

## CHAPTER 21

The zebra died the next morning. Hyenas usually sleep in the day, especially after eating, but this hyena was watching. Orange Juice was looking dangerous.

I stayed where I was, right at the edge of the tarpaulin. I wasn't strong enough to hold onto the oar. The hyena started yipping. Suddenly it jumped at Orange Juice. She hit it hard on the head. 'Hurrah for Orange Juice!' I shouted. An orang-utan is strong with long arms and big teeth, but it is a fruit eater. It knows nothing about fighting.

The hyena killed Orange Juice.

I was next. That much was clear to me. I had to kill the hyena or it would kill me. I walked across the tarpaulin and stepped down onto a bench. I was ready to fight the hyena. Its mouth was red with blood. Orange Juice lay next to it, against the dead zebra.

I was about to hit the hyena, when I looked down. Between my feet, under the bench, I saw Richard Parker's head. It was huge. I saw his paws. They were huge. I hurried back to the edge of the tarpaulin.

I was on a lifeboat with a tiger.

## CHAPTER 22

Richard Parker got his name by mistake. A man called Richard Parker found a young tiger drinking from a river in a forest in Bangladesh. Mr Parker called it Thirsty and sold it to the Pondicherry Zoo. At the railway station in Bangladesh, an official filled in the papers for sending a tiger on the train. He wasn't paying attention. In the box marked 'Sender', he wrote Thirsty. In the box marked 'Animal's name', he wrote Richard Parker. Father laughed when he saw the papers. The tiger had a new name.

