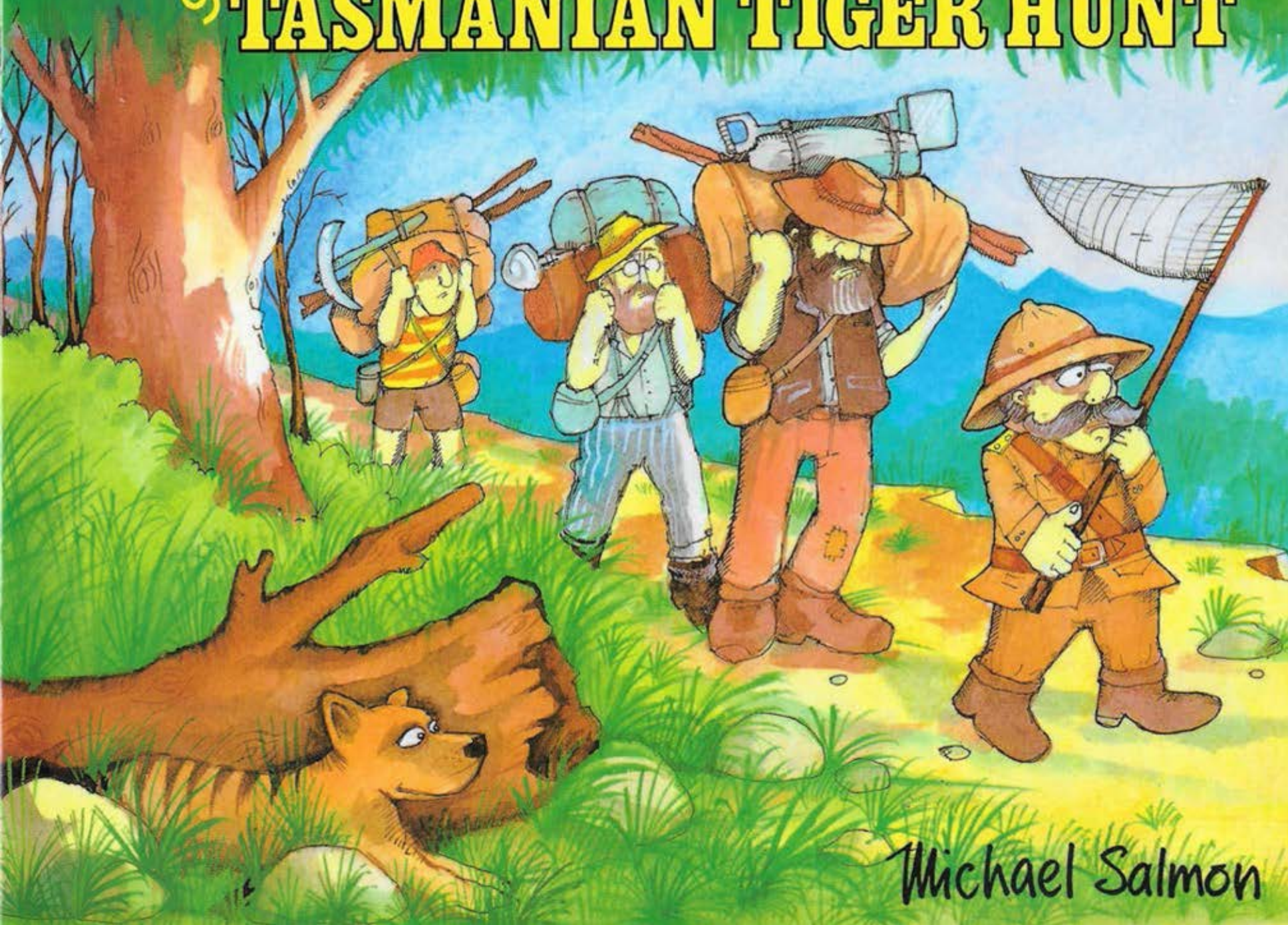


THE *Great* TASMANIAN TIGER HUNT



Michael Salmon

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Written and illustrated by Michael Salmon

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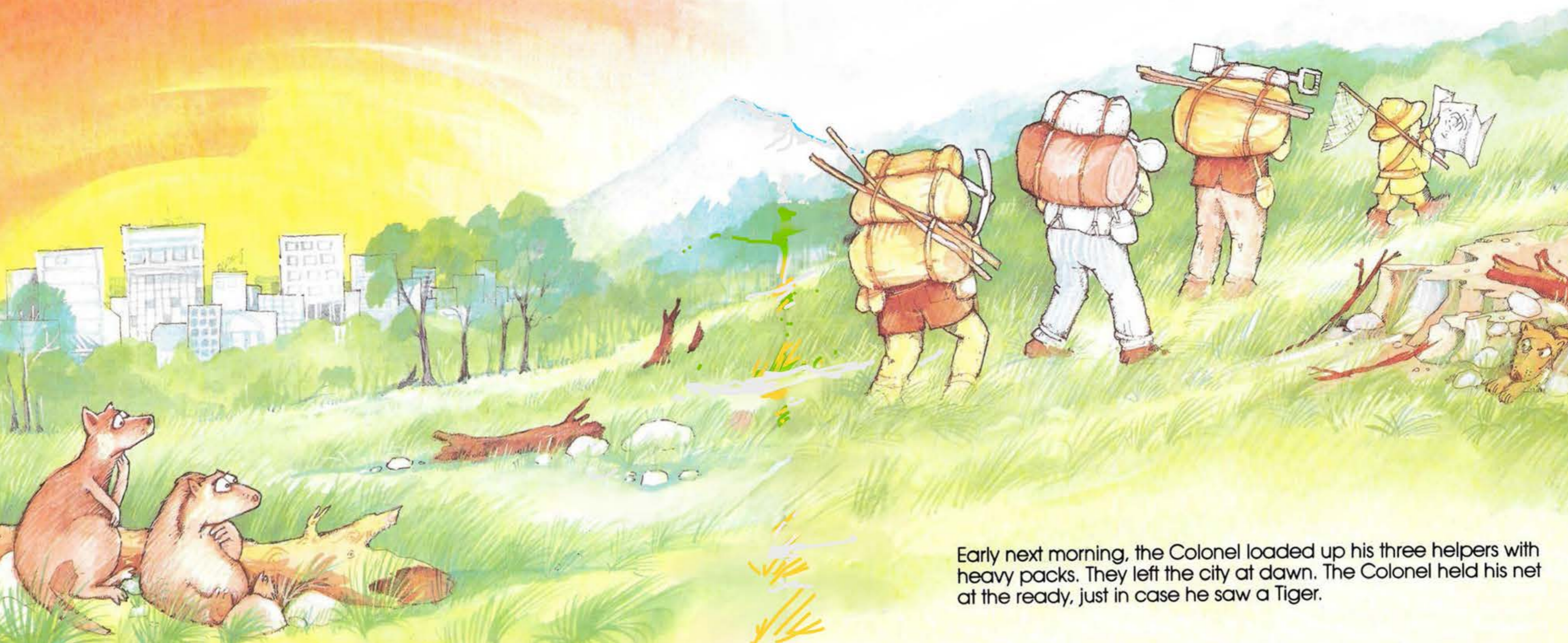
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The city of Hobart, was buzzing with excitement. Colonel Horsfield-Smythe, the famous big-game hunter, had come to catch the mysterious Tasmanian Tiger. No one knew if it still existed, but if it did, the Colonel would surely catch it.

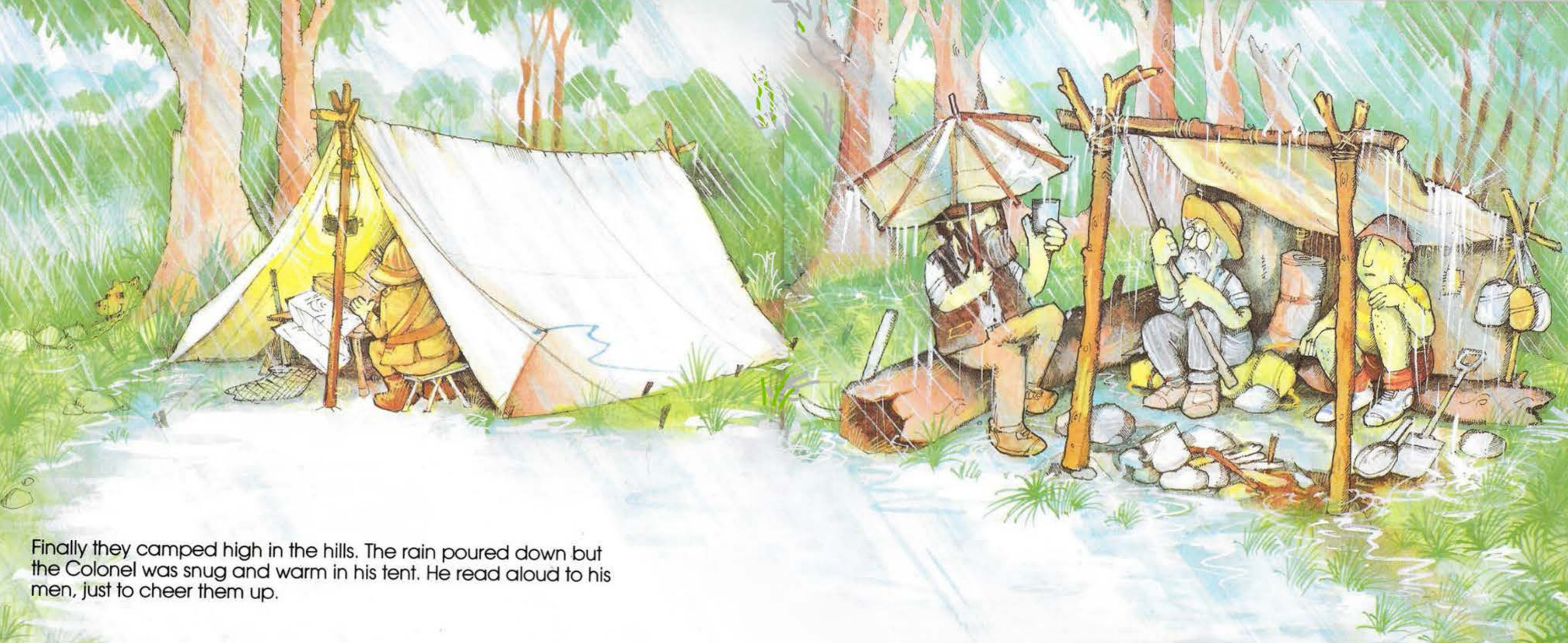




That night a gala dinner was held for Colonel Horsfield-Smythe. The dessert was a magnificent Tasmanian Tiger made from lime jelly and apple custard.



Early next morning, the Colonel loaded up his three helpers with heavy packs. They left the city at dawn. The Colonel held his net at the ready, just in case he saw a Tiger.



Finally they camped high in the hills. The rain poured down but the Colonel was snug and warm in his tent. He read aloud to his men, just to cheer them up.



"Whooo-whooo"

The Colonel woke with a start and grabbed his net. A strange voice was coming from the bushes.

'It's the Tiger!'

The Colonel lunged forward. 'Got you Tiger!' he yelled.



There was a loud squawk. A very cross owl glared at them.

'Confound that Tiger!' snarled the Colonel, 'This is going to be harder than I thought'.



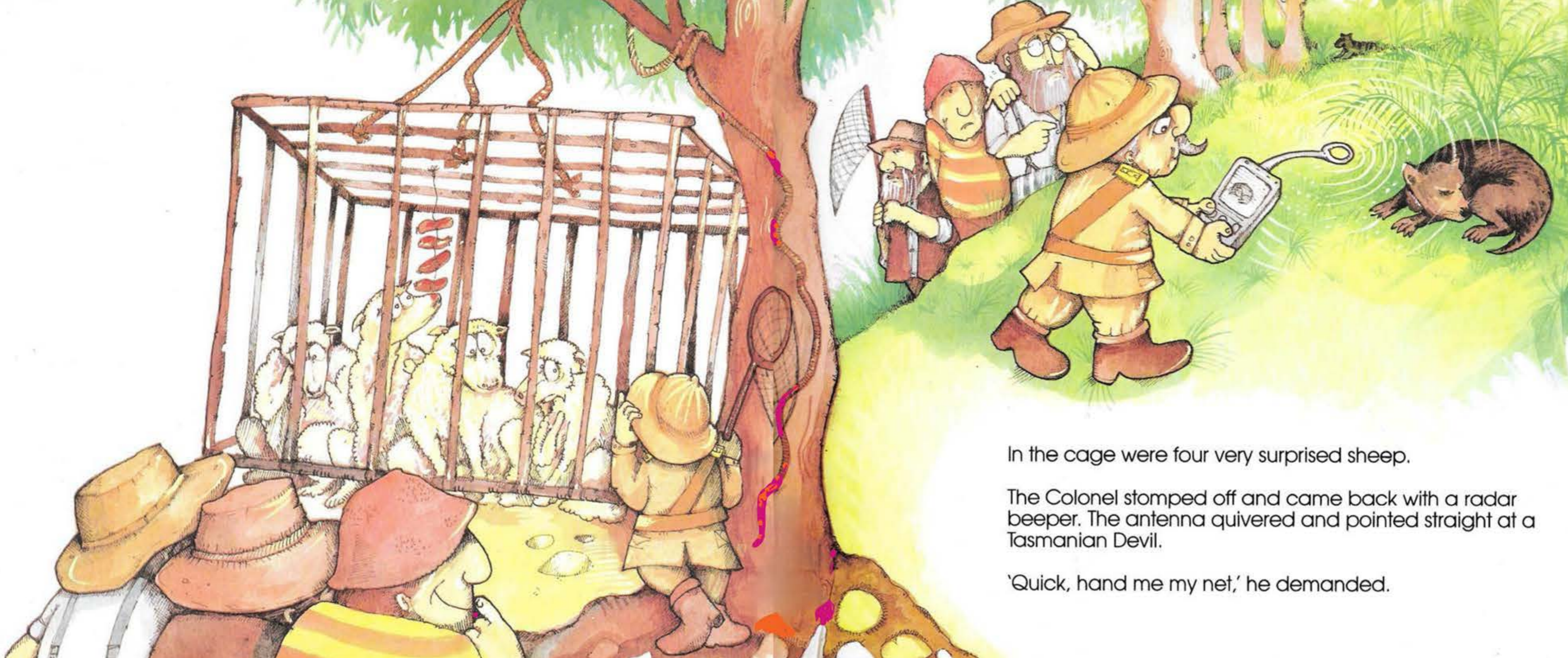
'Men', said the Colonel next morning, 'I have a plan. We'll build a cage and hang some sausages in it for bait.'



They didn't have to wait long.

'I can see four Tigers . . . and they are sniffing the bait,'
whispered the Colonel.

Bang! Down came the cage.



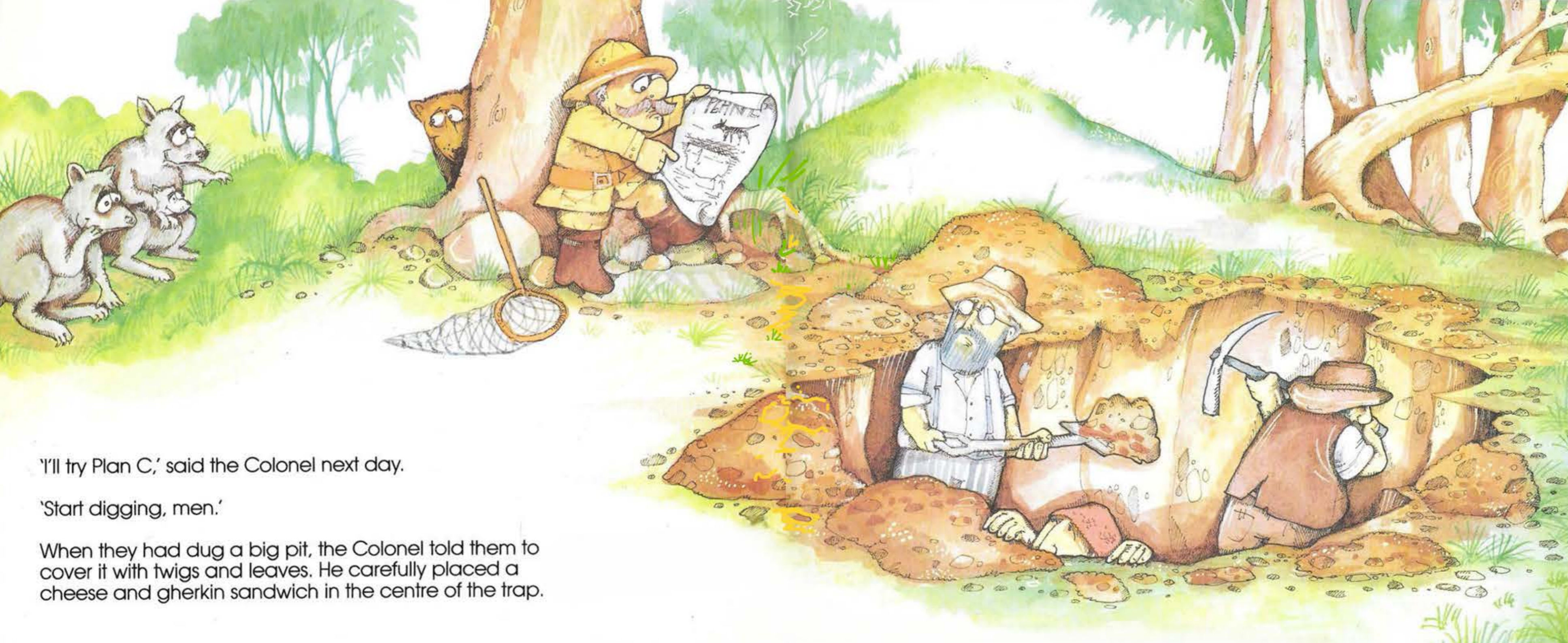
In the cage were four very surprised sheep.

The Colonel stomped off and came back with a radar beeper. The antenna quivered and pointed straight at a Tasmanian Devil.

'Quick, hand me my net,' he demanded.

The Devil woke with a roar. The Colonel and his men fled — straight into the river. It was freezing cold.





'I'll try Plan C,' said the Colonel next day.

'Start digging, men.'

When they had dug a big pit, the Colonel told them to cover it with twigs and leaves. He carefully placed a cheese and gherkin sandwich in the centre of the trap.

'Quick, men. Up that tree before the Tiger smells the sandwich.' They all scrambled up into the branches and waited.





But they had disturbed some pygmy possums. The biggest one raced down the branch and bit the Colonel's finger.

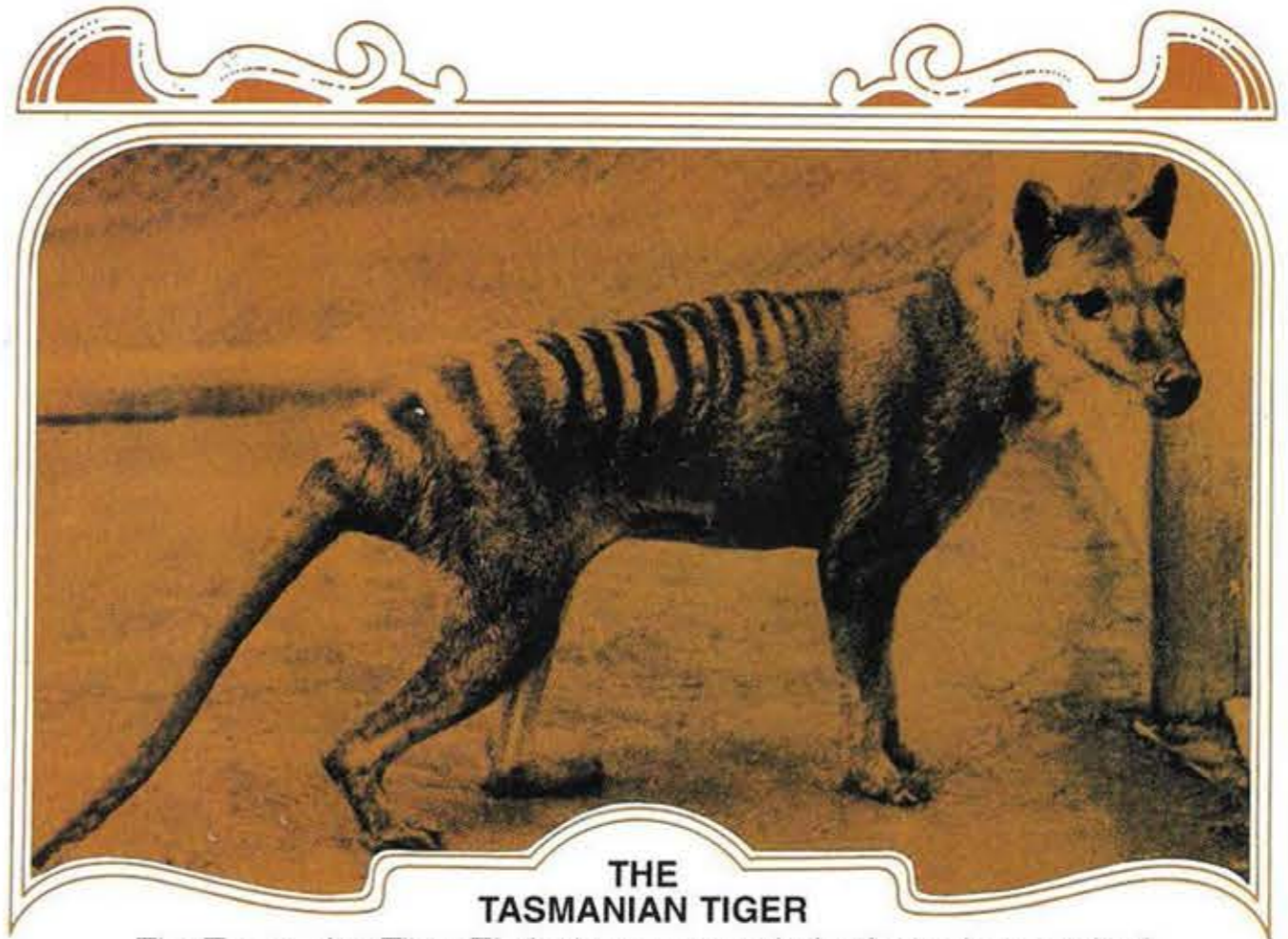
'Ouch!' he yelled. He over balanced and . . .

CRACK! Branch, possum and men fell out of the tree and into the pit.



The Colonel looked glum as they limped back to Hobart. 'The Tiger must be extinct,' he muttered. No one heard the rustle in the bushes.

'Because if there were a Tasmanian Tiger, I would certainly have caught it.'



**THE
TASMANIAN TIGER**

The Tasmanian Tiger *Thylacinus cynocephalus* (meaning pouched dog with a wolf's head) is the world's largest carnivorous marsupial. The last captive specimen died in Hobart in 1936. Although extensive searches are still being carried out, it is believed by many to be extinct.