

The Return of the Tasmanian Tigers

Creds
4-6

750 words

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Jane looked at the calendar. Just to admire the photo. Not the date. Her calendar had a photo of a Tasmanian tiger on it, her favourite animal. She knew they were extinct, but that didn't break the bond between her and Tasmanian tigers.

Then, there was a sound at the door. Knock!

She looked out the window. Two Tasmanian tigers! She couldn't believe her eyes!

"Mum, there's two Tasmanian tigers right outside our door!" she said as her heart raced rapidly.

"Really?" her mum replied curiously as she walked down the corridor, "Aren't they extinct?"

"But there's one right here!" she replied, sounding flustered.

"Wow! There are!" Mum exclaimed, opening the door, "Thylacines!"

"A what?"

"A thylacine, it's another name for a Tasmanian tiger."

The animals crawled into the house, sniffing its way to the kitchen cupboard.

"We'd better call the RSPCA!" Mum said, whipping out her phone.

"Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, how can I help you?" a male voice on the line said.

"There's two Tasmanian tigers in our house." Mum said.

"Impossible!" The voice snorted, "They're extinct! This line is not for jokes."

Then he hung up.

At that moment, Jane's heart broke. The RSPCA cared for all animals. Tasmanian tigers weren't exceptions!

The ravenous thylacines had already eaten all the cornflakes and were sniffing the box, wondering if it was edible.

"Let's make them a bed, and provide some food and water for them." Mum said, "Jane, could you get me the old laundry basket outside while I call Dad?"

"Sure! If no one else is going to take care of them, then we will!"

Jane answered, slapping Mum a high five.

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"Dad worked at the zoo, so he would know a lot about taking care of animals." Jane thought.

When she came in, Mum was already on the phone.

"Did you give them a bed, food and water?" Dad asked.

"They've already eaten all our cornflakes, half a sack of potatoes and three loaves of bread! We've given them water and a bed, but they won't sleep!" Mum answered.

"Well that's very unusual, Tasmanian tigers are carnivores. They eat meat. But I'll be over soon to take them to the zoo for observation and analysis of their DNA."

Half an hour later, Dad arrived.

"Wow!" he said, "There are Tasmanian tigers inside our house!"

"How are we going to get them to the zoo?" Jane asked.

"I borrowed an animal transporter from the zoo." Dad answered,

"We can carry them in there."

Soon, the thylacines were out of the house but Jane's mind was still swirling in a vortex of thylacines.

A week later, while Jane was doing her homework, something happened!

Ring! Ring! The sound the phone erupted from the silence.

"Jane, we've got a call for you" said Mum.

"Who is it?"

"The zoo." she said, as she put the phone on loudspeaker.

Jane took the phone, her body tingling with excitement, as if she'd just won the lotto.

"Jane Smith speaking, how are you?" she said, with her voice trailing off into the distance.

"Very well, thank you, I'm Samantha Riana from Hobart Zoo. Your discove-

Suddenly she couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Were they Tasmanian tigers?" Jane blurted out.

"Well yes, they were thylacines, a female and a male." Samantha told her. "We were thinking of introducing them to our new

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thylacine breeding system: Tasmania's Blast From the Past!
We'll even pay you a good sum of ten thousand dollars! What do you think?"

"Can we do it Mum? It will bring back an important part of our history and we'll get paid for it too! Please?" Jane pleaded. Mum thought for a moment, then finally said, "Well, we did hunt the Tasmanian tigers to "extinction", so it's our responsibility to bring them back. Why not?"

She took the phone and spoke into it,

"We're giving you the thumbs up to launch the breeding system."

"I'll start it now. Come to the zoo anytime to collect your ten thousand bucks." Samantha said. Then she hung up.

Jane was speechless, shocked. She wanted to say, "Mum, can we go to the zoo?" But all that came out was a small cough. Her mum seemed to understand,

"We'll go tomorrow." she said.

The next day at ten o'clock in the morning, Jane and her family were just about to depart, when Jane suddenly said, "Mum, Dad, look! I think I've found a nest of dodos in our apple tree!"