



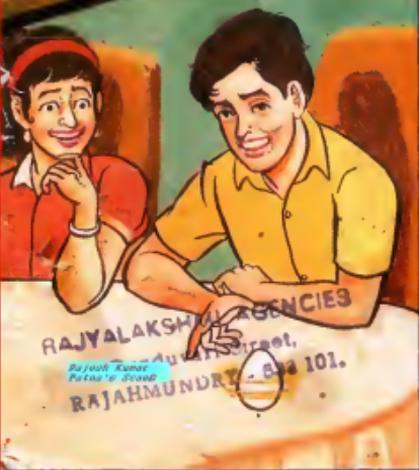
TINKLE



THE FORTNIGHTLY FOR CHILDREN FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA



THE RESOURCEFUL WOODCUTTER



ANU CLUB

RAJYALAKSHMI AGENCIES
Rajub Kunta
Patna's Street,
RAJAHMUNDRY - 834 101.



THE FOOLISH HUSBAND



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I would like a free demonstration of Columbus in my home.

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Preferred Time: _____

T-4

TSA-BCE/15289

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THE FOOLISH HUSBAND

Script: Adil Rangoonwalla

Illustrations: Ajit Vasaiakar

A Spanish Folk-Tale

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FOOLISH HUSBAND WHO COULD NEVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT. ONE DAY HIS WIFE SENT HIM TO HAVE A SACK OF WHEAT GROUND INTO FLOUR.

KEEP REPEATING TO YOURSELF, "GRIND IT AND POWDER IT" OR YOU WILL SURELY FORGET WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE GRAIN.



ALL RIGHT. I'LL DO AS YOU SAY. BUT I'M NOT AS FOOLISH AS I LOOK.

GRIND IT AND POWDER IT. GRIND IT AND POWDER IT.



AS HE WAS PASSING BY A FIELD —

GRIND IT AND POWDER IT. GRIND IT AND POWDER IT.

GRR!



THAT'S A FINE THING TO SAY TO A FARMER IN THE SOWING SEASON, YOU ROGUE!

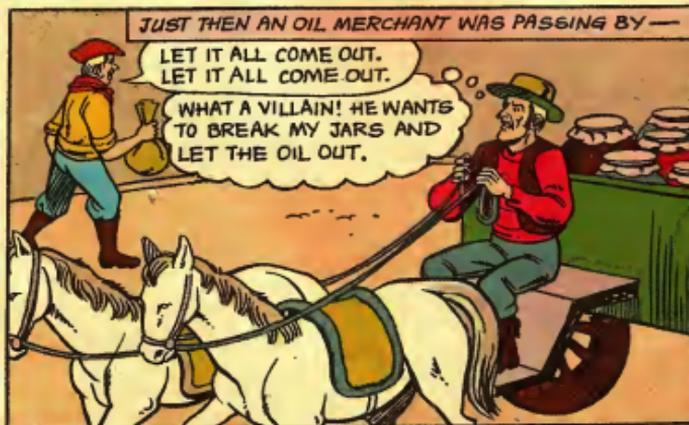
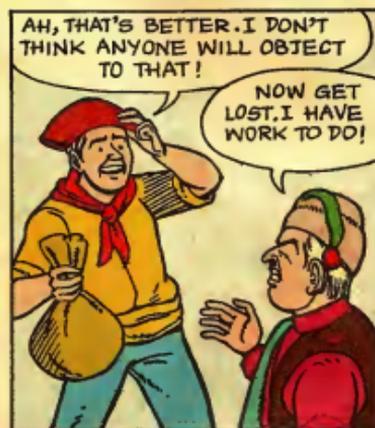
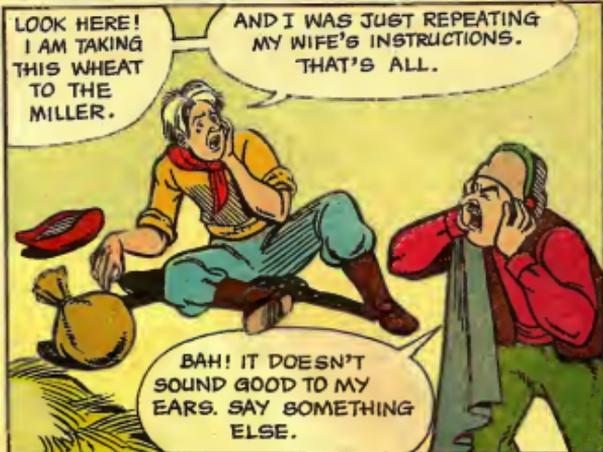


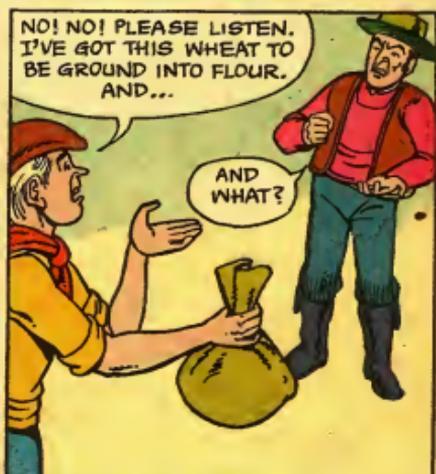
IS IT? THEN WHY DO YOU LOOK SO ANGRY?

YOU ARE TELLING ME TO GRIND MY SEEDS AND POWDER THEM, YOU RASCAL!



NO! NO! LET ME EXPLAIN.



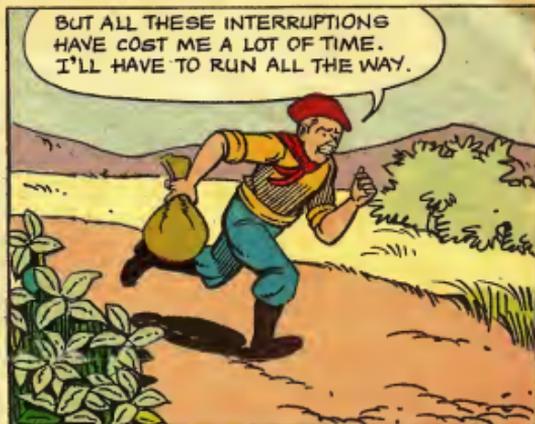


LET IT DISAPPEAR
THAT WHICH DOES
NOT BELONG
HERE!

A GROUP OF TRAVELLERS HEARD THE CHANT.

LET'S CATCH
THAT RASCAL!





MY WIFE WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO BAKE BUNS OUT OF THIS FLOUR. AND I'M FAMISHED. HOW CAN I SEND THE FLOUR HOME QUICKLY.



A GUST OF WIND BLOWING GAVE THE FOOLISH HUSBAND AN IDEA.

GO ON! DELIVER THIS FLOUR TO MY HOUSE.



AN HOUR LATER THE FOOLISH HUSBAND REACHED HIS HOUSE.

WIFE, GIVE ME THE BUNS!

WHAT BUNS? FIRST GIVE ME THE FLOUR!



BUT I'VE ALREADY HAD THAT DELIVERED BY THE SPEEDIEST COURIER IN THE WORLD!

AND JUST WHO IS THIS SPEEDY COURIER?



THE WIND, OF COURSE. DIDN'T YOU CATCH THE FLOUR?

DON'T TELL ME YOU... OH NO!



NOW WHAT HAVE I DONE? I RAN AN ERRAND TO PLEASE YOU. AREN'T YOU HAPPY?

NO!

FROM NOW ON YOU STAY PUT AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME OR ELSE WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH.





One evening I returned home ravenously hungry after a hectic day at school. My mother was out shopping and so I decided to raid the kitchen to satisfy my hunger. To my luck, I noticed a vessel full of 'kheer' on the kitchen table. Kheer is a delicacy which always makes my mouth water. I tasted a spoonful. It needed sugar. I took a large helping of the "kheer" in a bowl, added sugar to it and began to eat. It was delicious!

My mother returned home snortly afterwards. "Who has thrown away all the starch that I had prepared for my cotton sarees?", she exclaimed. Suddenly I realised that the "delicacy" I had consumed as kheer was in fact the maida-starch mixture that my mother had prepared to use on her cotton sarees.

I sheepishly confessed to my mother and she had a hearty laugh. To this day whenever any one mentions "kheer" I immediately recall the incident.

A true-life incident sent by
B. Venkatesh.
 3/3, East Marredpally
 Secunderabad-500 026.

IT HAPPENED TO ME....

One Saturday afternoon my friend Elengo and I planned to go to a movie. As we were hungry we went to our respective homes for lunch. I quickly bolted down the meal and rushed to his house.

As I went in, his mother told me that he was still eating. So I went to the living room and sat down. From there I could see him eating in the kitchen which was dimly lit.

As he looked at me I made faces at him. He too seemed to make grimace and I continued to make faces. Soon he finished eating and came out of the room. I got a nasty shock when I saw that it was my friend's father who was walking towards me. I had mistaken him for Elengo!

I managed to mutter "sorry"; He just smiled and patted me on the back. From that day onwards, I have never made faces at anyone.

A true-life story sent by
T. Harish,
 25/8, Sharada College Road,
 Hasthampathy, Salem-636 007.





ANU

CLUB

SPINNING EGGS

Script:
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:
Ramanand Bhagat

AS USUAL SATURDAY MORNING FINDS AMAR, DEEPA, ANAND AND VIJAY ON UNCLE ANU'S DOORSTEP.

TODAY IS OUR ATOMIC DAY!

YES, THAT'S WHY I CAME EARLY TOO.

ME TOO.

UNCLE ANU, ARE WE GOING TODAY TO SEE THE ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH CENTRE?

TO B.A.R.C? NOT TODAY, MY DEAR, I HAVE TO GET PERMISSION.

GOOD! CHITRA AND BHARAT HAVE GONE OUT FOR THE WEEKEND.

YES, THEY WOULD HAVE HATED TO MISS IT.

UNCLE WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT APRON?

TO DO MY HOUSE WORK

BUT, UNCLE, YOU ARE A SCIENTIST!

YES, THAT'S WHY I FIND HOUSEWORK FASCINATING.

SORRY, UNCLE. WE INTERRUPTED YOUR BREAKFAST!

THAT'S OKAY YOU CAN JOIN ME. ANAND, BRING SOME MORE EGGS FROM THE KITCHEN.



HERE YOU ARE, UNCLE ANU.



NO, WE'LL JUST SPIN THEM LIKE TOPS. HERE, TAKE ONE EACH.

LET'S HAVE A RACE

HEY! YOU'VE MIXED THEM WITH THE ONES I HAD BOILED ALREADY.

ONE, TWO, THREE, GO!



NOW HOW WILL WE SEPARATE THEM?

WE CAN CRACK THEM OPEN AND SEE.

OR MAYBE BOIL ALLOF THEM AGAIN.



LOOK, MINE IS STILL SPINNING.

MINE TOO.

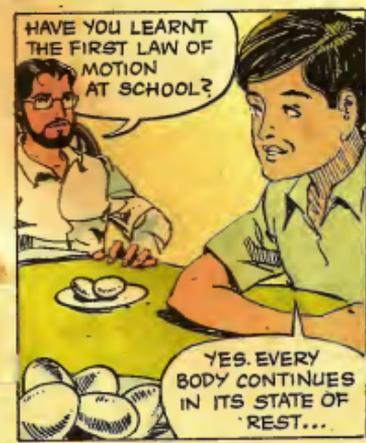


WELL, THOSE TWO ARE THE BOILED EGGS.

THAT'S A GREAT TRICK. I MUST TRY IT WITH MY FRIENDS.

YOU CAN BE DEEPA WITH THE X-RAY VISION.

BUT WHY DID THE BOILED EGGS SPIN LONGER?



HAVE YOU LEARNT THE FIRST LAW OF MOTION AT SCHOOL?

YES. EVERY BODY CONTINUES IN ITS STATE OF REST...



OR OF UNIFORM MOTION...

...AT A CONSTANT VELOCITY IN A STRAIGHT LINE...

...UNLESS ACTED UPON BY AN OUTSIDE FORCE... TO CHANGE THAT STATE.

HA! HA! YOU ALL SOUND LIKE PARROTS TRAINED BY NEWTON HIMSELF.



WE HAVE TO LEARN IT BY HEART, UNCLE ANU.

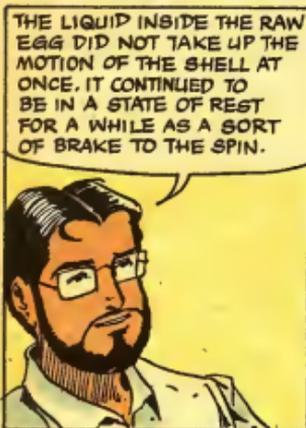
YES. YOU ARE LUCKY YOU ARE NOT IN SCHOOL.

WELL, WHAT YOU SAW WAS AN EXAMPLE OF THAT LAW.



HOW?

WE TWIRLED THE SHELL OF THE EGGS. THE HARD-BOILED EGG WAS SOLID AND SPUN QUICKLY AS ONE WHOLE— LIKE A TOP.



THE LIQUID INSIDE THE RAW EGG DID NOT TAKE UP THE MOTION OF THE SHELL AT ONCE. IT CONTINUED TO BE IN A STATE OF REST FOR A WHILE AS A SORT OF BRAKE TO THE SPIN.



VIJAY, DO YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU BUMPED YOUR HEAD WHEN WE RETURNED FROM THE PICNIC?

YES! I FELL ON THE WINDSCREEN WHEN YOU BRAKED THE JEEP.



I GET IT! VIJAY CONTINUED TO MOVE...

...EVEN WHEN THE CAR HAD STOPPED.



PRECISELY! THAT WAS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF INERTIA.

BUT DOESN'T INERTIA MEAN LAZINESS OR SLUGGISHNESS?



YES, IT DOES. IN PHYSICS THIS "LAZINESS" IS THE RELUCTANCE OF AN OBJECT TO CHANGE ITS STATE OF MOTION OR OF REST UNLESS ACTED UPON BY AN OUTSIDE FORCE.

THE FORCE THAT WORKS ON MY INERTIA IS MY HOME-WORK. I MUST RUSH.

OOOPS! I FORGOT. I TOO HAVE LOADS OF HOME-WORK.

BYE, UNCLE ANU.

THE HALFWAY MARK

— A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Master S. Avinash,
15-592, 1st Cross,
Mannagudde,
Mangalore-575 003.

Illustrations: Ram Waerker

SUPPANDI HAD GONE HIKING WITH HIS FRIEND AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES AT THE FOOT OF A STEEP HILL —

LET'S CLIMB TO THE TOP.

ALL RIGHT.

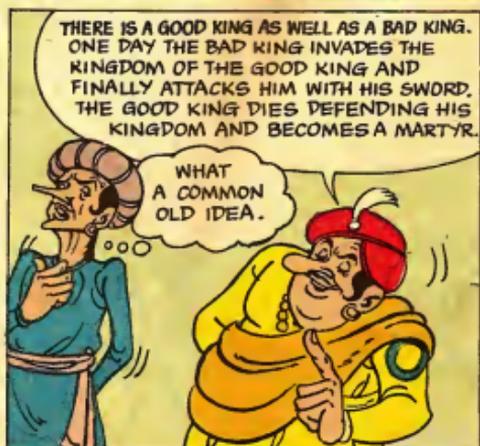


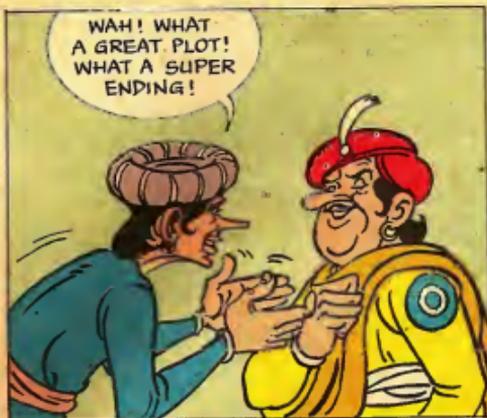
TANTRI THE MANTRI

Story by: Alok Mathur

Script: Margie Sastry

Illustrations: Anand Mande

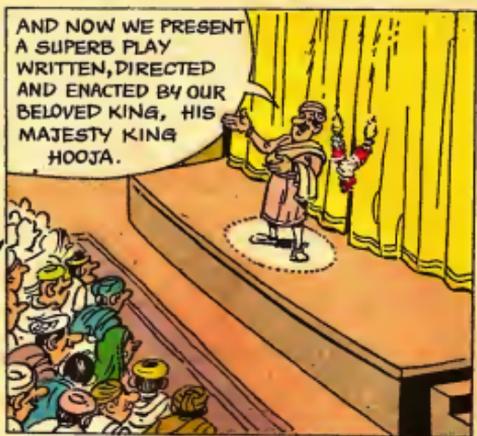






HEY! I'LL QUIETLY REPLACE THIS WOODEN SWORD WITH A REAL ONE.

THEN HOOJA MAY REALLY GET A CHANCE TO BECOME A MARTYR.



AND NOW WE PRESENT A SUPERB PLAY WRITTEN, DIRECTED AND ENACTED BY OUR BELOVED KING, HIS MAJESTY KING HOOJA.



YOUR MAJESTY...

WHAT IS IT? THE PLAY IS ABOUT TO START.



YOUR MAJESTY! YOUR GREAT-AUNT HAS COME TO SEE THE PLAY.

HOW GOOD OF HER!



BUT WHAT IF SHE SEES YOU BEING KILLED ON THE STAGE? SHE MAY FAINT.

YES! SHE HAS A WEAK HEART. Hmm...



WAIT! IT'S MY PLAY. I CAN CHANGE THE ENDING.



THE STOLEN ORANGES

Based on a story sent by:
Utsav Palit
 K.P. Singh Colony, P.O. Rahargora,
 Jamshedpur-831 016.

RAMU WORKED IN A FRUIT SHOP OWNED BY SETH DHARAMDAS. ONE DAY HE STOLE SIX ORANGES FROM THE SHOP...



...AND TOOK THEM HOME.



SOON—



SUDDENLY—



RAMU!
 SETH DHARAMDAS
 IS COMING.

EH?

RAMU WAS SO TERRIFIED THAT HE GULPED DOWN THE FRUITS AS FAST AS HE COULD.

BUT—



THE PEELS
 WILL GIVE ME AWAY.
 AND THERE'S NO PLACE
 TO HIDE THEM IN A
 HURRY.

I'LL HAVE TO EAT
 THEM.



YOU!
 WHERE'S THE
 SETH?

THE
 SETH?

OH! HE WENT PAST. BUT WHY
 DO YOU LOOK SO SICK?

YOU
 WOULD TOO
 IF YOU HAD EATEN
 THE PEELS OF SIX
 ORANGES...OOOOOH!
 I'LL NEVER
 STEAL AGAIN!



THINK BEFORE YOU WISH

— A French Fairy Tale

Script: Margie Sastry
Illustrations: Ajit Vasaiakar

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A WOODCUTTER AND HIS WIFE.

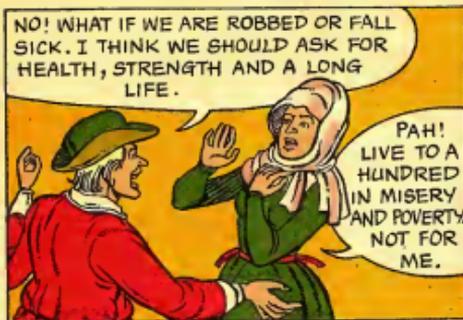


IT'S NO GOOD WISHING. THERE AREN'T ANY FAIRIES NOWADAYS TO MAKE WISHES COME TRUE



JUST THEN—





NO! WHAT IF WE ARE ROBBED OR FALL SICK. I THINK WE SHOULD ASK FOR HEALTH, STRENGTH AND A LONG LIFE.

PAH! LIVE TO A HUNDRED IN MISERY AND POVERTY, NOT FOR ME.



WE'LL THINK TONIGHT AND DECIDE TOMORROW.

YES, I'LL SIT HERE FOR A WHILE. WHAT A NICE CRACKLING FIRE! I WISH WE HAD A STRING OF SAUSAGES TO COOK ON IT.



SUDDENLY—

OH DEAR!

SEE! YOU WASTED A WISH!



SILLY FOOL! YOU ALWAYS TALK WITHOUT THINKING. I WISH THOSE SAUSAGES WOULD STICK TO YOUR NOSE NOW!



OH, OH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY THAT.



BOO! HOO! THEY ARE STUCK!

NOW WE HAVE JUST ONE WISH LEFT.



I'LL ASK FOR WEALTH SO THAT WE CAN BUILD A GOLDEN CAGE TO HIDE YOUR NOSE.

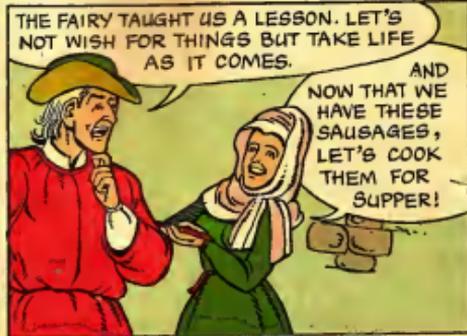
NO! I CAN'T LIVE LIKE THIS. I'LL KILL MYSELF UNLESS YOU ALLOW ME TO MAKE THE LAST WISH!



OH WELL. I WISH GO AHEAD AND MAKE SAUSAGES COME OFF FROM MY NOSE.



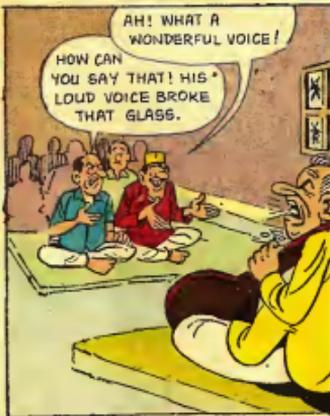
AH! THAT'S BETTER.



THE FAIRY TAUGHT US A LESSON. LET'S NOT WISH FOR THINGS BUT TAKE LIFE AS IT COMES.

AND NOW THAT WE HAVE THESE SAUSAGES, LET'S COOK THEM FOR SUPPER!

SAY IT YOURSELF AND WIN A CASH PRIZE **NO.77**



Winners of Say it Yourself No. 74

FIRST PRIZE

Junaid Bhatra,
S/190, Hall Road,
Sanohar Apts., Block No. 10,
Kurla, Bombay 400070.

Consolation Prizes

Sahana Kakul,
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Nagda Vikram Barat,
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K.V. Prasad,
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Herald Pereira,
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G. Sunder,
Bangalore.

Siddharth Wazir,
Bombay.

Chetan Badakere,
Bombay.

Chandresh Sampat,
Pune.

Ritu Xavier,
Bombay.

Gopal Sampat,
Bombay.

SECOND PRIZE

D.B. Ashwin,
No. 31, 2nd Main Rd,
C.I.T. Colony,
Madras 600004.

THIRD PRIZE

Balaji Iyer,
Pocket A/4, No.248,
Konark Apts.,
Kalkaji Extn.,
New Delhi 110019.

PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY

"Well, it doesn't matter. At least you gave the crowd a laugh."

- 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.205.
- 5 Entry form is given on page No. 32.

Last date for receiving entries 15.6.90.

THE GLUTTON

Based on an idea sent by: **G.K. Subhash,**
Qr. No. VI/16, VSSC Housing Colony, Thumba, Trivandrum



THE RESOURCEFUL WOODCUTTER

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Master Sanjay Sharma
31, Marquis Street,
Calcutta-700 016

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

GOPU, A POOR WOODCUTTER, WAS RETURNING FROM TOWN AFTER HAVING PAWNED HIS AXE. SUDDENLY—

STOP! HAND OVER ALL YOUR BELONGINGS.

B... BANDITS!

COME ON! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY.

I HAVE ONLY 5 RUPEES THAT I GOT FOR MY AXE.



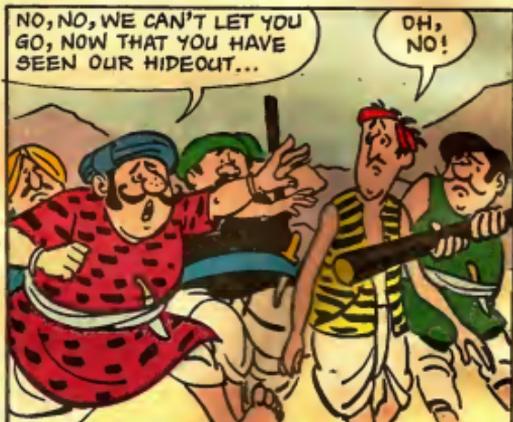
THAT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING.

NOW PLEASE LET ME GO



NO, NO, WE CAN'T LET YOU GO, NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN OUR HIDEOUT...

OH, NO!



WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO KILL YOU.

SHOULD I FIGHT IT OUT?

HMM... THERE ARE FOUR OF THEM. I HAVE HARDLY ANY CHANCE.



KILL ME! HA HA! YOU FOOLS, YOU CAN'T KILL ME!

WHY NOT?



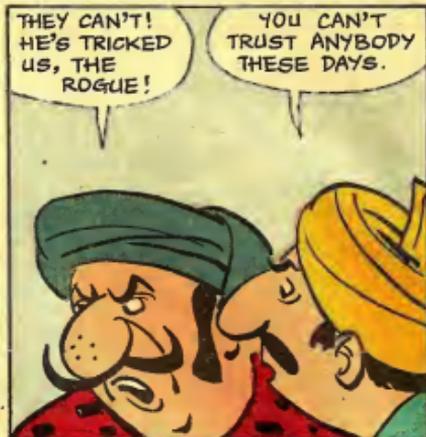




LOOK! OUR KNIVES WENT CLEAN THROUGH HIM.

BUT WHERE'S THE BODY? IT'S GONE!

I DIDN'T KNOW CORPSES COULD WALK!



THEY CAN'T! HE'S TRICKED US, THE ROGUE!

YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY THESE DAYS.



LOOK! THERE HE IS.

AFTER HIM!

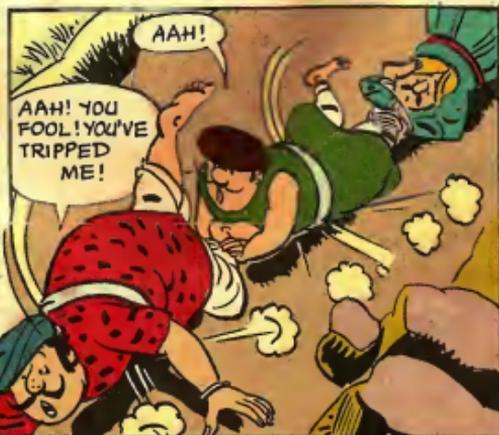


DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE.



OOPS! I'VE TRIPPED!

AAH! LET GO MY LEG OR I'LL FALL!



AAH!

AAH! YOU FOOL! YOU'VE TRIPPED ME!



THE LUCKY COBBLER

Illustrations: Gautam Sen



Based on a story
sent by: Bharati Raj
48/83 Laxmi Nivas,
Sunaygor Street,
Basavanagudi,
Bangalore-560 004

GHANSHU, A POOR COBBLER FROM CHAKRAPUR WENT TO PAKKAPUR AND STOOD IN FRONT OF BANKELAL'S SHOP.

YOU'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR THREE HOURS. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

UH...



I DREAMT LAST NIGHT THAT I WOULD FIND GOLD HERE!

GOLD! WHAT A FOOL YOU ARE TO COME HERE!



WHY, LAST NIGHT I DREAMT THAT I'D FIND A LOT OF GOLD NEAR A BANYAN TREE BEHIND A POOR COBBLER'S HOUSE IN CHAKRAPUR.

POOR COBBLER... IN CHAKRAPUR?



YES! BUT I DIDN'T GO TO CHAKRAPUR. DID I?

I...I GET YOUR POINT. I WILL GO BACK TO MY VILLAGE INSTEAD OF WASTING MY TIME HERE.



BACK HOME—

I WONDER IF DREAMS COME TRUE...



THEY DO!



AND IT SERVES THAT RUDE SHOP-KEEPER RIGHT FOR MAKING FUN OF ME! HA HA!





Shikari Shambu



This story has won a consolation prize in the Shikari Shambu story writing contest.

Story by: Lalit Kumar
16/370 Karol Bagh, New Delhi - 110 005.

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

ONE DAY —

SHAMBU UNCLE!

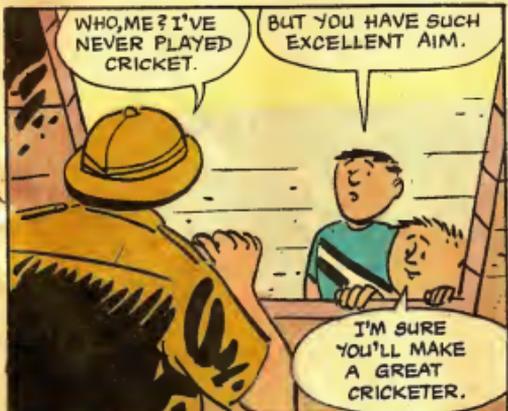
COME OUT AND PLAY CRICKET WITH US.



WHO, ME? I'VE NEVER PLAYED CRICKET.

BUT YOU HAVE SUCH EXCELLENT AIM.

I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT CRICKETER.



IF I STAY AT HOME MY WIFE WILL GIVE ME SOME BORING CHORES

WELL, OKAY, IF YOU INSIST I'LL PLAY WITH YOU.

YEEAH!!



LET'S PLAY HERE IN THE COLONY.

NO, WE'LL GO TO THE MAIDAN NEAR THE JUNGLE!

WHAT IF A LION COMES?



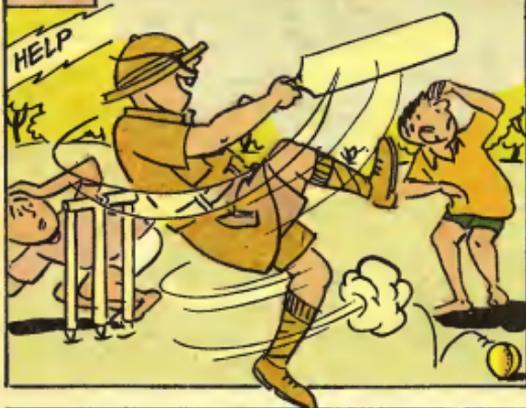
WE NEED SPECTATORS, DON'T WE?

ANYWAY, WHEN SHAMBU UNCLE IS WITH US NO LION WILL DARE TO COME NEAR.

HA! HA!

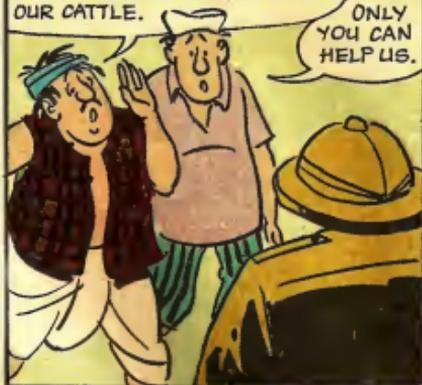


BUT JUST AS SHIKARI SHAMBU HIT HIS FIRST SHOT—



HELP US, SHIKARI SHAMBU!
A MAN-EATING LION IS AFTER
OUR CATTLE.

ONLY
YOU CAN
HELP US.



LOOK, I'M PLAYING
CRICKET...

BUT THE LION IS PLAYING
HAVOC WITH OUR LIVESTOCK.

COME, LET'S
GO.

LOOK!
THERE'S THE
LION!



I'LL GET
YOUR
GUN.



SH...
SHOOT!



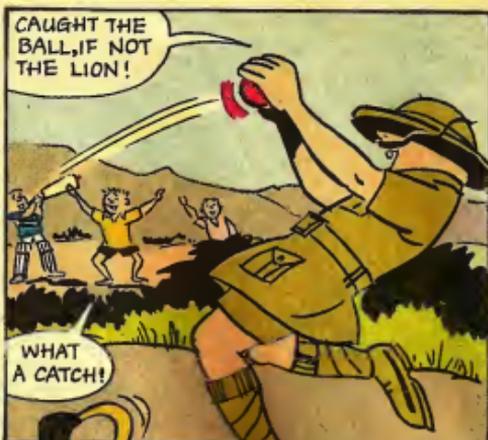
SOMEHOW,
SHAMBU'S TREMBLING
FINGER
LOCATED THE
TRIGGER.



WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH, I HAD
CLEANED THE
GUN LAST
NIGHT, AND
FORGOTTEN
TO LOAD IT.





THE OPPOSITE EFFECT

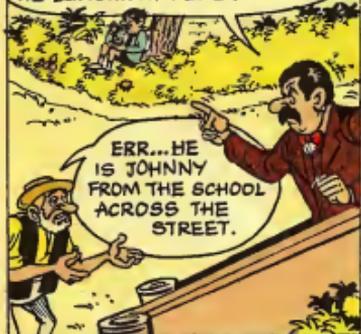
— An English Tale

Script : Adil Rangoonwalla
Illustrations : Anand Mande

SIR HENRY BLAKE, A WEALTHY MAN, HAD A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OUTSIDE HIS PALATIAL MANSION. ONE DAY —



WHO IS THAT BOY? AND WHY IS HE LUNCHING HERE?



I'LL GO AND GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND!

NO! WE'LL TELL HIS TEACHER TO STOP HIM FROM COMING HERE!



AND SOON —

I ASSURE YOU, SIR HENRY, IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

THANK YOU!



JOHNNY IS A GOOD BOY. SO I WON'T SCOLD HIM IN FRONT OF HIS CLASS MATES.



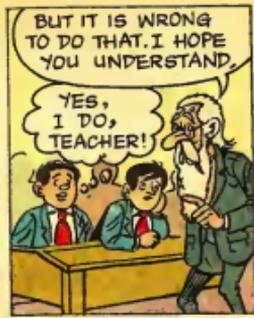
OH! THAT'S ME!

CHILDREN, I WAS TOLD THAT SOMEONE FROM THIS CLASS REGULARLY LUNCHES IN SIR HENRY BLAKE'S GARDEN.





NOW I KNOW SIR HENRY'S GARDEN IS A VERY BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO HAVE LUNCH.



BUT IT IS WRONG TO DO THAT. I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND.

YES, I DO, TEACHER!



THE NEXT DAY—
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TODAY, SIR HENRY?

THE SAME COMPLAINT!



BUT I SPOKE TO THE WHOLE CLASS ABOUT IT AND JOHNNY IS IN THE LUNCH ROOM TODAY.

GRR!



YOUR WORDS SEEM TO HAVE HAD THE OPPOSITE EFFECT. ALL THE BOYS IN YOUR FORM ARE LUNCHING IN MY GARDEN.

After reading the feature "A vegetable that was once a god" in Tinkle No. 190, I told my younger sister that the dowdy onion and the tulip belong to the same family. Hearing this, she started removing all the tulips in the garden to see whether they were onions.
Rohit Rodrigues,
Shiva Bagh, 1st cross, Kadri,
Mangalore 575002.

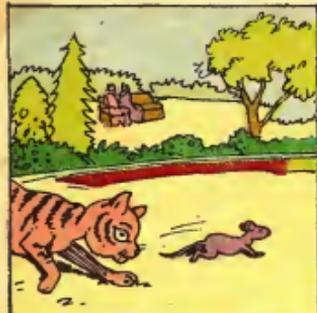


I am very glad to learn that Tinkle is becoming more and more informative and educational. By introducing the column "Tinkle tells you why", many children are able to solve their difficult problems easily.
— G. Raghavendra Rao,
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(We have received over 200 such letters from children praising the column. We thank our readers for the same — Editor.)

I thank you first of all for choosing me the winner of the Partha Essay Contest. I can say it was due to Tinkle for it has endowed me, over the years, with a treasury of knowledge. Indeed the first book I ever learnt to read was Tinkle. I thank you once again for this greatest of comic magazines
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