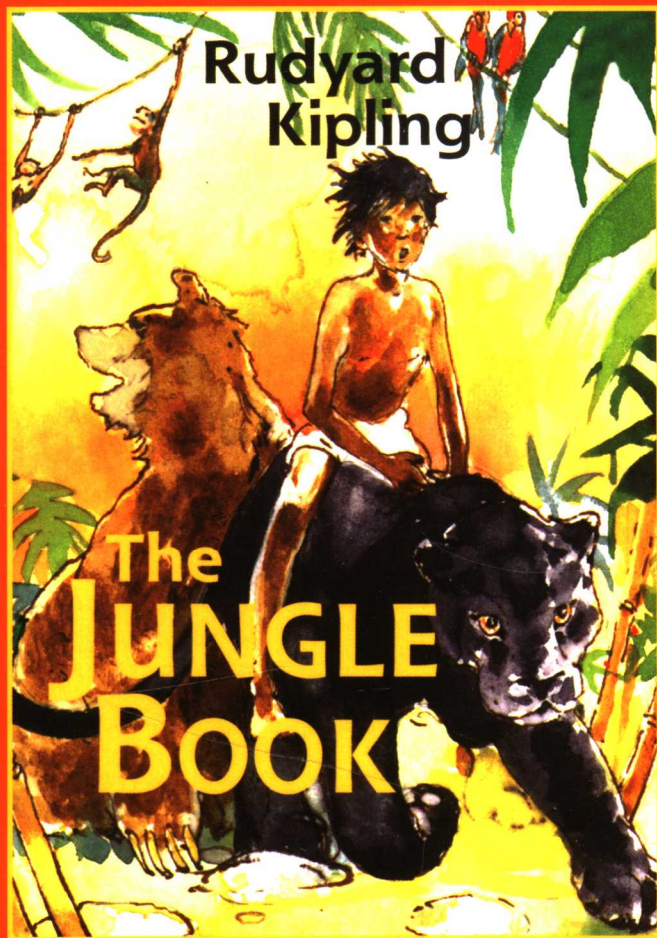




企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

森林王子



世界圖書出版公司



⑧ 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (初三学生)

The Jungle Book

森林王子

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大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

北京外国语大学英语系历来都十分重视简易读物的阅读。我们要求学生在一、二年级至少要阅读几十本经过改写的、适合自己水平的英语读物。教学实践证明，凡是大量阅读了简易读物的学生，基础一般都打得比较扎实，英语实践能力都比较强，过渡到阅读英文原著困难也都比较小。这是我们几十年来屡试不爽的一条经验。

为什么强调在阅读英文原著之前必须阅读大量的简易读物呢？原因之一是简易读物词汇量有控制，内容比较浅易，而原著一般来说词汇量大，内容比较艰深。在打基础阶段，学生的词汇量比较小，阅读原著会遇到许多困难。在这种情况下，要保证足够的阅读量只能要求学生阅读简易读物。其次，简易读物使用的是常用词汇、短语和语法结构，大量阅读这类读物可以反复接触这些基本词语和语法，有助于他们打好基础，培养他们的英语语感。第三，简易读物大部分是文学名著改写而成，尽管情节和人物都大为简化，但依旧保留了文学名著的部分精华，仍不失为优秀读物。大量阅读这些读物对于拓宽学生视野、提高他们的人文素养大有帮助。

在这里我们还可以援引美国教学法家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）的一个著名观点。他认为，学生吸收外语有一个前提，即语言材料只能稍稍高于他们的语言理解水平，如果提供的语言材料难度大大超过学生的水平，就会劳而无功。这是克拉申关于外语学习的一个总的看法，但我们不妨把这个道理运用到阅读上。若要阅读有成效，必须严格控制阅读材料的难易度。目前学生阅读的英语材料往往过于艰深，词汇量过大，学生花了很多时间，而阅读量却仍然很小，进展缓慢，其结果是扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，影响了他们的自信心。解决这个问题的关键是向学生提供适合他们水平的、词汇量有控制的、能够引起他们兴趣的英语读物。“企鹅英语简易读物精选”是专门为初、中级学习者编写的简易读物。这是一套充分考虑到学生的水平和需要，为他们设计的有梯度的读物，学生可以循序渐进，逐步提高阅读难度和扩大阅读量，从而提高自己的英语水平。

应该如何做才能取得最佳效果呢？首先，要选择难易度适当的读物。如果一页书上生词过多，读起来很吃力，进展十分缓慢，很可能选的材料太难了。不妨换一本容易些的。总的原则是宁易毋难。一般来说，学生选择的材料往往偏难，而不是过于浅易。其次，要尽可能读得快一些，不要一句一句地分析，更不要逐句翻译。读故事要尽快读进去，进入故事的情节，就像阅读中文小说一样。不必担心是否记住了新词语。阅读量大，阅读速度适当，就会自然而然地记住一些词语。这是自然吸收语言的过程。再次，阅读时可以做些笔记，但不必做太多的笔记；可以做一些配合阅读的练习，但不要在练习上花过多时间。主要任务还是阅读。好的读物不妨再读一遍，甚至再读两遍。你会发现再读第二遍时有一种如鱼得水的感觉。

青年朋友们，赶快开始你们的阅读之旅吧！它会把你带进一个奇妙的世界，在那里你们可以获得一种全新的感受，观察世界也会有有一种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

Introduction

It was a very young brown child – with big eyes and no clothes. He was not afraid. He looked up at Father Wolf and laughed.

‘Is that a man’s cub?’ said Mother Wolf. ‘Show me. Bring it here.’

And so a family of wolves take the little boy into their home. The child learns and plays with the other cubs. But can Mowgli really live in the jungle? Will the wolves want him in their Pack? And will the dangerous tiger Shere Khan catch him?

Rudyard Kipling, the writer of these stories, was born in Bombay in India in 1865. His father sent him to school in England, but he went back to India at the age of seventeen. He stayed there for seven years, and worked for English-language newspapers. At this time he began to write short stories. He also wrote longer stories – *Kim* (1901), about a British boy in India, is perhaps his best book.

The Jungle Book came out in 1894. Readers of all ages loved it then, and they love it now. They also love Kipling’s *Just So Stories* (1902). Kipling knew about animals, but in *Just So Stories* and in *The Jungle Book* the animals are really people. In *The Jungle Book* dangerous snakes say, ‘Take him away. He is too excited. He will hurt our babies. Take him away.’ Mothers are mothers – people or animals.

Rudyard Kipling’s life ended in 1936 in a beautiful old house in Sussex in England.

Animals in this Story



bear



bull



buffaloes

cow



cow

cattle



bull



frog



panther



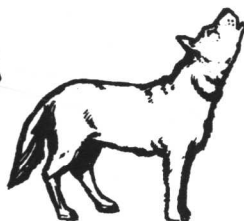
snake



monkey



tiger



wolf



cub

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Chapter 1 The Man-Cub

At seven o'clock on a hot evening in the Seeonee mountains, Father Wolf woke up in his cave. He looked at Mother Wolf and their four cubs in the moonlight.

'It's time to go hunting again,' said Father Wolf.

He was nearly ready when a little animal arrived at the cave.

'Good hunting, Great Wolf,' the little animal said. 'And I hope your fine children will have strong white teeth. I hope they will always remember other hungry animals.'

It was Tabaqui, the jungle dog. The wolves in India don't like Tabaqui. He makes trouble. He goes to the houses of men and looks for food. Father Wolf looked at the dog. Tabaqui wanted to make trouble now.

'Shere Khan is changing his hunting grounds,' Tabaqui said. 'He is going to hunt in these mountains.'

Shere Khan was a great tiger. He lived near the Waingunga River, thirty kilometres away.

'He can't do that!' Father Wolf said angrily. 'By the Law of the Jungle he can't change his hunting grounds. He has to tell us first. The animals will run away. And I - I have to kill for two of us, these days.'

'Shere Khan has one bad foot,' said Mother Wolf quietly. 'So they call him Lungri. He can't run very fast, so he kills the villagers' cows. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he will make *our* villagers angry. They will bring fire, and that will be dangerous for us and our children.'

'You can hear him now,' said Tabaqui.

Father Wolf listened. A long way below the cave, he heard the angry cry of a hungry tiger.

'Stupid!' said Father Wolf. 'Why is he making that noise

before he hunts? The animals here are different from the fat cows in Waingunga.'

'Quiet!' said Mother Wolf. 'He isn't hunting animals tonight. He's hunting Man.'

'Man!' said Father Wolf. 'Ugh! Can't he catch a frog?'

By the Law of the Jungle, no animal can kill and eat Man. When they do, men come quickly with guns. Then they make a great noise. That is bad for everybody in the jungle. But it is also wrong because Man can't fight well. And the animals say that man-eaters become ill. Then they lose their teeth.

Suddenly there was a cry from Shere Khan – but a strange sound for a tiger. Father Wolf ran out of the cave and listened. Shere Khan screamed again from somewhere in the jungle.

'Stupid tiger,' said Father Wolf. 'Of course you hurt your feet when you jump on a woodcutter's fire.'

'Something is coming up the mountain,' said Mother Wolf. 'Be ready.'

There was a sound near the cave. Father Wolf went down on his back legs. He was ready to jump, but stopped suddenly.

'Man!' he cried. 'A man's cub. Look!'

It was a very young brown child – with big eyes and no clothes. He was not afraid. He looked up at Father Wolf and laughed.

'Is that a man's cub?' said Mother Wolf. 'Show me. Bring it here.'

A wolf doesn't hurt his cubs when he carries them. Father Wolf took the child in his teeth and put him down with the wolf cubs.

'He's very small – and very brave,' said Mother Wolf quietly. The child pushed through the cubs to Mother Wolf. 'Aha! He is taking his milk with the other cubs.'

Then something moved across the light of the moon: it was Shere Khan. Tabagui, behind him, was excited: 'Sir, sir, it went in here!' he cried.

Father Wolf spoke quietly, but his eyes were angry.

'What do you want?' he asked Shere Khan.

'I want my food. A man-cub came here. I can see no father or mother. Give it to me.'

Shere Khan was very angry because his feet hurt. Father Wolf knew this. But the mouth of the cave was too small, and the tiger could not come in.

Father Wolf said: 'We Wolves follow the Leader of the Pack, and not a stupid tiger. The man-cub is ours.'

'Yours?' the tiger roared. 'What do you mean? I, Shere Khan, am speaking to you!'

Mother Wolf left the cubs and went to the tiger. 'And I, Raksha, am answering you!' she said. 'The man-cub is mine, Lungri - mine. Nobody will kill him. He will live. He will run with the Pack, and hunt with the Pack. And in the end, you hunter of little cubs - frog-eater - fish-killer, he will hunt you! Now go!'

Mother Wolf's other name was Raksha, the Dangerous One. Shere Khan moved back from the mouth of the cave. And when he was away from that dangerous place, he roared: 'We'll see. The Pack will listen to me. They will not want to look after man-cubs. The cub is mine, and I will have him between my teeth in the end!'

Mother Wolf went back to the cubs. Father Wolf said to her, 'Shere Khan is right about one thing. We will have to show the cub to the Pack. Do you want him to stay with us?'

'Stay with us?' she cried. 'He came with no clothes, at night and very hungry, but he was not afraid! He pushed my cubs out of his way. And big bad Lungri wanted to kill him, and run away to the Waingunga. Then the village men will come with guns and hunt us everywhere in these mountains. Stay with us? Of course he will stay with us. One day Mowgli - I'll call him Mowgli, the Frog - will hunt Shere Khan.'



'I will have him between my teeth in the end!'

‘But what will our Pack say?’ said Father Wolf.

The Law of the Jungle says: When cubs can stand on their feet, the father has to bring them in front of the Pack. The other wolves have to see them and know them. After that, the Pack will look after the cubs, and nobody can hurt them.



Father Wolf took his cubs and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the meeting place on the top of the mountain. The Leader of the Pack at that time was Akela, the great grey wolf. From his high place, Akela looked down at about forty wolves. The cubs played in the centre.

A father or mother pushed a cub into the open place below Akela. Then the Leader of the Pack called, ‘You know the Law. Look well, Wolves! Look well!’

The wolves looked at cub after cub. Sometimes one of the older wolves looked carefully at a cub, and then went quietly back to his place.

When it was time, Father Wolf pushed ‘Mowgli the Frog’ into the open place. The child sat there. He laughed and played happily.

Akela never moved his head. He called again, ‘Look well, Wolves! Look well!’

A loud noise came from behind the wolves – it was Shere Khan. He roared loudly, ‘The cub is mine. Give him to me. Why do you want a man’s cub?’

Akela did not move his ears. He said, ‘Look well, brave Wolves! Don’t listen to Shere Khan. Look well!’

Most of the wolves shut their ears to the tiger. But one young wolf said, ‘But why do we want a man’s cub?’

The Law of the Jungle says: When a wolf doesn’t want a new cub in the Pack, two other wolves have to speak for it. They cannot be its father and mother.

‘Who is going to speak for this cub?’ said Akela.

There was no answer, and Mother Wolf got ready for a fight.

One other animal, not a wolf, can speak at Pack meetings. Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, teaches the wolf-cubs the Law of the Jungle, and he can go everywhere. Old Baloo stood up on his back legs and spoke.

‘The man-cub?’ he said. ‘I will speak for the man-cub. A man-cub hurts nobody. Why can he not run with the Pack? I, Baloo, will teach him.’

‘Is there another speaker?’ asked Akela. ‘Baloo is the teacher of our young cubs. Will any other animal speak for the man-cub?’

Something moved. It was Bagheera, the Black Panther. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody wanted to fight with him. He was quicker than Tabagui, braver than other animals, and very dangerous. But he spoke as quietly as a summer night.

‘Akela and all you brave wolves,’ he said quietly, ‘you didn’t ask me to your meeting. But the Law of the Jungle says: “When the Pack does not want a cub, another animal can buy that cub.” Am I right?’

‘Right!’ said the young wolves. They were always hungry. ‘Listen to Bagheera. We can sell the cub. It is the Law. Speak, Bagheera.’

The Black Panther said, ‘There is a dead buffalo – a fat one – nearly a kilometre from here. I will give you that buffalo. But the cub has to live and run with the Pack.’

There was a lot of noise: ‘Why not? He will die in the cold months. Or he will die in the hot months. How can a funny frog hurt us? He can run with the Pack. Where is the buffalo, Bagheera?’

And then they heard Akela: ‘Look well, Wolves! Look well!’

Mowgli didn’t stop his game when the wolves looked at him. Then they all went down the mountain for the dead bull. Only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo and Mowgli’s wolves stayed at the top of the mountain. Shere Khan roared somewhere in the night. He was very angry about the man-cub.



*'I will give you that buffalo. But the cub has to live and run
with the Pack.'*

‘We did the right thing,’ said Akela. ‘Men and their cubs know a lot of things. Perhaps he will help us one day.’

‘Yes,’ said Bagheera, ‘because the Pack will not always have a good leader.’

‘Take him away,’ Akela said to Father Wolf. ‘Teach him to be a brave Wolf.’

So Mowgli became a cub in the Seeonee Wolf Pack.

Chapter 2 The Red Flower

In the next ten or eleven years, Mowgli had wonderful times with the wolves. He grew up with the cubs, and Father Wolf taught him well. He learned to live in the jungle. He understood every sound, every change in the wind, every note of a bird’s song, every jump of a little fish in the water.

At other times, Mowgli sat in the sun and slept. Then he ate, and slept again. When he was dirty or hot, he swam in the small jungle rivers. He climbed trees with Bagheera.

He took his place at Pack meetings. The wolves were afraid of him when he looked into their eyes. They turned away. But he helped them when they cut their feet in the jungle.

Sometimes Mowgli went down from the mountains at night. He watched the villagers in their little houses. But men were dangerous – he knew that. Sometimes Bagheera showed him hunters in the jungle.

He grew strong and brave. ‘Be careful of Shere Khan,’ Mother Wolf told him. ‘One day, you will have to kill him.’ But Mowgli didn’t remember that lesson, because he was only a boy, and not a young wolf.

Akela was now older and weaker, so Shere Khan was often near Mowgli in the jungle. The tiger wanted to make friends

with the younger wolves. They followed him because he sometimes left food for them. Akela didn't like it, but he was too old. He couldn't stop them.

Shere Khan said, 'Why do you fine young hunters stay in a Pack with a man-cub and an old wolf for a leader? They say that you can't look into the man-cub's eyes.' So the young wolves were angry and hated Mowgli.

Bagheera heard about this and spoke to Mowgli.

Mowgli laughed and said, 'But I have the Pack, and I have you. And Baloo will always fight for me. I am not afraid.'

'Open your eyes, Little Brother. Shere Khan is not dangerous to you in the jungle. But remember – Akela is old now. When he can't kill, he will not be the leader. And the older wolves are becoming weak. The young wolves listen to Shere Khan. They do not want a man-cub in the Pack.'

Mowgli said, 'I always follow the Law of the Jungle. And I help every wolf in the Pack. They are my brothers!'

'Brothers? They want to kill you.'

'But why? Why do they want to kill me?'

'Look at me,' said Bagheera. And Mowgli looked into his eyes. The big panther turned his head away. 'Because they have to turn away,' he said. 'They hate you because their eyes cannot meet yours. Because – yes – because you are a man.'

'I did not know that,' said Mowgli.

'You have to know that,' his friend said. 'Listen. When Akela cannot kill, the Pack will fight him. They will fight you too. First they will have a meeting on top of the mountain, and then – and then – Ah! I know the answer! You will have to go down to the village at the foot of the mountain, and find some Red Flower. Then, when the time comes, you will have a stronger friend than Baloo or me or the older wolves. Get the Red Flower.'

Bagheera meant fire. He called it the Red Flower because he

was afraid of it. Every animal was afraid of it.

‘The Red Flower?’ said Mowgli. ‘It lives outside their houses in little pots. I will get some.’

He went down to the little river at the foot of the mountain. And there he stopped, because he heard the sound of the Pack and a bigger animal. There was a hunt, his ears told him. He heard a fight. Then the young wolves cried: ‘Akela! Akela! You are strong! Kill him, Akela!’

Mowgli listened carefully. His ears told him everything. Akela went in without the Pack and fought the big animal. But Akela’s teeth were old and weak and he fell.

Mowgli didn’t wait. He went into the village and looked through a window. He saw a child there. The child had some fire in a pot and brought it outside. Mowgli took the fire pot from the child.



The next day, Mowgli learned about the fire pot.

In the evening, Tabaqui came. ‘You have to go to the top of the mountain,’ he said. But Mowgli laughed, and Tabaqui ran away, afraid.

But Mowgli did go to the top of the mountain.

Akela was not on the highest place; he was too weak.

‘Another wolf will now become the Leader of the Pack,’ Mowgli thought.

Shere Khan, with his young wolf friends, walked openly on the top of the mountain.

Mowgli sat down, with the fire pot between his legs, and Bagheera came to him.

Shere Khan began to speak. He was only brave because Akela was old and ill.

Mowgli jumped up. ‘Brave Wolves,’ he cried, ‘is Shere Khan