



Sunil The Stripy Tiger

One morning Sunil the Stripy Tiger woke up. He'd been asleep all night under the pink Dewlip Tree.

Sunil stretched and yawned. "I think I'll go and find my friends," he thought.

He found the twins, Jip and Jamila rolling around, playing.

"Hello," said Sunil. "Can I play too?"

Jip stared at Sunil. "What happened to you?" he asked.

"Sunil," said Jamila. "You've got spots!"

Sunil looked down at himself. It was true.

There were pink spots on his legs. He turned round and round, trying to look at himself.

"They're all over your fur," said Jip.

"All over," repeated Jamila. "Go and look in the river."

Sunil went down to the river and stared at his reflection in the water. It really was true.

He wasn't a tiger with stripes any more. He was a tiger with spots! How could it have happened?

Sunil heard Jip and Jamila calling him to play but he slunk away. He didn't feel like seeing anyone.

Dark rain clouds were coming over so he went home to find his Mum.

The rain started to fall – plop, plop, plop, on poor Sunil.

Wet and miserable, he crept under the Dewlip Tree and curled up by his mother.

"What's the matter, Sunil?" she asked.

"I've got spots instead of stripes," moaned Sunil.

His mother laughed softly. "Those aren't spots, Sunil. They're just leaves from the Dewlip tree, pink leaves and look, the rain has been washing them all off!"

Sunil looked and saw all his pink spots lying on the grass. He snuggled up to his mother and soon fell fast asleep, a happy and stripy tiger.



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