

# The Tiger at the River

“Down, Moba! Good boy!” The little Burmese boy, Deedee, clambered onto his elephant and patted his head.

Deedee had trained Moba ever since he was a baby elephant. An Asian elephant, Moba wasn't as large as his African elephant cousins. He was a good and gentle elephant, and everyone liked to see him come into the village. No one was afraid of Moba because Deedee had trained him well, and Moba was careful not to step on anything or anyone in the village.

“Today we're going to the river, Moba, because you need a bath.”

Moba lumbered through the trees, happy to go to the river. He raised his trunk and let out a trumpet sound.

The birds flew out of the trees around them and the monkeys chattered from the branches overhead as Moba passed by. He lumbered on faster, anxious to get to the river, and then there it was. Moba raised his trunk again and trumpeted three times.



“Water, water!” Deedee yelled happily, and he laughed. Deedee was always happy when Moba was happy.

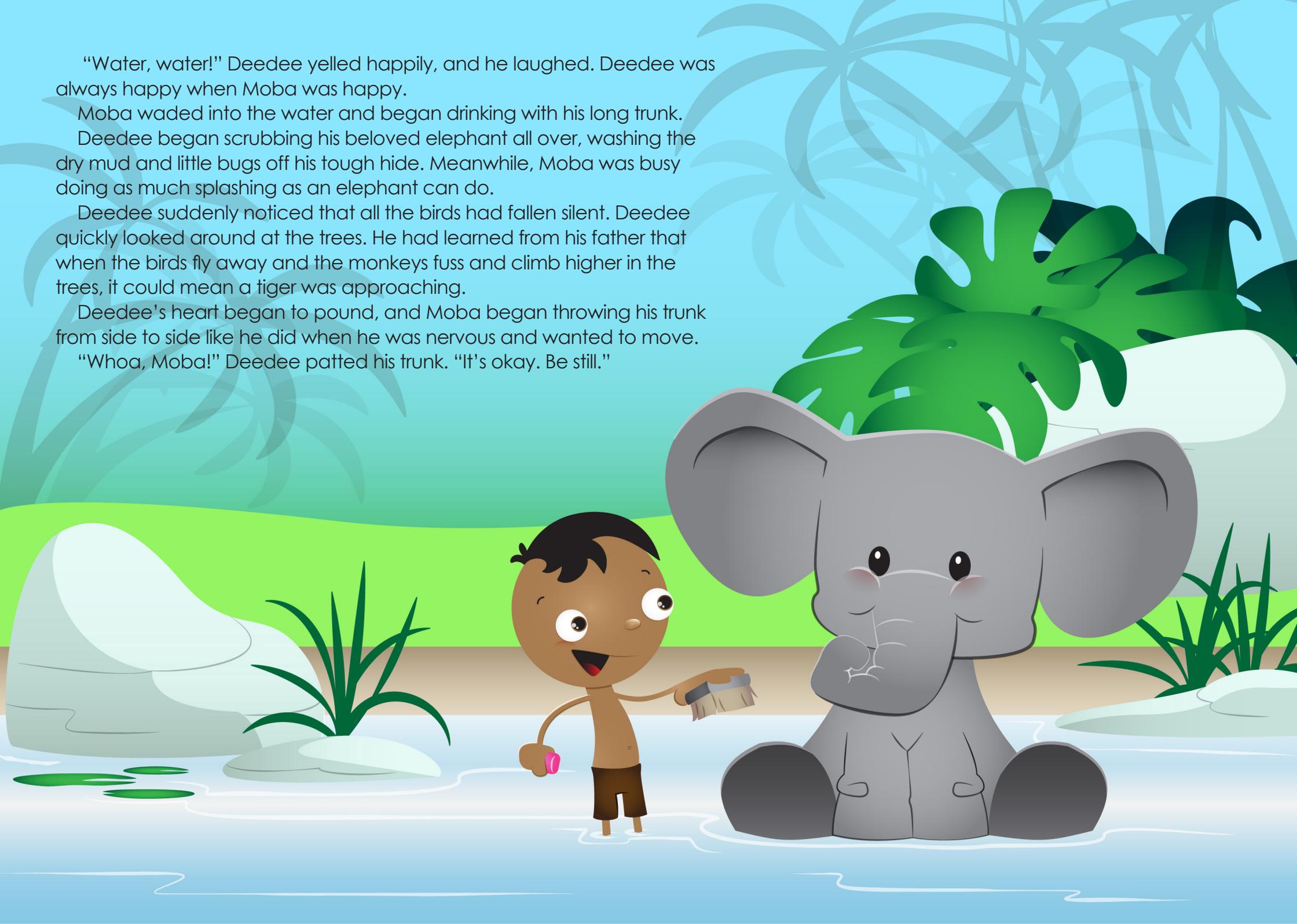
Moba waded into the water and began drinking with his long trunk.

Deedee began scrubbing his beloved elephant all over, washing the dry mud and little bugs off his tough hide. Meanwhile, Moba was busy doing as much splashing as an elephant can do.

Deedee suddenly noticed that all the birds had fallen silent. Deedee quickly looked around at the trees. He had learned from his father that when the birds fly away and the monkeys fuss and climb higher in the trees, it could mean a tiger was approaching.

Deedee’s heart began to pound, and Moba began throwing his trunk from side to side like he did when he was nervous and wanted to move.

“Whoa, Moba!” Deedee patted his trunk. “It’s okay. Be still.”



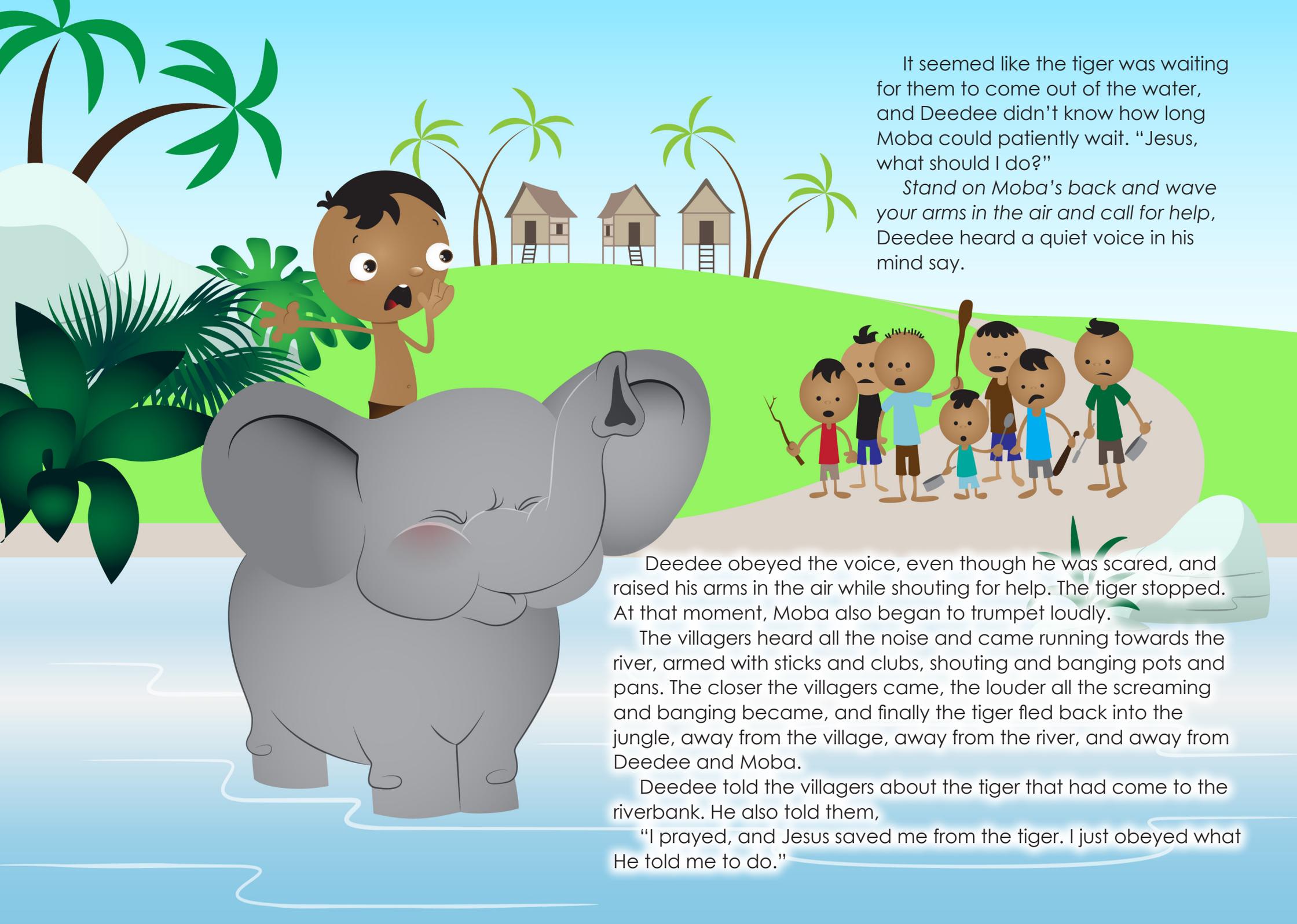
Deedee climbed up onto Moba's back to get a better look into the jungle. Deedee could see something moving in the trees on the other side of the river, but he couldn't see what it was.

*Perhaps it's just a hurt monkey,* Deedee thought. But no, now it was growling, and monkeys don't growl!

Deedee was frightened, so he did just what his father had taught him to do when he felt this way. He prayed: "Dear Jesus, please don't let anything happen to Moba or me. Please keep Moba calm."



The tiger came closer as if it was going to drink from the river, but it stopped when it saw Moba and Deedee in the middle of the river. Very hungry tigers will sometimes attack elephants, and Deedee wasn't sure when this tiger had last eaten.



It seemed like the tiger was waiting for them to come out of the water, and Deedee didn't know how long Moba could patiently wait. "Jesus, what should I do?"

*Stand on Moba's back and wave your arms in the air and call for help,* Deedee heard a quiet voice in his mind say.

Deedee obeyed the voice, even though he was scared, and raised his arms in the air while shouting for help. The tiger stopped. At that moment, Moba also began to trumpet loudly.

The villagers heard all the noise and came running towards the river, armed with sticks and clubs, shouting and banging pots and pans. The closer the villagers came, the louder all the screaming and banging became, and finally the tiger fled back into the jungle, away from the village, away from the river, and away from Deedee and Moba.

Deedee told the villagers about the tiger that had come to the riverbank. He also told them,

"I prayed, and Jesus saved me from the tiger. I just obeyed what He told me to do."

Deedee was happy to know that God had protected Moba and him. He knew that if he ever met the tiger again, he would know what to do—he would pray.

All the villagers returned to their work in the village, and Moba slowly came out of the river to return home as well.

As Deedee rode Moba through the jungle, he hummed a happy tune as he thought of the wonderful help and counsel that God sends to those who love Him and ask for help.

As they approached the village, Deedee patted Moba's head. "Come, boy, let's get you some food." As Deedee fed Moba his hay lunch, all the village children gathered around to hear Deedee's amazing story.

The End



*Author unknown. Illustrations by Alvi. Design by Stefan Merour.*

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