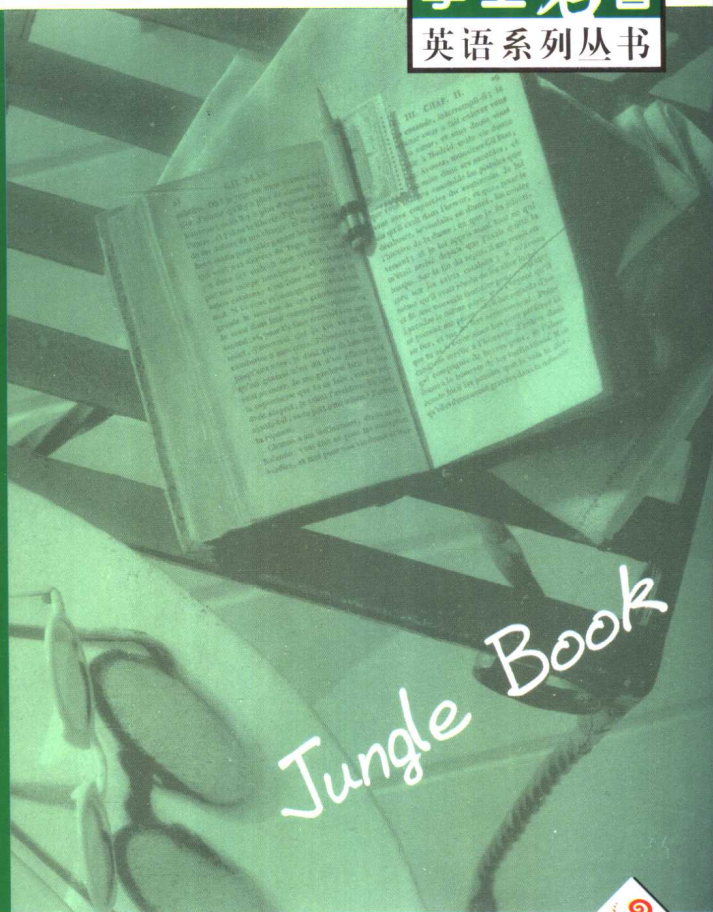


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丛林故事

Jungle Book

Rudyard Kipling

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藏书章

[英] 罗德亚德·吉林

苑 涛 杨恒达 樊一昕 丛书总策划

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前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划波浪线标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用**黑体加斜体**标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“读书笔记”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2004年3月



Brief comment and general introduction

简 评 与 梗 概

These vivid and dramatic stories of nature, and of the man-child adopted by jungle beasts, have become part of the basic treasure of English literature. Here are Mowgli, the wolf-boy, and his protector, the black panther, Bagheera, and his formidable enemy, Shere Khan, the lame tiger. Here is the gallant story of little Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose who took on Nag, the cobra, the scourge of the jungle; and here, too, are Toomai, the elephant boy, and the White Seal who had a vision. All these tales cast a unique spell, a magic that will stay with the reader throughout his life.



背 诵 部 分

1. 书名: Jungle Book

丛林故事

2. 作者: Rudyard Kipling

罗德亚德·吉卜林 (1865~1936)

3. Good Quotations: (好句子)

- (1) *Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him.*
- (2) *The Law of the Jungle lays down very clearly that any wolf may, when he marries, withdraw from the Pack he belongs to.*
- (3) *We are great. We are free. We are wonderful. We are the most wonderful people in all the jungle!*
- (4) *It was not for fun that he had learned while he was with the wolves to imitate the challenge of bucks in the jungle and the grunt of the little wild pig.*
- (5) *It was a very lively march on account of the new elephants, who gave trouble at every ford, and needed coaxing or beating every other minute.*



Chapter 1

Mowgli's Brothers

Now Rann 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^① 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 Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf. "It is time to hunt again." He was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves."

It was the jackal^②-Tabaqui. Tabaqui, more than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad. We call it hydrophobia^③, but they call it dewanee—the madness—and run. "Enter, then, and look," said Father

①[*'tælən*] *n.* 爪,魔爪

②[*'dʒækəʊ*] *n.* 豺,走狗

③[*'haɪdrəʊ'fəʊbjə*] *n.* 狂犬病,恐水病



读书笔记

Wolf stiffly, "but there is no food here."

"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?" said Tabaqui. 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. It pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable, 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."

"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 Wain-

[他的母亲管他叫“瘸腿”，不是没有缘故的。]



读书笔记

gunga 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.

"I go," said Tabaqui quietly. "You can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets."

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little river he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger.

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

"Hush. It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts tonight," said Mother Wolf. "It is Man."

"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. **Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him.** They say too—and it



读书笔记

is true—that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

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 woodcutter’s campfire, and has burned his feet,” said Father Wolf with a grunt. “Tabaqui is with him.”

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

Father Wolf dropped with his haunches^① under him, ready for his leap. “Man!” he snapped. “A man’s cub. Look!”

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf’s cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf’s face, and laughed.

“Is that a man’s cub?” said Mother Wolf. “I have never seen one. Bring it here.”

“How little! How naked, and—how bold!” said Mother Wolf softly. “Aha! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man’s cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man’s cub among her children?”

①[hɑ:ntʃ] n. 腰, 腰部, 臀部

[一个刚学会走路的小娃娃, 全身赤裸, 棕色皮肤, 握住一根低矮的枝条, 正站在他面前。从来还没有一个这么娇嫩而露出笑靥的小生命, 在这样的夜晚的时候来到狼窝。]



读书笔记

"I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack or in my time," said Father Wolf. "He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid."

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance.

"Shere Khan does us great honor," said Father Wolf.

"My quarry. A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

"The Wolves are a free people," said Father Wolf. "They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill if we choose."

"You choose and you do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!"

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf shook herself clear of the cubs and sprang forward, her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan. "And it is I, Raksha (The Demon), who answers. The man's cub is mine, Lungri—mine to me! He shall not be killed. Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed, back you go to your mother, burned beast of the jun-

[他们只听狼群头领的命令，
不听随便哪个身上带条纹的、
专宰杀牲口的家伙的话。]



读书笔记

gle, lamer than ever you came into the world! Go!”

Father Wolf looked on amazed. He had almost forgotten the days when he won Mother Wolf in fair fight from five other wolves, when she ran in the Pack and was not called The Demon for compliment's sake. Shere Khan might have faced Father Wolf, but he could not stand up against Mother Wolf, for he knew that where he was she had all the advantage of the ground, and would fight to the death. So he backed out of the cave mouth growling, and when he was clear he shouted:

“Each dog barks in his own yard! We will see what the Pack will say to this fostering of man-cubs. The cub is mine, and to my teeth he will come in the end, O bush-tailed thieves!”

Mother Wolf threw herself down panting among the cubs, and Father Wolf said to her gravely:

“Shere Khan speaks this much truth. The cub must be shown to the Pack. Will you still keep him, Mother?”

“Keep him! Assuredly I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O you Mowgli—for Mowgli the Frog I will call you—the time will come when you will hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted you.”

“But what will our Pack say?” said Father Wolf.

The Law of the Jungle lays down very clearly that any wolf may, when he marries, withdraw from the Pack he belongs to. But as soon as his cubs are old



读书笔记

enough to stand on their feet he must bring them to the Pack Council, which is generally held once a month at full moon, in order that the other wolves may identify them. After that inspection the cubs are free to run where they please, and until they have killed their first buck no excuse is accepted if a grown wolf of the Pack kills one of them. The punishment is death where the murderer can be found; and if you think for a minute you will see that this must be so.

Father Wolf waited till his cubs could run a little, and then on the night of the Pack Meeting took them and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock. Akela, the great gray Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock. Akela from his rock would cry: "You know the Law—you know the Law. Look well, O Wolves!" And the anxious mothers would take up the call: "Look-look well, O Wolves!"

At last—and Mother Wolf's neck bristles lifted as the time came—Father Wolf pushed "Mowgli the Frog" as they called him, into the center, where he sat laughing and playing with some pebbles^① that glistened in the moonlight.

A muffled roar came up from behind the rocks—the voice of Shere Khan crying: "The cub is mine. Give him to me. What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?" Akela never even twitched his ears. All he said was: "Look well, O Wolves! What have

[只要抓住凶手,就立即把他处死。你只要略加思索,就会明白这么做的道理。]

[仔细瞧瞧啊,狼群诸君!]

① ['pebl] n. 小圆石,小鹅卵石



the Free People to do with the orders of any save the Free People? Look well!"

There was a chorus of deep growls, and a young wolf in his fourth year flung back Shere Khan's question to Akela: "What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?" Now, the Law of the Jungle lays down that if there is any dispute as to the right of a cub to be accepted by the Pack, he must be spoken for by at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother.

"Who speaks for this cub?" said Akela. "Among the Free People who speaks?" There was no answer.

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council-Baloo grunted.

"The man's cub—the man's cub?" he said. "I speak for the man's cub. There is no harm in a man's cub. I have no gift of words, but I speak the truth. Let him run with the Pack, and be entered with the others. I myself will teach him."

"We need yet another," said Akela. "Baloo has spoken, and he is our teacher for the young cubs. Who speaks besides Baloo?"

A black shadow dropped down into the circle. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path; for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo^①, and as reckless as the wounded elephant.

"O Akela, and you the Free People," he purred,

①['bafələu] n. 水牛



读书笔记

"I have no right in your assembly, but the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt which is not a killing matter in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?"

"Good! Good!" said the young wolves, who are always hungry. "Listen to Bagheera. The cub can be bought for a price. It is the Law."

"Knowing that I have no right to speak here, I ask your leave."

"Speak then," cried twenty voices.

"To kill a naked cub is shame. Besides, he may make better sport for you when he is grown. Baloo has spoken in his behalf. Now to Baloo's word I will add one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here, if you will accept the man's cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?"

There was a clamor^① of scores of voices, saying: "What matter? He will die in the winter rains. He will scorch in the sun. What harm can a naked frog do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be accepted."

Mowgli was still deeply interested in the pebbles, and he did not notice when the wolves came and looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull, and only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli's own wolves were left. Shere Khan roared still in the night. "Ay, roar well," said

①[ˈklaɪmə] *n.* 喧闹, 叫嚷,
大声的要求



读书笔记

Bagheera, under his whiskers^①, “for the time will come when this naked thing will make you roar to another tune, or I know nothing of man.”

“It was well done,” said Akela. “Men and their cubs are very wise. He may be a help in time.”

“Truly, a help in time of need; for none can hope to lead the Pack forever,” said Bagheera. Akela said nothing. “Take him away,” he said to Father Wolf, “and train him as befits one of the Free People.”

And that is how Mowgli was entered into the Seeonee Wolf Pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo's good word. He grew up with the cubs, though they, of course, were grown wolves almost before he was a child. And Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle. When he was not learning, he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate and went to sleep again. When he felt dirty or hot, he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey, he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do. He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun. At other times he would pick the long thorns^② out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burs in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had

①[ˈwɪskə] n. 腮须, 胡须

[于是莫格里就这样凭着一头公牛的代价和巴卢的话被接纳进了西奥尼的狼群。]

②[θɔːn] n. [植]刺, 棘, 荆棘



读书笔记

a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop gate so cunningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him that it was a trap. He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day, and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli—with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life.

And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons.

Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a creature to be trusted, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan. But Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy.

Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle, for as Akela grew older and feebler the lame tiger had come to be great friends with the younger wolves of the Pack, who followed him for scraps, a thing Akela would never have allowed if he had dared to push his authority to the proper bounds.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew something of this, and once or twice he told Mowgli in so many words that Shere Khan would kill him some day. Mowgli would laugh and answer: "I