An Autobiography of a White Tiger in a Zoo “ The seven-year-old white tiger which killed 22-year-old man in Delhi Zoo”. You all must have read these lines a few days ago in newspapers, news channels and on all social media. I am the same tiger and very eager to tell u my story. I am the Big Cat Vijay, a white tiger. I have been caged inside the walls of a zoo since I was born seven years ago. My parents were Laxman and Yamuna who were captured from the wild by the rulers of the princely state of Rewa in Madhya Pradesh.

I am the attraction for thousands of people, who come here to gaze me. Do you know why? My eyes are blue in colour and the majestic white colour of my fur lined with chocolate coloured stripes makes them awestruck when they see me. Children are amazed by my size. I am 6 feet long and weigh 215 kg. The “natural” surrounding around me comprises of concrete walls that ensure that I do not leave this place. The area is full of lush green shrubs and trees. Between the wall and my “home” lies a moat. Some younger children find it amazing to throw water at me, while some work with stones, sticks and leaves. Some throw garbage through the wall. It ruins my home and the surroundings where I live but hey, who cares! They try to roar like me to catch my attention, while I find it terribly annoying. At times I wish I could communicate my emotions to the much assumed “most intelligent” living species. They really need to stop annoying me.

I have been trained here by some experts of my species. It involves teaching me how to hunt for my food, how I need to awaken and protect myself when there are large crowds. To be honest, I feel lucky that I have lived all my life inside these “safely guarded” cages. I have heard rumours of the war between my species and the human species. I wonder this might be the reason why there are not many of my kind alongside me. The negative aspect of this is that I feel really lonely at times but I am safe here. And so far, everyone was safe from me. But that morning everything changed. I was just strolling around my “home” as usual. I was looking at the humans who were standing above the wall staring down at me when suddenly, something that never happened before, happened. A man fell into a moat. He was sitting down staring straight at me in the narrow moat. I went closer to him and looked at his eyes. He was not scared of me. He was rather in awe. He was constantly folding his hands and chanting something. I felt he was praying to me. Today was the first time someone put me on a pedestal and was worshipping me. I suddenly felt flattered. “Thud!” it happened.

A stone came and hit my torso. I have thick skin, but still it hurt. My mind was suddenly diverted. I started hearing shouts and screams of people around me who were yelling at me and calling me towards them. “Thud, Thud, Thud!” The stones, bamboo sticks were coming down at me at regular intervals. I felt angry. I saw the expressions on the face of the man. He was looking down at me, completely shaking with fear. Suddenly, I felt insecure. I realized that the war between man and tiger is never going to get over. Humans are too proud and selfish. In that very moment, I pounced on the man. And I carried him along with me.

It was the perfect anticlimax to perhaps, the most wonderful day of my life. Suddenly, I am the one all humans fear. I am locked inside. I am not being allowed to go out in the open. Now, I am on the pedestal I never wished to be. “I am Vijay. I am a murderer. But I never wished to be.”