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The arduous journey the narrator endured while on a man-eater hunt in the short story “The Kanda Man-Eater”

¹ Srikanta M, ² Vinay A

¹ Assistant Professor, Division of Languages, Department of Health System Management Studies, School of Life Sciences, JSS Academy of Higher Education & Research Mysuru, Karnataka, India

² Assistant Professor, Division of Languages, Department of Nutrition and Dietetics, School of Life Sciences, JSS Academy of Higher Education & Research Mysuru, Karnataka, India

Corresponding Author: **Vinay A**

Abstract

The Kanda-Man Eater is a fantastic short story by Jim Corbett. Specifically, it focused on the narrator's solo tiger hunt and its catastrophic effects on the locals. In addition, he has to put in a lot of effort to bring that tiger down, and he

takes great care in planning out how to carry out his well-thought-out activities. In the end, he achieves his goal of killing the ferocious tiger. At the end of the narrative, the townspeople applaud the hero for his courageous actions.

Keywords: Kanda-Man Eater, Jim Corbett, Journey

Introduction

Edward James Corbett was a British hunter, tracker, naturalist, and author whose primary goal in life was to kill many of the man-eating tigers and leopards that roamed the Indian subcontinent. Man-eating tigers and leopards were preying on local peasants in the Kumaon-Garhwal Regions, and the government of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh (present-day Indian states Uttar Pradesh and Uttarakhand) repeatedly asked for his help in eradicating these animals. Colonel was his rank in the British Indian Army.

The critically acclaimed and commercially successful novels he authored about his hunts and experiences, including *Man-Eaters of Kumaon* and *Jungle Lore*, helped him earn a comfortable living. He took up photography and became a vocal opponent of efforts to eradicate India's native species.

The arduous journey the narrator endured while on a man-eater hunt in the short story “The Kanda Man-Eater”

One can have a severe case of conflicted emotions while attempting to call upon a tiger that murders humans. They publicly engage in superstitions despite a lack of belief in their veracity. Even though our friends find humour in their superstitions, we take them quite seriously. It is clear that athletes place a high value on superstitions, but whether or not this makes them more superstitious than the average population is unclear to the speaker.

One of the narrator's buddies usually brings seven cartridges with him whenever they go out, and he himself always takes five cartridges whenever they go out after a big game. One of the most famous big game hunters in northern India always made sure to kill a mahseer at the start of the winter hunting season.

Snakes are the subject of the narrator's particular fear and irrational belief. He is convinced that unless he eliminates a snake from the equation, all of his attempts to track down man-eaters would be futile.

During the warmest days of May, he travelled many kilometres up and down extremely steep hills, through dense thorn bush that left his hands and knees covered in ugly scratches, all in quest of a very watchful man-eater. When he returned home to his two-room jungle bungalow that evening on the fifteenth, he was relieved to hear that the man-eater, a tiger, had been sighted that day on the outskirts of their village. It was now too late to achieve anything, so the deputation was handed lanterns and sent home with strict orders that no one was to leave the hamlet the next day.

The village was more frequently attacked by tigers than any other community in the district because of its isolated location and the thick forest that surrounding it. The bungalow was perched on the top tip of the ridge where the village could be found. The most recent victims were a male and two women.

The next morning, after the narrator had completed one full circuit of the hamlet and most of a second circuit a half mile below

the first, he came upon a little canal formed by the passage of precipitation down the steep slope. This was after he had navigated a tricky slate stone. The narrator had just finished making sure the tiger wasn't lurking anywhere in the canal when he became aware of movement around 25 feet in front of him.

There was a little pool, about the size of a bathtub, with a snake at the edge of it, clearly hydrated. The narrator saw the snake's head lift off the ground, but it wasn't until the hood expanded and the head was two or three feet in the air that he realised it was a king cobra.

The narrator said that he had never seen a more beautiful snake. Its bright orange-red neck was facing him, but it faded to golden-yellow towards its base. It was four feet long from the base of its tail to the top of its head, and its olive-green back was striped with ivory. The snake's length was estimated to be between 13 and 14 feet.

There is much folklore surrounding King cobras, including tales of their ferocity when frightened and lightning-fast reflexes. The narrator knew that if the snake attacked, as it seemed poised to do, he would be at a disadvantage, but he was still willing to risk his life because of the stone. If he had shot at the small-plate-sized extended bonnet, he could have relieved some of the tension, but his gun was cumbersome, and he didn't want to scare away the tiger who had finally shown up after days of tedious seeking and waiting.

After what seemed like an eternity, during which time the only movement was the flicking in and out of a long and trembling forked tongue, the snake dropped his head, closed his bonnet, and went up the other hill.

The storyteller, without taking his eyes off the hillside, picked up a stone that fits in the palm of his hand like a cricket ball. The snake had just reached a steep slope of hard clay when the stone, hurled with all the energy he possessed, hit it on the back of the head. The only thing that happened when he struck the King cobra was that it turned around and came charging at him. Any other snake would have been killed instantaneously by the hit.

When it was halfway between them, a second, bigger stone got it on the neck, and the rest was easy. The narrator, despite the futility of his second trip around the town, was thrilled to have killed the snake and felt a great feeling of satisfaction upon its completion. After several days of pessimism, he felt hopeful again that they would discover the man-eater.

The next day, the narrator continued his exploration of the wooded area around the settlement and, in the late afternoon, he came across fresh tiger footprints in a field bordering the village. There were maybe a hundred permanent residents in the village, and they were all terrified. After assuring them that he would be returning the next morning, he set out on the lonely four-mile journey back to the cabin in the woods.

Extreme attention and the strict adherence of several regulations are required while traversing wooded areas or abandoned roads in a place where a man-eater is operating. Only by acting as prey repeatedly can one fine-tune their senses to the appropriate pitch and learn to play by the rules correctly. If not, the flesh-eating monster would have an easy meal.

The reader could be wondering why the narrator would embark on such a lonely stroll when there were surely plenty of available male companions back at camp. Since

one is more prone to become careless and rely too much on one's companions, and since one has a higher chance of survival in the event of a collision with a tiger while alone, would be his response to this very logical issue.

From a high vantage point on the ridge, the narrator scouted the area below him and concluded that the only safe way to approach the hamlet was to take a lengthy detour, enter at the town's lowest point, and work his way up to the spot where he expected to find the killer.

Having accomplished this feat, the narrator reached the spot noted from above by lunchtime, where the valley flattened out for 100 yards before ascending immediately up 300 yards to the ridge above. At the far end of this level region, he expected to discover the kill and, with any luck, the tiger. Sweat poured down the narrator's face as he sat down for a moment of relief and a smoke after the gruelling climb up the valley through dense thornbush and stunted bamboo. He knew it would be unwise to try a task that required fast fire with sweaty hands.

The area in front of him was covered with large, smooth stones, and a little stream flowed through them, occasionally forming tiny, crystal-clear ponds. After cooling down and drying off, he headed out to trace the kill in the hope of spotting the tiger lazing nearby. The terrain across these boulders was ideal for his goal. He was sporting the airiest rubber-soled footwear.

The kill was buried under a bank of ferns about 25 yards from where the slope rose abruptly to the crest after the area had been covered by three-quarters. He cautiously approached the kill and sat down on a flat boulder to start surveying the entire area when the tiger was no longer visible.

Commenting on the feeling of impending danger is pointless because it is a well-known and well-established fact. After remaining still for three or four minutes without thinking about his safety, the narrator suddenly became aware that the tiger was gazing at him straight from a close distance. Evidently, the tiger experienced the same intuition that had woken him from his sleep and given him the fear of impending danger.

On a flat area at his left front, some tall plants were growing. The bushes, which were 15 to 20 feet distant from him and around the same distance from the kill, were the object of his attention. He noticed the tiger rushing up the steep hillside at full speed not long after the bushes started to be softly lifted.

Before the narrator could fire the gun at him, he ducked behind a tree, and the next time he saw him, he had moved approximately 60 yards and was scaling the side of a rock.

After his shot, he fell backwards and ran down the slope while dragging many stones behind him. The narrator concluded that he had a broken back, and just as he was deciding how to deal with him, he suddenly materialised at his feet. The next minute, much to his relief and regret, he ran across the brow of the hill, seemingly unscathed. He gave him brief glances, but they were insufficient for a picture, so after crashing into some dry bamboo, he rushed off over the hill's shoulder and into the nearby valley.

The narrator found that his 75-degree bullet had hit the tiger on the left elbow and had chipped away a part of what some cynical humorists have referred to as the funny bone. The bullet proceeded onward, striking the rock, splashing back and striking the victim in the point of the jaw.

The narrator followed a very weak blood trail into the next

valley, and the only thing that happened was that he was hissed at by a dense thorn bush, into which going would have been suicide. Despite how horrible they were, neither wound was fatal.

After hearing his shot in the hamlet, a large audience was waiting for the storyteller on the ridge. They were maybe even more disappointed by the failure of his well planned and executed stalk than he was.

When the narrator went to the kill the next morning, he was thrilled and a little startled to see that the tiger had returned throughout the night and consumed a small meal. The only way to get a second shot at this point was to sit up over the kill, although doing so was difficult. At a decent distance from the kill, no appropriate trees could be discovered, and the truly horrible experience he had the last time had entirely cured him of lying on the ground at night hoping to see a man-eater.

In the valley he had climbed the day before, the narrator heard the tiger cry from a distance, but he wasn't sure where to sit just yet.

The chance to catch one of these creatures and kill the tiger humanely presented itself when it was called. When a tiger (a) runs across the jungle in search of a mate and (b) is just slightly hurt, a tiger can be called.

It goes without saying that the hunter must be skilled at calling the tiger and that the call must come from an area where the tiger would unavoidably cluster, such as a deep thicket or a patch of dense grass. The hunter must also be prepared to fire at extremely close range.

Many sportsmen are likely to be sceptical of the narrator's assertion that a slightly injured tiger will come to a call. He would advise everyone in this circumstance to wait to decide until they had carried out the experiment on their own. However, despite the tiger answering his call for upwards of an hour on this particular occasion, he refused to approach and blamed his failure on the fact that he was calling from the spot where the tiger had a terrible event the day before.

The tree the narrator eventually settled on was growing right up against a perpendicular bank and had a handy branch about eight feet above the ground. Perched on this branch, he should be 30 feet above the boulder-strewn valley from where he expected the tiger to emerge. He returned to the ridge where he had ordered his men to meet him for breakfast after fixing the tree-related problem.

He was positioned on the branch around four o'clock in the evening, preparing for a long, difficult sit-up. Before he left them, he had instructed his men to meet him from the ridge the following morning at dawn. They were to separate into two groups with as many locals as they could get and descend on each side of the valley while shouting and throwing stones if he didn't react with a leopard's call.

Since the narrator was fatigued and had made it a habit to sleep anywhere on trees, the evening did not go too terribly. The langur's alarm call woke him up as the setting light illuminated the hilltops above him. When he finally located the monkey, it was perched on a treetop on the other side of the valley, and from the way it was gazing at him, he surmised that it had mistaken him for a leopard. The alarm cry was repeated several times before ceasing as darkness fell.

After hours of straining his eyes and ears, the narrator was startled as a stone slid down the slope and struck his tree. The stone was followed by the cunning padding of a big, cuddly animal—obviously the tiger.

When he started to send out low, deep growls close behind him, the narrator's first consolation in the idea that his coming this way rather than up the valley was an accident was swiftly dispelled. He had apparently visited the valley when the narrator was eating breakfast, and from a place on the hill where the monkey afterwards saw him, he had observed him climb up the tree.

This situation was unexpected by the narrator and needed careful handling. The branch that had been a comfortable seat during the day was difficult to manoeuvre in the dark. He could have, of course, discharged his rifle into the air, but he held back after seeing the deadly results of a prior effort to kill a tiger away from close quarters. In addition, even if the tiger hadn't attacked, shooting the gun that near to him would have probably made him run away, meaning all of my work would have been useless.

The tiger didn't jump since doing so would have sent the narrator plummeting 30 feet to the rocks below. There was no need for him to spring; he could have easily reached the narrator by standing on his hind legs.

As he put the rifle's barrel between his left arm and side, the narrator turned the weapon around, raised it off his lap, depressed the muzzle, and slipped up the safety catch. This move was met with a roar that was louder and more ferocious than any that had come before. He heard the gratifying crack of a bone being broken at the kill.

Even if he failed to kill the tiger, the fright that followed his shot would give me a chance to climb higher into the tree for pleasure. He would probably likely come into contact with the gun, the triggers of which were twisted if the tiger stretched out to grab him right now.

The tiger eventually leapt across the narrow valley to his left after tiring of patrolling the hillside and hissing. He then heard the pleasant sound of a bone being split at the kill a little while later. The only sounds he heard the rest of the evening were from the direction of the kill, but he was finally able to relax in his uncomfortable stance.

The sun hadn't yet fully risen when his men hurried from the hill, and the valley was still in total darkness. He observed the tiger sprinting away to his left, up and across the hill, very soon after that. The foggy lighting and his weary eyes from the previous night made the shot particularly difficult, but he managed to make it and was happy to see the bullet drop where it was intended.

With a shout, he turned and rushed his tree. Fortunately, he was hit in the chest by the second bullet immediately before he launched. The tiger's spring was thrown off by the powerful bullet's impact, forcing him to veer off course and smash a tree just past him before ricocheting off and falling headfirst into the valley below, where one of the little lakes below him stopped his fall. He floundered out of the water, bloodying it, before falling down the valley and vanishing from view.

After fifteen hours of straining every muscle in his body on the hard branch, he was finally able to follow the tiger after scaling the tree, staining my clothes with the large gouts of blood the tiger had left behind, and massaging his sore limbs. He had not gone far when he came across him lying still in another watery puddle at the base of a rock.

After hearing his shot, the roar of the tiger, and his second shot, the troops assembled on the summit defied his orders and came in a body down the hill. They naturally concluded he had been kidnapped by the tiger when they arrived at the blood-stained tree where his soft hat was lying.

After hearing their frightened shouts, he shouted to them, and this time they sprinted down the valley. However, they were astonished and gasped when they saw his bleeding clothes. After assuring them that he was unharmed and that the blood wasn't his, they rapidly surrounded the tiger. The tiger was immediately hauled up the steep hill to the hamlet with a great deal of struggle and shouting after a strong sapling was quickly cut and fastened to it by creepers.

Conclusion

By detailing the author's perilous journey and the steps he takes to eliminate the man-eater that had become a menace to the community, this tale ranks among the greatest. Corbett's work involves tracking down tigers, which may be a perilous and difficult endeavour. Building platforms in the woods and standing vigil alone for up to twelve or even eighteen hours with just his shotgun are just two examples of the physically hard chores that placed his life in peril. He usually goes out on his hunts alone.

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