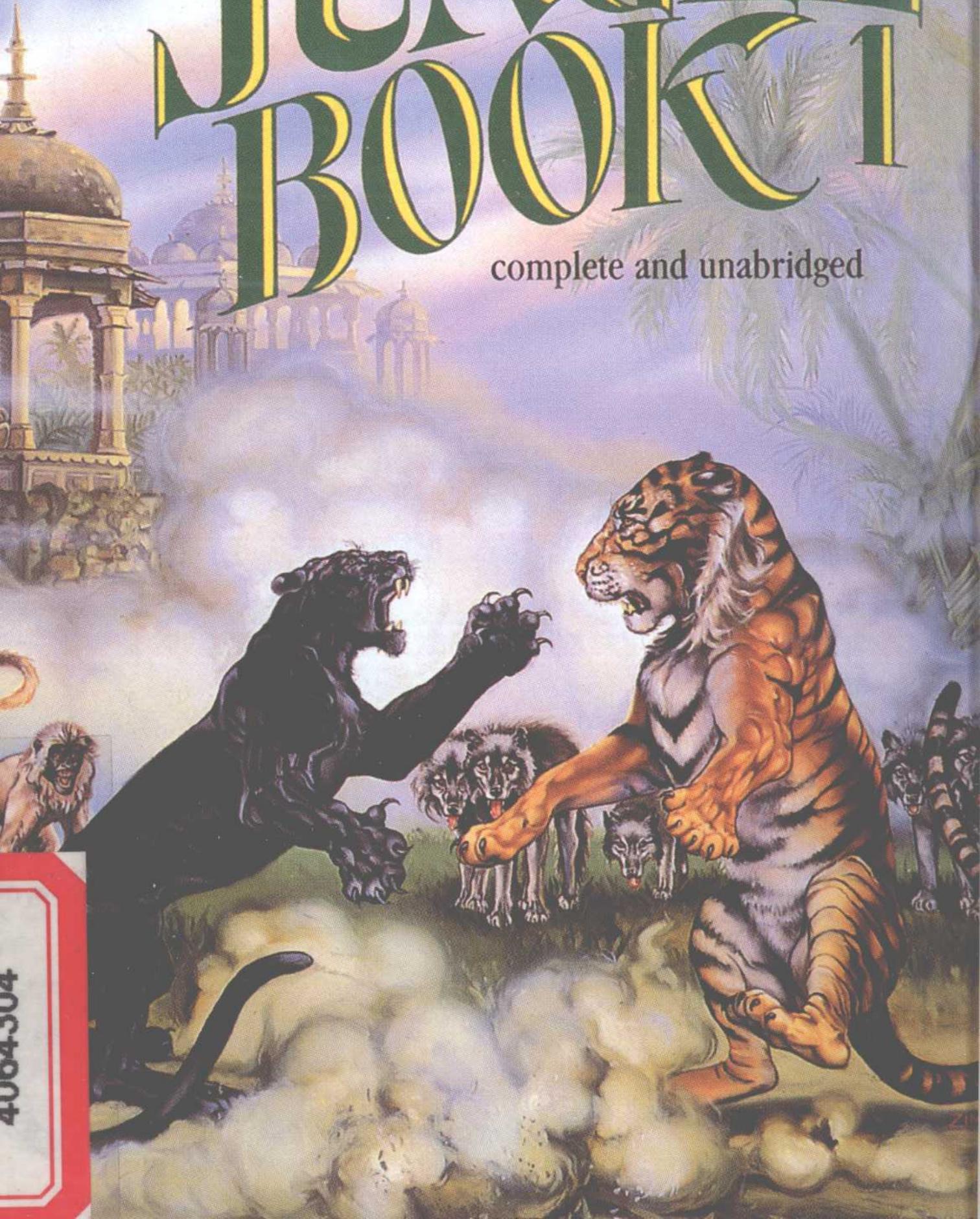


RUDYARD KIPLING

Man-cub, wolf-child, killer of killers
He hunts with the serpent, and runs with the panther

THE JUNGLE BOOK I

complete and unabridged



4064304

RUDYARD KIPLING

**THE JUNGLE
BOOK**



TOR®

A TOM DOHERTY ASSOCIATES BOOK
NEW YORK

NOTE: If you purchased this book without a cover you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to real people or events is purely coincidental.

THE JUNGLE BOOK

All new material in this edition is copyright © 1988 by Tom Doherty Associates, LLC.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form.

Cover art by Tricia Zimic

A Tor Book

Published by Tom Doherty Associates, LLC

175 Fifth Avenue

New York, NY 10010

www.tor.com

Tor® is a registered trademark of Tom Doherty Associates, LLC.

ISBN 0-812-50469-0

EAN 978-0812-50469-9

First Tor edition: February 1992

Printed in the United States of America

WAR AGAINST THE COBRA

Rikki-tikki saw the humans sat stone-still, and their faces were white. Nagaina was coiled near Teddy's bare leg; the cobra swayed to and fro singing a song of triumph.

"Son of the man that killed Nag," she hissed, "if you move I strike and if you do not move I strike."

Rikki cried: "Turn, Nagaina; turn and fight!"

"If you come a step nearer I strike," said she, without moving her eyes.

"Look at your egg." The mongoose put his paws one on each side of the egg, and his eyes were blood-red. "What price for a cobra's egg? For the last—the ants are eating all the others."

Naina spun clear round, forgetting everything. Teddy's father caught Teddy by the shoulder and dragged him out of the cobra's reach.

"Tricked! Tricked! Tricked! *Rikk-tck-tck!*" cried Rikki-tikki-tavi. "The boy is safe! And it was I-I-I that caught Nag by the hood last night. He was dead before the big man blew him in two. I did it! *Rikki-tikki-tck-tck!* Come, Nagaina. Come and fight with me! You shall not be a widow long!"

Rudyard Kipling's Life

(Joseph) Rudyard Kipling was a writer of exotic short stories, rollicking verse, and powerful novels. He is both one of the most beloved of British authors and one of the most vilified for the patronizing colonialistic attitudes in his work. Yet, as a critic wrote, he was also one of those writers who “give their heart’s best only when they give to a child.” It is as an author of children’s books—*The Jungle Books*, the *Just So Stories*, *Kim*, *Puck of Pook’s Hill*, *Captains Courageous*, and *Stalky & Co.* that Kipling will be remembered forever.

Kipling had the same kind of love-hate relationship towards his life. He lived a dual existence. Early on his life had been broken in two. His childhood in India had been a gentle pastoral that began with his birth in Bombay on December 30, 1865. That pastoral life lasted for six years. In India as a child of middle-class parents, he was pampered, waited upon by Indian servants and nannies, and spoiled.

Suddenly, when he was six years old, he and his younger sister were taken to England and left with a couple who advertised that they took care of children whose parents lived in India. Young Rudyard and his sister had not been warned that they were to stay behind when their parents returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling slipped away in secret. It would be five horrible years before the children would see their parents again.

The five years were brutal ones for Rudyard. He was ill-treated, alternately ignored and beaten by the new "family," and called a liar and a thief. He described those years later in a story called "Baa Baa, Black Sheep." To make it worse, he developed eye problems, very nearly going blind. Only during the holidays, when the two children were allowed to stay with a favorite aunt who was married to the pre-Raphaelite painter Sir Edward Burne-Jones were they once again happy. Then, holidays over, it was back again to the "House of Desolation," as Kipling later called it.

When Rudyard was twelve, he escaped by going to a new, though inferior, boarding school called the United Services College in Westward Ho!, Devon. He wrote about his experiences there in his wonderful schoolboy novel *Stalky & Co.* One of his friends remembered him at the time as "a smile with a small boy behind it," though life at Westward Ho! was hardly anything to smile at. Like many British schools of the period, there was a great deal of bullying, ragging, and flogging, all of it allowed by the masters.

This period of Kipling's life was also broken into two different worlds: the brutal school days of thirteen or fourteen weeks at a stretch with no weekends off, then off for pampering to the aunt's house for the holidays, where the walls were covered with pictures of the deli-

cate dream women in mythical settings the pre-Raphaelite painters were noted for.

Kipling left school before he was seventeen and went back to India. He lived with his parents for the first time since he had been sent away at six, and seemed happy. However, it is not surprising that the only good parents in his books are foster parents, given that at the core, he felt his real parents had deserted him.

In India Rudyard worked as a journalist for seven years and, though he loved India, he spoke with jealous longing of an English university education. He wrote many articles and stories which were published in the newspapers, and he began to make a reputation for himself as an author. Two collections of his stories and verse were published: the verse in *Departmental Ditties* and the stories in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

In 1889, he left India for England. His reputation as a writer had preceded him. Several of his stories were collected and published in England as *Soldiers Three* and *Wee Willie Winkie*. He was hailed as the new Dickens and his books became very popular. His literary life was well begun.

As a popular writer, Rudyard Kipling now had many opportunities for travel and entrée into society. He decided to see the world. He traveled across America, then sailed back to England, falling in and out of love several times in the process. He also wrote his first novel, *The Light that Failed*.

In England, Kipling met a man who would change his life, an American publishing firm agent Wolcott Balestier. The two decided to write a novel together, a romantic Indian adventure, that was a bad parody of good writing. Balestier had a sister Caroline with whom Kipling struck up a modest friendship. But when Balestier died sud-

denly from influenza, Kipling and Caroline (called Carrie) were married, almost furtively, eight days later in 1892. The marriage lasted the rest of their lives.

Right after their hasty wedding, Rudyard and Carrie Kipling left on a journey around the world, which ended up in her hometown near Brattleboro, Vermont. There, a year later, their first daughter was born, then a second. And there, too, *The Jungle Books* were written. Kipling hoped to live in Vermont forever, but he was not an easy neighbor. He was very British, very judgmental, and did not understand the American way of doing things. He had a serious quarrel with Carrie's brother about property, and took him to court over a murder threat. It made Kipling a laughingstock with his neighbors, and that was the one thing Kipling could not abide.

In 1896, desperately unhappy, Kipling packed up the family and fled back to England.

For three years they rambled around, holidaying in South Africa, looking for a permanent home. Then in early February 1899, they went back to America to deal with some business and to sell their Vermont home. There both Carrie and Rudyard fell desperately ill with pneumonia. At the same time, they learned that her brother was going to sue them for malicious persecution. Carrie managed to throw off her illness in order to deal with the legal action, but Rudyard nearly died. When at last he recovered, he learned that his beloved oldest daughter, Josephine, had succumbed to the pneumonia while he had been so ill himself. Brokenhearted, mourning their daughter's death, the Kiplings left for England. Rudyard Kipling never visited America again.

In England, they settled in Bateman's, a grey stone house in Sussex that had been built in 1634. It was home at last. The Kiplings were to live there the rest of their lives.

Throughout all this traveling and unhappiness, Kipling continued to write. His wife saw to all the daily tasks of life, even to the handling of the family's money. She acted as mother, nurse, banker, matron, servant—but she was neither Kipling's muse nor his confidante on literary matters. It was a relationship that puzzled their friends but seemed to please them.

Kipling's work was immensely popular; he was England's best known writer at the time, published on both sides of the Atlantic. When he had been sick in America, crowds had gathered outside his hotel to pray for him, and reporters had taken over the hotel lobby, waiting for news. But as popular as his work was with the public (and he won the Nobel prize for literature in 1907), his literary reputation among other writers was already on a decline. They criticized his plots, his characters, his prolific output, and his British "jingoism" or excessive patriotism. It was yet another double life for a man who had already lead many.

In 1915, his only son John, a member of the Irish Guards Regiment, fought in World War I. He was first reported missing, then presumed killed. His body was never found. It was a blow from which neither Rudyard nor Carrie Kipling ever fully recovered.

Until his death twenty-one years later, Kipling suffered greatly from the losses of his two children, and he suffered from a variety of illnesses, including an almost incapacitating and undiagnosed duodenal ulcer. But he never stopped writing. He was, as his Westward Ho! headmaster had said of him, "irretrievably committed to the inkpot."

Foreword

When Rudyard Kipling worked in India as a journalist, stories about wild or feral children appeared regularly in the newspapers. The great tracts of forest lands—the famous *sal* with its overlacing branches through which the sun only shone in intermittent patterns of light—were host to hundreds of magnificent birds and sleek animals. Much of the forest was impenetrable, though some small portions were settled by native tribes in dusty, hidden-away villages. Wild tales of ghosts, ghouls, and were-creatures were popular among the natives.

In fact, stories about feral children were still common as late as the 1920s when the newspapers around the world were filled with the story of the Midnapore, India, wolf girls, Amala and Kamala. They were a pair of supposed sisters who had been found by a missionary in a white ant mound along with a she-wolf and her litter of cubs. The children were filthy, malnourished, and made

animal sounds. They ate live lizards and rolled in the dust.

But tales of children nursed by animals were not limited to the Indian forests. In the *Stith Thompson Motif Index*, which lists the great themes of folklore, the animal nurse is motif B535 and one of the most popular worldwide. Among others listed are Romulus and Remus, the mythic founders of Rome, who were suckled by a she-wolf. And Iamus who was fed honey by two serpents. And Paris and Atalanta nourished by bears. Of course, we all agree that those were folk tales.

In the 1850s, right before Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, there was a rash of books and pamphlets about Indian feral children, culminating in the popular "A Journey to the Kingdom of Oude" by Major General Sir W.H. Sleeman, K.C.B. It was published in 1858 and was still available when Kipling was a grown man. It contained accounts of six so-called wolf children, two of whom General Sleeman said he had personally seen.

The concept of feral man had been first outlined scientifically way back in 1758 by the great naturalist Linnaeus in the tenth edition of his book *Systema Naturae*. He posited that feral man could be defined by three things. First, they were *tetrapus* or four-footed, that is to say they habitually went on hands and feet or hands and knees, standing upright with difficulty, aping the animals with whom they lived. Second, they were *mutus*, or mute, having no language except for animallike sounds—barks, growls, howls. Finally, they were *hirsutus*, or exceptionally hairy, which would be appropriate for anyone living outdoors in all kinds of weather without clothing.

Of course, the folklore differs from the scientific reality. In tales and myths and legends, the feral child is not Linnaeus's pitiful curiosity but rather a born hero—like Romulus, Remus, Iamus, Paris, and Atalanta. Not horri-

bly covered by hair and pathetically on all fours, but a hero standing tall and handsome beyond measure. Not mute, but rather speaking with the tongues of angels.

Rudyard Kipling may have read Sleeman's book. He certainly would have come upon the many newspaper accounts as a journalist himself. But he did not take his ideas about Mowgli, the child raised by wolves, with a bear and a panther and a great serpent as his godparents, from the realistic accounts of the damaged, dirty, howling, languageless Indian starvings found in termite mounds. Rather, Kipling's Mowgli is a feral child straight from the hero tales set down in the countryside he knew so well, the *sal* forest.

Mowgli speaks all the languages of the jungle, but he learns the languages of people with equal ease. And when Kipling describes him, we do not see a pathetic, crawling, scab-ridden child, but a handsome, bronzed god of the *sal*:

The second year after the great fight with Red Dog . . . Mowgli must have been nearly seventeen years old. He looked older, for hard exercise, the best of good eating, and baths whenever he felt in the least bit hot or dusty, had given him the strength and growth far beyond his age. He could swing by one hand from the top branch for half an hour at a time, when he had an occasion to look along the tree roads. He could stop a young buck in mid-gallop and throw him sideways by the head. He could even jerk over the big blue wild boars that lived in the marshes of the north. The jungle people who used to fear him for his wits feared him now for his mere strength, and when he moved quietly on his own affairs the whisper of his coming cleared the woods paths. And yet the look in his eyes was always gentle.

That is Kipling's feral child—part hero, part cowboy, part gentle giant, who indulged in clod baths and good food like a proper British schoolboy. Tarzan's immediate ancestor, for all that he was Indian at the core.

—JANE YOLEN

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 Presbyteres. Sahi, a savant of infinite research and industry, a member of the recently disbanded Seeonee 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, has 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 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.

Contents

RUDYARD KIPLING'S LIFE	vii
FOREWORD	xiii
PREFACE	xvii
MOWGLI'S BROTHERS	1
<i>Hunting-Song of the Seeonee Pack</i>	24
KAA'S HUNTING	25
<i>Road-Song of the Bandar-Log</i>	54
"‘TIGER-TIGER!’"	56
<i>Mowgli's Song</i>	76
THE WHITE SEAL	79
<i>Lukannon</i>	101
"‘RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI’"	103
<i>Darzee's Chant</i>	122
TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS	124
<i>Shiv and the Grasshopper</i>	146
SERVANTS OF THE QUEEN	148
<i>Parade-Song of the Camp-Animals</i>	167
AFTERWORD	171

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

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seonee 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 shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived.