

THOUGHTS OF A TIGER CUB

*I am a baby tiger,
who's father was killed by a sniper.*

*I live alone with my mother,
as they also killed my brother.*

*I eat only deer and buffalo,
but never attack a man.*

If a man scares me,

I just wait and sit.

I don't do any harm,

just try to scare him a bit.

Then why do we still get killed?

Is it just for some fun?

*Human population is increasing,
so jungles are chopped faster.*

For us poor animals,

it's such a big disaster!

Humans have killed us,

for centuries long long.

Don't you just have a feeling,

that something is seriously wrong?

Please try to save us,

as we are becoming extinct very fast.

As you know the true fact,

we are small in number,

and the world is very vast.

*You take our skin and hide,
don't you think that someone has died?
We can't run, we can't hide,
Is there no one who stands by our side?
This is my territory,
when will I roam confidently?
I fear if my mother is dead,
how will I be fed?
From a predator
I became a prey.
It's my request,
and your true test.
That me and you,
try all our best.*

*Otherwise we may survive only in zoos,
in stories, pictures & myths,
never again to roam the earth.*

*On hearing my story,
What do you say?
Just remember your childhood days,
when you used to play with*

Tiger cub toys!

-Thwisha Kulkarni

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