

3 THE JUNGLE BOOK

6 By Rudyard Kipling

8 Mowgli's Brothers

16 *Now Rann the Kite brings home the night*22 *That Mang the Bat sets free—*30 *The herds are shut in byre and hut*36 *For loosed till dawn are we.*44 *This is the hour of pride and power,*49 *Talon and tush and claw.*56 *Oh, hear the call!—Good hunting all*61 *That keep the Jungle Law!*66 *Night-Song in the Jungle*

81 It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seonee hills when
 93 Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and
 110 spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their
 123 tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four
 136 tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave
 150 where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf. "It is time to hunt again."

165 He was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail
180 crossed the threshold and whined: “Good luck go with you, O Chief of the
193 Wolves. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble children that
202 they may never forget the hungry in this world.”

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

330 “Enter, then, and look,” said Father Wolf stiffly, “but there is no food
331 here.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

579 “His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing,” said
594 Mother Wolf quietly. “He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is
608 why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry

623 with him, and he has come here to make our villagers angry. They will scour
639 the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run
653 when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!”