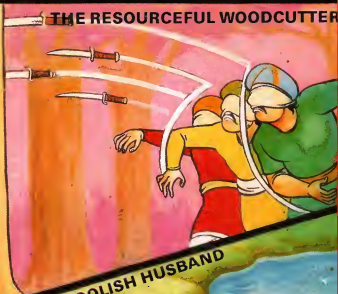


TINKLE



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Nintendo

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Connect the BEC-2006 keyboard to the console and, hey presto, it's a home computer!



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

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Address: _____

Tel: _____

Preferred Time: _____

T-4

TSA-BCE/15289

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May 20, 1990

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Research: Shobha Rao • Advertisement Manager: M. Subramanian

THE FOOLISH HUSBAND

Script: Adil Rangoonwalla

Illustrations: Ajit Vasaikar

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.



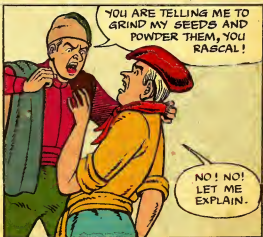
GRR!

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!

YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH WHAT
YOU SAID!

RATTLE
RATTLE

I...I... DON'T
UNDERSTAND! WHAT
DID I SAY TO
OFFEND YOU?

YOU HATE FOREIGNERS,
DON'T YOU? SO YOU
WANTED US TO DROWN
IN THE POND...

GO AWAY BEFORE WE
THUMP YOU, YOU
ROGUE.

AND DISAPPEAR
FOREVER BECAUSE
WE DO NOT BELONG
TO THIS COUNTRY.

WAIT! DON'T GO.
WHAT MUST I
TELL THE MILLER?

COME ON.
TELL ME.

GRR! THERE'S NO POINT
IN TALKING TO A FOOL.



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 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?

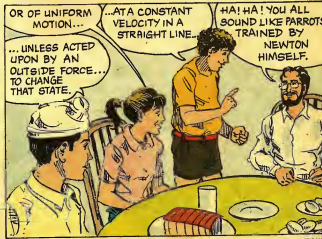
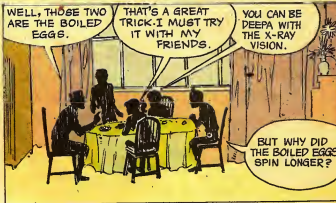
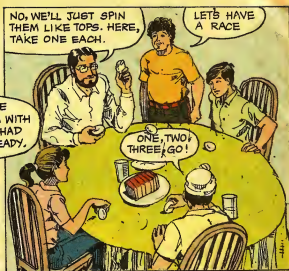
TO DO MY HOUSE WORK

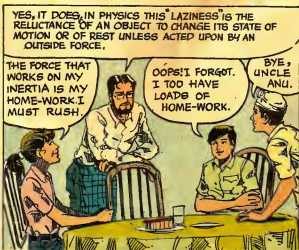
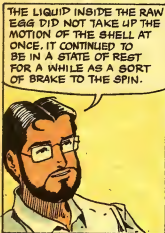
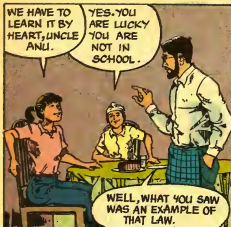
BUT, UNCLE, YOU ARE A SCIENTIST!

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.





THE HALFWAY MARK

— A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

Master S. Avinash,

15-592, 1st Cross,

Mannagudda,

Mangalore-575 003.

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

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.

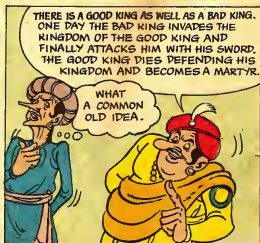
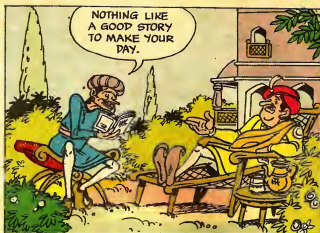


TANTRI THE MANTRI

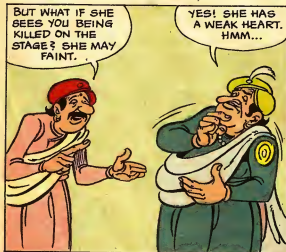
Story by: Alok Mathur

Script: Margie Sastry

Illustrations: Anand Mande







TANTRI! NOW WE'LL
HAVE THE GOOD
KING KILLING
THE BAD KING.



GIVE ME THE SWORD.
YOU DON'T NEED IT
ANY MORE!



OF COURSE, THIS CAN'T
BE REAL. IT'S A TOY.



HELP!

HA! HA!



THE NEXT DAY—

I MUST THANK
YOU, TANTRI! WHAT
A GREAT IDEA IT WAS
TO RUN AMONG THE AUDIENCE.
PEOPLE JUST LOVED THE
CHASE!

A BIT OF
HUMOUR IS
ALWAYS GOOD
IN A PLAY.



THE STOLEN ORANGES

Readers' Choice

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

BUT—



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

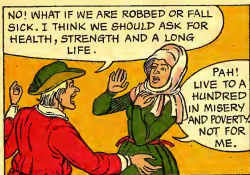
Script: Margie Sastry
Illustrations: Ajit Vasaikar

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



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





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



Winners of Say it Yourself No. 74

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Junaid Bhatra,
S/190, Hall Road,
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Kurla, Bombay 400070.

Consolation Prizes

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Hubli.

Nagda Vikram Barat,
Bombay.

K.V. Prasad,
Bangalore.

Herald Pereira,
Thane.

G. Sunder,
Bangalore.

Siddharth Wazir,
Bombay.

Chetan Badakere,
Bombay.

Chandresh Sampat,
Pune.

Ritu Xavier,
Bombay.

Gopal Sampat,
Bombay.

SECOND PRIZE

D.B. Ashwin,
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C.I.T. Colony,
Madras 600004.

THIRD PRIZE

Balaji Iyer,
Pocket A/4, No.248,
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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 PAWNEED 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!

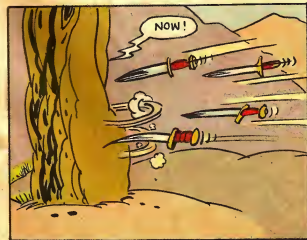
WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO KILL YOU.

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?







THE LUCKY COBBLER

Illustrations: Gautam Sen



Based on a story
sent by: **Bharati Raj**
48/63 Laxmi Nivas,
Suryagor 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—

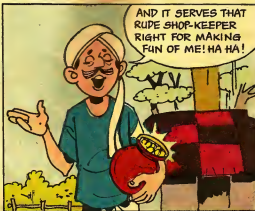
I WONDER IF DREAMS COME TRUE...



THEY DO!



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





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

Story by: Lalit Kumar

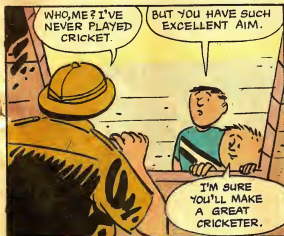
16/370 Karol Bagh, New Delhi - 110 005.

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

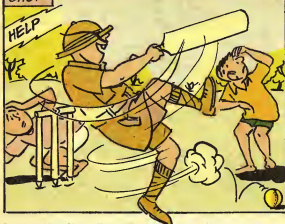
ONE DAY —

SHAMBU
UNCLE!

COME OUT AND
PLAY CRICKET
WITH US.

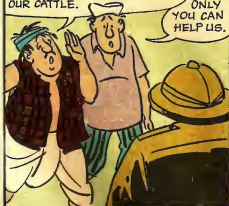


BUT JUST AS SHIKARI SHAMBU HIT HIS FIRST SHOT—



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!

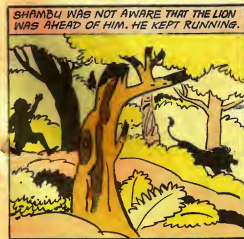


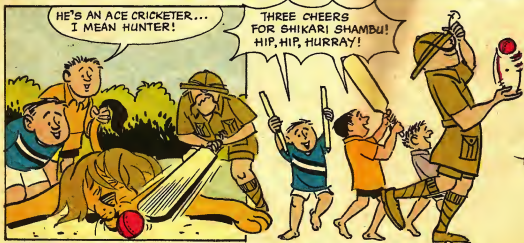
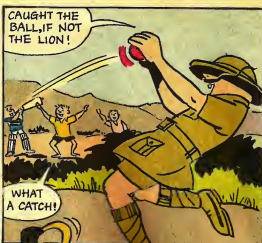
SOMEHOW,
SHAMBU'S TREMB-
LING FINGER
LOCATED THE
TRIGGER.



WHAT
HAPPENED?







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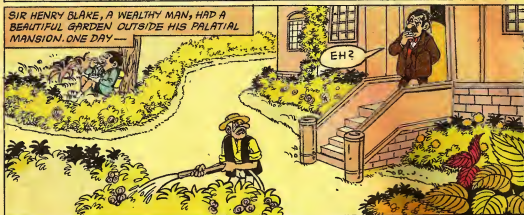
Give the best your child deserves

THE OPPOSITE EFFECT

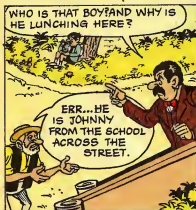
— An English Tale

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!

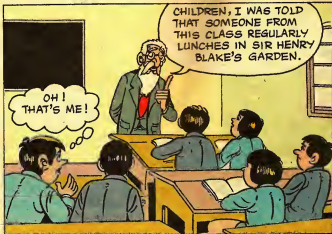


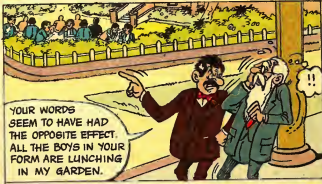
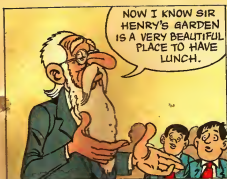
JOHNNY IS A GOOD BOY. SO I WON'T SCOLD HIM IN FRONT OF HIS CLASS MATES.



OH! THAT'S ME!

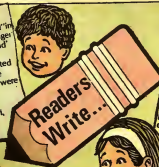
CHILDREN, I WAS TOLD THAT SOMEONE FROM THIS CLASS REGULARLY LUNCHES IN SIR HENRY BLAKE'S GARDEN.





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 educative. By introducing the column "Tinkle tells you why", many children are able to solve their difficult problems easily.

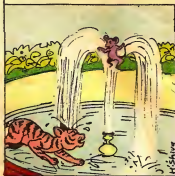
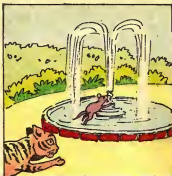
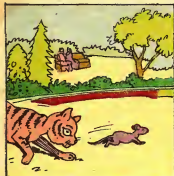
— G. Raghavendra Rao,
286, Sector 37, Arun-Vihar,
Noida 201 303.
(We have received over 200 such letters from children praising the column. We thank our readers for the same — Editor.)

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.

Gautam Sarmak, S/A. Onkar Society, Amboli,
Andheri (W), Bombay 400 058

I like Tinkle as it is the best children's fortnightly I've come across. I also love your other publication, Amar Chitra Katha.

— S. Naga Siddharth,
50, Hutchins Road, 2nd cross,
Bengaluru 560 084.



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- ☐ Please send a 6-month subscription for only Rs. 66/-
- I am sending herewith a cheque/ Draft/ M.O. for Rs. 132 ☐ for Rs. 66 ☐
- (Please tick relevant box)

Name: _____

Address: _____

Date of Birth: _____ Signature: _____

* Add Rs. 8 in case of outstation cheques. All cheques and drafts should be drawn in favour of Partha Books Division, Bombay.



Cut and mail coupon to: Partha Books Division, Navprabhat Chambers, Ranade Road, Dadar, Bombay 400 028.

See and Smile

Based on an idea sent by: P.N. Raghavendra Rao
No. 1477, 4th "B" Main Road, West of Chord Road,
2nd stage, Mahalaxmipuram, Bangalore-560 086.



CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM


NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PIN:

SAY IT YOURSELF NO. 77

My answer: _____



**Daddy,
I have to pay
my college fees
tomorrow.**

M. SHAHID

H.No. #13, Okhla Vada,
Kashmere Gate, Delhi-8
Mob:- 9250327395

BAL SHIKSHAN DEPOSIT SCHEME

A unique Scheme which ensures monthly, half-yearly and yearly repayments for 5 years, when your child is between 15 and 20 years of age. In addition to this, part of your deposit is reinvested by Union Bank and the maturity proceeds are repaid in full when your child attains the age of 20.

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For more details, contact your nearest Union Bank.

UNION BANK OF INDIA

(A Government of India Undertaking)

239, Vidhan Bhavan Marg, Nariman Point, Bombay-400 021

We Help You Help Yourself

Please send me the FREE leaflet on Union Bank's new deposit schemes for children. I would also like a copy of the pictorial booklet "A Guide for Little Pedestrians."

Name: _____

Address: _____

Pin Code: _____



When you clap
your hands,
And tap your feet,
When you feel like flying,
Right off your seat ...

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