

Kancil and the Magic Flute

It was late in the afternoon and Kancil was resting under the bamboo trees in the forest. His stomach was full with cucumbers from Farmer Mamad's field. His eyes were almost closed. But it was too early to sleep. It was a great time to rest to lower his blood pressure, to lower his heart beats after the whole day raiding Farmer Mamad's cucumber field. The trade wind was blowing. What a nice cool breeze it was! Funny about bamboo forests in the tropics. When the wind blows just right; not too strong, not too weak, you can hear different tunes, tones and other noises created by the bamboo trees rubbing each other. The dry bamboo leaves vibrate in the breeze and give an odd sound.

Kancil should have known it was the time the nocturnal hunters were on the prowl. As usual it was too late. Our handsome mean and hungry tiger was several metres in front of Kancil. With a "King of the Jungle roar", he yelled, 'Good afternoon Kancil.'

Kancil half awake replied, 'Good afternoon to you, mighty King of the Jungle.'

Tiger replied, 'For a smart little animal, you are not careful at all. I could have eaten you five minutes ago for today's appetiser. I can swallow you, from head to tail in one second.'

Kancil, a bit worried said, 'Mr. Tiger you will not do that. If I am gone, who is going to teach you the art of fine living? Look at you, you are a walking disaster.'

Tiger looked at Kancil in amazement, 'What do you mean disaster? I am King of the Jungle; I can do anything I want. Who is going to stop me?'

Kancil, now getting into the mood said, 'Look Mr. Tiger, just look at your diet. Meat, meat, meat! These are the things that will happen to you; high blood pressure, stroke, heart attack, maybe cancer. Did you ever eat salad, gado - gado or things like that? Did you ever play gamelan for relaxation? To calm down your nerves?'

Tiger said suspiciously, 'Of course I don't play gamelan. I don't eat salad. It's not in our manual.'