I am Shere Khan, a Royal Bengal Tiger. I am 4 years old, and roam the forests of Sundarbans in the Ganga- Brahmaputra delta in the state of West Bengal, India. I am a member of the family Felidae, and my scientific name is Panthera tigris. I have a tawny orange coat, and beautiful black stripes. We are reputed to be the only member of the cat family that likes water. We are the national animal of various countries like Bangladesh, Vietnam, Malaysia, South Korea, and my homeland, India. My brothers and I are considered as the symbols of pride, grace, bravery and ferocity. We are one of the most recognisable charismatic fauna in popular culture. We appear on numerous flags, coat of arms and as mascots of sporting teams, a recent one being the mascot of the Commonwealth Games 2010, held in India. It is said that no to tigers have the same pattern of stripes on their bodies, much like human fingerprints.

We, like humans, are unique in our own respect. I am called the king of the jungle. When I was just roaming in the jungle I observed that a wolf that was very old was having a bag in his mouth. I went there and asked what is it but he did not reply and ran away but I did not follow him because I was tired. When I saw him again he ran very ran fast but I caught him and I asked him about the bag then he told me that he was having a human child called Mowgli. As it was against the rules of the jungle to have a man’s child, I asked him to give the child to me. But he refused and started asking me about the happenings in jungle {everyone of cat family was friendly to me as we also have rule that a breed of cat family can only kill other not anyone else}. But I said him to give the human child to me but he refused and his cave was near so he ran and entered his cave. I was bigger in size so i was not able to enter.

Next day i was hiding behind a tree and attacked him. So he asked for mercy then i left him and asked for the kid but at this time his friends Baloo and Bagheera came and all three attacked me and i was severely injured. This battle of taking the human kid continued till 8 years and that kid become big enough to hunt even a wolf. Then i announced a war between me and the kid. Most of the animals were from my side because of my fear. But at the end of war i was left and his two friends Baloo and Bagheera were left as father wolf was killed by me and my faith and confident broke when the most dangerous wolf in the jungle i.e. Tabaqi was killed by Bagheera [the panther].

At last i was killed by him due to the knife made by him in the jungle. We have ruled the jungles since times immemorial. And now, the humans have wrested all controls off our hands, and have made the Mother Earth and her inhabitants their slaves. Many of my brothers like the Sumatran tiger have been hunted and poached to extinction. And now even, there are only 1411 of the Royal Bengal Tigers that are left in this great land. And let’s see, how long the few numbers that are left hold up.

The humans have made our lives a mere sum of money, and I sit awaiting the time when our numbers become mere statistics, and the only remnant of our 3.2 million years on earth would only be our photograph in the ‘Extinct Animals’ list.