

CHANDAMAMA

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for the story of
**'THE INVASION AND
THE REVENGE'**



TALES OF MULLA NASRUDDIN

The Day Nasruddin grew Wiser

Mulla Nasruddin was out on a long journey. He stood under the cool shade of a huge banyan tree. He looked upward and saw the branches filled with numerous little fruit.

"What a large tree, but how small are its fruit! Had I been the maker of this tree, I would have adorned it with fruit as large as pumpkins, if not larger" mused Nasruddin.

Just then a tiny fruit fell on his head and rolled down to the ground.

"Well, well, Nasruddin," he told himself, "now you understand why the fruit are small, don't you? You have grown wiser!"

The Mulla Goes to See for Himself

Mulla Nasruddin and one of his friends were passing through a town. Some boys surrounded them and pestered them for some contribution. They wanted to have a feast.

"Feast? Boys, don't you know that the Sultan is throwing a grand feast for all just now?" he asked the boys.

The boys looked at one another. Soon one of them began running in the direction of the Sultan's palace. Then an-



other boy ran. Then a third and then a fourth. Soon all were seen running.

The Mulla observed them. Suddenly he too quickened his pace and then started running. "What's this? Why are you running?" asked his friend.

"One may be wrong, even two or three or four may be wrong. But don't you see how all of them are running towards the Sultan's palace? Who knows if the Sultan is not really throwing a feast? I must run and see for myself!" replied Nasruddin.

That is the Question

Nasruddin entered the garden of a rich man. He uprooted vegetables and put them in a sack.



Suddenly the owner of the property came upon him. "How dared you enter this garden?" he demanded.

"Dared? Never. A gust of wind carried me and threw me down here!"

"How dared you uproot those vegetables?" demanded the man.

"Dared? Never. I was holding on to them to resist the fierce wind. They got uprooted."

"How then did they go into this sack?"

"That is the question, I was just going to ask you to solve the mystery," replied the Mulla with a grin.

FLASH

...stumps on the penultimate day...
 ...Having gained a first lead...
 ...of 15...
 ...at 90...
 ...Carlton...
 ...Saidha...
 ...the scores...

...quite interesting. Poona...
 ...points to 41, but it had...
 ...a strong threat from...
 ...before winning...
 ...14-30 at half...
 ...put up a splendid...
 ...the third quarter and...
 ...led-way to first...

...participants...
 ...In the girls...
 ...South Korea took...
 ...beating Japan...
 ...a South...
 ...India qualified to...
 ...second world...
 ...championships to...
 ...to be held next...

World Memory Record

S. Mahadevan, a psychology undergraduate of Mangalore (age 23), has set a new record in "memory computerising" by reciting from memory 31,811 numbers in three hours and 39 minutes. The previous record (cited by the Guinness Book of Records) was 20,013 numbers in 9 hours and 14 minutes.



Monument to a Hero of Folktales

Mulla Nasruddin is a queer character. He combines in him wit and innocence, disgust for injustice and compassion for all.

He is a rich figure in the folktales of Uzbekistan, an Asian area of the Soviet Union.

In the city of Bukhara has just been installed an impressive three-metre high statue of the Mulla. We join in paying tribute to this 'hero' by retelling three tales that feature him elsewhere in this issue.