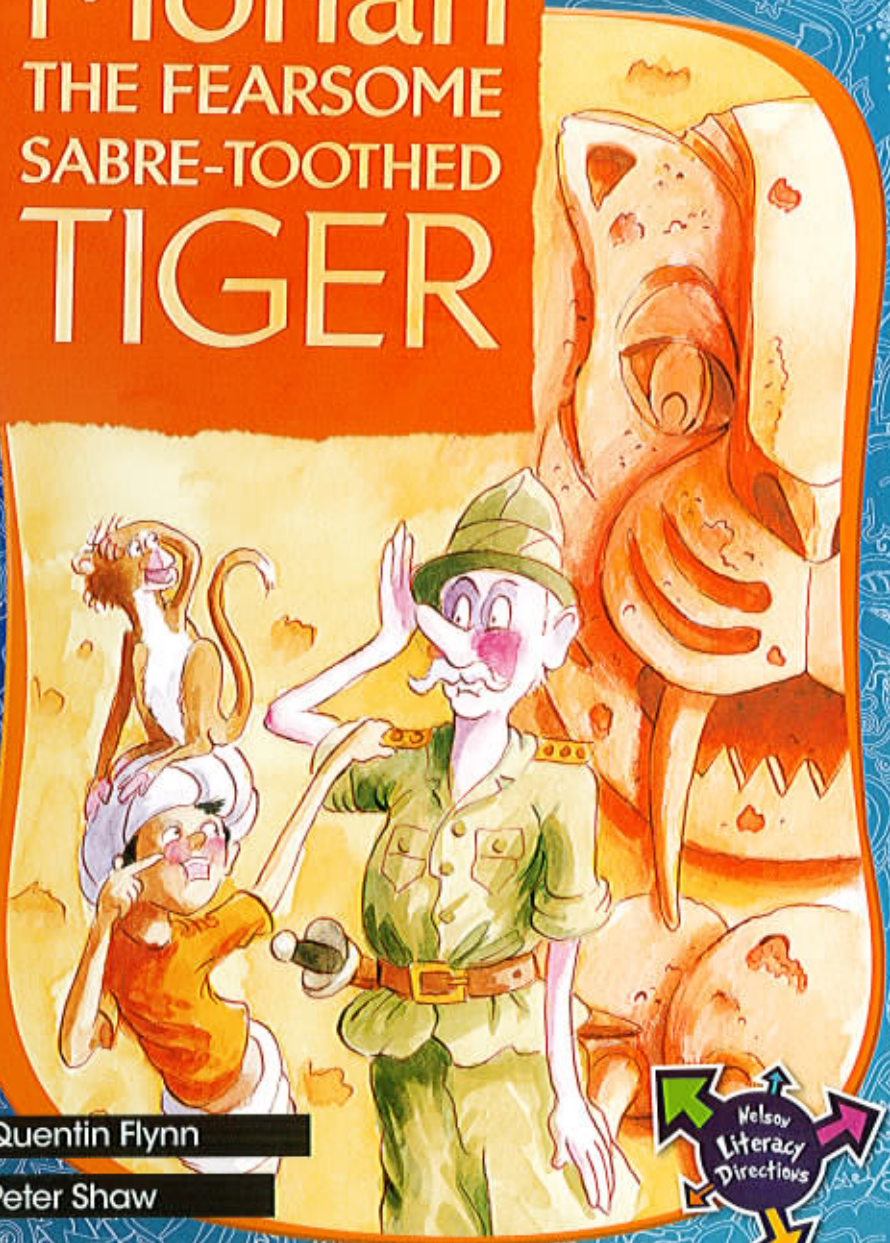
Mohan
THE FEARSOME SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER



Quentin Flynn

Peter Shaw

Nelson Literacy Directions

Meet the Characters



Colonel Dawkins

An intrepid explorer.



Veejay

An intrepid explorer's assistant and guide.



Mohan

A legendary sabre-toothed tiger.



Sanjai

A monk who lives in Mohan's temple.



A Guru

A sleepy wise man.

POSTCARD

Dear Reader

I wanted to be an intrepid explorer when I grew up, but I couldn't find an explorer's hat that would fit. I also wasn't very good at climbing aboard elephants. Plus, there's all those scary creatures to deal with – like MOHAN!

Quentin Flynn
Author

For teachers' Inspection Only

The Indian Jungle



1. The hills of Darjeeling
2. The town where the expedition starts
3. A jungle where many curries are eaten
4. A temple where the truth may be found

1 A Mystery

It was 1925. High in the hills, in India, the smell of fresh tea-leaves floated through the warm air.

Inside a green and yellow tent, Colonel Archibald Dawkins, intrepid explorer, sat on the ground, groaning.

"My legs have been crossed so long, they're stuck," he said to Veejay, his eight-year-old assistant. "And my sword is digging into my hip!"

"Don't worry, sir," replied Veejay. "I'm sure the famous guru will say something soon."



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According to the sign outside the tent, this guru was famous for his wisdom. For half an hour, Colonel Dawkins, Veejay and a small crowd had been waiting for him to speak – but instead, the guru rested on a pillow.

"He's asleep!" hissed Colonel Dawkins. "Why don't you go and wake him?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Veejay. He read aloud from a brochure: "For only thirty rupees, watch the world-famous guru search for cosmic wisdom to share with you today. Children half-price."

"If he's searching, he's lost the map!" said Colonel Dawkins.

"Shh!" someone hissed.

The guru's left eye opened.

The guru's mouth opened.

Suddenly, the guru let out a burp! His tummy gurgled. His other eye opened.

"Oh dear. I should not have had that chicken tikka masala last night," he said.

The people gasped. Was this the guru's wise saying?

The guru nodded to a bored musician. He twanged some strings on his sitar.

"Many, many cycles of the sun have gone by," sang the guru.

"Like water in the Ganges, or stars in the sky!

"Mohan, mystery tiger of Mumchai,
protects his temple with his
glinting emerald eye!"

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Colonel Dawkins sat up when he heard the word "mystery". Intrepid explorers loved mysteries.

The sitar player ended with a flurry of notes. The crowd clapped.

The colonel turned to Veejay.

"Who is this Mohan?" he asked. But Veejay was watching the guru, who was now studying a menu he had pulled out of his robe.

"I'd love an extra hot vindaloo," said the guru, rubbing his tummy.

"Kashmiri rice, yoghurt dip, naan bread … make it two!"

The sitar player twanged the sitar extra loudly. A red curtain swept across in front of the guru.

"That is your thirty rupees of wisdom," said the sitar player. "Don't forget, your tickets get you half-price lunches across the road at Mr Korma's All-You-Can-Eat Curry House! Kids under three dine for free!"



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