An Autobiography of a Tiger – Based on Ranthambore Adventure by Deepak Dalal Payback Time Well, Hello everyone. My name in Genghis and I am a tiger. I am on the verge of death but I wish to share the story of my life with you. My mother gave birth to my twin and me in Kanha forest in Madhya Pradesh.We were brought up in the shade of her love and affection. My brother was the weaker twin of the two of us but looked more elegant as his yellow was a royal shade. We learnt hunting and many other skills for self defense. We lived in a den near a small lake. We often strolled up to a village nearby with our mother. Many two legged creatures were walking around. Mother warned us to be careful of them.

At first we got scared, soon we got used to them. Many incidents would take place near this lake as animals visited it to quench their thirst and those cruel hunters would stay in wait. I remember one such terrible episode in which I lost my mom and brother who became target of a poacher who added yet another feather to his hat. I fell into a trap, wounded my foot and could not walk or hunt so lay writhing in pain. Ouch! that hurt, both the loss and the wound. I wanted to almost vanish away from the place, wanting to die or live a life where nobody could find me and I could live in peace, a place where I would have no fear of traps or poachers. I found myself surrounded by many two legged creatures. I thought this was the End…but no.

They carried me to a bed of hay and tried to heal me. I then realized that not all of them were harmful, infact they were comforting me. I was critical hence they shifted me to a hospital for better treatment. From there I was taken by the forest department to Ranthambore, the sanctuary which was once the hunting ground for the Maharajas of Jaipur. I had a new lease of life which I owed to those kind villagers. I moved on in life with a lot of pleasant memories of my childhood days. How I enjoyed my life then? I missed my mom and my brother. I grew older and weaker, but was taken care of. The atmosphere of the forest around me would cheer me up. A few days later all at once, a forest fire broke out. Everyone was running helter skelter, panicking birds flew away, animals rushed out. I saw a small child stuck in a circle of fire engulfed trees, he was crying and the crowd was around, but no one was ready to step in. I had to act fast. Everyone had a family, but I had none, no one would miss me. I took the plunge to save the poor child. I somehow managed to get him out, although there were a few burns on him, while I got totally burnt. I felt proud as I could save a human life and return the favour they had done to me.

So here I am taking my last few breaths, with one prayer on my lips, to save the rest of my brethren. We can also love and care for you as much as you care for us. There are very few of us left. Don’t make it too late to save the Tiger. By Shikha Kothari VI B Podar International School