

# *The Jungle Books*

Rudyard Kipling

Illustrations by  
Ian Beck



ALMA CLASSICS

ALMA CLASSICS LTD  
3 Castle Yard  
Richmond  
Surrey TW10 6TF  
United Kingdom  
[www.almaclassics.com](http://www.almaclassics.com)

*The Jungle Book* first published in 1894  
*The Second Jungle Book* first published in 1895  
'In the Rukh' first published in 1893  
This edition first published by Alma Classics Ltd in 2016

Cover and inside illustrations © Ian Beck, 2016

Extra Material © Alma Classics Ltd

Printed in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

ISBN: 978-1-84749-583-9

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the publisher. This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be resold, lent, hired out or otherwise circulated without the express prior consent of the publisher.

## Contents

The Jungle Books	I
THE JUNGLE BOOK	3
Preface	5
Mowgli's Brothers	7
Hunting Song of the Seoni Pack	29
Kaa's Hunting	30
Road Song of the <i>Bandar-log</i>	57
"Tiger-Tiger!"	59
Mowgli's Song	78
The White Seal	80
Lukannon	101
"Rikki-tikki-tavi"	103
Darzee's Chaunt	121
Toomai of the Elephants	123
Shiv and the Grasshopper	144
Servants of the Queen	146
Parade Song of the Camp Animals	164
THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK	167
How Fear Came	169
The Law of the Jungle	187
The Miracle of Purun Bhagat	191
A Song of Kabir	207
Letting in the Jungle	208
Mowgli's Song against People	238
The Undertakers	240
A Ripple Song	264

The King's Ankus	266
The Song of the Little Hunter	286
Quiquern	288
Angutivun Tina	313
Red Dog	315
Chil's Song	342
The Spring Running	343
The Outsong	366
Appendix	369
In the <i>Rukh</i>	371
Notes	402
Extra Material for Young Readers	405
<i>The Writer</i>	407
<i>The Books</i>	410
<i>Characters</i>	412
<i>As Wild as Mowgli</i>	422
<i>Test Yourself</i>	425
Glossary	428

*The Jungle Books*



# THE JUNGLE BOOK





## Preface

The demands made by a work of this nature upon the generosity of specialists are very numerous, and the Editor would be wanting in all title to the generous treatment he has received were he not willing to make the fullest possible acknowledgment of his indebtedness.

His thanks are due in the first place to the scholarly and accomplished Bahadur Shah, baggage elephant 174 on the Indian Register, who, with his amiable sister Pudmini, most courteously supplied the history of 'Toomai of the Elephants' and much of the information contained in 'Servants of the Queen'. The adventures of Mowgli were collected at various times and in various places from a multitude of informants, most of whom desire to preserve the strictest anonymity. Yet, at this distance, the Editor feels at liberty to thank a Hindu gentleman of the old rock, an esteemed resident of the upper slopes of Jakko, for his convincing if somewhat caustic estimate of the national characteristics of his caste – the Presbytes. Sahi, a savant of infinite research and industry, a member of the recently disbanded Seoni Pack and an artist well known at most of the local fairs of southern India, where his muzzled dance with his master attracts the youth, beauty and culture of many villages, have contributed most valuable data on people, manners and customs. These have been freely drawn upon, in the stories of 'Tiger-Tiger!' 'Kaa's Hunting' and 'Mowgli's Brothers'. For the outlines of 'Rikki-tikki-tavi' the Editor stands

## THE JUNGLE BOOKS

indebted to one of the leading herpetologists of Upper India, a fearless and independent investigator who, resolving “not to live but know”,\* lately sacrificed his life through over-application to the study of our Eastern Thanatophidia. A happy accident of travel enabled the Editor, when a passenger on the *Empress of India*, to be of some slight assistance to a fellow voyager. How richly his poor services were repaid, readers of the ‘White Seal’ may judge for themselves.





## Mowgli's Brothers

Now Chil the Kite brings home the night  
That Mang the Bat sets free –  
The herds are shut in byre and hut  
For loosed till dawn are we.  
This is the hour of pride and power,  
Talon and tush and claw.  
Oh hear the call! – Good hunting all  
That keep the Jungle Law!

NIGHT SONG IN THE JUNGLE

**I**T WAS SEVEN O'CLOCK of a very warm evening in the Seoni hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big grey nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing

cubs, and the moon into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf, "it is time to hunt again"; and he was going to spring downhill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves; and good luck and strong white teeth go with the noble children, that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal – Tabaqui, the Dish-licker – and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui, because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets that he was ever afraid of anyone, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it *dewanee* – the madness – and run.

"Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf stiffly, "but there is no food here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui, "but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log [the jackal people], to pick and choose?" He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

"All thanks for this good meal," he said, licking his lips. "How beautiful are the noble children! How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings are men from the beginning."

Now, Tabaqui knew as well as anyone else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces, and it pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then he said spitefully:

"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting grounds. He will hunt among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily. "By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I – I have to kill for two these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said Mother Wolf quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he has come here to make *our* villagers angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui quietly. "Ye can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message."

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little river, he heard the dry, angry, snarly, sing-song whine of a tiger who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

"The fool!" said Father Wolf. "To begin a night's work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?"

"H'sh. It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts tonight," said Mother Wolf. "It is Man." The whine had changed to a sort

of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders woodcutters and gypsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

“Man!” said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. “Faugh! Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on our ground too!”

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too – and it is true – that man-eaters become mangy and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated “Aaarh!” of the tiger’s charge.

Then there was a howl – an untigerish howl – from Shere Khan. “He has missed,” said Mother Wolf. “What is it?”

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely, as he tumbled about in the scrub.

“The fool has had no more sense than to jump at a woodcutters’ campfire, and has burnt his feet,” said Father Wolf with a grunt. “Tabaqui is with him.”

“Something is coming uphill,” said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. “Get ready.”

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world – the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his



## *Hunting Song of the Seoni Pack*

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled  
Once, twice and again!  
And a doe leaped up and a doe leaped up  
From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.  
This I, scouting alone, beheld,  
Once, twice and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled  
Once, twice and again!  
And a wolf stole back and a wolf stole back  
To carry the word to the waiting pack,  
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track  
Once, twice and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Wolf Pack yelled  
Once, twice and again!  
Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!  
Eyes that can see in the dark – the dark!  
Tongue – give tongue to it! Hark! O hark!  
Once, twice and again!