

**CONFLICTS FACED BY MOWGLI IN RUDYARD KIPLING'S *THE
JUNGLE BOOK* NOVEL USING ISLAMIC PERSPECTIVES**

THESIS

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ENGLISH LETTERS DEPARTMENT

FACULTY OF HUMANITIES

THE STATE ISLAMIC UNIVERSITY

MAULANA MALIK IBRAHIM MALANG

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THESIS

Presented to

The State Islamic University of Malang to fulfil the
requirement for Sarjana Sastra (S. S)

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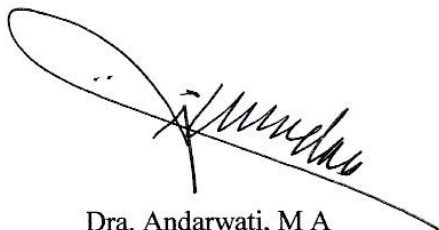
**ENGLISH LETTERS DEPARTMENT
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MAULANA MALIK IBRAHIM MALANG
2018**

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This is to certify that Faisal Dwi Nugraha's thesis entitled
*Conflicts Faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel Using
Islamic Perspectives*
has been approved by the thesis advisor for further
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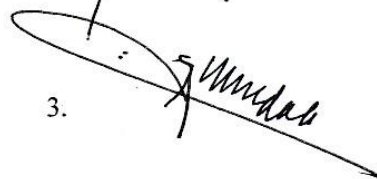
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I declare that the thesis I wrote entitled *Conflicts Faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel Using Islamic Perspectives* is true my original work and did not incorporate to any material previously written or published by another author or writer except those indicated in quotations, paraphrasing method and bibliography. Due to this fact, I am the only person responsible for the thesis if there is any objection or claim from others.

Malang, 01 June 2018



Faisal Dwi Nugraha

MOTTO

SADNESS AND HAPPINESS

HATE AND PATIENCE

CRY AND SMILE

IT IS THE PROCESS TO GET YOUR DREAMS



DEDICATION

I would dedicate this thesis for my beloved parents who never stop giving me support and always pray for me. Then for my incredible sister who is never bored to give me motivation to get the best future in my dreams.



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Alhamdulillah rabbi'l'alamiin, praise to be Allah the Lord of the world who has given ease of researcher in writing thesis entitled *Conflicts Faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel Using Islamic Perspectives* as the requirement for the degree of Sarjana Sastra (S.S). *Sholawat* and greetings do not forget the author express to Prophet Muhammad SAW, which has given us knowledge and bring the religion of Islam into a *Rohmatan lil-alamin* religion.

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Malang, 01 June 2018

The Author,

Faisal Dwi Nugraha

ABSTRACT

Nugraha, Faisal Dwi. 2018. *Conflicts Faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel Using Islamic Perspectives* Thesis. English Letters Department. Faculty of Humanities. The State Islamic University Maulana Malik Ibrahim Malang.

Advisor: Dra. Andarwati, M.A

Keywords: Conflict, Novel, Character

Conflict is a case that is common to everyone that is alive. There is no human being that has no conflict in his life. The definition of conflict is a case that is based on the human desire that is different from another desire. In the novel by Rudyard Kipling, there are conflicts that faced by Mowgli who is the main character in this novel. There are two kinds of conflicts; they are internal and external conflicts.

This research has to find (1) what kinds of conflicts faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* novel. (2) What are the effects of conflicts on Mowgli's life in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* novel? (3) what is the Islamic perspective of conflict faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* novel.

This research method uses literary criticism method exactly structuralism approaches and Islamic perspective on conflicts faced by Mowgli as the main character in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* novel.

The results of this study provide answers to the questions above (1) Researchers discovered what conflicts Mowgli faced in the novel *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling. The conflict includes two types; internal conflict and external conflict. Internal conflict is when Mowgli thought himself a wolf. External conflicts are when Mowgli vs Bandar-log, Mowgli vs Sheer Khan, and Mowgli vs. Buldeo. (2) The researcher found what effects were obtained from the conflicts Mowgli faced in his life. These effects are; Mowgli felt a sense of indecision when he was advised to leave the forest and go to a village inhabited by humans, kidnapping experienced by Bandar-log Mowgli and fighting his friends with a group of monkeys to save Mowgli, expelled Mowgli from the forest with the aim of studying lifestyle humans and to find ways for Mowgli to be able to defeat Sheer Khan, and spread the issue that Mowgli was a magician. (3) The researcher also discovered how Islamic perspective in responding to the conflicts Mowgli faced in the novel *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling. There are two points of division that can be used to resolve the conflict. Mowgli considers

Islamic perspective. (a) By way of thinking and observing the surrounding environment. Mowgli who was in *Tamyiz's* time was considered to have been able to think about and distinguish between good and bad events. (b) By negotiating. Islam teaches every human being to negotiate every problem they face. With the aim of finding a solution to every problem that exists.



ABSTRAK

Nugraha, Faisal Dwi. 2018. *Konflik-konflik Yang Dihadapi Mowgli Dalam Novel The Jungle Book Karya Rudyard Kipling Menggunakan Perspektif Islam*. Skripsi. Jurusan Sastra Inggris. Fakultas Humaniora. Universitas Islam Negeri Maulana Malik Ibrahim Malang.

Dosen Pembimbing: Dra. Andarwati, M.A

Kata Kunci: Konflik, Karakter, Novel

Konflik adalah hal yang biasa ditemui oleh setiap makhluk yang bernyawa. Tak ada satupun makhluk hidup yang tidak memiliki konflik dalam kehidupannya. Pengertian konflik sendiri adalah satu kejadian yang di landasai dari sebuah keinginan seseorang yang bertentangan atau berbeda dari keinginan orang lain. Dalam novel karya Rudyard Kipling, Mowgli sebagai tokoh utama memiliki banyak sekali konflik yang ia hadapi. Baik dari unsur konflik internal ataupun dari unsur konflik eksternal.

Penelitian ini berfokus untuk menemukan (1) Mengetahui konflik apa saja yang dihadapi Mowgli dalam novel *The Jungle Book* karya Rudyard Kipling. (2) Mengetahui dampak dari konflik yang di hadapi Mowgli di kehidupannya pada novel *The Jungle Book* karya Rudyard Kipling. (3) Bagaimana prespektif islam dalam konflik yang dihadapi Mowgli dalam novel *The Jungle Book* karya Rudyard Kipling.

Metode penelitian ini menggunakan metode kritik sastra dengan pendekatan strukturalisme dan perspektif Islam untuk meneliti konflik-konflik yang dihadapi oleh Mowgli sebagai tokoh utama dalam buku *The Jungle Book* karya Rudyard Kipling.

Hasil dari penelitian ini memberikan jawaban dari pertanyaan-pertanyaan diatas (1) Peneliti menemukan apa saja konflik yang dihadapi Mowgli dalam novel *The Jungle Book* karya Rudyard Kipling. Konflik itu meliputi dua macam; konflik internal dan konflik eksternal. Konflik internal adalah ketika Mowgli menganggap dirinya seekor serigala. Konflik eksternal adalah ketika Mowgli vs Bandar-log, Mowgli vs Sheer Khan, dan Mowgli vs Buldeo. (2) Peneliti menemukan efek apa saja yang didapat dari konflik yang dihadapi Mowgli dalam kehidupannya. Efek-efek itu adalah; rasa bimbang yang dirasakan Mowgli saat ia disarankan untuk meninggalkan hutan dan pergi menuju desa yang dihuni oleh manusia, penculikan yang dialami Mowgli oleh Bandar-log serta perkelahian teman-temannya dengan kelompok monyet untuk menyelamatkan Mowgli, terusirnya Mowgli dari hutan dengan tujuan untuk mempelajari pola hidup

manusia serta untuk mencari cara agar Mowgli mampu mengalahkan Sheer Khan, dan menyebarnya isu bahwa Mowgli adalah seorang penyihir. (3) Peneliti juga menemukan bagaimana prespektif islam dalam menanggapi konflik-konflik yang dihadapi Mowgli dalam novel *The Jungle Book* karya Rudyard Kipling. Terdapat dua point pembagian yang bisa digunakan untuk menyelesaikan konflik Mowgli menurut prespektif islam. (a) Dengan cara berfikir dan mengamati lingkungan sekitar. Mowgli yang berada dimasa tamyiz dianggap telah mampu untuk memikirkan dan membedakan baik dan buruk suatu kejadian. (b) Dengan cara bernegosiasi. Islam mengajarkan setiap manusia untuk melakukan neosiasi disetiap masalah yang mereka hadapi. Dengan tujuan agar menemukan solusi dari setiap permasalahan yang ada.



المخلص

نوغرو هو، فيصل دوي. ٢٠١٨. المنازعات التي يتحها موغلي في الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ باستخدام المنظور الإسلامي. البحث الجامعي. قسم الأدب الإنجليزي. كلية الإنسانية. الجامعة مولانا مالك إبراهيم الإسلامية الحكومية بمالانج. المشرف : الدكتورة أندراواتي الماجستير. الكلمة الرئيسية : شخصية، ونزاع، ورواية

النزاع هو الشيء الذي يقابله كل المخلوق لازماً. و ما كان المخلوق في هذه الدنيا الذي لم يملك المنازعات في حياته. أما معنى النزاع هو الحادثة التي يريد الشخص الواحد، لكن الشخص الآخر لم يرد بأن تحدث تلك الحادثة. وهذا معنى النزاع. لأن اختلاف المراد بين شخصين. و في الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ، أن موغلي شخصية أولى الذي يتجه كثرة المنازعات. إما المنازعات من جانب داخلها و المنازعات من جانب خارجها.

تؤسس هذه الدراسة تركز على العثور، عليها : (١) تعريف أي النزاع الذي يُتجه بموغلي في الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ. (٢) تعريف أثر النزاع الذي يُتجه بموغلي في حياته في تلك الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ. (3) ما هو منظور الإسلام في الصراع الذي يواجهه ماوكلي في رواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ.

تستخدم طريقة البحث هذه النقد الأدبي بنهج هيكلي ومنظور إسلامي لفحص الصراعات التي يواجهها ماوكلي باعتبارها الشخصية الرئيسية في الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ.

و نتائج هذه الدراسة توفر إجابات على الأسئلة أعلاه (١) اكتشف الباحث ما التعارضات التي واجهها ماوكلي في الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ. يشمل الصراع نوعين ؛ الصراع الداخلي والنزاع الخارجي. الصراع الداخلي هو عندما يلف موغلي نفسه بذنبه. الصراعات الخارجية هي عندما موغلي مقابل بندر سجل ، ماوكلي مقابل شير خان ، و موغلي ضد Buldeo. (٢) يجد الباحثون الآثار التي تم الحصول عليها من الصراع الذي واجهه موغلي في حياته. هذه الآثار هي ؛ شعر موغلي بشعور من التردد عندما نصح له بمغادرة الغابة والذهاب إلى قرية يقطنها البشر ، وخطفها بقلم بندر موغلي ومحاربة أصدقائه مع مجموعة من القروء لإنقاذ موغلي ، وطرده موغلي من الغابة بهدف دراسة أسلوب الحياة. البشر وإيجاد سبل لتكون قادرة على هزيمة شير خان ، ونشر القضية التي كان موغلي ساحر. (٣) اكتشف الباحث أيضا كيف أن المنظور الإسلامي في الاستجابة

للصراعات التي واجهها موهلي في الرواية *The Jungle Book* رواها روديارد كفلينغ. هناك نقطتان من التقسيم يمكن استخدامها لحل النزاع ، حيث يعتبر موهلي المنظور الإسلامي. (a) عن طريق التفكير ومراقبة البيئة المحيطة. واعتبر موهلي الذي كان في فترة تمايز أنه تمكن من التفكير والتمييز بين الأحداث الجيدة والسيئة. (b) عن طريق التفاوض. يعلم الإسلام كل إنسان أن يتفاوض على كل مشكلة يواجهها. بهدف إيجاد حل لكل مشكلة موجودة.



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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

1.1 Background of the Study

Humans are creatures created in the most perfect form. They are equipped by the sense that distinguishes them from other creatures, as explained in Qur'an, Surely we created man of the best stature (QS. At-Tin: 4). The perfection of the human mind makes humans able to determine their own way of life, namely personality. According to Koentjaraningrat (1986), personality is an arrangement of elements of mind and soul that determine one's behavior or actions.

Different personalities in humans have a huge impact in a life. Good and bad characters also determine a process within the community itself. According to Kartini Kartono and Dali Gulo (Sajarkawim, 2006) personality is the characteristic and typical behavior of someone who distinguishes it from other people. Basically humans are created by having a very diverse difference. Therefore, the diversity that is owned by humans also who often make disputes called conflict.

According to Max Weber (Beteille, 1970), conflict is created because of the individual selfishness of a group that seeks to make its goals more important than the other goals. Thus, the conflict is a social relationship that is interpreted as a desire to execute his will on the other side. So obviously if a conflict can trigger anger, quarrels, and hostilities.

Conflict is a natural thing in community life and there is no community have ever experienced conflict between its members or with other community groups. This conflict will disappear if the community also disappears. According to Myers (1993: 234) conflict can be understood based on two perspectives, traditional and contemporary. Traditionally, conflict is considered a bad thing that must be avoided. This view greatly avoids conflict because it is considered as a factor that causes a group or organization to break out. In fact, conflicts are often associated with anger, aggressiveness, and conflict both physically and in harsh words which in the end will lead to greater conflict (Hoda Lecey, 2003:17). Contemporary on conflict is based on the assumption that conflict is something that cannot be avoided as a logical consequence of human interaction. However, the problem is not how to reduce conflict, but how to deal with it appropriately so as not to damage interpersonal relationships and even damage organizational goals. According to Gibson (1996), conflict is considered a natural thing in the organization. Conflict is not a destructive thing, but must be used as a constructive thing to build the organization, for example how to improve organizational performance.

In Islam also has the same view of conflict. Although the name of Islam that have meaning of greetings. But that does not mean that Islam does not give meaning and view to the concept of conflict.

In disseminating ideals and values that are upheld by groups and individuals, religion greatly influences the goals of one's behaviour in conflict situations. Someone then sets the criteria or terms of reference to determine the

right and wrong of a (cause) event. Viewed from a religious perspective, conflict is not only interpreted as the destruction of horizontal relations among humans, but also as the destruction of the vertical relationship with the Divine.

In Islamic religion the meaning of conflict can be in a more friendly and peaceful form. In Islam conflict does not have to be understood as a destructive, counter-productive phenomenon, but can be a constructive and even productive symptom. Conflict is part of human nature that has been carried by humans from the time he was born.

According to Ruben Brent D and Lea P Stewart (2006) a process that a person or several people, groups, organizations, and communities create, and use information to connect with the environment and others. However, it is not always possible for everyone to express what they feel directly. Good to relatives, friends, family, or others who can help the problem. Finally, that they express the problem in other ways, namely by writing (nonverbal). By writing what is face by the author, it can make it a literary work. Some literary critics see literature as a product of human creativity in the form of written or oral works (Wallek and Warren, 1990:3).

According to Barstain (1965) conflict is controversy that cannot be prevented. Every conflict that human faced, has positive or negative impact. Depend on what and how people face it, because every people have different character. According to Bulgeski (167:311) every people is supposed to have a conflict in their life, because conflict will occur when we fail and cannot reach our

needs or our dreams. In a novel there are also many conflicts raised. Cause the reader is sometimes carried away feeling and imagination has the same conflict and solution. According to Woosley (2001:430) conflict is divided into two categories; Functional conflict (good) and Dysfunctional conflict (bad).

Such as in the case Mowgli on *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* novel in 1894. The stories of the young man that must life in the forest of India after the young man's father die. Mowgli was grown up with the Black Panther named Bagheera. At the moment when Bagheera find Mowgli, Bagheera think that if Mowgli want to save and grow up in this jungle, he needs someone to protect him. However, Bagheera think can not to protect and raise Mowgli alone. Finally, Bagheera trust and believe it into wolfs to protect and raise Mowgli. Akela is justice of the wolf member's leader that protects Mowgli in several years ago. Mowgli be received among forest dwellers (animals), but there is a big tiger that did not want Mowgli in the jungle, namely Sheer Khan.

Sheer Khan always had problems with a group that protects Mowgli. However, the pack of wolves has always tried to maintain because they already assume Mowgli. Therefore, Mowgli is a part of the family and their group. However, Sheer Khan did not want see Mowgli live in the jungle, more ever Sheer Khan want to Mowgli die. Sheer Khan threatens everyone who wants to protect Mowgli. "You want to protect him, fine. But ask yourselves, how many lives is a man-cub worth?" Sheer Khan said. With that question, Sheer Khan make the wolf's members afraid and it make new problem in the wolf's members. That

threatens that make Mowgli have to leave the jungle and the only one his family into the human.

After Mowgli left the wolf's members, the threats that Sheer Khan gave did not stop there. Sheer Khan came to meet the wolf group, and ultimately killed Akela to make Mowgli back to the jungle. In another side, it turns out Mowgli himself did not want to go back to its habitat, the human group. With the result, the peak of this conflict occurred when Mowgli knew what had happened to Akela. And force him to come back to the jungle with the intention of taking revenge against Sheer Khan after what he did to Akela.

From that description, there are too many conflicts in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel which can be investigated by researchers. Therefore, the researcher chooses that novel as the research object because is interesting to know what are the conflicts faced by the main character that are the conflicts often occurs in the real life. This novel has also been filmed and has been popular in 1967 played back in the producer by Disney in 2016.

1.2 Research Questions

Based on the explanation, the main problems will be analysed in this study are:

- 1) What are the conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel?
- 2) What are the effects of conflicts on Mowgli's life in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel?

- 3) How is Islam perspective in the conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*?

1.3 Objectives of the Study

In relation with the research question, the objective of the study would be:

- 1) to find out the kinds of conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*?
- 2) to find out the effects of conflicts on Mowgli's life in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*?
- 3) to know How is Islam perspective in the conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*?

1.4 Scope and Limitation

This research focuses on the analysis of Mowgli characters in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*. The scope that exists only aims to understand conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*. This research is able to provide an explanation of conflicts faced by Mowgli. In addition, this research only limited on conflict faced by Mowgli.

1.5 Significance of the Study

There are two kinds of significance by this research are theoretical and practical. Theoretically, this research is expected to give contributions on analysing the literary work by the conflicts and effects that have been faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*. In addition, by using an

Islamic perspective that hopes will be able to provide the different view in analysis the literary work. The most important are to apply some of literary theory and to understand the literary work.

Practically, this research is expected to give contribution to:

1. The readers, to understand conflicts have been faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel. By looking at conflicts contained in this novel and will be looking at from the Islamic perspective, it is expected to provide new experiences to the readers.
2. The other researchers, this research is expected to give other information and references in analysing conflicts and effects from the literary work. In addition, by using an Islamic perspective that hopes to provide new insights to other researchers. Especially for students of English Literature of Islamic State University Maulana Malik Ibrahim Malang who want to conduct the next research and in the same focus of analysing.

1.6 Research Method

There are four points in the research method; Research Design, Data Source, Data Collection, and Data Analysis.

1.6.1 Research Design

In this research, the researcher uses literary criticism method exactly structuralism approaches and Islamic perspective to deal with the data. It is a literary criticism related to discuss a literature, including the description, analyses,

and interpretation of a literary work that is *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel. The researcher looks at this novel by paying special attention to some aspects: theme, characters, plot, and setting to find the conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel.

This researcher uses structural approaches. Structural approach is an approach that is used to analyse a literary work by interpreting and focusing on the text alone, apart from the author and reader (Semi, 1989: 44). Structuralism is one of the structural approaches that used to analysing the literary work that emphasizes its study on the text. Therefore, this research's analysis is started from the text of literary work itself.

In addition, the meaning of perspective is a way of looking at a problem that occurs, or a certain point of view used in seeing a phenomenon (Martono: 2010). While the perspective used by researchers is an Islamic perspective. The purpose is providing new insights for future writers and researchers.

1.6.2 Data Source

The data sources used in the form *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel that was published by Publisher Century, New York in 1894. The researcher takes the data form phrase, sentences, conversations and dialog throughout the novel that relates to the conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel.

1.6.3 Data Collection

The data of this study is in the form of sentence which describes the story that on conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel. In data collection, the researcher process took by way of several steps: first, the researcher read *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel repeatedly to understanding on the whole story and aware of the conflicts faced by Mowgli. Second, the researcher chose and identifying the actions or conflicts that can be made of a data.

1.6.4 Data Analysis

After collecting all the data, the researcher comparing data to find conflicts that occur with Mowgli and reviewing the observations of the data that has been collected. The researcher reviewing, evaluated, and classified the data into social conflicts, physical conflicts, and psychological conflicts in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel. The last, the researcher makes conclusion based on the analysed the data.

1.7 Definition of Key Terms

To avoid misunderstanding in the terms used on this research, the researcher gives the definition of each term:

1. **Conflict:** conflicts are the problems happening to one character or more.

Usually, conflicts make problems to another characters or characters that have the problem itself. Social relations are referred to as conflicts if they

are deliberately intended to exercise the will of one against the other (Max Webber, 1968). Thus, the conflict is a social relationship that is interpreted as a desire to impose their will on the other side.

2. **Character:** characters are the actor that presented in dramatic or narrative work, which are by the reader as being endowed with moral and disposition qualities that are expressed in what they say the dialogue by what they do in action (Abram, 1981: 23).
3. **The Jungle Book:** *The Jungle Book* (1894) is a collection of stories by the English author Rudyard Kipling. Most of the characters are animals such as Shere Khan the tiger and Baloo the bear, though a principal character is the boy or "man-cub" Mowgli, who is raised in the jungle by wolves. The stories are set in a forest in India; one place mentioned repeatedly is "Seonee" (Seoni), in the central state of Madhya Pradesh.
4. **Islamic Prespective:** islamic prespective is a way of looking at a problem that occurs, or a certain point of view used in seeing something phenomenon using the basis of the Qur'an and Hadits (Ardianto and Q-Anees: 2007).

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF THE RELATED LITERATURE

This chapter discusses several items regarding with the analysis, such us; novel, character and characterization, definition of conflict, kinds of conflict, management of conflict, Islamic perspective in conflict, structuralism and preview studies.

2.1 Novel

Novel is one of literary works that is written with great amount of detail on every page. Novel has the characteristic of relying on characters, presenting more than one impression, presenting more than one effect, presenting more than one emotion (Tarigan, 1991: 164-165). Therefore, novel is one of literary work that have long written and it presents all complicating facts that need to be understand before we analysis one of aspect of novel.

According to Wellek & Warren (1993:140) elements of literary works can be classified into elements of form and content elements. The element of form is all the linguist elements used to pour the contents into fact elements of the story, the means of the story, the theme of literature, while the content is the ideas and emotions that poured into the literary work. It mean literary work that was derived from idea and was written with some language and have any content which are given any information to the reader imagine the story.

Koesnosoebroto states (1988:18-19) the novella or novelette is a work in between length, it contain 18,000 to 40,000 words, as the novelette is the longer than a short story, it can accommodate further development of character, and can have more incidents, scenes, or episodes, more settings and beside that can take place in a longer spent of time. But the full length novel may consists of over 100,000 words, contains a number of characters some of them are full developed, have more incidents, scene or episodes- have a number of settings, and may take place in along spent of time.

2.2 Character and Characterization

Characters are the actor that presented in dramatic or narrative work, which is by the reader as being endowed with moral and disposition qualities that are expressed in what they say the dialogue by what they do in action (Abram, 1981: 23).

In the literary work, character describes a person or something that becomes a conversation as well as an object to give a general understanding of who is carrying the incident. According to Maxwell, understanding the real character is much better than just a word. Moreover, character is the choice that can determine one's success rate. It mean some character need another subject that will be give the another information that describe the character itself, that is characterization, such as protagonist, antagonist, sidekick, the fools, emotion, and the other.

According to Kennedy (1991:96) the things that characters do and say are more obvious than are logic and meaning of the pattern in which they say and do them. Characters are showing at story or the player of that story. According to Kennedy (2992:98) whereas characterization is portraying of clear picture about someone who present in a story.

Every character has characterization to emphasize the riders about their personality. Characterization has a function to make a difference in one character with another character. It is direct characterization, which presents their appearance with direct characterization using italicized words. Indirect characterization, presents their appearance by the author describes. The way to look the characterization or character's thought is point of view (Kuehner, 1999: 97-99). According to Abrams (1999: 32), character is carrier the message of author. Because character is present the moral, intellectual, and emotional qualities.

Sayuti 2000 in Wiyatmi 2006:32 stated that there are two ways to show the characterization with direct method (telling and analytic), and indirect method (showing and dramatic), if the indirect method can be characterized with some ways; naming or given name the character, dialog, characterized of character thinking, steam of consciousness, drawing of character feeling, attitude of character, action of character, point of the character with other character, physical drawing, and setting drawing.

2.3 Conflict

There are two points of conflict that are; definition and kind of conflict.

2.3.1 Definition of Conflict

In the literary work, especially in a novel, the author wrote a novel must have a background or we called as conflict. A conflict appears because there was dissimilarity on the people's character. The dissimilarity of the character in a story was the one that makes the story more complete rather than without the conflict. The reality, the conflict faced by the character mostly same. Like social problems, family problems and among people itself.

There are a lot of famous who gave the definitions about conflict. According to Sigmund Freud, conflict is an opposition of two factors of struggle between contestants. The part of conflicts might be from ideas, wishes, impulses, and tendencies to respond direction, instincts, emotion, and even perception. It does not only happen in the conspicuous level, but also in the unconscious level. According to Webster (1996) conflict in original term is "contention, warfare, or buffetings-manifest as physic confrontational among some party. Furthermore, that meaning is developing become opponents for some idea (Pruit & Rubin, 2004: 9), conflict out from the differences reality of physic, emotion, cultural, need, interest, or behaviour pattern among person or groups in society.

In the literary work, conflict always exists in the literature of a literary work, whether in novel, drama, or poem. Every plot in the work of fiction always involves conflicts and the others that have power. The events that happen in a

story are caused by the conflicts. And they bring the events into a plot (Brahim, 1968: 70). Basically, a literary work always begins with an idea of the author who will be transformed into a form of kinds of literary works itself. When a literary work that must have begun from an author's idea, it has several factors that make the work there, one of the factors is a conflict that occurs either on the author's experience or the events that occur in society. Conflict is the dislike thing that happened and faced by the characters in a literary work (Nurgiyantoro, 1995:112). The conflict not should be avoided, because we can learn from the conflict to solve the conflict in the real life. Blugeski (1967: 311), the problems must be tried to solve by discussing our problems with others. In addition, the characterization is needed to discuss and find the way out of the conflict.

2.3.2 Kinds of Conflicts

According to Nurgiyantoro (1995: 124) conflict can be divided into two kinds of conflicts: internal and external conflicts.

1. Internal Conflicts

Internal conflict occurs between the main character and him or her. It occurs inside of thought, belief, and desire. The conflict can grow up the character whether it is constructive, destructive, or successful.

2. External Conflicts

External conflict occurs between the main character and another character, society, natural force, and including fate. There are three kinds of external conflict: man vs man, man vs society, and man vs nature.

1) Man vs Man

The character is leading the ideas against to other character's idea. For example: when Buldeo wants to take the skin of tiger from Mowgli and Buldeo try to make Mowgli afraid with the fighting.

2) Man vs Society

The character is leading the struggle toward the consequence in society. For example: when Mowgli wants to help someone that is the low-caste man in the village. The different idea from Mowgli and another people in the village about the caste, it makes the conflict Mowgli between societies.

3) Man vs Nature

The character is leading the struggle against the nature and fate. For example: when Mowgli that is the human child that was lived in the jungle, Mowgli have been protected from the wolves. In addition, the feeling unhappiness from Mowgli when he was life in the village with another human and make Mowgli to leave and back to the jungle, it's the natural conflict that faced by Mowgli.

2.4 Management of Conflict

According to Dean G. Pruitt and Jeffrey Z. Rubin (2011), several strategies faced conflict from the conflicting parties, namely: contending, yielding, problem solving, with drawing, and inaction.

1. Contending.

As a form of resolving conflicts experienced by parties in conflict, the contending step becomes a part that can resolve the existence of conflict. Contending is the resolution of conflict by competing or fighting to fight over what is a conflict, meaning that, differences that occur in parties in conflict have the opportunity to win or lose, this is a realistic concept that occurs in various aspects of social life. When the quarrel is over, it is certain that the conflict itself is resolved, only, in the concept of conflict resolution by contending it will lead to new conflicts that follow, in other words, to revenge and revenge in this strategy becomes the big conflict.

2. Yielding.

Differences in social societies become increasingly distinctive in life, the higher the consumptive value of society, the higher the existence of conflict. Succumbing is part of the solution to the strategies of the conflicting parties. This is the part that suggests, that yielding does not mean losing. That is, every act of yielding is to avoid the consequence of differences that continue to be debated in an issue. succumbing to an alternative solution to the existing conflict, even though the quality of the solution is of poor quality, because harmony from succumbing does not

depend on understanding, but only on the principle of not extending and widening the scope of the impact that will occur. Conceding is not only narrow, by not allowing opponents of conflict to do arbitrarily, but providing greater space for other parties to get their goals.

3. Problem Solving.

Every road must have its end, every desire must have its purpose, every destination must have its direction, and every direction there must be a clue, and every problem there must be a solution or solution. The problem solving problem provides an overview of the various problems faced is a part of life that cannot be separated in the lives of people who need each other with their respective goals in accordance with their hopes and desires. The concept of conflict provides learning for all humans to be fair, wise, mature, and behave in a manner, including in the case of conflicts experienced, solutions should be made wisely. In this case, problem solving strategies provide space to communicate between parties in conflict by looking for sources of problems faced together; of course this is needed by third parties in the negotiations. Then, find alternative solutions with various considerations with an explanation of the problems faced by looking at aspects of weaknesses and strengths in their solutions and accepting aspects of the solutions offered. Communication is the most important part in resolving conflicts with problem solving; good communication by third parties will have a positive impact on its

resolution, so that it can be accepted by all parties with a resolution in quality and proportionality.

4. With Drawing.

Conflicts occur because of disagreements between individuals or groups that result in psychological or physical clashes with various patterns.

Withdrawing is part of the solution to solving existing conflicts by avoiding the existence of conflicts from existing situations, meaning leaving the existence of conflicts that occur so that there is no greater conflict. This principle is carried out to give a lesson by ignoring the existence of a conflict against an individual which results in the existence of the conflict, so that the indicator of conflict is ignored by going from its existence, by itself the individual who makes the conflict will automatically realize that the individual is ignored.

5. Inaction.

Not doing anything in a conflict situation might be better to avoid more fatal sources of conflict. Problem solving is the most important part of conflict resolution strategies in the silent realm of conflict. Silent part is usually done by individuals or groups in solving a conflict that exists, with silence, then there are other factors that influence a conflict to be resolved, when individuals in conflict are silent, then a problem solving strategy emerges by giving concrete views about the problems faced to be solved together with a clear mind and good communication, so that there is an

expected achievement with the same and consistency of a desire not to cause a balance sheet in the future.

2.5 Islamic Perspective of Conflicts

According to Johan Galtung, Islam as a religion always teaches goodness for its people, but on the other hand Islam also mentions that there is evil that must be recognized in life. The evils that often occur and appear in this life are explained in the teachings of Islam in the book, the Koran. Stories such as the feud between Abel and Qobil fighting each other, Noah with his people, Prophet Ibrahim with Abraha, Moses with Fir'awn, as well as between Muslims and Quraysh who fought and insulted during the first coming of Islam, this reflects that humans live in this world are not always in good condition but badness always surrounds them. The Koran also provides information that humans were created before the conditions for conflict.

And when thy Lord said unto the angels: Lo! I am about to place a viceroy in the earth, they said: Wilt thou place therein one who will do harm therein and will shed blood, while we, we hymn Thy praise and sanctify Thee? He said: Surely I know that which ye know not. (QS. Al-Baqarah:30)

This verse shows that the destructive, evil and bloodshed culture described in the Koran revealed a warning that humans are creatures that are full of conflict.

According to Zenrif.M.F (2006:50-51), Islam (Al-Quran) informs people systematically, that conflicts or disputes, exist and become provisions in their lives. Humans are portrayed in the Koran as always fighting, personal, family and

social disputes. Al-Quran describes social conflict in two forms, namely potential forms and actual forms. Conflict in the potential form is mentioned by the Koran by using the word hostility, while the actual conflict is described using the word disputes or quarrels and murder.

Although the name of Islam that has meaning of greetings, but that does not mean that Islam does not give meaning and view to the concept of conflict. In Islamic religion the meaning of conflict can be in a more friendly and peaceful form. In Islam conflict does not have to be understood as a destructive, counter-productive phenomenon, but can be a constructive and even productive symptom. Conflict is part of human nature that has been carried by humans from the time he was born. The existence of conflict as an innate element is very important in human life. Life cannot go well without conflict. Humans who have diverse demands and desires and humans will always try to fulfil those desires. But to be able to get it, they will compete to get that desire. From here, the existence of conflict will teach humans to be able to think more advanced to get their desires that will be beneficial to their lives. Therefore, God provides moral values to every creature in its own interests. While conflict is still needed by humans, they are also provided by God with the ability to conflict, physically, spiritually and intellectually, as well as the ability to find solutions. As explained in the word of God which means; "If God did not reject (malignancy) some people with some others, this earth must be broken."

Thus, what needs to be considered is the wisdom behind the conflict. In Islam, conflict is not an objective but rather as a means to combine various things

that are conflicting to free human life from individual interests and from ugliness, so as not to allow those differences to be the cause of hostility. Therefore, actually humans come from the same origin. As explained in (QS. *An Nisaa*:1) which reads:

O mankind! Be careful of your duty to your Lord Who created you from a single soul and from it created its mate and from them twain hath spread abroad a multitude of men and women. Be careful of your duty toward Allah in whom ye claim (your rights) of one another, and toward the wombs (that bare you). Lo! Allah hath been a watcher over you. (QS. An Nisaa:1)

From the above verse it can be concluded that actually humans come from the same origin. From the above verse, Islam teaches the importance of tolerance to respect for the differences that humans have physical series, cultural thinking and others so as not to trigger conflict and result in hostility and hostility. Conflict is indeed very necessary in human life. However, do not get dissolved in conflicts that eventually become a prolonged conflict that has no solution that will actually damage relations between humans and will harm humans themselves.

An-Nisaa 'above is the determination of the value of brotherhood which is intended as a guide to relations between human groups called the Qur'an above. This value must be the basis of the problem of multiculturalism, multi-religion, multilingualism, multi-nationality and pluralism in general, because the Qur'an considers differences in race, ethnicity, culture and religion as natural problems (God's provisions). That is, the differences should not be used as a measure of

glory and dignity, but the best human size is the devotion and social piety that it does. This is what the word of God means in *Al-Hujurat*: 13 as follows:

O mankind! Lo! We have created you male and female, and have made you nations and tribes that ye may know one another. Lo! The noblest of you, in the sight of Allah, is the best in conduct. Lo! Allah is Knower, Aware. (QS. Al-Hujurat: 13)

2.6 Structuralism

Structuralism is an approach in academic that explore the relationship between fundamental elements of some kind, upon which higher mental, linguistic, social, and cultural. Structure are built, though which then meaning is produced within particular reason, system, or culture. Is structural, Jean Peageat (Hawaks, 1978: 16; Teeuw, 1984:1441) is Sowondo's book's give explanation that in the meaning of structure included of three of ideas, first the wholeness of intrinsic elements that to decide the wholeness structural or part of other side. Second transformation ideas (transformation) is structure that to enable the transformation procedure continue to produce a new material, the last self-regulation is not needed in out started (1965: 11-36) the elements of structure literary works such as the elements can built of structure that included theme, real story itself that included plot, character, setting, and properties of literary works included point of view, style, and atmosphere, symbols, imaginations, and chooses of title.

Structuralism is a way of thinking about the world which is predominantly concerned with the perception and description of structures (Hawkes: 17). The purpose structuralism approach is to deconstruction and explains, clearly, details, deep that the relation with all elements and aspects of literary work that together to result whole meaning (Teeuw, 1984 in Wiyatmi). Point of view structuralism is to respond literary work use objective must be based on texts literary work itself.

According with name of structuralism approach look and understanding literary work from part structuralism literary work itself. Literary work looks as some that autonomy, independent, free of the author, reality, or form the reader (Wiyatmi in Teeuw, 1984). In literary theory structuralism is an approach to analysing the narrative material by examining the underlying invariant structure, structuralism is in explicit opposition to mimetic (the view that literature is primarily an imitation of reality), to expressive criticism (the view that literary primarily an imitation of reality), to expressive criticism (the view that literary primarily expresses the feeling or temperament or creative imagination of its author. Jean Peaget (Veuger, 1983:127) also give statement that the structure is some of system transformation that have characteristic wholeness, and rule of the authority itself because rule of transformation inference from the out of the elements.

Structure is the principle of construction and the object of analysis, to be understood by its intimate reference to the concept of system and value as defined is semiotic. In fact structuralism understands of philosophy that see world as realities structure, Junus (1990:1) in Endaswara book's stated that structuralism

often understand as a shaped, literary work is shaped. Because of structuralism often called the only modern formalism.

This approach limits to analyse literary works itself, a part from the readers and the authors. In this case the critics view the literary work as roundness of meaning, due to the fuse of content with the usage of language as device. In other word this approach view and analyse literary work from intrinsic elements which build a literary work such as; theme, characters, setting, plot, and style tone. A harmonic fusing between form and contents is strong possibility to create a good literary works (Atar semi 1989:45).

Endarswara also stated that (2004:51) structuralism pressuring is views of literary work as the texts can stand alone. Researches that do objective are the pressuring is views of literary work as the tax scan stand alone. Research that do objective is the pressuring on intrinsic elements of literary work itself. Smith (Aminuddin, 1990:62) give expression that research internal structuralism literary work is the ontological structure of the work of art.

2.7 Previous Studies

Rohmah Indri Habsari's thesis entitled *An Analysis on Conflicts Faced by The Main Character Pip in Charles Dickens' Great Expectations (2008)*. It is about the main character Pip who faces two conflicts that are external and internal conflicts; the external conflict included physical and psychological conflict that is a struggle between a character and an outside force, and may face several types of

outside force like character with community and nature that faced Pip in his life. The internal conflict Pip's life so make Pip realize that all of his want not always appropriate what his want in the real life.

Ahmad Syaufian Muttaqi's thesis entitled *Analysis of Conflicts Faced by Two Characters the Virgin Suicide's Jeffery Eugenides (2016)*, explain about the conflicts faced by the Lisbon girls. The conflicts that were faced by the character are about a conflict of love, sadness, and internal family's conflict from the Lisbon girls who ultimately chose the path to suicide, in order to gain freedom. In their life, the parents' policy does not give the movement, lack of concern, and also lack of affection. Therefore, the characters in the novel who believe in suicide are a way out of their problems.

Herin Uhailiyatul Jannah's thesis entitled *The Influence of Conflict to Jean Valjean's Character Development in Victor Hugo's Les Miserable (2008)*. It is about the character that explain about the process of grows by the character. In addition, on his process, he faced the conflicts are Psychological, Social, and Psychical Conflict. The conflicts that influenced Jean Valjean's character are: psychical conflict influence Jean Valjean from kind become desperate and never smile. And the psychological conflicts makes Jean Valjean become person who bears a grudge but it is also change his attitude and grow to the good side.

Vega Lorifa Vazza's thesis entitled *The Conflicts Experienced by The Main Character in Jhon Shors's Beneath A Marble Sky: A Novel of The Taj Mahal (2014)*. It explains about the main character Princess Jahanara experienced

the internal conflict with her and external conflict with society, nature, and man. The conflict occurs because Princess Jahanara has personal difference and clashes of interest with other characters, such as her mother, Khondamair, Prince Dara, Shah Jahan, Prince Aurangzeb, and Ustad Isa. The finding from this research is Princess Jahanara as the main character in *Jhon Shors's Beneath A Marble Sky: A Novel of The Taj Mahal* solve the internal and external conflict by aggression or force (Shark) and Apathetic or withdrawal (Turtle).

Based on the explanation of previous studies above, there are three different points in this study. First, this research has different objects, namely conflicts faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* Novel. Second, this research only focuses on the kinds of conflicts and effects that result from conflicts faced by Mowgli. Third, besides using the literary criticism method, exactly structuralism approaches, it also uses the Islamic perspective to find a different perspective.

In addition, previous studies above also contributed to this research. First, it helps to understanding how to analysis conflicts faced by characters in a literary work. Second, it also carried out the same research in the internal and external conflicts.

CHAPTER III

FINDING AND DISCUSSION

This Chapter discusses the conflicts faced by Mowgli and the effects in Mowgli's life. Both the internal and external conflicts faced by Mowgli and the effects of the conflict.

3.1 Kinds of Conflict Under Same by Mowgli

The conflicts usually occur to characters in a story. Basically, conflict usually has a very important purpose in giving different impressions and messages in a story. Finally, that conflict will give a positive or negative impact on readers. Conflicts are divided into two parts that are: internal conflict and external conflict.

3.1.1 Internal Conflict

Internal conflicts occur because there are differences in the character with character itself, such as differences in ideas, opinions, desires of individuals and others. However, in real events sometimes internal conflicts can affect the occurrence of new problems against other people or beings around him. Therefore, some causes of external conflict are because of the internal conflicts that experienced by the main characters. Although, did not rule out the main character is actually involved in the conflict due to internal conflicts from other characters.

Internally the conflict faced by Mowgli was that he felt that he was a young wolf born and raised in the forest. Life since he was left by his parents and raised by a group of wolves made Mowgli forget that he was just a young human child. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

But though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy—though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak in any human tongue. (TJB p.13)

For 10 years living in the forest made Mowgli not want to leave the forest. Mowgli feels comfortable with friends who usually accompany and protect him while living in the forest. Mowgli also felt he had been able to live in the forest by having all the knowledge about this forest. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“And what is a man that he should not run with his brothers?” said Mowgli. “I was born in the jungle. I have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is no wolf of ours from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!” (TJB p.14)

From the explanation above, it is clear that the internal conflict faced by Mowgli has had an effect on his life. By feeling that he was a wolf, Mowgli felt no need to leave the forest and seemed to undermine the threat of Sheer Khan who wanted to kill him. It was proven by the answer to Bagheera that Mowgli had friends who were able to protect him. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

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 have the Pack and I have thee; and Baloo, though he is so lazy, might strike a blow or two for my sake. Why should I be afraid?" (TJB p.13)

Mowgli's anxiety arose when Bagheera said that Akela was very old. And there were many wolves who wanted to take Akela's power as group leader. That way there are so many things Mowgli has to worry about. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

. . . But remember, Akela is very old, and soon the day comes when he cannot kill his buck, and then he will be leader no more. Many of the wolves that looked thee over when thou wast brought to the Council first are old too, and the young wolves believe, as Shere Khan has taught them, that a man-cub has no place with the Pack. In a little time thou wilt be a man." (TJB p.14)

3.1.2 External Conflict

Usually the reason why external conflicts occurred is the differences that were have by the character's mind-set. In addition, external conflict can be caused the conflicts on Bandar-log, Sheer Khan, and Buldeo.

3.1.2.1 Conflict Between Mowgli and Bandar-log

Bandar-log is the name for a group of monkeys in the jungle where Mowgli lives. They live in a piece of the jungle that is very remote. It is caused; they have been expelled from other the jungle people. In addition, this group of monkeys is a group that has never had a good bonding with the jangle people that around them because they have not the law that can manage them in the jungle.

The monkeys group always make damage and they often kill other animals that are injured as a form of the joke. Therefore, all of the jungle people disregard them and finally they are excluded by the jungle people. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

"Thou hast been with the Monkey People—the gray apes—the people without a law—the eaters of everything. That is great shame."(TJB p.26)

Knowing Mowgli has been associated with the monkey's group, Baloo and Bagheera as Mowgli's teachers in understanding the law of the jungle was angry. Baloo and Bagheera feel Mowgli should not be friends and play with the monkey's group. Therefore, the monkey's group is a group that has no rules. They do it because they want to play it. They also never do the good things; they always lie and want to disturb the other of the jungle people. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

"Listen, man-cub," said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. "I have taught thee all the Law of the Jungle for all the peoples of the jungle—except the Monkey Folk who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen, and peep, and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. . . .(TJB p.27)

After Mowgli understood why Baloo and Bagheera did not want Mowgli be a friends and play with the monkey's group, Mowgli stopped playing and decided to ignore the monkey's group anymore. But the effect of Mowgli's sudden stopping not to play and befriending monkey's group again made him kidnapped

and taken to Cold Lairs, the hideout of the monkey's group. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the treetops, twenty feet at a bound. Had they been alone they could have gone twice as fast, but the boy's weight held them back. . . (TJB p.29)

The effect of the Mowgli and Bandar-log conflicts did not stop when Mowgli was kidnapped. The effect was also felt by Mowgli's friends who tried to save him from Bandar-log. Regret was felt by Mowgli who had never heard the words of Baloo and Bagheera about Bandar-log. Therefore, the impact of Mowgli's capture by the ape group, Bagheera and Baloo get wounded when they fight with the monkeys to save Mowgli. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

"Mowgli," said Bagheera angrily, "his nose was sore on thy account, as my ears and sides and paws, and Baloo's neck and shoulders are bitten on thy account. Neither Baloo nor Bagheera will be able to hunt with pleasure for many days." "It is nothing," said Baloo; "we have the man-cub again." "True, but he has cost us heavily in time which might have been spent in good hunting, in wounds, in hair—I am half plucked along my back—and last of all, in honor. For, remember, Mowgli, I, who am the Black Panther, was forced to call upon Kaa for protection, and Baloo and I were both made stupid as little birds by the Hunger Dance. All this, man-cub, came of thy playing with the Bandar-log." "True, it is true," said Mowgli sorrowfully. "I am an evil mancub, and my stomach is sad in me."(TJB p.44-45)

3.1.2.2 Conflict Between Mowgli And Sheer Khan

The conflict between Mowgli and Sheer had happened since when Mowgli was a baby and did not understand anything. The conflict between Mowgli and Sheer Khan is due to the old grudges that make Sheer Khan hate the presence of human beings who enter into his territory (jungle).

The incident that led to Sheer Khan's grudge to human began when there was a group of people who were doing the trip that was very tired and make the group of human was resting in a cave. After a while, a big tiger went into the cave, the tiger is Sheer Khan. It makes people panic in it. Fights and quarrels between humans and tigers also occur and Sheer Khan killed the man. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

*. . . "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. . . TJB p.6)*

Starting from the incident Sheer Khan hates the existence of humans who enter in his territory. Knowing the existence of a free Mowgli in the woods and having a protector guarding him to live and thrive in the forest leaves Sheer Khan furious. Sheer Khan is trying to seize and kill Mowgli from the wolf group that guards and protects Mowgli. Until a threat of Sheer Khan was able to make some of these wolves frightened and began to debate the existence of Mowgli in the group of wolves. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“Ye choose and ye 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”. (TJB p.8)

Sheer Khan always failed to take Mowgli from Akela. In addition to Akela, who always supervised Sheer Khan's movements against Mowgli, Akela also ask to Baloo and Bagheera to teach Mowgli the knowledge and jungle law that was need to understanding by Mowgli. It also became one of the causes of Sheer Khan unable to kill Mowgli quickly. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council—Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle: old Baloo, who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey . . .

. . . 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. It was Bagheera the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk . . . (TJB p.10-11)

In the other sides, the intention of Sheer Khan tried to kill Mowgli's protector Akela. By collecting some wolves who want to fight Akela, Sheer Khan tries to get Mowgli by killing Akela. Sheer Khan knows that Akela has the strength and intelligence in leading the wolf group. Therefore, Sheer Khan want to

kill Akela and get Mowgli by creates a group consisting of several wolves that are dislike with the Mowgli's life. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“He is our brother in all but blood,” Akela went on, “and ye would kill him here! In truth, I have lived too long. Some of ye are eaters of cattle, and of others I have heard that, under Shere Khan’s teaching, ye go by dark night and snatch children from the villager’s doorstep. Therefore I know ye to be cowards, and it is to cowards I speak. It is certain that I must die, and my life is of no worth, or I would offer that in the mancub’s place. But for the sake of the Honor of the Pack,—a little matter that by being without a leader ye have forgotten,—I promise that if ye let the man-cub go to his own place, I will not, when my time comes to die, bare one tooth against ye. I will die without fighting. That will at least save the Pack three lives. More I cannot do; but if ye will, I can save ye the shame that comes of killing a brother against whom there is no fault—a brother spoken for and bought into the Pack according to the Law of the Jungle.” (TJB p.19)

In addition, the effect that Mowgli got from the conflict he faced with Sheer Khan was that he had to be careful with threats and the Sheer Khan group, and that made Mowgli not feel safe when he was in the jungle. Although, Mowgli have Akela and another his friends to protect him.

That conflict also caused Mowgli to leave the jungle for some time in the hope of being able to increase his knowledge to kill Sheer Khan. Someday, Mowgli realized that He was no longer afraid of Sheer Khan, because Sheer Khan had only a power without intelligent minds. But what Mowgli thinks is Tabaqui, the member of Sheer Khan who always has intelligent mind. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“He has hidden for a month to throw thee off thy guard. He crossed the ranges last night with Tabaqui, hot-foot on thy trail,” said the Wolf, panting. Mowgli frowned. “I am not afraid of Shere Khan, but Tabaqui is very cunning.” (TJB p.54)

Finally, Mowgli manages to kill Sheer Khan by using clever minds. Sheer Khan, who has just eaten cattle, will not be able to run and even fight with his stomach that filled with food. Knowing this, Mowgli used a huge population of cattle to make Sheer Khan crash and be trampled by the herd of cattle. This manages to kill Sheer Khan and eventually Mowgli can tell the wolf group that he is able to survive and stay in the jungle. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

Akela and Gray Brother ran to and fro nipping the buffaloes’ legs, and though the herd wheeled once to charge up the ravine again, Mowgli managed to turn Rama, and the others followed him to the wallows. Shere Khan needed no more trampling. He was dead, and the kites were coming for him already. “Brothers, that was a dog’s death,” said Mowgli, feeling for the knife he always carried in a sheath round his neck now that he lived with men. “But he would never have shown fight. His hide will look well on the Council Rock. We must get to work swiftly.” (TJB p.57-58)

3.1.2.3 Conflict Between Mowgli And Buldeo

In the process of adaptation in the human environment where Mowgli lives there is someone who feels that Mowgli is not a child from the village that make him considers Mowgli a strange and disrespectful child. The name is Buldeo. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“It is full time that boy went to herding,” said the head-man, while Buldeo puffed and snorted at Mowgli’s impertinence. (TJB p.52)

Buldeo and the chief of the villagr feel that Mowgli is difference with the other child in general. Mowgli already had good physical strength, he was able to climb well, run fast, and swim. Mowgli also understands how to live in the jungle, knowing all of the jungle, even Mowgli tell everything that happens in the forest. Therefore, Buldeo want to utilize Mowgli to get some money by hunting. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“Are all these tales such cobwebs and moon talk?” said Mowgli. “That tiger limps because he was born lame, as everyone knows. To talk of the soul of a money-lender in a beast that never had the courage of a jackal is child’s talk.” Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment, and the head-man stared. “Oho! It is the jungle brat, is it?” said Buldeo. “If thou art so wise, better bring his hide to Khanhiwara, for the Government has set a hundred rupees on his life. Better still, talk not when thy elders speak.” (TJB p.51-52)

After Mowgli manages to kill Sheer Khan by harnessing the buffalo that he brought into the forest, Buldeo comes with angry faces to Mowgli. Boldeo assumes that Mowgli should not do that to the buffalo who sent to Mowgli. However, after some time when Boldeo was aware of what Mowgli was doing at the time, reminded him of the amount of money he could receive if he managed to sell the skin of a tiger that the carcass had eaten. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“What is this folly?” said Buldeo angrily. “To think that thou canst skin a tiger! Where did the buffaloes kill him?”

It is the Lame Tiger too, and there is a hundred rupees on his head. Well, well, we will overlook thy letting the herd run off, and perhaps I will give thee one of the rupees of the reward when I have taken the skin to Khanhiwara.” He fumbled in his waist cloth for flint and steel, and stooped down to singe Shere Khan’s whiskers. Most native hunters always singe a tiger’s whiskers to prevent his ghost from haunting them.(TJB p.58)

But Mowgli who has had an old grudge against Sheer Khan never expected to get money from the sale of this tiger skin. He feels the need to wear them as a proof of his victory against Sheer Khan. Buldeo who feel him much stronger than Mowgli want to seize the skin of the tiger. The Fighting threat between Buldeo and Mowgli that Buldeo thought was capable of scaring Mowgli. But all of that would be a threat to Buldeo itself. Because Buldeo never knew that Mowgli was not alone in the jungle. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

“What talk is this to the chief hunter of the village? Thy luck and the stupidity of thy buffaloes have helped thee to this kill. The tiger has just fed, or he would have gone twenty miles by this time. Thou canst not even skin him properly, little beggar brat, and forsooth I, Buldeo, must be told not to singe his whiskers. Mowgli, I will not give thee one anna of the reward, but only a very big beating. Leave the carcass!” “By the Bull that bought me,” said Mowgli, who was trying to get at the shoulder, “must I stay babbling to an old ape all noon? Here, Akela, this man plagues me.” Buldeo, who was still stooping over Shere Khan’s head, found himself sprawling on the grass, with a gray wolf standing over him, while Mowgli went on skinning as though he were alone in all India.(TJB p.58-59)

Buldeo who from the beginning only looked down on Mowgli finally awakened to the power of Mowgli. Therefore, Mowgli not only has a strong physical, but he also has many family and friends in the jungle.

The conflict had an effect on Mowgli's life, which is Buldeo thought that Mowgli was a witch. Buldeo also spread the issue to the villagers that Mowgli was finally expelled and not received back by other villagers. Besides that Buldeo and other villagers thanked Mowgli for killing Sheer Khan who often ate people, but they were afraid of Mowgli who was considered to control animals in the forest. The evidence is taken on the paragraph below,

The herd rounded up in the misty twilight, and when they got near the village Mowgli saw lights, and heard the conches and bells in the temple blowing and banging. Half the village seemed to be waiting for him by the gate. "That is because I have killed Shere Khan," he said to himself. But a shower of stones whistled about his ears, and the villagers shouted: "Sorcerer! Wolf's brat! Jungle demon! Go away! Get hence quickly or the priest will turn thee into a wolf again. Shoot, Buldeo, shoot!" The old Tower musket went off with a bang, and a young buffalo bellowed in pain. "More sorcery!" shouted the villagers. "He can turn bullets. Buldeo, that was thy buffalo." (TJB p.59-60)

3.2 The Islam Prospective on Conflict

Every religion must have its own way and point of view to deal with or respond to every conflict faced by its adherents. In Islamic religion also teaches someone to always be careful in resolving every conflict faced.

According to M.F. Zenrif (2006: 50-51) Islam informs systematically to humans, that conflict, exists and becomes a provision in their lives. Humans are portrayed in the Qur'an always in conflict, personal, family and social disputes. The Qur'an describes social conflict in two forms, namely potential forms and actual forms. Potential conflicts are mentioned by the Qur'an by using the word (hostility), while the actual conflict is described using words (disputes or quarrels) and (murder).

In addition, that are such us with the conflicts faced by Mowgli, Islam has its own perspective in reacting to it. Both in internal and external conflicts such as conflicts with Bandar-log, Sheer Khan, or Buldeo Islam provide a way to address any conflict faced

3.2.1 Islam Prospective in Internal Conflict of Mowgli

In the internal conflict faced by Mowgli was Mowgli's opinion of himself who assumed that he was a wolf child. In this case Mowgli should be able to easily understand that he is different from his friends around him. Especially in the group of wolves who are clearly different physical forms from him. As stated in QS. Ghofir: 64:

Allah it is Who appointed for you the earth for a dwelling-place and the sky for a canopy, and fashioned you and perfected your shapes, and hath provided you with good things. Such is Allah, your Lord. Then blessed be Allah, the Lord of the Worlds!(QS. Ghofir: 64)

In addition, stated in QS. Al-Infithar: 6-8:

O man! What hath made thee careless concerning thy Lord, the Bountiful? Who created thee, then fashioned, then proportioned thee?. Into whatsoever form He will, He casteth thee.(QS. Al-Infithor:6-8)

The verses above prove that the creation or appearance of Mowgli and his friends in the forest is different. It was also added that the human nature possessed by Mowgli should have been able to make him think that he was born into a human child and not born to a mother wolf.

In addition, besides by distinguishing the form of Mowgli's body and friends around him, with the age of 10, Mowgli has been able to distinguish between good and bad. As explained in the psychological theory of development according to Islam, it has the same object of study with developmental psychology in general, namely the process of human growth and change. Biologically, the growth is described by Allah in the Qur'an according to his word on QS. Al-Mu'minun: 12-15:

Verily We created man from a product of wet earth; Then placed him as a drop (of seed) in a safe lodging; Then fashioned We the drop a clot, then fashioned We the clot a little lump, then fashioned We the little lump bones, then clothed the bones with flesh, and then produced it as another creation. So blessed be Allah, the Best of creators! Then lo! After that ye surely die.(QS. Al-Mu'minun: 12-15)

As for Islam, Mowgli's age of 10 years can be categorized as age at the time of *Tamyiz*. According to Hasan (2006) the notion of *tamyiz* itself is a phase where children have begun to be able to distinguish between good and bad based

on their own reasoning. Therefore, it is clear in the perspective of Islam that the internal conflict faced by Mowgli should be able to solve his own human reasoning.

3.2.2 Islam Prospective in External Conflict of Mowgli

It cannot be separated from the *tamyiz* phase that has been explained in resolving the internal conflicts faced by Mowgli. External conflict also focuses on that phase. Apart from the explanation of the effects that Mowgli obtained from all kinds of conflicts, it has been explained that Mowgli himself uses the same method that Islam teaches in the face of life conflicts. The difference is that dealing with external conflicts requires direct action from someone who is facing the conflict. Therefore, it is not only the ability to think in distinguishing good and bad from an effect that is needed, but also including what actions must be taken in the face of external conflict.

In Islam itself, it has been suggested that do not do hostilities or fights in vile ways. As explained in QS. Ali-Imran: 105:

And be ye not as those who separated and disputed after the clear proofs had come unto them. For such there is an awful doom, (QS. Ali-Imran: 105)

Islam teaches us how to deal with conflict, and these methods have been poured in the verses of the Qur'an which were revealed to the Messenger of Allāh, which in turn we as humans can obey his ways in resolving conflicts, one way to resolve conflicts is by negotiation. As explained in QS. Ash-Shuura: 37-38:

Who shall bring unto thee every knowing wizard? So the wizards were gathered together at a set time on a day appointed. (QS. Asy-Syuura: 37-38)

Negotiation is a process of bargaining between parties involved in the conflict. In this negotiation, it is expected that there will be a value agreement between the two groups. According to Robbins (1999) in Sopiah (2008: 64) offers two negotiation strategies which include: first, distributive bargaining, meaning negotiations that seek to divide a fixed amount of resources (win and lose situation), second, integrative bargaining, namely negotiations that seek a solution or more that can create a win-win solution.

Overcoming conflicts by negotiation, it should be noted that the following matters, that are; first, compromising in the case that all influential parties leave feeling like they have won. Second, the task before negotiating is by understanding others, and knowing all choices (Zainal, - 2014: 301). This way of negotiation has also been used by Mowgli in dealing with any external conflicts he faces, both in the Bandar-Log conflict, conflicts with Sheer Khan, and conflicts with Buldeo.

From the description above, it can give us an understanding, that negotiation is an effective way to resolve conflicts. In the Islamic view contained in the verses of the Qur'an, it gives us guidance to be able to resolve conflicts by making compromises or negotiations. By negotiating the opposition, both parties can be resolved properly, and neither party is harmed by the agreement of the two.

Even from the results of the negotiations a better conflict management strategy can be formulated, as a guideline if later conflicts arise rooted in the same problem.



CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

In this chapter, the researcher presents the conclusion and suggestion of the whole research.

4.1 Conclusion

Based on this study, it can be concluded that conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* Novel consist of two points, internal and external conflicts. First, Mowgli's internal conflict was when Mowgli thought he was a wolf entitled to live in the forest. In fact Mowgli is not born of wolves, but of humans.

Second, Mowgli's external conflict is divided into three points; Mowgli vs Bandar-log, Mowgli vs Sheer Khan, and Mowgli vs Buldeo. First, Mowgli vs Bandar-log is a conflict that occurred due to Mowgli's mistake that associated with a collection of monkeys who had no sense and never wanted to follow the law of the forest for all of its inhabitants. Second, Mowgli vs. Sheer Khan is a conflict that occurred since Mowgli was small so that in the end Mowgli had to leave the forest to find a way to get out of Sheer Khan's pursuit. This conflict also appeared almost in every direction in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* Novel. Third, Mowgli vs. Buldeo who is a young man from the village that Mowgli visited after he left the forest. This conflict occurred after Mowgli succeeded in killing Sheer Khan. Buldeo, who knew about the matter, wanted Sheer Khan's

skin to sell. Whereas Mowgli needed it to prove that he had been sad to kill Sheer Khan, the conflict ensued.

The results of this study also found the effects of the conflict Mowgli faced in his life. First, the effect that Mowgli experienced from his internal conflict was that Mowgli insisted on staying behind because he assumed that he was a wolf and would fight like a wolf. Mowgli forgets that he is not a wolf, but a human child.

The effects of Mowgli's external conflict are; first, the effect of the conflict with Bandar-log was the kidnapping of Mowgli by a group of monkeys and being taken to Cold Lairs. There Mowgli was detained and made a prisoner to help Bandar-log build a roof that could protect him from the sun and rain. Not only that, the effects of this conflict also continued with the injury of Mowgli's friends while trying to help Mowgli from Cold Lairs. Second, the effect of the conflict with Sheer Khan was the expulsion of Mowgli from the forest to study human life in the village. It also aims to find a way for Mowgli to defeat Sheer Khan, who is always trying to kill him. Third, the effect of the conflict with Buldeo was when he spread the issue that Mowgli was a witch, who was able to control animals, namely Akela the wolf who became a friend of Mowgli while in the forest. Buldeo spreads this issue throughout the village, which eventually drove Mowgli back from the village, which had become a place of learning for human life patterns.

While the Islamic perspective used to see the conflict faced by Mowgli produced two points that could be used to resolve the conflict faced by Mowgli. First, by thinking and paying attention to the surroundings can make Mowgli understand the pattern of conflict he faced before he decided and looked for ways to resolve the conflicts, especially when Mowgli faces internal conflicts. Because according to the Islamic perspective Mowgli has been in the *tamyiz* period, namely the period that has been able to distinguish between the good and the bad. Second, that is by negotiating. Islam teaches every human to conduct negotiations in making choices or in finding solutions in every problem they face. Because by way of negotiations, it is expected to be able to provide solutions and ways to resolve the conflicts we face, especially the conflicts faced by Mowgli in *Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel*.

4.2 Suggestion

After analyzing and comprehending the whole story that stresses on the title *Conflicts Faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book Novel Using Islamic Perspectives*. The researcher would like to give suggestion on the reader.

The researcher realized that this study still lacks in analysing the conflict faced by Mowgli in Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book Novel*. Therefore researcher suggests to do research with the same topic but using different theories. The purpose is to find conflicts that have not been able to be analysed by researcher and can be analysed by other researchers.

The researcher also suggests to further researchers to do research on conflict from another point of view, such as from the point of view of communication, education and the other thing.



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Author Biography

The Jungle Book, Rudyard Kipling.

Published: 1894 Categorie(s): Fiction, Fantasy Source: Wikisource

About Kipling:

Joseph Rudyard Kipling (December 30, 1865 – January 18, 1936) was an English author and poet, born in India, and best known today for his children's books, including *The Jungle Book* (1894), *The Second Jungle Book* (1895), *Just So Stories* (1902), and *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906); his novel, *Kim* (1901); his poems, including *Mandalay* (1890), *Gunga Din* (1890), and "If—" (1910); and his many short stories, including "The Man Who Would Be King" (1888) and the collections *Life's Handicap* (1891), *The Day's Work* (1898), and *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888). He is regarded as a major "innovator in the art of the short story"; his children's books are enduring classics of children's literature; and his best work speaks to a versatile and luminous narrative gift. Kipling was one of the most popular writers in English, in both prose and verse, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The author Henry James famously said of him: "Kipling strikes me personally as the most complete man of genius (as distinct from fine intelligence) that I have ever known." In 1907, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, making him the first English language writer to receive the prize, and he remains today its youngest-ever recipient. Among other honours, he was sounded out for the British Poet Laureateship and on several occasions for a knighthood, all of which he rejected. However, later in life Kipling also came to be seen (in George Orwell's words) as a "prophet of British imperialism." Many saw prejudice and militarism in his works, and the resulting controversy about him continued for much of the 20th century. According to critic Douglas Kerr: "He is still an author who can inspire passionate disagreement and his place in literary and cultural history is far from settled. But as the age of the European empires recedes, he is recognized as an incomparable, if controversial, interpreter of how empire was experienced. That, and an increasing recognition of his extraordinary narrative gifts, make him a force to be reckoned with." Source: Wikipedia Also available on Feedbooks for Kipling: • *Captains Courageous* (1897) • *The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Ghost Stories* (1888) • *Just so Stories* (1902)

• *Kim* (1901) • *The Man Who Would be King* (1888) • *The Second Jungle Book* (1895) Copyright: This work is available for countries where copyright is Life+70 and in the USA. Note: This book is brought to you by Feedbooks <http://www.feedbooks.com> Strictly for personal use, do not use this file for commercial purposes.

Chapter1

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 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 gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. "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. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble children that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

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

"Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf stiffly, "but there is no food here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui, "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?" 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.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, 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. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I—I have to kill for two, these days.”

“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 Waingunga 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.

“Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night.”

“I go,” said Tabaqui quietly. “Ye can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message.”

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 who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

“The fool!” said Father Wolf. “To begin a night’s work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?”

“H’sh. It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts to-night,” said Mother Wolf. “It is Man.”

The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders woodcutters and gypsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

“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. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too—and it is true—that man eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated “Aaarh!” of the tiger’s charge.

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.”

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world—the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

“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.”

A Wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf’s jaws closed right on the child’s back not a tooth even scratched the skin as he laid it down among the cubs.

“How little! How naked, and—how bold!” said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. “Ahai! 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?”

“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. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: “My lord, my lord, it went in here!”

“Shere Khan does us great honor,” said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. “What does Shere Khan need?”

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

Shere Khan had jumped at a woodcutter’s campfire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan’s shoulders and forepaws were cramped for want of room, as a man’s would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

“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.”

“Ye choose and ye 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. He shall live to run with the Pack and to hunt with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs—frog-eater—fishkiller—he shall hunt thee! Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed (I eat no starved cattle), back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest 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. Wilt thou still keep him, Mother?”

“Keep him!” she gasped. “He came naked, by night, alone and very hungry; yet he was not afraid! Look, he has pushed one of my babes to one side already. And that lame butcher would have killed him and would have run off to the Waingunga while the villagers here hunted through all our lairs in revenge! Keep him? Assuredly I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O thou Mowgli –for Mowgli the Frog I will call thee–the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee.”

“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 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—a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide. Akela, the great gray Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock, and below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and color, from badger-colored veterans who could handle a buck alone to young black three-year-olds who thought they could. The Lone Wolf had led them for a year now. He had fallen twice into a wolf trap in his youth, and once he had been beaten and left for dead; so he knew the manners and customs of men. There was very little talking at the Rock. The cubs tumbled over each other in the center of the circle where their mothers and fathers sat, and now and again a senior wolf would go quietly up to a cub, look at him carefully, and return to his place on noiseless feet. Sometimes a mother would push her cub far out into the moonlight to be sure that he had not been overlooked. Akela from his rock would cry: “Ye know the Law—ye 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 that glistened in the moonlight.

Akela never raised his head from his paws, but went on with the monotonous cry: “Look well!” 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 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 and Mother Wolf got ready for what she knew would be her last fight, if things came to fighting.

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council—Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle: old Baloo, who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey—rose upon his hind quarters and 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. It was Bagheera the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path; for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo, and as reckless as the wounded elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree, and a skin softer than down.

“O Akela, and ye the Free People,” he purred, “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 ye will accept the man’s cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?”

There was a clamor 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 cub do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be accepted.” And then came Akela’s deep bay, crying: “Look well—look well, O Wolves!”

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, for he was very angry that Mowgli had not been handed over to him.

“Ay, roar well,” said Bagheera, under his whiskers, “for the time will come when this naked thing will make thee 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. He was thinking of the time that comes to every leader of every pack when his strength goes from him and he gets feebler and feebler, till at last he is killed by the wolves and a new leader comes up—to be killed in his turn.

“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.

Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven whole years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves, because if it were written out it would fill ever so many books. 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, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat’s claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. 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 (Baloo told him that

honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do. Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call, "Come along, Little Brother," and at first Mowgli would cling like the sloth, but afterward he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the gray ape. 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 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 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. "All the jungle is thine," said Bagheera, "and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli obeyed faithfully.

And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat.

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 though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy—though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak in any human tongue.

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. Then Shere Khan would flatter them and wonder that such fine young hunters were content to be led by a dying wolf and a man's cub. "They tell me," Shere Khan would say, "that at Council ye dare not look him between the eyes." And the young wolves would growl and bristle.

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 have the Pack and I have thee; and Baloo, though he is so lazy, might strike a blow or two for my sake. Why should I be afraid?"

It was one very warm day that a new notion came to Bagheera— born of something that he had heard. Perhaps Ikki the Porcupine had told him; but he said to Mowgli when they were deep in the jungle, as the boy lay with his head on Bagheera's beautiful black skin, "Little Brother, how often have I told thee that Shere Khan is thy enemy?"

"As many times as there are nuts on that palm," said Mowgli, who, naturally, could not count. "What of it? I am sleepy, Bagheera, and Shere Khan is all long tail and loud talk—like Mao, the Peacock."

"But this is no time for sleeping. Baloo knows it; I know it; the Pack know it; and even the foolish, foolish deer know. Tabaqui has told thee too."

"Ho! ho!" said Mowgli. "Tabaqui came to me not long ago with some rude talk that I was a naked man's cub and not fit to dig pig-nuts. But I caught Tabaqui by the tail and swung him twice against a palm-tree to teach him better manners."

"That was foolishness, for though Tabaqui is a mischiefmaker, he would have told thee of something that concerned thee closely. Open those eyes, Little Brother. Shere Khan dare not kill thee in the jungle. But remember, Akela is very old, and soon the day comes when he cannot kill his buck, and then he will be leader no more. Many of the wolves that looked thee over when thou wast brought to the Council first are old too, and the young wolves believe, as Shere Khan has taught them, that a man-cub has no place with the Pack. In a little time thou wilt be a man."

"And what is a man that he should not run with his brothers?" said Mowgli. "I was born in the jungle. I have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is no wolf of ours from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!"

Bagheera stretched himself at full length and half shut his eyes. "Little Brother," said he, "feel under my jaw."

Mowgli put up his strong brown hand, and just under Bagheera's silky chin, where the giant rolling muscles were all hid by the glossy hair, he came upon a little bald spot.

"There is no one in the jungle that knows that I, Bagheera, carry that mark—the mark of the collar; and yet, Little Brother, I was born among men, and it was among men that my mother died—in the cages of the king's palace at Oodeypore. It was because of this that I paid the price for thee at the Council when thou wast a little naked cub. Yes, I too was born among men. I had never seen the jungle. They fed me behind bars from an iron pan till one night I felt that I was Bagheera—the Panther— and no man's plaything, and I broke the silly lock with one blow of my paw and came away. And because I had learned the ways of men, I became more terrible in the jungle than Shere Khan. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Mowgli, "all the jungle fear Bagheera—all except Mowgli."

“Oh, thou art a man’s cub,” said the Black Panther very tenderly. “And even as I returned to my jungle, so thou must go back to men at last—to the men who are thy brothers—if thou art not killed in the Council.”

“But why—but why should any wish to kill me?” said Mowgli.

“Look at me,” said Bagheera. And Mowgli looked at him steadily between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away in half a minute.

“That is why,” he said, shifting his paw on the leaves. “Not even I can look thee between the eyes, and I was born among men, and I love thee, Little Brother. The others they hate thee because their eyes cannot meet thine; because thou art wise; because thou hast pulled out thorns from their feet—because thou art a man.”

“I did not know these things,” said Mowgli sullenly, and he frowned under his heavy black eyebrows.

“What is the Law of the Jungle? Strike first and then give tongue. By thy very carelessness they know that thou art a man. But be wise. It is in my heart that when Akela misses his next kill—and at each hunt it costs him more to pin the buck—the Pack will turn against him and against thee. They will hold a jungle Council at the Rock, and then—and then—I have it!” said Bagheera, leaping up. “Go thou down quickly to the men’s huts in the valley, and take some of the Red Flower which they grow there, so that when the time comes thou mayest have even a stronger friend than I or Baloo or those of the Pack that love thee. Get the Red Flower.”

By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire, only no creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every beast lives in deadly fear of it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

“The Red Flower?” said Mowgli. “That grows outside their huts in the twilight. I will get some.”

“There speaks the man’s cub,” said Bagheera proudly. “Remember that it grows in little pots. Get one swiftly, and keep it by thee for time of need.”

“Good!” said Mowgli. “I go. But art thou sure, O my Bagheera”—he slipped his arm around the splendid neck and looked deep into the big eyes—“art thou sure that all this is Shere Khan’s doing?”

“By the Broken Lock that freed me, I am sure, Little Brother.”

“Then, by the Bull that bought me, I will pay Shere Khan full tale for this, and it may be a little over,” said Mowgli, and he bounded away.

“That is a man. That is all a man,” said Bagheera to himself, lying down again. “Oh, Shere Khan, never was a blacker hunting than that frog-hunt of thine ten years ago!”

Mowgli was far and far through the forest, running hard, and his heart was hot in him. He came to the cave as the evening mist rose, and drew breath, and looked down the valley. The cubs were out, but Mother Wolf, at the back of the cave, knew by his breathing that something was troubling her frog.

“What is it, Son?” she said.

“Some bat’s chatter of Shere Khan,” he called back. “I hunt among the plowed fields tonight,” and he plunged downward through the bushes, to the stream at the bottom of the valley. There he checked, for he heard the yell of the Pack hunting, heard the bellow of a hunted Sambhur, and the snort as the buck turned at bay. Then there were wicked, bitter howls from the young wolves: “Akela! Akela! Let the Lone Wolf show his strength. Room for the leader of the Pack! Spring, Akela!”

The Lone Wolf must have sprung and missed his hold, for Mowgli heard the snap of his teeth and then a yelp as the Sambhur knocked him over with his forefoot.

He did not wait for anything more, but dashed on; and the yells grew fainter behind him as he ran into the croplands where the villagers lived.

“Bagheera spoke truth,” he panted, as he nestled down in some cattle fodder by the window of a hut. “To-morrow is one day both for Akela and for me.”

Then he pressed his face close to the window and watched the fire on the hearth. He saw the husbandman’s wife get up and feed it in the night with black lumps. And when the morning came and the mists were all white and cold, he saw the man’s child pick up a wicker pot plastered inside with earth, fill it with lumps of red-hot charcoal, put it under his blanket, and go out to tend the cows in the byre.

“Is that all?” said Mowgli. “If a cub can do it, there is nothing to fear.” So he strode round the corner and met the boy, took the pot from his hand, and disappeared into the mist while the boy howled with fear.

“They are very like me,” said Mowgli, blowing into the pot as he had seen the woman do. “This thing will die if I do not give it things to eat”; and he dropped twigs and dried bark on the red stuff. Halfway up the hill he met Bagheera with the morning dew shining like moonstones on his coat.

“Akela has missed,” said the Panther. “They would have killed him last night, but they needed thee also. They were looking for thee on the hill.”

“I was among the plowed lands. I am ready. See!” Mowgli held up the fire-pot.

“Good! Now, I have seen men thrust a dry branch into that stuff, and presently the Red Flower blossomed at the end of it. Art thou not afraid?”

“No. Why should I fear? I remember now—if it is not a dream—how, before I was a Wolf, I lay beside the Red Flower, and it was warm and pleasant.”

All that day Mowgli sat in the cave tending his fire pot and dipping dry branches into it to see how they looked. He found a branch that satisfied him, and in the evening when Tabaqui came to the cave and told him rudely enough that he was wanted at the Council Rock, he laughed till Tabaqui ran away. Then Mowgli went to the Council, still laughing.

Akela the Lone Wolf lay by the side of his rock as a sign that the leadership of the Pack was open, and Shere Khan with his following of scrap-fed wolves walked to and fro openly being flattered. Bagheera lay close to Mowgli, and the fire pot was between Mowgli’s knees. When they were all gathered together, Shere Khan began to speak—a thing he would never have dared to do when Akela was in his prime.

“He has no right,” whispered Bagheera. “Say so. He is a dog’s son. He will be frightened.”

Mowgli sprang to his feet. “Free People,” he cried, “does Shere Khan lead the Pack? What has a tiger to do with our leadership?”

“Seeing that the leadership is yet open, and being asked to speak—” Shere Khan began.

“By whom?” said Mowgli. “Are we all jackals, to fawn on this cattle butcher? The leadership of the Pack is with the Pack alone.”

There were yells of “Silence, thou man’s cub!” “Let him speak. He has kept our Law”; and at last the seniors of the Pack thundered: “Let the Dead Wolf speak.” When a leader of the Pack has missed his kill, he is called the Dead Wolf as long as he lives, which is not long.

Akela raised his old head wearily:—

“Free People, and ye too, jackals of Shere Khan, for twelve seasons I have led ye to and from the kill, and in all that time not one has been trapped or maimed. Now I have missed my kill. Ye know how that plot was made. Ye know how ye brought me up to an untried buck to make my weakness known. It was cleverly done. Your right is to kill me here on the Council Rock, now. Therefore, I ask, who comes to make an end of the Lone Wolf? For it is my right, by the Law of the Jungle, that ye come one by one.”

There was a long hush, for no single wolf cared to fight Akela to the death. Then Shere Khan roared: “Bah! What have we to do with this toothless fool? He is doomed to die! It is the mancub who has lived too long. Free People, he was my meat from the first. Give him to me. I am weary of this man-wolf folly. He has troubled the jungle for ten seasons. Give me the man-cub, or I will hunt here

always, and not give you one bone. He is a man, a man's child, and from the marrow of my bones I hate him!"

Then more than half the Pack yelled: "A man! A man! What has a man to do with us? Let him go to his own place."

"And turn all the people of the villages against us?" clamored Shere Khan. "No, give him to me. He is a man, and none of us can look him between the eyes."

Akela lifted his head again and said, "He has eaten our food. He has slept with us. He has driven game for us. He has broken no word of the Law of the Jungle."

"Also, I paid for him with a bull when he was accepted. The worth of a bull is little, but Bagheera's honor is something that he will perhaps fight for," said Bagheera in his gentlest voice.

"A bull paid ten years ago!" the Pack snarled. "What do we care for bones ten years old?"

"Or for a pledge?" said Bagheera, his white teeth bared under his lip. "Well are ye called the Free People!"

"No man's cub can run with the people of the jungle," howled Shere Khan. "Give him to me!"

"He is our brother in all but blood," Akela went on, "and ye would kill him here! In truth, I have lived too long. Some of ye are eaters of cattle, and of others I have heard that, under Shere Khan's teaching, ye go by dark night and snatch children from the villager's doorstep. Therefore I know ye to be cowards, and it is to cowards I speak. It is certain that I must die, and my life is of no worth, or I would offer that in the mancub's place. But for the sake of the Honor of the Pack,—a little matter that by being without a leader ye have forgotten,—I promise that if ye let the man-cub go to his own place, I will not, when my time comes to die, bare one tooth against ye. I will die without fighting. That will at least save the Pack three lives. More I cannot do; but if ye will, I can save ye the shame that comes of killing a brother against whom there is no fault—a brother spoken for and bought into the Pack according to the Law of the Jungle."

"He is a man—a man—a man!" snarled the Pack. And most of the wolves began to gather round Shere Khan, whose tail was beginning to switch.

"Now the business is in thy hands," said Bagheera to Mowgli. "We can do no more except fight."

Mowgli stood upright—the fire pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, and yawned in the face of the Council; but he was furious with rage and sorrow, for, wolflike, the wolves had never told him how they hated him. "Listen you!" he cried. "There is no need for this dog's jabber. Ye have told me so often tonight that I am a man (and indeed I would have been a wolf with you to my life's end)

that I feel your words are true. So I do not call ye my brothers any more, but sag [dogs], as a man should. What ye will do, and what ye will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with me; and that we may see the matter more plainly, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower which ye, dogs, fear.”

He flung the fire pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a tuft of dried moss that flared up, as all the Council drew back in terror before the leaping flames.

Mowgli thrust his dead branch into the fire till the twigs lit and crackled, and whirled it above his head among the cowering wolves.

“Thou art the master,” said Bagheera in an undertone. “Save Akela from the death. He was ever thy friend.”

Akela, the grim old wolf who had never asked for mercy in his life, gave one piteous look at Mowgli as the boy stood all naked, his long black hair tossing over his shoulders in the light of the blazing branch that made the shadows jump and quiver.

“Good!” said Mowgli, staring round slowly. “I see that ye are dogs. I go from you to my own people—if they be my own people. The jungle is shut to me, and I must forget your talk and your companionship. But I will be more merciful than ye are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among men I will not betray ye to men as ye have betrayed me.” He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. “There shall be no war between any of us in the Pack. But here is a debt to pay before I go.” He strode forward to where Shere Khan sat blinking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by the tuft on his chin. Bagheera followed in case of accidents. “Up, dog!” Mowgli cried. “Up, when a man speaks, or I will set that coat ablaze!”

Shere Khan’s ears lay flat back on his head, and he shut his eyes, for the blazing branch was very near.

“This cattle-killer said he would kill me in the Council because he had not killed me when I was a cub. Thus and thus, then, do we beat dogs when we are men. Stir a whisker, Lungri, and I ram the Red Flower down thy gullet!” He beat Shere Khan over the head with the branch, and the tiger whimpered and whined in an agony of fear.

“Pah! Singed jungle cat—go now! But remember when next I come to the Council Rock, as a man should come, it will be with Shere Khan’s hide on my head. For the rest, Akela goes free to live as he pleases. Ye will not kill him, because that is not my will. Nor do I think that ye will sit here any longer, lolling out your tongues as though ye were somebodies, instead of dogs whom I drive out—thus! Go!” The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves ran howling with the sparks burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten

wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face.

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying, Bagheera?"

"No, Little Brother. That is only tears such as men use," said Bagheera. "Now I know thou art a man, and a man's cub no longer. The jungle is shut indeed to thee henceforward. Let them fall, Mowgli. They are only tears." So Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart would break; and he had never cried in all his life before.

"Now," he said, "I will go to men. But first I must say farewell to my mother." And he went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat, while the four cubs howled miserably.

"Ye will not forget me?" said Mowgli.

"Never while we can follow a trail," said the cubs. "Come to the foot of the hill when thou art a man, and we will talk to thee; and we will come into the croplands to play with thee by night."

"Come soon!" said Father Wolf. "Oh, wise little frog, come again soon; for we be old, thy mother and I."

"Come soon," said Mother Wolf, "little naked son of mine. For, listen, child of man, I loved thee more than ever I loved my cubs."

"I will surely come," said Mowgli. "And when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan's hide upon the Council Rock. Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!"

The dawn was beginning to break when Mowgli went down the hillside alone, to meet those mysterious things that are called men.

Chapter2

Hunting-Song of the Seeonee Pack

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled

Once, twice and again!

And a doe leaped up, and a doe leaped up

From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.

This I, scouting alone, beheld,

Once, twice and again!
 As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled
 Once, twice and again!
 And a wolf stole back, and a wolf stole back
 To carry the word to the waiting pack,
 And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track
 Once, twice and again!
 As the dawn was breaking the Wolf Pack yelled
 Once, twice and again!
 Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!
 Eyes that can see in the dark—the dark!
 Tongue—give tongue to it! Hark! O hark!
 Once, twice and again!

Chapter3

Kaa's Hunting

His spots are the joy of the Leopard: his horns are the Buffalo's pride.

Be clean, for the strength of the hunter is known by the gloss of his hide.

If ye find that the Bullock can toss you, or the heavy-browed Sambhur can gore;

Ye need not stop work to inform us: we knew it ten seasons before.

Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as Sister and Brother,

For though they are little and fussy, it may be the Bear is their mother.

“There is none like to me!” says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;

But the jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

Maxims of Baloo

All that is told here happened some time before Mowgli was turned out of the Seenee Wolf Pack, or revenged himself on Shere Khan the tiger. It was in the

days when Baloo was teaching him the Law of the Jungle. The big, serious, old brown bear was delighted to have so quick a pupil, for the young wolves will only learn as much of the Law of the Jungle as applies to their own pack and tribe, and run away as soon as they can repeat the Hunting Verse — "Feet that make no noise; eyes that can see in the dark; ears that can hear the winds in their lairs, and sharp white teeth, all these things are the marks of our brothers except Tabaqui the Jackal and the Hyaena whom we hate." But Mowgli, as a man-cub, had to learn a great deal more than this. Sometimes Bagheera the Black Panther would come lounging through the jungle to see how his pet was getting on, and would purr with his head against a tree while Mowgli recited the day's lesson to Baloo. The boy could climb almost as well as he could swim, and swim almost as well as he could run. So Baloo, the Teacher of the Law, taught him the Wood and Water Laws: how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one; how to speak politely to the wild bees when he came upon a hive of them fifty feet above ground; what to say to Mang the Bat when he disturbed him in the branches at midday; and how to warn the water-snakes in the pools before he splashed down among them. None of the Jungle People like being disturbed, and all are very ready to fly at an intruder. Then, too, Mowgli was taught the Strangers' Hunting Call, which must be repeated aloud till it is answered, whenever one of the Jungle-People hunts outside his own grounds. It means, translated, "Give me leave to hunt here because I am hungry." And the answer is, "Hunt then for food, but not for pleasure."

All this will show you how much Mowgli had to learn by heart, and he grew very tired of saying the same thing over a hundred times. But, as Baloo said to Bagheera, one day when Mowgli had been cuffed and run off in a temper, "A man's cub is a man's cub, and he must learn all the Law of the Jungle."

"But think how small he is," said the Black Panther, who would have spoiled Mowgli if he had had his own way. "How can his little head carry all thy long talk?"

"Is there anything in the jungle too little to be killed? No. That is why I teach him these things, and that is why I hit him, very softly, when he forgets."

"Softly! What dost thou know of softness, old Iron-feet?" Bagheera grunted. "His face is all bruised today by thy— softness. Ugh."

"Better he should be bruised from head to foot by me who love him than that he should come to harm through ignorance," Baloo answered very earnestly. "I am now teaching him the Master Words of the Jungle that shall protect him with the birds and the Snake People, and all that hunt on four feet, except his own pack. He can now claim protection, if he will only remember the words, from all in the jungle. Is not that worth a little beating?"

"Well, look to it then that thou dost not kill the man-cub. He is no tree trunk to sharpen thy blunt claws upon. But what are those Master Words? I am more likely

to give help than to ask it" —Bagheera stretched out one paw and admired the steelblue, ripping-chisel talons at the end of it—"still I should like to know."

"I will call Mowgli and he shall say them—if he will. Come, Little Brother!"

"My head is ringing like a bee tree," said a sullen little voice over their heads, and Mowgli slid down a tree trunk very angry and indignant, adding as he reached the ground: "I come for Bagheera and not for thee, fat old Baloo!"

"That is all one to me," said Baloo, though he was hurt and grieved. "Tell Bagheera, then, the Master Words of the Jungle that I have taught thee this day."

"Master Words for which people?" said Mowgli, delighted to show off. "The jungle has many tongues. I know them all."

"A little thou knowest, but not much. See, O Bagheera, they never thank their teacher. Not one small wolfling has ever come back to thank old Baloo for his teachings. Say the word for the Hunting-People, then—great scholar."

"We be of one blood, ye and I," said Mowgli, giving the words the Bear accent which all the Hunting People use.

"Good. Now for the birds." Mowgli repeated, with the Kite's whistle at the end of the sentence.

"Now for the Snake-People," said Bagheera.

The answer was a perfectly indescribable hiss, and Mowgli kicked up his feet behind, clapped his hands together to applaud himself, and jumped on to Bagheera's back, where he sat sideways, drumming with his heels on the glossy skin and making the worst faces he could think of at Baloo.

"There—there! That was worth a little bruise," said the brown bear tenderly. "Some day thou wilt remember me." Then he turned aside to tell Bagheera how he had begged the Master Words from Hathi the Wild Elephant, who knows all about these things, and how Hathi had taken Mowgli down to a pool to get the Snake Word from a water-snake, because Baloo could not pronounce it, and how Mowgli was now reasonably safe against all accidents in the jungle, because neither snake, bird, nor beast would hurt him.

"No one then is to be feared," Baloo wound up, patting his big furry stomach with pride.

"Except his own tribe," said Bagheera, under his breath; and then aloud to Mowgli, "Have a care for my ribs, Little Brother! What is all this dancing up and down?"

Mowgli had been trying to make himself heard by pulling at Bagheera's shoulder fur and kicking hard. When the two listened to him he was shouting at

the top of his voice, "And so I shall have a tribe of my own, and lead them through the branches all day long."

"What is this new folly, little dreamer of dreams?" said Bagheera.

"Yes, and throw branches and dirt at old Baloo," Mowgli went on. "They have promised me this. Ah!"

"Whoof!" Baloo's big paw scooped Mowgli off Bagheera's back, and as the boy lay between the big fore-paws he could see the Bear was angry.

"Mowgli," said Baloo, "thou hast been talking with the Bandar-log—the Monkey People."

Mowgli looked at Bagheera to see if the Panther was angry too, and Bagheera's eyes were as hard as jade stones.

"Thou hast been with the Monkey People—the gray apes—the people without a law—the eaters of everything. That is great shame."

"When Baloo hurt my head," said Mowgli (he was still on his back), "I went away, and the gray apes came down from the trees and had pity on me. No one else cared." He snuffled a little.

"The pity of the Monkey People!" Baloo snorted. "The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer sun! And then, man-cub?"

"And then, and then, they gave me nuts and pleasant things to eat, and they—they carried me in their arms up to the top of the trees and said I was their blood brother except that I had no tail, and should be their leader some day."

"They have no leader," said Bagheera. "They lie. They have always lied."

"They were very kind and bade me come again. Why have I never been taken among the Monkey People? They stand on their feet as I do. They do not hit me with their hard paws. They play all day. Let me get up! Bad Baloo, let me up! I will play with them again."

"Listen, man-cub," said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. "I have taught thee all the Law of the Jungle for all the peoples of the jungle—except the MonkeyFolk who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen, and peep, and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter and all is forgotten. We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where

they hunt; we do not die where they die. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the Bandar-log till today?"

"No," said Mowgli in a whisper, for the forest was very still now Baloo had finished.

"The Jungle-People put them out of their mouths and out of their minds. They are very many, evil, dirty, shameless, and they desire, if they have any fixed desire, to be noticed by the Jungle People. But we do not notice them even when they throw nuts and filth on our heads."

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts and twigs spattered down through the branches; and they could hear coughings and howlings and angry jumpings high up in the air among the thin branches.

"The Monkey-People are forbidden," said Baloo, "forbidden to the Jungle-People. Remember."

"Forbidden," said Bagheera, "but I still think Baloo should have warned thee against them."

"I—I? How was I to guess he would play with such dirt. The Monkey People! Faugh!"

A fresh shower came down on their heads and the two trotted away, taking Mowgli with them. What Baloo had said about the monkeys was perfectly true. They belonged to the tree tops, and as beasts very seldom look up, there was no occasion for the monkeys and the Jungle-People to cross each other's path. But whenever they found a sick wolf, or a wounded tiger, or bear, the monkeys would torment him, and would throw sticks and nuts at any beast for fun and in the hope of being noticed. Then they would howl and shriek senseless songs, and invite the Jungle-People to climb up their trees and fight them, or would start furious battles over nothing among themselves, and leave the dead monkeys where the Jungle-People could see them. They were always just going to have a leader, and laws and customs of their own, but they never did, because their memories would not hold over from day to day, and so they compromised things by making up a saying, "What the Bandarlog think now the jungle will think later," and that comforted them a great deal. None of the beasts could reach them, but on the other hand none of the beasts would notice them, and that was why they were so pleased when Mowgli came to play with them, and they heard how angry Baloo was.

They never meant to do any more—the Bandar-log never mean anything at all; but one of them invented what seemed to him a brilliant idea, and he told all the others that Mowgli would be a useful person to keep in the tribe, because he could weave sticks together for protection from the wind; so, if they caught him, they could make him teach them. Of course Mowgli, as a woodcutter's child, inherited all sorts of instincts, and used to make little huts of fallen branches without

thinking how he came to do it. The Monkey-People, watching in the trees, considered his play most wonderful. This time, they said, they were really going to have a leader and become the wisest people in the jungle—so wise that everyone else would notice and envy them. Therefore they followed Baloo and Bagheera and Mowgli through the jungle very quietly till it was time for the midday nap, and Mowgli, who was very much ashamed of himself, slept between the Panther and the Bear, resolving to have no more to do with the Monkey People.

The next thing he remembered was feeling hands on his legs and arms—hard, strong, little hands—and then a swash of branches in his face, and then he was staring down through the swaying boughs as Baloo woke the jungle with his deep cries and Bagheera bounded up the trunk with every tooth bared. The Bandar-log howled with triumph and scuffled away to the upper branches where Bagheera dared not follow, shouting: "He has noticed us! Bagheera has noticed us. All the Jungle-People admire us for our skill and our cunning." Then they began their flight; and the flight of the Monkey-People through tree-land is one of the things nobody can describe. They have their regular roads and crossroads, up hills and down hills, all laid out from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above ground, and by these they can travel even at night if necessary. Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the treetops, twenty feet at a bound. Had they been alone they could have gone twice as fast, but the boy's weight held them back. Sick and giddy as Mowgli was he could not help enjoying the wild rush, though the glimpses of earth far down below frightened him, and the terrible check and jerk at the end of the swing over nothing but empty air brought his heart between his teeth. His escort would rush him up a tree till he felt the thinnest topmost branches crackle and bend under them, and then with a cough and a whoop would fling themselves into the air outward and downward, and bring up, hanging by their hands or their feet to the lower limbs of the next tree. Sometimes he could see for miles and miles across the still green jungle, as a man on the top of a mast can see for miles across the sea, and then the branches and leaves would lash him across the face, and he and his two guards would be almost down to earth again. So, bounding and crashing and whooping and yelling, the whole tribe of Bandar-log swept along the tree-roads with Mowgli their prisoner.

For a time he was afraid of being dropped. Then he grew angry but knew better than to struggle, and then he began to think. The first thing was to send back word to Baloo and Bagheera, for, at the pace the monkeys were going, he knew his friends would be left far behind. It was useless to look down, for he could only see the topsides of the branches, so he stared upward and saw, far away in the blue, Rann the Kite balancing and wheeling as he kept watch over the jungle waiting for things to die. Rann saw that the monkeys were carrying something, and dropped a few hundred yards to find out whether their load was good to eat. He whistled with surprise when he saw Mowgli being dragged up to a treetop and heard him give the Kite call for—"We be of one blood, thou and I." The waves of the branches closed over the boy, but Chil balanced away to the next tree in time

to see the little brown face come up again. "Mark my trail!" Mowgli shouted. "Tell Baloo of the Seeonee Pack and Bagheera of the Council Rock."

"In whose name, Brother?" Rann had never seen Mowgli before, though of course he had heard of him.

"Mowgli, the Frog. Man-cub they call me! Mark my tra-il!"

The last words were shrieked as he was being swung through the air, but Rann nodded and rose up till he looked no bigger than a speck of dust, and there he hung, watching with his telescope eyes the swaying of the treetops as Mowgli's escort whirled along. "They never go far," he said with a chuckle.

"They never do what they set out to do. Always pecking at new things are the Bandar-log. This time, if I have any eye-sight, they have pecked down trouble for themselves, for Baloo is no fledgling and Bagheera can, as I know, kill more than goats."

So he rocked on his wings, his feet gathered up under him, and waited.

Meantime, Baloo and Bagheera were furious with rage and grief. Bagheera climbed as he had never climbed before, but the thin branches broke beneath his weight, and he slipped down, his claws full of bark.

"Why didst thou not warn the man-cub?" he roared to poor Baloo, who had set off at a clumsy trot in the hope of overtaking the monkeys. "What was the use of half slaying him with blows if thou didst not warn him?"

"Haste! O haste! We—we may catch them yet!" Baloo panted.

"At that speed! It would not tire a wounded cow. Teacher of the Law—cub-beater—a mile of that rolling to and fro would burst thee open. Sit still and think! Make a plan. This is no time for chasing. They may drop him if we follow too close."

"Arrula! Whoo! They may have dropped him already, being tired of carrying him. Who can trust the Bandar-log? Put dead bats on my head! Give me black bones to eat! Roll me into the hives of the wild bees that I may be stung to death, and bury me with the Hyaena, for I am most miserable of bears! Arulala! Wahooa! O Mowgli, Mowgli! Why did I not warn thee against the Monkey-Folk instead of breaking thy head? Now perhaps I may have knocked the day's lesson out of his mind, and he will be alone in the jungle without the Master Words."

Baloo clasped his paws over his ears and rolled to and fro moaning.

"At least he gave me all the Words correctly a little time ago," said Bagheera impatiently. "Baloo, thou hast neither memory nor respect. What would the jungle think if I, the Black Panther, curled myself up like Ikki the Porcupine, and howled?"

"What do I care what the jungle thinks? He may be dead by now."

"Unless and until they drop him from the branches in sport, or kill him out of idleness, I have no fear for the man-cub. He is wise and well taught, and above all he has the eyes that make the Jungle-People afraid. But (and it is a great evil) he is in the power of the Bandar-log, and they, because they live in trees, have no fear of any of our people." Bagheera licked one forepaw thoughtfully.

"Fool that I am! Oh, fat, brown, root-digging fool that I am," said Baloo, uncoiling himself with a jerk, "it is true what Hathi the Wild Elephant says: 'To each his own fear'; and they, the Bandar-log, fear Kaa the Rock Snake. He can climb as well as they can. He steals the young monkeys in the night. The whisper of his name makes their wicked tails cold. Let us go to Kaa."

"What will he do for us? He is not of our tribe, being footless—and with most evil eyes," said Bagheera.

"He is very old and very cunning. Above all, he is always hungry," said Baloo hopefully. "Promise him many goats."

"He sleeps for a full month after he has once eaten. He may be asleep now, and even were he awake what if he would rather kill his own goats?" Bagheera, who did not know much about Kaa, was naturally suspicious.

"Then in that case, thou and I together, old hunter, might make him see reason." Here Baloo rubbed his faded brown shoulder against the Panther, and they went off to look for Kaa the Rock Python.

They found him stretched out on a warm ledge in the afternoon sun, admiring his beautiful new coat, for he had been in retirement for the last ten days changing his skin, and now he was very splendid—darting his big blunt-nosed head along the ground, and twisting the thirty feet of his body into fantastic knots and curves, and licking his lips as he thought of his dinner to come.

"He has not eaten," said Baloo, with a grunt of relief, as soon as he saw the beautifully mottled brown and yellow jacket. "Be careful, Bagheera! He is always a little blind after he has changed his skin, and very quick to strike."

Kaa was not a poison snake—in fact he rather despised the poison snakes as cowards—but his strength lay in his hug, and when he had once lapped his huge coils round anybody there was no more to be said. "Good hunting!" cried Baloo, sitting up on his haunches. Like all snakes of his breed Kaa was rather deaf, and did not hear the call at first. Then he curled up ready for any accident, his head lowered.

"Good hunting for us all," he answered. "Oho, Baloo, what dost thou do here? Good hunting, Bagheera. One of us at least needs food. Is there any news of game afoot? A doe now, or even a young buck? I am as empty as a dried well."

"We are hunting," said Baloo carelessly. He knew that you must not hurry Kaa. He is too big.

"Give me permission to come with you," said Kaa. "A blow more or less is nothing to thee, Bagheera or Baloo, but I—I have to wait and wait for days in a wood-path and climb half a night on the mere chance of a young ape. Psshaw! The branches are not what they were when I was young. Rotten twigs and dry boughs are they all."

"Maybe thy great weight has something to do with the matter," said Baloo.

"I am a fair length—a fair length," said Kaa with a little pride. "But for all that, it is the fault of this new-grown timber. I came very near to falling on my last hunt—very near indeed—and the noise of my slipping, for my tail was not tight wrapped around the tree, waked the Bandar-log, and they called me most evil names."

"Footless, yellow earth-worm," said Bagheera under his whiskers, as though he were trying to remember something. "Sssss! Have they ever called me that?" said Kaa.

"Something of that kind it was that they shouted to us last moon, but we never noticed them. They will say anything—even that thou hast lost all thy teeth, and wilt not face anything bigger than a kid, because (they are indeed shameless, these Bandar-log)—because thou art afraid of the hegoat's horns," Bagheera went on sweetly.

Now a snake, especially a wary old python like Kaa, very seldom shows that he is angry, but Baloo and Bagheera could see the big swallowing muscles on either side of Kaa's throat ripple and bulge.

"The Bandar-log have shifted their grounds," he said quietly. "When I came up into the sun today I heard them whooping among the tree-tops."

"It—it is the Bandar-log that we follow now," said Baloo, but the words stuck in his throat, for that was the first time in his memory that one of the Jungle-People had owned to being interested in the doings of the monkeys.

"Beyond doubt then it is no small thing that takes two such hunters—leaders in their own jungle I am certain—on the trail of the Bandar-log," Kaa replied courteously, as he swelled with curiosity.

"Indeed," Baloo began, "I am no more than the old and sometimes very foolish Teacher of the Law to the Seeonee wolfcubs, and Bagheera here—"

"Is Bagheera," said the Black Panther, and his jaws shut with a snap, for he did not believe in being humble. "The trouble is this, Kaa. Those nut-stealers and pickers of palm leaves have stolen away our man-cub of whom thou hast perhaps heard."

"I heard some news from Ikki (his quills make him presumptuous) of a man-thing that was entered into a wolf pack, but I did not believe. Ikki is full of stories half heard and very badly told."

"But it is true. He is such a man-cub as never was," said Baloo. "The best and wisest and boldest of man-cubs—my own pupil, who shall make the name of Baloo famous through all the jungles; and besides, I—we—love him, Kaa."

"Ts! Ts!" said Kaa, weaving his head to and fro. "I also have known what love is. There are tales I could tell that—"

"That need a clear night when we are all well fed to praise properly," said Bagheera quickly. "Our man-cub is in the hands of the Bandar-log now, and we know that of all the JunglePeople they fear Kaa alone."

"They fear me alone. They have good reason," said Kaa. "Chattering, foolish, vain—vain, foolish, and chattering, are the monkeys. But a man-thing in their hands is in no good luck. They grow tired of the nuts they pick, and throw them down. They carry a branch half a day, meaning to do great things with it, and then they snap it in two. That man-thing is not to be envied. They called me also—'yellow fish' was it not?"

"Worm—worm—earth-worm," said Bagheera, "as well as other things which I cannot now say for shame."

"We must remind them to speak well of their master. Aaassp! We must help their wandering memories. Now, whither went they with the cub?"

"The jungle alone knows. Toward the sunset, I believe," said Baloo. "We had thought that thou wouldst know, Kaa."

"I? How? I take them when they come in my way, but I do not hunt the Bandar-log, or frogs—or green scum on a water-hole, for that matter."

"Up, Up! Up, Up! Hillo! Illo! Illo, look up, Baloo of the Seeonee Wolf Pack!"

Baloo looked up to see where the voice came from, and there was Rann the Kite, sweeping down with the sun shining on the upturned flanges of his wings. It was near Rann's bedtime, but he had ranged all over the jungle looking for the Bear and had missed him in the thick foliage.

"What is it?" said Baloo.

"I have seen Mowgli among the Bandar-log. He bade me tell you. I watched. The Bandar-log have taken him beyond the river to the monkey city—to the Cold Lairs. They may stay there for a night, or ten nights, or an hour. I have told the bats to watch through the dark time. That is my message. Good hunting, all you below!"

"Full gorge and a deep sleep to you, Rann," cried Bagheera. "I will remember thee in my next kill, and put aside the head for thee alone, O best of kites!"

"It is nothing. It is nothing. The boy held the Master Word. I could have done no less," and Rann circled up again to his roost.

"He has not forgotten to use his tongue," said Baloo with a chuckle of pride. "To think of one so young remembering the Master Word for the birds too while he was being pulled across trees!"

"It was most firmly driven into him," said Bagheera. "But I am proud of him, and now we must go to the Cold Lairs."

They all knew where that place was, but few of the Jungle People ever went there, because what they called the Cold Lairs was an old deserted city, lost and buried in the jungle, and beasts seldom use a place that men have once used. The wild boar will, but the hunting tribes do not. Besides, the monkeys lived there as much as they could be said to live anywhere, and no self-respecting animal would come within eyeshot of it except in times of drought, when the half-ruined tanks and reservoirs held a little water.

"It is half a night's journey—at full speed," said Bagheera, and Baloo looked very serious. "I will go as fast as I can," he said anxiously.

"We dare not wait for thee. Follow, Baloo. We must go on the quick-foot—Kaa and I."

"Feet or no feet, I can keep abreast of all thy four," said Kaa shortly. Baloo made one effort to hurry, but had to sit down panting, and so they left him to come on later, while Bagheera hurried forward, at the quick panther-canter. Kaa said nothing, but, strive as Bagheera might, the huge Rock-python held level with him. When they came to a hill stream, Bagheera gained, because he bounded across while Kaa swam, his head and two feet of his neck clearing the water, but on level ground Kaa made up the distance.

"By the Broken Lock that freed me," said Bagheera, when twilight had fallen, "thou art no slow goer!" "I am hungry," said Kaa. "Besides, they called me speckled frog."

"Worm—earth-worm, and yellow to boot."

"All one. Let us go on," and Kaa seemed to pour himself along the ground, finding the shortest road with his steady eyes, and keeping to it.

In the Cold Lairs the Monkey-People were not thinking of Mowgli's friends at all. They had brought the boy to the Lost City, and were very much pleased with themselves for the time. Mowgli had never seen an Indian city before, and though this was almost a heap of ruins it seemed very wonderful and splendid. Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. You could still trace the stone causeways that

led up to the ruined gates where the last splinters of wood hung to the worn, rusted hinges. Trees had grown into and out of the walls; the battlements were tumbled down and decayed, and wild creepers hung out of the windows of the towers on the walls in bushy hanging clumps.

A great roofless palace crowned the hill, and the marble of the courtyards and the fountains was split, and stained with red and green, and the very cobblestones in the courtyard where the king's elephants used to live had been thrust up and apart by grasses and young trees. From the palace you could see the rows and rows of roofless houses that made up the city looking like empty honeycombs filled with blackness; the shapeless block of stone that had been an idol in the square where four roads met; the pits and dimples at street corners where the public wells once stood, and the shattered domes of temples with wild figs sprouting on their sides. The monkeys called the place their city, and pretended to despise the JunglePeople because they lived in the forest. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for nor how to use them. They would sit in circles on the hall of the king's council chamber, and scratch for fleas and pretend to be men; or they would run in and out of the roofless houses and collect pieces of plaster and old bricks in a corner, and forget where they had hidden them, and fight and cry in scuffling crowds, and then break off to play up and down the terraces of the king's garden, where they would shake the rose trees and the oranges in sport to see the fruit and flowers fall. They explored all the passages and dark tunnels in the palace and the hundreds of little dark rooms, but they never remembered what they had seen and what they had not; and so drifted about in ones and twos or crowds telling each other that they were doing as men did. They drank at the tanks and made the water all muddy, and then they fought over it, and then they would all rush together in mobs and shout: "There is no one in the jungle so wise and good and clever and strong and gentle as the Bandar-log." Then all would begin again till they grew tired of the city and went back to the tree-tops, hoping the JunglePeople would notice them.

Mowgli, who had been trained under the Law of the Jungle, did not like or understand this kind of life. The monkeys dragged him into the Cold Lairs late in the afternoon, and instead of going to sleep, as Mowgli would have done after a long journey, they joined hands and danced about and sang their foolish songs. One of the monkeys made a speech and told his companions that Mowgli's capture marked a new thing in the history of the Bandar-log, for Mowgli was going to show them how to weave sticks and canes together as a protection against rain and cold. Mowgli picked up some creepers and began to work them in and out, and the monkeys tried to imitate; but in a very few minutes they lost interest and began to pull their friends' tails or jump up and down on all fours, coughing. "I wish to eat," said Mowgli.

"I am a stranger in this part of the jungle. Bring me food, or give me leave to hunt here."

Twenty or thirty monkeys bounded away to bring him nuts and wild pawpaws. But they fell to fighting on the road, and it was too much trouble to go back with what was left of the fruit. Mowgli was sore and angry as well as hungry, and he roamed through the empty city giving the Strangers' Hunting Call from time to time, but no one answered him, and Mowgli felt that he had reached a very bad place indeed. "All that Baloo has said about the Bandar-log is true," he thought to himself. "They have no Law, no Hunting Call, and no leaders—nothing but foolish words and little picking thievish hands. So if I am starved or killed here, it will be all my own fault. But I must try to return to my own jungle. Baloo will surely beat me, but that is better than chasing silly rose leaves with the Bandar-log."

No sooner had he walked to the city wall than the monkeys pulled him back, telling him that he did not know how happy he was, and pinching him to make him grateful. He set his teeth and said nothing, but went with the shouting monkeys to a terrace above the red sandstone reservoirs that were half-full of rain water. There was a ruined summer-house of white marble in the center of the terrace, built for queens dead a hundred years ago. The domed roof had half fallen in and blocked up the underground passage from the palace by which the queens used to enter. But the walls were made of screens of marble tracery—beautiful milk-white fretwork, set with agates and cornelians and jasper and lapis lazuli, and as the moon came up behind the hill it shone through the open work, casting shadows on the ground like black velvet embroidery. Sore, sleepy, and hungry as he was, Mowgli could not help laughing when the Bandar-log began, twenty at a time, to tell him how great and wise and strong and gentle they were, and how foolish he was to wish to leave them. "We are great. We are free. We are wonderful. We are the most wonderful people in all the jungle! We all say so, and so it must be true," they shouted. "Now as you are a new listener and can carry our words back to the Jungle-People so that they may notice us in future, we will tell you all about our most excellent selves." Mowgli made no objection, and the monkeys gathered by hundreds and hundreds on the terrace to listen to their own speakers singing the praises of the Bandar-log, and whenever a speaker stopped for want of breath they would all shout together: "This is true; we all say so." Mowgli nodded and blinked, and said "Yes" when they asked him a question, and his head spun with the noise. "Tabaqui the Jackal must have bitten all these people," he said to himself, "and now they have madness. Certainly this is dewanee, the madness. Do they never go to sleep? Now there is a cloud coming to cover that moon. If it were only a big enough cloud I might try to run away in the darkness. But I am tired."

That same cloud was being watched by two good friends in the ruined ditch below the city wall, for Bagheera and Kaa, knowing well how dangerous the Monkey-People were in large numbers, did not wish to run any risks. The monkeys never fight unless they are a hundred to one, and few in the jungle care for those odds.

"I will go to the west wall," Kaa whispered, "and come down swiftly with the slope of the ground in my favor. They will not throw themselves upon my back in their hundreds, but—"

"I know it," said Bagheera. "Would that Baloo were here, but we must do what we can. When that cloud covers the moon I shall go to the terrace. They hold some sort of council there over the boy."

"Good hunting," said Kaa grimly, and glided away to the west wall. That happened to be the least ruined of any, and the big snake was delayed awhile before he could find a way up the stones. The cloud hid the moon, and as Mowgli wondered what would come next he heard Bagheera's light feet on the terrace. The Black Panther had raced up the slope almost without a sound and was striking—he knew better than to waste time in biting—right and left among the monkeys, who were seated round Mowgli in circles fifty and sixty deep. There was a howl of fright and rage, and then as Bagheera tripped on the rolling kicking bodies beneath him, a monkey shouted: "There is only one here! Kill him! Kill." A scuffling mass of monkeys, biting, scratching, tearing, and pulling, closed over Bagheera, while five or six laid hold of Mowgli, dragged him up the wall of the summerhouse and pushed him through the hole of the broken dome. A man-trained boy would have been badly bruised, for the fall was a good fifteen feet, but Mowgli fell as Baloo had taught him to fall, and landed on his feet.

"Stay there," shouted the monkeys, "till we have killed thy friends, and later we will play with thee—if the Poison-People leave thee alive."

"We be of one blood, ye and I," said Mowgli, quickly giving the Snake's Call. He could hear rustling and hissing in the rubbish all round him and gave the Call a second time, to make sure.

"Even sso! Down hoods all!" said half a dozen low voices (every ruin in India becomes sooner or later a dwelling place of snakes, and the old summerhouse was alive with cobras). "Stand still, Little Brother, for thy feet may do us harm."

Mowgli stood as quietly as he could, peering through the open work and listening to the furious din of the fight round the Black Panther—the yells and chatterings and scufflings, and Bagheera's deep, hoarse cough as he backed and bucked and twisted and plunged under the heaps of his enemies. For the first time since he was born, Bagheera was fighting for his life.

"Baloo must be at hand; Bagheera would not have come alone," Mowgli thought. And then he called aloud: "To the tank, Bagheera. Roll to the water tanks. Roll and plunge! Get to the water!"

Bagheera heard, and the cry that told him Mowgli was safe gave him new courage. He worked his way desperately, inch by inch, straight for the reservoirs, halting in silence. Then from the ruined wall nearest the jungle rose up the rumbling warshout of Baloo. The old Bear had done his best, but he could not

come before. "Bagheera," he shouted, "I am here. I climb! I haste! Ahuwora! The stones slip under my feet! Wait my coming, O most infamous Bandar-log!" He panted up the terrace only to disappear to the head in a wave of monkeys, but he threw himself squarely on his haunches, and, spreading out his forepaws, hugged as many as he could hold, and then began to hit with a regular bat-bat-bat, like the flipping strokes of a paddle wheel. A crash and a splash told Mowgli that Bagheera had fought his way to the tank where the monkeys could not follow. The Panther lay gasping for breath, his head just out of the water, while the monkeys stood three deep on the red steps, dancing up and down with rage, ready to spring upon him from all sides if he came out to help Baloo. It was then that Bagheera lifted up his dripping chin, and in despair gave the Snake's Call for protection—"We be of one blood, ye and I"—for he believed that Kaa had turned tail at the last minute. Even Baloo, half smothered under the monkeys on the edge of the terrace, could not help chuckling as he heard the Black Panther asking for help.

Kaa had only just worked his way over the west wall, landing with a wrench that dislodged a coping stone into the ditch. He had no intention of losing any advantage of the ground, and coiled and uncoiled himself once or twice, to be sure that every foot of his long body was in working order. All that while the fight with Baloo went on, and the monkeys yelled in the tank round Bagheera, and Mang the Bat, flying to and fro, carried the news of the great battle over the jungle, till even Hathi the Wild Elephant trumpeted, and, far away, scattered bands of the Monkey-Folk woke and came leaping along the tree-roads to help their comrades in the Cold Lairs, and the noise of the fight roused all the day birds for miles round. Then Kaa came straight, quickly, and anxious to kill. The fighting strength of a python is in the driving blow of his head backed by all the strength and weight of his body. If you can imagine a lance, or a battering ram, or a hammer weighing nearly half a ton driven by a cool, quiet mind living in the handle of it, you can roughly imagine what Kaa was like when he fought. A python four or five feet long can knock a man down if he hits him fairly in the chest, and Kaa was thirty feet long, as you know. His first stroke was delivered into the heart of the crowd round Baloo. It was sent home with shut mouth in silence, and there was no need of a second. The monkeys scattered with cries of—"Kaa! It is Kaa! Run! Run!"

Generations of monkeys had been scared into good behavior by the stories their elders told them of Kaa, the night thief, who could slip along the branches as quietly as moss grows, and steal away the strongest monkey that ever lived; of old Kaa, who could make himself look so like a dead branch or a rotten stump that the wisest were deceived, till the branch caught them. Kaa was everything that the monkeys feared in the jungle, for none of them knew the limits of his power, none of them could look him in the face, and none had ever come alive out of his hug. And so they ran, stammering with terror, to the walls and the roofs of the houses, and Baloo drew a deep breath of relief. His fur was much thicker than Bagheera's, but he had suffered sorely in the fight. Then Kaa opened his mouth for the first time and spoke one long hissing word, and the faraway monkeys, hurrying to the

defense of the Cold Lairs, stayed where they were, cowering, till the loaded branches bent and crackled under them. The monkeys on the walls and the empty houses stopped their cries, and in the stillness that fell upon the city Mowgli heard Bagheera shaking his wet sides as he came up from the tank. Then the clamor broke out again. The monkeys leaped higher up the walls. They clung around the necks of the big stone idols and shrieked as they skipped along the battlements, while Mowgli, dancing in the summerhouse, put his eye to the screenwork and hooted owl-fashion between his front teeth, to show his derision and contempt.

"Get the man-cub out of that trap; I can do no more," Bagheera gasped. "Let us take the man-cub and go. They may attack again."

"They will not move till I order them. Stay you sssso!" Kaa hissed, and the city was silent once more. "I could not come before, Brother, but I think I heard thee call"—this was to Bagheera.

"I—I may have cried out in the battle," Bagheera answered. "Baloo, art thou hurt?"

"I am not sure that they did not pull me into a hundred little bearlings," said Baloo, gravely shaking one leg after the other.

"Wow! I am sore. Kaa, we owe thee, I think, our lives—Bagheera and I."

"No matter. Where is the manling?"

"Here, in a trap. I cannot climb out," cried Mowgli. The curve of the broken dome was above his head.

"Take him away. He dances like Mao the Peacock. He will crush our young," said the cobras inside.

"Hah!" said Kaa with a chuckle, "he has friends everywhere, this manling. Stand back, manling. And hide you, O Poison People. I break down the wall."

Kaa looked carefully till he found a discolored crack in the marble tracery showing a weak spot, made two or three light taps with his head to get the distance, and then lifting up six feet of his body clear of the ground, sent home half a dozen full-power smashing blows, nose-first. The screen-work broke and fell away in a cloud of dust and rubbish, and Mowgli leaped through the opening and flung himself between Baloo and Bagheera—an arm around each big neck.

"Art thou hurt?" said Baloo, hugging him softly.

"I am sore, hungry, and not a little bruised. But, oh, they have handled ye grievously, my Brothers! Ye bleed."

"Others also," said Bagheera, licking his lips and looking at the monkey-dead on the terrace and round the tank.

"It is nothing, it is nothing, if thou art safe, oh, my pride of all little frogs!" whimpered Baloo.

"Of that we shall judge later," said Bagheera, in a dry voice that Mowgli did not at all like. "But here is Kaa to whom we owe the battle and thou owest thy life. Thank him according to our customs, Mowgli."

Mowgli turned and saw the great Python's head swaying a foot above his own.

"So this is the manling," said Kaa. "Very soft is his skin, and he is not unlike the Bandar-log. Have a care, manling, that I do not mistake thee for a monkey some twilight when I have newly changed my coat."

"We be one blood, thou and I," Mowgli answered. "I take my life from thee tonight. My kill shall be thy kill if ever thou art hungry, O Kaa."

"All thanks, Little Brother," said Kaa, though his eyes twinkled. "And what may so bold a hunter kill? I ask that I may follow when next he goes abroad."

"I kill nothing,—I am too little,—but I drive goats toward such as can use them. When thou art empty come to me and see if I speak the truth. I have some skill in these [he held out his hands], and if ever thou art in a trap, I may pay the debt which I owe to thee, to Bagheera, and to Baloo, here. Good hunting to ye all, my masters."

"Well said," growled Baloo, for Mowgli had returned thanks very prettily. The Python dropped his head lightly for a minute on Mowgli's shoulder. "A brave heart and a courteous tongue," said he. "They shall carry thee far through the jungle, manling. But now go hence quickly with thy friends. Go and sleep, for the moon sets, and what follows it is not well that thou shouldst see."

The moon was sinking behind the hills and the lines of trembling monkeys huddled together on the walls and battlements looked like ragged shaky fringes of things. Baloo went down to the tank for a drink and Bagheera began to put his fur in order, as Kaa glided out into the center of the terrace and brought his jaws together with a ringing snap that drew all the monkeys' eyes upon him.

"The moon sets," he said. "Is there yet light enough to see?"

From the walls came a moan like the wind in the tree-tops— "We see, O Kaa."

"Good. Begins now the dance—the Dance of the Hunger of Kaa. Sit still and watch."

He turned twice or thrice in a big circle, weaving his head from right to left. Then he began making loops and figures of eight with his body, and soft, oozy triangles that melted into squares and five-sided figures, and coiled mounds, never resting, never hurrying, and never stopping his low humming song. It grew darker

and darker, till at last the dragging, shifting coils disappeared, but they could hear the rustle of the scales.

Baloo and Bagheera stood still as stone, growling in their throats, their neck hair bristling, and Mowgli watched and wondered.

"Bandar-log," said the voice of Kaa at last, "can ye stir foot or hand without my order? Speak!"

"Without thy order we cannot stir foot or hand, O Kaa!"

"Good! Come all one pace nearer to me."

The lines of the monkeys swayed forward helplessly, and Baloo and Bagheera took one stiff step forward with them.

"Nearer!" hissed Kaa, and they all moved again.

Mowgli laid his hands on Baloo and Bagheera to get them away, and the two great beasts started as though they had been waked from a dream.

"Keep thy hand on my shoulder," Bagheera whispered. "Keep it there, or I must go back—must go back to Kaa. Aah!"

"It is only old Kaa making circles on the dust," said Mowgli. "Let us go." And the three slipped off through a gap in the walls to the jungle.

"Whoof!" said Baloo, when he stood under the still trees again. "Never more will I make an ally of Kaa," and he shook himself all over.

"He knows more than we," said Bagheera, trembling. "In a little time, had I stayed, I should have walked down his throat."

"Many will walk by that road before the moon rises again," said Baloo. "He will have good hunting—after his own fashion."

"But what was the meaning of it all?" said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python's powers of fascination. "I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. And his nose was all sore. Ho! Ho!"

"Mowgli," said Bagheera angrily, "his nose was sore on thy account, as my ears and sides and paws, and Baloo's neck and shoulders are bitten on thy account. Neither Baloo nor Bagheera will be able to hunt with pleasure for many days."

"It is nothing," said Baloo; "we have the man-cub again."

"True, but he has cost us heavily in time which might have been spent in good hunting, in wounds, in hair—I am half plucked along my back—and last of all, in honor. For, remember, Mowgli, I, who am the Black Panther, was forced to call upon Kaa for protection, and Baloo and I were both made stupid as little birds by the Hunger Dance. All this, man-cub, came of thy playing with the Bandar-log."

"True, it is true," said Mowgli sorrowfully. "I am an evil mancub, and my stomach is sad in me."

"Mf! What says the Law of the Jungle, Baloo?"

Baloo did not wish to bring Mowgli into any more trouble, but he could not tamper with the Law, so he mumbled: "Sorrow never stays punishment. But remember, Bagheera, he is very little."

"I will remember. But he has done mischief, and blows must be dealt now. Mowgli, hast thou anything to say?"

"Nothing. I did wrong. Baloo and thou are wounded. It is just."

Bagheera gave him half a dozen love-taps from a panther's point of view (they would hardly have waked one of his own cubs), but for a seven-year-old boy they amounted to as severe a beating as you could wish to avoid. When it was all over Mowgli sneezed, and picked himself up without a word.

"Now," said Bagheera, "jump on my back, Little Brother, and we will go home."

One of the beauties of Jungle Law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no nagging afterward.

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera's back and slept so deeply that he never waked when he was put down in the home-cave.

Chapter4

Road-Song of the Bandar-Log

Here we go in a flung festoon,
 Half-way up to the jealous moon!
 Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
 Don't you wish you had extra hands?
 Wouldn't you like if your tails were—so—
 Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?
 Now you're angry, but—never mind,
 Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
 Here we sit in a branchy row,

Thinking of beautiful things we know;
 Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
 All complete, in a minute or two—
 Something noble and wise and good,
 Done by merely wishing we could.
 We've forgotten, but—never mind,
 Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
 All the talk we ever have heard
 Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
 Hide or fin or scale or feather—
 Jabber it quickly and all together!
 Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!
 Now we are talking just like men!
 Let's pretend we are ... never mind,
 Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
 This is the way of the Monkey-kind.
 Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,
 That rocket by where, light and high, the wild grape swings.
 By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
 Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things!

Chapter5

"Tiger! Tiger!"

What of the hunting, hunter bold?

Brother, the watch was long and cold.

What of the quarry ye went to kill?

Brother, he crops in the jungle still.

Where is the power that made your pride?

Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side.

Where is the haste that ye hurry by?

Brother, I go to my lair—to die.

Now we must go back to the first tale. When Mowgli left the wolf's cave after the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the plowed lands where the villagers lived, but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle, and he knew that he had made at least one bad enemy at the Council. So he hurried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog-trot for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a country that he did not know. The valley opened out into a great plain dotted over with rocks and cut up by ravines. At one end stood a little village, and at the other the thick jungle came down in a sweep to the grazing-grounds, and stopped there as though it had been cut off with a hoe. All over the plain, cattle and buffaloes were grazing, and when the little boys in charge of the herds saw Mowgli they shouted and ran away, and the yellow pariah dogs that hang about every Indian village barked. Mowgli walked on, for he was feeling hungry, and when he came to the village gate he saw the big thorn-bush that was drawn up before the gate at twilight, pushed to one side.

“Umph!” he said, for he had come across more than one such barricade in his night rambles after things to eat. “So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also.” He sat down by the gate, and when a man came out he stood up, opened his mouth, and pointed down it to show that he wanted food. The man stared, and ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red and yellow mark on his forehead. The priest came to the gate, and with him at least a hundred people, who stared and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

“They have no manners, these Men Folk,” said Mowgli to himself. “Only the gray ape would behave as they do.” So he threw back his long hair and frowned at the crowd.

“What is there to be afraid of?” said the priest. “Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is but a wolf-child run away from the jungle.”

Of course, in playing together, the cubs had often nipped Mowgli harder than they intended, and there were white scars all over his arms and legs. But he would have been the last person in the world to call these bites, for he knew what real biting meant.

“Arre! Arre!” said two or three women together. “To be bitten by wolves, poor child! He is a handsome boy. He has eyes like red fire. By my honor, Messua, he is not unlike thy boy that was taken by the tiger.”

“Let me look,” said a woman with heavy copper rings on her wrists and ankles, and she peered at Mowgli under the palm of her hand. “Indeed he is not. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy.”

The priest was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was wife to the richest villager in the place. So he looked up at the sky for a minute and said solemnly: “What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into thy house, my sister, and forget not to honor the priest who sees so far into the lives of men.” “By the Bull that bought me,” said Mowgli to himself, “but all this talking is like another looking-over by the Pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must become.”

The crowd parted as the woman beckoned Mowgli to her hut, where there was a red lacquered bedstead, a great earthen grain chest with funny raised patterns on it, half a dozen copper cooking pots, an image of a Hindu god in a little alcove, and on the wall a real looking glass, such as they sell at the country fairs.

She gave him a long drink of milk and some bread, and then she laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes; for she thought perhaps that he might be her real son come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So she said, “Nathoo, O Nathoo!” Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. “Dost thou not remember the day when I gave thee thy new shoes?” She touched his foot, and it was almost as hard as horn. “No,” she said sorrowfully, “those feet have never worn shoes, but thou art very like my Nathoo, and thou shalt be my son.”

Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before. But as he looked at the thatch, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away, and that the window had no fastenings. “What is the good of a man,” he said to himself at last, “if he does not understand man’s talk? Now I am as silly and dumb as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must speak their talk.”

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. So, as soon as Messua pronounced a word Mowgli would imitate it almost perfectly, and before dark he had learned the names of many things in the hut.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowgli would not sleep under anything that looked so like a panther trap as that hut, and when they shut the door he went through the window. “Give him his will,” said Messua’s husband. “Remember he can never till now have slept on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son he will not run away.”

So Mowgli stretched himself in some long, clean grass at the edge of the field, but before he had closed his eyes a soft gray nose poked him under the chin.

“Phew!” said Gray Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf’s cubs). “This is a poor reward for following thee twenty miles. Thou smellest of wood smoke and cattle—altogether like a man already. Wake, Little Brother; I bring news.”

“Are all well in the jungle?” said Mowgli, hugging him.

“All except the wolves that were burned with the Red Flower. Now, listen. Shere Khan has gone away to hunt far off till his coat grows again, for he is badly singed. When he returns he swears that he will lay thy bones in the Waingunga.”

“There are two words to that. I also have made a little promise. But news is always good. I am tired to-night,—very tired with new things, Gray Brother,—but bring me the news always.”

“Thou wilt not forget that thou art a wolf? Men will not make thee forget?” said Gray Brother anxiously.

“Never. I will always remember that I love thee and all in our cave. But also I will always remember that I have been cast out of the Pack.”

“And that thou mayest be cast out of another pack. Men are only men, Little Brother, and their talk is like the talk of frogs in a pond. When I come down here again, I will wait for thee in the bamboos at the edge of the grazing-ground.”

For three months after that night Mowgli hardly ever left the village gate, he was so busy learning the ways and customs of men. First he had to wear a cloth round him, which annoyed him horribly; and then he had to learn about money, which he did not in the least understand, and about plowing, of which he did not see the use. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle had taught him to keep his temper, for in the jungle life and food depend on keeping your temper; but when they made fun of him because he would not play games or fly kites, or because he mispronounced some word, only the knowledge that it was unsportsmanlike to kill little naked cubs kept him from picking them up and breaking them in two.

He did not know his own strength in the least. In the jungle he knew he was weak compared with the beasts, but in the village people said that he was as strong as a bull.

And Mowgli had not the faintest idea of the difference that caste makes between man and man. When the potter’s donkey slipped in the clay pit, Mowgli hauled it out by the tail, and helped to stack the pots for their journey to the market at Khanhiwara. That was very shocking, too, for the potter is a low-caste man, and his donkey is worse. When the priest scolded him, Mowgli threatened to put him on the donkey too, and the priest told Messua’s husband that Mowgli had better be set to work as soon as possible; and the village head-man told Mowgli that he would have to go out with the buffaloes next day, and herd them while they grazed. No one was more pleased than Mowgli; and that night, because he had been appointed a servant of the village, as it were, he went off to a circle that met every evening on a masonry platform under a great fig-tree. It was the village club, and the head-man and the watchman and the barber, who knew all the gossip of the village, and old Buldeo, the village hunter, who had a Tower musket, met and smoked. The monkeys sat and talked in the upper branches, and there was a hole under the platform where a cobra lived, and he had his little platter of milk

every night because he was sacred; and the old men sat around the tree and talked, and pulled at the big huqas (the water-pipes) till far into the night. They told wonderful tales of gods and men and ghosts; and Buldeo told even more wonderful ones of the ways of beasts in the jungle, till the eyes of the children sitting outside the circle bulged out of their heads. Most of the tales were about animals, for the jungle was always at their door. The deer and the wild pig grubbed up their crops, and now and again the tiger carried off a man at twilight, within sight of the village gates.

Mowgli, who naturally knew something about what they were talking of, had to cover his face not to show that he was laughing, while Buldeo, the Tower musket across his knees, climbed on from one wonderful story to another, and Mowgli's shoulders shook.

Buldeo was explaining how the tiger that had carried away Messua's son was a ghost-tiger, and his body was inhabited by the ghost of a wicked, old money-lender, who had died some years ago. "And I know that this is true," he said, "because Purun Dass always limped from the blow that he got in a riot when his account books were burned, and the tiger that I speak of he limps, too, for the tracks of his pads are unequal."

"True, true, that must be the truth," said the gray-beards, nodding together.

"Are all these tales such cobwebs and moon talk?" said Mowgli. "That tiger limps because he was born lame, as everyone knows. To talk of the soul of a money-lender in a beast that never had the courage of a jackal is child's talk."

Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment, and the head-man stared.

"Oho! It is the jungle brat, is it?" said Buldeo. "If thou art so wise, better bring his hide to Khanhiwara, for the Government has set a hundred rupees on his life. Better still, talk not when thy elders speak." Mowgli rose to go. "All the evening I have lain here listening," he called back over his shoulder, "and, except once or twice, Buldeo has not said one word of truth concerning the jungle, which is at his very doors. How, then, shall I believe the tales of ghosts and gods and goblins which he says he has seen?"

"It is full time that boy went to herding," said the head-man, while Buldeo puffed and snorted at Mowgli's impertinence.

The custom of most Indian villages is for a few boys to take the cattle and buffaloes out to graze in the early morning, and bring them back at night. The very cattle that would trample a white man to death allow themselves to be banged and bullied and shouted at by children that hardly come up to their noses. So long as the boys keep with the herds they are safe, for not even the tiger will charge a mob of cattle. But if they straggle to pick flowers or hunt lizards, they are sometimes carried off. Mowgli went through the village street in the dawn, sitting on the back of Rama, the great herd bull. The slaty-blue buffaloes, with their long,

backward-sweeping horns and savage eyes, rose out their byres, one by one, and followed him, and Mowgli made it very clear to the children with him that he was the master. He beat the buffaloes with a long, polished bamboo, and told Kamyā, one of the boys, to graze the cattle by themselves, while he went on with the buffaloes, and to be very careful not to stray away from the herd.

An Indian grazing ground is all rocks and scrub and tussocks and little ravines, among which the herds scatter and disappear. The buffaloes generally keep to the pools and muddy places, where they lie wallowing or basking in the warm mud for hours. Mowgli drove them on to the edge of the plain where the Waingunga came out of the jungle; then he dropped from Rama's neck, trotted off to a bamboo clump, and found Gray Brother. "Ah," said Gray Brother, "I have waited here very many days. What is the meaning of this cattle-herding work?"

"It is an order," said Mowgli. "I am a village herd for a while. What news of Shere Khan?"

"He has come back to this country, and has waited here a long time for thee. Now he has gone off again, for the game is scarce. But he means to kill thee."

"Very good," said Mowgli. "So long as he is away do thou or one of the four brothers sit on that rock, so that I can see thee as I come out of the village. When he comes back wait for me in the ravine by the dhak tree in the center of the plain. We need not walk into Shere Khan's mouth."

Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him. Herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world. The cattle move and crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low. They only grunt, and the buffaloes very seldom say anything, but get down into the muddy pools one after another, and work their way into the mud till only their noses and staring china-blue eyes show above the surface, and then they lie like logs. The sun makes the rocks dance in the heat, and the herd children hear one kite (never any more) whistling almost out of sight overhead, and they know that if they died, or a cow died, that kite would sweep down, and the next kite miles away would see him drop and follow, and the next, and the next, and almost before they were dead there would be a score of hungry kites come out of nowhere. Then they sleep and wake and sleep again, and weave little baskets of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them; or catch two praying mantises and make them fight; or string a necklace of red and black jungle nuts; or watch a lizard basking on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog near the wallows. Then they sing long, long songs with odd native quavers at the end of them, and the day seems longer than most people's whole lives, and perhaps they make a mud castle with mud figures of men and horses and buffaloes, and put reeds into the men's hands, and pretend that they are kings and the figures are their armies, or that they are gods to be worshiped. Then evening comes and the children call, and the buffaloes lumber up out of the sticky mud with noises like gunshots going off one after the other, and they all string across the gray plain back to the twinkling village lights.

Day after day Mowgli would lead the buffaloes out to their wallows, and day after day he would see Gray Brother's back a mile and a half away across the plain (so he knew that Shere Khan had not come back), and day after day he would lie on the grass listening to the noises round him, and dreaming of old days in the jungle. If Shere Khan had made a false step with his lame paw up in the jungles by the Waingunga, Mowgli would have heard him in those long, still mornings.

At last a day came when he did not see Gray Brother at the signal place, and he laughed and headed the buffaloes for the ravine by the dhak tree, which was all covered with golden-red flowers. There sat Gray Brother, every bristle on his back lifted.

"He has hidden for a month to throw thee off thy guard. He crossed the ranges last night with Tabaqui, hot-foot on thy trail," said the Wolf, panting.

Mowgli frowned. "I am not afraid of Shere Khan, but Tabaqui is very cunning."

"Have no fear," said Gray Brother, licking his lips a little. "I met Tabaqui in the dawn. Now he is telling all his wisdom to the kites, but he told me everything before I broke his back. Shere Khan's plan is to wait for thee at the village gate this evening—for thee and for no one else. He is lying up now, in the big dry ravine of the Waingunga."

"Has he eaten today, or does he hunt empty?" said Mowgli, for the answer meant life and death to him.

"He killed at dawn,—a pig,—and he has drunk too. Remember, Shere Khan could never fast, even for the sake of revenge."

"Oh! Fool, fool! What a cub's cub it is! Eaten and drunk too, and he thinks that I shall wait till he has slept! Now, where does he lie up? If there were but ten of us we might pull him down as he lies. These buffaloes will not charge unless they wind him, and I cannot speak their language. Can we get behind his track so that they may smell it?"

"He swam far down the Waingunga to cut that off," said Gray Brother.

"Tabaqui told him that, I know. He would never have thought of it alone." Mowgli stood with his finger in his mouth, thinking. "The big ravine of the Waingunga. That opens out on the plain not half a mile from here. I can take the herd round through the jungle to the head of the ravine and then sweep down—but he would slink out at the foot. We must block that end. Gray Brother, canst thou cut the herd in two for me?"

"Not I, perhaps—but I have brought a wise helper." Gray Brother trotted off and dropped into a hole. Then there lifted up a huge gray head that Mowgli knew well,

and the hot air was filled with the most desolate cry of all the jungle—the hunting howl of a wolf at midday.

“Akela! Akela!” said Mowgli, clapping his hands. “I might have known that thou wouldst not forget me. We have a big work in hand. Cut the herd in two, Akela. Keep the cows and calves together, and the bulls and the plow buffaloes by themselves.”

The two wolves ran, ladies’-chain fashion, in and out of the herd, which snorted and threw up its head, and separated into two clumps. In one, the cow-buffaloes stood with their calves in the center, and glared and pawed, ready, if a wolf would only stay still, to charge down and trample the life out of him. In the other, the bulls and the young bulls snorted and stamped, but though they looked more imposing they were much less dangerous, for they had no calves to protect. No six men could have divided the herd so neatly.

“What orders!” panted Akela. “They are trying to join again.”

Mowgli slipped on to Rama’s back. “Drive the bulls away to the left, Akela. Gray Brother, when we are gone, hold the cows together, and drive them into the foot of the ravine.”

“How far?” said Gray Brother, panting and snapping.

“Till the sides are higher than Shere Khan can jump,” shouted Mowgli. “Keep them there till we come down.” The bulls swept off as Akela bayed, and Gray Brother stopped in front of the cows. They charged down on him, and he ran just before them to the foot of the ravine, as Akela drove the bulls far to the left.

“Well done! Another charge and they are fairly started. Careful, now—careful, Akela. A snap too much and the bulls will charge. Hujah! This is wilder work than driving black-buck. Didst thou think these creatures could move so swiftly?” Mowgli called.

“I have—have hunted these too in my time,” gasped Akela in the dust. “Shall I turn them into the jungle?”

“Ay! Turn. Swiftly turn them! Rama is mad with rage. Oh, if I could only tell him what I need of him to-day.”

The bulls were turned, to the right this time, and crashed into the standing thicket. The other herd children, watching with the cattle half a mile away, hurried to the village as fast as their legs could carry them, crying that the buffaloes had gone mad and run away.

But Mowgli’s plan was simple enough. All he wanted to do was to make a big circle uphill and get at the head of the ravine, and then take the bulls down it and catch Shere Khan between the bulls and the cows; for he knew that after a meal and a full drink Shere Khan would not be in any condition to fight or to clamber

up the sides of the ravine. He was soothing the buffaloes now by voice, and Akela had dropped far to the rear, only whimpering once or twice to hurry the rear-guard. It was a long, long circle, for they did not wish to get too near the ravine and give Shere Khan warning. At last Mowgli rounded up the bewildered herd at the head of the ravine on a grassy patch that sloped steeply down to the ravine itself. From that height you could see across the tops of the trees down to the plain below; but what Mowgli looked at was the sides of the ravine, and he saw with a great deal of satisfaction that they ran nearly straight up and down, while the vines and creepers that hung over them would give no foothold to a tiger who wanted to get out.

“Let them breathe, Akela,” he said, holding up his hand. “They have not winded him yet. Let them breathe. I must tell Shere Khan who comes. We have him in the trap.”

He put his hands to his mouth and shouted down the ravine— it was almost like shouting down a tunnel—and the echoes jumped from rock to rock.

After a long time there came back the drawling, sleepy snarl of a full-fed tiger just wakened.

“Who calls?” said Shere Khan, and a splendid peacock fluttered up out of the ravine screeching.

“I, Mowgli. Cattle thief, it is time to come to the Council Rock! Down—hurry them down, Akela! Down, Rama, down!”

The herd paused for an instant at the edge of the slope, but Akela gave tongue in the full hunting-yell, and they pitched over one after the other, just as steamers shoot rapids, the sand and stones spurting up round them. Once started, there was no chance of stopping, and before they were fairly in the bed of the ravine Rama winded Shere Khan and bellowed.

“Ha! Ha!” said Mowgli, on his back. “Now thou knowest!” and the torrent of black horns, foaming muzzles, and staring eyes whirled down the ravine just as boulders go down in floodtime; the weaker buffaloes being shouldered out to the sides of the ravine where they tore through the creepers. They knew what the business was before them—the terrible charge of the buffalo herd against which no tiger can hope to stand. Shere Khan heard the thunder of their hoofs, picked himself up, and lumbered down the ravine, looking from side to side for some way of escape, but the walls of the ravine were straight and he had to hold on, heavy with his dinner and his drink, willing to do anything rather than fight. The herd splashed through the pool he had just left, bellowing till the narrow cut rang. Mowgli heard an answering bellow from the foot of the ravine, saw Shere Khan turn (the tiger knew if the worst came to the worst it was better to meet the bulls than the cows with their calves), and then Rama tripped, stumbled, and went on again over something soft, and, with the bulls at his heels, crashed full into the other herd, while the weaker buffaloes were lifted clean off their feet by the shock

of the meeting. That charge carried both herds out into the plain, goring and stamping and snorting. Mowgli watched his time, and slipped off Rama's neck, laying about him right and left with his stick.

"Quick, Akela! Break them up. Scatter them, or they will be fighting one another. Drive them away, Akela. Hai, Rama! Hai, hai, hai! my children. Softly now, softly! It is all over."

Akela and Gray Brother ran to and fro nipping the buffaloes' legs, and though the herd wheeled once to charge up the ravine again, Mowgli managed to turn Rama, and the others followed him to the wallows.

Shere Khan needed no more trampling. He was dead, and the kites were coming for him already.

"Brothers, that was a dog's death," said Mowgli, feeling for the knife he always carried in a sheath round his neck now that he lived with men. "But he would never have shown fight. His hide will look well on the Council Rock. We must get to work swiftly."

A boy trained among men would never have dreamed of skinning a ten-foot tiger alone, but Mowgli knew better than anyone else how an animal's skin is fitted on, and how it can be taken off. But it was hard work, and Mowgli slashed and tore and grunted for an hour, while the wolves lolled out their tongues, or came forward and tugged as he ordered them. Presently a hand fell on his shoulder, and looking up he saw Buldeo with the Tower musket. The children had told the village about the buffalo stampede, and Buldeo went out angrily, only too anxious to correct Mowgli for not taking better care of the herd. The wolves dropped out of sight as soon as they saw the man coming.

"What is this folly?" said Buldeo angrily. "To think that thou canst skin a tiger! Where did the buffaloes kill him? It is the Lame Tiger too, and there is a hundred rupees on his head. Well, well, we will overlook thy letting the herd run off, and perhaps I will give thee one of the rupees of the reward when I have taken the skin to Khanhiwara." He fumbled in his waist cloth for flint and steel, and stooped down to singe Shere Khan's whiskers. Most native hunters always singe a tiger's whiskers to prevent his ghost from haunting them.

"Hum!" said Mowgli, half to himself as he ripped back the skin of a forepaw. "So thou wilt take the hide to Khanhiwara for the reward, and perhaps give me one rupee? Now it is in my mind that I need the skin for my own use. Heh! Old man, take away that fire!"

"What talk is this to the chief hunter of the village? Thy luck and the stupidity of thy buffaloes have helped thee to this kill. The tiger has just fed, or he would have gone twenty miles by this time. Thou canst not even skin him properly, little beggar brat, and forsooth I, Buldeo, must be told not to singe his whiskers.

Mowgli, I will not give thee one anna of the reward, but only a very big beating. Leave the carcass!”

“By the Bull that bought me,” said Mowgli, who was trying to get at the shoulder, “must I stay babbling to an old ape all noon? Here, Akela, this man plagues me.”

Buldeo, who was still stooping over Shere Khan’s head, found himself sprawling on the grass, with a gray wolf standing over him, while Mowgli went on skinning as though he were alone in all India.

“Ye-es,” he said, between his teeth. “Thou art altogether right, Buldeo. Thou wilt never give me one anna of the reward. There is an old war between this lame tiger and myself—a very old war, and—I have won.”

To do Buldeo justice, if he had been ten years younger he would have taken his chance with Akela had he met the wolf in the woods, but a wolf who obeyed the orders of this boy who had private wars with man-eating tigers was not a common animal. It was sorcery, magic of the worst kind, thought Buldeo, and he wondered whether the amulet round his neck would protect him. He lay as still as still, expecting every minute to see Mowgli turn into a tiger too.

“Maharaj! Great King,” he said at last in a husky whisper.

“Yes,” said Mowgli, without turning his head, chuckling a little.

“I am an old man. I did not know that thou wast anything more than a herdsboy. May I rise up and go away, or will thy servant tear me to pieces?”

“Go, and peace go with thee. Only, another time do not meddle with my game. Let him go, Akela.”

Buldeo hobbled away to the village as fast as he could, looking back over his shoulder in case Mowgli should change into something terrible. When he got to the village he told a tale of magic and enchantment and sorcery that made the priest look very grave.

Mowgli went on with his work, but it was nearly twilight before he and the wolves had drawn the great gay skin clear of the body.

“Now we must hide this and take the buffaloes home! Help me to herd them, Akela.”

The herd rounded up in the misty twilight, and when they got near the village Mowgli saw lights, and heard the conches and bells in the temple blowing and banging. Half the village seemed to be waiting for him by the gate. “That is because I have killed Shere Khan,” he said to himself. But a shower of stones whistled about his ears, and the villagers shouted: “Sorcerer! Wolf’s brat! Jungle

demon! Go away! Get hence quickly or the priest will turn thee into a wolf again. Shoot, Buldeo, shoot!”

The old Tower musket went off with a bang, and a young buffalo bellowed in pain.

“More sorcery!” shouted the villagers. “He can turn bullets. Buldeo, that was thy buffalo.”

“Now what is this?” said Mowgli, bewildered, as the stones flew thicker.

“They are not unlike the Pack, these brothers of thine,” said Akela, sitting down composedly. “It is in my head that, if bullets mean anything, they would cast thee out.”

“Wolf! Wolf’s cub! Go away!” shouted the priest, waving a sprig of the sacred tulsi plant.

“Again? Last time it was because I was a man. This time it is because I am a wolf. Let us go, Akela.”

A woman—it was Messua—ran across to the herd, and cried: “Oh, my son, my son! They say thou art a sorcerer who can turn himself into a beast at will. I do not believe, but go away or they will kill thee. Buldeo says thou art a wizard, but I know thou hast avenged Nathoo’s death.”

“Come back, Messua!” shouted the crowd. “Come back, or we will stone thee.”

Mowgli laughed a little short ugly laugh, for a stone had hit him in the mouth. “Run back, Messua. This is one of the foolish tales they tell under the big tree at dusk. I have at least paid for thy son’s life. Farewell; and run quickly, for I shall send the herd in more swiftly than their brickbats. I am no wizard, Messua. Farewell!”

“Now, once more, Akela,” he cried. “Bring the herd in.”

The buffaloes were anxious enough to get to the village. They hardly needed Akela’s yell, but charged through the gate like a whirlwind, scattering the crowd right and left.

“Keep count!” shouted Mowgli scornfully. “It may be that I have stolen one of them. Keep count, for I will do your herding no more. Fare you well, children of men, and thank Messua that I do not come in with my wolves and hunt you up and down your street.”

He turned on his heel and walked away with the Lone Wolf, and as he looked up at the stars he felt happy. “No more sleeping in traps for me, Akela. Let us get Shere Khan’s skin and go away. No, we will not hurt the village, for Messua was kind to me.”

When the moon rose over the plain, making it look all milky, the horrified villagers saw Mowgli, with two wolves at his heels and a bundle on his head, trotting across at the steady wolf's trot that eats up the long miles like fire. Then they banged the temple bells and blew the conches louder than ever. And Messua cried, and Buldeo embroidered the story of his adventures in the jungle, till he ended by saying that Akela stood up on his hind legs and talked like a man.

The moon was just going down when Mowgli and the two wolves came to the hill of the Council Rock, and they stopped at Mother Wolf's cave.

"They have cast me out from the Man-Pack, Mother," shouted Mowgli, "but I come with the hide of Shere Khan to keep my word."

Mother Wolf walked stiffly from the cave with the cubs behind her, and her eyes glowed as she saw the skin.

"I told him on that day, when he crammed his head and shoulders into this cave, hunting for thy life, Little Frog—I told him that the hunter would be the hunted. It is well done."

"Little Brother, it is well done," said a deep voice in the thicket. "We were lonely in the jungle without thee, and Bagheera came running to Mowgli's bare feet. They clambered up the Council Rock together, and Mowgli spread the skin out on the flat stone where Akela used to sit, and pegged it down with four slivers of bamboo, and Akela lay down upon it, and called the old call to the Council, "Look—look well, O Wolves," exactly as he had called when Mowgli was first brought there.

Ever since Akela had been deposed, the Pack had been without a leader, hunting and fighting at their own pleasure. But they answered the call from habit; and some of them were lame from the traps they had fallen into, and some limped from shot wounds, and some were mangy from eating bad food, and many were missing. But they came to the Council Rock, all that were left of them, and saw Shere Khan's striped hide on the rock, and the huge claws dangling at the end of the empty dangling feet. It was then that Mowgli made up a song that came up into his throat all by itself, and he shouted it aloud, leaping up and down on the rattling skin, and beating time with his heels till he had no more breath left, while Gray Brother and Akela howled between the verses.

"Look well, O Wolves. Have I kept my word?" said Mowgli. And the wolves bayed "Yes," and one tattered wolf howled:

"Lead us again, O Akela. Lead us again, O Man-cub, for we be sick of this lawlessness, and we would be the Free People once more."

"Nay," purred Bagheera, "that may not be. When ye are fullfed, the madness may come upon you again. Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours. Eat it, O Wolves."

“Man-Pack and Wolf-Pack have cast me out,” said Mowgli.

“Now I will hunt alone in the jungle.” “And we will hunt with thee,” said the four cubs.

So Mowgli went away and hunted with the four cubs in the jungle from that day on. But he was not always alone, because, years afterward, he became a man and married.

But that is a story for grown-ups.

Chapter 6

Mowgli's Song

MOWGLI'S SONG

THAT HE SANG AT THE COUNCIL ROCK WHEN HE DANCED ON
SHERE KHAN'S HIDE

The Song of Mowgli—I, Mowgli, am singing. Let the jungle listen to the things
I have done.

Shere Khan said he would kill—would kill! At the gates in the twilight he would
kill Mowgli, the Frog!

He ate and he drank. Drink deep, Shere Khan, for when wilt thou drink again?
Sleep and dream of the kill.

I am alone on the grazing-grounds. Gray Brother, come to me!

Come to me, Lone Wolf, for there is big game afoot!

Bring up the great bull buffaloes, the blue-skinned herd bulls with the angry
eyes. Drive them to and fro as I order.

Sleepest thou still, Shere Khan? Wake, oh, wake! Here come I, and the bulls
are behind.

Rama, the King of the Buffaloes, stamped with his foot. Waters of the
Waingunga, whither went Shere Khan?

He is not Ikki to dig holes, nor Mao, the Peacock, that he should fly. He is not
Mang the Bat, to hang in the branches. Little bamboos that creak together, tell me
where he ran?

Ow! He is there. Ahoo! He is there. Under the feet of Rama lies the Lame One!

Up, Shere Khan! Up and kill! Here is meat; break the necks of the bulls!

Hsh! He is asleep. We will not wake him, for his strength is very great. The kites have come down to see it. The black ants have come up to know it. There is a great assembly in his honor.

Alala! I have no cloth to wrap me. The kites will see that I am naked. I am ashamed to meet all these people.

Lend me thy coat, Shere Khan. Lend me thy gay striped coat that I may go to the Council Rock.

By the Bull that bought me I made a promise—a little promise.

Only thy coat is lacking before I keep my word.

With the knife, with the knife that men use, with the knife of the hunter, I will stoop down for my gift.

Waters of the Waingunga, Shere Khan gives me his coat for the love that he bears me. Pull, Gray Brother! Pull, Akela! Heavy is the hide of Shere Khan. The Man Pack are angry. They throw stones and talk child's talk.

My mouth is bleeding. Let me run away.

Through the night, through the hot night, run swiftly with me, my brothers. We will leave the lights of the village and go to the low moon.

Waters of the Waingunga, the Man-Pack have cast me out. I did them no harm, but they were afraid of me. Why?

Wolf Pack, ye have cast me out too. The jungle is shut to me and the village gates are shut. Why?

As Mang flies between the beasts and birds, so fly I between the village and the jungle. Why?

I dance on the hide of Shere Khan, but my heart is very heavy. My mouth is cut and wounded with the stones from the village, but my heart is very light, because I have come back to the jungle. Why?

These two things fight together in me as the snakes fight in the spring. The water comes out of my eyes; yet I laugh while it falls. Why?

I am two Mowglis, but the hide of Shere Khan is under my feet.

All the jungle knows that I have killed Shere Khan. Look—look well, O Wolves!

Ahae! My heart is heavy with the things that I do not understand.



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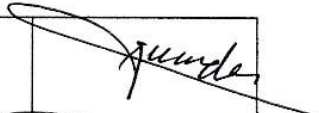
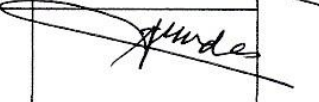
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1.	19 Januari 2018	Konsultasi I Perbaikan Judul, Konten Proposal, dan Format Penulisan	
2.	29 Januari 2018	Konsultasi II Perbaikan Beckground, Research Questions, and Research Method	
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4.	20 Februari 2018	Konsultasi IV dan Acc Seminar Proposal	
5.	28 Februari 2018	Konsultasi V Revisi Background of The Study and Data Collection	
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