



No. 255 Re

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GIFTS

Hanumanth Rao, B.A.
Teacher, Hyderabad

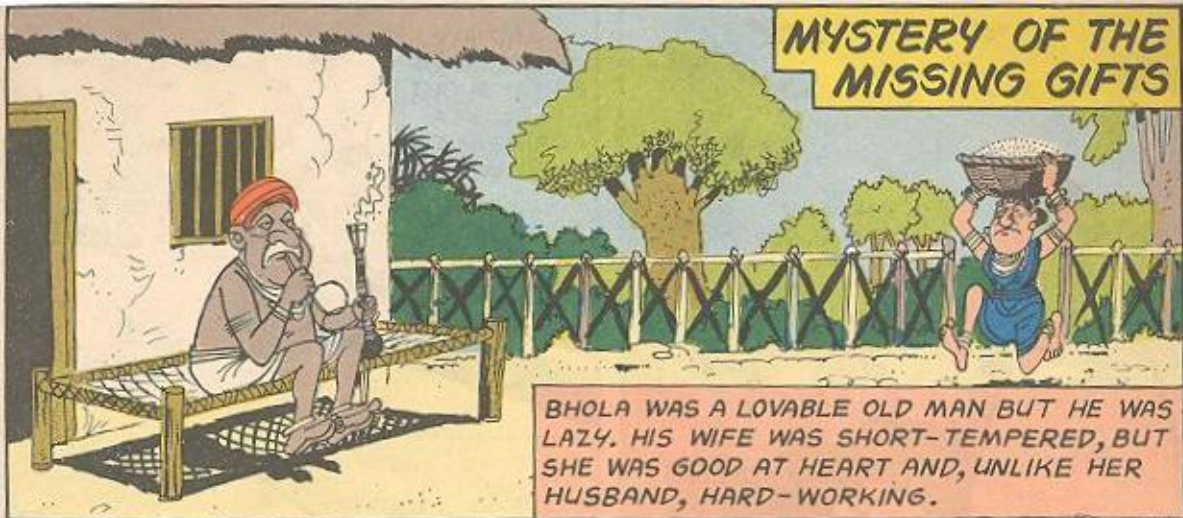


A FOLKTALE FROM MADHYA PRADESH



Ravi
WAREPAP

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GIFTS



BHOLA WAS A LOVABLE OLD MAN BUT HE WAS LAZY. HIS WIFE WAS SHORT-TEMPERED, BUT SHE WAS GOOD AT HEART AND, UNLIKE HER HUSBAND, HARD-WORKING.



NIMMO, WHY DON'T YOU REST FOR A WHILE?

AND STARVE?



I'M LEAVING FOR THE FIELDS. WILL YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THIS RICE ...

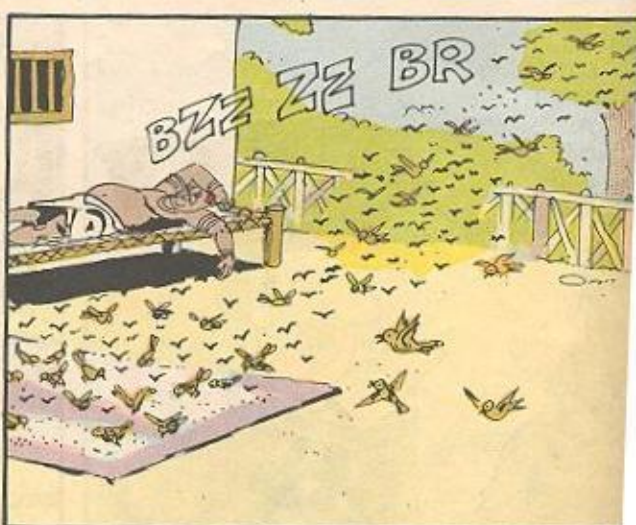
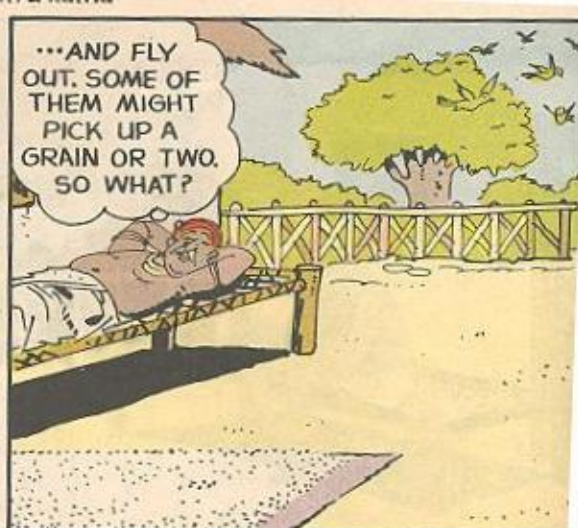


YOU CAN TRUST ME, NIMMO. I'LL KEEP A CLOSE WATCH.

... AND SEE THAT THE SPARROWS DON'T GET AT IT?



POOR NIMMO. SHE WORKS SO HARD.

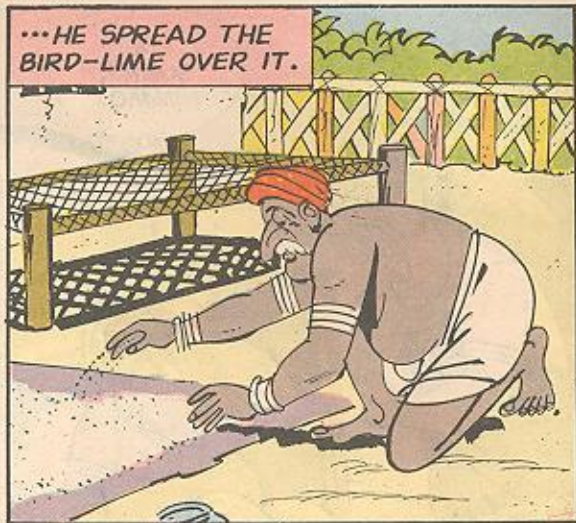




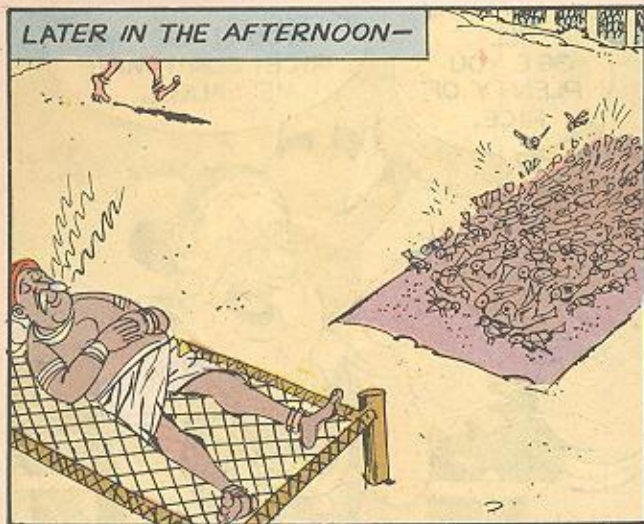
THE FOLLOWING MORNING BHOLA BOUGHT SOME BIRD-LIME. WHEN NIMMO HAD SPREAD OUT THE RICE ...



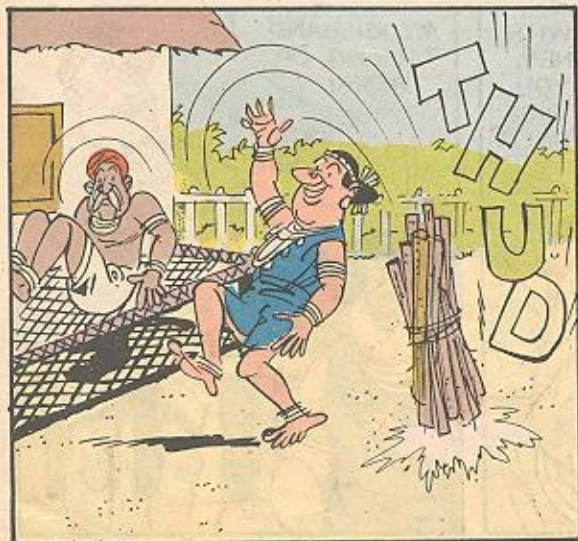
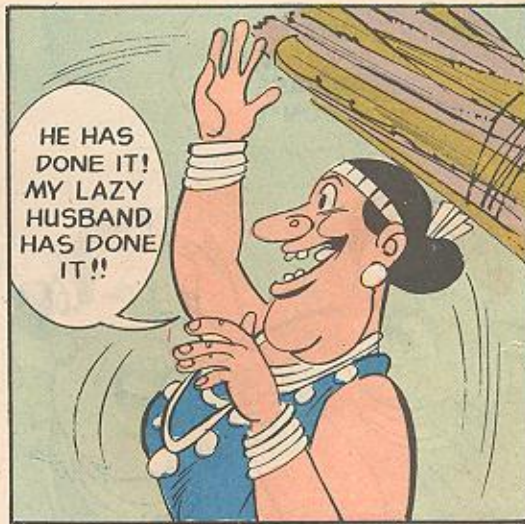
...HE SPREAD THE BIRD-LIME OVER IT.



LATER IN THE AFTERNOON—



HE HAS DONE IT!
MY LAZY
HUSBAND
HAS DONE
IT!!



BIRDS ...
HAVE THEY
CARRIED AWAY
THE RICE
AGAIN?





BHOLA SET ALL THE BIRDS FREE.

THANK YOU, FRIENDS.



BHOLA, YOU MUST GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING AND GO TO HIS HOUSE TO COLLECT THE REWARD.



THE NEXT MORNING—

BRING BACK SOMETHING USEFUL.

OF COURSE!



DON'T LEAVE THE GIFT ANYWHERE ON THE WAY...



... AND DON'T FALL ASLEEP.



ON THE WAY BHOLA PASSED BY HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSE.

FATHER, WHY DON'T YOU COME IN AND HAVE SOME RICE GRUEL?

NOT NOW, DEAR. I HAVE WORK TO DO.

MY FATHER TALKING OF WORK! WELL, WELL!

YES. I MUST ASK FOR A USEFUL REWARD. BUT WHAT SHALL I...

OH! WHAT A LARGE HERD OF CATTLE! IF I HAD JUST ONE COW...

WHY DON'T YOU ASK OUR KING FOR ONE?

BHOLA LOOKED UP—



DOES THIS HERD BELONG TO HIM? HE WILL GIVE ME ONE IF I ASK FOR IT.

THEN ASK FOR SONAR BARSA.



SONAR BARSA...
SONAR BARSA...
SONAR ...



IT IS NOON. I WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER...

NO FARTHER, MY FRIEND.



WELCOME MY FRIEND.

IT'S YOU!



WHAT REWARD WOULD YOU LIKE?



I WANT SONAR BARSA.

IS THAT ALL? I'LL HAVE HER BROUGHT TO YOU.

A SHORT WHILE LATER—

HERE YOU ARE! HER DUNG TURNS INTO GOLD THE MOMENT IT TOUCHES THE GROUND.

NIMMO WILL NEVER HAVE TO WORK AGAIN. THANK YOU, MY FRIEND.

SO BHOLA LEFT FOR HOME.

ON THE WAY—

GOLD!

BHOLA BENT DOWN TO PICK THE GOLD.

WHEN HE STOOD UP—

SHE'S DROPPING GOLD ALL THE WAY!

BHOLA RAN AFTER THE COW...



...BENT TO PICK UP THE GOLD...



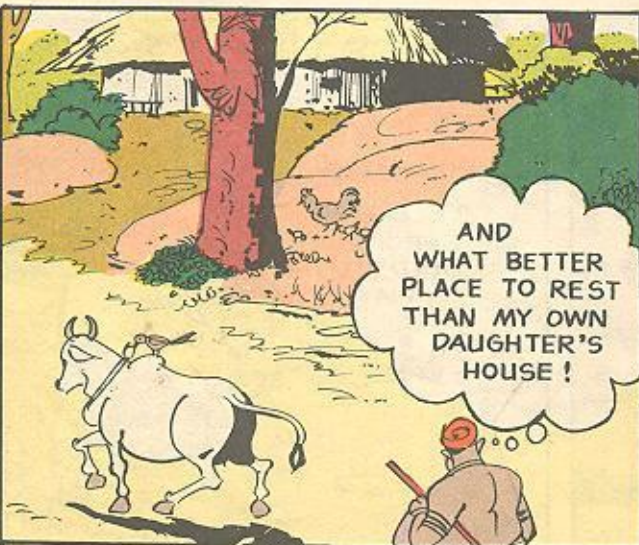
...STOOD UP...



...AND RAN AFTER THE COW, TO COLLECT MORE GOLD.



SOON HE WAS TIRED.

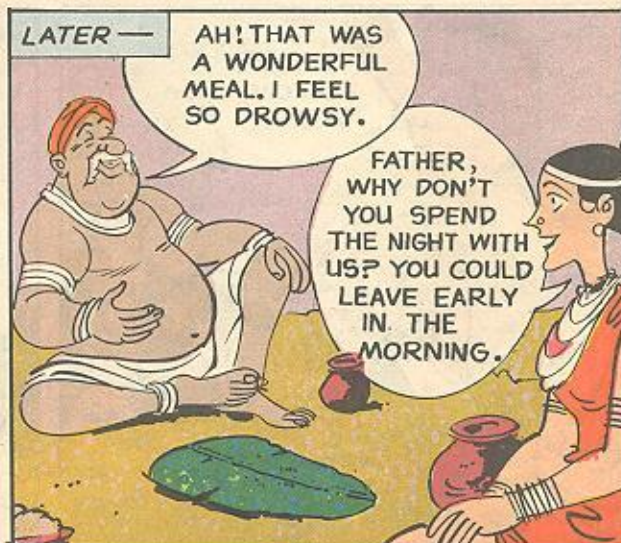
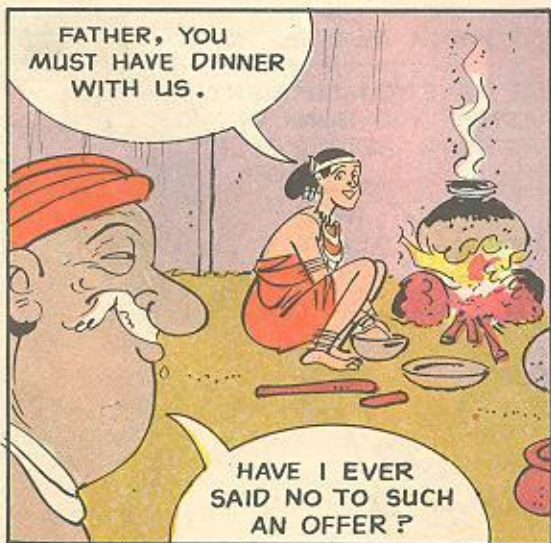
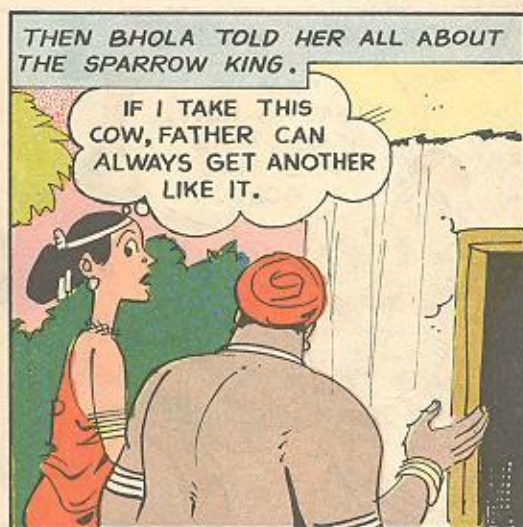
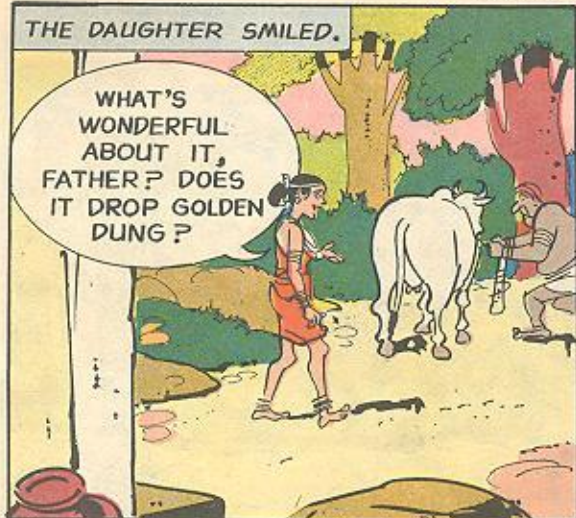


JUST THEN —

SO FATHER, YOU HAVE RETURNED.

YES, DEAR, WITH A WONDERFUL COW.





THAT NIGHT WHILE THE INNOCENT BHOLA SLEPT...



... HIS DAUGHTER LED SONAR BARSA TO HER OWN COWSHED.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING —

I AM LEAVING NOW. HERE, TAKE ALL THIS GOLD.



AFTER ALL WE WILL GET SOME EVERY TIME THE COW DROPS DUNG.

THANK YOU, FATHER.



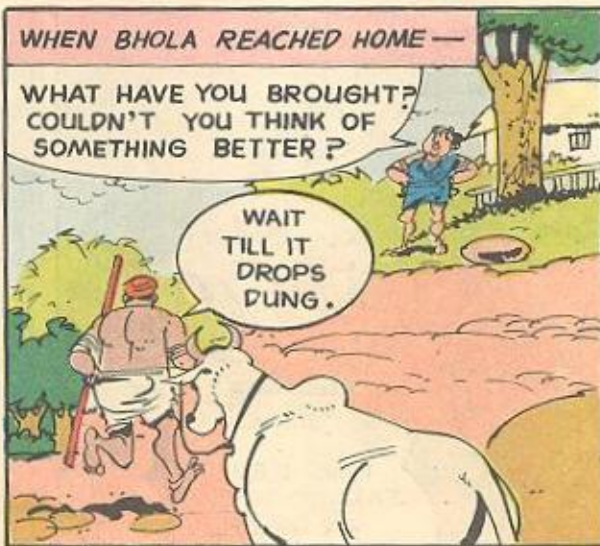
DO COME AGAIN.

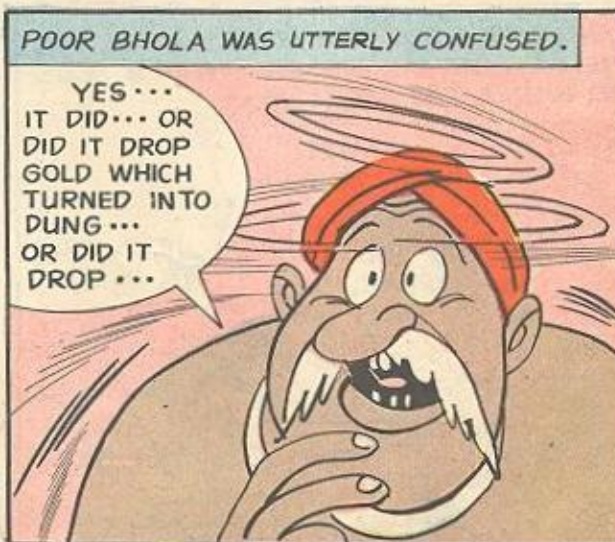
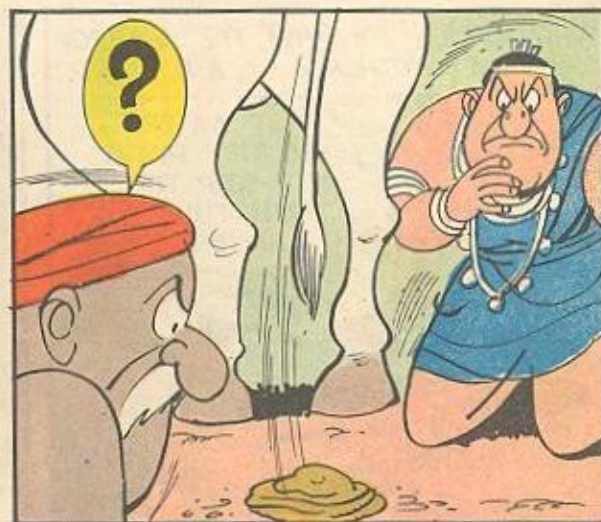
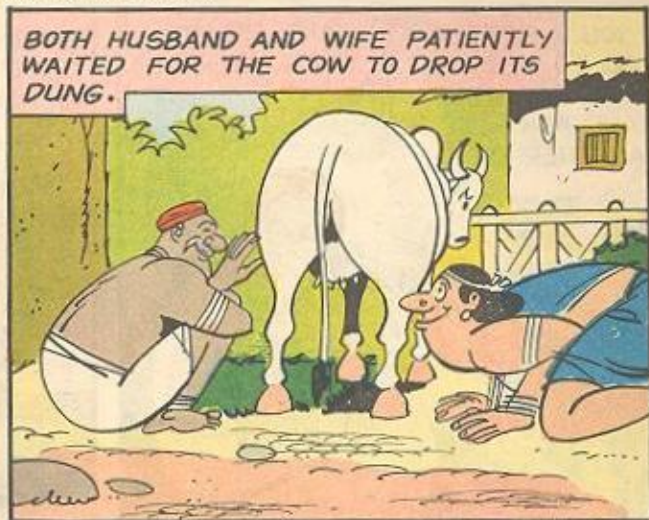
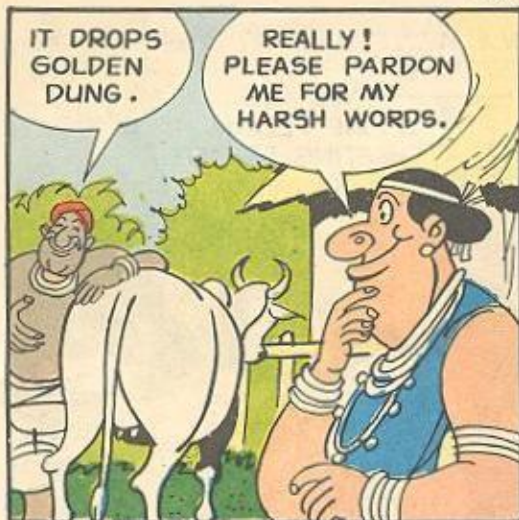


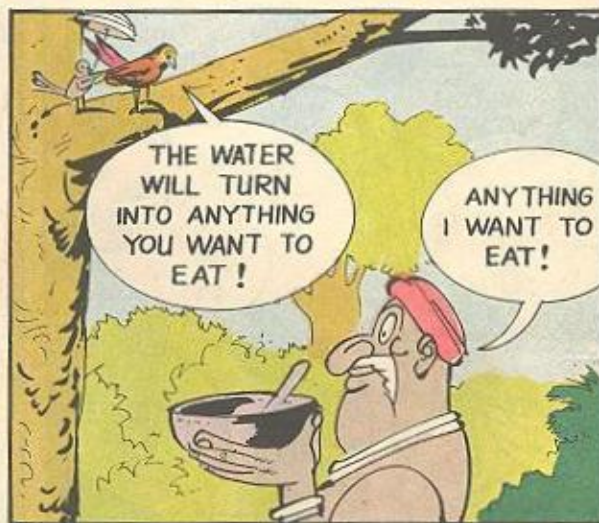
WHEN BHOLA REACHED HOME —

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT? COULDN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER?

WAIT TILL IT DROPS DUNG.



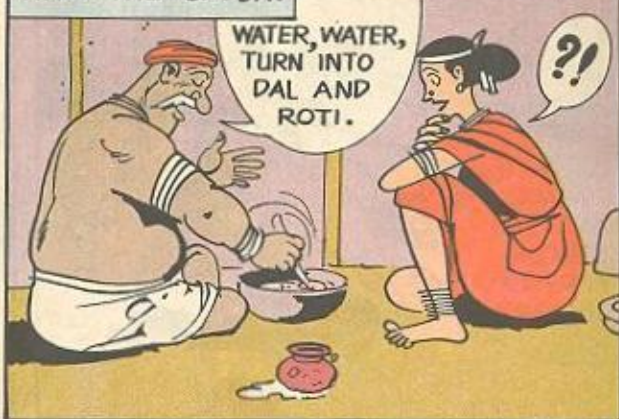




THE DAUGHTER TOOK IT AS A JOKE.



THE WATER WAS BROUGHT. BHOLA PUT IT INTO THE POT AND STIRRED IT WITH THE SPOON.



AND LO!

YOUR DINNER IS READY.

THAT MAGIC POT AND SPOON WILL SOLVE ALL MY PROBLEMS.



THAT NIGHT, WHILE BHOLA SLEPT, HIS DAUGHTER TOOK THE MAGIC UTENSILS AND REPLACED THEM WITH ORDINARY ONES.



THE NEXT DAY WHEN BHOLA REACHED HOME, HE TOLD NIMMO ALL ABOUT THE POT.

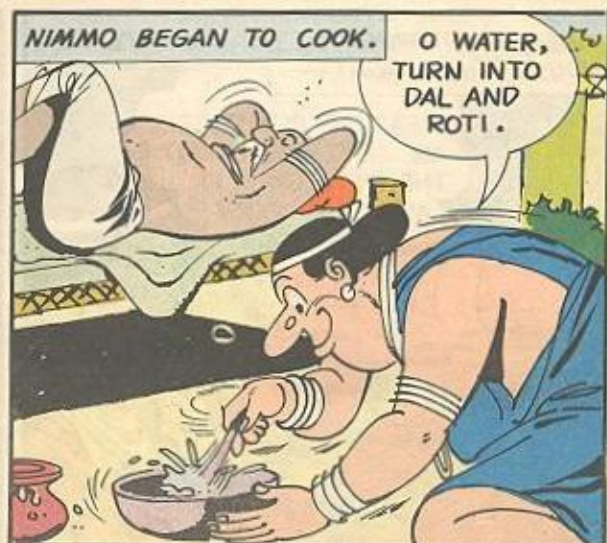
NOW COOK ME SOME DAL AND ROTI. I'M TERRIBLY HUNGRY.

I'LL BRING WATER AT ONCE.



NIMMO BEGAN TO COOK.

O WATER, TURN INTO DAL AND ROTI.



NIMMO LOOKED INTO THE POT.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? I'M HUNGRY.



HERE IS YOUR LUNCH.

SO POOR BHOLA WENT BACK TO THE SPARROW-KING AND TOLD HIM HIS TALE OF WOE.

MY FRIEND, SOMEONE IS PLAYING TRICKS ON YOU.

THE SPARROW-KING ASKED FOR A GOLDEN ROPE AND A STICK TO BE BROUGHT.

HERE. TAKE THESE AND GO HOME. THESE SHOULD HELP YOU RETRIEVE THE OTHER TWO GIFTS.

WHEN HE STOPPED AT HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSE THAT NIGHT —

FATHER DIDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THE NEW GIFT. IT MUST BE VERY PRECIOUS.

I'LL TAKE IT AWAY BEFORE HE WAKES UP.

THE MOMENT SHE TOUCHED THE GOLDEN ROPE HOWEVER...



...IT COILED ITSELF AROUND HER.



BUT MORE WAS TO FOLLOW. THE STICK FLEW UP IN THE AIR...



...AND CAME DOWN ON HER HEAD.



IT WENT UP, WHIRLED ROUND...



...AND CAME DOWN ON HER BACK.



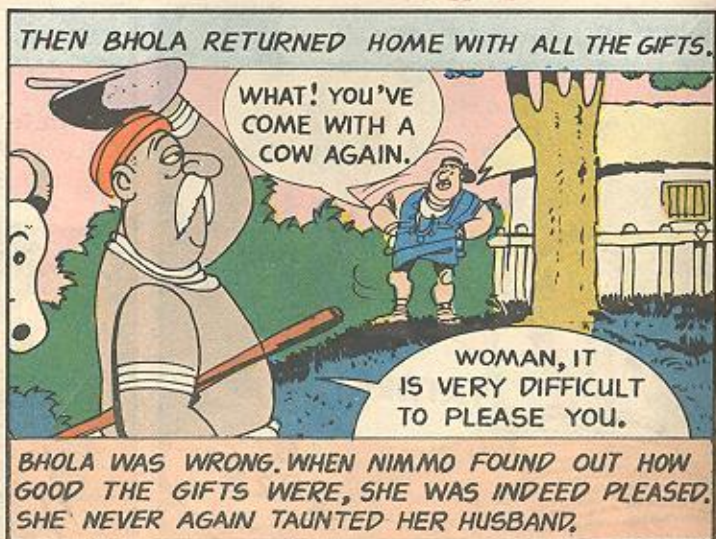
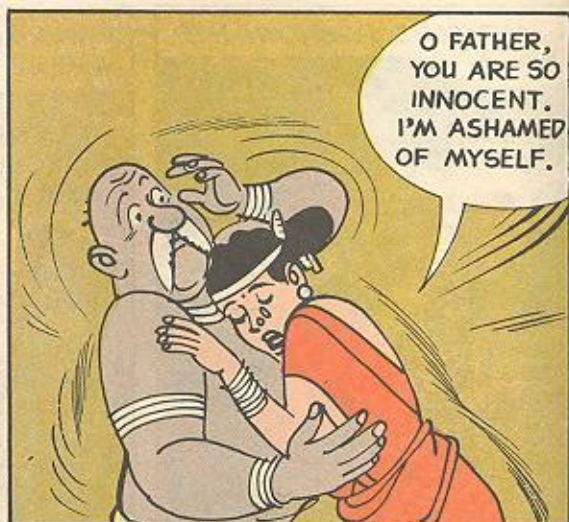
WHEN IT WENT UP AGAIN—



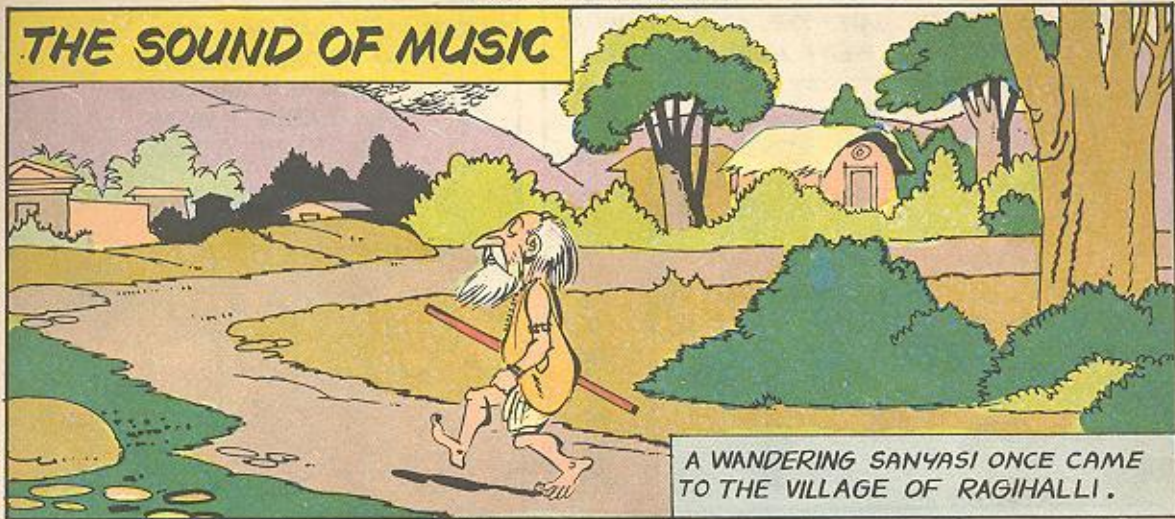
JUST AS THE ROD GAVE HIS DAUGHTER YET ANOTHER RESOUNDING WHACK—



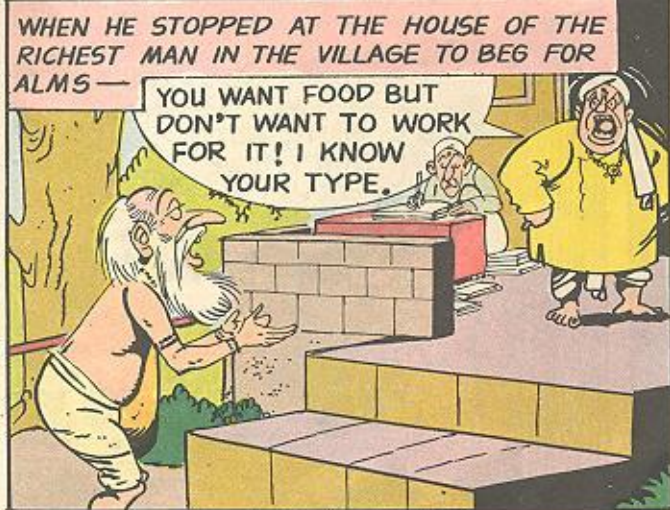
EH...
EH...?



THE SOUND OF MUSIC



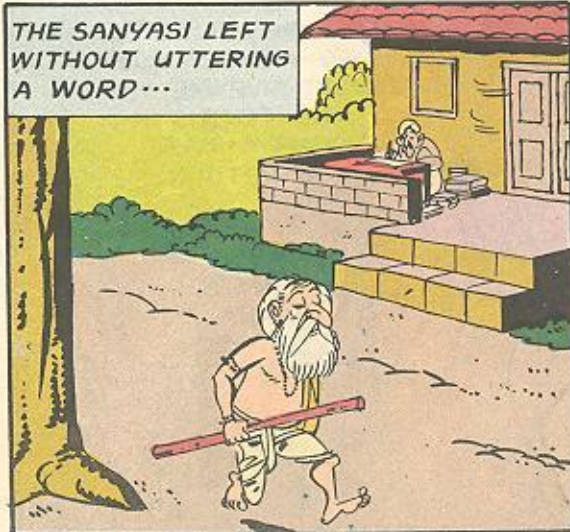
A WANDERING SANYASI ONCE CAME TO THE VILLAGE OF RAGIHALLI.



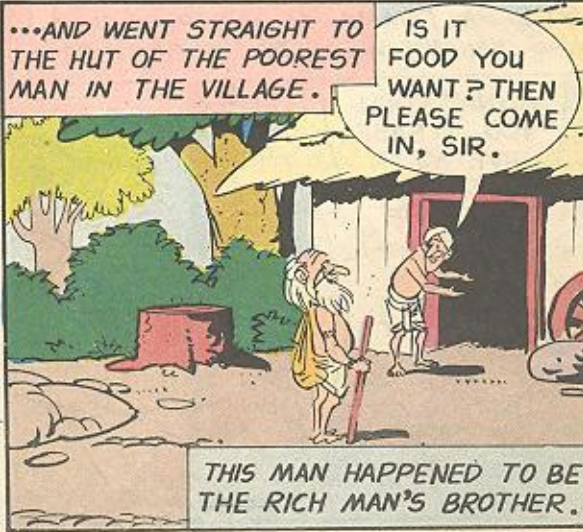
WHEN HE STOPPED AT THE HOUSE OF THE RICHEST MAN IN THE VILLAGE TO BEG FOR ALMS —

YOU WANT FOOD BUT DON'T WANT TO WORK FOR IT! I KNOW YOUR TYPE.

GET OUT!



THE SANYASI LEFT WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD...



...AND WENT STRAIGHT TO THE HUT OF THE POOREST MAN IN THE VILLAGE.

IS IT FOOD YOU WANT? THEN PLEASE COME IN, SIR.

THIS MAN HAPPENED TO BE THE RICH MAN'S BROTHER.

BUT HE CHEERFULLY GAVE THE SANYASI WHAT LITTLE HE HAD, AND WENT HUNGRY HIMSELF.



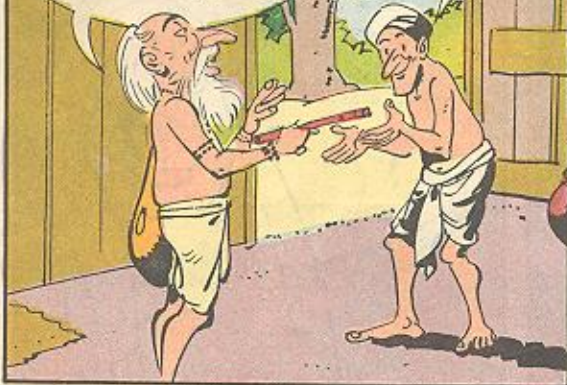
LATER—

THAT WAS THE MOST DELICIOUS MEAL I HAVE EVER EATEN. I WANT TO HELP YOU.



TAKE THIS FLUTE AND PLAY IT IN YOUR FIELD. YOU WILL SOON REAP A RICH HARVEST.

THANK YOU, SIR,

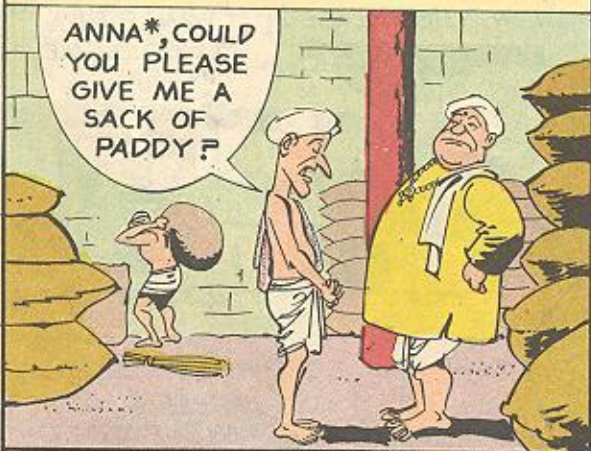


I HAVE THE FLUTE, BUT I DON'T HAVE PADDY TO SOW.



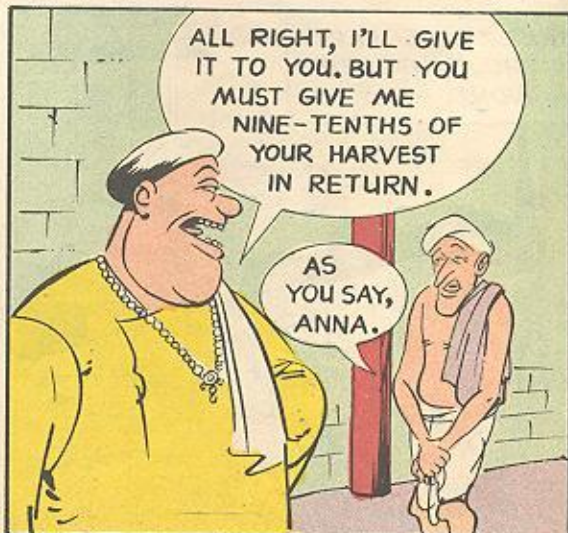
SO BADA TAMMA, AS THE POOR MAN WAS KNOWN, WENT TO HIS BROTHER.

ANNA*, COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME A SACK OF PADDY?



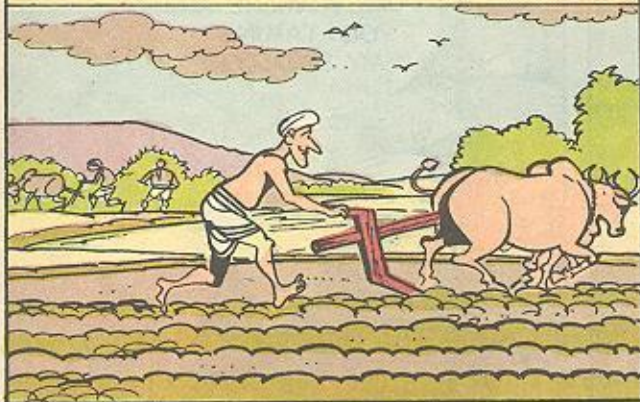
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU. BUT YOU MUST GIVE ME NINE-TENTHS OF YOUR HARVEST IN RETURN.

AS YOU SAY, ANNA.



* ANNA MEANS ELDER BROTHER IN KANNADA

WHEN IT WAS TIME TO SOW, ALL THE FARMERS GOT BUSY IN THEIR FIELDS. SO DID BADA TAMMA. HE PLOUGHED HIS FIELD...



...AND SOWED THE SEEDS.



THEN, DAY AFTER DAY, HE SAT IN THE FIELD AND PLAYED THE FLUTE FROM DAWN TO DUSK.



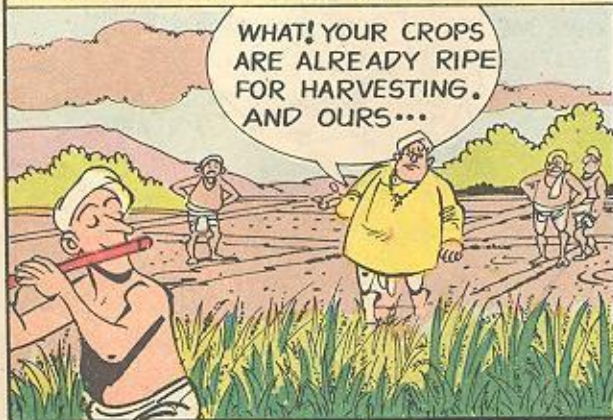
ONE DAY HIS BROTHER HAPPENED TO PASS BY.



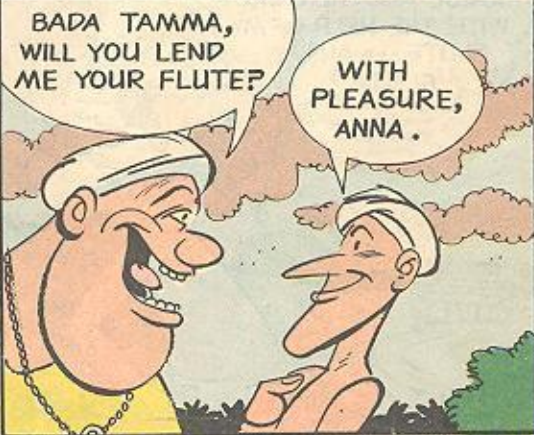
WHY HERE OF ALL PLACES? YOUR CROPS ARE NOT GOING TO GROW ANY THE FASTER FOR IT!



BUT THE RICH BROTHER WAS IN FOR A SURPRISE. A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN HE CAME THAT WAY AGAIN—



WHEN BADA TAMMA TOLD HIM ABOUT THE MAGICAL POWER OF THE FLUTE—



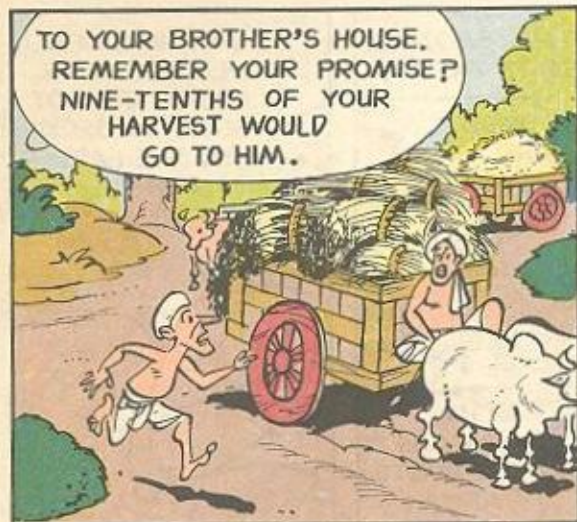
A FEW DAYS LATER—



HEY!



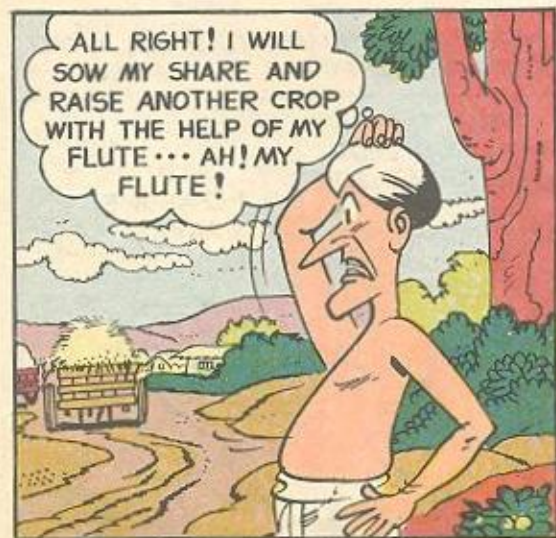
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING MY PADDY?



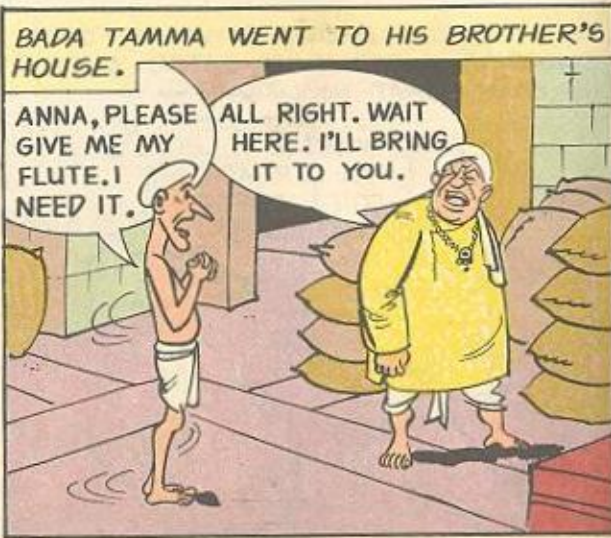
TO YOUR BROTHER'S HOUSE. REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE? NINE-TENTHS OF YOUR HARVEST WOULD GO TO HIM.



THAT HEAP— ONE-TENTH OF WHAT YOU GREW— IS YOURS.



ALL RIGHT! I WILL SOW MY SHARE AND RAISE ANOTHER CROP WITH THE HELP OF MY FLUTE... AH! MY FLUTE!



BADA TAMMA WENT TO HIS BROTHER'S HOUSE.

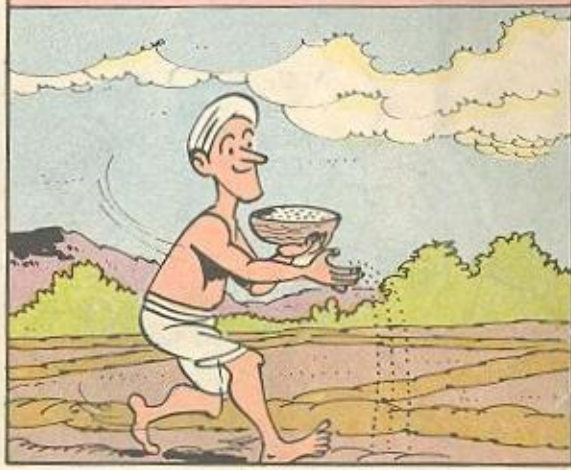
ANNA, PLEASE GIVE ME MY FLUTE. I NEED IT.

ALL RIGHT. WAIT HERE. I'LL BRING IT TO YOU.

HERE YOU ARE!
AND DON'T COME
TO ME AGAIN FOR
FLUTE OR
PADDY.

I WON'T,
ANNA, I WON'T
TROUBLE YOU
AT ALL.

BADA TAMMA SOWED THE SEEDS...



...AND BEGAN TO PLAY THE FLUTE.

IT DOESN'T SOUND
THE SAME! I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



AH! MY BROTHER
MUST HAVE GIVEN
ME ANOTHER FLUTE
BY MISTAKE. I'LL
GO BACK TO HIM.

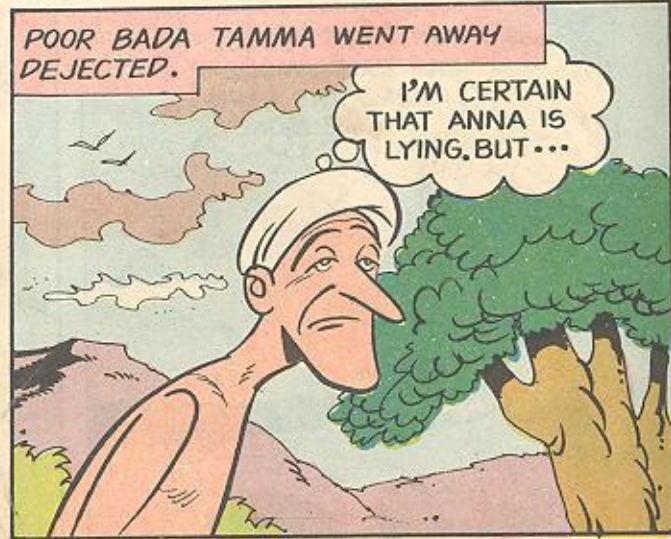


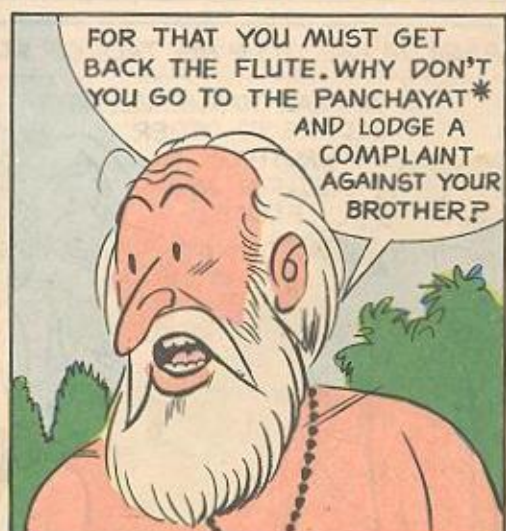
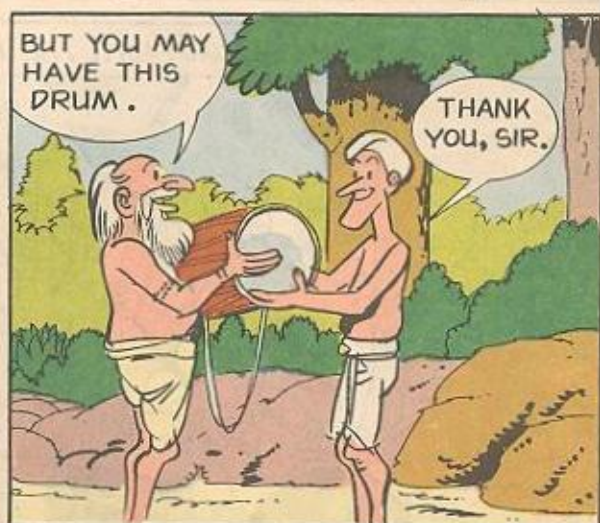
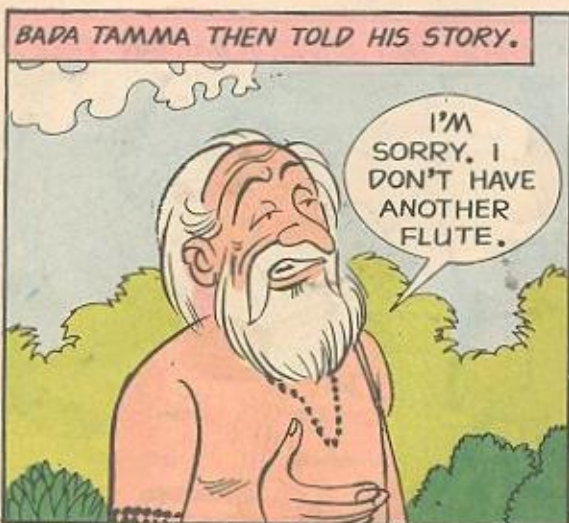
WITH THIS FLUTE,
I CAN RAISE MORE
CROPS AND EARN
MORE MONEY.

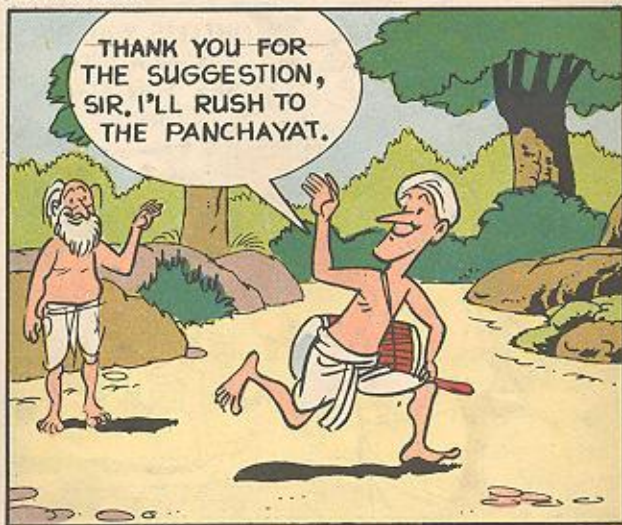


ANNA!





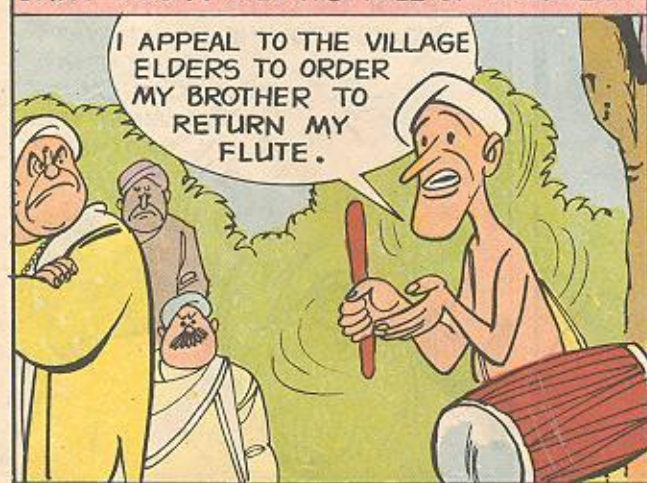




TO HEAR BADA TAMMA'S COMPLAINT, THE PANCHAYAT MET UNDER A BANYAN TREE.



BADA TAMMA TOLD HIS TALE OF WOE. THEN—



AS YOU ALL KNOW, I DON'T NEED A FLUTE TO RAISE CROPS AND BECOME RICH. I HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY.

HE IS RIGHT. WHY SHOULD A RICH MAN LIKE HIM DUPE ANYONE?

BUT... BUT...

BE QUIET, YOU ROGUE.

MY BROTHER IS JEALOUS OF ME. THAT'S WHY HE HAS BROUGHT THIS FALSE CHARGE AGAINST ME.

YES... YES, JEALOUSY IS THE MOTHER OF ALL EVIL.

I AM ASHAMED OF YOU, IF GRAIN IS WHAT YOU WANT, I CAN GIVE YOU ALL YOU NEED AND MORE.

SEE HOW GENEROUS HE IS!

BADA TAMMA IS AN UNGRATEFUL WRETCH!

YOU SHALL BE FINED FOR BRINGING A FALSE COMPLAINT AGAINST A RESPECTABLE MAN, A MAN OF HONOUR...

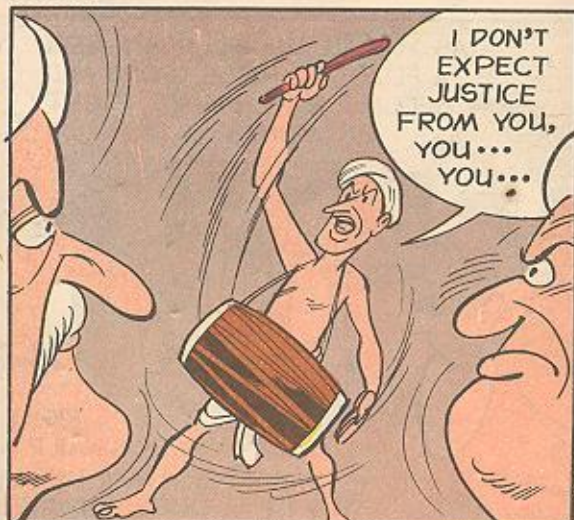
BADA TAMMA SHOOK WITH ANGER.

NO! HE IS NOT AN HONEST MAN. ALL OF YOU ARE ON HIS SIDE BECAUSE HE IS RICH AND I AM POOR.

WATCH YOUR WORDS...



I DON'T EXPECT JUSTICE FROM YOU, YOU... YOU...



AND BADA TAMMA BROUGHT THE STICK DOWN ON THE DRUM.



THE NEXT MINUTE, ALL THE ELDERS WERE PULLED TO THEIR FEET.

DUM



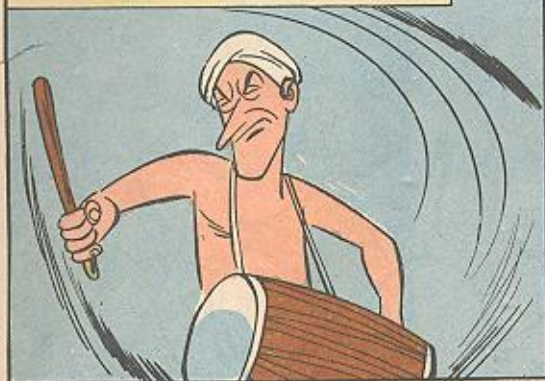
AS BADA TAMMA BEGAN TO BEAT THE DRUM...



...THEIR FEET BEGAN TO KEEP TIME.



BADA TAMMA WAS NOT EVEN AWARE OF THEIR PLIGHT. HE KEPT ON BEATING THE DRUM. THE FASTER HE BEAT, THE FASTER THEIR FEET WORKED.



THEY TRIED TO SIT...

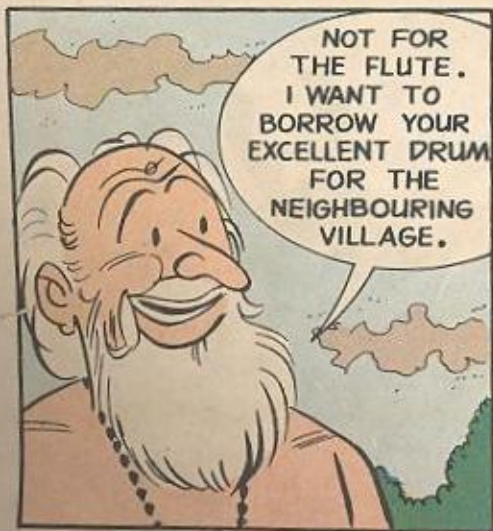
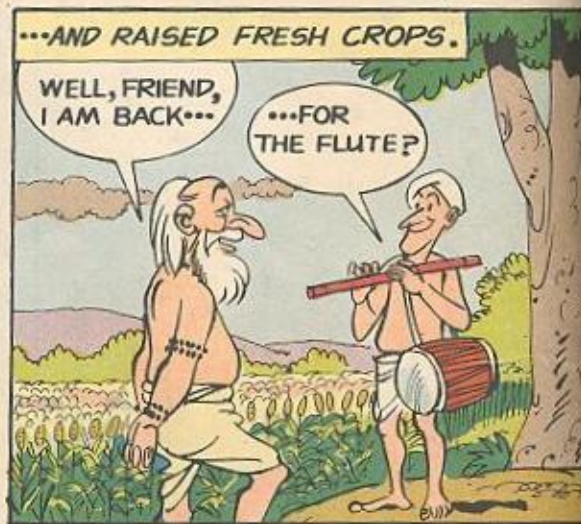


...AND WERE FORCED TO DANCE TO THE BEAT OF THE DRUM.

OH BADA TAMMA!
PLEASE STOP.

I ADMIT MY GUILT!
STOP.





February 1, 1982

Regd. No: MN-5Y-South-731

Registered with the Registrar of Newspapers for India.

Registration No: R.N. 31767/70



What are Dipy's jams made of?

Strawberries from Panchgani
Mangoes from Ratnagiri
Allahabad guavas. Trichur pineapples.
Papayas from Dahanu
and Jalgaon bananas. All picked
for the sun-blessed goodness of
Dipy's Mixed Fruit Jam.

When it's Dipy's, it's got to be the best.

Dipy's Jams: Apricot, Mango, Mixed Fruit,
Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry, Orange
Marmalade and Guava Jelly.

Dipy's jams — a fruit-full experience.