

Rai's Story



If you see anyone using rhino horn, please tell him my story!



Jungle is my hometown where my Mon born me in a amniotic sac. It is believed that the child was born in a amniotic sac will be lucky and happy in his life, is it true? But I was happy when my Dad came and gave me the first touch.

- *Hello my son. Welcome to the world. May I name you "Rai" ?*

Wow! I like that name.



My first lesson is standing on my own feet. My parents used their horns to help me in this lesson.

Once I knew how to stand, I was breastfed in some first days.





My next lesson is learning to walk. Sometime with Mon, sometime with Dad, I have explored the world around.



The world around is full of amazing things to me, I loved to go for discovery.



I love my parents and always be proud of my little family.



I grew up in the love of both parents.

Mom always gave me words of love,

... and Dad always taught me the commandments.





One day, a forest fire happened.
All the animals were running toward the widest lake in the forest.



This is the first time I met so many new friends, such as baby elephant, deer, zebra, giraffe, wild boar, chamois, buffalo calf, sheep, etc... While all adults were worried for the forest fire, the kids were carefree playing together.





Throughout the day I would love to play with my new friends.
When full energy, I would love to chase the ostrich. When tired, I laid down to listen my narrator egret told her fairytales.



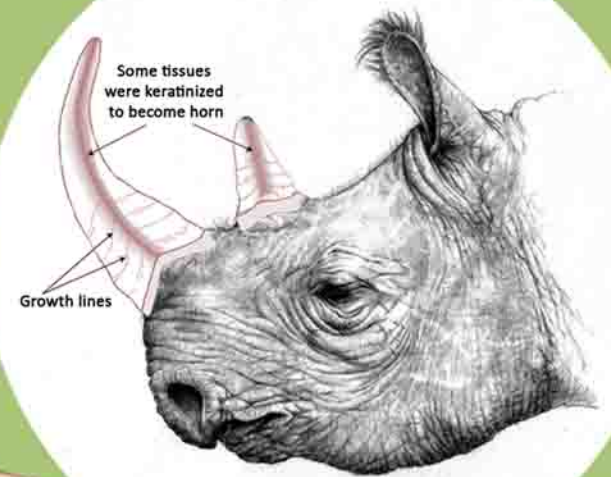
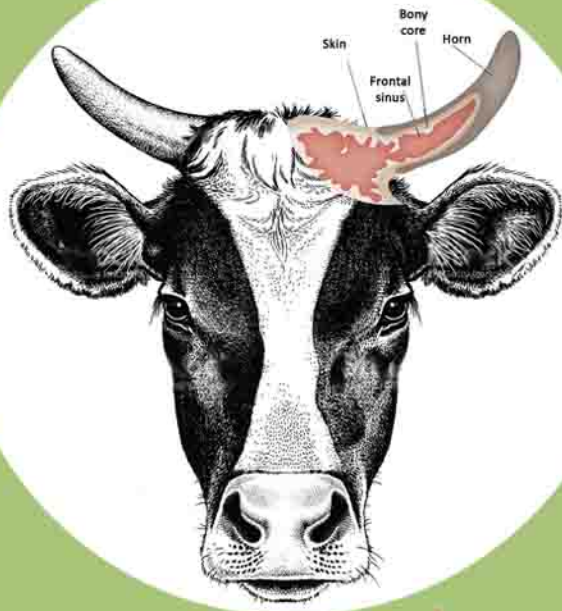
Among of my new friends, sheep, wild boar and giraffe were my buddy friends.



But it's not mean all new friends are good to me. I always get teasing from deer and chamois kids, they said that by the time I was fully grown, an ungainly horn will be sprouted in front my nose, look ugly as my parents; while they would have a couple horns on their head, well-proportioned and stately as their adults. But it's fact, I always looked at the beauty couple horns of wild bull, buffalo, deer, chamois, ... with admiration.



Then, I recognized the horns of my parents was ugly. This is the first time I felt be ashamed by my parents. I had complained to them and begged them to remove their horns out.



My Mom tried to explain that rhino horn has not grown from skull bone as other mammals' horn, but from specialized tissues on the nose keratinized to become our horns, so it must be there, as a part of rhino body, can't remove. Mom said the horn to be nice or not depend on the way that rhino used it, but I did not listen.



I laid-down sadly several days in despite of parent's advices. I wish my horn will be not ugly as my Dad, but beautiful as Uncle Deer.



There was a bad news while running to avoid forest fires, a baby zebra fell-down and stuck into mud. Zebra mother was running around to ask for help.





Zebra mother:

- Hi Uncle, can you use your precious horns to lift my child up please?



Giant eland:

- My horns are sharp-pointed. It may puncture your child's belly. Please ask someone else.



Deer:

- Do you want to use my beautiful horns to rescue your child? Oh no, it may be broken. Please ask someone else.



Mouflon:

- My horns curved like this, it cannot use to lift-up your child. Please ask someone else.



Buffalo:

- We just use horns for fighting only, never use for rescue anyone. Please ask someone else.



Lastly, the zebra mother came to implore
my parents for helps.



- Okay, let's come there and see what we can do for your son - my Dad said



And these were what happened in front of my eyes and all animals in the forest.



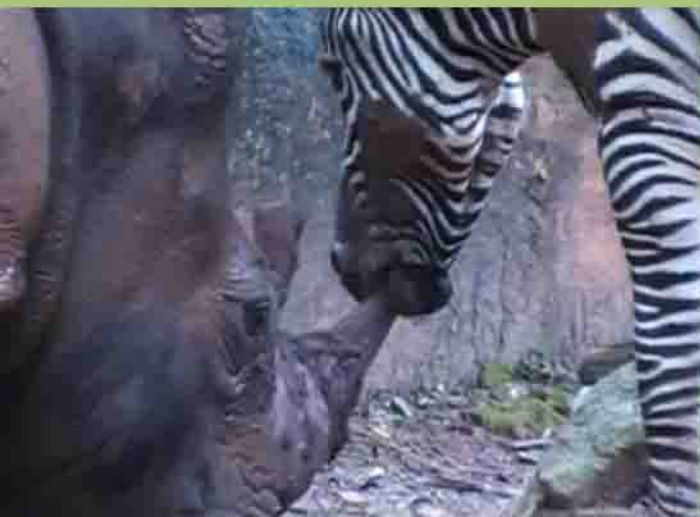
- Mom, I was free from mud.

- Oh, I'm so happy, my darling!



- Uncle Rhino, I don't know how to say. Thank for rescue my child, your horn is great value.

- You're welcome, this is duty of rhino.





I ran to my Dad and kiss him with proudness
- You're well-done, Daddy!



I looked at Daddy's horn still sticking mud but I didn't see it be ugly anymore; but it became so beautiful in my eyes.



Even tiny deer and chamois kids have no longer taunted me anymore.



Tiny zebra became buddy friend for both me and wild-boar. He taught me how to run fast-galloping style.



Uncle elder Buffalo had compliment: Rhino horn is so helpful. You can do something that buffalo cannot. Now I knew the horn not only for fighting but also can be used for helping others.

I was very proud of this.

- Daddy, I'm sorry for what I complained before, I want to have a horn like you.
- Oh my son, you will get it. When you grow up, you will have not only a useful horn, but also the bravery and compassion to rescue for all children in this forest. Please remember that, my son.
- Yes Dad, I love you much!





That time I also heard a lot of stories about powerful horn of my Dad. Mom told that when she was young, she has been met some ferocious tigers who bully her, and Daddy came on time, fighting to tigers for rescue Mom. Since that incident, they fell in love each other.



Uncle Chamois also came to ask my Dad for the lesson of horn using for rescue. He said that if his baby stuck in mud, he could rescue by himself.



The more I have been known about my Dad horn, the more I was proud of him. I wished my horn to be grown-up quickly so I can do the same things as my Dad.





I have enjoyed the happiest period in my life to learn many things from my parents.



Parents taught me a lot of basic skills such as: running, food finding, listening, etc...



I was always excited with Dad's lessons for independent survival skills in jungle.



I also loved all stories that Mom told in every bedtime.
- Thanks Mom for your stories helped me grow up and wisdom.



The happy-time in my family was lasted not long, but my mother suddenly disappeared. My Dad and I went around everywhere to find Mon in several days.



Finally, we were told that my Mom was found in a far hill. Immediately, I and Dad ran to there.



But we could not believe what's happened. My Mom was died.
There was a strange thing that my Mom lost her precious horn.





I cried so much and began to suspect everyone in this forest. I think they envied my family for powerful horn, so, they wanted to steal it. My Dad promised to investigate who stole my Mom's horn and took away her life.



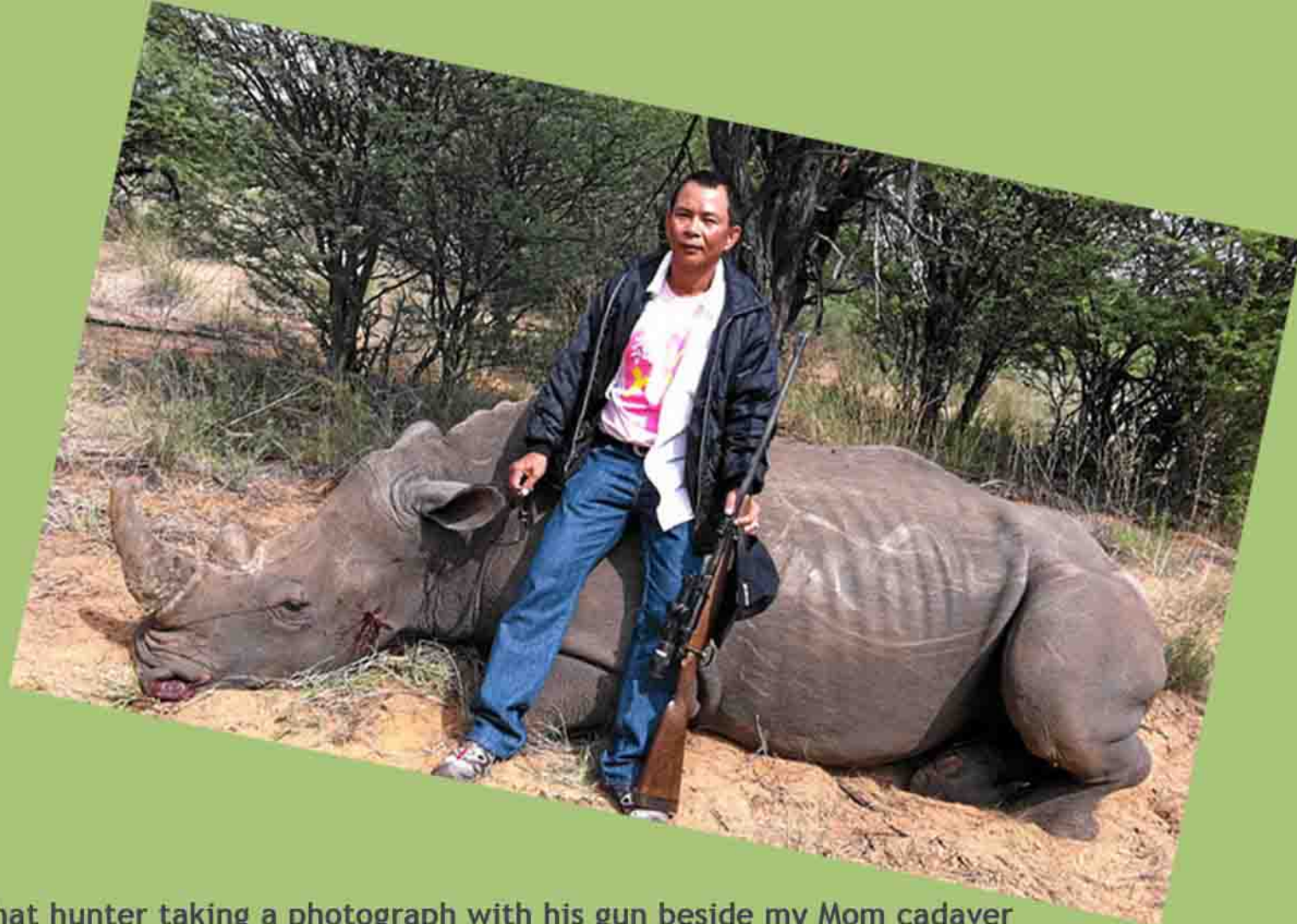
Since the day my Mom went away, I was always closer to my Dad. Where ever he came, I followed nearby and always keep my eyes to his horn.





Lastly, we met an elderly python. He said: do not have any animals in this forest dare to take your Mom's horn, only poachers who believe that rhino horn is valuable for taking away.





This python has been witnessed that hunter taking a photograph with his gun beside my Mom cadaver for bragging his trophy. This caused very indignant for me.





Then, I was so afraid that my Dad's horn will be stolen someday. Our lives become filled with anxiety, with high vigilance when waking and nightmare in sleeping time.





I always hug Dad's horn while sleeping
- Do not take my Dad's horn, oh human!



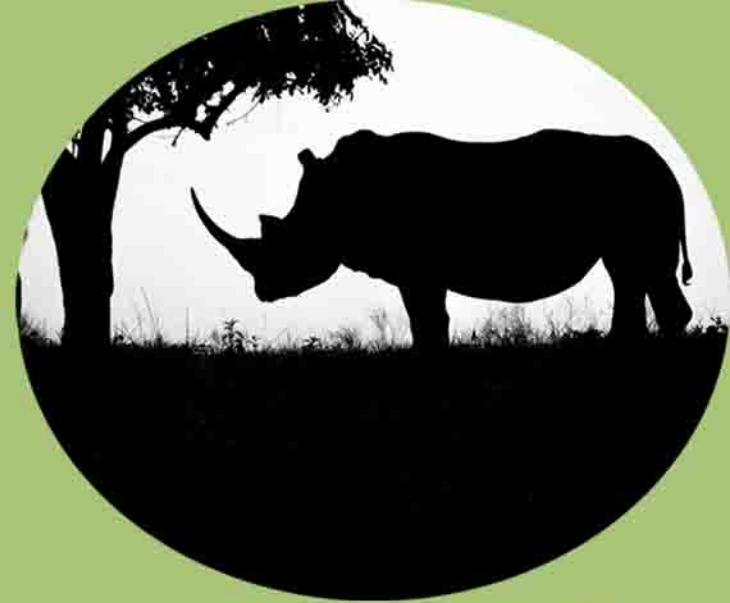
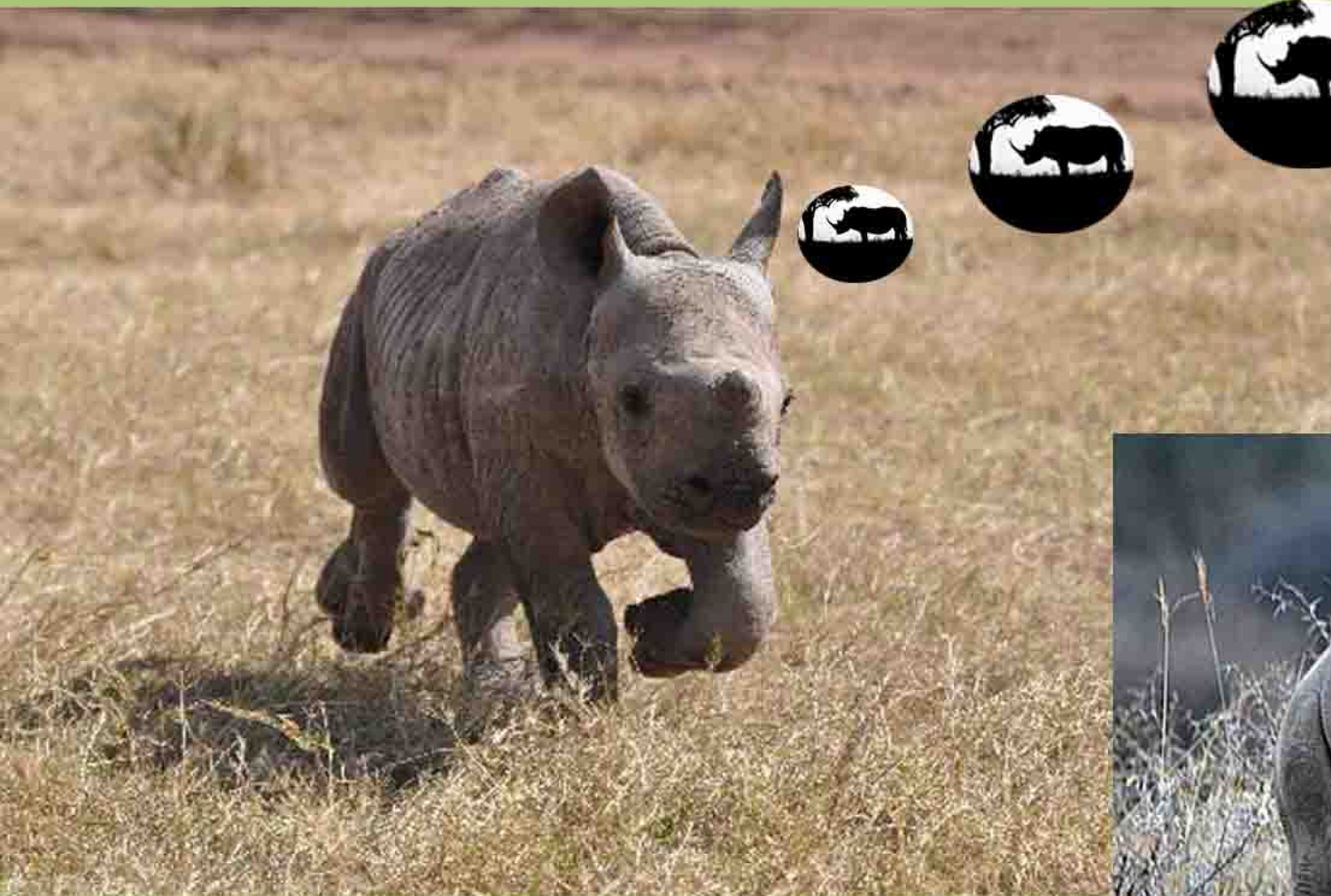
One day when wake up, I did not see my Dad.
This was a dry season in this forest, fresh-grass became scarce.
Maybe my Dad went deeply into the jungle for finding grass as some
passing days. But while he didn't wake me up to go with him?





Another day passed but my Dad didn't come back.
I missed Dad.
I missed Mom.
I regret my little family.
I missed my happy days living in parents' love.





Waiting and waiting but didn't see Dad coming back.
I ran everywhere to seek him both day-time and night-time
with filling anxiety.

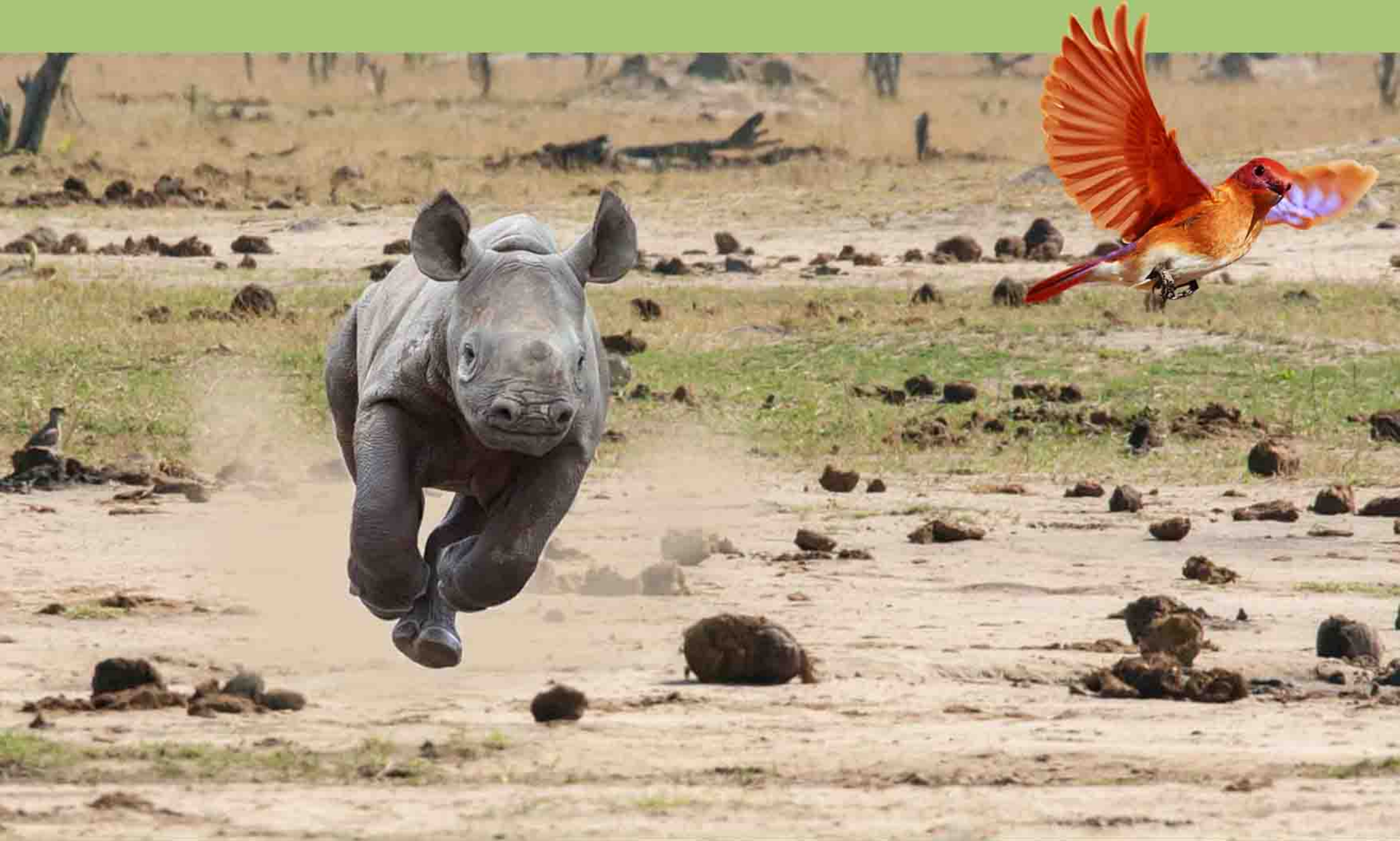
- Daddy, Daddy, where are you?



Seeking until exhausted, but I didn't give up. News of my seeking for Dad was spreading throughout the forest. Everywhere I came, they were willing to help.

Olivia - the bird who often followed me and Dad before, now also wanted to assist.





On the next date, Olivia flew back and asked me to follow her.
I had a hunch that something very bad was happening.
I tremble every step along the way, but I told myself must be brave as my Dad has taught.



Overcoming many hills, finally I found out my father, but the father was silent when I called him. And the same as my Mom, he also lost his horn.



I could not cry anymore. That night, I laid down next to my Dad's body, quite silent than any sleeping-time we have been together before.

In that night, there was strange-thing happened but no one knew: my Dad opened his eyes to look at me the last time:



- Be brave my son! Daddy now is no longer to protect you anymore. What Uncle Python told us is true, no one in this forest dare to steal the rhino horn. Only greedy people believed that rhino horn contains nutrients, they killed many rhinos to take our horns. Let talk to everyone what words your Mom said: "rhino horn grew up from nasal tissues by keratinization to form. Rhino horn is valuable not because of what it contains inside, but because of the way we used to rescue other animals". Don't give up for your survival and please protect your powerful horn to continue our rescue-duty for all animals in this forest.



This was the last commandment I was taught from my Dad's eyes.
Then, his eyes closed slowly and slowly.

I saw Dad walking away, seem
he met my Mom. Then, walking
together, they were leaving me
forever...



I woke up when the morning was just dawning.
I remember my Dad's words instruct me to protect my horn.



Perhaps I may use my horn later to help my children
during the first lesson of standing up, like my Dad
has done it before.



Perhaps I may use my horn to rescue some baby animals if they stuck in mud, like my Dad has done it before.





And moreover, I may use my horn to draw-up my family story on any trunk in this forest. Although my Dad has not done it yet but I probably will.



I hope my story on the tree-trunk may send a message to the rangers for protection of many wild animals who are killed by poachers.



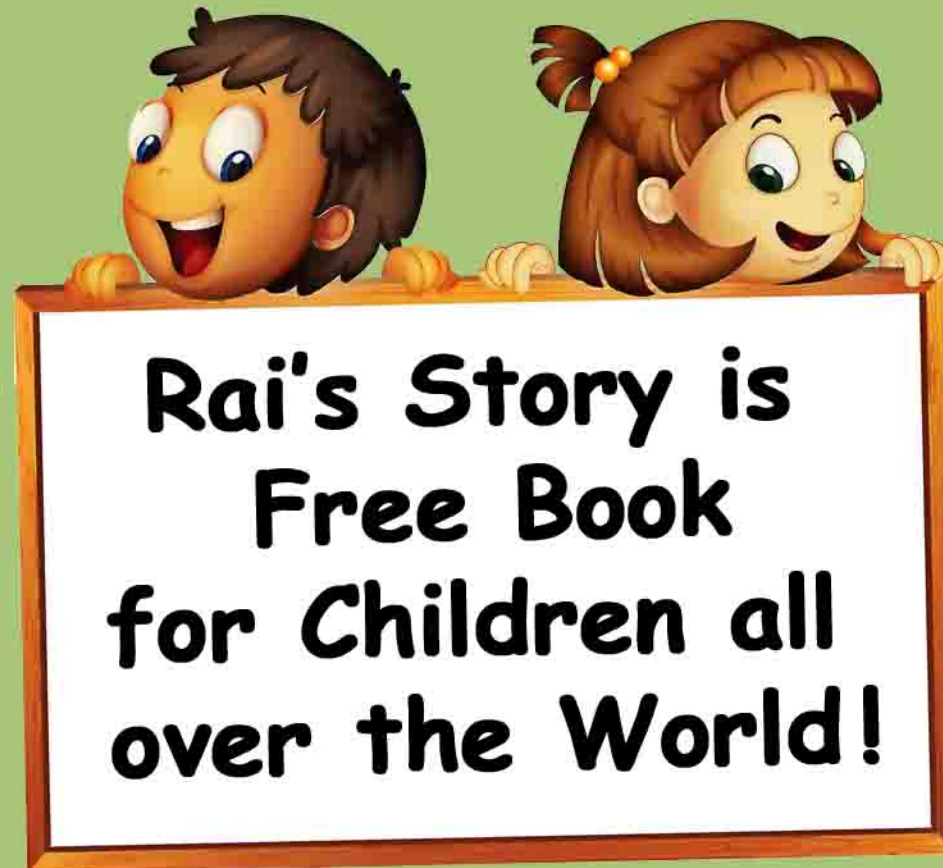


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I feel stronger than ever. With a sprouted horn of a mature rhino, bravely, I have run-up into the jungle. Let do my survival duties proudly as my Dad's words.

There was a statement saying that the rhino race in Rai's jungle was extinct since April 2010 when the last individual rhino was shot down, to end all efforts of the international community for conservation of this rare animal race.

Maybe someday, one hero of rhino rangers will somehow find out Rai in deep jungle and told him that his story has been narrated to all children in the world. If all kids told this story to their parents who hear it will not even use anymore rhino horn; no more rhinos over the world will be killed anymore.



If the horn of Rai's Dad had rescued some animals in the forest, may the Rai's story as bell alarm for saving of rhinoceroses and many other rare animals in the world from extinction.
Rai has done well his duties followed his parent's commandment: *Rhino horn is valuable not because of what it contains inside, but because of the way rhino used to rescue other animals' life.*



*This story done with helps from my Dad and inspiring love from my Mom.
Thanks for all unknown authors of rhino pictures loading in the internet.
Thanks for teaching from all my respected teachers.
This story as a gift for all my little friends over the world in the
New-Year season, and also for my dear rhinoceros: Rai.*

*From Ben P. - ABCIS Vietnam - Y2KS
Jan 2017*





Love can change the world and soothe the wounds in Rai's heart.