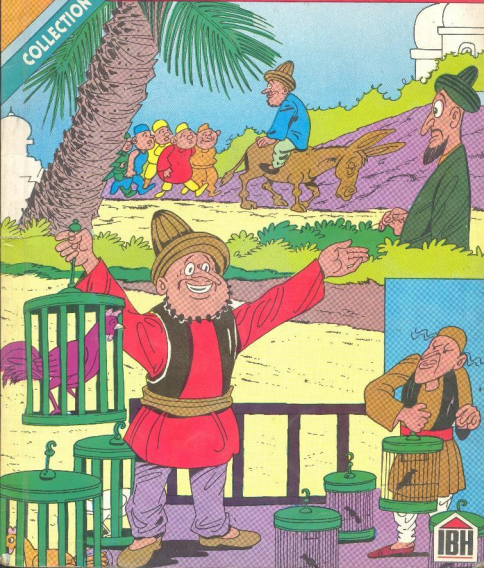


TINKLE

COLLECTION : 255 Rs. 90

# TALES OF NASRUDDIN HODJA





## TALES OF Nasruddin Hodja

Quick-witted and glib-tongued, the portly Nasruddin Hodja is an all-time-favourite. A constant threat to his enemies and an invaluable asset to his friends, Hodja is always game for a challenge and his sense of humour and presence of mind ensure that he emerges the winner. This enjoyable collection brings you stories about the scrapes that he gets into and the dexterity with which he gets out of them.



**Editor : Anant Pai**

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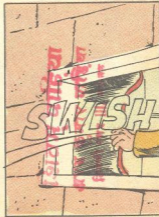
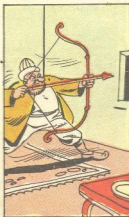
# THE LUCKY ESCAPE

—A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Script : Shruti Desai

Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

ONE NIGHT, WHEN NASRUDDIN HODJA LOOKED OUT OF HIS WINDOW —





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING NASRUDDIN HODJA AND HIS WIFE CAUTIOUSLY STEPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE.



NOW STAY CLOSE BEHIND ME AND...



SO THAT'S THE MONSTER YOU SHOT!



YOUR OWN OVERCOAT WHICH I HAD HUNG OUT TO DRY!



I... SHOT AT MY OWN OVERCOAT?



THANK GOD I WAS NOT IN IT!



# THE THOUSAND COINS

— A Nasruddin Hodja tale      Script: Luis M. Fernandes  
Illustrations: Ram Waerker

NASRUDDIN HODJA HAD A HABIT OF PRAYING ALOUD, AND EVERY DAY HE USED TO PRAY FOR THE SAME THING—AND IN THE SAME WAY.



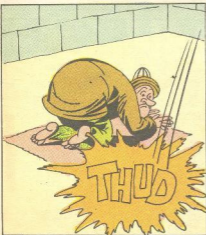
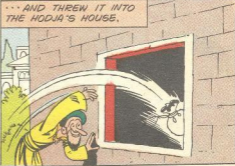
ONE THOUSAND COINS, MIND YOU! IF YOU GIVE ME EVEN ONE COIN LESS I WON'T ACCEPT THE MONEY.



ONE DAY HIS NEIGHBOUR DECIDED TO PLAY A TRICK ON HIM. HE PUT NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE COINS IN A BAG...



... AND THREW IT INTO THE HODJA'S HOUSE.



A BAG OF COINS! GOD HAS ANSWERED MY PRAYERS!



WHEN THE HODJA  
COUNTED THE  
MONEY—

NINE-HUNDRED AND  
NINETY-NINE  
COINS!

NOW  
LET'S SEE  
WHAT HE  
DOES.

HE WILL HAVE TO REFUSE  
THE MONEY BECAUSE IT IS  
ONE COIN SHORT OF  
A THOUSAND.

BUT TO HIS NEIGHBOUR'S SURPRISE—

THANK YOU FOR THIS  
MONEY, GOD!

BUT PLEASE  
SEE THAT YOU SEND  
THE REMAINING COIN  
AS SOON AS  
YOU CAN.

WHAT A RASCAL YOU ARE,  
NASRUDDIN! EVEN YOUR  
PRAYERS ARE FALSE!

ANYWAY, GIVE  
ME MY MONEY  
BACK!

YOUR  
MONEY?

THIS MONEY  
WAS SENT TO ME  
BY GOD.

IT WAS I WHO  
THREW IT INTO  
YOUR HOUSE.



SOON —

YOUR HONOUR,  
LISTEN TO MY STORY!  
THIS MAN PRAYS  
LOUDLY EVERY  
MORNING...

THE NEIGHBOUR SPOKE FOR A LONG  
TIME. WHEN HE HAD FINISHED —

SO THE BAG  
OF MONEY WHICH  
THE HODJA FOUND  
IS YOURS!

THAT IS  
THE TRUTH,  
YOUR  
HONOUR.

DON'T BELIEVE  
HIM, YOUR HONOUR.  
HE IS ALWAYS  
CLAIMING  
OTHER PEOPLE'S  
PROPERTY AS  
HIS OWN.

I WON'T BE SURPRISED  
IF HE SAYS THAT THE  
MULE ON WHICH  
I RODE HERE IS  
HIS.

IT IS  
MINE!

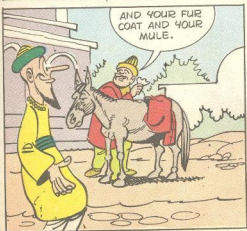
NEXT, YOU'LL  
SAY THAT THIS COAT  
TOO IS YOURS!

DO YOU SEE HOW  
IT IS, YOUR  
HONOUR?

I DO,  
INDEED!

IT IS!  
AND WELL  
YOU KNOW  
IT.





# A BEAR ON A TREE

- A Nasruddin  
Hodja tale

Script: Devenshu Mohapatra  
Illustrations: Ram Waerker

ONE DAY THE HODJA WAS WALKING THROUGH A FOREST WHEN HE SAW A BEAR COMING TOWARDS HIM.



HE HASTILY CLIMBED UP THE NEAREST TREE...



...AND WAITED FOR THE BEAR TO PASS BY.



UNFORTUNATELY, THE BEAR CHOSE THAT VERY TREE...



...TO SLEEP UNDER



THE POOR HODJA SPENT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON ON THE TOP OF THE TREE, THEN TOWARDS EVENING —

HE'S GETTING UP AT LAST! OH, WHAT A RELIEF!



EH!



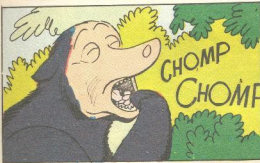
OH, MY GOD! HE'S CLIMBING UP!



THE BEAR WAS HUNGRY AND HAD CLIMBED UP TO EAT FRUITS.



HE'S COMING AFTER ME. I'D BETTER CLIMB TO THE HIGHEST BRANCH!



BUT AFTER SOME TIME, THE BEAR TOO REACHED THAT SAME BRANCH.



THIS IS MY LAST DAY ON EARTH.





HE IS OFFERING ME FRUITS!



I NEVER EAT FRUITS, THANK YOU.



THE BEAR HAD NOT SEEN THE HODJA TILL THEN, HE WAS SO STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A HUMAN...



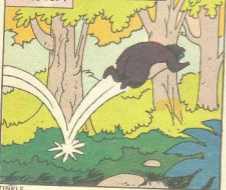
... THAT HE LOST HIS BALANCE.



... AND FELL.



THEN PICKING HIMSELF UP, HE RAN AWAY AS FAST AS HE COULD.



HE'S GONE! THANK GOD!

BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED OF ME!



# How Hodja Bought a Donkey

— A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Script : Luis Fernandes  
Illustrations : Ram Waeerker

ONE DAY THE HODJA TOOK HIS DONKEY TO THE MARKET TO SELL...

... AND SOON FOUND A BUYER FOR IT.

I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY-FIVE PIASTRES FOR IT.

ALL RIGHT.

THE MAN PAID HODJA THE MONEY...

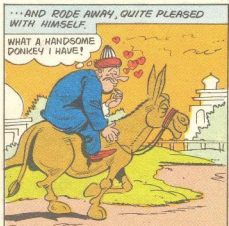
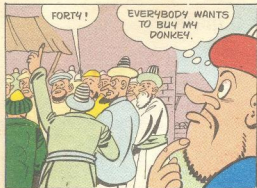
... AND THEN IMMEDIATELY PUT THE DONKEY UP FOR SALE AGAIN.

COME FOLKS, LOOK AT THIS MAGNIFICENT BEAST.

SEE HOW STRONG AND HEALTHY IT LOOKS. AND IT IS SO GENTLE TOO.

I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY PIASTRES FOR IT.

I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY-FIVE.



SO HODJA BOUGHT BACK HIS OWN DONKEY...

# Nasruddin Hodja

Script : Shruti Desai  
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

ONE RAINY DAY—

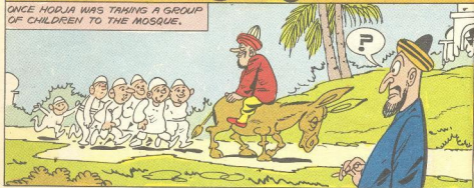


# Nāsruddīn Hodjā

Script: Shruti Desai

Illustrations: Ram Weerker

ONCE HODJĀ WAS TAKING A GROUP OF CHILDREN TO THE MOSQUE.



WHY ARE YOU SITTING THAT WAY, HODJĀ?

WELL, I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO LEAD THESE CHILDREN TO THE MOSQUE.



IF I RIDE WITH MY BACK TO THEM I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM.



THEN WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM GO AHEAD OF YOU?



HOW CAN A LEADER ALLOW HIS FOLLOWERS TO WALK AHEAD OF HIM?





# Nāsruddīn Hodja

Script : Shruti Desai  
Illustrations: Ram Waeerker

NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS ASKED TO GIVE A TALK TO SOME PEOPLE.

WHAT A NUISANCE THESE PEOPLE ARE.



WHY DO THEY WANT TO HEAR ME SPEAK. LET'S SEE IF I CAN GET RID OF THEM.



DO ANY OF YOU KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

NO.



YOU SEEM TO BE VERY DULL PEOPLE. I'M SORRY, BUT I CANNOT WASTE MY TIME TALKING TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU.



BUT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE A MULLAH STOPPED HIM —

NO, NO, SIR! PLEASE GO BACK AND SPEAK TO THEM.

IF YOU INSIST.



SO HODJA WENT BACK TO THE AUDIENCE AND ASKED THEM THE SAME QUESTION AGAIN.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

LET'S NOT GET FOOLED THIS TIME.





YES, YES, WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO TALK ABOUT.

YOU DO?



THEN IN THAT CASE, IT WOULD BE A WASTE OF TIME TO SAY ANYTHING MORE, WOULDN'T IT?



BUT ONCE AGAIN—

NO, NO, HODJA. PLEASE GO BACK AND SAY A FEW WORDS TO THEM.

ALL RIGHT.



NOW BE PREPARED. DON'T LET HIM FOOL US A THIRD TIME



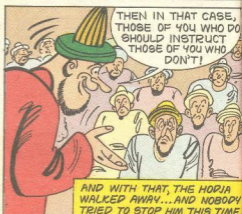
WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN. DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

YES WE DO...



...I MEAN, SOME OF US DO AND SOME OF US DON'T.

WHAT A CLEVER ANSWER.



THEN IN THAT CASE, THOSE OF YOU WHO DO SHOULD INSTRUCT THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T!

AND WITH THAT, THE HODJA WALKED AWAY...AND NOBODY TRIED TO STOP HIM THIS TIME.

# GOOD ADVICE


A Nasruddin Hodja tale Illustrations: Ram Waeerker

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by V. Nagarik, Hyderabad




NASRUDDIN FOUND THE ADVICE FOOLISH BUT KEPT SILENT.




SECONDLY, DON'T EVER BELIEVE THAT FLAMES OF FIRE CAN BECOME HARD OR SOLID.

!



AND LASTLY, DON'T EVER BELIEVE THAT ICE CAN BE HOT.

WHAT NONSENSE ARE YOU SPOUTING?



I DON'T WANT YOUR 'WISE SAYINGS'! GIVE ME MONEY, INSTEAD.

TOO LATE! YOU ASKED FOR THE SAYINGS.



PLACE THE BASKET NEAR THE WINDOW.

!



WHY DID YOU THROW IT OUT?



YOU TOLD ME TO PLACE IT NEAR THE WINDOW.



HOW SHOULD I KNOW WHETHER YOU MEANT INSIDE OR OUTSIDE THE ROOM?



AND IF ANYONE TELLS YOU THERE'S A SINGLE BOTTLE UNBROKEN IN THAT BASKET...



... DON'T BELIEVE HIM!

# Nasruddin Hodja

Script : Shruti Desai  
Illustrations : Ram Waerker

ONE DAY THE KING FORCED NASRUDDIN HODJA TO GO ON A BEAR HUNT WITH HIM.



WHEN THE HUNTING PARTY RETURNED IN THE EVENING —



HOW MANY BEARS DID YOU KILL?



HOW MANY DID YOU CHASE?



HOW MANY DID YOU SEE?



BUT YOU SAID THE HUNT WENT MARVELLOUSLY?



MY DEAR FELLOW, WHEN YOU'RE HUNTING A DANGEROUS ANIMAL LIKE A BEAR ...



... IT'S MARVELLOUS NOT TO COME ACROSS ANY!



# Nasruddin Hodja

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by  
Sharadraj Y. Shanbhag,  
Kumta



NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS IN A GREAT HURRY—

COME ON, QUICK...  
I MUST CROSS THE  
RIVER BEFORE DUSK.



HURRY, HURRY...IT'S  
URGENT.

I'M ROWING  
AS FAST AS  
I CAN!

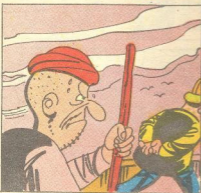


?



WHY DON'T YOU  
JUST SIT DOWN  
AND RELAX?

IF I SIT DOWN  
AND RELAX, HOW  
CAN I CROSS THE  
RIVER BEFORE DUSK?



# Shoes for HODJA

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Dev Nedkarni

Illustrations: Ram Waerker

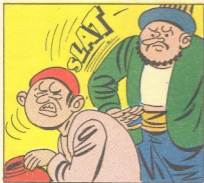
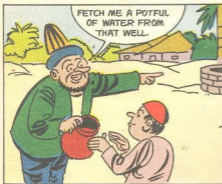


# SAFETY MEASURE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Dev Nadkarni

Illustrations: Ram Waeerker





# FAIR SHARE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Dev Nadkarni  
Illustrations: Ram Wasekar

ONE DAY NASRUDDIN AND HIS FRIEND  
DECIDED TO SHARE A GLASS OF MILK.

YOU DRINK  
YOUR SHARE  
FIRST...

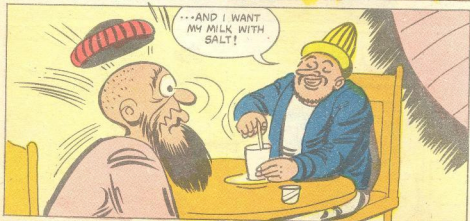
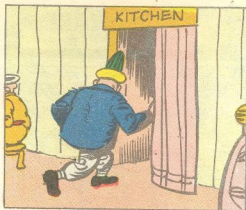
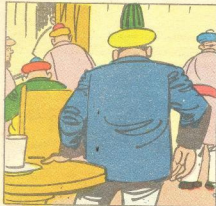
...I HAVE SOME  
SUGAR, BUT IT'S SUFFICIENT  
FOR ME ALONE...

SO AFTER YOU HAVE  
YOUR SHARE, I'LL ADD  
IT TO MINE AND THEN  
DRINK IT.

WHY DON'T  
YOU ADD IT  
NOW...

... I'LL  
DRINK ONLY  
MY HALF.

SORRY, IT'S  
ENOUGH FOR ONLY  
ONE—ME.



# SWEETS FOR A FRIEND

A Nasruddin Hodja tale  
Illustrations : Ram Waerker

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Neeraj Sharma, New Delhi

AN OLD MAN WENT TO VISIT HIS DAUGHTER'S GRAVE ONE MORNING.



WHAT'S IN THAT POT, HODJA?

SWEETS.



BUT WHY ARE YOU KEEPING SWEETS ON A TOMB?



MY FRIEND LOVED SWEETS SO I'VE BROUGHT SOME FOR HIM!



HOW SILLY! DO YOU THINK YOUR FRIEND CAN COME OUT TO EAT THE SWEETS?



WHY NOT? WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER CAN COME TO APPRECIATE THE FLOWERS...



...WHY CAN'T MY FRIEND EAT THE SWEETS?



# IGNORANCE CONFIRMED

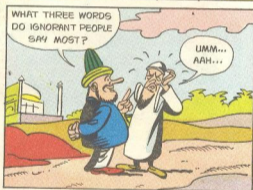
—A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

READERS' CHOICE

Based on a story sent by  
Sandeep Bhaskaran, Bombay

ONE MORNING, HODJA WAS AMBLING DOWN THE STREET WHEN —

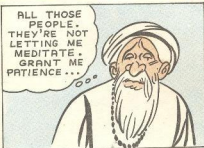
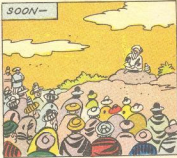


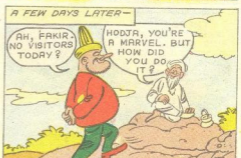
# MONEY POWER

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script:  
Iyer Prasad B.

Illustrations:  
Ram Waeerker





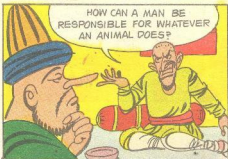
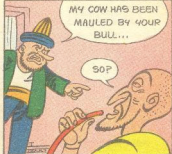
# ABOUT-TURN

A Nasruddin Hedja Tale

Script:  
Dev Nadkarni

Illustrations:  
Ram Waanker

ONE MORNING, NASRUDDIN RUSHED TO HIS NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE—



# TURNING THE (VEGE) TABLES

A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Illustrations:  
Ram Waerker

Based on a story sent by  
Rajendra Pillai, Calcutta

Readers' Choice

NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS ACCOMPANYING THE SULTAN ON AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE KINGDOM. THEY PASSED A FIELD OF CABBAGES.





# BUY? BYE!

A Nasruddin Hodja tale

Based on a  
story sent by  
Katyayani Juloori,  
Secunderabad

Illustrations:  
Ram Waerkar

ONE DAY HODJA SET OUT  
TO BUY A LAMP.

THERE GOES  
HODJA. I'LL  
FOLLOW HIM  
AND HAVE  
SOME FUN!

HOW MUCH  
IS THAT  
LAMP?

THIRTY  
RUPEES!

THIRTY?  
I'LL TAKE  
IT.

NO, NO, I'D  
LIKE TO  
BUY THAT  
LAMP. I'LL  
PAY YOU  
MORE!

BUT I ASKED  
FOR IT FIRST!

HUSH,  
HODJA! HOW  
MUCH WILL  
YOU PAY?

FIFTY  
RUPEES!

FIFTY! BUT...  
BUT... HODJA WAS  
HERE FIRST!

I'LL... I'LL PAY YOU  
SEVENTY-FIVE!

HODJA?

GIVE IT TO  
HIM.

IT'S YOURS FOR  
SEVENTY-FIVE!

?!  
?!

I'M OFF TO THE  
NEXT SHOP—  
THERE'S ONE  
THERE JUST  
LIKE IT FOR  
ONLY THIRTY.

?!  
?!

# GRAMMATICAL ERROR

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

## Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by  
Boipu Serto, Manipur

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONCE, AS NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS TRAVELLING TO A NEARBY TOWN —

... AND HOW MANY CHILDREN DO YOU HAVE?

TWO.

DO THEY GO TO SCHOOL? ONLY ONE OF MY CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL.

TCH... TCH... YOU'RE FORGETTING YOUR GRAMMAR.

YOU MUST SAY, 'ONE OF MY CHILDREN GOES TO SCHOOL.'

SPEAK CORRECTLY OR DON'T SPEAK AT ALL — THAT'S MY PRINCIPLE!

?

O-ER.

SOME TIME LATER —

HEY! WHERE'S MY BAG OF POTATOES?

IT-ER— FELL OFF.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

I WAS-ER— PLANNING TO...

...BUT I WAS WONDERING WHETHER 'YOUR BAG IS FALLING OFF' WAS CORRECT OR 'YOUR BAG FELL OFF' WAS MORE LIKE IT!

# TURNING THE TABLES

Illustrations:  
Ram Waerker



Based on a story  
sent by  
Sachin S. Ahirao,  
Bombay

ONE DAY IN THE  
SULTAN'S COURT—



WHO IS THE  
WISEST MAN IN  
THE KINGDOM?

IT'S  
NASRUDDIN  
HODJA, MY  
LORD.

AH! HERE'S  
A CHANCE TO  
CORNER  
HODJA.



HOW  
DO YOU  
KNOW?

I'VE HEARD  
PEOPLE SAY THAT  
HE CAN READ  
EVERYBODY'S  
MIND!



HUM...  
CAN YOU,  
NASRUDDIN?



NOW LET'S  
SEE HOW HE  
GETS OUT OF  
THIS ONE.



CAN  
YOU READ  
THIS MAN'S  
MIND?

OF COURSE!  
HE WISHES THAT  
YOU LIVE FOR A  
HUNDRED  
YEARS!



IS HODJA  
CORRECT?



4... YES, ER...  
ABSOLUTELY  
CORRECT! I...  
I ALWAYS HAVE  
GOOD THOUGHTS  
FOR YOU.

'WHEW!  
I COULDN'T  
DENY THAT  
ONE.

# THE OPTION

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale  
Based on a story sent by  
Bharat Agarwalla, Calcutta

Illustrations:  
Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY HODJA AND HIS FRIEND WERE SWIMMING ACROSS A RIVER.

OOPH! THIS IS TOUGH GOING!



HOW FAR DO YOU THINK WE HAVE COME?

HALF-WAY.

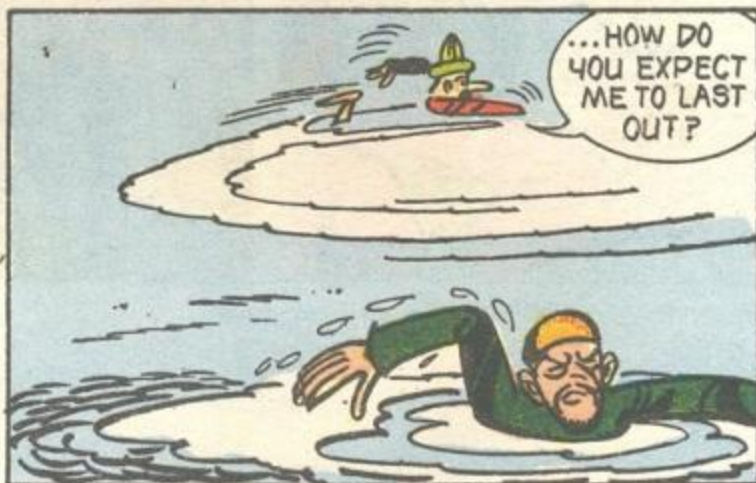
THEN I'M GOING BACK

WHY?



SWIMMING HALF-WAY ACROSS HAS EXHAUSTED ALL MY ENERGY...

... HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO LAST OUT?



BUT, HODJA BY GOING BACK...

... YOU WILL STILL HAVE TO SWIM THE SAME DISTANCE... OH, WHAT'S THE USE! HE'S ALREADY BEYOND EARSHOT.



Readers' Choice

# THE ARCHER

A Hodja Tale

Based on an idea sent by Kaushik Poddar

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

HODJA WAS A FAVOURITE OF THE SULTAN—

LOOK, VAZIR, THERE GOES HODJA, CURRYING FAVOUR AS USUAL.

CADI, WE MUST DO SOMETHING SO THAT HE FALLS FROM THE SULTAN'S FAVOUR..

WE ARE GOING TO WATCH OUR ARCHERS PRACTISE. I WANT YOU ALL TO COME.

THIS IS OUR CHANCE.

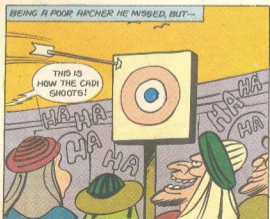
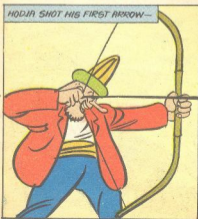


ANOTHER HIT. MY ARCHERS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD. NO ONE CAN OUTDO THEM.

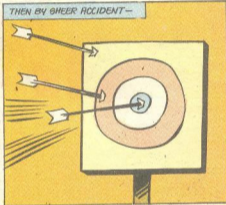
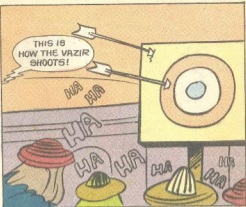
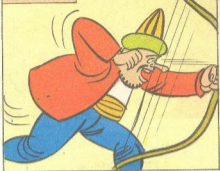
EXCUSE ME, BUT THERE IS ONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE BEST ARCHER IN YOUR KINGDOM.

WHO IS THAT?

HODJA.



HE SHOT HIS SECOND ARROW AND MISSED AGAIN, BUT HE QUICKLY GATHERED HIS WITS ABOUT HIM—



# REAR EXIT

A Hodja Tale

Based on a story sent by  
M.A. Aleem, Hyderabad

Illustrations: Ram Waekar

COME ON, HODJA!  
TAKE US HOME  
AND GIVE US  
DINNER!

YES, HODJA! YOU  
HAVEN'T ENTERTAINED US  
FOR A LONG TIME!

OKAY, IF  
YOU INSIST.

I'LL JUST GO AND  
INFORM MY WIFE.

WAIT  
HERE!

WIFE, I'VE  
BROUGHT FOUR  
FRIENDS HOME  
FOR DINNER.

BUT THERE'S  
NO FOOD IN  
THE HOUSE!

WELL THEN, GO  
AND TELL THEM  
I'M NOT AT  
HOME.

?!

HODJA IS  
NOT AT  
HOME.

WHAT?

BUT HE  
CAME HERE  
WITH US!

HE JUST  
WENT IN!

WE  
HAVEN'T  
SEEN HIM  
LEAVE!

THAT'S BECAUSE  
I WENT OUT  
THROUGH THE  
BACK DOOR!



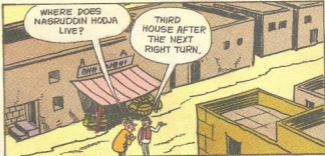
# A SUPERB TRICK

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by Meeta Gupta, New Delhi

Illustrations: Ram Waerker







# Extracting Repayment

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on a story sent  
by Ajay C. Khunte  
301, Shreepal Society,  
21, Shukrawar Peth,  
Pune 411002

Readers' Choice

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO  
AHMED HAD BORROWED  
A HUNDRED GOLD DINARS  
FROM HODJA.



NOW AHMED HAD NO INTENTION  
OF RETURNING THE LOAN—





AH! THERE HE COMES!



HELLO, AHMED. NICE TO SEE YOU.

NAS... NAS... NASRUDDIN!



COME, LET'S TAKE A WALK BY THE COUNTRYSIDE.

ALL RIGHT.



AFTER A WHILE—

HE HASN'T MENTIONED ANYTHING ABOUT THE MONEY, HE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE LOAN...HEE HEE HEE!

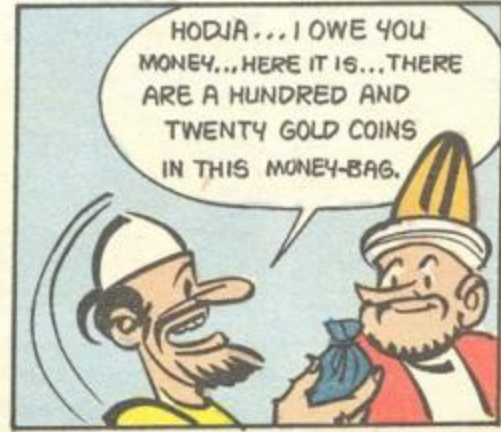
JUST YOU WAIT, AHMED. JUST YOU WAIT.



SUDDENLY—

YOUR MONEY, OR YOUR LIFE!

YEEEI! ...!...

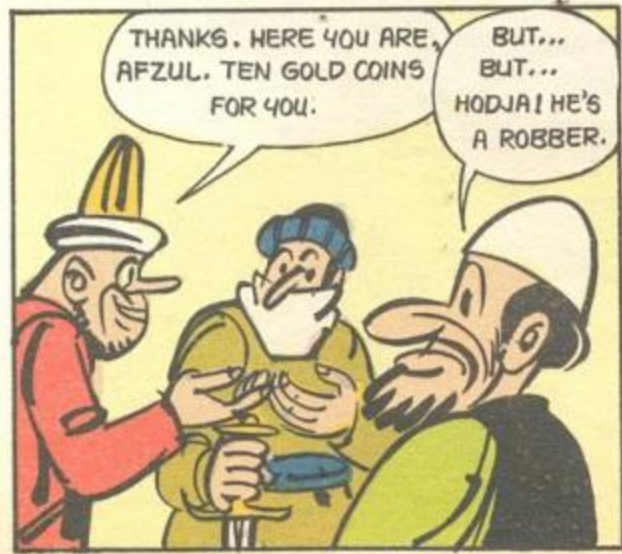


HODJA... I OWE YOU MONEY... HERE IT IS... THERE ARE A HUNDRED AND TWENTY GOLD COINS IN THIS MONEY-BAG.



I'LL HAVE TO CHARGE AN INTEREST, YOU KNOW. TWENTY GOLD COINS.

YES, YES, ANYTHING.



THANKS. HERE YOU ARE, AFZUL. TEN GOLD COINS FOR YOU.

BUT... BUT... HODJA! HE'S A ROBBER.



ROBBER... YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND. HE'S AFZUL, ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS. GOOD-BYE, AHMED.

OH, NO! I'VE BEEN TRICKED.

# THE PLAN THAT BACKFIRED!

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

## Readers' Choice

Based on an idea sent by  
R. Mohammed Sultan,  
Bombay

Illustrations:  
Ram Waerkar

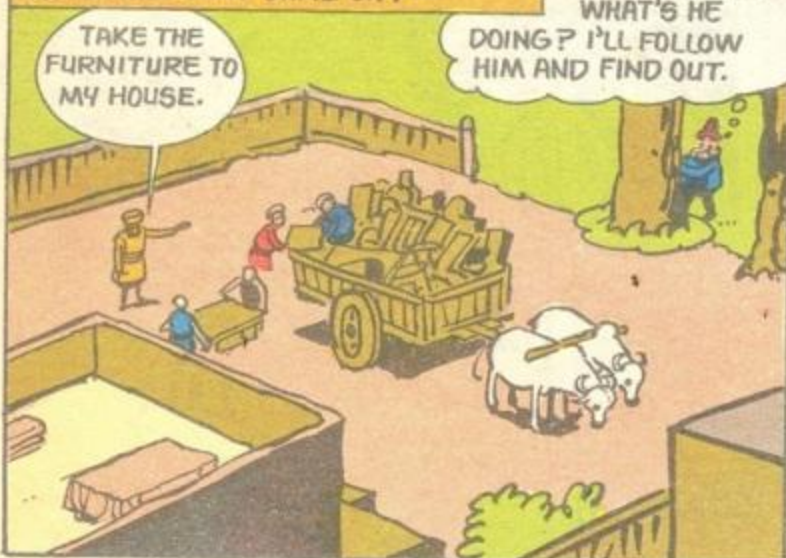
HODJA WAS VERY POPULAR AND ENTERTAINED OFTEN.



BUT HODJA HAD ONE BITTER ENEMY—AHMED, THE WEAVER.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR AHMED, HODJA RETURNED THAT SAME DAY—





Readers' Choice

# THE SIGNATURE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on a story sent by Pritam  
76, New Rajwar Peth,  
Kasturi Chowk, Pune 411002.

Illustrations :  
Ram Waerker

NASRUDDIN HODJA ONCE CAME ACROSS A MAN GIVING A SPEECH TO A LARGE AUDIENCE.



BLAH  
BLAH BLAH.



BLAH  
BLAH BLAH.



HUH! THE  
MAN IS TALKING  
UTTER  
NONSENSE.



HA!  
HA! HA!



EXCUSE  
ME, SIR! WHY  
DID YOU  
LAUGH?

HA HA.  
BECAUSE YOU  
WERE TALKING  
NONSENSE.



WHAT! YOU CAN'T GET  
AWAY WITH THAT. IF YOU  
THINK WHAT I SAID  
WAS NONSENSE, YOU  
WILL HAVE TO  
PROVE IT.

OH, NO. HOW  
DID I GET INTO  
THIS?





ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!  
COME TO MY HOUSE  
FOR TEA TOMORROW AND  
WE'LL HAVE A  
DISCUSSION.

I  
CERTAINLY  
WILL!



THE NEXT DAY THE SPEAKER MADE HIS WAY  
TO HODJA'S HOUSE.

LET'S  
SEE HOW THAT  
HODJA CAN  
DEFEAT MY  
ARGUMENTS.

INDEED!  
LET'S  
SEE.



BUT AT HODJA'S HOUSE—

HUH! THE  
DOOR HAS A  
LOCK ON  
IT.

PERHAPS  
HE HAS GONE TO  
THE MARKET TO  
BUY PROVISIONS  
FOR TEA.  
HE'LL BE  
BACK SOON.



TWO HOURS LATER, THERE WAS  
STILL NO SIGN OF HODJA.

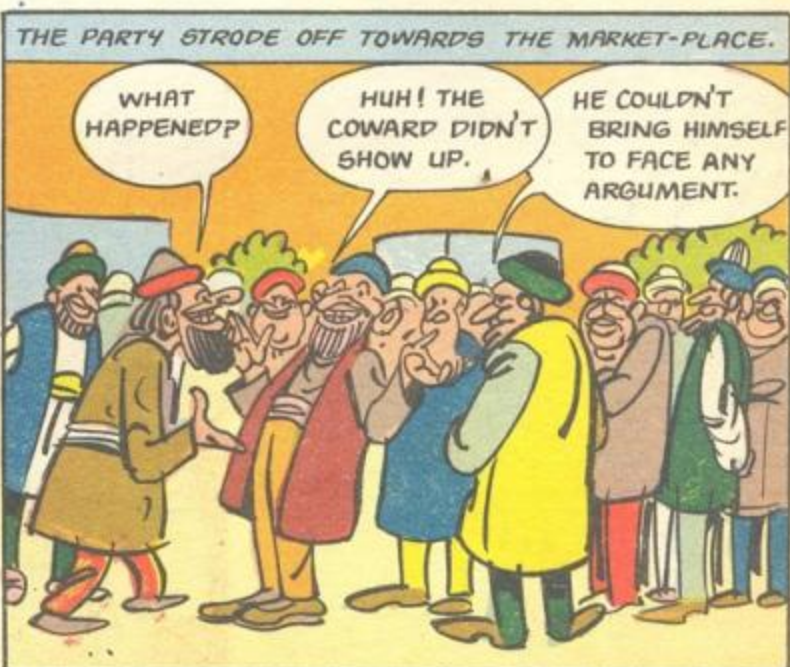
CURSE  
THE  
FOOL!



THIS  
WILL TEACH  
HIM A  
LESSON.

FOOL

HA!  
HA!



THE PARTY STRODE OFF TOWARDS THE MARKET-PLACE.

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

HUH! THE  
COWARD DIDN'T  
SHOW UP.

HE COULDN'T  
BRING HIMSELF  
TO FACE ANY  
ARGUMENT.



SO WE WROTE 'FOOL' ON THE DOOR AND LEFT.



JUST THEN HODJA CAME RUNNING TOWARDS THEM.

OH, SIR! I AM SORRY. I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE APPOINTMENT...



...AND I WENT TO THE BAZAAR. WHEN I RETURNED HOME I SAW...



HEH HEH!

HEE HEE!

YES... WHAT DID YOU SEE?



I... I, WELL... I...



I SAW YOUR SIGNATURE ON MY DOOR!

HA HA! HO HO!

HA HA! HO HO!

# THE LENT DONKEY!

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on an idea sent  
by Prabhakar Anvekar

Gonsalves Bldg.,  
Chinchpokli Road,  
Bandra,  
Bombay 400 050

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY HODJA WAS SITTING ON THE  
PORCH OF HIS HOUSE —



OH, NO! THERE  
COMES MY PEST OF  
A NEIGHBOUR.



HE'S SUCH A  
NUISANCE — ALWAYS  
BORROWING THINGS  
FROM ME!



HODJA! I NEED YOUR  
DONKEY URGENTLY.  
PLEASE LEND  
IT TO ME!



I'M  
SORRY...



SUDDENLY —

HEE HAW!  
HEE HAW!



SO, YOU'VE LENT HIM,  
EH? WASN'T THAT A  
DONKEY BRAYING?



LISTEN, WHO WOULD  
YOU RATHER BELIEVE?  
ME OR MY DONKEY!



# SILENT STRUGGLE

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: Ram Waerker

HODJA WAS TIRED OF FEEDING THE DONKEY.

I MUST HAVE FED HIM A TON OF HAY ALREADY AND HE'S STILL HUNGRY!

GRRR! IT'S NOT A MAN'S JOB! MY WIFE SHOULD DO IT.



WIFE! COME AND FEED THE DONKEY!

WHY SHOULD I? IT'S NOT A WOMAN'S JOB!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU FOOLISH WOMAN! IT'S YOUR JOB, NOT MINE!

NO, IT'S NOT! YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT ALL THESE YEARS, SO IT'S YOUR JOB!



SOON THEY BEGAN QUARRELLING.



AT LAST—

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS.

WHAT'S THAT?



WE'LL BOTH KEEP SILENT THE WHOLE DAY. WHOEVER SPEAKS FIRST HAS TO FEED THE DONKEY!

IT'S A MAD IDEA. BUT AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO FEED THE DONKEY.



ALL RIGHT.



AND SO HODJA AND HIS WIFE REMAINED SILENT. HOURS PASSED AND THEIR STOMACHS RUMBLED WITH HUNGER.



AND THE DONKEY'S HUNGRY BRAYS WENT UNHEARD.



HE MUST BE FAMISHED.

MEANWHILE A THIEF BROKE INTO HODJA'S HOUSE.

A THIEF!

EH! IT'S THE OWNER! BUT WHY DOESN'T HE YELL?

PERHAPS HE'S PARALYZED. HEE HEE HEE! I'M GOING TO HAVE THE TIME OF MY LIFE!

THE THIEF RANSACKED THE HOUSE TAKING EVEN HODJA'S TURBAN...

... AND LEFT GIGGLING HAPPILY!

HEE HEE HEE!

SOON THE BOY CAME WITH A BOWL OF SOUP.

HERE, HAVE THIS...

EH? WHAT WAS THAT! CAN'T YOU SPEAK?

HODJA WOULDN'T...

... BUT HE DECIDED TO USE SIGN LANGUAGE...

DO YOU WANT ME TO CLEAR THE COBWEBS ON THE WALL?

HODJA CIRCLED HIS HAND ROUND HIS HEAD TO INDICATE THAT EVEN HIS TURBAN HAD BEEN STOLEN.

AH! I UNDERSTAND YOU WANT ME TO POUR THE SOUP ON YOUR HEAD!



GRR!



PUZZLED BY HODJA'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR, THE BOY RAN TO HIS WIFE.

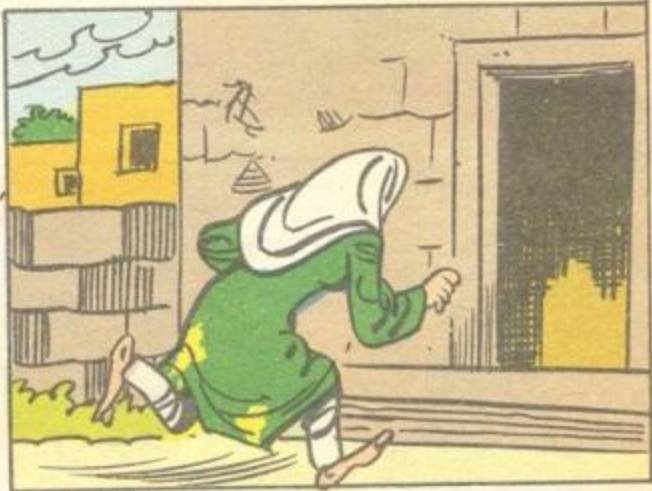
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HODJA. HE CAN'T SPEAK!

THAT'S NOT NEWS!



BUT THE HOUSE LOOKS AS IF IT'S BEEN BURGLER!

GOOD HEAVENS!



MERCIFUL GOD! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

AHA!



YOU SPOKE FIRST. NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO FEED THE DONKEY.



ALL RIGHT! BUT LOOK WHAT HAS HAPPENED BECAUSE OF YOUR FOOLISHNESS! OUR HOUSE IS IN A MESS!

OH, NO!

# HIDDEN TALENT

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Based on a story  
set by  
Watinungsang A.O.  
Nagaland

Readers'  
Choice

Illustrations : Ram Waerker



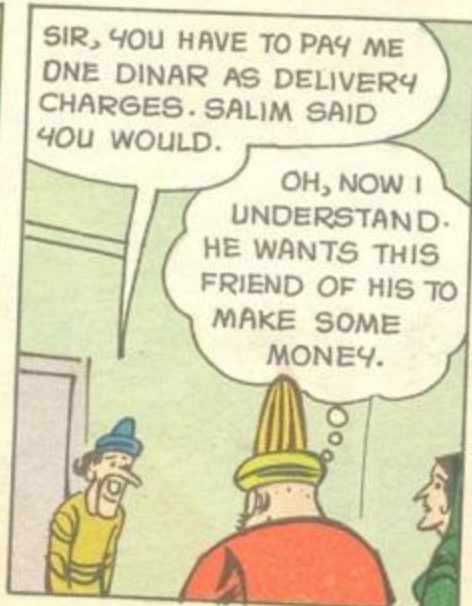
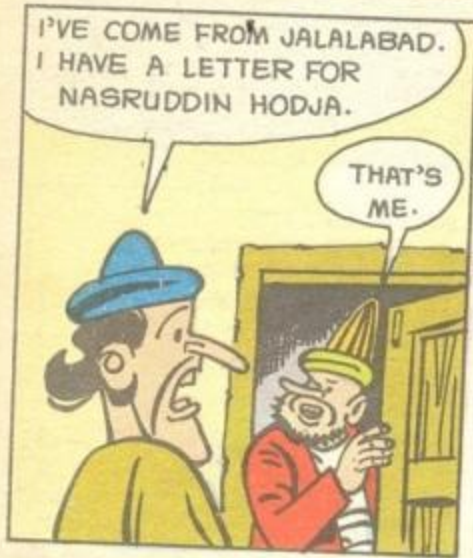


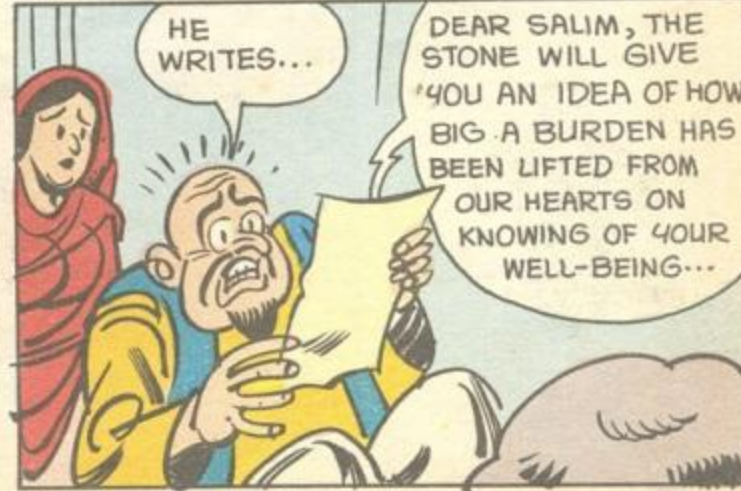
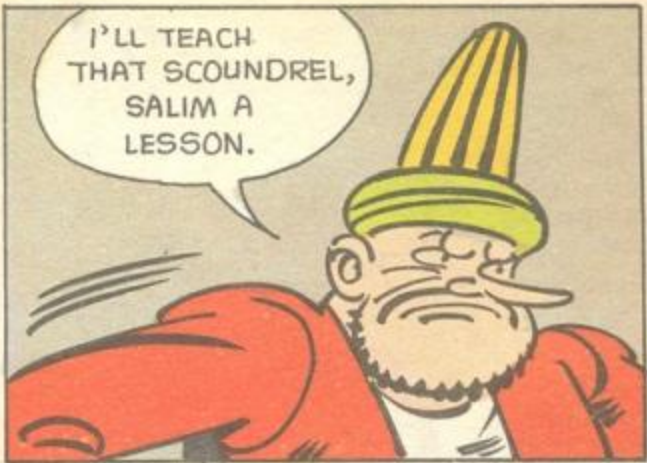


# THE BIG PARCEL

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Shubha Khandekar  
Illustrations: Ram Waerker





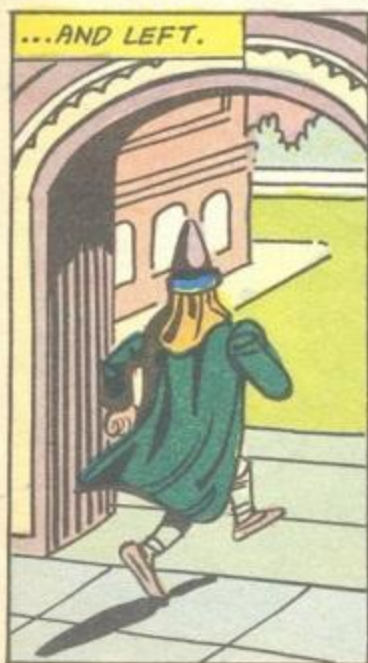
# DUEL OF WITS

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Script: Prasad Iyer

Illustrations: Ram Waerkar

ONE DAY AN ENVOY FROM A NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY CAME TO THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF BOKHARA.



THE WISEST COUNCILLORS WERE CONSULTED BY THE SULTAN AND THEY CAREFULLY EXAMINED THE CIRCLE.



THE WISE COUNCILLORS CONFERRED AMONG THEMSELVES.

FINALLY —



SUDDENLY ONE COURTIER HAD AN IDEA.

YOUR MAJESTY, WHY NOT SEND FOR HODJA? IF ANY ONE CAN SOLVE THE PUZZLE... HE CAN!

A BRILLIANT IDEA. HE'S THE CLEVEREST PERSON IN MY KINGDOM. I WONDER WHY I DIDN'T THINK OF IT MYSELF.



THE CRY WAS TAKEN UP...



THE MATTER WAS EXPLAINED TO HODJA.

...AND THE SULTAN HAS OFFERED A REWARD TO ANYONE WHO CAN SOLVE THE RIDDLE.

REWARD... I'M COMING. BUT I'LL NEED A FEW THINGS.



HODJA PICKED UP A COUPLE OF KNUCKLE-BONES<sup>+</sup> AND HIS PET CHICKEN...



... AND SOON WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE.



HODJA, WELCOME TO YOU. I'VE BEEN DREADFULLY WORRIED.

THERE... THERE...



HMM...



AAGH! THERE COMES THE ENVOY. QUICK, HIDE ME!

LEAVE HIM TO ME.











# HARD BARGAIN

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale  
Based on a story sent  
by Dilip Chaudhari  
Tambapur, Jalgaon-425 001

Illustrations:  
Ram Waeerkar

ONE DAY HODJA WAS  
ON HIS WAY TO THE  
MARKET—

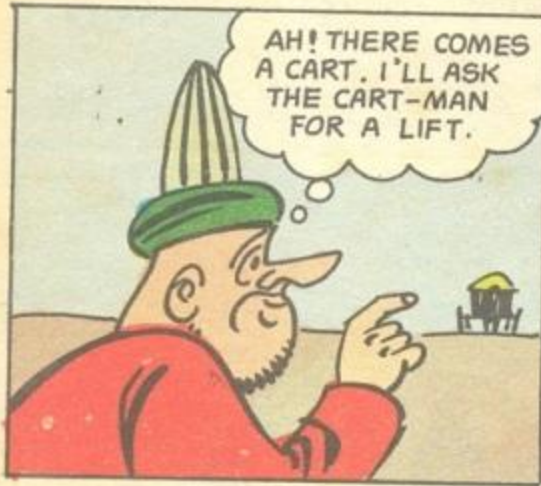
OOPH! IT'S SO HOT,  
AND I'VE STILL GOT  
A LONG WAY TO GO.



AH! THERE COMES  
A CART. I'LL ASK  
THE CART-MAN  
FOR A LIFT.

GRR! THESE  
CART-MEN ARE SO  
RUDE. HE'LL NEVER  
GIVE ME A LIFT.

GOOD DAY! WILL YOU  
GIVE ME A RIDE TO THE  
MARKET?



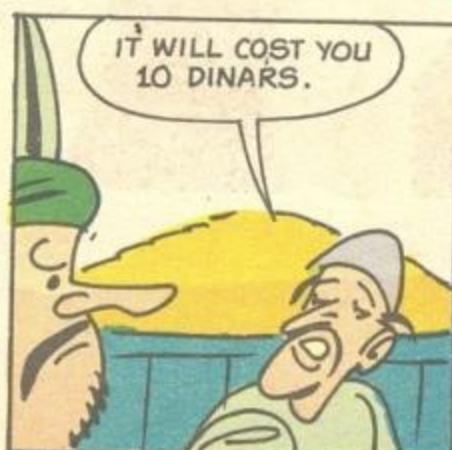
GRR! THE  
SCOUNDREL!

HE'S  
IGNORING  
ME.

IT WILL COST YOU  
10 DINARS.

HOW MUCH WILL  
YOU TAKE TO DELIVER  
A COAT TO A FRIEND  
OF MINE AT THE  
MARKET?

HMM...  
TWO  
DINARS.



HERE ARE  
YOUR TWO  
DINARS.

THANK YOU!  
BUT WHERE'S  
THE COAT?

I'M WEARING IT!  
YOU'LL HAVE TO  
TAKE IT WITH  
ME IN IT.

EH?

