

In the heart of the lush and leafy Gumbala Jungle, where the trees reached up so high they tickled the clouds, lived a young tiger named Toby. Now, Toby wasn't like the other tigers in his family. While his brothers had thick, shiny stripes and his sisters had strong, springy paws, Toby was... well, tiny.

He was so small, he could hide inside a watermelon. His roar sounded more like a kitten's sneeze—"Achoo!"—and his tail curled at the tip like a question mark.

But Toby didn't mind being little. Not really. He liked watching ants build bridges out of leaves. He liked listening to the frogs tell riddles near the river. And he *loved* exploring places no big tiger could fit.

Still, the bigger animals always teased him.

"You're too tiny to hunt," said Zara the zebra.

"You'll never be king of the jungle," chuckled Bongo the baboon.

Even his cousin Tarek, the strongest tiger in the jungle, often said, "One puff of wind and you'll fly away like a feather, Tobes!"

But Toby just smiled. He had a big heart and a curious mind—and that made him brave, even if nobody noticed yet.

One sunny morning, Toby packed his explorer backpack. Inside, he put:

- One banana and honey sandwich
- One bouncy ball (for fun)
- One notebook and pencil
- And one shiny red button he found near the river the day before

The red button was round, smooth, and had tiny words scratched on the bottom: "*In case of adventure, press me.*"

"Ooooh," said Toby. "Adventure? I like the sound of that!"

So he zipped up his backpack and trotted into the deeper jungle, past the sleepy panthers, under the vines where parrots played tag, and through the sparkling Misty Falls.

He didn't know where he was going. That was the fun part.

As the sun reached the top of the sky, Toby was resting under a shady tree, munching his sandwich, when he heard it.

“Help! Someone! Help meee!”

Toby’s ears perked up. That was no bird. That was a lion cub!

He ran through the bushes, jumped over a log, and found Leo the lion, stuck in a thick tangle of jungle vines.

“My paw is caught,” Leo whimpered. “And I think I heard a snake nearby!”

Toby looked around. The vines were wrapped tight. No big animals were near. Just him. Little him.

Toby gulped. He could run and get help... but what if the snake came back first?

Then he remembered: the red button!

He took it out, held it up like a superhero’s badge, and pressed it.

**BEEP! CLICK! SPROING!**

Out popped... a tiny pair of golden scissors, glowing slightly.

“Whoa,” Toby whispered. “That’s *awesome!*”

With quick, careful snips, he cut the vines. One. Two. Three. Until—**POP!** Leo was free!

“You did it!” Leo gasped. “You’re a hero!”

Toby beamed. “Tiny tigers can do big things too.”

The next day, something amazing happened.

The jungle held its annual “Race Around the River”—the fastest, splashiest event of the year. Everyone cheered as the cheetahs stretched, the antelopes warmed up, and the parrots sang the anthem.

“Anyone can enter!” the announcer called.

Toby stepped forward.

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

“You?” said a giraffe. “You’ll get splashed right out of the river!”

“You’ll trip over your own whiskers!” laughed a lemur.

But Leo the lion cub stood beside him. “If Toby’s brave enough to save me from vines and snakes, he’s brave enough to race!”