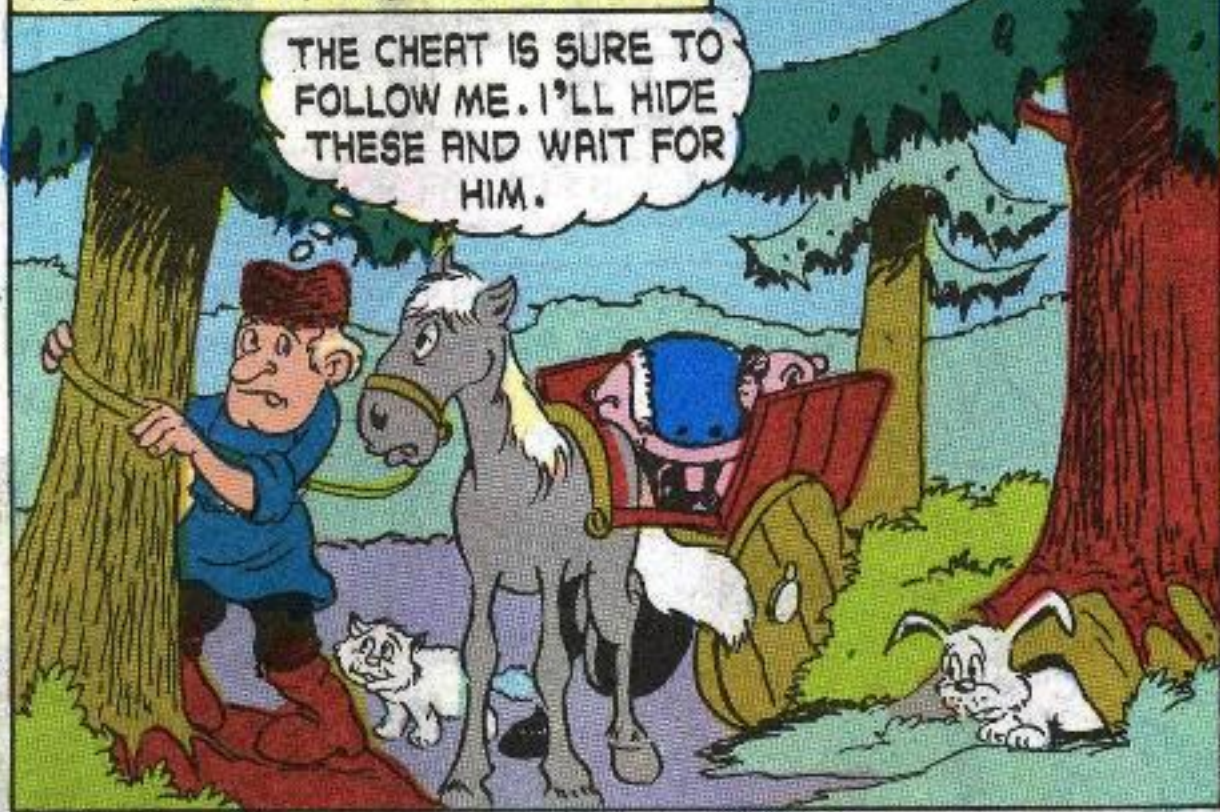


WHEN THE CHEAT HEARD THE STORY—

YOU FOOLISH WOMAN! YOU HAVE GIVEN HIM THE COAT, THE PIG AND THE HORSE CARRIAGE. I AM GOING TO GET THEM BACK, AND I SHAN'T COME BACK TILL I FIND A GREATER FOOL THAN YOU!



MEANWHILE IN THE FOREST—



SOON—

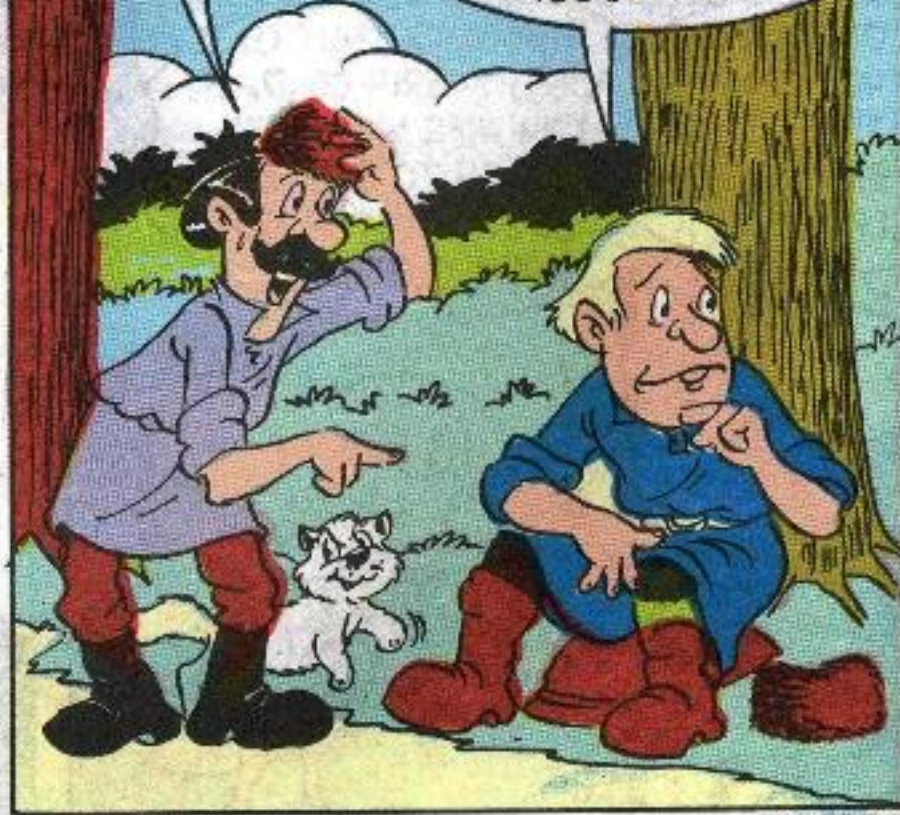
PUFF! PANT! GASP! HAVE YOU SEEN A MAN PASSING THIS WAY?

IN A CARRIAGE WITH A PIG INSIDE? HE WENT THAT WAY.

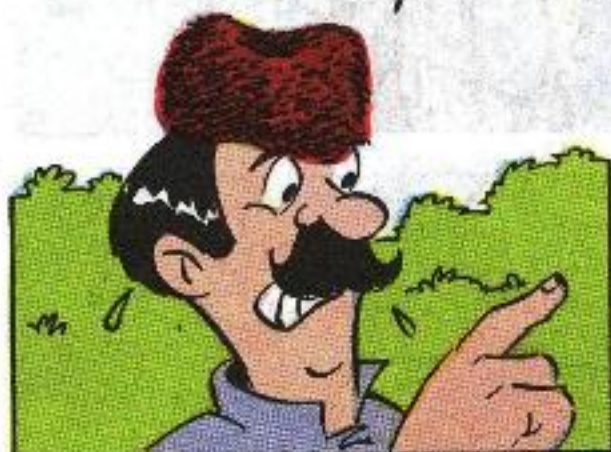


DO YOU THINK HE WOULD HAVE GONE VERY FAR?

WELL...IT SHOULD TAKE ME HALF-AN-HOUR TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, CHAMPION RUNNER THOUGH I AM.



CHAMPION RUNNER, ARE YOU?
THEN WILL YOU CATCH HIM
FOR ME? HE HAS STOLEN
MY COAT AND PIG AND
CARRIAGE. CATCH HIM AND
ONE OF THE THREE SHALL
BE YOURS.



BUT I CAN'T
LEAVE THIS
HAT HERE.

TAKE IT
WITH
YOU.



OH NO! I CAN'T DO THAT.
MY MASTER HAS TRAPPED
A GOLDEN BIRD UNDER IT
AND HAS WARNED ME NOT
TO LET IT GO. NOT EVEN IF
SOMEONE GAVE ME A GOLD
COIN.



HERE! TAKE FIVE
GOLD COINS AND
BE OFF.



I CAN GO HOME NOW!
I'VE FOUND A GREATER
FOOL THAN IRINA.

AND IGOR RACED HOME WITH THE PIG,
THE COAT AND THE CARRIAGE.

THE CHEAT SAT DOWN TO GUARD THE
HAT. A LITTLE WHILE LATER—

I'LL TAKE THE GOLDEN
BIRD AND PUT A
STONE IN ITS PLACE.



HE LIFTED THE HAT CAREFULLY—

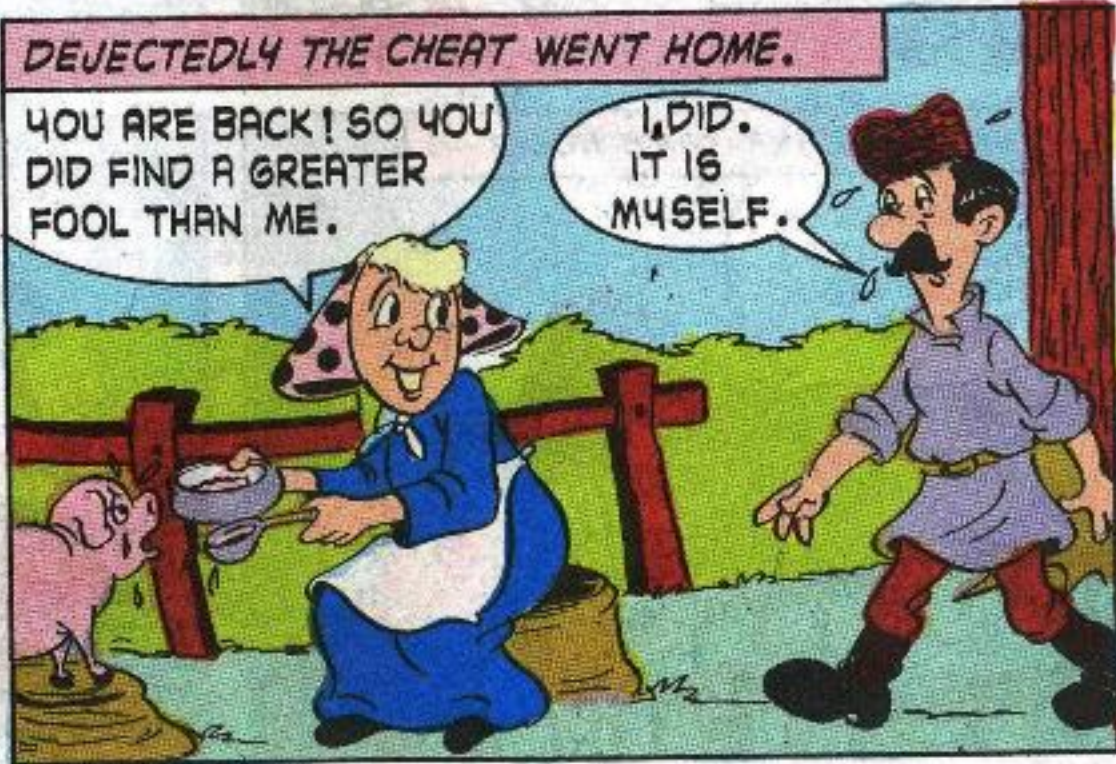


ULP! THERE'S NO
BIRD HERE. I'VE
BEEN TRICKED!

DEJECTEDLY THE CHEAT WENT HOME.

YOU ARE BACK! SO YOU
DID FIND A GREATER
FOOL THAN ME.

I DID.
IT IS
MYSELF.



NINOOKKA AND THE SWAN GEESE

Readers' Choice

Based on a Russian Folktale

Sent by : R. Ganesh,

LIC Colony, III Block East, Jayanagar,
Bangalore - 560 011.

Illustrations : Souren Roy

TEN-YEAR-OLD NINOOKKA LIVED WITH HER BABY BROTHER, SASHA AND HER PARENTS. ONE DAY —

NINOOKKA, YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING TO WORK. TAKE GOOD CARE OF SASHA AND I'LL BUY YOU A NEW KERCHIEF.

YES, MOTHER.

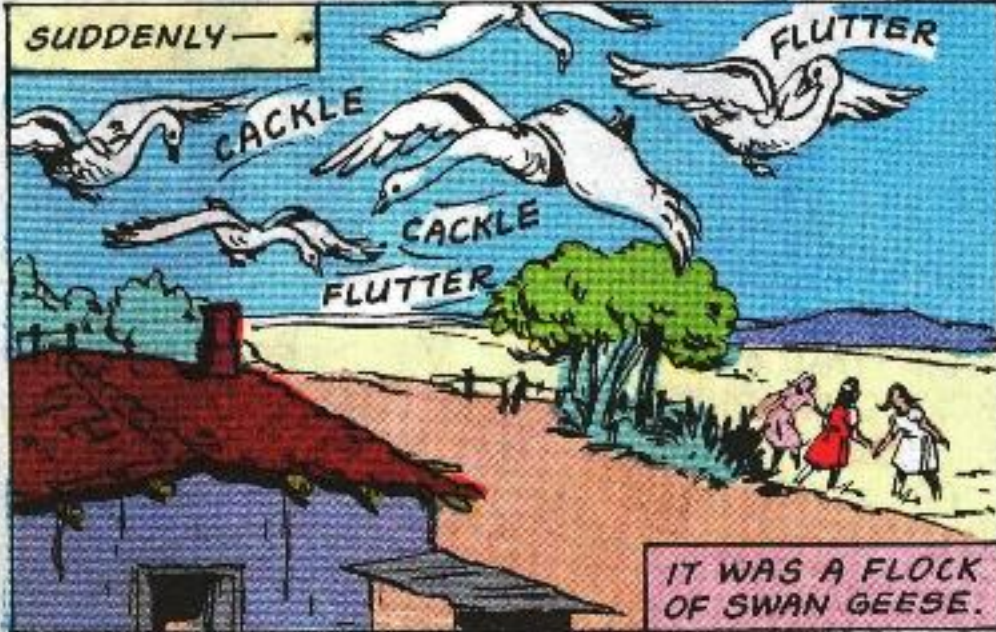


BUT NO SOONER HAD HER PARENTS LEFT —

SLEEP, LITTLE SASHA, WHILE I GO OUT AND PLAY WITH MY FRIENDS.



SUDDENLY —



IT WAS A FLOCK OF SWAN GEESE.

THEY SWOOPED DOWN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW —



... AND CARRIED LITTLE SASHA AWAY.



WHEN NINOOKKA CAME HOME —

OH, WHERE IS SASHA? I LEFT HIM IN HIS CRADLE.



THIS FEATHER... IT BELONGS TO THE SWAN GEESE. DEAR ME, SASHA HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY BY THEM. I MUST FIND HIM.



NINOOKKA HAD HEARD THE ELDERS TALK ABOUT THE WICKED SWAN GEESE WHO TOOK AWAY LITTLE CHILDREN.

SHE RAN AFTER THE BIRDS WHICH WERE NOW A DISTANT SPECK ON THE HORIZON. SHE CAME ACROSS A HILL.



NINCHKA RAN UP THE HILL TILL SHE REACHED AN APPLE TREE.

APPLE TREE, TELL ME WHERE THE SWAN GEESE HAVE FLOWN.

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE EATEN ONE OF MY WILD APPLES.



BUT AT HOME WE DON'T EVEN EAT GARDEN APPLES.

THEN I CANNOT TELL YOU.



THE LITTLE GIRL RAN ON DOWN THE HILL AND THROUGH SOME MEADOWS TILL SHE REACHED THE MILK RIVER WITH JELLY BANKS.

MILK RIVER, TELL ME WHERE THE SWAN GEESE HAVE FLOWN.

EAT SOME OF MY JELLY WITH MILK, THEN I'LL TELL YOU.



I CANNOT DO THAT. AT HOME WE DON'T EVEN EAT JELLY WITH CREAM.

THEN I CANNOT TELL YOU.



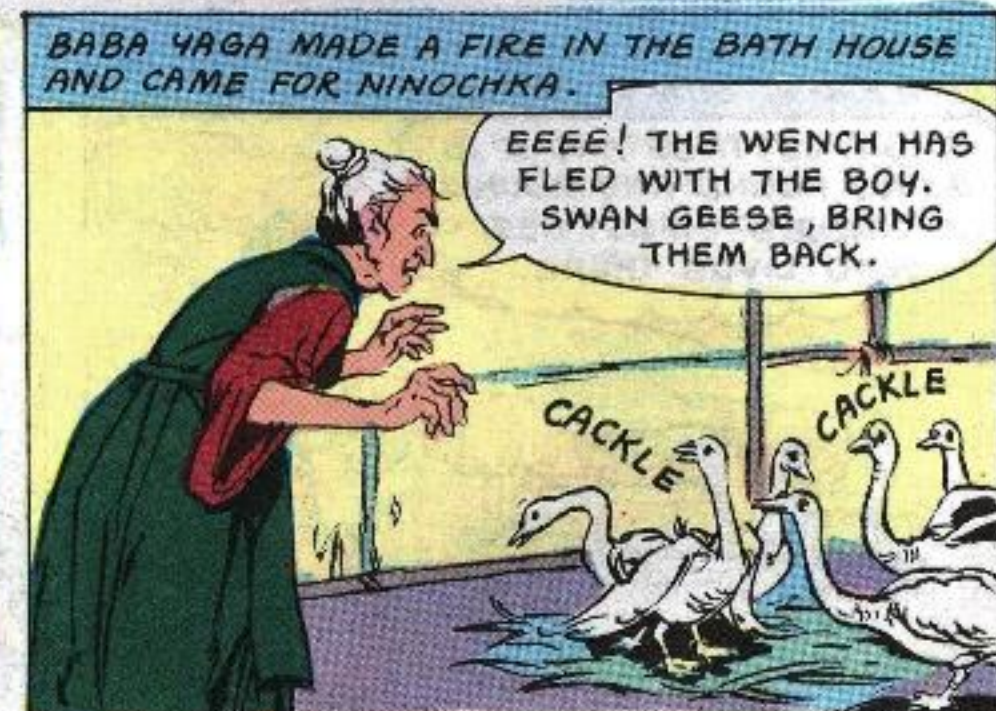
THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO SET WHEN THE LITTLE GIRL SAW SOMETHING FAR AWAY.

IT IS A COTTAGE AND IT IS GOING ROUND AND ROUND IN CIRCLES. I MUST SEE WHO LIVES THERE.



IT'S A LITTLE OLD LADY AND SHE IS SPINNING YARN SO BUSILY. AND THERE IS SASHA PLAYING WITH GOLDEN APPLES.





NINOOKKA SAW THE SWAN GEESE JUST AS SHE REACHED THE MILK RIVER.

MILK RIVER,
HIDE ME.

YOU MUST
FIRST EAT SOME
OF MY PLAIN
FRUIT JELLY.

NINOOKKA DID AND THE MILK RIVER HID HER
AND SASHA.

I HOPE THEY RETURN
HOME AND DON'T
LOOK FOR ME.

WHEN THE SWAN GEESE HAD GONE BACK —

I MUST RUN FASTER
PUFF... PANT... SASHA,
YOU ARE HEAVY.

SUDDENLY —

— CACKLE —

CACKLE

OH! THEY
ARE COMING BACK.
APPLE TREE,
PLEASE HIDE
ME.

EAT ONE OF
MY WILD APPLES
AND I WILL HIDE
YOU.

NINOOKKA ATE A WILD APPLE AND THE TREE
HID HER IN ITS BRANCHES.

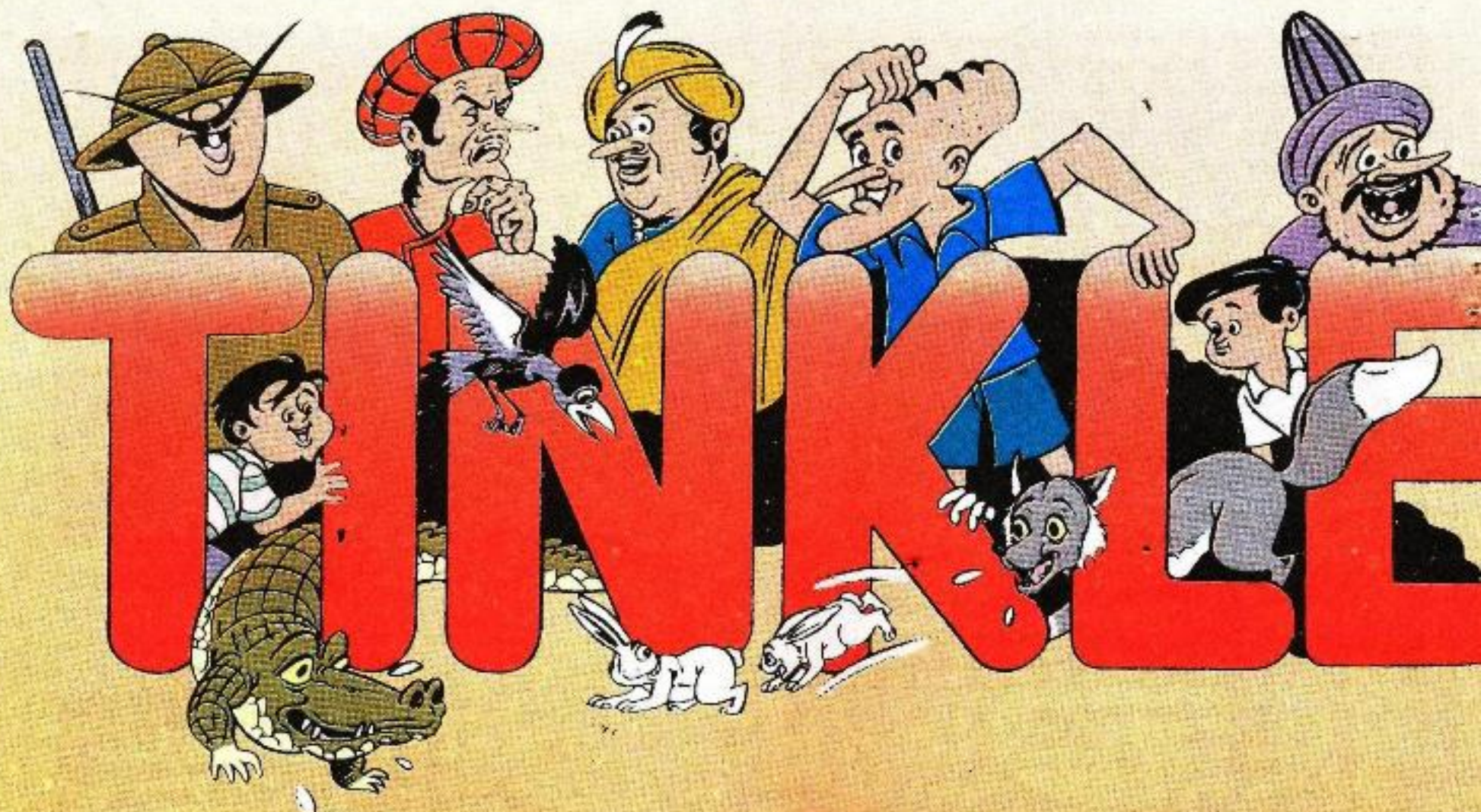
HUSH, SASHA.
DON'T MAKE A
SOUND. LET THE
SWAN GEESE
GO.

WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR NINOOKKA SET
OFF ONCE AGAIN. THE TWO CHILDREN REACHED
HOME JUST IN TIME.

HELLO, WE ARE HOME.

PHEW! THAT WAS
A CLOSE SHAVE.
I WILL NEVER
LEAVE SASHA
ALONE AGAIN.

YOU HAVE
LOOKED AFTER
SASHA WELL.
HERE IS THE
KERCHIEF
I PROMISED
YOU.



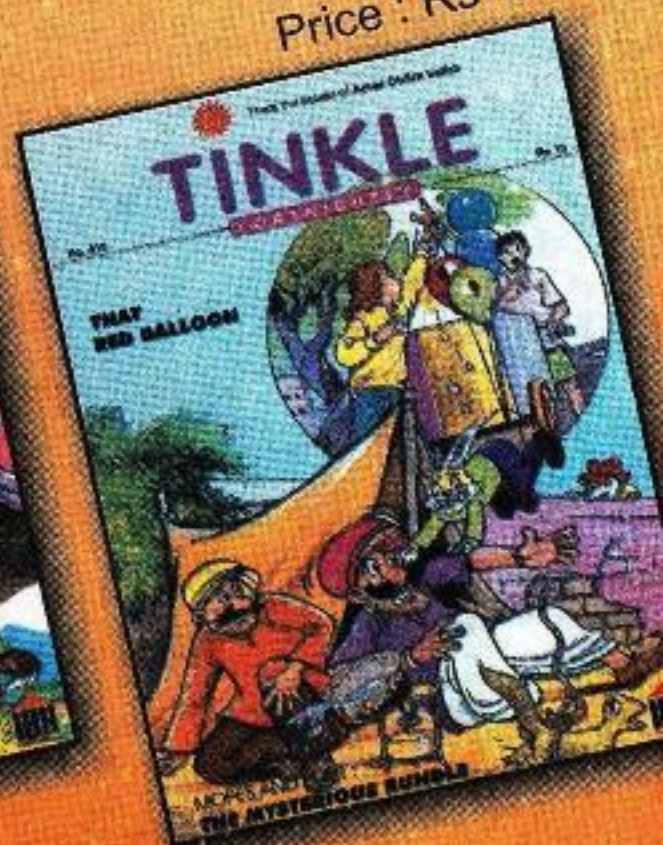
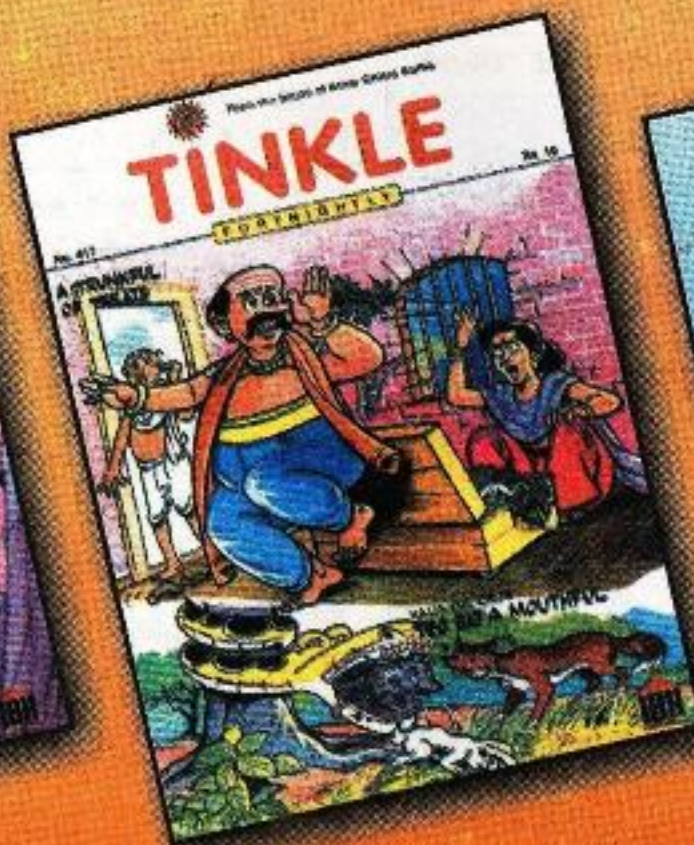
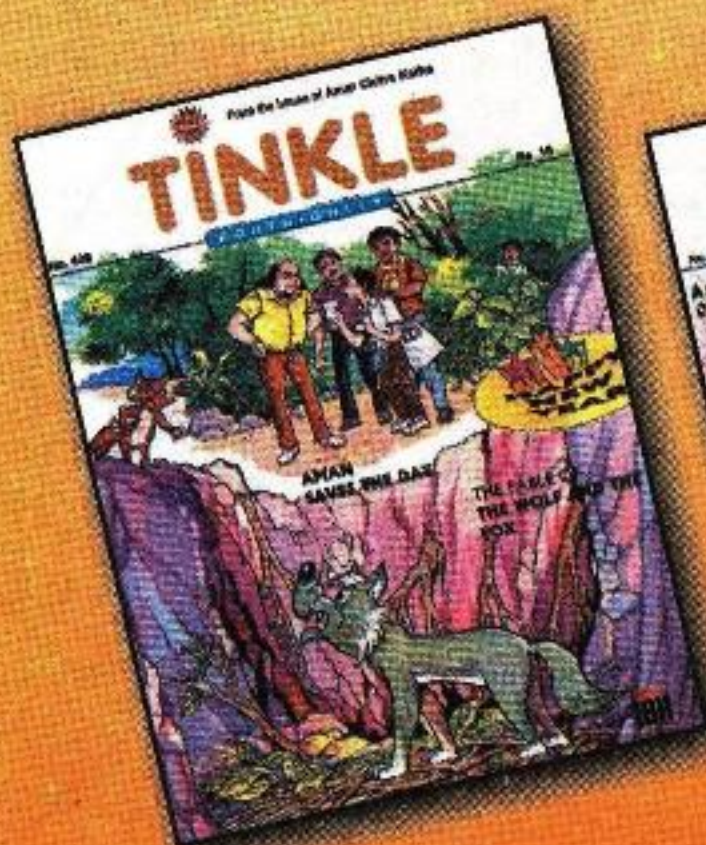
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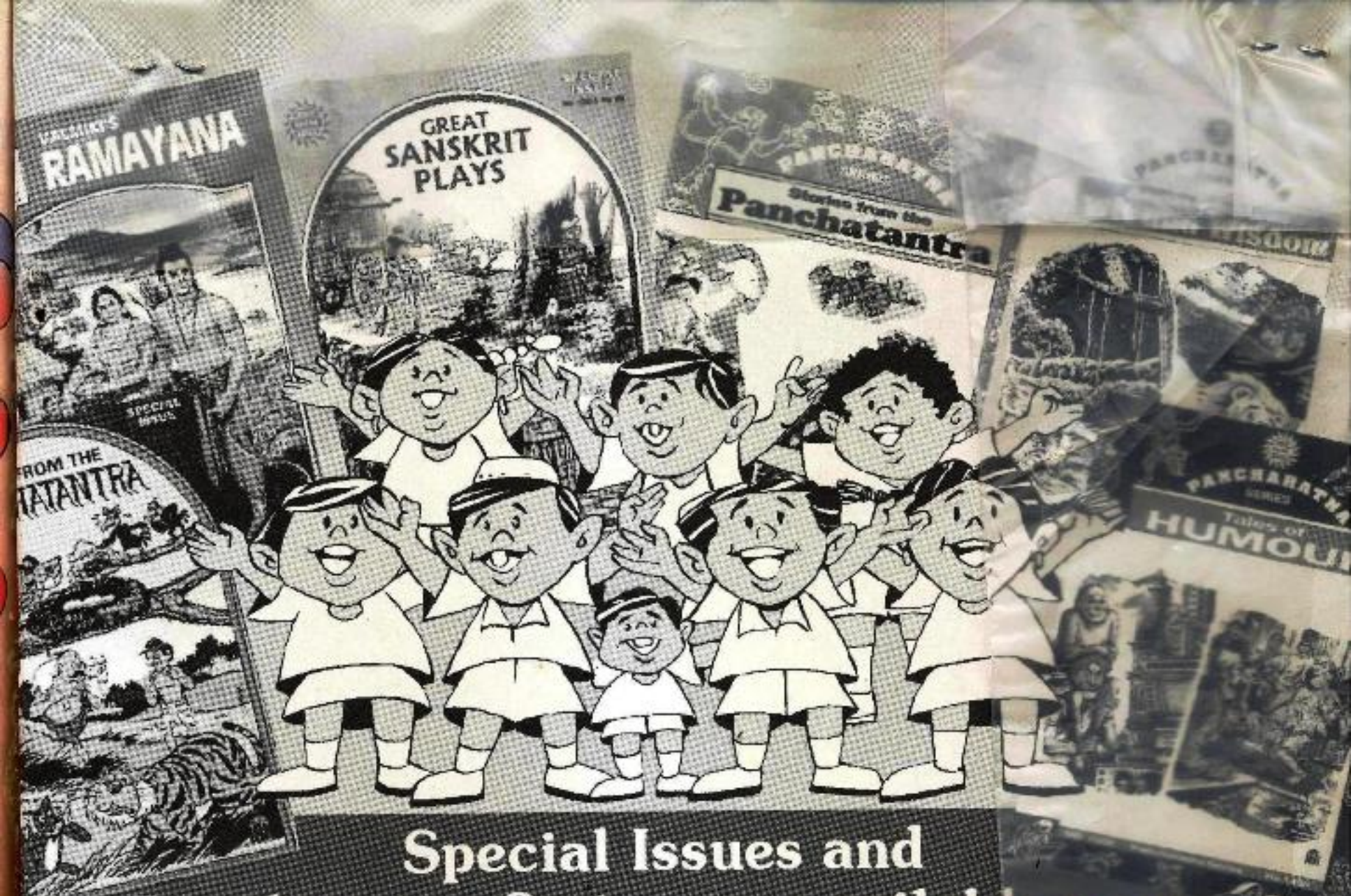
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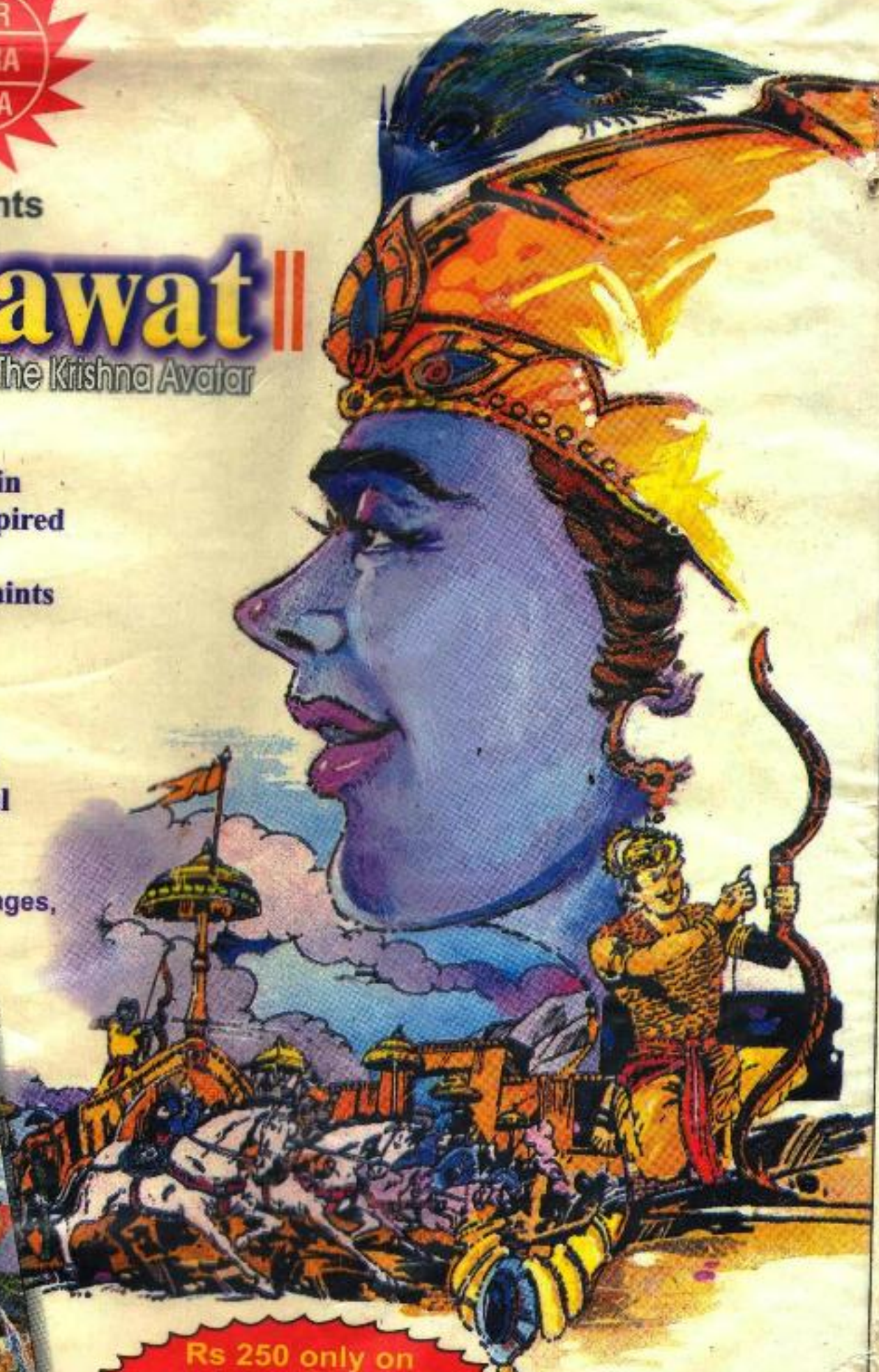
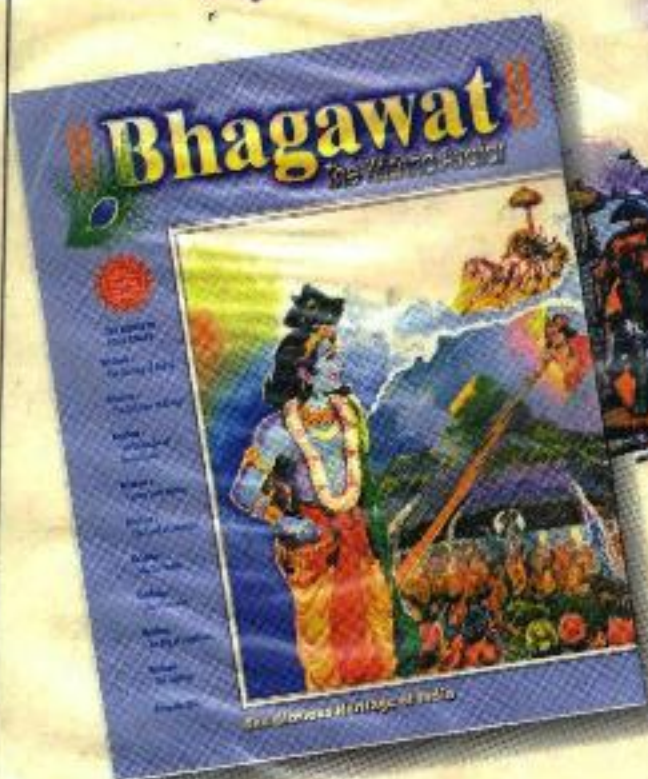
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