

T-7  
NO. 197

Rs. 6



THE FORTNIGHTLY  
FOR CHILDREN  
FROM THE HOUSE OF  
AMAR CHITRA KATHA

# TINKLE



THE SECRET  
LANGUAGE



THE SWORDSMAN  
(A Nasruddin Hodja Tale)



THE MAGIC  
PUMPKINS

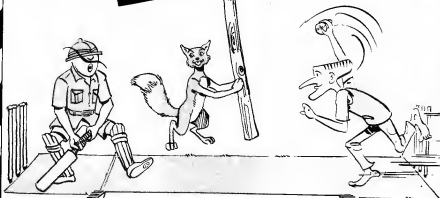
Scanned & Edited By  
Rajesh Kumar

WUROTKAS

IBH



**200 not out!**



**Yes! The 200th issue of  
Tinkle will hit the stands  
on 5th May 1990.**

**To celebrate the occasion Uncle Pai  
has organised a fabulous  
programme on May 1 1990 from  
9.30 A.M. to 12.30 P.M.**

**Venue: Birla Matushri Sabhagar  
19, Marine Lines, Bombay.**

**The show will consist of:**

- \* A Costume parade (Fancy Dress Competition (8-12 years))
- \* A Magic Show \* A Quiz contest.

**Two Camlin Flora pencils from Camlin Ltd. to all who attend.**

**A Dasan cycle from Das Bros. Engineering Co. will be presented  
to each of the best three participants in the costume parade.**

**There will be cash prizes and many consolation prizes for the winners.**

**So hurry up and collect your entry passes from:**



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**Children wishing to take part in  
the Costume Parade will have to  
register the item they wish to  
present at the office of  
India Book House Pvt. Ltd.**

**An attractive pencil box will be  
given free to all children who  
attend the function.**

**Admission  
Free!**

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March 20, 1990

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**Sub Editor: Adil Rangoonwalla • Art Superintendent: Chandrakant Rane  
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# THE MAGIC PUMPKINS

Readers'  
Choice

Based on a story sent by :  
Anita Sabat. A/348, Shahid Nagap  
Bhubaneswar

Illustrations : Ajit Vasaikar

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED IN RUSSIA TWO BROTHERS NAMED IVAN AND VASSILY. VASSILY WAS A SIMPLETON BUT IVAN WAS SHREWD AND CUNNING.

VASSILY, AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE TO SHARE THE LEGACY LEFT BY OUR FATHER.

YES (SNIFF).

SINCE I AM OLDER THAN YOU, I WILL TAKE THE HOUSE...

TH... THE HOUSE?

...AND YOU MAY HAVE OUR PET PIGEON.

THE P...PIGEON...

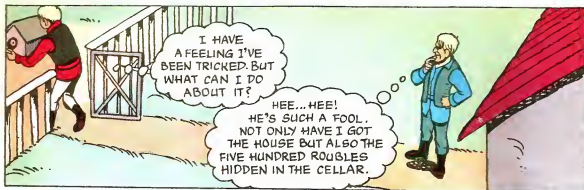
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A MAGIC PIGEON. SO YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF LUCK.

ISN'T THAT A FAIR DIVISION?

ER... I SUPPOSE SO...

NOW THIS HOUSE IS NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US. SO I SUGGEST YOU OCCUPY THE HUT ON THE EDGE OF OUR FIELD.

YES, BROTHER.



VASSILY TOOK GOOD CARE OF THE PIGEON. EVERY DAY HE WOULD LET IT OUT OF THE CAGE AND IN THE EVENING IT WOULD RETURN.



... BUT ONE DAY THE PIGEON FAILED TO COME BACK.



AND SURE ENOUGH AFTER A WEEK THE PIGEON WAS READY TO FLY—

GOOD LUCK,  
AND COME  
BACK  
SAFELY.

THE PIGEON SWIFTLY  
FLEW AWAY...

... AND RETURNED IN THE EVENING WITH  
A GIFT FOR VASSILY.

YOU'RE BACK.  
AND WHAT'S THAT  
YOU'VE BROUGHT?

IT LOOKS  
LIKE A PUMPKIN  
SEED.

I'LL PLANT IT IN  
THE GARDEN. I COULD  
DO WITH SOME  
FRESH PUMPKINS.

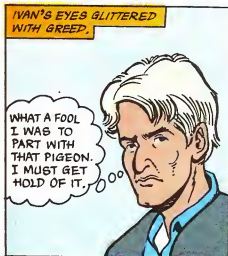
HOW SWIFTLY THE  
PLANT HAS GROWN.  
THE PUMPKINS ARE  
RIPE ALREADY.

OOF! IT'S  
HEAVY!

GOLD COINS! IT'S  
FULL OF GOLD COINS. SO THAT'S  
WHY IT WAS  
SO HEAVY!

HELLO,  
VASSILY...





IVAN TOOK THE PIGEON HOME—

IT'S UNLIKELY THAT YOU'LL BREAK YOUR WING AGAIN, MY FRIEND, SO I'LL HAVE TO DO IT FOR YOU.

IVAN BROKE THE PIGEON'S WING...

...AND PUT A SPLINT ON IT.

A WEEK LATER THE WING MENDED...

...AND IVAN LET THE PIGEON FLY AWAY.

HEE! HEE! I'LL SOON BE A RICH MAN! RICHER THAN EVEN THE CZAR.

AH! YOU'RE BACK! WHERE'S THE PUMPKIN SEED?

THERE... I'LL PLANT IT RIGHT AWAY!

IN A MONTH'S TIME THE PUMPKINS WILL GROW AND MAKE ME RICH.

WHEN THE PUMPKINS GREW BIG IVAN SWIFTLY PLUCKED ONE.

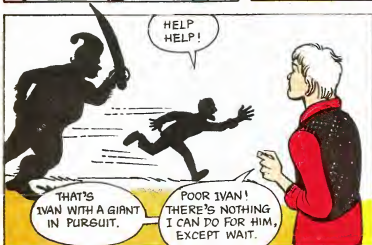
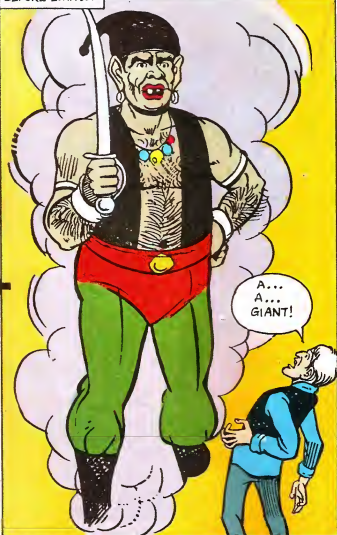
I CAN'T HEAR ANY GOLD COING INSIDE

PERHAPS THEY ARE TIGHTLY PACKED, THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T JINGLE.

IMPATIENT TO BECOME RICH, IVAN SLICED OPEN THE PUMPKIN. INSTANTLY THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH THICK SMOKE.

COUGH! COUGH! THERE WAS ONLY SMOKE INSIDE THE PUMPKIN... COUGH COUGH!

THE SMOKE SWIFTLY CONDENSED AND THERE STOOD BEFORE IVAN...



POOR IVAN! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR HIM, EXCEPT WAIT.

VASSILY WAITED AND WAITED BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF IVAN. FINALLY HE MOVED INTO THE HOUSE.





**IT  
HAPPENED  
TO ME....**

**A true-life incident, sent by  
Master Vishal Raheja of  
23, Blue Heaven, Off Carter Rd,  
Khar Danda, Bombay 400 052**

One Saturday afternoon my grandmother and I were having lunch. My father had gone to his office and my mother to the market, and so there was nobody else in the house.

Suddenly the door-bell rang and a tall man with my father's visiting card entered when I opened the door. He told me that my father had sent him to repair the VCR. I was surprised to hear this because our VCR had been purchased just two days ago and was working perfectly. The man told me that he would have to take the VCR to his workshop in order to repair it, since he did not have the necessary instruments with him. I realised that he was no mechanic, but a con-man.

Then all of a sudden, I heard the sound of a rickshaw near our house. Even though I did not know who was in the rickshaw,

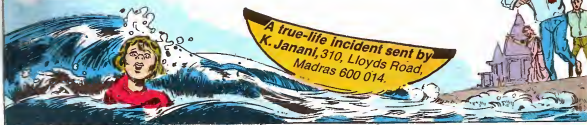
I told the crook that it was my father. Hearing this the con-man took to his heels and fled from the scene as fast as he could.

In this way I prevented our valuable VCR from being robbed.



Once I had gone to Kanyakumari along with my parents and grandparents. We went for a dip in the sea. I was enjoying the coolness of the water but suddenly a huge wave swept me deep into the sea.

My parents were aghast but just then another huge wave brought me safely back to the shore. My parents were overjoyed and later we all went to the temple to offer our thanks to the Goddess.



**A true-life incident sent by  
K. Janani, 310, Lloyds Road,  
Madras 600 014.**



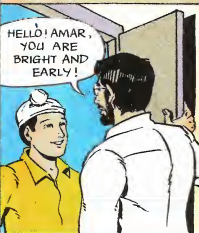
# ANU CLUB

## OFF TO A PICNIC

Script:  
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:  
Ramanand Bhagat

ON THE DAY OF THE PICNIC AMAR WAS THE FIRST TO REACH.



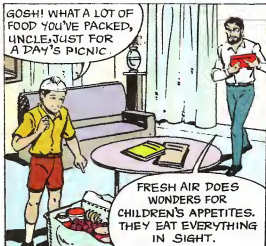
HELLO! AMAR, YOU ARE BRIGHT AND EARLY!

YES, UNCLE ANU, I WAS AFRAID THE OTHERS WOULD FORGET ABOUT ME. I'M SO NEW TO THE CLUB.



NOT ANY MORE! BUT GOOD YOU ARE HERE EARLY. COME HELP ME PACK THE HAMPER.

GOSH! WHAT A LOT OF FOOD YOU'VE PACKED, UNCLE, JUST FOR A DAY'S PICNIC.



FRESH AIR DOES WONDERS FOR CHILDREN'S APPETITES. THEY EAT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

SLOWLY THE OTHER MEMBERS BEGAN TO COLLECT THERE.



NOW ALL ARE HERE. HELLO, DEEPA, CHITRA, BHARAT, VIJAY.

ANAND, WHAT'S IN THE BIG BAG?

MY SURVIVAL KIT. I BROUGHT SOME SNACKS FOR AN EMERGENCY.

HEY, FATSO! ARE YOU GOING FOR A TRIP TO VIHAR LAKE OR PLANET VENUS?



BUT FOR VENUS HE'D HAVE A LIGHTER BAG OF DEHYDRATED FOOD.

WHY?

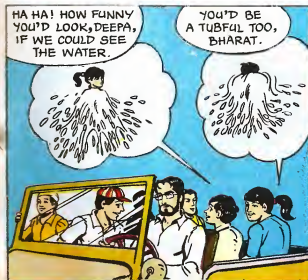
YES, BHARAT. DEHYDRATED FOOD WOULD TAKE UP LESS ROOM.



YOU SEE, WATER FORMS A LARGE PART OF MOST OF OUR FOOD.



AND ONCE THE WATER IS OUT, FOOD WEIGHS LESS AND KEEPS LONGER TOO.



I CAN SEE A FEW STARS TOO!

BUT WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS A SKY FROM THE PAST.

OH, UNCLE ANU, DON'T PULL OUR LEG.

NO, I'M SERIOUS. MOST OF THE STARS ARE SO FAR FROM US THAT THEIR LIGHT REACHES US AFTER MANY, MANY YEARS!

HOW ABOUT THE SUN? ISN'T IT ALSO A STAR?

YES. THE CLOSEST ONE. IN FACT, THE SUN'S LIGHT REACHES US ON EARTH AFTER EIGHT MINUTES AND TWENTY SECONDS.

SO IF THE SUN WERE TO SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR, YOU'D FIND OUT ONLY EIGHT MINUTES LATER.

BUT IT WON'T. WILL IT, UNCLE ANU?

WELL, NOT FOR A FEW BILLION YEARS AT LEAST.

BUT WHY ARE YOU LOOKING SO WORRIED, BHARAT?

WE HAVE A CRICKET MATCH THIS WEEKEND AND I AM THE CAPTAIN.

THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T WANT THE WORLD TO END AS YET.

THEN WE MUST MAKE SURE.

SHINE ON, MR. SUN! TILL BHARAT'S MATCH IS WON.



# FASTER ON FOOT

— A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:  
Gracian D'Souza

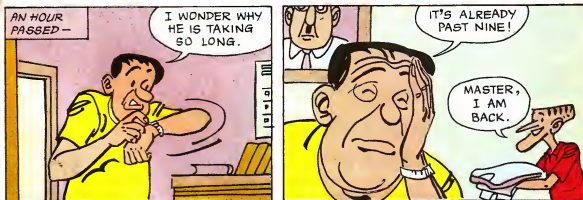
Mari Villa, Nav Padav,  
Kulshakar,  
Mangalore-575 005.

Illustrations:  
Ram Waeerker

ONE MORNING WHEN SUPPANDI  
RETURNED FROM AN ERRAND—

SUPPANDI, YOU FORGOT  
TO BRING MY CLOTHES  
FROM THE LAUNDRY!

I'LL GO RIGHT  
BACK AND  
GET THEM!





# THE SECRET LANGUAGE

— A Grimm Tale

Script:  
Margie Sastry

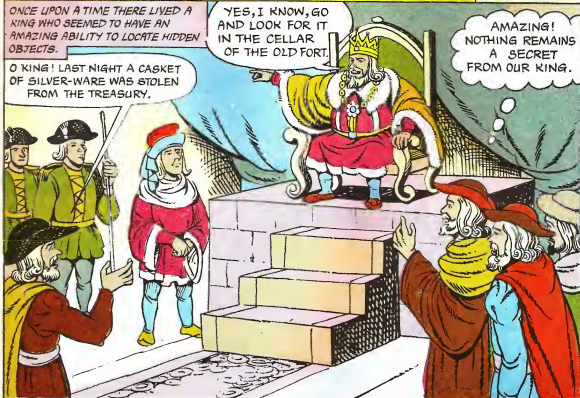
Illustrations:  
Ajit Vasaiakar

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A KING WHO SEEMED TO HAVE AN AMAZING ABILITY TO LOCATE HIDDEN OBJECTS.

O KING! LAST NIGHT A CASKET OF SILVER-WARE WAS STOLEN FROM THE TREASURY.

YES, I KNOW, GO AND LOOK FOR IT IN THE CELLAR OF THE OLD FORT.

AMAZING! NOTHING REMAINS A SECRET FROM OUR KING.



I MUST FOLLOW HIM AND FIND OUT WHO KEEPS HIM INFORMED ABOUT EVERY THING

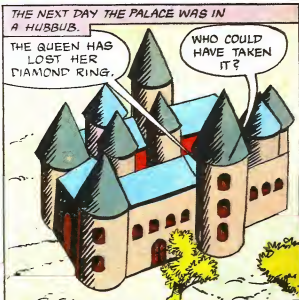
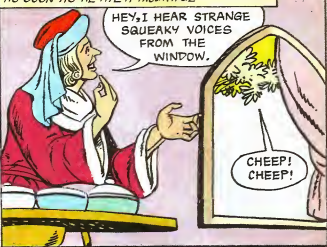
AH! THERE HE IS. EVERY EVENING HE EATS THIS SPECIAL PUDDING.



ONE EVENING THE KING WAS CALLED AWAY URGENTLY AND THE ROYAL SERVANT HAD HIS OPPORTUNITY.

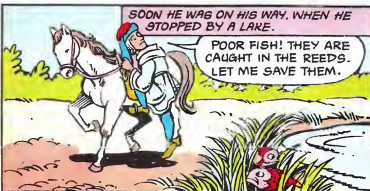
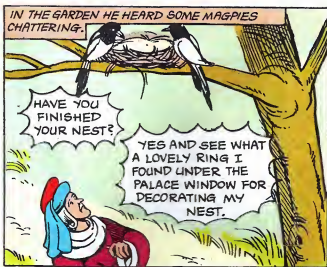


AS SOON AS HE ATE A MOUTHFUL—





THE SERVANT RUSHED BACK TO THE PALACE AND RETURNED WITH THE CHIEF GUARD.



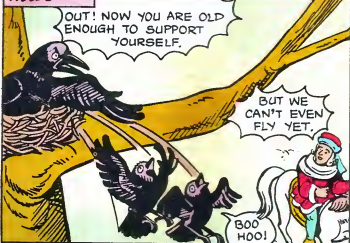
AS HE GALLOPED AWAY HE HEARD SOME SOFT SOUNDS FROM THE SAND BELOW.



IT WAS THE KING OF THE ANTS COMPLAINING.



THE ROAD HE TOOK NEXT LED THROUGH THE WOODS—



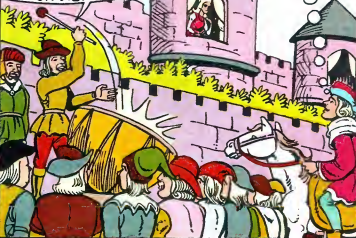
THE SERVANT TOOK PITY ON THE BABY RAVENS.



A FEW DAYS LATER HE REACHED THE NEXT KINGDOM.

THE PRINCESS SEEKS A BRAVE AND COURAGEOUS MATCH.

BUT ALL HER SUITORS MUST PERFORM THREE DIFFICULT TASKS OR DIE.



THE SERVANT WAS DAZZLED BY HER BEAUTY.

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO WIN HER HAND.

COME WITH ME.





THE COURTIER LED HIM TO A LARGE LAKE.

I'LL THROW THIS RING IN. YOU MUST DIVE AFTER IT AND BRING IT BACK.

OR YOU'LL BE DROWNED RIGHT HERE.

THE SERVANT PAUSED AWHILE.

AH! THE THREE FISHES I SAVED. THEY'VE BROUGHT A SHELL TO THE SHORE.

INSIDE THE SHELL WAS THE GOLDEN RING.

NOW, MAY I MARRY YOU, SWEET PRINCESS?

NO, I HAVE ANOTHER TASK FOR YOU.

SHE LED HIM TO THE GARDEN AND ORDERED TEN SACKS FULL OF MILLET TO BE SPREAD OVER THE GRASS.

BY MORNING YOU MUST PICK AND FILL THE MILLET INTO THE SACKS.

BUT THE NEXT MORNING TO HIS SURPRISE ALL TEN SACKS WERE FULL.

AH! THE ANT KING WITH HIS THOUSANDS OF FOLLOWERS MUST HAVE DONE IT.

THE PRINCESS TOO WAS AMAZED, YET —

YOU MUST BRING ME A GOLDEN APPLE FROM THE TREE OF LIFE.

I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT.

HE SET OFF —

I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME.

SUDDENLY —

WHAT, A GOLDEN APPLE! SURELY IT MUST BE THE RAVENS WHOM I HAD HELPED.

HE RUSHED BACK TO THE PRINCESS AND THEY WERE SOON MARRIED WITH POMP AND PAGEANTRY.



# THE ABSENTEE

Illustrations: Ramanand Bhagat

Readers'  
Choice

Based on a story sent by:

Miss Aparna Raman

9/104, P.S. Sivasami Salai, Sullivan's Garden Road,  
Mylapore, MADRAS-600 004.



# THE SWORDSMAN

— Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

Master Ajay Mathur

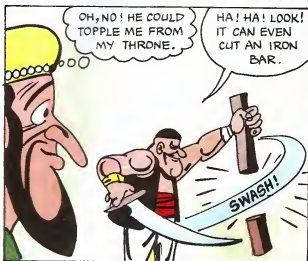
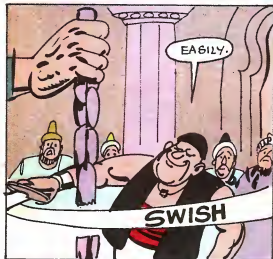
D.S.P.'s Bungalow,  
Civil Lines,  
Godhra,  
Gujarat.

Illustrations:  
Ram Waeerkar

ONCE A TRAVELLER  
CAME TO THE COURT  
OF THE SULTAN.

O SULTAN, YOUR  
KINGDOM HAS NOTHING  
THAT MY SWORD CANNOT  
CUT THROUGH AND I AM  
HERE TO PROVE IT.

CAN IT CUT  
AN IRON  
CHAIN?



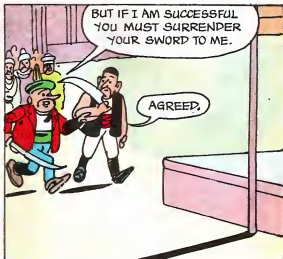
CUT A SHADOW! THAT  
I WILL HAVE TO SEE  
TO BELIEVE!

COME OUTSIDE AND  
I'LL DEMONSTRATE.

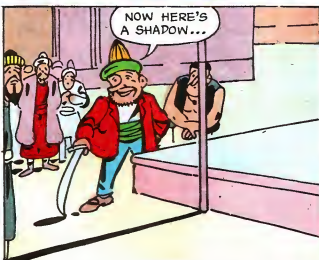


BUT IF I AM SUCCESSFUL  
YOU MUST SURRENDER  
YOUR SWORD TO ME.

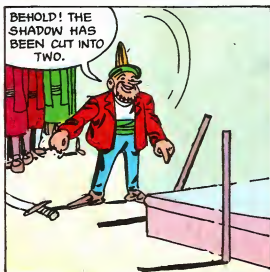
AGREED.



NOW HERE'S  
A SHADOW...



BEHOLD! THE  
SHADOW HAS  
BEEN CUT INTO  
TWO.



AND, BEHOLD, THE STRANGER,  
UNWILLING TO PART WITH HIS  
SWORD, IS RUNNING AWAY!

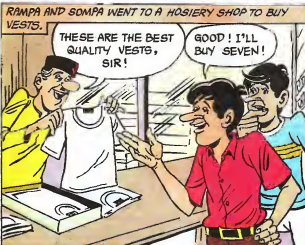
HA HA HA!



# CHANGING HABITS

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by: Master Abhijeet Kuri  
702, Amrut Tushar, 14th Road, Khar, BOMBAY-400 052.  
Illustrations: Anand Mande





# TANTRI THE MANTRI

Story by:  
Alok Mathur

Script:  
Adil Rangoonwalla

Illustrations:  
Ajit Vasaikar

ONE DAY TANTRI THE MANTRI TOOK  
RAJA HOOJA ON A HUNT—

BAH! THAT'S  
NO PLACE FOR  
US TO HUNT.

I CAN'T SEE WHY  
YOU HAD TO BRING  
ME HERE. WE COULD  
HAVE HUNTED IN  
THE PALACE  
GROUNDS. THERE  
ARE DEER...

WE MUST HUNT  
NOBLER ANIMALS  
LIKE LIONS AND  
TIGERS.

NOW IF YOU EXCUSE  
ME, I WILL GO AND  
SEE IF I CAN SPOT  
SOME GAME.

OKAY, BUT  
RETURN  
SOON!

I DO NOT FEEL  
VERY SAFE  
HERE.

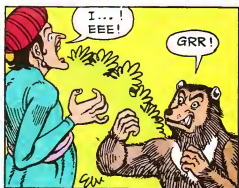
YOU'VE GOT  
THE RIGHT  
FEELING...  
HEE HEE!

... BECAUSE I  
SHALL SOON  
BECOME TANTRI!  
THE RAJA  
INSTEAD OF  
TANTRI THE  
MANTRI.

NOW WHAT I NEED IS  
A STOUT BRANCH TO  
KNOCK HIS HIGHNESS  
ON THE HEAD!







# DOUBLE-CROSS

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:  
**Master K.G. Venkat**

50-A, Right Flank Lines,  
Pune-411 040.

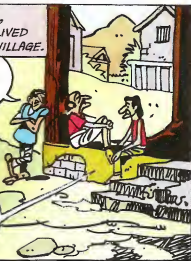
Illustrations:  
**Ram Waeerker**



THREE THIEVES—LALLU, PANJU AND BHONDU—LIVED IN PHULPUR, A SMALL VILLAGE.

BUSINESS IS BAD. I'VE PICKED ALMOST EVERY POCKET IN PHULPUR.

YES. CHEATING IS ALSO BECOMING DIFFICULT. EVERYONE KNOWS ME NOW.



AND NO ONE SEEMS TO KEEP ANY MONEY AT HOME FOR ME TO ROB. DRAT THAT NEW BANK!

IT'S TIME FOR US TO MOVE ON.



THE THREE THIEVES SET OUT FOR TOWN.

BRR! IT'S SCARY IN THE FOREST AT NIGHT!

BUT YOU ARE USED TO WORKING IN THE DARK, BHONDU.



I'M NOT USED TO THESE SCARY SOUNDS!

HOOT  
SCREECH  
HOWL



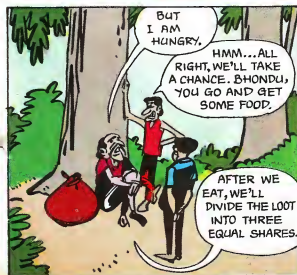
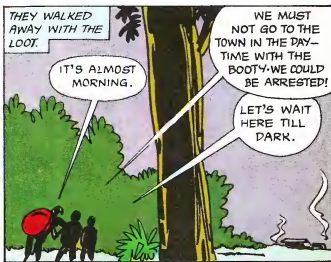
SUDDENLY—

HEY, LOOK!

A BAND OF ROBBERS WITH THEIR LOOT!

LET'S HIDE.











# SAY IT YOURSELF and win a cash prize

**NO. 75**

1. Mail your entry to  
TINKLE Competition  
Section, P.B. No.  
16541, Bombay 400026.
2. First prize-Rs. 60  
Second prize-Rs. 30  
Third prize-Rs. 20
3. The next 10 best  
entries will each receive  
a copy of an ECHO BOOK

4. Decision of the judges  
is final and binding.  
Names of the prize-  
winners will be  
announced in  
Tinkle No. 201.
5. Entry form for Say It  
Yourself No. 75.  
is given on  
page No. 32.

Last date for receiving entries **15.4.90.**



## Winners of Say it Yourself No.72

### PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY:

"Are you employed as a salesman by the shoe company that makes high-heeled elevator shoes?"

### FIRST PRIZE:

**Prerana Kapadia,**  
140, Princess Street,  
Bombay 400002.

### SECOND PRIZE:

**Patrick Misquitta,**  
"The Shelter",  
35, Sherly Rajan Road,  
Bandra, Bombay 400050.

### THIRD PRIZE:

**Kirk Pereira,**  
"Hillary Cottage",  
12, Ranwar, Bandra,  
Bombay 400050.

### CONSOLATION PRIZES:

<b>Ketan Savia,</b> Bombay.	<b>Raylene Platel,</b> Secunderabad.	<b>Sameer Gupta,</b> Chandigarh.
<b>M.R. Roopa,</b> Bangalore.	<b>K.R.M. Pradeep,</b> Madurai.	<b>Rohini Pokle,</b> Madras.
<b>Gowthaman,</b> Madurai.	<b>Amit Khedekar,</b> Bombay.	<b>Rahul Hajarnavis,</b> Thane.
<b>K.S. Rajiv,</b> Madras.	<b>Boseo Noronha,</b> Ambarnath.	<b>Harshad Borkar,</b> Ichapur (W.B.)
<b>Pagjeet Kumar Pradeep,</b> Wellington	<b>Krithika Vasudevan,</b> Hyderabad.	

# GOPAL LEARNS A LESSON

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

S. Usha

6-4-491/4, 'USHAS',  
Krishnanagar Colony,  
Bholakpur, Secunderabad

Illustrations:

V.B. Halbe

GOPAL, THE SON OF A RICH MERCHANT, WAS A RECKLESS GAMBLER. ONE DAY—

FATHER, I NEED SOME MONEY. COULD YOU LEND ME SOME?

WHAT FOR?

ER... I HAVE SOME DEBTS TO SETTLE.

GAMBLING DEBTS, NO DOUBT. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO GIVE UP THIS VILE HABIT!



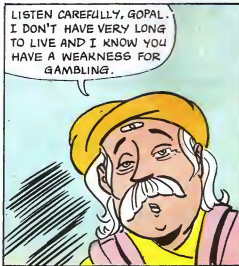
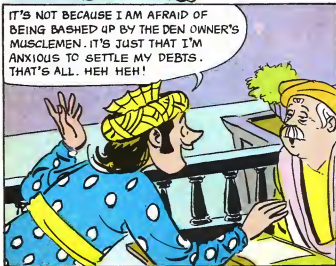
SIT DOWN, GOPAL. I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.

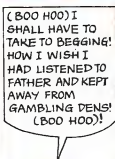
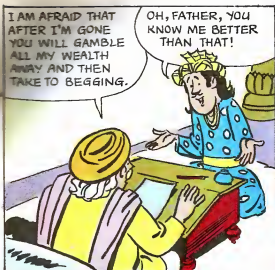
ER... OF COURSE, BUT I AM IN A BIT OF A HURRY AND I'D LIKE THE MONEY RIGHT AWAY!



IT'S NOT BECAUSE I AM AFRAID OF BEING BASHED UP BY THE DEN OWNER'S MUSCLEMEN. IT'S JUST THAT I'M ANXIOUS TO SETTLE MY DEBTS. THAT'S ALL. HEH HEH!

LISTEN CAREFULLY, GOPAL. I DON'T HAVE VERY LONG TO LIVE AND I KNOW YOU HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR GAMBLING.







# Mooshik

Based on an idea sent by S. Atheke  
Ram Lal Paul, Imphal, Keishamthong.



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Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

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## See and Smile

Based on an idea sent by Hiral C. Lapasia  
4, Chandra Villa, 218, R.A. Kidwai Road, Wadala, Bombay-31.



## SAFETY NO. 75

CUT HERE

### ENTRY FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

AGE: \_\_\_\_\_

PIN:

My answer: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# HALF-TICKET

Based on a story sent by Sudhindra,  
Sumana, Jayanagar, 9th Block, BANGALORE-560 069.



Recently my parents brought me two rabbits as pets. I wanted two different names for them. Then I remembered the names of Keechu and Meechu, the two rabbits in the Kalia the crow series. And I gave them these names.  
**Karthik Nagappan,**  
451, Anna Nagar,  
Madurai 625020.

The feature "Lives at risk" published in Tinkle No. 180 helped me a lot in my biology test. The other feature I liked in the issue was "The superwomen of sports".  
**A. Prasanna,**  
Malleswaram, Bangalore 560 003.

I would like Tantri the Mantri stories to appear in every issue of Tinkle.  
**Ashish Bogawat,** Pune 411 029.

Thank you for sending me the wonderful prize of the Tinkle cricket book for the Tinkle cricket quiz. The prize has given me confidence to take part in some more competitions in Tinkle.

**Kailas Sakhare,**  
Raigad 410 203.

**Readers  
Write...**

Please publish questionnaires and competition features that require to be cut out, on a separate piece of paper—so that we don't destroy the story on the back of it.

Tinkle has become very expensive. It is difficult to purchase it regularly with my pocket money.

**Miss Archana,**  
Kohima, Nagaland 797002.

I would like to send some "See & Smile" ideas for Tinkle. But I don't know what to do. Do I have to write out the idea or do I have to draw the picture?  
**Sheraz D. Sholapurwalla,**  
14/9, Rustom Baug, Byculla, Bombay 400 027.  
(Just write out the idea and send it to us Editor.)

I am a girl of 11 years and I, like Richa Srivastava (Tinkle No. 184), would like to have a penfriend.  
**R. Shalini,**  
No.59, 24th Main Road, Banashankari, 1st Stage, Shreenagar, Bangalore 560050.  
Why does Shikari Shambu always wear a uniform?  
**Karan Mirchandani,**  
Bombay 400 056.  
Please publish detective stories in Tinkle.  
**M. Padmaja,**  
Hyderabad 500 016.

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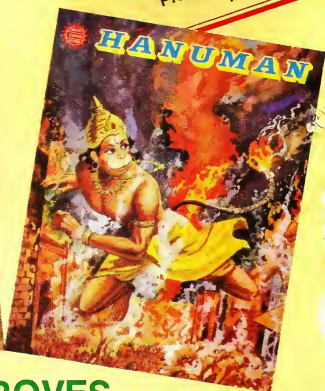
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