

White tiger

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a poem about a white tiger

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Chapter 1 - 1

2

His fur as white as the new fallen snow,
Eyes a emerald green.
Teeth white as a pearl,
His claw like sharpened knives.

He quietly stalks his prey,
Not making a single sound.
Watching its every move,
Ready to pounce at any moment.

He leaps forward as if to fly,
And lands upon his prey.
He bites into its neck,
Killing it on the spot.

The beauty of this creature,
The hunting skills he possesses.
Nothing is more extravagant,
Than the great white tiger.