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THE JUNGLE BOOK

By RUDYARD KIPLING

STORY ONE

MOWGLI'S BROTHERS

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE JUNGLE
FOLK AND THE LAW THEY LIVE BY. OF
AKELA, THE LEOPARD; OF BAGHEERA,
THE BLACK PANTHER OF SHERE KHAN;
THE LAMB TREE AND TERBOLI, THE
JACKAL; OF BALOO, THE BROWN BEAR
OF KALA; THE PYTHON OF MANKHA, THE
WOLF, AND ABOVE ALL, OF MOWGLI,
THE MAN-CUB WHO CAME TO LIVE
AMONG THEM AFTER HIS PARENTS
HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY BY
SHERE KHAN.







LOOK! A
MAN'S CUB!



IS THAT A
MAN'S CUB?
BRING
HIM HERE!



WAS THERE EVER A
WOLF THAT COULD
BOAST OF A MAN'S
CUB AMONG HER
CHILDREN?

NEVER IN OUR PACK
OR IN OUR TIME. BEST I
COULD KILL HIM WITH A
TOUCH OF MY FOOT
BUT HE LOOKS UP
AND IS UNAFRAID



IN THERE,
MY LORD
IN THERE!

WHERE WENT
THE MAN'S
CUB?



WHERE KAHN DOES
US GREAT HONOR
WHAT DOES
SHEE KAHN NEED?

MY QUARRY...
IT IS A MAN'S
CUB. GIVE
IT TO ME!

STRIPED CATTLE-KILLER! THE WOLVES ARE A FREE PEOPLE... WE TAKE NO ORDERS BUT FROM THE HEAD OF THE PACK. THE CUB IS OURS!

WHAT TALK IS THIS? IT IS I, SHRE KAHN, WHO SPEAKS!



AND IT IS I, SHRE KAHN, THE DEMON, WHO ANSWERS! THE MAN-CUB IS MINE. HE SHALL RUN WITH THE PACK AND HUNT WITH THE PACK AND AT THE END, O FROG-EATER, FROG-KILLER, GREAT HUNTER OF LITTLE NAMED CUBS, HE SHALL HUNT YOU! SO!



EACH DOG BARKS IN HIS OWN BACKWARD HE SHALL SEE WHAT THE PACK SAYS ABOUT THIS ADOPTING OF MAN-CUBS.



THE CUB MUST BE SHOWN TO THE PACK, WILL YOU NEED THAT?

ASSUREDLY! NOW, WILL THE FROG, WILL I CALL YOU? YES, ONE DAY YOU SHALL HUNT SHRE KAHN AS HE HAS HUNTED YOU!



THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE SAYS VERY CLEARLY THAT WHEN THE CUBS ARE OLD ENOUGH TO STAND, THEY SHALL BE BROUGHT TO THE PACK COUNCIL SO THAT THE OTHER WOLVES WILL KNOW THEM AND LEAVE THEM UNHARMED... YES, NOW, MUST BE SHOWN TO THE PACK... AND ONE NIGHT, A FEW MONTHS LATER, IN THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON...

THE PACK MEETING TOOK PLACE AT COUNCIL ROCK. THE OLDER WOLVES INSPECTED THE SMALLER ONES WHILE THE PACK LEADER, ANJALA, THE GREAT LONG WOLF, WATCHED FROM HIS PLACE ON COUNCIL ROCK.

YOU KNOW THE LAW, LOOK, NELL, O' WOLVES, LOOK WELL!



AND AT LAST THE TIME CAME. ALL EYES CENTERED ON HONNLE.

THE CUB IS MINE! GIVE HIM TO ME! WHAT HAVE THE FREE PEOPLE TO DO WITH A MAN'S CUB?

LOOK, NELL, O' WOLVES! WHAT HAVE THE FREE PEOPLE TO DO WITH THE ORDERS OF ANY SAVE THE FREE PEOPLE?



YES, WHAT HAVE THE FREE PEOPLE TO DO WITH A MAN'S CUB?

BAKHA LOVES THE LITTLE PROO. LET HER HAVE HIM.

BUT, BAKHA KANN SAO, THE CUB BELONGS TO HIM.



WHEN THERE IS A DISPUTE AS TO THE RIGHT OF A NEW CUB TO COME INTO THE PACK, THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE SAYS THAT HE MUST BE BROUGHT FOR BY AT LEAST TWO MEMBERS OF THE PACK WHO ARE NOT HIS FATHER OR MOTHER - AND SO ANJALA INVOKED THE LAW...



AND SO MOVELI, THE FROG WAS ACCEPTED INTO THE HOLF PACK

IT WAS WELL DONE, MEN AND THEIR CLUBS ARE VERY WISE THIS MAN-CUB MAY BE A HELP IN TIME

AY, YOUR WILL SHALL COME KAHN, FOR THE TIME WILL COME WHEN THIS LITTLE CUB WILL MAKE YOU LOAN ANOTHER TUNE!



FOR TEN MONTHS HEARD, MOVOI BEEN AND LEARNED THE MEANINGS OF THINGS IN THE JUNGLE, EVERY RUSTLE IN THE GRASS, EVERY SCRATCH OF THE BAT'S CLAWS, EVERY SPLASH OF THE FISH PLUNGING IN THE RILL.



BAGHERA TAUGHT HIM TO CRAWL.



AND HE PICKED THE THORNS OUT OF THE ARMS OF HIS BROTHER HOWLS PAWS



AND HE TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE COUNCIL



AND ALSO, HE DISCOVERED A STRANGE POWER WITHIN HIMSELF

THAT WHEN HE STARED HARD AT ANY WOLF THE WOLF WAS FORCED TO DROP HIS EYES...



WHY TALK OF THE LAMED ONE? HERE IS MEAT! EAT BY MOTHER!

HE STAYED HENTON, MOMMY'S FRIENDS WARNED HIM OF SHERE KAHKI...

OUR LITTLE FROG HAS GROWN TO BE A MIGHTY HUNTER! BUT REMEMBER, ONE DAY YOU MUST HUNT AND KILL SHERE KAHKI OR HE SHALL KILL YOU!



BOY-LIKE, HE USED TO STARE FOR FUN... BUT THIS WAS OF GREAT HARM TO HIM AS WE SHALL SOON SEE.



SHERE KAHKI, MADE BOLDER BY THE FACT THAT AXELA WAS GROWING OLD, MADE FRIENDS WITH THE YOUNGER WOLVES

EAT O MEMBERS OF THE FREE PEOPLE, FOR SHERE KAHKI O YOUR FRIEND WHY DO YOU LET YOURSELVES BE LED BY A DYING WOLF AND A MAN-HUNT? YOU ARE MIGHTY HUNTERS!



... AND HE STARED UP THE PACK AGAINST MOWGLI ...

SHERE KAHN IS RIGHT. MOWGLI IS A MAN ... WHAT HAS HE TO DO WITH THE PACK ?

THEY TELL ME THAT YOU DARE NOT LOOK HIM BETWEEN THE EYES !



BUT MOWGLI REFUSED TO BE FRIGHTENED BY SHERE KAHN'S THREATS ...

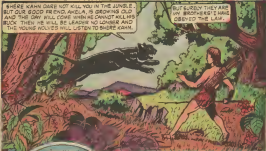
HE HATES YOU, LITTLE MAN-BOB. HE WILL KILL YOU SOME DAY.

I HAVE THE PACK AND I HAVE YOU AND OLD LADY BALOO MIGHT STRIKE A BLOW OR TWO FOR MY SAKE, WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID?



SHERE KAHN DARE NOT KILL YOU IN THE JUNGLE. BUT OUR GOOD FRIEND AKELA, IS GETTING OLD AND THE DAY WILL COME WHEN HE CANNOT KILL HIS BUCK. THEN HE WILL BE LEADER NO LONGER AND THE YOUNG WOLVES WILL LISTEN TO SHERE KAHN.

BUT SURELY THEY ARE MY BROTHERS' NAME OBEYED THE LAW.



MAY, NOT BROTHER BUT MAY, YOU ARE A MAN LITTLE BROTHER



SHERE KAHN'S WORDS GRADUALLY WENT OVER THE YOUNGER WOLVES UNTIL THEIR HATED GLEAMED FROM THEIR EYES





LITTLE BROTHER, A PLOT IS BEING HATCHED FIRST THEY PLOT AGAINST ANKLA THEN AGAINST YOU!

YES, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION, NOT HOWLING—BUT I AM PUZZLED WHAT SHALL I DO? LET US REST AWHILE AND THINK



WHEN ANKLA MISSES THE NEXT KILL, THE PACK WILL TURN AGAINST HIM AND AGAINST YOU THEY WILL HOLD A JUNGLE COUNCIL AND THEN... AND THEN...



I HAVEN'T I HAVEN'T

WHAT? WHAT?



WHY ARE YOU PRANCING ABOUT LIKE A KITTEN? ARE YOU THE WAGGY BASHERA OR A FOOLISH PUSS-CAT?

HUSH, HUSH! YOU INGRATEFUL LITTLE FROG LISTEN TO YOUR BETTERS! GET THE RED FLOWER! GO DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AND GET THE RED FLOWER! THAT MAY BE YOUR GREATEST FRIEND IN TIME OF NEED.

SO HOWLI! CREEP DOWN INTO THE VALLEY TO GET HIS WEAPON

BY THE RED FLOWER BASHERA MEANT: FIRE, OF COURSE. NO CREATURE CALLS FIRE BY ITS PROPER NAME. EVERY BEAST LIVES IN DEADLY FEAR OF IT, AND INVENTS A HUNDRED WORDS OF DESCRIBING IT.





THE PLOT AGAINST AKELA BEGAN TO WORK. THE YOUNG WOLVES DROVE A STRONG-BOND BULLDOG TOWARD AKELA.

LET THE LOVE WOLF SHOW HIS STRENGTH!

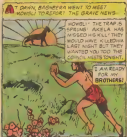
AKELA! AKELA!



THE LOVE WOLF LEAPED



AND MISSED HIS HOLD



AT DAWN, BROTHERS WENT TO MEET MOWGLI TO REPORT THE BAD NEWS...

MOWGLI! THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! AKELA HAS MISSED HIS KILL! THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU LAST NIGHT BUT THEY WANTED YOU TOO! THE COUNCIL MEETS TONIGHT.

I AM READY FOR MY BROTHERS!



THAT NIGHT...



FREE PEOPLE! DOES SHEER KAHN LEAD THE PACK? WHAT WAS A TIGER TO DO WITH OUR LEADERSHIP?



ARE WE ALL JACKALS TO FAWN ON THIS CATTLE-BUTCHER? THE LEADERSHIP OF THE PACK IS WITH THE PACK ALONE!

SILENCE, MAN-DOG!

SHEER KAHN HAS KEPT TIGERS!

LET THE DEAD WOLF SPEAK!



LEO - EVEN THE LEADER OF THE PACK MISSED AS HE KILL HE WAS CALLED THE "DEAD WOLF" BE LONGER HE LIVED.

FREE PEOPLE! AND YOU TOO JACKALS OF SHEER KAHN! FOR MANY YEARS I HAVE LED YOU - NOW I HAVE MISSEDMAN! YOUR RIGHT IS TO KILL ME HERE ON THE COUNCIL ROCK. IT IS MY RIGHT BY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE THAT YOU COME ONE BY ONE! WHO COMES TO MAKE AN END OF THE LONG HOUR?



BUT NO ONE DARED...

BAH! WHAT HAVE WE TO DO WITH THIS TOOTHLESS POOL? HE IS DOOMED TO DIE! IT IS THE MAN-CUB WHO HAS LIVED TOO LONG! HE HAS MY MEAT FROM THE FIRST! GIVE HIM TO ME!



HE IS A MAN! AND FROM THE VERY MARROW OF MY BONES I HATE HIM! GIVE HIM TO ME! OR I WILL ALWAYS HUNT HERE AND LEAVE YOU NEITHER MEAT NOR BONES!

SMOKE RAIN IS RIGHT!

NO! LET THE MAN-CUB GO TO HIS OWN PEOPLE!



NO! GIVE HIM TO ME! HE WILL AROUSE THE VILLAGES AGAINST US!

HE HAS SLEPT WITH US! HE HAS DRIVEN BAME FOR US! MONGOLI HAS KEPT THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!



AND FORGETNOT, I PAID FOR HIM WITH A BULL. AND YOU GAVE YOUR PLEDGE!



HE IS A MAN! HE IS A MAN!

I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM! HE IS A MAN!

IF YOU WILL LET THE MAN
 CHASE SO I WILL BE WITHOUT
 FIGHTING! THIS WILL GAIN
 THE PACK AT LEAST
 THREE LIVES!



NOW THE BUSINESS IS
 IN YOUR HANDS, LITTLE
 FELLOW! WE CAN DO NO
 MORE THAN FIGHT!



BUT ANGELA'S FEAR WAS TO BE CALLED,
 THE PACK CLOSED IN FOR THE BULL!



LISTEN YOU! THERE
 IS NO NEED FOR
 THIS DOG'S JABBER!



I WOULD HAVE BEEN YOUR
 BROTHER TILL MY LIFE IS GONE,
 BUT SINCE YOU WOULD NOT HAVE
 IT SO I NO LONGER CALL YOU
 BROTHERS! BUT DOES WHAT
 YOU WILL OR WILL NOT DO IS
 FOR US A MAN TODAY! LOOK!



I, THE MAN, HAVE BROUGHT
 YOU THE RED FLOWER WHICH
 YOU DOGS FEAR SO MUCH!



YOU ARE WASTED
 NONE IS WASTED!
 MANG ANELA, HE HAS
 EVER YOUR FRIEND!

THE JUNGLE BOOK



THE JUNGLE BOOK

By RUDYARD KIPLING

STORY TWO

THE KING'S ANKUS

ONE DAY BEFORE HE WAS TURNED OUT OF THE JUNGLE, MOOPI BALOO WAS TEACHING HIS LITTLE BOY, MOWGLI, HOW TO HUNT AND A CRAZY ADVENTURE.

A SHARP SNAKE AND MOOPI SET ON A SHOT STAKE

...MORDELL WAS SWIMMING IN A JUNGLE POOL WITH HIS FRIEND, KARA, THE SMART-BOCK FYNOR.

WHAT MORE CAN I WISH? I HAVE THE JUNGLE. ALL THAT ARE OF THE JUNGLE ARE MY FRIENDS. I HAVE THE FROGS, THE MONKS, THE TREES, AND YOU, MY FRIEND FLATHOOD!

I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT THE COBRA! SAID

I WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT THIS NEW GAME. WAA LET US GO!

IT IS NOT GAME IT IS... IT IS... I KNOW NOT WHAT IT IS



WHAT COBRA? HAVE YOU MANY DEALS WITH THE POISON PEOPLE? I GIVE THEM THEIR OWN PATH, THEY CARRY DEATH IN THEIR FORETWOOTH. WHAT COBRA? AND WHAT DID HE SAY?

THREE OR FOUR WEEKS AGO, I APPEARED IN A HARBORPLACE A KING COBRA THERE SHOWED ME MANY THINGS I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. HE SAID THAT MAN WOULD GIVE THE BRUSH UNDER HIS FEET FOR THE RIGHT OF THESE THINGS.



WE WILL GO THERE. I HAVE NEVER SEEN A KING COBRA AND I WANT TO SEE THE OTHER THINGS. DID HE KILL THEM?

THEY ARE ALL DEAD HE SAYS HE IS AFRAID OF THEM ALL.



LET US GO AS SOON AS I HAVE DRIPPED MYSELF IN THIS WATER



AND SO MORDELL AND KARA SET OUT FOR THE COBRA AND THE THINGS HE GUARDED.

THEY WERE LITTLE BROTHER TWO MEN



BUT ALL STILL WAA SLOW-HEAD LATE, THE JUNGLE THAWED AND...

WHAT IS THIS PLACE
KAA? I HAVE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE IT

THE BANDER LOGS
CALL IT THEIR HOBY CITY
BUT TO THE JUNGLE IT IS
KNOWN AS THE COOL
LORES, MEN LIVED HERE
LONG AGO. COME! THEY
SAW LIKE THE WHITE HORN
AND HE TOLD THEM

CONKERS



REBORNE

KAA SLIPPED OVER A HILL OF ROCKS AND SUDDENLY
DROPPED UNDERGROUND THROUGH AN OLD TUNNEL





BY THE BULL THAT BOUGHT ME! A SAFE AIR HOOD! BUT I SEE NOTHING!



AM I NOTHING?



GOOD HUNTING O FATHER OF THE COBRAS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR CITY O MAN! AND OF THE HUNDRED ELEPHANTS AND THE THIRTY THOUSAND HORSES. THE CITY OF THE KING OF TWENTY KING?



THERE IS NO CITY ABOVE US ONLY THE JUNGLE. AND WHAT IS A KING?



I TOLD YOU FOUR MONTHS AGO THAT YOUR CITY WAS NO MORE!

THE GREAT CITY CAN NEVER RISE! IT WAS BARRA BARRA AND SHALL INCLUDE WHEN MY SONS SONS ARE AS WHITE AS I. WHOSE CATTLE ARE YOU THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW THIS?



HE GREAT CITY IS NOTHING MORE THAN A LOST TRAIL. KAA. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HIS TALK.

NOR I. HE IS VERY OLD AND SPEAKS OF THINGS BEFORE MY TIME.

AND WHO ARE YOU LITTLE MAN, WHO SITS BEFORE ME UNAFRAID? BEFORE ME UNAFRAID KNOWS NOT THE NAME OF OUR KING AND TAKES OUR TALK THROUGH A MAN'S LIFE?

THEY CALL ME MONGLI. I AM OF THE JUNGLE AND THE INDIES ARE MY PEOPLE. AND KAA IS MY BROTHER, AND KNOWS YOU FATHER OF THE COBRAS?

I AM THE HARBOUR OF THE KING'S TREASURE.



WHAT TREASURE? WHAT DO YOU GUARD? I SEE NOTHING TO TAKE AWAY!

BY THE GODS OF THE SUN AND MOON, A MADNESS IS UPON THE BROTHERS—AND SEE WHAT NO MAN HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE!



BUT MONGLI DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF THESE TREASURES. ONLY ONE THING STRUCK HIS FANCY...

THE OBJECT THAT ATTRACTED MONKU WAS A BEAUTIFULLY JEWELLED ANKLET...



IS IT NOT WORTH DYING TO BEHOLD? HAVE I NOT DONE YOU A GREAT FAVOR?"



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND ALL THESE THINGS ARE HARD AND GOLD, NOT GOOD TO EAT, BUT I WOULD TAKE THIS WITH ME THAT I MAY SEE IT DANCE IN THE SUN, WILL YOU GIVE IT TO ME? I WILL BRING YOU FOOD TO EAT IN EXCHANGE

MAKING LOOK AT YOUR FEET.



THEY CAME TO TAKE THE TREASURES AWAY. I SPOKE TO THEM, AND THEY LAY STILL. NO MAN TAKES ANYTHING FROM THE SNAKE!



BUT I HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU, AND I HAD TAUGHT THE SNAKE WORD OF YOUR TRICK.

IF YOU BUT MOVE FROM THIS PLACE WITH THE POINTED THING... YOU DIE!



WHO SAID HE
WAS THE MAN?
YOU! THERE
WAS NO TALK
OR KILLING!

GLANCE AT MONKEY
KILLER! REMEMBER
I HAVE TO BUT TOUCH
YOUR NECK AND THE
JUNGLE WILL KNOW
YOU NO LONGER!



THE COBRA
IS A
POISONOUS
SNAKE, WHILE
THE PYTHON
KILLS BY
CRUSHING
ITS PREY.



NO MAN EVER DARE
HERE THAT WENT
AWAY WITH BREAD
UNDER HIS FEET!

YOU WERE ASKED
FOR YOUR HUNTING
D. FATHER OF THE
COBRAS! NOW YOU
SHALL HAVE IT!

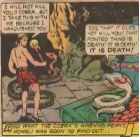


WELL!

NO, I WILL NEVER
EAT, EXCEPT FOR FOOD
BUT LOOK KHA!



HE HAS OULIVED
HIS POISON.. IT
IS ALL DIED UP.



I WILL NOT KILL
YOU O COBRA, BUT
I TAKE THIS WITH
ME BECAUSE I
UNASHISHED YOU

SEE THAT IT DOES
NOT WILL KEEP! THAT
POINTED THING IS
DEATH! IT IS DEATH!
IT IS DEATH!

WHO WHAT THE COBRA'S WARNING HEARD,
HOWBY WAS SOON TO FIND OUT...



AN, BASHIRA I HAVE A TALE TO TELL YOU.



AND HOWLI TOLD THE WHOLE STORY, WHEN HE CAME TO THE END...

AND THE WHITE HOOD SAID 'IT IS DEATH! IT IS DEATH!' HOW CAN THIS THING KILL, BASHIRA?

I HAVE LIVED AMONG MEN AND I TELL YOU HOWLI, THE WHITE HOOD SPOKE THE TRUTH, MEN WOULD KILL THROUGH A NIGHT FOR THE RED STONE ALONE!



BUT THE RED STONE IS NOT GOOD TO EAT! WHY SHOULD THEY KILL? IF THIS THING DRAPS BLOOD I WANT NONE OF IT!



SEE! NOW MY HANDS ARE CLEAN OF DEATH! BUT THE WHITE HOOD SAID DEATH WOULD FOLLOW ME! HE IS OLD AND BAD!



NO WHEN A TRAIL CEASES TO EXPLAIN ITSELF THE FIRST THING THE JUNGLE FOLK DO IS TO KEEP THEMSELVES FORWARD AS FAR AS THEY CAN TO SEE IF THERE IS SOME TRAMPING HAPPEN COME THEM, AND TO KEEP FROM CONCERNING THE TRAIL WITH THEIR OWN FOOTPRINTS.





THEY BEGINS INTO THE OPEN AND...





THEY SOON CAME TO THE TRAIL'S END...

HOW DID THESE
ONE HORNED
THERE IS SOMETHING
ON AN ANTS TRAIL!

I KNOW NOT! HMM
PERHAPS THIS BEETLE
WILL TELL US.



AHA! IT IS POISON.
THE FIRST HUNTER—
THE ONE WHOSE THEY
KILLED BACK ON THE
TRAIL, MUST HAVE
MADE IT READY FOR
THEM IN THEIR FOOD!



WHAT NOW, LITTLE
BROTHER! MUST YOU
AND I KILL EACH
OTHER FOR SOMETHING
RED-EYED SLAYER?

CAN IT SPEAK? CAN IT KILL
BY ITSELF? BETWEEN US IT
CAN DO NO WRONG FOR WE
DO NOT DESIRE WHAT MEN
DESIRE. BUT I MUST BRING IT
BACK TO THE FATHER OF THE
COBRAS BEFORE MORE HARM
IS DONE!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS THE WHITE COBRAS SAT
MOORNING IN THE DARKNESS.

FATHER OF THE COBRAS YOU
MUST GET A YOUNG SIBLING
OF YOUR PEOPLE TO GUARD
THE KING'S TREASURE.

AHA! IT RETURNS
THEN! I SAID THE
THING IS DEAD!
HOW IS IT YOU
ARE STILL ALIVE?



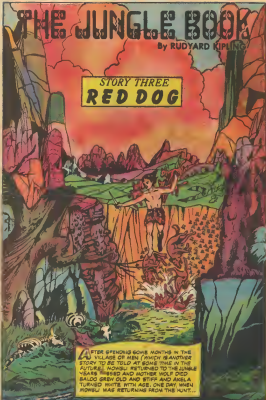
BY THE BULL THAT
BOUGHT ME, I DO NOT
KNOW! THE THING
WAS KILLED SIX
THREE MORE NIGHTS.
GUARD IT CLOSELY!
LET IT NEVER, AGAIN
GO OUT FROM HERE!

END OF
STORY TWO

THE JUNGLE BOOK

By RUDYARD KIPLING

STORY THREE REDDOG



AFTER SPENDING SOME MONTHS IN THE VILLAGE OF MEN (MOWGLI IS ANOTHER STORY TO BE TOLD AT SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE), MOWGLI RETURNED TO THE JUNGLE YEARS AGO AND BOTH WOLF DIED. BALDO GREW OLD AND STIFF AND AKELA TURNED WHITE WITH AGE. ONE DAY, WHEN MOWGLI WAS RETURNING FROM THE HUNT...



A FEROUS BARKER RANLED THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

IT IS THE CITY OF TABAGU! THE JACKAL!

HE GIVES TONGUE LIKE THIS WHEN HE HUNTS BEHIND A TIGER...

OR LUNG BEHIND SOME GREAT KILLING TO PICK UP ESCAPE.



WE MUST HURRY TO THE COUNCIL ROCK. THE PACK WILL MEET. WE MUST BE TOGETHER IN STRENGTH, FOR EVIL IS ABROAD IN THE JUNGLE!



AND SO THE TWO FRIENDS RACED THROUGH THE JUNGLE TOWARD THE COUNCIL ROCK.

SOON THE PACK WAS ASSEMBLED BEFORE ANA, THEIR NEW LEADER.



MOTHERS AND CUBS-- TO YOUR LARBS! THERE IS DANGER IN THE JUNGLE TONIGHT!



SUDDENLY THE PACK HEARD THEIR FEET CRASHING THROUGH THE GRASS.



HEAR HIM! WE MUST LEAVE OUR HUNTING
GROUNDS - OUR HOMES - OUR RIVER TO THE
DHOLE - AND WHEN IT SO PLEASES THEM,
AFTER THEY HAVE RUINED OUR LAND THEN
WE CAN SPEAK HONOR! I SAY - NO!
WE MUST FIGHT!





I WAS SEEKING YOU, OLD PLAYHEAD, FOR THERE IS NONE IN THE JUNGLE AS WISE OR BEAUTIFUL OR AS SPONSOR AS YOU.

LITTLE PROG, WHEN YOUR TONGUE DRIPS SWEETNESS, THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WANT WHAT TROUBLES YOU?



HOW MANY ARE THE DHOLE?

I DO NOT KNOW BUT, KAA, IT WILL BE GOOD HUNTING.



WHY SHOULD THIS BE YOUR FIGHT? REMEMBER, ONCE THE PACK CAST YOU OUT, NOW LET THEM FIGHT WITHOUT YOU.

I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD. ALL THE DHOLE PASSAGE I AM A WOLF! HERE IS MY PLAN.



THE DOGS MUST SWIM THE RIVER, I WILL MEET THEM IN THE SWALLER'S WITH THE PACK AND MY KNEE AND WE WILL TURN THEM BACK.

THE DHOLE DO NOT TURN, LITTLE BROTHER, THERE WILL BE NEITHER HOWL NOR WOLF LEFT IF THAT IS YOUR PLAN.

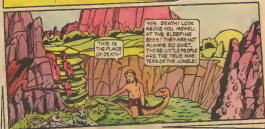


COME, HOWLU, I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IS TO BE DONE TO FIGHT THE DHOLE. SHOWING IS MUCH BETTER THAN TELLING.



HOWLU! KNEE KAA'S BACK DOWN THE RIVER! BODY THEY APPROACHED A SWAMP BEND IN THE RIVER...

HOW YOU SWALLER?



THIS IS THE PLACE OF DEATH!

YES, DEATH! LOOK ABOVE YOU, ABOVE! AT THE SLEEPING BEES! THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS SO QUIET. THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE THE TRUE MASTERS OF THE JUNGLE!



LET US GO BEFORE THEY AWAKEN!

FIRST I WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE DRAGON CAN BE DEFEATED!



SEVERAL YEARS AGO A WOLF WAS HUNTED BY THE WOLF PACK. HE RACED THROUGH THE JUNGLE... THE PACK AT HIS HEELS...



WHEN HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE BORDER OF THE BEES, HE LEAPED FROM THE CLIFF...



THE WOLF WAS HIGH AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE BEES WERE JUMPING. MANY OF THE PACK LEAPED INTO THE RIVER. THEY WERE DEAD BEFORE THEY REACHED THE WATER, BUT...



THE BULL LIVED!



HOW DO THE BULL LIVE?

YES, LITTLE BROTHER, HE LIVED BECAUSE HE CAME FIRST, AND LEAPED BEFORE THE LITTLE PEOPLE WERE AWAKE. WHEN THE PACK CAME, THE BULLS WERE ALREADY GATHERED FOR THE KILL... NOW WHAT IS YOUR PLAN?



IT IS TO PULL THE VERY WINDERS OF DEATH OVER! TELL THE PACK I BRING THE CHOLE DOWNSTREAM AFTER HE THEN YOU COME BACK AND WAIT FOR ME!



HE FLASHED DOWNSTREAM TO DELIVER MONKEY'S MESSAGE

WHY DOES THE CHOLE WILL COME DOWNSTREAM IF YOU BE AT RISK YOU CAN KILL THEM IN THE SHALLOWS.

WHERE IS MY MAN-CUB?

WHEN WILL THEY COME?



THEY COME WHEN THEY COME! WAIT FOR THEM AS FOR YOUR MAN-CUB, HE IS SAFE WITH ME! WAIT HERE FOR THE CHOLE AND BE THANKFUL WE ARE ON YOUR SIDE!



AND... HE DID!

HE JUNGLE, MONKEY FOR THE CHOLE!





SUDDENLY THE LEADER, FURIOUS, SHOT UP CLOSE TO MOOSELY AND



THE, OF COURSE, BRAGGED THE PAK MORE THAN EVER



WE'LL NOT MOVE FROM HERE UNTIL YOU DO!

ALTHOUGH CUT THE HOLE LEADER'S TAIL CLEAR THROUGH, LEAVING THE VICIOUS ANIMAL WITH MERELY A STEE HORN! THEY LET THE RED DOG GO BACK TO THE GROUND AND PROCEEDED TO MOUNT THE PAK BY WAIVING THE LEADER'S TAIL OVER THEIR HEADS.

AT SUNDOWN, HOWELI WAS READY TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN.

YOU ARE A PATHFULL WATCHER, RED DOG BUT THAT DOES NOT GIVE YOU YOUR TAIL, ASAH.



I, PATHILL, WILL TEAR OUT YOUR STOMACH!

REMEMBER, THERE WILL BE MANY LETTERS OF TALLER RED DOGS HERE WITH EAG RED STUMPS THAT STING WHEN THE SAND IS HOT. FOLLOW ME, RED DOG AND I'LL MAKE YOU VERY NICE.



AND HOWELI STARTED TO MOVE TOWARD THE GORGE OF THE BEES.



HE KEPT TANTALIZING HIS FOLLOWERS BY PRETENDING TO LOSE HIS GRIP.



HOWELI KEPT MOVING AND PLAYING WITH THE BARK DATE.



AT LAST HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE FOREST. HE THEN ADDED HIMSELF CAREFULLY WITH BARK.



WOLF WITH THE WOLF'S TONGUE! DO YOU THINK TO COVER YOUR SCENT? WE FOLLOW YOU TO THE DEATH!

TAKE YOUR TAIL.



AND FOLLOW NOW TO THE DEATH.



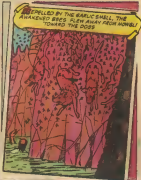
SOON MOOSELY WAS AT THE EDGE OF THE CANYON.



...AND HOWLU LEAPED INTO THE RIVER.



REPULLED BY THE EARLY SMELL, THE AWAKENED BEES FLEW AWAY FROM HOWLU TOWARD THE DOGS.



THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US! THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE ANGRY! INDEED! COME!



TRYING TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE BEES, HOWLU THREW HIS KNIFE IN HAND READY FOR THE FIGHT.



THE BEES FOLLOWED DOWN-STREAM...



HEAR, THIS HOW!

WHERE IS THE TREE AVE!

LET ME GET MY TEETH WASH!



THAT'S THE
RIGHT BETWEEN HOWL!
AND THE CHOLE
REALLY BEGAN



SOMEONE
IS THE SHADON
BEHIND US.

THIS IS
DANKED
WATER



DANK MONGLI DYED



AND AGAIN A CHOLE ROSE TO THE SURFACE ROAD

TO THE
SHORE

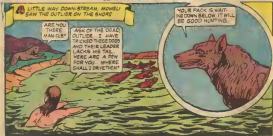
THIS IS NO
PLACE FOR
THE CHOLE
LET'S LEAVE
THE MONT
GROUND!

WHERE IS
THE
TREAPER!



NOW I TURN BACK, FOR THE
IS NOT MY FIGHT THE WOLF PACK
WAITS BELOW GOOD HUNTING,
LITTLE BROTHER, AND REMEMBER
THE CHOLE BITES LOW.

AND HAS LEFT MONGLI ALONE.





THROUGH THE NIGHT THE FIERCE BATTLE RAGED

RODENTLY HOWL HEARD THE OUTLIER SNARL IN HIS UMBEL
BY THE GREAT BULL THAT BOUGHT HE THE OUTLIER HAS THE TALLEST ONE

AVENGE YOUR CLUB AND HORN O OUTLIER!

THIS DID THE OUTLIER PAY HIS BLOOD DEBT.

THE OUTLIER WILL HUNT NO MORE HE IS DYING, BUT HE HAS HIS VENGEANCE

WHERE IS AKLAT?



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RUDYARD KIPLING

IN Bombay, India, on December 3, 1865, was born the man whose ideas not only created a sensation in the literary world, but stimulated and influenced British Imperialism. The man was Rudyard Kipling, son of Alice MacDonald and John Lockwood Kipling.

At the time of Rudyard's birth, John Kipling was already famous as an educator, fine artist and curator of a museum in Bombay. He desired that his son have all the advantages of a thorough education.

As soon as Rudyard was old enough, he was sent to England to study at the United Services College, Westward Ho, Devon. This place later became the setting for the story "Stalky & Co."

When Rudyard was seventeen, he returned to India where he obtained employment as a sub-editor of the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette." By the time he was twenty-one, he had six paper-bound volumes published which were sold for one rupee (approximately 34¢) apiece. Kipling's fame as a writer began to spread throughout India and then through England. Years later, when he re-visited England, he was surprised to find that he was already so well-known there.

Besides verse, which comprised his first successful attempts, Kipling also wrote fiction. His success as a writer of fiction can be attributed to his inventive mind and ability as a story-teller. The settings for his stories contain a magical atmosphere whether they take place in India, England, at sea or in Africa. The characters are varied and probably result from his contact with the many peoples of the world.

Kipling traveled extensively during his lifetime. He visited China, Japan, South Africa and America. He not only visited these places but carried a bit of them away with him to



store in his productive and imaginative mind. As a result of his observations, he wrote several travel sketches which were combined into one volume, "From Sea to Sea."

It was during his visit to America that he met and married Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, to whose brother Kipling dedicated the famous "Barrack Room Ballads."

In 1898, Kipling paid the first of his visits to South Africa. It was during this time that he became extremely nationalistic in his writing. One piece of writing in particular indicates his feelings. This is "The Flag of England."

The world was as a loom to Kipling and upon this loom, he wove stories around people of all types, around boats, the sea, India, and his beloved England. "Captains Courageous," a tale of the sea, "Kim," a narrative tale of a boy's life in India, "Just So Stories," for children, "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book," stories of the animal world, are just a part of the variety of stories he wrote.

The influences of the East and the West on his life are seen in his writings. His extensive travel and volumes of literature indicate the energy, enthusiasm and exuberance of the individual, Rudyard Kipling. His poetry, although lacking in conventional art form, did not lack for life, satire and sentiment. He was a master in the art of the short story.

After many years of enjoying world fame as a writer of fiction, poetry and short stories, his place in the literary world was officially recognized in 1907. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

At the age of 71, he died in London, England on January 18, 1936. A man not only of England but of the world, Rudyard Kipling left us with this bit of wisdom: "He who rebukes the world is rebuked by the world."



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

CHARLES GOODYEAR

The Luckless Inventor of Vulcanized Rubber

BOUNCING balls, pencil erasers, telephone apparatus, raincoats, tires, boots, elastic bands—these are but a few of the many rubber products used in modern living. The manufacture of rubber and rubber goods is one of America's greatest industries, doing about a billion dollars in business a year. And yet, the inventor who made commercial rubber possible not only made no money out of his discovery, but went to debtors' jail because of it.

Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, Connecticut on December 29, 1800. His father, Amasa, was an inventor who made farm implements and pieces of hardware. But Goodyear's father was a poor business man and the family lived almost in poverty.

Goodyear received only a scanty formal education, and at the age of 21, he was taken by his father as a partner in his hardware business, then located at Newpark, Connecticut.

The business did not prosper and after several years, Goodyear decided to try on his own. He opened his own hardware factory in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Here, Goodyear became interested in india-rubber. He gave up his hardware business in an attempt to discover a method of treatment by which india-rubber could be made into articles that would withstand extremes of heat and cold. For in its present state, rubber was almost useless. In hot weather, it became sticky and soft; in cold, it grew brittle and stiff.

For the next ten years, Goodyear struggled to get to the solution of the problem of making rubber usable. For a time, he seemed to have succeeded with a treatment of the rubber with nitric acid. The product seemed strong and was able to withstand cold weather.

Luck at last seemed to be with Goodyear. The United States Government tested his rubber and gave him a contract to manufac-



ture rubber fabric mail bags. The first shipment was sent to the Post Office Department. They were tried out and proved useless at high temperatures, for the material became sticky.

Deeper in debt, but still undaunted, Goodyear went back to his experimenting. Learning that a Massachusetts rubber company had experimented unsuccessfully with using sulphur in rubber,

Goodyear bought the right to use this method in his experiments.

One day, Goodyear put a mixture of rubber and sulphur on a hot stove. He accidentally let it heat. When he let it cool, he found that this heat-hardened mixture was able to withstand great changes in temperature. Further experimentation proved that this mixture was strongest when allowed to heat to the melting point.

And so the process, which is now known as vulcanizing, was born. Here, at last, was a rubber that could stand up to any temperature without deterioration.

Goodyear tried to interest American capitalists to back his plan to manufacture vulcanized rubber. But they would not back him because many men were infringing on Goodyear's discovery and were making their own vulcanized rubber. Using all the money he had, Goodyear fought these infringements in court, but it was a number of years before he had won clear title to vulcanized rubber.

Still no Americans would back him and he was forced to go to Europe to try to begin manufacturing his product. He tried to open a factory in England, but could not; so he opened a factory in France. The French bankers could not understand Goodyear, so they mistrusted him. Through lack of cooperation, the factory went into bankruptcy. In 1853, he was arrested and imprisoned in Paris for debt.

Several years later, he returned to America, broken in health and in spirit. He died in New York City July 1, 1860 . . . a pauper.



DOG HEROES "CHIEF" • A FIRE DOG

MR. JOE SIMPSON, retired fireman of the New York City Fire Department, is the proud owner of Chief, a pedigreed Dalmatian. Mr. Simpson lives on Long Island, New York. If you ever have the good fortune to meet up with this former fire-eater, he will tell you that years ago, before the advent of the automobile, every fire-



houses in the metropolitan area of New York City had its fire horses and its fire dog. As the horses pulled the trucks to the fire, the fire dog would run beside the trucks as they sped along the city streets with their sirens screaming. In those days, according to Mr. Simpson, no one described a Dalmatian as anything else but a fire dog. Today, the description is almost forgotten.

During the terrific gale that swept the eastern seaboard November 25, 1955, Long Island was especially hard hit. Trees were pulled out of the ground by their roots, chimneys were blown down, and the heavy seas destroyed beach-front homes. Not alone that, but many dwellings were swamped with water as streets were flooded and in some homes, such as Joe Simpson's, heating systems were put out of commission when boilers filled with water.

After surveying the damage on Sunday, November 26, Joe decided that he had better make arrangements for some kind of temporary heat in his home and so called upon his elder son in the city. The son drove out to the island, bringing with him an ancient oil burner that had served in the Simpson seashore bungalow years before. Joe was grateful for the old relic and installed it in his home. In the meantime, he called the heating engineer to make repairs on the heating unit in his home. That poor fellow was busy beyond words, for the storm had taken its toll throughout the area. He was unable to reem-

ber Joe definitely when he could make his way to the Simpson residence.

So it was that Joe, recoiled to the smell of kerosene, lighted the ancient oil burner that Sunday evening and attempted to read the newspaper by the light of two candles, for the power lines were down and there was no electricity.

Giving up reading as a bad job, Joe dropped the newspaper to his lap and closed his eyes. Chief came over to lie at his feet between the chair and the old oil burner. The newspaper dropped from Joe's fingers as he fell into deep, sound slumber.

Joe Simpson awoke the barking dog, and then felt Chief tugging at his sleeve. The Dalmatian barked furiously as it released its grip on its master's shirt sleeve. Joe opened his eyes and saw the newspaper in flames on the floor. A ribbon of flame was climbing the curtains over the window. The old oil burner was lying on its side where it had been kicked over by Joe as he slept. The spilled kerosene was a puddle of flame on the carpeted floor.

Thoroughly awake in an instant, Joe Simpson resorted to the experience he had gained in a lifetime of fire-fighting. In a matter of minutes, he had brought the blaze under control singlehanded. Fortunately, the damage was slight enough and Joe suffered no burn—nor did Chief.

"It just shows you," Mr. Simpson will tell you today, "that a Dalmatian has all the instincts of fire-fighting that his ancestors had." He pets Chief's head as he speaks. "Now this dog had no idea of running out and leaving me to that fire. He said to me, 'Come on, old timer, wake up and put this fire out. Wake up, wake up!' And it's a good thing I woke when I did or we might have had third-degree burns and a third-degree fire...or worse."



FAMOUS OPERAS SIEGFRIED

by Richard Wagner

IN A dense forest, Mime, a mischievous gnome, works away at his anvil in an attempt to produce a sword so strong, that even the youth, Siegfried, could not break it.

Through Siegfried's strength and courage, Mime hopes to capture the Ring, now guarded by the giant Fafner, who is disguised as a dragon. Should Mime possess the Ring, great wealth and power would be his.

Mime has the fragments of the magical sword "Nothung" which belonged to Siegfried's father. Mime is sure that, if he could restore "Nothung," Siegfried could slay the dragon with it.

Siegfried interrupts Mime's day-dreams. Leading a bear by a rope, Siegfried comes bounding out of the forest frightening Mime into hiding. Siegfried releases the bear and the giant comes out.

Siegfried demands the sword Mime made for him. Siegfried breaks it easily. Angered, Siegfried states that he can't understand why he returns to the smithy when he actually despises him. The plotting Mime replies that he is Siegfried's father.

Siegfried is now furious and demands proof of his parentage. Siegfried is told that his mother was a fugitive who died during his birth. The fragments of "Nothung," which belonged to his father, are shown to him. Overwhelmed with happiness at his discovery, Siegfried orders Mime to forge the pieces into a sword.

The god Wotan appears, frightening Mime by sending a roll of thunder through the earth. Mime timidly asks him to go away, but Wotan disregards him. He orders Mime to ask three riddles. Wotan answers Mime's riddles readily and proposes three which Mime must answer or pay with his life. Mime cannot answer the third riddle: "Who will repair 'Nothung'?" The answer is, "He, who knows no fear, will repair 'Nothung'."

When Siegfried returns, Mime tells him that before receiving the sword,

he must know fear. Siegfried wields his sword, first, and begins to forge it himself. In the meantime, Mime prepares a poisonous brew which he will give to Siegfried after he slays the dragon.

The sword completed, Mime leads Siegfried to the dragon. Siegfried is not fearful, only angry at Mime. Mime leaves Siegfried and hides a little way off to watch the battle.

Siegfried mistakes the rustling of the forest by blowing his horn, thus awakening Fafner who appears at the entrance of his cave. A battle ensues and Siegfried slays Fafner.

Putting his hand to his mouth, Siegfried accidentally tastes a drop of the dragon's blood. This gives him the power to understand the birds. They warn him of Mime's intention to poison him. When Mime appears, Siegfried slays him.

The birds tell Siegfried about a lovely maiden who sleeps upon a mountain top completely surrounded by protecting flames. Siegfried excitedly asks the way. The birds lead him towards the mountain.

Suddenly, he meets Wotan and mistakes him for his father's enemy. Wotan blocks his path with his spear, but Siegfried pushes the spear aside with "Nothung" and continues on his way. He climbs the mountain and disappears through the flames in search of the maiden.

He finds, instead, a sleeping knight. Siegfried removes the knight's shield and some of his armour. Siegfried is startled. For there, before his eyes, is the beautiful maiden, Brunhilde. Siegfried kisses her, thus breaking the spell which Wotan had cast upon her. Brunhilde awakens.

Frightened, she starts to run away from him. However, her fear wanes as she looks upon the handsome mortal who has released her from sleep. The goddess in Brunhilde is finally overcome by love for this earthly hero. Brunhilde and Siegfried embrace, expressing deep love for each other.



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93	115	137	153	177	193	215	243
94	116	138	154	178	194	216	244
95	117	139	155	179	195	217	245
96	118	140	156	180	196	218	246
97	119	141	157	181	197	219	247
98	120	142	158	182	198	220	248
99	121	143	159	183	199	221	249
100	122	144	160	184	200	222	250

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____