How unhappy I am shut up behind the bars of this cage! I have very little space in which to move about. I have enough to eat and am well looked after. Yet I am not at all happy. I will recall my early life in a Bengal forest. There I roamed happily with my father and mother. My father was the king of the forest. All the other animals feared him. My mother killed game and fed me. One day a group of hunters shot down and killed my parents. They carried me away with them. They put me in this zoo. At first, I was very unhappy. I missed my mother a lot.

Gradually I had to get used to living here. I am now a full grown tiger; I look magnificent in striped coat. If I roar, my keepers run for their lives, what makes me very sad is that I have been deprived of my freedom. Every day crowds of visitors come and stare at me. I hate to be stared at. Some of them even harass me by pushing sticks or rods into my cage.

If only I were free, I would have taught them a good lesson. But since I am not, I have to put up with their ill-treatment.. How I wished I could go back to my forest home and enjoy my freedom once again. Nothing could make me happier than that.