Once upon a time there was a tiger.

Tiger was very **grumpy**.

He'd **grumble**
at the flappy parakeets.

He'd **grunt**
at the happy monkeys.

He'd **growl**
at the snappy crocs.

So they all stayed away from him.
And that made him glad.
Because they made him feel jittery,
and their noise made him jumpy.

Because Tiger wasn't like all the other tigers.
He wasn't brave, or daring, or fearless,
or scary, or anything of the kind.

And he didn't want anyone
to get close enough to know.

Tiger was terrified!
He ran and he ran to where
the river flowed, deep and wide.
"I know! I'll jump in the water.
That'll shift them."

And in he dived.

But the child-cubs just splished
and splashed and yelled,

"**Boodlee . . .**
boodlee . . .
boo!"

Poor Tiger.
What *could* he do?

By morning, Tiger knew
exactly what to do.

But . . .
could he be brave?

Could he be daring . . .

and caring?

Could he be fearless
as he strode into
the big city?