AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TIGER ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ I wonder why the zookeepers keep all the animals in the cage....I have no place to roam around and sleep comfortably in this suffocating cage. I have no one here to share my feelings with. At the right side of my cage lives a cobra while at my left side of the lives a family of African parrots. Well, lets talk about myself seven years back. I was born in Bengal in a forest mainly populated with tigers. I lived in a den with my family- my mother, father and two young brothers. I was fed on milk for two months.

I didn't leave my den anytime and stayed with my mother only while my brothers wandered around in the forest. After six to eight weeks I began to eat solid food. My mother nursed me till I was six months old. When I was six months old my mother taught me to hunt. I was very scared of hunting so I followed my mother for only some distance and tried not to stay away from my den. Our mother bought us a tasty meal - a zebra and a yak. Sometimes our mother would bring us an animal in the den without killing it and let us kill the animal by ourselves.

My brothers were very active and adventurous. One day while my brother was roaming alone in the forest, a hunter attacked him and took him away. I got more scared and I was being more cautious that not to roam in the forest alone. I asked my mother and father that why did the hunter kill my brother. They told that he was killed for his skin, claws, bones, teeth and even his whiskers for making decorative articles, purses, etc. Many animals are killed for their natural body parts, like elephants are injured for their tusks to make decorative articles and deer's horns for the same. I was shocked. I was dumbfounded. I was speechless. I was blank. After few days I learnt hunting. I killed many animals such as deer, wild buffaloes, yak and many more with a little help of my parents.

I got some injuries and got wounded on all my fours each with a lot of bloodshed , but I didn't give up. Me and my brother played for hours in the den. We rolled on each other, bit each other and scratched each other. We ran in through the long, spiky, green grasses and hunted together while our parents hunted the other side of the forest. It was night. We were sleeping in the freezing cool den. A car was coming towards our den. A boy came out of the car with a gun in his hand. He shot towards us. I roared very loudly to wake up my brother and my parents. Suddenly my parents woke up. We ran as fast as we could. Then I realized that my brother was still in the den trying to escape. After a second or few the hunter killed my brother. We ran safely far away from the den where we found a huge rock and slept behind it. The sunlight shone very brightly on us. It made my eyes open. I was very hungry.

My parents were sleeping. I was big enough to hunt. I had grew two years old. I went in search of my prey, very far away from my parents. There I saw a herd of wild buffaloes drinking water in a lake. I hid behind the tall grasses to hunt a buffalo. I walked slowly towards them and then ran as fast as I could and pounced over one of the buffalo and killed it. YES! I had killed it. myself. I was on the way to my parents with my prey caught in my sharp teeth, I was thinking that I will give a great surprise to my parents- which they had never seen. I thought that my parents would be so happy to see a huge prey in my mouth which I had brought for them and they will praise me so much. I was so happy that I was not able to get out of my merry thoughts. While I was thinking about myself and my parents a short, fat, angry looking man stood in front of me with a revolver in his hand. I was shocked and ran as fast as the wind, leaving my prey behind. Suddenly that man shot me on one of my leg. I fell down and roared very loudly. The hunter came with his team and locked me in a cage. They kept the cage in his truck and took me to the zoo. It was a long journey to the zoo. The fat man shifted me to another big cage where I was all alone. I frowned. I had thought of so many happy dreams for me and my family. My parents would have searched me everywhere, but how they'll no that I am in the zoo, very far away from them. I had was missing my parents and my forest very much. I wanted to get out of this zoo. Few months had passed away.

People visited the zoo to see me. What is the fun to see a tiger? Two years passed away. I was shifted in a small, new cage where the maximum number of people visited and this is what which continues till now. My freedom was taken away by the humans. At last, I just want to give a small message to the humans that, a century ago there were 100,000 tigers roaming the forests swamps and tundra of Asia. Today there are as few as 3,200 tigers left in the wild.