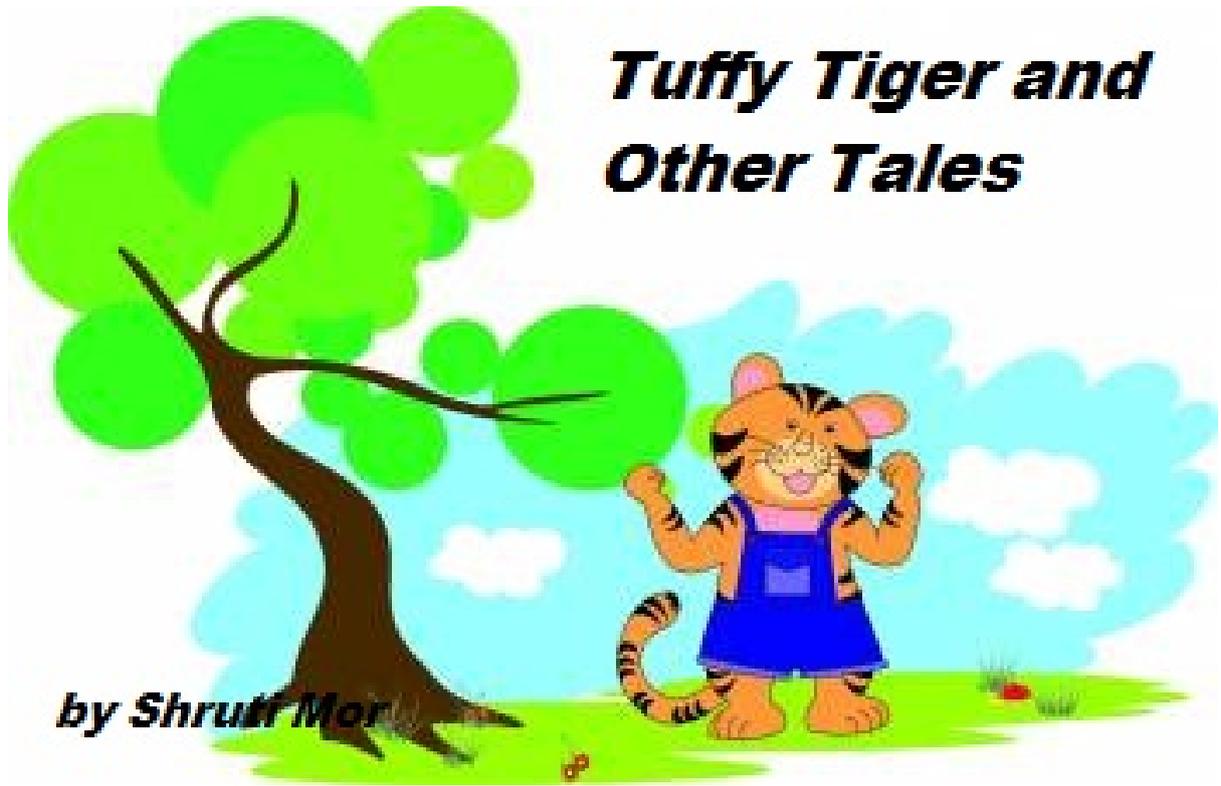


Tuffy Tiger and Other Tales

by Shruti Mor



For my lovely angels Shivika and Saksham

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Preface

The stories are aimed at children between 2 and 8 years. These are fun tales that bring alive the secret world of toys and take you to meet the residents of Green Glade Forest. Meet Tuffy the lonely tiger and Slinky the silly fox who become friends in an unusual way. What makes Daisy giraffe change her mind about going to school? Sammy squirrel was so scared of fireworks that he missed a wonderful party. Are you scared of them too? The leopard cub does not like his beautiful golden spots. Can he change them? Read these and many more interesting stories in Tuffy Tiger and Other Tales

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Daddy's Birthday Present

Daniel was very worried. It was Daddy's birthday tomorrow and he wanted to buy him the nicest present ever. But he wasn't sure what would be best. Suddenly, he remembered that last week they had gone to a posh new shop at High Street. The shop had opened recently right next to Mr. Brown's pet shop, where he loved to go and watch the fish swim in their brightly lit aquariums. There, Daddy had picked up a beautiful black pen with a gold rim, but then he had seen the price and put it back.



'I think he really wanted to buy that pen,' thought Daniel to himself. 'Why don't I get it for him?' So he took all his money out of his money bank. It was a really nice money box in the shape of Thomas the Engine. He could put his money in through a slit in the funnel and the whole bottom slid out when he wanted to take any of it out, like today. He had 3 pounds and felt very rich indeed. When he reached the shop the salesperson was busy with some other customers. So Daniel went to where the pens were displayed and took the black one out of the case to look at the price tag.

Oh my god, it said 10 pounds! Daniel had never had so much money but he really wanted the pen for his father. He looked around quickly. No one seemed to be bothered about him. He saw there were at least a dozen pens similar to the one he had in his hand. 'Surely no one will miss one pen in a big shop like this,' he thought, and then he did a very naughty thing. He quietly slipped the pen

into his pocket and whistling loudly, walked out of the shop. His heart was racing but no one came after him and he ran as fast as he could until he reached home.

Next day he felt very pleased with himself as he proudly presented his special gift to Daddy.

'Where did you get this from, Daniel,' asked Daddy in surprise. 'Did Grandma or Mother give you the money?'

'No Daddy,' said Daniel proudly, 'I took it from my money box.'

'How did you have so much money in your money box?' asked Daddy raising an eyebrow.

'I didn't,' said Daniel in a small voice. He was beginning to think that maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to get the pen.

'Then how...?' began Daddy again, starting to look a little stern.

'I just took it when no one was looking... but Daddy, they had a lot of pens like this, I am sure they

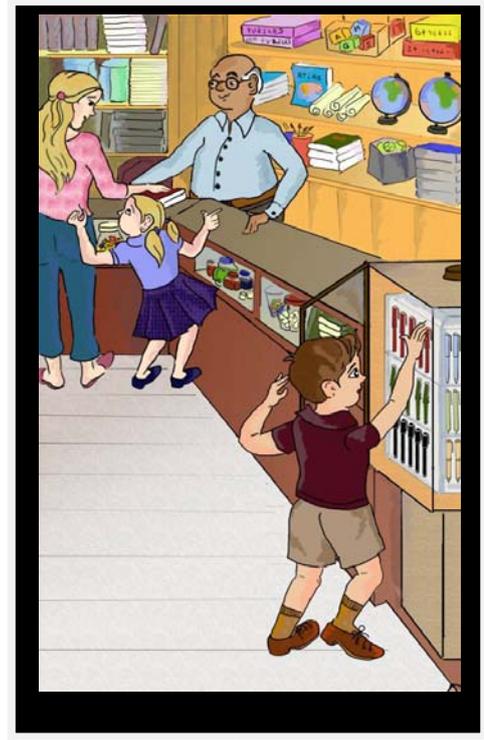
didn't need this one specifically.'

'No Daniel, that is not right. When we take something that belongs to someone else without asking them or paying for it, it is called stealing. Come on now, we must go and return this right away.'

'Ok, Daddy,' said Daniel in a small scared voice. He put on his red and blue Mickey Mouse jacket with a little hood and bright yellow ears, and followed Daddy out of the house.

At the shop, Daddy waited to get the sales person's attention and then quietly handed over the pen to him.

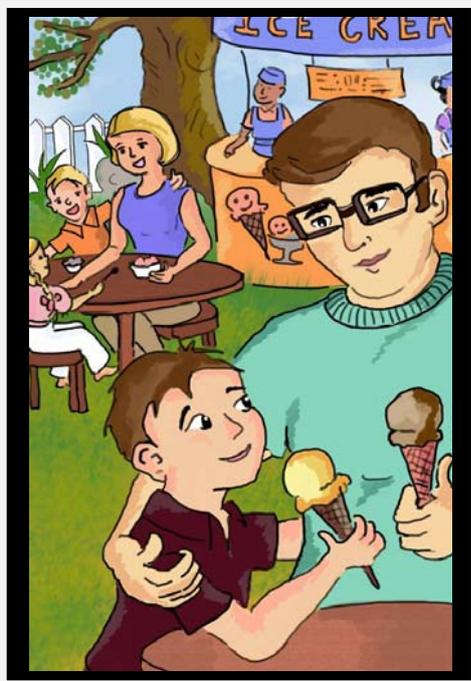
'I am sorry,' said Daddy 'but I was looking at this pen yesterday and just realized that I slipped it into my pocket by mistake. I am really sorry for any inconvenience this may have caused.'



'Oh, thank you sir,' said the young man. 'I never noticed it was gone, but we have an inspection this weekend and I would have lost my job. I really need this job, so thank you for bringing this back.'

'Not at all,' said Daddy. 'After all, the mistake was mine.'

All the while Daniel stood to one side thankful that daddy had not mentioned it was him who had taken the pen. Daddy then took Daniel to an ice cream shop and they each finished the biggest chocolate ice cream cone the shop had.



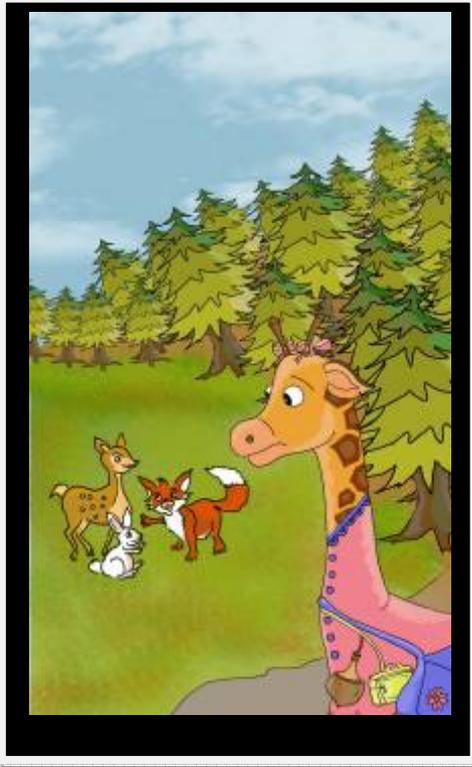
'Thank you, Daddy, for not telling the man it was my fault.'

'No Daniel, it was my fault for not explaining this to you before. See how much trouble we could have caused that poor young man if we had not returned the pen. Always remember all your actions have a consequence and we must think of those before we take any steps. Also, there are several lovely things in each shop that we like to see but cannot always buy. Sometimes, it gives us a pleasure to look at beautiful things and not necessarily own them.'

'Yes Daddy, now I know,' said Daniel, linking his hands happily with his father and skipping all the way home.

Daisy Giraffe Goes to School

Daisy was a young giraffe, who just would not go to school. Her mother said, 'Everyone must go to school,' but she ignored her. Every day, her father dropped her off at the Mountain Cave School run by Headmistress Lion, but she escaped from the back door, running nimbly down the hillside



towards the green valley and silver stream below. She would spend the entire day hopping and skipping across the green grass and admiring herself in the still waters of the forest lake.

'Oh! How pretty I am, what long black eyelashes I have. Look at my beautiful golden skin.' Her friends tried to talk to her about the fun they had with Mrs. Zebra in ballet class, but she just did not listen. They tried telling her about the different kinds of plants in the forest, the ones which could be eaten and the poisonous ones that should be avoided, but Daisy did not care. Soon she was left alone. Her mother said, 'Poor Daisy.' Her sister said, 'Poor Daisy.' Her father said, 'Poor Daisy' and her friends said nothing, for she had no friends.

One day, when Daisy was having breakfast in a shady nook of the oak tree, savoring the juicy green grass that grew profusely on the little hill near the forest, she heard the tinkling sound of laughter.

'Yowiee! Yippee!' She could hear several shrill shrieks of joy, and suddenly Goldie the fawn came running out of the bushes. Snowy Rabbit, Hoppity Hare and Red, the Fox Cub, were bounding after Goldie, laughing and shouting. Daisy could not help but run after them enviously. She too wanted to play with them, she also wanted to feel the wind blowing around her as she laughed and raced across the forest. She wanted some company too. As soon as the animals saw Daisy following them they came to a stop and turned around to leave.

'Stop!' said Daisy, 'may I play with you please'?

'No,' said Goldie.

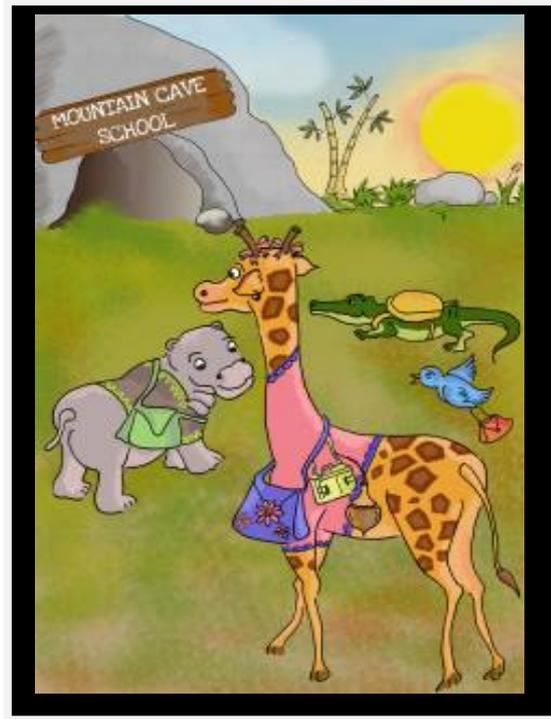
'Of course not,' said Hoppity.

Red took pity on Daisy and said, 'Well, you see, we are on a picnic from school and we now have to go back to eat all the goodies in our picnic hamper. My mother packed us a delicious lunch of fruits, Bobby Bear has brought several pots of honey, Snowy has luscious red berries and Goldie has fresh cold milk. Our teacher has a red crunchy apple for each of us, and then we shall all go and get a drink from the cool water of the stream. Since the picnic is only for the children of the Mountain Cave School, you cannot join us. If we play with you, Mrs. Lion might get angry.'

Daisy hung her head in disappointment and embarrassment. How she wished she had listened to her parents and gone to school. She now realized how bored she was running around the forest all

alone. She had no one to younger sister seemed to than Daisy about no time for her anymore. very brave decision. She and said, 'Mamma, to go to school.' Her mother enveloped Daisy in a great very next day, she went and water bottle made from the available in the market and her leaves green till break nice blue school bag with a in her name. Ooooh, wasn't now?

Daisy has now been in months. She has to go to a two years younger than her, been to school before, and had a lot to learn, but she is working hard and will soon catch up. Now Daisy has many friends, and if you ever go to Green Glade forest you can hear them all laughing and playing every evening.



talk to. Even her know so much more everything, and had Daisy then made a went to her mother Mamma, I also want was so happy; she big bear hug. The bought Daisy a new best coconut shell a lunch box to keep time. Daisy also got a pattern of daisies, as she a smart giraffe

school for six class with children since she had never

Sammy Squirrel Hates Fireworks

Sammy Squirrel was very worried. It was the 4th of July again. All his friends, Bobby Bear, Slinky Fox, Snow White the Bunny, Tuffy Tiger, Daisy Giraffe, Stripes the Zebra and Spikey Hedgehog, were very excited.

‘My father has got the biggest catherine wheel you have ever seen,’ said Bobby.

‘Wow,’ said all his friends, ‘we can’t wait to watch it go round.’

‘Do you remember how high my rockets went last year?’ asked Stripes.

‘Yes,’ nodded everyone in agreement. His rockets had flown right over the top of the tallest trees, as all the animals, even the giraffes, craned their necks to watch in awe. ‘Have you got some more this time?’

‘Of course I have, and all of you can take turns to set them off, I have plenty,’ said Stripes generously.

All this while, Sammy stood at the edge of the group, under an oak tree, his nose quivering with fear. He remembered the smell of gunpowder and the loud noises from the year before. He had snuggled into his tree hollow with his paws over his ears, quite sure that the next one would come right in and singe his bushy tale. It was a terrible night and he had barely slept. He simply could not understand how his friends enjoyed it so much. Every time there was a loud burst from a cracker, he remembered gunshots fired by ferocious hunters. This year too, he intended to hide away until this horrible evening was over.

‘Sammy, Sammy,’ yelled Tuffy, as he realized that Sammy had missed most of their conversation. ‘Have you brought any firecrackers?’



‘No,’ said Sammy, horrified at the thought. ‘I hate crackers and I hate 4th of July. I just want it to get over as soon as possible.’

‘But why?’ asked his friends in astonishment. ‘It is lovely, it really is. You cannot have seen the beautiful colors that light up the sky. Have you ever burst a gift cracker and found just the toy you wanted? It’s amazing,’ said Snow White, holding Sammy’s paw.

‘Don’t worry, I will share my crackers with you,’ said kind hearted Daisy Giraffe. ‘I have plenty of them you see, and it is always more fun to watch your friends burst crackers than to do them all yourself.’ Sammy was not convinced and as soon as dusk fell, he ran and hid in his hollow. He heard his brother Bushy and some of his friends call out to him several times, but did he respond? No sire, not he! He did not want to take any foolish chances with his life. He could hear sounds of merriment,

a lot of laughter and clapping throughout the evening. He was just a little curious when he heard everyone cheering loudly, but refused to go out and investigate. What a foolish squirrel he was!

Next morning when he woke up the sun was shining brightly through the window. The first person



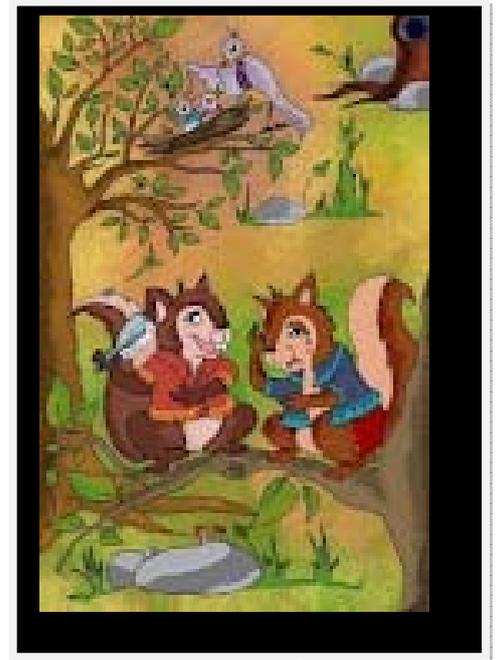
he met that morning was Stripe sporting a brand new bowler hat, looking very smart. Next he saw Daisy Giraffe, strutting around proudly showing off a pink daisy shaped brooch pinned to her collar. Sammy wondered why everyone was wearing such nice new things. He then saw Bushy, his brother coming towards him in excited leaps and bounds. As he came nearer, Sammy saw that he too was holding a very smart brush with a bright blue handle. Sammy had seen a brush just like this in Greedy Goblin's shop and had been meaning to buy it for ages, but it was kind of expensive and he never seemed to have enough money. So he called out to Bushy.

'Hey Bushy, where did you get the brush?'

'Oh, where were you yesterday, Sammy?' asked Bushy. 'We were all looking for you. You missed a fine party.' 'A

party?' questioned Sammy.

'Yes,' said Bushy, 'the king of Green Glade forest, Mr. Mighty Lion, had a special 4th of July party for us. It was the best party I have ever been invited for, with fireworks, food and presents. There was a beautiful show as fireworks lit up the sky in all the colors you can imagine. After that, there was a big feast with jellies, cakes, ice-cream, delicious cool ginger-honey juice, big juicy nuts, fresh fruits and vegetable salad for all of us. At the very end, each of us was allowed to choose a special present for ourselves from Mr. Goblin's shop. That is where I got this brush.'



Sammy regretfully remembered hearing his name called out several times, but he had simply dug in deeper into his hollow so that no one could find him. Oh, he was so envious of the nice new presents each of his friends had, but it was too late to do anything about it now, wasn't it? He sadly munched on some stale lettuce leaves, as he wistfully thought of the delightful feast he had missed. 'Oh Sammy, what a foolish squirrel you have been with your silly fears!' said Bushy. 'Now cheer up, do, I will share my brush with you.'

So Sammy cheered up again, and you can see him and Bushy brush their tails to get a nice swish to it every morning. He has vowed not to be such a coward anymore, and is eagerly awaiting the next 4th of July celebrations. To be honest, so am I, aren't you? I wish I get invited to the party too.

Dennis Learns a Lesson

Dennis was 5 years old and lived with his parents and his grandmother, in a sweet little white house with a red roof and a garden. On sunny days, he loved to play in the garden with his toy lawn mower, or cycle around the driveway. He was a well-mannered boy and always listened to his teacher and parents. He dressed neatly, washed his hands before meals and spoke politely to everyone. All the grown-ups fondly patted his head and said, 'What a good boy you are, Dennis' and Dennis beamed with pleasure. However, Dennis had one bad habit. He hated sharing. He would not share his toys and he would not share his books. He never shared his pencils, and most of all, he hated sharing his chocolates and candy.

His mother said, 'Dennis! Do share your toys with your cousins Polly and Peter when they come for tea.'

'Yes mother,' said Dennis, but did he share? Not he. He hid all his toys in the cupboard, and after a delicious tea of hot and buttery cheese toast, gooey chocolate cake and star shaped cookies, he merrily played with Polly's golden haired doll and Peter's big red fire truck.

When Peter said, 'Let's play trains, Dennis, lay your tracks,' Dennis would say 'my train is not working properly, so we cannot play with it today.' Ooh, what an untruthful thing to say. He knew perfectly well that his trains were fine and he meant to play with them as soon as his cousins left.

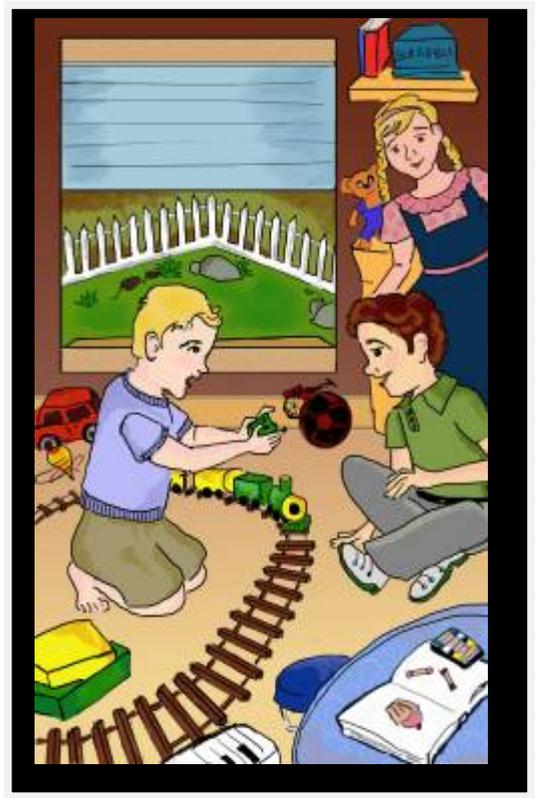
One day, Dennis was in his favorite spot on the lawn playing garage with all his cars lined up, when Great Aunt Martha came by for a visit.

'Dennis! Aunt Martha is here, come and see her,' called his mother from the steps near the porch. Dennis came running because he knew Aunt Martha always brought him big bags of the best chocolates and candy. Sure enough, Aunt Martha was carrying a green colored package, and it seemed even bigger than last time.

'Oh, what a lot of chocolates,' thought Dennis, excited. 'Good morning Aunt Martha, how are you today?' asked Dennis in his politest voice.

'I am very well thank you, Dennis, and how is my favorite nephew?'

'I am doing fine, Aunt Martha. I stood first in the drawing competition at school.'



'Oh, what a good boy you are, Dennis,' said Aunt Martha patting his back. 'Here is something for you for doing so well at school,' and she handed him the bag of candies. Dennis thanked her and raced to



the garden so he could start on the bag. He had just opened the bag and started sucking on a big rainbow colored lollipop, when Nanny came to call him. He had forgotten all about the play date with his friends John and Ted. Dennis was not happy because he knew that Nanny would make him share his goodies with his friends, and he did not want to do that. So guess what he did. He quickly stuffed the bag of chocolates down a rabbit's burrow in the garden and ran to greet his friends. Nanny was busy speaking with Ted's mother, and did not notice. Dennis had a great time playing Hide and Seek with Johnny and Ted until it was too dark to see. Johnny's mother came to pick up both the children and Dennis's mother called him in to dinner. There was apple pie for dessert and Dennis definitely did not want to miss that, so he ran in, washed his hands, brushed his hair and sat down to eat. He forgot all about his bag of chocolates until he was saying his prayers before going to bed and by then it was too late to go and get them.

Next day, as soon as he was awake, Dennis rushed to the garden to retrieve his precious candy, but what a nasty shock for him. His wonderful gummy bears, lollipops, peppermint, chocolate fudge, nougat candy, bulls-eyes, were all soggy and dirty. Several pieces lay scattered on the ground, and almost all of them had been bitten by the rabbits and other garden insects during the night. Not one of them could be eaten any more. He was so upset he could feel tears welling up in his eyes. When mother asked him why he looked so sad, he started crying and showed her the candy spread on the ground. His mother held him close and hugged him.

'Dennis,' she said, 'you have had your punishment, so I won't scold you anymore, but would it not have been nicer to have shared a few of your chocolates with your friends and eaten the rest yourself, rather than not sharing and not getting any?'

'Yes mother,' sobbed Dennis. 'I will never be selfish again.' 'Then I will say no more, and here is a pound for you to go and buy yourself a nice bag of assorted candies.' Dennis had learnt his lesson and was never



selfish again.

That morning, he met Susan at the candy store and offered her two of his biggest jelly beans. He called to Peter from across the road and gave him a nice lollipop for himself. Peter was surprised, but very happy. 'How nice Dennis is!' he said to his sister, 'I will give him my shiniest marble the next time we go over to play at his house.' Dennis was never mean again and Mother was so proud of her son.

Teddy Bear Finds his Voice

Once upon a time, there was a little girl called Janet. She was the only child of her parents, and everyone in the family spoilt her. She had a big nursery full of nice toys. She had a clockwork Tom Cat and Jerry Mouse set which went round in circles with the cat chasing the mouse, if you wound them up. There was a furry brown bear, which growled when you pressed a small button stitched inside his left hand and a sweet looking doll that she had named Mary Anne. There were several bright colored balls, a kitchen set, spade and pail for building sand castles, lots of books, puzzles and soft toys. Janet took good care of her toys, she never broke them or stamped on them like some of her friends, and she always remembered to put them away carefully when she had finished playing with them. Every year, her mother gave away the toys she no longer played with to the poor children at the orphanage. That made them extremely happy, especially because Janet's toys were always almost as good as new.

One night when Janet was asleep, Mary Anne the doll was passing around some sweets that she had bought at the toy sweetshop. She held out the bottle to Teddy, and asked him if he would like one. Teddy did not reply and just kept looking at her.

She again asked him, 'Do you want one too, Teddy?'



Teddy looked miserable and nodded his head.

'Well if you don't want one, just say so,' and she walked off in a huff. Just then Jerry, the clockwork mouse, came running by and realized what had happened.

'Teddy has lost his voice!' he exclaimed. Teddy nodded his head vigorously and looked sad again.

'Don't look so sad, Teddy, we can always find your voice at the Lost and Found market in Goblin Land,' said Clockwork Mouse. Teddy's eyes widened with surprise.

'Yes,' continued clockwork mouse, to all the toys who had gathered to hear what the excitement was about. 'Usually one of the goblin shops in Lost and Found Land has whatever we lose anywhere.'

'Do you know how to get there?' asked Mary Anne.

'Of course, I do,' said Clockwork Mouse.

'I lost my bounce,' said the red and blue ball, 'may I come with you too?'

'Ok, anyone who needs to find something they have lost can come with us. Come along Teddy, let's

go.'

So Jerry Mouse took all the toys down to the foot of the garden, and all of them squeezed through a



small gap in the hibiscus bush. It was a funny group, including the red and blue ball looking for its bounce, the clockwork train that had lost its key and was looking very peculiar chugging along without any tracks and Mary Anne who had joined them out of curiosity. Suddenly, a mole popped out of a nearby hole and asked them where they wanted to go. Clockwork Mouse politely requested for five tickets to Goblin Land. Without blinking, the mole handed them five round polished stones and pointed to his

right.

They saw a train coming their way, smoke billowing from it as it rounded a corner. Several fairies, elves and squirrels also seemed to be waiting for the train, and started jumping in as soon as it came to a stop. With great difficulty, all the toys managed to squeeze themselves into one compartment, after handing over their tickets to a pelican, who put the stones in his big beak. They all managed to find seats to sit on, though part of the clockwork train was hanging out of the door as the carriage was not long enough.

Soon, the train started on its journey, again stopping at a number of stations on the way- Magic Lane, Toyland, Invisible Cottage and finally Goblin Land. All the toys got out of the small carriage, glad to be out of the stuffy train and in the fresh air again. Clockwork Mouse asked Mary Anne to wind him up and then scurried across the town towards a small market at the edge of the forest. The market place was very noisy, with goblins shouting to customers to come and buy their wares. There were fairies looking for their lost wings, wizards for lost magic powers and giants for lost kindness.

'Come, get the gold you lost while moving castles. Find your lost parents. Find your lost voice,' shouted one goblin, and all the toys made a beeline for his shop. Clockwork Mouse spoke to the goblin politely and asked him if he could find Teddy's voice.

'Sure,' said the goblin, and took out several small glass jars with colored screw-on lids. He opened one, and the melodious voice of an opera singer could be heard.

'Oops, wrong jar,' he said, and shut it quickly before the voice could escape. The next few jars also contained the meow of a cat, the wind's whistle and the strumming of a guitar but no bear growl. When he had checked all the jars, the toys looked very disappointed.

'Don't look so sad,' said the goblin, 'Try my brother, the blue goblin's shop across the street?' So the

toys all walked in a straight line to the blue goblin's shop.

Along the way, the engine found a shop selling keys, and bought one that fit him. The red and blue ball found and bought his bounce from a goblin's cauldron which had a steam of all colors and shapes issuing from it. The steam was dancing around the shop almost as if it was bouncing too. He said it was even better than the bounce he had before. The blue goblin's shop was all blue like his name. The walls were blue, the jars were blue, even his beard was blue. Clockwork Mouse once again asked him if he could find Teddy the bear's voice for him.

'Sure I can,' boomed the goblin, and went to a room at the back of the shop. 'This bear's voice was brought to me by two butterflies just yesterday. It sounds just like I expect yours would.' He opened the jar near the bear's face and breathed the small spiral of smoke down his throat, muttering a few magic sounding words. 'Ooh, what a nice peppermint taste,' said the bear.

'Your voice is back,' shrieked Mary Anne, jumping up and down with joy.

'My voice is back! My voice is back!' Teddy could not stop jumping, he was so happy.

All the toys turned to leave so they could give the good news to all their friends waiting back at the nursery, when the goblin called to them.

'Ahem! There is a small matter of my payment, you know.'

'What, money?' exclaimed Mary Anne indignantly. 'It was his voice and he is simply taking that back.'

'Sorry, rules are rules, finders keepers and losers weepers, as they say. You will have to pay three gold coins.'

The mouse turned over his purse and found 2 gold coins. None of the other toys had any money left, except the fare for the train ride back to the nursery. The goblin looked very upset, but reluctantly agreed to take two gold coins in exchange for the voice, and the toys came happily back to the nursery. How tired they all were the next day when Janet came to play with them. They could barely keep their eyes open.



Speedy the Leopard Changes his Spots

Speedy the leopard, had been very quiet lately. He did not play with his friends. He did not chase the squirrels and rabbits. He even refused his favourite meal of bison stew. Everyone wondered what was wrong. But he just wouldn't say.

After two days of mooning around, he went to his mother, 'Mother! Mother!'

'Yes dear, what is it?' asked Mrs. Leopard, putting down her duster and wiping her hands on her little red checked apron. She had been very concerned at this uncharacteristic behaviour of her son over the last few days.

'Mother, why do we have spots?' asked Speedy. 'What kind of a question is that, son,' asked his mother, a little taken aback. 'All leopards have spots. They shine brightly on our golden skin, and

make us look majestic as we run through the grassland. Moreover, they help camouflage us behind the bushes when we stalk our prey.'

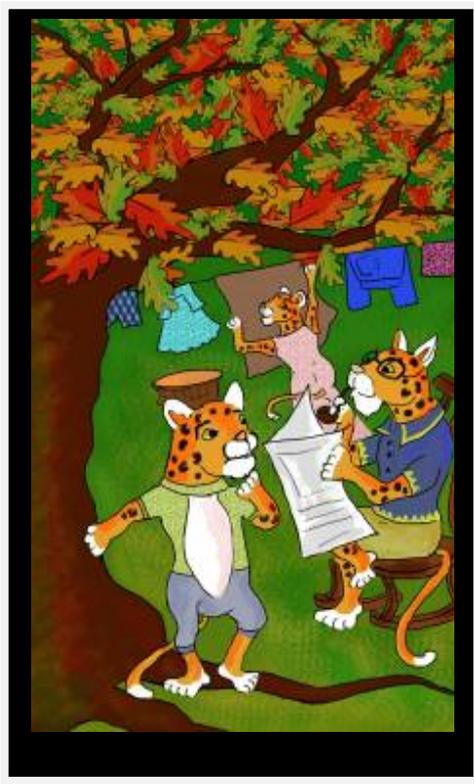
'Oh, I know all that,' said Speedy, shaking his head impatiently. 'But why spots? Why not stripes like Tuffy, why not plain gold like Hakuna, the Lion, or even better, why can't we have new skin every year like the snakes?'

'Well,' said Mama, at a complete loss, 'why don't you ask your father. There he is, reading the Jungle Times on his rocking chair in the lawn.' So Speedy went to his father and began tugging at his shirt tails.

'What is it Speedy, why are you not at the maple garden playing with your friends on such a nice bright morning?' asked Daddy.

'Daddy, tell me, why do we have spots?' asked Speedy.

'Huh, what was that again?' said Daddy.



'Why do leopards have spots? Why don't we have stripes or golden glowing skin like lions or a bright tail of feathers that we can change every year like the peacock?' said Speedy.

'Oh I see. Is that what has been bothering you these last few days, Speedy? Well, it may not be as much fun as you think to be in someone else's shoes,' said Daddy.

Speedy said, 'No Dad, I am sick of my spots and want to look bright and striking like the other animals.'

'Well, okay! Come, let us go to Chameleon, the Dressmaker, he may know what to do,' said Daddy.

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