

Chapter One

A Parrot Pest

“Trevor the Tiger’s a terrible twerp,
He eats so much fruit that it makes him burp!
You always can tell when he’s been along,
The gas he lets out leaves a dreadful pong!”

If you’re a tiger, this isn’t a very pleasant rhyme to hear. Especially if you’re very proud of being the world’s only vegetarian tiger.

Trevor the tiger scowled up into the branches above him. The rude rhyme was being squawked out by Loud Bill, the most irritating parrot in the jungle. You could hear him everywhere. That’s why he got his name.

“Be quiet up there!” Trevor roared.

“Or else what?” came the mocking reply.

Loud Bill knew perfectly well that Trevor couldn’t climb up his high tree. It was the highest tree in the whole jungle, and Trevor couldn’t even climb up a small tree. In fact, if Trevor just stood on his tippy-toes, he started to feel dizzy. Heights were the thing he disliked most in the world. Heights and noisy, scoffing parrots.

So Trevor shrugged his long stripy back, and decided he’d go down to the river. You could still hear Loud Bill by the river, but the noise of the rushing water meant you couldn’t make out the words. Behind him, Loud Bill started a new rhyme.

“Trevor’s the stinkiest tiger around,
You can smell where he’s been with your nose to the ground!
If I were a tiger I’d get in the bath,
And use an air-freshener to spray in my path!”

In the thick green bushes near the river, Wart-Hog was poking about in some wet earth for ground nuts. He jumped when Trevor appeared silently at his side. Tigers can move extremely quietly.

“Oh! Good morning, Trevor!” Wart-Hog said, a little nervously. Everyone knew that Trevor was a vegetarian tiger. He never stopped boasting about it. “The only one in the world!” he kept telling them all. But - all the same – he might change his mind one day. He might change his mind suddenly and without warning, on seeing a juicy wart-hog, for example.

“Good morning, Wart-Hog,” Trevor replied. He hoped Wart-Hog hadn’t heard Loud Bill’s crude rhymes just now. It was very important for a tiger to be treated with respect by other animals.

“What’s that you’re digging for?” Trevor went on. He’d only been vegetarian for a little while, and he was very interested in finding new things to eat.

“Ground nuts,” Wart-Hog said. “They’re, er...quite hard to find.”

Secretly he was hoping that Trevor wouldn’t want to try them. After all, he spent most of his time seeking them out. It wouldn’t be fair for a tiger just to wander along and help himself.

“Are they tasty?” Trevor asked, sniffing the ground.

“Er... rather a bitter taste, Trevor. You wouldn’t like them.”

“I’ll try one, Wart-Hog. Dig one out for me, will you?”

Wart-Hog reluctantly dug up a nut. It was a plump one. A nice one.

Trevor ate it.

“Hmm... not bad. Dig up a few more for me, would you Wart-Hog?”

Wart-Hog dug up more nuts. At least Trevor wouldn’t know exactly where to look for them, he thought to himself.

When Trevor had eaten all the best nuts, he thanked Wart-Hog and carried on towards the river. The nuts weren’t bad. Not as good as a wart-hog, which was a truly lip-smacking snack. But that belonged to the bad old days, before he became a vegetarian. Trevor thought with satisfaction of how many friends he had, now that he didn’t eat other animals. That was why he’d become a vegetarian in the first place.

At the river, the crocodiles were all busy brushing their teeth. They used porcupines as toothbrushes. The porcupines didn't like it very much, but they needed to come down to the river for a drink from time to time, and the crocodiles always took advantage.

"Hi Trevor!" the crocodiles called.

"Hello Trevor!" the porcupines added.

"Hello guys!" Trevor replied. "What's new down here?"

"The monkeys have made a new diving board," one of the crocodiles said. It was Cedric, the oldest and laziest of the crocodiles. He was so lazy that his wife, Mrs Cedric, was brushing his teeth for him, with a very cross porcupine who kept going "Ow! Ow! You're squeezing too hard!"

"Are you going to give it a try, Trevor?" Cedric went on. "It's just over there."

Trevor looked at the opposite bank, where there was a small cliff overhanging the river. There was a tree trunk sticking out over the water, and a line of animals were waiting their turn to jump off it. Just then it was the turn of the water-buffalo, and he tucked his legs under him as he dive-bombed into the water, sending up a huge splash that soaked Trevor.

"Oops! Sorry!" said Water-Buffalo, when he saw what he'd done.

There was a sudden noise overhead. A noise of beating wings and squawking, raucous laughter. Loud Bill again!

"Ha ha ha! Decided to take my advice and have a bath, eh Trevor?"

Trevor ignored him. But then Loud Bill circled overhead squawking another of his aggravating rhymes.

"Trevor's a tiger whose brain's very small,
In fact you might think he'd no brain at all.
But his tail's so long it makes up for this lack,
And trails behind him all scraggy and slack."

Now insulting a tiger's brain is rude, but to insult a tiger's tail is the worst insult of all. Trevor was enormously proud of his tail, which he kept in excellent condition. He let out a roar of anger.

"You miserable parrot! Just you wait!"

But Loud Bill just laughed again.

"Wait for what, Stripy Pyjamas?"

"Stripy Pyjamas" was one of Loud Bill's many disrespectful names for Trevor. He flew off again, laughing, back towards his big tree.

Trevor noticed all the other animals were looking at him. The monkeys had their hands over their mouths. The crocodiles were whistling softly and glancing sideways at each other. Water-Buffalo was coughing into his hoof. The porcupines who weren't being used as toothbrushes were nudging each other. Everyone was secretly laughing at him!

That parrot had to be dealt with, and soon!

He pretended not to notice, and watched the animals taking their turns on the diving board. The thought of jumping off something so high made him go all shivery. But as he watched, he began to get an idea for giving Loud Bill the good fright he deserved. It was a bold idea. A scary idea, that made him go all shivery again. But it might just work!

Chapter Two

Horace the Howler Monkey

Later on, Trevor went hunting for a place where he could try out his idea. Finally he found the perfect spot. It was a clearing in the jungle where there were a lot of rocks. Some of them were no higher than Trevor's head. But there were some big ones too – the biggest was like a little mountain, higher than the surrounding trees.

Trevor looked over his shoulder carefully. It was important that none of the other animals should see him. When he was sure he was alone, he

approached one of the smaller rocks. He put his front paws on it. He gulped, and closed his eyes. Then he jumped onto the rock.

He stood there for a few moments, and then opened his eyes again. Whoah! He was wobbling like a jelly! Was that the ground down there? It was at least a metre away. He'd never been so high up in his life, and he didn't like it. Thank goodness no-one was watching.

"What are you doing Trevor?" came a voice.

Curses! Someone had been watching after all! Trevor looked at the green bushes all around the clearing.

"Who is it?" he asked.

Some leaves shook, and one of the monkeys came out. It was Horace, the howler monkey.

"Why are you standing on that rock?" Horace asked.

"Just... just having a look around," Trevor replied.

"You could see much better from one of the big rocks!" Horace pointed out. And then, in a blur of long arms and hairy legs, he scrambled to the top of the highest rock. He stood on the summit, shading his eyes from the sun.

"You can see for miles from up here!" Horace said. "Come and have a look!"

"I'm fine down here, Horace," Trevor replied.

"No, really, you should come and look, Trevor! You can even see as far as the waterfall from here."

Trevor shook his head.

"No, no, I'm fine thank you."

Then, because he was feeling dizzy, he slowly and carefully slid off his little rock back to the comforting firm ground.

He looked up enviously at Horace, scanning the surrounding jungle from his perch. Then, in a flurry, Horace hopped, skipped, and jumped down the rock to the ground beside Trevor. Trevor stared at him in admiration. It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Horace could *teach* him how to cope with heights. After all, monkeys were experts. They were always swinging about in trees. It would be such a help if he could get some advice. And

there was another thing: Trevor was dying to share his problem with someone, as long as they would keep it secret. 'Trouble shared is trouble halved', his mother used to say.

"Are you busy just now, Horace?" Trevor said.

"Not at all. I was just going to look around here for some fruit trees."

"How did you learn to climb so well?"

Horace scratched his head.

"I don't know, Trevor. I've been climbing in trees ever since I can remember. I used to go up on my Mum's back, when I was tiny."

"I wondered, Horace... "

Trevor hesitated. He felt rather silly.

"Yes, Trevor?"

Trevor gulped. He definitely needed help if his plan was going to work. He must go on.

"You'll keep this secret, Horace?"

"Of course, if you want me to, Trevor."

"Well... could you teach me to climb trees?"

Horace looked at him in astonishment.

"Tigers don't climb trees!"

"Well, I want to climb trees. I've decided to be a tree-climbing vegetarian tiger. Will you help me?"

"But why do you want to be a tree-climbing tiger?" Horace asked.

Trevor thought of pretending it was just so he could pick fruit. But he wanted so badly to share his problem!

"You'll keep this part especially secret, Horace, won't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Have you noticed an especially noisy parrot in the jungle?"

"Of course! You mean Loud Bill"

"Yes. Loud Bill. Well, I don't know if you've noticed that he makes up little rhymes..."

"Yes. Especially rude rhymes about you, Trevor."

“I want to climb up Loud Bill’s tree and give him the fright of his life! If he knows I can reach him up there, he won’t dare to be so rude about me.”

Horace looked very serious and nodded thoughtfully. But inside, silently, he was making that whooping, howling noise that howler monkeys make when they find something funny. The whole idea of teaching a tiger to climb up a tree so he could frighten a parrot struck Horace as very funny indeed. He kept his face straight with a big effort.

“Okay Trevor! I’ll help!”

Chapter Three

Help in High Places

Although Horace was highly amused, he did like Trevor very much, and made up his mind that he would keep his secret. He fetched some fruit for them both to eat, and thought hard about how to teach Trevor to climb.

First of all, he must get Trevor used to being in high places. A brilliant idea came to him. Down the river, about an hours’ walk away, there was a rope-bridge. When he was little, he and his pals used to run across it for a dare. That was the perfect place to get Trevor used to heights!

So, when they’d eaten the fruit, they walked through the jungle together until they came to the spot. Trevor looked at the bridge, suspended from great thick posts on either bank of the river. It was high above the rushing, swirling water. His ears went flat against the sides of his head, and he could feel his heart thumping very loudly inside his chest.

“Now, watch me,” Horace said, “I’ll show you how safe it is.”

Horace ran out along the slender bridge until he was in the middle. He bounced up and down, and even swung by his arms from the bottom of the bridge. Then he came back.

“Now it’s your turn,” he said. “Just follow me. We’ll take it slowly.”

Trying hard not to look at the water far below, Trevor followed Horace a few steps onto the bridge. It swayed below him in quite a horrid way, and he froze like a statue. He couldn't move at all. He called in panic to Horace.

"I'm stuck!"

Horace looked back at Trevor. He wasn't stuck at all, as far as he could see. He was just standing there.

"Come on, Trevor – keep looking at me, don't look down!"

But Trevor couldn't help looking down. The river drew his eyes like a magnet. All that rushing, bubbling water, far, far below. It was calling to him! He felt himself starting to slip towards it. His legs were all made of soft rubber... he stopped breathing... he closed his eyes...

He heard Horace shout "Trevor!" Then he was falling. Down, down, and splash! He was in the water. Ugh! It was cold!

Luckily, Trevor could swim perfectly well, and he wasn't frightened of water like he was frightened of heights, so once he'd come up again to the surface, spluttering, he swam quickly to the river's edge, and pulled himself out.

Horace ran down the steep bank to join him.

"Why did you do that?" he said.

Trevor shook his head. Why *had* he let go? It was a mystery.

"I didn't *mean* to do it," he said feebly.

"Come on, you're going to have to try again," Horace said.

This time, Trevor concentrated terribly hard on not looking down. Horace stayed right in front of him, and kept talking to him. The bridge wobbled horribly as before, but by watching Horace's face and listening to his voice, somehow Trevor found himself on the other side of the river.

"You've done it!" Horace exclaimed.

Trevor looked back at the bridge. Had he really come over that? He felt so proud that all the hairs on his back stood up.

"Now we'll go straight back over again," Horace said, and Trevor felt frightened all over again.

This time Horace waited on the far side. Trevor kept looking straight ahead, and pretended the rope bridge was just a few inches above the ground. He even whistled a little to relax himself.

“Well done Trevor!” Horace said when the tiger reached him. He felt almost as proud as Trevor. He’d never taught anyone to do anything before. It was very satisfying.

“Now it’s time to climb your first tree!” he said.

Trevor nodded. He felt ready for anything now.

They found a tree with plenty of branches low down. Trevor got on quite well right at the start. His sharp claws gave him a good grip on the bark of the tree, and he was strong enough to pull himself upwards from one branch to the next. Also, the tree stayed nice and still compared with the rope bridge. Soon, without much fuss, Trevor was lying comfortably on a wide branch about half way up the tree. Horace sat on the branch next to him.

“You’re doing really well, Trevor!” he said. “Shall we see how you get on going downwards?”

“Why not?” Trevor agreed, and glanced down towards the ground.

“Why are you looking like that?” Horace said. The infuriating tiger had screwed up his eyes and hidden his face in his paws.

“I looked down!” Trevor whimpered.

“Trevor! I’ve told you about that before! Now, just look at the tree bark close to you all the time, and follow me down the tree!”

So, just as he’d done on the bridge, Horace coaxed Trevor bit by bit down the tree until they stood on firm ground again. Trevor looked a little ashamed of himself.

“You’re not going to get up Loud Bill’s big tree if you don’t learn never to look down,” Horace said.

“You’re right, Horace,” Trevor replied. “I’m sorry. It won’t happen again.”

After a rest, they found a bigger tree, and when Trevor had climbed that, an even bigger one. Going upwards was fairly easy, but it was always a

tricky moment when it was time to turn around and go down again. That was when Trevor had to concentrate really hard on not looking down!

“Well, do you think you’re ready to climb up Loud Bill’s tree now?” Horace said.

“I’m ready!” Trevor replied. Then he let out a low rumbling growl. That pesky parrot had the fright of his life coming to him!

Chapter Four

Mission in the Moonlight

During the day, Loud Bill was always awake, making a lot of noise, and sometimes flying about. There would be no chance of taking him by surprise. But at night, although the jungle was busy with nocturnal animals hunting for their food, Loud Bill was fast asleep. Yes, night was the time for Trevor to sneak up on him.

That very night, everything was perfect. A big silvery full moon lit up the jungle. Standing at the bottom of Loud Bill’s tree, Trevor looked up, up, far into the sky, where with his sharp eyes he could see the parrot perched on the tip of the tree with his beak tucked under one wing, fast asleep. Well, he was soon going to have an unexpected nightmare!

Horace had come with him to stand at the bottom of the tree and encourage him.

“Are you ready, Trevor?” he whispered.

“Yes.”

“Well, good luck!”

Trevor began to climb.

It wasn’t the easiest of trees. Apart from being very tall, it didn’t have as many branches as the trees he’d practised on. He had to dig his claws deep into the bark and inch upwards slowly from one branch to the next. At each branch, he stopped to rest a little. He kept his eyes fixed firmly on the trunk nearby, with an occasional glance upwards. Loud Bill was outlined

against the big white disc of the moon, so still that he could have been part of the tree.

In his sleep, Loud Bill felt a little swaying movement. Partly waking, at first he thought his tree must be moving in the wind. But he couldn't feel any wind on his feathers. He opened one eye, and looked about him.

Half way up his tree, there was something unfamiliar. A kind of blob in the darkness. Loud Bill opened his other eye. What was it?

Then the blob moved upwards into a patch of moonlight, and Loud Bill nearly fell off his perch in astonishment. It was Trevor the Tiger, climbing up his tree! What on earth was he doing?

Loud Bill was wide awake now, but he stayed as still as a stone. He kept an eye on the tiger's slow and clumsy progress and thought about what he should do. Trevor must be climbing the tree in order to reach him. What would he do when he arrived? Surely he wasn't meaning to eat him? A vegetarian tiger couldn't eat parrots! But Loud Bill decided it would be best not to find out what Trevor intended to do. At the last moment he would fly off to a nearby tree. He chuckled a little to himself, and started to make up a good rhyme that would suit the occasion.

Meanwhile, Trevor inched his way closer and closer to his goal. He was higher up than he'd ever been before. But he'd learned his lesson about not looking down. Even though he'd reached the point where the tree grew slender, and swayed with his movement, he didn't hesitate. Loud Bill was only a few metres above him. He thought that he would grab the sleeping parrot in one of his claws and roar at him. He started to think over what he'd say to him, to warn him against ever squawking out rude rhymes again.

Closer and closer he came. The sleeping parrot was almost within reach. Trevor edged up to just the right spot, and wrapped three of his legs tightly around the tree trunk. He got ready, then lunged with his free paw to grab Loud Bill.

There was a sudden flurry of feathers, a deafening squawk right in his ears, and Loud Bill flew up into the sky! Trevor was so startled that he loosened his grip and slid down the tree. A branch stopped him. He was

slung over it on his stomach, legs dangling over the horrid void below. He looked down. Down, down, down, to where he could dimly make out Horace on the forest floor, no more than a little dot.

Trevor trembled, gulped, and closed his eyes. What a horrible fix he was in now!

Chapter Five

Loud Bill Gets Louder

Meanwhile, Loud Bill circled above his tree and landed on the top of another one nearby. He'd thought up an excellent rhyme, and squawked it out at the top of his voice.

“Trevor the tiger thinks he’s a bird,
His flapping and perching are really absurd.
He’s stuck up a tree, with a face like a flea,
Come and see Trevor, completely for free!”

His voice reached every corner of the jungle. Lots of animals who were out hunting for food headed towards Loud Bill’s tree to see what was happening. A new verse occurred to the parrot, and he screeched it out even louder than the first rhyme.

“Trevor the tiger’s gone totally mad,
To fly like a bird would make him so glad,
But he’s lacking in wings to take up this role,
So he just flaps about like a flag on a pole!”

At the base of the tree, Horace was being bombarded with questions by the curious animals that kept arriving.

“What’s Trevor doing up there?” said Wart-Hog. “Surely he doesn’t expect to find ground nuts in a tree?”

“What’s Trevor doing up there?” said Water-Buffalo. “Is he playing hide-and-seek?”

“What’s Trevor doing up there?” said Cedric the crocodile. “Has he lost something?”

Horace shook his head. There seemed no point in keeping Trevor’s secret now. Everyone would work it out soon anyway.

“He wanted to give Loud Bill a fright, to stop him making up rude rhymes about him,” he explained.

The animals nodded. That certainly explained it. Anyone would want to stop Loud Bill making up rhymes about them, if they could.

“Why isn’t he coming down again, now Loud Bill has escaped?” asked Gertrude Gibbon, who was one of several monkeys who had arrived on the scene.

“I think he must have looked down,” Horace said sadly. “He gets stuck if he looks down.”

“You seem to know all about it,” Gertrude commented.

“I’ve been teaching him to climb,” Horace admitted.

“Really? What fun! But what are you going to do now?”

“I’d better go up and have a word with him,” Horace replied.

And with that, Horace left the crowd of animals below him as he ran quickly up the tree. It had taken Trevor twenty minutes to get to the top, but Horace was there in twenty seconds.

“That’s a pity Loud Bill saw you coming,” Horace remarked when he reached the tiger.

Trevor looked at him miserably.

“Never mind him. I’m stuck. I looked down, Horace.”

“Oh dear. Well, just remember all your lessons. Keep looking at something close by. Look at me. We can go down gradually.”

Trevor nodded. Just then, Loud Bill flew off, squawking some new rhyme. He was probably going to fly around the more distant parts of the jungle, to make sure absolutely everyone knew what was going on.

But when Trevor tried to move off his little branch, it seemed to him that the whole tree was shaking and shifting and he was sure to fall off. He clung on more tightly and shut his eyes.

“Is he still stuck?” came an unexpected voice. It was Gertrude Gibbon, who’d climbed up the tree behind Horace without him noticing. Horace looked down at her. There were another dozen or so monkeys gathered on the branches of the tree further down. They were all friends of his, and he thought they’d be happy to help out.

“Yes. Listen - I’ve got an idea. Gertrude – can you and the others go and break off some long creepers from the trees?”

“All right. But why?”

“You’ll see.”

Gertrude and the rest of the monkeys were soon back with a lot of long creepers. Horace’s idea was quite clever. They looped creepers around Trevor to form a kind of basket. Then, working all together, they lowered him slowly down the tree, from branch to branch, until they got him back to the ground. He was quite heavy, and they were all tired when they’d finished.

Loud Bill returned from his flight in time to see the final stage of Trevor’s descent. Of course he had a rhyme for the occasion.

“Rock-a-bye Trevor, in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the tiger will rock,
When he’s got stuck, the tiger will roar,
So monkeys will cradle him down to the floor.”

Cackling loudly at his own cleverness, he settled back on his usual perch at the top of his tree.

“Thank you, thank you everybody!” Trevor said, climbing out of his cradle of creepers. “That was a good idea of yours, Horace!”

“What are you going to do about Loud Bill now?” Cedric the crocodile asked.

“Are you going to give up?” said Wart-Hog.

“Looks like he’s going to carry on scoffing at you, doesn’t it?” mentioned Water-Buffalo.

Trevor roared crossly and everyone took half a step backwards. Surely he was still vegetarian wasn’t he? At a moment like this, you couldn’t be too careful. Eating a few animals might restore a tiger’s pride.

But Trevor wasn’t thinking of that. He was thinking of what a foolish figure he must look. It made him even more determined.

“I’ll deal with Loud Bill one day soon, just you wait and see!” he said.

Chapter Six

Horace the Great Inventor

Trevor and Horace met in private the next morning to discuss what should be done. The creepers he’d used to get Trevor down the tree had given Horace a new idea.

“A helicopter!” he said impressively.

“What?”

“I’ll get Gertrude and some of the other monkeys to help. If we wind up lots of creepers really tightly and fix up some blades out of branches and big leaves, you can fly up to where Loud Bill is.”

Trevor looked doubtful.

“How will I steer it?”

“We’ll just point it in the right direction. It’ll be fun! Just imagine Loud Bill’s face when he sees you hovering up there, right beside him!”

Trevor wasn’t at all sure about the helicopter idea, but Horace was very keen. In no time at all he’d got Gertrude Gibbon and several other monkeys collecting creepers, and winding them round and round a long branch. When they were pulled really tight, they stretched like rubber bands. By the time they’d wound lots of them around the branch, it was twitching on the ground, ready to jump in the air. They had to tie it down, and Horace fixed two palm branches to the top.

“Let’s give it a test then,” he said, looking proudly at the helicopter.

“Off you go,” said Trevor.

“It’s no good *me* testing it,” Horace replied. “It’s got to be powerful enough to transport a tiger. Put this on.”

He handed Trevor half a coconut shell.

“What’s this?” Trevor said.

“Crash helmet. Just in case. Put it on your head.”

Trevor put on the crash helmet.

“Good,” said Horace. “Now, hold on to the bottom of the drive shaft here.”

He pointed at the bottom of the branch, where there was a space below the ball of tightly wound-up creepers. Trevor grasped it tightly.

“Excellent. Right, stand back everyone!”

Horace undid the creeper that was tying the helicopter down. Immediately it soared up in the air with a loud whooshing noise. All the monkeys cheered and Horace felt great pride in his invention.

However, there were two little problems that he hadn’t foreseen.

Firstly, the drive shaft, as Horace had called the central branch, whizzed around and around as the creepers unwound. That meant that Trevor whizzed around and around too.

Secondly, just as Trevor had pointed out, there was no way to steer.

Trevor, clinging on for dear life, felt that he really should have insisted that Horace should be the first pilot. It was too late now though, and it looked as if he was going to crash into that tree just ahead. At least his flight would soon be over. What was that lump on the tree trunk?

Crash! Kerrunch! The whirring blades of Horace’s helicopter clunked into the lump on the tree, and Trevor slid down to the ground in a tangle of creepers and broken branches. As he lay there for a moment feeling lucky that he hadn’t hurt himself too much, he heard a loud buzzing noise overhead.

The lump on the tree was a bee’s nest. Bees don’t like things bashing into their nests. They come out to see what the problem is. If the problem

turns out to be a tiger, that is not at all frightening for the bees. They can sting a tiger just as well as any other pest who bothers them.

Trevor struggled free of the creepers just as the first bee arrived and hovered angrily in front of his nose. Then he bounded away at top speed, with the angry swarm buzzing right behind him. The river! He must get under the water where the bees couldn't sting him!

It was puzzling to Horace and the other monkeys in the distance, who couldn't see the bees. They wondered why Trevor was charging away like that.

"Do you think Trevor really has gone mad, like Loud Bill says?" asked Gertrude.

"No...no, I don't think so," Horace replied. "Perhaps he decided to have some exercise."

They followed Trevor down to the river, and were just in time to see him plunge into the water with a great splash. He disappeared from view completely.

Trevor held his breath and swam under the water. Then he came up again cautiously, just his nose and eyes peeping above the surface. Good, the bees had lost him. He waited for quite a long time, to be sure, then swam to the bank, climbed out and gave himself a shake.

Horace and the other monkeys approached him. He glared at Horace.

"That was one of the worst experiences of my life!" he said.

"I thought it worked quite well," Horace replied. "You went up in the air."

"Your helicopter is a death-trap."

"But..." Horace said.

"No," Trevor said, interrupting. "Thank you, but no."

Horace shrugged his shoulders. He'd have liked to make another helicopter. A bigger, better one... but never mind. While Trevor was in the river, a new idea had come to him!

Chapter Seven

Trevor Goes Bananas

Since Trevor was grumpy, Horace sent him away while he and the other monkeys worked on his new idea. Trevor felt hungry, and wandered gloomily through the jungle eating berries and leaves, and wondering how Wart-Hog knew where to find ground nuts. One good thing was that he could climb up and pick fruit from the lower branches of trees now – at least his climbing practice had been of that much use.

When he returned later in the day to see how Horace was getting on, a peculiar sight met his eyes. The monkeys were standing around a big yellow balloon that was floating in the air, held down by a long creeper. Attached to the bottom of it was a tiger-sized basket made from branches. Some of the other jungle animals were standing about nearby, looking expectant.

“What’s this?” Trevor said, coming forward to look at it more closely. The balloon was made of stitched-together banana skins.

“Hot air balloon!” Horace said proudly.

Trevor sniffed. There was a bit of a pong near the balloon.

“Where did you get the hot air?” he asked.

“Oh, lots of the animals gave some hot air,” Horace said. “Everyone’s keen to help you. Water-Buffalo was especially generous. He said he couldn’t wait to see you up in the sky again. Come on, climb aboard Trevor!”

“You’re sure this idea will work better than the last one?” Trevor said.

“Of course!” said Horace. “Climb in! Just think of Loud Bill’s face!”

Trevor got into the basket. Horace pointed out a little propeller made, like the helicopter, from wound-up creepers.

“Look, you steer it with this. Are you ready to go?”

“I suppose so.”

“Good luck, Trevor! Just wait until Loud Bill sees this!”

Horace bit through the creeper that held the balloon down, and it floated up into the sky. All the animals cheered, and ran along the ground below as Trevor turned on the propeller and headed towards Loud Bill’s tree.

He was pleased at how silently the balloon flew. Maybe now he really would give Loud Bill the fright he deserved!

The parrot was having an afternoon nap. Since his sleep in the night had been disturbed by Trevor's antics, he needed a bit of extra rest. In his dream, he was in some sort of swamp. It was a smelly swamp, and he was lost. A very smelly swamp...

Loud Bill opened his eyes just in time to see a huge yellow thing hovering above him. It smelled awful. Then a great stripy orange arm shot out of nowhere and grabbed him around the throat. He couldn't even squawk. In a moment, he was floating away from his lovely safe tree up into the sky, with Trevor the tiger's face scowling at him.

"Got you, you pesky parrot!" Trevor roared.

Loud Bill was very frightened. He'd never expected to fall into Trevor's clutches. All the rude rhymes he'd made up in the past ran through his mind. Trevor was certain to bite off his head!

"Gaak...k...k...k" he said.

"What?" Trevor replied.

"Geeek...k...k" Loud Bill said.

Trevor loosened his grip on the parrot's throat, just a tiny bit.

"What do you have to say?" he growled.

Loud Bill thought fast.

"What an amazingly brave and clever animal you are, Trevor!" he said. "I'd never have expected you to fly so high! Look how far above the treetops we are now!"

Trevor, in his excitement at having Loud Bill in his grasp at last, hadn't noticed the balloon going higher. He glanced down, and felt his whole body turning to jelly.

The jungle was far, far below. Even the highest trees were a long way down. Why, there were even birds flying about below them! This was no place for a tiger!

But he kept his grip on Loud Bill. What was the point of going through this terror if he didn't stop the parrot from his mocking ways?

“What have you got to say that will stop me biting your head off?” Trevor roared.

Loud Bill thought fast, again. He enjoyed making up rhymes and scoffing at Trevor. But, on the other hand, he was fond of his head and didn't want to lose it. Of course, Trevor was supposedly a vegetarian tiger, and he might not really do it. But he didn't want to take that chance.

“I'm sorry I made up all those rhymes about you, Trevor. I'll stop being rude to you from now on!”

“I want a promise.”

“I promise.”

“A tiger has to have respect from other animals, Loud Bill. I have to be able to walk in the jungle with my head held high.”

“Everyone knows you're the most powerful animal in the jungle,” Loud Bill said. “It's only because you're a bit of a big-head that I made up rhymes.”

“A big-head?” Trevor said.

“Well, yes Trevor, if I must be honest. Especially about being the only vegetarian tiger in the world. You *do* go on about it.”

Trevor thought about it. Perhaps it was true? He *did* like to boast about being a vegetarian tiger. But at the same time, he liked the other animals to be just a little frightened of him. Maybe he couldn't have it both ways. Maybe Loud Bill had done him a favour by pointing this out. From now on, he'd stop boasting, and be less bossy to the other animals. He thought guiltily of all the ground nuts he'd taken off Wart-Hog, and how he'd expected Horace and the other monkeys to bring him fruit whenever he called for it.

“Perhaps you're right,” he said. “Well, in return for you stopping your mocking at me, I'll try to be less of a big-head.”

He set Loud Bill down on the edge of the basket.

“How am I going to get down from here?” he said. He didn't dare look down again.

Loud Bill gave it some thought. He had an idea.

“If I peck a little hole in the balloon with my beak, that will let some of the hot air out, and we should go lower.”

“What if it all comes out in a rush?” Trevor said.

“I’ll just make a tiny hole,” Loud Bill replied.

It worked! The smelly hot air slowly leaked away, and the banana-skin balloon gradually floated back down, through the canopy of the trees, and into a big clearing by the river, where all the animals gathered excitedly to see it land.

There was a great cheer when Trevor and Loud Bill stepped out of the basket together, and shook claws to show everyone their new friendship. Trevor was sometimes a bit of a big-head, and Loud Bill was sometimes noisy and annoying, but they were both popular with all the animals in the jungle. Everyone was glad that this old rivalry had come to an end.

“Well done Trevor!” said Horace, patting him on the back.

“Well done, and thank you Horace!” Trevor replied. “You’re quite an inventor!”

Night was falling now, and the big moon was sailing up into the sky. All the animals brought food into the clearing, and there was feasting and singing and dancing late into the night.