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Opening extract from
The Tiger-Skin Rug

Written by
Gerald Rose

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For Ruby



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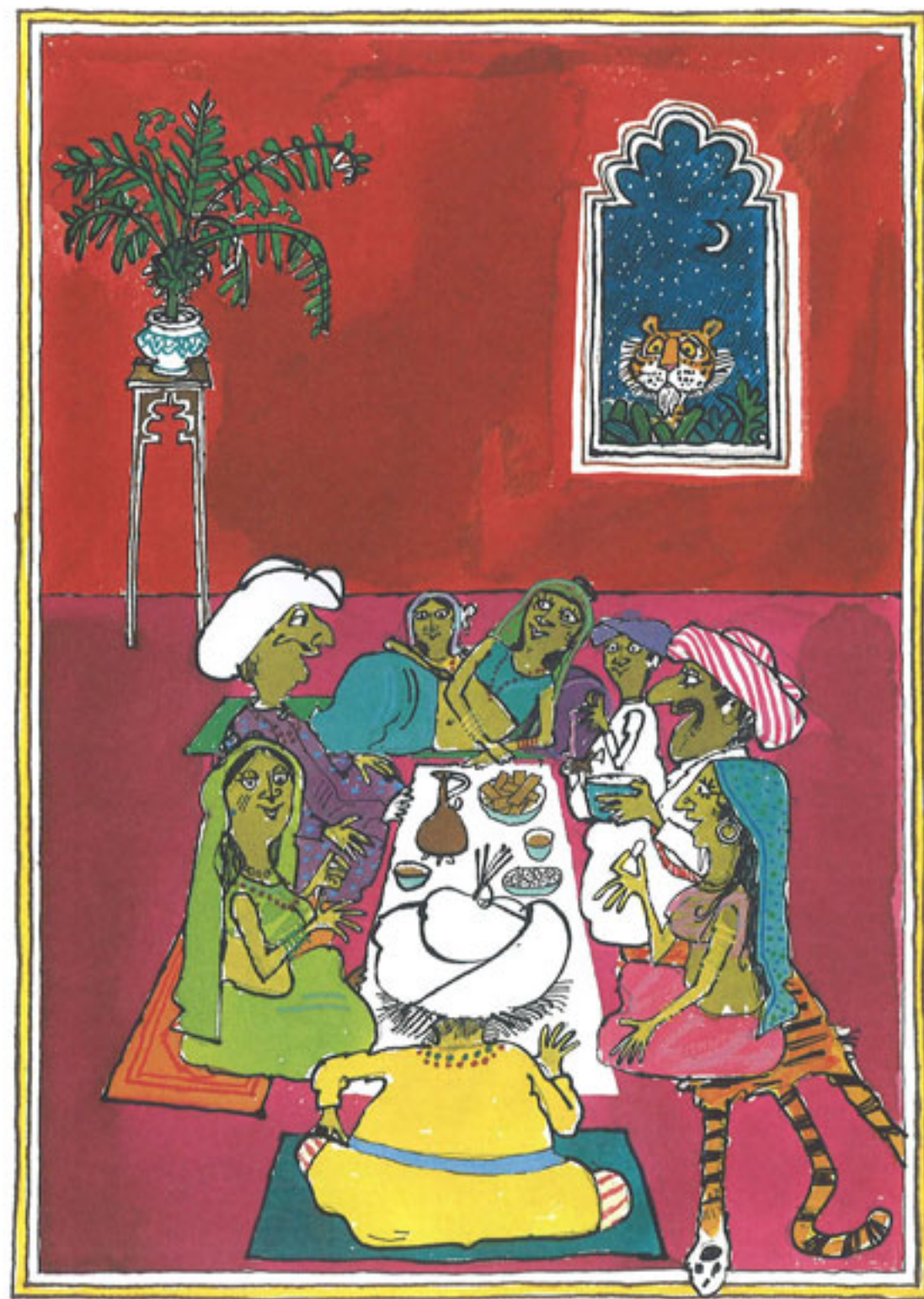
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THERE WAS ONCE A VERY THIN TIGER, who lived on the edge of the jungle. He was sad and thin because he was getting old and food was difficult to catch. The monkeys threw nuts at him and called him names.



At night he would gaze at the Rajah's palace and sometimes he would look in the windows as the Rajah and his family ate their food in warmth and comfort. He wished that he could join their friendly company.





One day he was watching a servant beating the rugs in the palace gardens. One of the rugs was a tiger-skin.

The tiger had an idea. While the servant's back was turned he jumped over the wall, took down the old tiger-skin rug, hid it under a bush and draped himself over the line.