

The Brahmin, the Tiger and the Jackal



Nigel Croser
Ben de Quadros-Wander

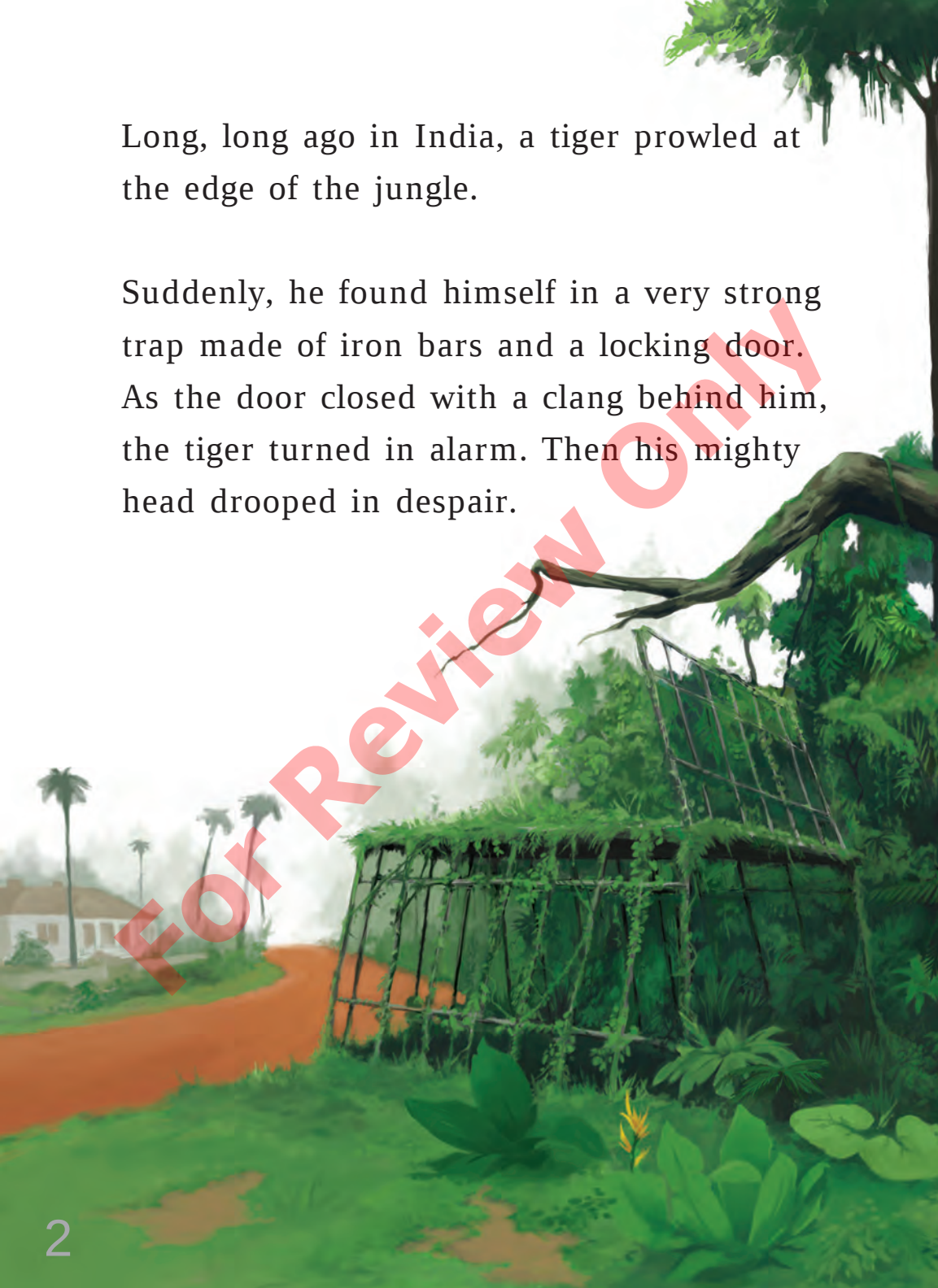
The Brahmin, the Tiger and the Jackal



retold by Nigel Croser
illustrations by Ben de Quadros-Wander

Long, long ago in India, a tiger prowled at the edge of the jungle.

Suddenly, he found himself in a very strong trap made of iron bars and a locking door. As the door closed with a clang behind him, the tiger turned in alarm. Then his mighty head drooped in despair.





For Review Only



Before long, a Brahmin walked down the road. He was a poor but holy man who cared for animals as brothers. When he saw the tiger, he stopped and looked.

And, when the tiger called out to him, he listened.

For Review Only



“Oh, Holy One,” called the tiger. “I beg you, please help me. If you could just open this door, I could be free and go on my way.”

“Alas,” replied the Brahmin. “Much as I would like to help you, we both know what would happen if I opened the door. You would eat me.”

The tiger said nothing.

