

The Humorous Hunt



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The Humorous Hunt

Colored, Third Edition

Book 1 of The Kingsland Series

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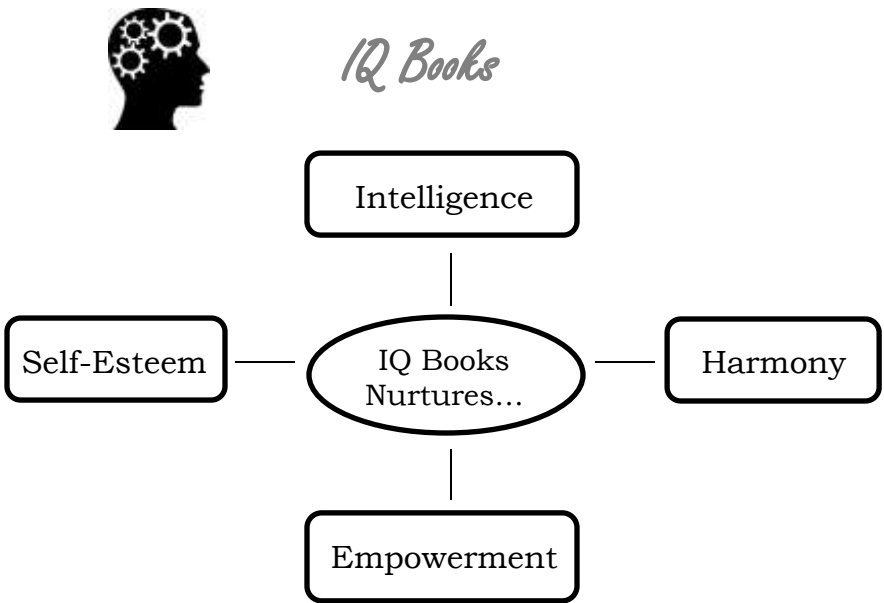
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*Special Thanks to Psychologist,
Dr. Nisha Amin*

Dr. Amin provided exceptional feedback,
helping reshape this story.

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CHAPTER 1

The Journey to the Jungle

In the Kingdom of Leelaput, people lived peacefully for many years. King Dudley was the proud king of a happy people. However, King Dudley did have one problem. He was a very bored king.

One day, King Dudley decided to go on a hunting trip with his son, Pip. Pip was a peppy little boy, and he was only ten years old.

As he was the prince of Leelaput, Pip lived and grew up within the palace walls. Pip was also schooled within the castle's grounds, and sometimes he did not know things of the outside world.

Thus, Pip did not know what a hunting trip was, or why he was going. However, he was happy to leave the palace walls to go on a trip. He knew he was going somewhere special with his father. He was very excited to go hunting, even though he did not know the meaning of the word.

“What’s hunting?” the boy asked his father.

“It’s when you go to the forest and chase down a tiger,” replied the king.

“Oh, I see,” the boy said, nodding his head.

A few minutes later, he asked his father, “Why do we want to chase down a tiger?”

“So we can shoot it!” replied the king.

“Oh, I see,” the boy said, nodding his head again.

The boy thought to himself, *I hope Father lets me shoot pictures too.* But the king wanted to shoot the tiger with a gun, not with a camera.

A few minutes later, the boy continued, “Can we take pictures of other animals too?”

Being a little annoyed, the king replied, “You are asking too many questions, my boy! Go to your mother! She will help you pack

your underwear and bottle of milk. We will be gone for a few days. My boy, I'm taking you hunting, so that you can learn to be a strong, fearless, and *great* man like your father. Now off you go, at once!"

The king, his servants, and the boy went on elephant back to the jungle. The boy was smiling and excited.

"Alright! We're going hunting! We're going hunting! I'm so happy, Father!"



“That’s right, my boy, we’re going hunting,” replied the king with a smile. Little did the boy know, the trip was just beginning; it would take a very long time before the hunting could begin, because the jungle was *far, far* away from Leelaput.

A few hours later, the boy was exhausted. “I thought we were going hunting!” the boy cried.

“It’s a long trip,” explained Jordon, one of the king’s guards. “It will take one day just to get to the jungle. The *real* adventure begins tomorrow.”

“Oh, I see,” the boy replied. He was sad and tired. He just put his head down, and fell asleep right on the elephant.

The next morning, the party was well rested and had a delicious breakfast. They were all feeling fresh and alive. They entered the jungle on elephant back. The boy was smiling and excited.

“Alright! We’re finally going hunting! We’re finally going hunting! I’m so happy, Father!”

“That’s right, my boy, we’re finally going hunting,” replied his father with a smile. For hours and hours, they roamed in the jungle looking for a tiger.

They looked here. There looked there.

They looked almost everywhere!

They looked behind the bushes, and down by the stream.

Disappointed indeed, was the king’s team.

Then to his amazement, the king landed upon something great.

“Look! Tiger Tracks!” he declared.

At Last! Good Fate!

Finally, a moment of great joy and anticipation fell upon the team. The king and his comrades followed the tracks that they found. As they approached a nearby pond, the king reasoned that they must now be close to a tiger. The king signaled a sign to the rest of the team, as he put his finger to his lips, in a request for silence.



The king's enthusiasm grew, as he noticed through his binoculars that something was moving behind the thicket near the pond. The tracks seemed to be going right into the thicket.

Very slowly and quietly, they approached the thicket. Everyone's anticipation grew, and all were feeling quite excited. Yet, the party remained quiet, and approached the area very slowly and carefully.

Finally, the party reached a place that was close enough to shoot. There they waited quietly and patiently, watching very closely at the thicket near the pond where wild tigers seemed to be frolicking. They could not see the tigers, but they knew that the tigers were playing inside the bushes that could be seen moving very briskly.

The king whispered to his favorite servant, Jordon, "They will get tired of playing, then they will surely get thirsty and come out of the thicket for water." Jordon quietly nodded his head.

For one hour they sat still, waiting for the tigers to tire from their play—growing more anxious and impatient by the minute!

The king himself was troubled, but had to reassure Jordon, who appeared tired and discouraged. The king whispered, "They'll come out any minute now, you'll see."

Jordon nodded his head quietly, although his exhausted face and doubtful eyes revealed uncertainty.

Impatience turned into boredom, as the team grew more restless, and many started to yawn.

The guns they held were placed back down, in expectation of a longer wait. As tears filled their boredom-laden eyes, suddenly, emerging from the thicket, jumped out the wild beasts!

The king and his men swiftly picked up their guns, only to discover that the tigers they had been awaiting *were actually wild boars!*

All were amused and tickled, except King Dudley.

The king's team dared not speak, but there were smiles and quiet chuckles, as they all knew that they had been following the tracks of wild boars all along.

The king brushed off his embarrassment, and quickly declared, "Tigers must be somewhere near! These are not the tracks of wild

pigs! *The pigs just happened to be near the same place, that's all.*"

Pip could sense the humor in the air and joined in without any reservation.

"Hee Hee Hee," he laughed.

The team fell quiet, and Jordon gave Pip a quiet stare, as he shook his head, in an effort to tell Pip to stop laughing.

But Pip didn't stop.

"Well, what seems to be so funny?" asked King Dudley.

Pip thought to himself, *those are too the tracks of pigs!*

Pip kept laughing, and didn't say a word, "Hee Hee Hee..."

His laughter was contagious.

Once again, humor filled the air, and there were quiet smiles and chuckles.

In a desperate attempt to suppress his humor, Jordon covered his mouth with his hand.

Puzzled by the humor-filled atmosphere, the king looked at Jordon and asked, "Well, what seems to be so funny?"

Jordon could not help himself, and started laughing aloud.

While laughing, with some difficulty, he managed to answer the king, "Sorry Your Majesty, but we were waiting *one hour* for the tigers, and all we got were those blasted pigs!"

Jordon's laughter was contagious. The king himself started to smile, and then started to laugh, "Yes, that is funny, isn't it? Ha Ha Ha."

Relieved, the entire team felt free to express humor, and they all started to laugh aloud! A moment of intoxication swept through the air, and none could stop laughing!

And hence, the hunting expedition continued. Once again they started afresh, trying to find a tiger that they could hunt down.

After a few hours, the boy was tired.

"Hunting is boring!" cried the boy.

"Tigers are not easy to find," explained Jordon, "They will take some time to find. *That* is part of the adventure."

"Oh, I see," the boy replied. He was sad and tired. He just put his head down, and fell asleep right on the elephant.

Kpow! went the gun. The boy woke up. The king had missed his target, and the tiger had run away.

“What’s going on?” cried the boy. Everyone was too busy being excited about the tiger they had found. Nobody paid any attention to the boy.

CHAPTER 2

Adventures in the Jungle

“We will wait awhile,” declared the king. “We will follow the tracks, and the next time we spot him, we shall form a circle around him. *I will do the shooting!* If I should miss, you fellows will have to shoot him when he comes to you. If he comes to you, you must shoot the *leg* only! *I will finish the job!*”

The boy had never seen a gun before. The boy thought to himself quietly. *Shoot the leg only? Why would anyone want a picture of the tiger’s leg?*

Nevertheless, he knew that the action was just now starting, so he was very excited. He dared not go back to sleep now.

And so, off they went, following the tracks and looking through the binoculars to find the tiger from a distance. All the while, sitting right in the reach of the boy's hand, was that gun, which he became very curious about. While they all happened to be looking through their binoculars, curiosity got the best of the boy! He reached for the gun and started toying with it. *Kpow!* went the gun. The entire party was struck by surprise, and the boy was filled with laughter. "Hee Hee Hee ..."

The poor boy still didn't know what a gun was.

Struck by anger the king shouted, "*What are you doing, boy?*" The boy's smile quickly turned into a frown. Luckily, nobody was hurt.

When it was apparent that the boy did not know what a gun was, the king's anger subsided. "This is a gun. It is used to *shoot* the tiger," he said.

"I've never seen a camera that was so loud," said the boy.

The king burst out laughing, "Ha ha ha ... You are a good comedian, my boy. We are not going to shoot a picture of the tiger. We are going to *poke a hole* in its body with this gun. *That* is called shooting. Then the tiger will die,

and we shall take its head and skin back home.”

The boy was surprised. He stuttered. “D ... d ... *die*?” he asked, in a surprised tone, “Doesn’t the tiger have feelings like us, Father?”

“Well, I suppose he does,” replied the king.

“Isn’t it kind of mean to kill him?” asked the boy.

The king responded, “Well, what about all of those animals that the tiger kills? The tiger, himself, is a mean animal. So he doesn’t *deserve* to live.”

“Oh, I see,” the boy replied, nodding his head.

A few minutes later, the boy said, “Father, since tigers are so mean, maybe we should kill all of them.”

“Yes, my boy! Yes! Now you’re on the right track. If we could find all of the tigers, we should kill all of them,” said the king. The king was very certain he finally had an argument that his son could understand.

“I see,” the boy replied, nodding his head.

The king was happy and relieved. Finally, he would be able to shape his son into a strong, fearless, and great man, fit to be a king.

After thinking about his father's words, the boy asked, "Well, if tigers are so mean, and if we should kill all of them, then why did God make tigers in the first place?"

The king paused for a moment, to see if he could think of a clever reply.

"Why that's simple. God made tigers so that we can shoot them, you see?" replied the king.

The boy looked puzzled.

In an uncertain tone, the boy replied, "Uh. I see. I think."

Pip wasn't sure of his father's reply, but accepted his father's answer.

The king and his team got down from their elephants to refresh themselves by a nearby stream. As they were tired of the elephant ride, many decided to walk afoot, while others got back onto their elephants to search for a tiger through their binoculars.

As they continued their journey forward, time passed quickly. Jordon was the chief guard that was responsible for everyone's safety, and he kept a good lookout for danger.

"It's going to get dark soon. I wonder if we should start heading back," said Jordan.

"We've got time," answered the king.

"The clouds look like their getting darker. It's better to camp out closer to the main road than inside the deep jungle. We can always come back tomorrow and continue the hunt."

The king looked unconcerned.

"We have a few lanterns that we can light if it gets dark," he said.

"Ok, but if we end up having to set up camp in the deep jungle, tigers might find us while we are asleep."

"Didn't I tell you? We've got time!" insisted the king.

It was a difficult situation. King Dudley was impatient to get a tiger, but it didn't seem safe to continue. Jordon thought for a long time.

"While we look for a tiger, maybe we can start gathering some firewood," said Jordon, "We should be prepared to possibly make a

camp in the forest itself. We'll have to appoint night guards incase tigers come, and we can take turns sleeping."

Impatient to get a tiger, the king replied in a frustrated tone, "*Oh, ok! Whatever you say!*"

Pip was very bored, and this gave him a chance to do something.

"Can I help gather firewood?" asked Pip.

"Sure, let's start looking for good pieces of wood," replied the king.

Pip and King Dudley walked afoot, looking for good firewood, while the others on the team continued looking for a tiger through their binoculars.

"What kind of wood are we looking for?" asked Pip.

"Not sure," replied the king, "I think we need something nice and woody."

"Ok, great, we'll look for woody wood."

"Yes, that's right, my boy, we gotta have woody wood, or it's no good, you see?"

"Sure, that makes sense. How about these twigs?"

"Sure, that's woody."

They handed some small twigs to King Dudley's elephant, Shirley, and she swung her trunk and handed them to Jordon.

Jordon called aloud from atop the elephant, "*Pip, Can you find some hard wood that's big?*"

Pip hollered back, "Ok!"

"Ok, so let's look for something big, hard, and woody," declared the king.

As they were innocently gathering wood, they were greeted by an unwelcome surprise.

"Roar!"

The loud sound of a tiger alarmed the team. It was coming from a close by thicket—too close for comfort!

"Quick!" declared Jordon, "Get back onto the elephants!"

King Dudley and Pip quickly climbed back onto their elephant.

Struggling to locate the tiger from their binoculars, they marched very carefully, slowly, and quietly, in the direction of where the roar had seemed to come from. The mood was tense.

Time passed slowly as they continued to march, but they did not find the tiger. The tense mood dissipated.

“Looks like we lost the tiger,” declared Jordon.

“We’ll get’m,” declared the king, “We’re not going home until we do.”

Pip couldn’t understand his father’s determination. *What’s the big deal about getting the tiger*, he wondered?

Growing weary, the boy asked his father, “Why must you kill the tiger? Can’t we go home now?”

The king, seated comfortably on the elephant, responded proudly, “*Why?*” you ask? *Why* must I kill the tiger?” He got up and stood upon the platform on which he was sitting, took out his sword, pointed the sword to the sky, and gave a brilliant speech.

“Why will I kill the tiger? So that I may hang his head above my throne for all to see. I, the mighty King Dudley, who went into the forest fearlessly, fought this wild creature, and killed it! I, King Dudley of Leelaput, *mightier* than the tiger! Ah ha ha ... ha ha ha!”

All of the king's friends applauded him. "Long live King Dudley! Long live King Dudley! Long live King Dudley!" they shouted. The king's hired supporters were already announcing his triumph over the tiger.

After the commotion calmed down a bit, the boy asked his father, "Does it take a lot of strength to kill an animal at a distance, *with a gun in your hand?* Seated on top of an *elephant?* It doesn't *sound* too hard."

The king reacted in anger, "How dare you speak in that manner with the king! Ever since the beginning of this trip, you've been nothing but trouble! You ask too many questions! You do not understand the mightiness and bravery of the tiger hunter. You do not belong with this party. I should *leave* you here in the jungle, where you shall be *eaten* by the tiger!"

However, since the boy was his own son, the king did not punish him too harshly. On the king's orders, the boy was moved to the back of the party, where he could not be seen by the Royal Majesty.

Finally they found the tiger once again.

As they surrounded the tiger from all sides, the king's supporters shouted, "Glory to King Dudley!"