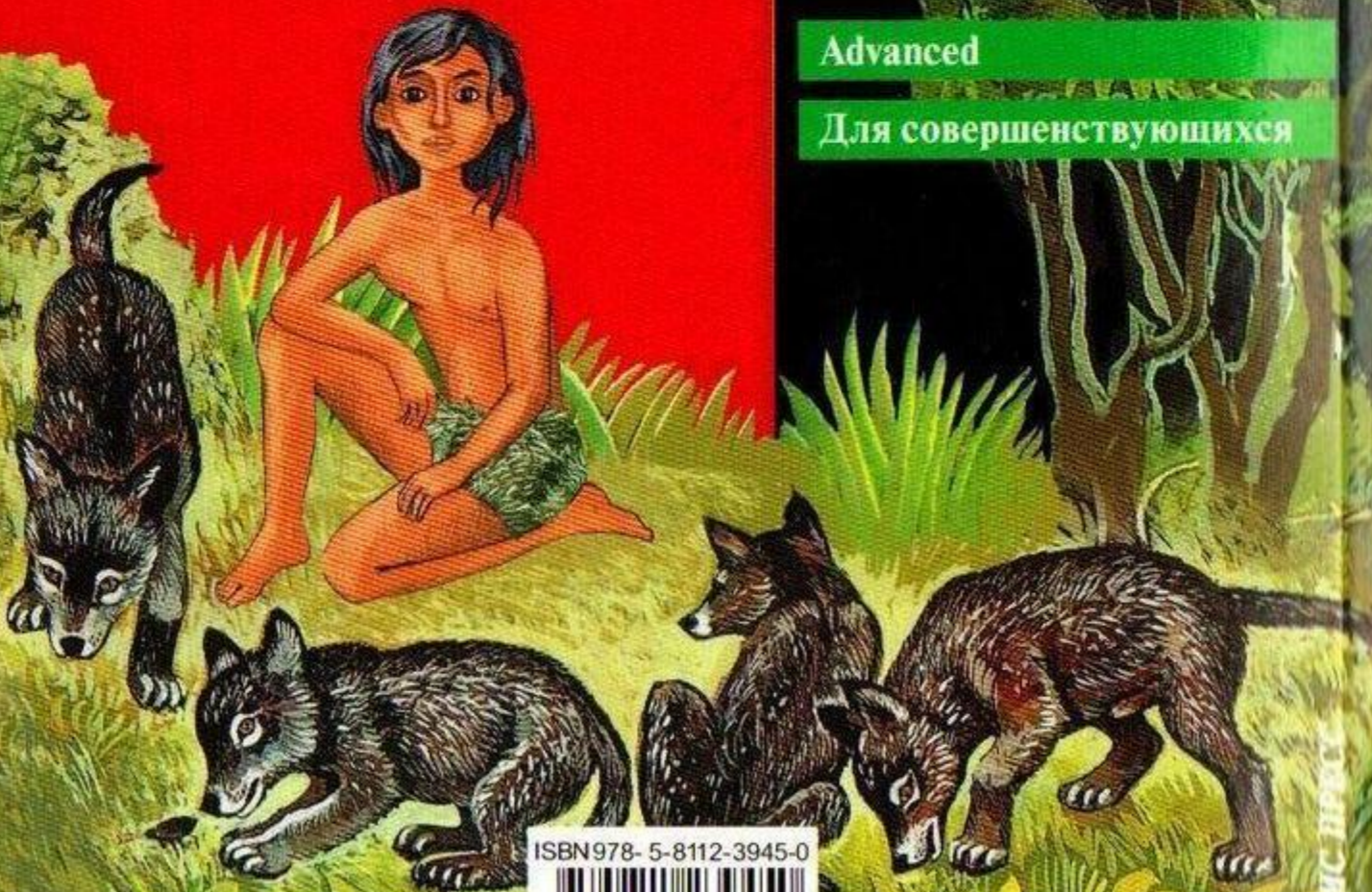


"Ay, roar well," said Bagheera,
"because the time comes when
you roar to another music,
or I know nothing of Man."



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

"Truly, a help in time of need
because none can hope
to lead the Pack forever,"
said Bagheera.



ISBN 978-5-8112-3945-0



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первого уровня

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Advanced

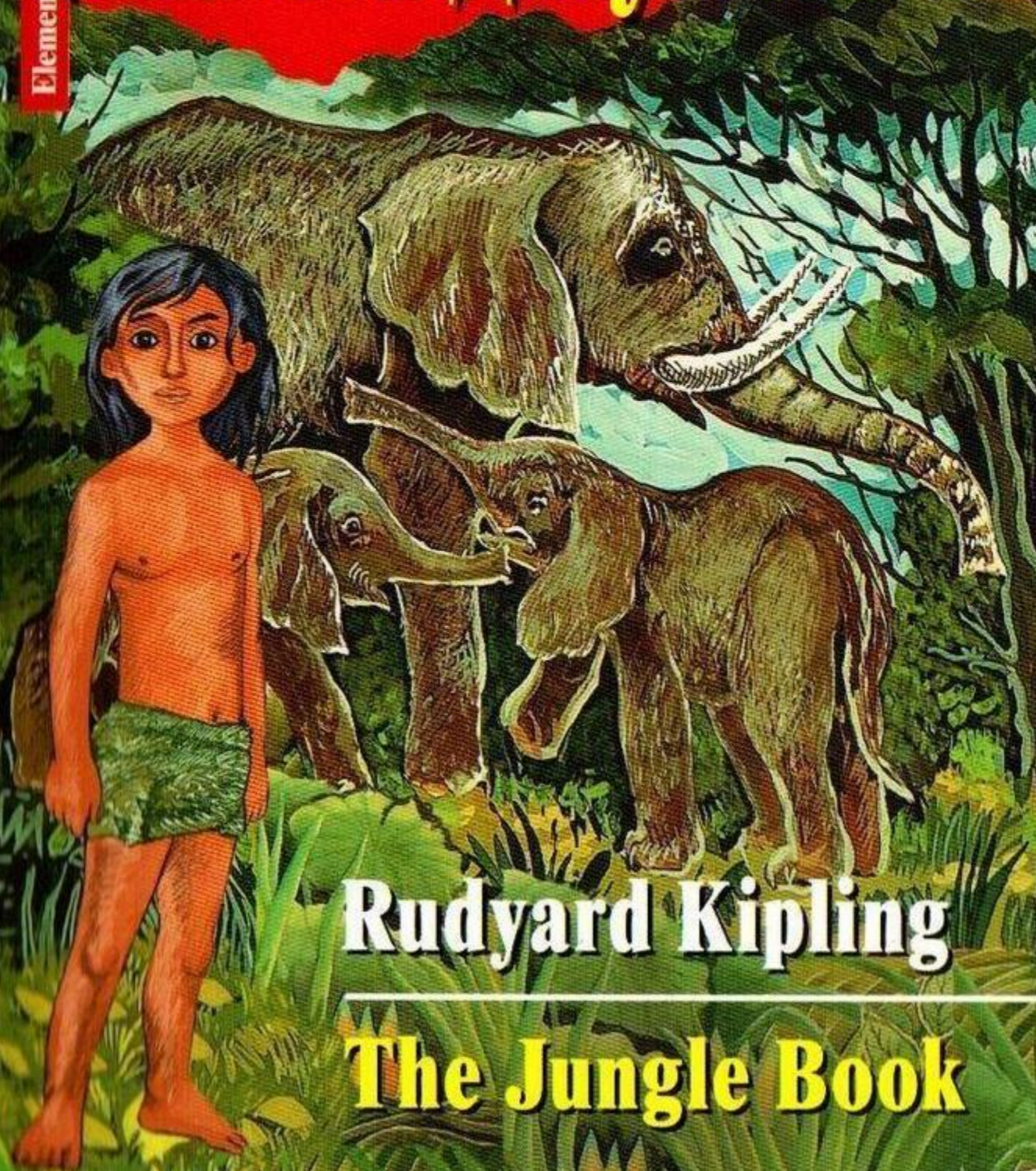
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АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Редьярд Киплинг

Книга джунглей



Домашнее чтение

Elementary

Rudyard Kipling

The Jungle Book

Elementary



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ КЛУБ

Домашнее чтение

Редьярд Киплинг

Книга джунглей

*Составление, адаптация текста,
комментарий, упражнения
Е. Г. Вороновой и Н. Н. Чесовой*



Москва

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

2010

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-93
К42

Серийное оформление *А. М. Драгового*

Киплинг, Р.

К42 Книга джунглей. [= The Jungle Book] / Редьярд Киплинг; сост., адаптация текста, коммент., упражнения Е. Г. Вороновой, Н. Н. Чесовой. — М.: Айрис-пресс, 2010. — 160 с.: ил. — (Английский клуб).

ISBN 978-5-8112-3945-0

Книга из серии «Английский клуб» знакомит читателя с творчеством известного английского писателя Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга. Текст его произведения — «Книга джунглей» — адаптирован с учетом уровня владения языком учащихся 5–6 классов. На страницах книги вы встретитесь со знакомыми персонажами — Маугли, коварным тигром Шер-Ханом, благородным волком Акелой, могучим медведем Балу, Рикки-Тикки-Тави и др. Книга снабжена комментарием и упражнениями, направленными на проверку понимания текста, отработку лексики, грамматических структур, развитие навыков устной речи.

ББК 81.2Англ-93
УДК 811.111(075)

ISBN 978-5-8112-3945-0

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Учебное издание

Киплинг Редьярд

КНИГА ДЖУНГЛЕЙ

Составление, адаптация текста,
комментарий, упражнения *Е. Г. Вороновой, Н. Н. Чесовой*

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Подписано в печать 17.02.2010. Бумага офсетная. Формат 60×90^{1/16}.

Печать офсетная. Печ. л. 10. Усл.-печ. л. 10.

Гарнитура «Школьная». Тираж 7 000 экз. Заказ № 1707.

ООО «Издательство «АЙРИС-пресс»

129626, г. Москва, пр-т Мира, д. 104.

Отпечатано в ОАО «Можайский полиграфический комбинат».

143200, г. Можайск, ул. Мира, 93.

Сайт: www.oaompk.ru тел.: (495) 745-84-28 (49638) 20-685



Part One

MOWGLI'S BROTHERS

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seonee Hills¹. Father Wolf woke up from his day's sleep.

Mother Wolf lay with her big grey nose among her four little cubs. The moon was shining.

¹ a hill — невысокая гора, холм

“Augrh!” said Father Wolf, “it is time to hunt again.” He was going downhill when a little figure with a bushy tail said: “Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves. Good luck and strong white teeth go with your children, that they may never forget the hungry in this world.”

It was the jackal — Tabaqui, the Dish-licker. The wolves of India don't like Tabaqui because he runs about making trouble, and telling tales, and eating from the village rubbish-heaps¹. They are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui often goes mad. Then he forgets that he was ever afraid of any one, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way. Even the tiger hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, because madness is the worst thing that can happen to a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia², but they call it *dewanee* — the madness — and run.

“Enter, then, and look,” said Father Wolf, “but there is no food here.”

“For a wolf, no,” said Tabaqui, “but for so little a person as myself a dry bone³ is

¹ a rubbish-heap — мусорная куча

² hydrophobia — мед. водобоязнь, бешенство

³ bone — кость

good food. Who are we, the Gidur-log (the Jackal People), to choose?” He went in and found the bone of a buck¹ with some meat on it there.

“All thanks for this good meal,” he said, licking his lips. “How beautiful are your children! How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I must remember that the children of kings are men from the beginning.”

Tabaqui knew as well as any one else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces. But it pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf feel uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, and then he said:

“Shere Khan, the Big One, has changed his place of hunting. He will hunt among these hills during the next month, so he 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 Law² of the Jungle he has no right to change his place of hunting. He will

¹ a buck — БЫК

² law — ЗАКОН

frighten everyone within ten miles¹ and I — I have to kill for two, these days.”

“His mother did not call him Lungri, the Lame² One, for nothing³,” said Mother Wolf. “He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he kills only domestic animals in the village. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him. He came here to make our villagers angry. They will look for him here when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set to fire. Indeed: we are very thankful to Shere Khan!”

“Shall I tell him of your thanks?” asked Tabaqui.

“Out!” cried Father Wolf. “Out, and hunt with your master.”

“I go,” said Tabaqui. “You can hear Shere Khan.”

Father Wolf listened, and heard the dry, angry singsong of a tiger who 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

¹ a mile — миля (мера длины, равная 1690 м)

² lame — хромой

³ for nothing — зря, напрасно

think that our bucks are like his fat Waingunga ones?”

“Hush!¹ It is neither a bullock nor a buck that he hunts tonight,” said Mother Wolf; “it is Man.”

The cry changed to a purr² that came from everywhere.

“Man!” said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. “Faugh!³ Are there not enough beetles⁴ and frogs that he must eat Man?”

The Law of the Jungle doesn’t let any animal eat Man. The mankilling means the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets. Then everybody in the jungle suffers⁵. The reason is that Man is the weakest of all living things. They say too, and it is true, that man-eaters lose their teeth. The purr grew louder, and ended in “Aaarh!” of the tiger.

Then there was a cry — an untigerish

¹ Hush! — Тише! Тс-с!

² purr — (громкое) урчание

³ Faugh! — Тьфу! Фу!

⁴ beetle — жук

⁵ to suffer — страдать

cry — from Shere Khan. “He has missed,” said Mother Wolf. “What is it?”

Father Wolf ran out a little and heard Shere Khan.

“This fool has nothing better than to jump at a wood-cutters’¹ campfire. He has burnt his feet,” said Father Wolf. “Tabaqui is with him.”

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

The grass moved a little. Then, the most wonderful thing in the world happened. The wolf stopped in mid-spring². He stopped before he saw what he was jumping at. Then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he jumped up straight into the air for four or five feet³ and landed almost where he left ground.

“Man!” he said. “A man’s cub. Look!”

Just in front of him, stood an undressed brown baby. It could just walk. He looked up into Father Wolf’s face and laughed.

¹ a wood-cutter — дровосек

² mid-spring — полупрыжок

³ a foot (*pl* feet) — фут (мера длины, равная 30,48 см.)

“Is that a man’s cub?” said Mother Wolf. “I have never seen one. Bring it¹ here.”

A wolf can, if necessary, take an egg without breaking it. So Father Wolf’s teeth closed right on the child’s back, not a tooth even scratched² the skin. He put it down among the cubs.

“How little! How naked³, and — how hairless!” said Mother Wolf. The baby pushed his way between the cubs. “Aha!⁴ He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man’s cub. Now was there ever a wolf that could tell about a man’s cub among her children?”

“I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack⁵ or in my time,” said Father Wolf. “He is without hair, and I could kill him with one foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid.”

The moonlight stopped coming into the

¹ В английском языке местоимение *it* употребляется не только, когда речь идет о неодушевленных предметах, но и в отношении животных и маленьких детей.

² to scratch — царапать

³ naked — раздетый, голый

⁴ Aha! — Ага!

⁵ a pack — группа (диких животных); зд. стая

cave. Shere Khan's large head and shoulders were there. Tabaqui, behind him, was saying: "My Lord, my Lord, it went in here!"

"Shere Khan does us great honour¹," said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. "What does Shere Khan want?"

"My quarry². A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

Shere Khan jumped at a wood-cutter's campfire, and was angry because his feet were burnt. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too small for a tiger to come in by.

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

"You want and you do not want! What talk is this of wanting? By the Bull that I killed, am I to stand looking into your dog's cave for my quarry? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!"

The tiger's roar³ filled the cave. Mother Wolf put the cubs down and came forward.

¹ to do smb great honour — оказать кому-либо огромную честь (здесь употреблено иронически)

² a quarry — добыча

³ roar — рев, рык

Her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, were facing the eyes of Shere Khan.

"And it is I, Raksha, the Demon, who answer. 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, fish-killer, he shall hunt you! Now get away, or by the buck that I killed (I eat no cattle), back you go to your mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever you came into the world! Go!"

Father Wolf looked in surprise. He has almost forgotten the days when he won Mother Wolf in a fight from five other wolves. She then ran in the Pack and was called the Demon. Shere Khan could face Father Wolf, but he could not stand up against Mother Wolf. He knew that where he was she had all the advantage¹. She was going to fight to the death. So he backed out of the cave-mouth, and shouted:

"Each dog barks² in his own yard! We will see what the Pack will say to this. The cub is mine, and to my teeth he will come in the end, O bush-tailed thieves!"

¹ advantage — преимущество, превосходство

² to bark — лаять

Mother Wolf threw herself down, and Father Wolf said to her:

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

“Keep him!” she said. “He came naked, by night, alone and very hungry; yet he was not afraid! Look, he pushed one of my babies to one side already. And that lame cat wants to kill him and run off to the Wain-gunga while the villagers here hunt through all our lands! Keep him? Sure, I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O you Mowgli, for Mowgli, the Frog, I will call you. The time will come when you will hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted you!”

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

The Law of the Jungle says that any wolf may, when he marries, go away from the Pack, but as soon as his cubs are old enough to stand on their feet he must bring them to the Pack Council¹. It is usually once a month at full moon, so that the other wolves may see them. After that inspection the cubs can run where they like. Until they have killed their

¹ **council** — COBET

first buck no one of the Pack can kill one of them. If someone kills them, he will be killed by the Pack.

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. It was a hilltop covered with stones. A hundred wolves could hide there. Akela, the great grey Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and talent, lay on his rock. Below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and colour, from old veterans who could kill a buck alone, to young black three-year-olds who thought they could. The Lone Wolf led them for a year now.

There was very little talking at the Rock. The cubs were in the centre where their mothers and fathers sat. Now and again an older wolf went up to a cub, looked at him carefully, and returned to his place. Sometimes a mother pushed her cub far out into the moonlight, to be sure that everyone saw him. Akela from his rock cried: “You know the Law, you know the Law! Look well, O Wolves!” And the nervous mothers took up the call: “Look, look well, O Wolves!”

At last, Father Wolf pushed “Mowgli, the

Frog," as they called him, into the centre. He sat there laughing and playing with some stones.

Akela never raised his head from his paws, but went on¹ with the monotonous cry, "Look well!"

A roar came up from behind the rocks. Shere Khan cried, "The cub is mine, give him to me. What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?"

Akela never even moved his ears. All he said was "Look well, O Wolves! Look well!"

There was a chorus of voices, and a young wolf in his fourth year asked Shere Khan's question to Akela: "What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?"

Now the Law of the Jungle says that if there is any dispute as to the right of a cub to live in the Pack, at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother must speak for him.

"Who speaks for this cub?" said Akela. "Among the Free People, who speaks?"

There was no answer, and Mother Wolf got ready for her last fight, if things came to fighting.

¹ to go on = to continue

Activities

Before Reading

- 1) Guess the meaning of the following words from the text.

to compliment	a veteran
a sort	a gong
a rocket	an inspection
talent	shocking
to dispute	manner
monotonous	nervous

- 2) What Russian equivalents to the saying "Each dog barks in his own yard!" can you name?

While Reading

- 1) Animals have babies, but their names differ from their parents' names. Besides, the babies' names of wild and domestic animals are formed differently. Compare to Russian:

МЕДВЕДЬ — МЕДВЕЖОНОК

ВОЛК — ВОЛЧОНОК

СОБАКА — ЩЕНОК

КУРИЦА — ЦЫПЛЕНОК

wild

a fox — a fox cub
 a bear — a bear cub
 a wolf — a wolf cub
 a tiger — a tiger cub

domestic

a dog — a puppy
 a cat — a kitten
 a duck — a duckling
 a cow — a calf

Find the names of wild and domestic animals in the text and continue the table.

2) Look at the structure of the words and try to translate them into Russian.

1. to die — death
2. camp + fire = campfire
3. moon + light = moonlight
4. man + kill + er = mankiller
5. un + dress + ed = undressed

3) Some words can be both nouns and verbs, e.g.: a roar — to roar. Find other examples in the text.

After Reading

1) The names reflect the real character of the animal. Look at some of them.

Tabaqui — the Dish-licker
 The Gidur-log — the Jackal-People
 Shere Khan — the Big One

Lungri — the Lame One

Raksha — the Demon

Why do you think they call a baby Mowgli?

2) What do the following words express?

Aha! Faugh! Hush!

3) Say who in the story is:

mad \ beautiful \ undressed \
 burnt a little \ strong \ talented \
 careful with cubs \ ready to fight

4) Answer the questions.

1. How many cubs did Mother and Father Wolf have?
2. What did the wolves do at midday time?
3. Who went hunting in the family? Why?
4. Why were almost all the animals in the jungle afraid of Tabaqui?
5. Do you think Tabaqui was strong and furious or weak and clever?
6. Why did the wolves feel uncomfortable?
7. Why didn't the Law of the Jungle let the animals kill people?
8. What do the Jungle-People (animals) think about men?

9. Why should parents show their cubs to the Pack?
10. Why did Mother Wolf want to fight for a little man-cub?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1) Say which of the words is the odd one out.

- a) wolf, bear, buck, panther, snake
- b) duckling, chicken, puppy, kitten, wolf-cub
- c) jungle, forest, trees, grass, river
- d) clever, strong, weak, angry, swimming
- e) strong, difficult, hard, big, little

2) Match the opposites.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| 1) strong | a) little |
| 2) big | b) easy |
| 3) hard working | c) boring |
| 4) interesting | d) weak |
| 5) difficult | e) lazy |
| 6) angry | f) sad |
| 7) happy | g) fed |
| 8) hungry | h) kind |

3) Say what the italicized words and word combinations mean.

1. The wolf stopped *in mid-spring*.

2. Akela never raised his head from his paws, but *went on with* the monotonous cry.
3. The tiger could not *stand up against* Mother Wolf in this situation.
4. It was unlucky to compliment children *to their faces*.
5. Father Wolf *put it down among* the other cubs.

4) Translate the phrases into Russian. Mind the difference between the contextual meanings and those given in the dictionary (the right column).

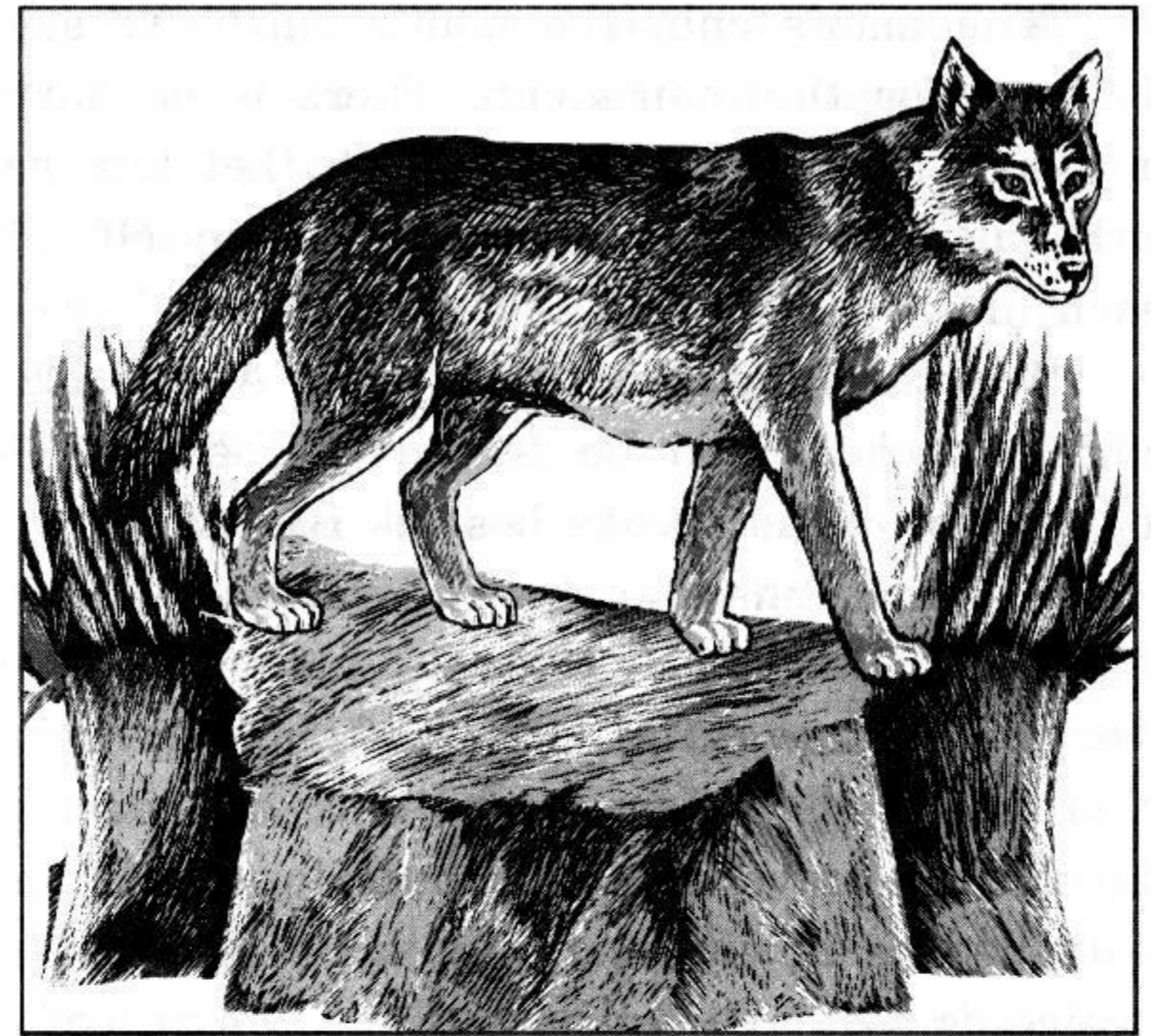
a dry, angry singsong	dry — сухой
a mouth of the cave	a mouth — рот
the back of the cave	a back — спина
a bushy tail	a bush — куст
the foot of the hill	a foot — нога

Discussing the Text

Explain why:

1. the wolves of India don't like Tabaqui.
2. madness is the worst thing that can happen to a wild creature.
3. Mother and Father Wolf felt uncomfortable.

4. the tiger has no right to change his place of hunting.
5. Shere Khan's feet were burnt.
6. Father Wolf took his cubs and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock.
7. mother wolves pushed their cubs far out into the moonlight before the Council.
8. Shere Khan kills only domestic animals in the village.
9. a wolf can take an egg without breaking it.
10. Mother Wolf was nervous.



Part Two

THE MEETING AT THE COUNCIL ROCK

There was the only other creature who was not from the Pack. It was Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who taught the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle. The old Baloo, who could come and go where he wanted because he ate only nuts and honey.

“The man’s cub, the man’s cub?” he said. “I speak for the man’s cub. There is no harm¹ in a man’s cub. I speak the truth. Let him run with the Pack, 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 jumped down. It was Bagheera, the Black Panther, black all over. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path because he was as clever as Tabaqui, as brave as a wild buffalo, and as uncontrolled as a wounded² elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey, and a skin softer than down³.

“O Akela, and you, the Free People,” he purred, “I have no right in your Council. But the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a question which is not a killing matter, the life of that cub may be bought at a price⁴. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?”

¹ **harm** — вред

² **wounded** — раненый

³ **down** — пух

⁴ **to be bought at a price** — БЫТЬ ВЫКУПЛЕННЫМ

“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 permission¹.”

“Speak then,” cried twenty voices.

“To kill a naked cub is shame². Besides, he may make better sport for you when he is grown. Baloo has spoken for him. Now to Baloo’s word I will put in one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here if you will take the man’s cub. Is it difficult?”

“What matter?³ He will die in the winter rains. He will die in the sun. What harm can a naked frog do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be taken.” And then came Akela’s voice, crying: “Look well, look well, O Wolves!”

Mowgli was still playing with the stones. He did not see when the wolves came and looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull. Only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli’s own

¹ **permission** — разрешение, позволение

² **shame** — позор

³ **What matter?** — Что за беда?

wolves stayed. Shere Khan roared still in the night. He was very angry that Mowgli was not his.

“Ay, roar well,” said Bagheera, “because the time comes when this naked thing will make you roar to another music, or I know nothing of Man.”

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

“Truly, a help in time of need because 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 weaker and weaker, till at last the wolves kill him and a new leader comes up.

“Take him away,” he said to Father Wolf, “and train him as one of the Free People.”

And that is how Mowgli came into the Seeonee wolf-pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo’s good word.

Ten or eleven years passed. Mowgli grew up with the cubs. They of course were grown wolves almost before he was a child. Father Wolf taught him his business, and the mean-

ing of things in the jungle. Every rustle¹ in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls² above his head, every scratch of a bat’s claws, and every splash³ of every little fish jumping in the water, meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a businessman. 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 waters. When he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey and nuts were just as nice to eat as meat) he climbed up for it. Bagheera showed him how to do it.

Bagheera lay on a tree and called, “Come along, Little Brother,” and Mowgli flew through the branches of the trees almost as fast as the grey monkey. He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met. There he understood that if he looked hard⁴ at any wolf, the wolf put his eyes down. He used to look just for fun.

At other times he picked the long thorns⁵

¹ **rustle** — шелест

² **an owl** — сова

³ **splash** — всплеск

⁴ **to look hard** — смотреть пристально

⁵ **thorn** — колючка

out of the paws of his friends. Wolves suffer terribly from thorns in their coats. He went down the hillside into the people's fields by night, and looked at the villagers, but he was afraid of men.

He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the day, and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never kill cattle because he came into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the jungle is yours," said Bagheera, "and you can kill everything that you are strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought you, you must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli knew it.

And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow. He did not know that he was learning any lessons, and had nothing in the world to think of — only things to eat.

Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a good creature, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan. But Mowgli

forgot it because he was only a boy — though he thought he was a wolf.

Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle. As Akela grew older and weaker the lame tiger became great friends with the younger wolves of the Pack. Shere Khan praised them and wondered that such fine young hunters had a dying wolf and a man's cub as their leaders. "They tell me," Shere Khan said, "that at the Council you cannot look him between the eyes." And the young wolves agreed.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew something of this. Once or twice he told Mowgli in so many words that Shere Khan was going to kill him some day. Mowgli laughed and answered: "I have the Pack and I have you and Baloo, though he is so lazy, but he can strike a blow¹ or two for me. Why should I be afraid?"

It was one very warm day that a new idea came to Bagheera. It came of something that he heard. Perhaps Sahi, the Porcupine², told him. He said to Mowgli when they were deep in the jungle, as the boy lay with his

¹ to strike a blow — наносить удар

² a porcupine — дикобраз

head on Bagheera's beautiful black skin: "Little Brother, how often have I told you that Shere Khan is the 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 Mor, the Peacock¹."

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

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

"That was foolishness because though Tabaqui is a trouble-maker, he can tell you of something that is very important for you. Open your eyes, Little Brother! Shere Khan will not kill you in the jungle because he is afraid of those that love you. 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. The young wolves think, as Shere Khan has

taught them, that a man-cub has no place with the Pack. In a little time you will 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 follow 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 half closed his eyes. "Little Brother," said he, "feel under my jaw¹."

Mowgli put up his strong brown hand under Bagheera's silky chin and came upon a little bald spot².

"There is no one in the jungle that knows that I, Bagheera, carry that mark — the mark of the collar³. 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 you at the Council when you were a little naked cub. Yes, I too was born among men. I never saw the jungle. They gave me food from an iron plate. One night

¹ a jaw — челюсть

² a bald spot — проплешина, место, лишённое волос, шерсти

³ a collar — ошейник

¹ a peacock — павлин

I felt that I was Bagheera, the Panther, and no man's plaything. I broke the lock with one blow of my paw, and came away. I 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 is afraid of Bagheera — all except Mowgli."

"Oh, you are a man's cub," said the Black Panther, "and even as I came back to my jungle, so you must go back to men at last, — to the men who are your brothers, — if you are not killed in the Council."

"But why — but why should any one want to kill me?" said Mowgli.

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

"That is why," he said. "Not even I can look you between the eyes, and I was born among men, and I love you, Little Brother. The others hate you because their eyes cannot meet yours, because you are clever, because you can pull out thorns from their feet — because you are a man."

"I did not know these things," said Mowgli.

"What is the Law of the Jungle? Strike first and then give tongue. They know that you are a man. But be clever. It is in my heart that

when Akela misses his next kill, — at each hunt it is more difficult for him to kill the buck, — the Pack will turn against him and against you. They will hold a jungle Council at the Rock, and then — and then... I have it!"¹ said Bagheera. "Go down quickly to the men's houses, and take some of the Red Flower which they grow there. When the time comes you will have even a stronger friend than I or Baloo or those of the Pack that love you. Get the Red Flower."

The Red Flower is fire, only no creature in the jungle calls fire by its name. Every animal is afraid of it. So it has a hundred names.

"The Red Flower?" said Mowgli. "That grows outside their houses? I will get some."

"There speaks the man's cub," said Bagheera. "Remember that it grows in little pots². Get one quickly, and keep it for time of need."

"Good!" said Mowgli. "I go. But are you sure, O my Bagheera" — he put his arm round his neck, and looked deep into the big eyes — "are you sure that all this is Shere Khan's doing?"

¹ I have it! — Я знаю, что делать!

² a pot — горшок

"By the Broken Lock that freed me¹, I am sure, Little Brother."

"Then, by the Bull that bought me, I will pay Shere Khan full tale² for this, and it may be a little over," said Mowgli and ran away.

"That is a man. That is all a man," said Bagheera to himself. "Oh, Shere Khan, never was a blacker hunting than that frog-hunt of yours ten years ago³!"

Mowgli was far and far through the forest, running hard, and his heart was hot in him.

He came back home in the evening. The cubs were out, but Mother Wolf knew that something was troubling her frog.

"What is it, Son?" she said.

"Some bat's talks of Shere Khan," he answered. "I hunt among the fields tonight."

He went to the small river at the bottom of the valley. There he stopped because he heard the cry of the Pack hunting. Then

¹ **By the Broken Lock that freed me** — *зд.* Клянись сломанным замком, освободившим меня

² **to pay full tale** — заплатить сполна

³ **never was a blacker hunting than that frog-hunt of yours ten years ago** — не в добрый час вздумалось тебе поохотиться за лягушонком десять лет назад

there were wicked cries from the young wolves: "Akela! Akela! Let the Lone Wolf show his strength. Room¹ for the leader of our Pack! Jump, Akela!"

The Lone Wolf jumped and missed. Mowgli heard the snap² of his teeth.

He did not wait for anything more. He ran into the lands where the villagers lived.

"Bagheera spoke truth," he said. "Tomorrow is one day for Akela and for me."

When he came to the village, he pressed his face close to the window and watched the fire. He saw the husbandman's wife get up and feed³ it in the night. When the morning came and it was all white and cold, he saw the man's child pick up a pot plastered inside with earth, put red-hot charcoal⁴ into it, cover with his blanket, and go out.

"Is that all?" said Mowgli. "If a cub can do it there is nothing to be afraid of." So he went around the corner and met the boy, took the pot from his hand and disappeared while the boy cried with fear.

¹ **room** — *зд.* место

² **snap** — щелчок

³ **to feed** — кормить; *зд.* поддерживать огонь

⁴ **charcoal** — угли

"They are very like me," said Mowgli, blowing into the pot, as he saw the woman do. "This thing will die if I do not give it things to eat." He put some bark¹ into the pot. Half-way up the hill he met Bagheera.

"Akela has missed," said the panther. "They wanted to kill him last night, but they needed you also. They were looking for you on the hill."

"I was among the villagers' lands. I am ready. Look!" Mowgli held up the fire-pot.

"Good! Now, I saw men put a dry branch into that stuff, and the Red Flower blossomed at the end of it. Are you not afraid?"

"No. Why should I fear? I remember — 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 looking at his fire-pot and putting dry branches into it to see how they looked. He found a branch that it liked more.

In the evening when Tabaqui came to the cave and told him that the wolves wanted him at the Council Rock, he laughed till Tabaqui ran away. Then Mowgli went to the Council, still laughing.

¹ bark — кора

Akela the Lone Wolf lay by the side of his rock. It was a sign that the leadership of the Pack was open. Shere Khan with his wolves walked to and fro¹ openly. Bagheera lay close to Mowgli, and the fire-pot was between Mowgli's legs. When they were all gathered together, Shere Khan began to speak.

"He has no right," said Bagheera. "Say so. He is a dog's son. He will be afraid."

Mowgli jumped 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? The leadership of the Pack is with the Pack alone."

There were cries of "Silence, you man's cub!"

"Let him speak; he has kept our law!" And at last the older wolves of the Pack said: "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, as a rule.

Akela raised his old head:

¹ to and fro — туда-сюда

“Free people, and you too, jackals of Shere Khan, for twelve seasons I have led you to and from the kill, and in all that time not one has been trapped. Now I have missed my kill. You know how that was. You know how you 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. So I ask, who comes to make an end of the Lone Wolf? For it is my right, by the Law of the Jungle, that you come one by one.”

There was a long silence, because no wolf wanted to fight Akela to the death.

Then Shere Khan roared: “Bah!¹ What have we to do with this toothless fool? He will die! It is the man-cub who has lived too long. Free People, he was my meat from the first. Give him to me. 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 I hate him!”

Then more than half the Pack cried: “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?” asked 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 game¹ for us, he has broken no word of the Law of the Jungle.”

“Also, I paid for him with a bull. The worth of a bull is little, but Bagheera’s honour is something that he will perhaps fight for,” said Bagheera in his gentle voice.

“A bull paid ten years ago! What do we care for bones ten years old?”

“Or for a promise²?” said Bagheera. “Well are you called the Free People!³”

“No man’s cub can run with the people of the jungle!” roared Shere Khan. “Give him to me.”

“He is our brother in all but blood,” Akela went on, “and you want to kill him here. In truth, I have lived too long. Some of you are eaters of cattle. Of others I have heard that, under Shere Khan’s teaching, you go by dark

¹ to drive game — загонять дичь

² a promise — обещание

³ Well are you called the Free People! — Не даром вы зоветесь Свободным Народом!

¹ Bah! — восклицание выражающее пренебрежение; ср. русск. Ба!

night and take children from the villager's doorstep. So I know you to be cowards¹, and it is to cowards I speak. It is certain that I must die, and my life is of no worth or I could offer that in the man-cub's place. But for the sake of² the Honour of the Pack, I promise that if you let the man-cub go to his own place, I will not, when my time comes to die, fight against you. I will die without fighting. That will at least save the Pack three lives. More I cannot do; or you'll have the shame that comes of killing a brother, a brother spoken for and bought into the Pack according to the Law of the Jungle."

"He is a man — a man — a man!" said the Pack; and most of the wolves began to gather round Shere Khan.

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

Mowgli stood up with the fire-pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms and laughed in the face of the Council. He was very sorry because the wolves never told him how they hated him.

¹ a coward — трус

² for the sake of — ради

"Listen, you!" he cried. "There is no need for this dog's words. You have told me so often tonight that I am a man that I feel your words are true. So I do not call you my brothers any more, but sag¹, as a man should. What you will do, and what you will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with me and to see the matter clearer, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower which you, dogs, fear."

He put the fire-pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit the moss². All the Council went back in terror before the bright fire.

Mowgli threw his dead branch into the fire and raised it above his head among the wolves.

"You are the master," said Bagheera, quietly. "Save Akela from the death. He was ever your friend."

Akela, the old wolf who never asked for mercy³ in his life, gave one look at Mowgli. The boy stood all naked, his long black hair over his shoulders, in the light of the blazing branch that made the shadows jump.

¹ sag = dogs (*нрезр.*)

² moss — мох

³ to ask for mercy — просить пощады

“Good!” said Mowgli, looking around slowly. “I see that you are dogs. I go from you to my own people — if they be my own people. The jungle is closed to me, and I must forget your talk and your friendship. But I will be more kind than you are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among men I will not betray¹ you to men as you have betrayed me.” He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. “There shall be no war between any of us and the Pack. But here is one thing to do before I go.” He went forward to where Shere Khan sat looking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by the tuft². Bagheera followed close, in case of accidents. “Up, dog!” Mowgli cried. “Up, when a man speaks, or I will set that coat on fire!”

Shere Khan’s ears lay back on his head, and he closed his eyes, because the fire was very near.

“This cattle-killer said he would kill me in the Council because he did not kill me when I was a cub. Thus and thus³, then, do we beat dogs when we are men!” He beat Shere Khan

over the head with the branch, and the tiger cried in an agony of fear.

“Pah!¹ Burnt 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 skin on my head. For the rest, Akela goes free to live as he likes. You will not kill him, because I don’t want it. Nor do I think that you will sit here any longer! Out! Go!”

The fire was burning at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle. The wolves ran away with the spark burning their skins. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that took Mowgli’s part². Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he has never been hurt in his life before. The tears³ ran down his face.

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

“No, Little Brother. Those are only tears such as men use,” said Bagheera. “Now I know you are a man, and a man’s cub no longer.

¹ to betray — предавать

² tuft — зд. бороденка

³ Thus and thus — вот так

¹ Pah! — Тьфу! Фу!

² to take smb’s part — принять чью-либо сторону

³ tears — слезы

The jungle is closed indeed to you. Let them fall, Mowgli; they are only tears.”

So Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart would break because he never cried in all his life before.

“Now,” he said, “I will go to men. But first I must say good-bye to my mother.”

He went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat.

“You will not forget me?” said Mowgli.

“Never,” said the cubs. “Come to the foot of the hill when you are a man, and we will talk to you and we will come into the village to play with you by night.”

“Come soon!” said Father Wolf. “Oh, clever little Frog, come again soon, for we are old, the mother and I.”

“Come soon,” said Mother Wolf, “little naked son of mine, for, listen, child of man, I loved you more than I ever loved my cubs.”

“I will surely come,” said Mowgli, “and when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan’s skin upon the Council Rock. Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!”

Early in the morning Mowgli went down the hill to meet those mysterious things that are called men.

Before Reading

1) **Guess the meaning of the following words.**

to control	leader
idea	panther
terror	mysterious

2) **What do these words mean?**

Bah! Pah!

While Reading

Make the right choice.

1. Baloo was the only creature at the Council Rock who was
 - a) not from the jungle.
 - b) not from the Pack.
 - c) not from the village.
2. Everybody knew Bagheera who was
 - a) not very clever but kind.
 - b) very clever and strong.
 - c) strong but very lazy.
3. The Law of the Jungle says that
 - a) nobody can enter the Pack.

- b) anyone can enter the Pack.
 - c) only those, two members told for, can enter the Pack.
4. Akela said nothing because
- a) he was thinking about himself.
 - b) he was hungry.
 - c) he didn't listen.
5. Bagheera bought the man-cub at a price of
- a) a cow.
 - b) a horse.
 - c) a buck.
6. Mowgli loved better than anything else
- a) to sleep in the cave.
 - b) to swim in the river.
 - c) see how Bagheera did his killing.
7. Mowgli grew and grew as strong as
- a) a boy must grow.
 - b) a bull.
 - c) a bear.
8. Bagheera became more terrible in the jungle than Shere Khan because
- a) he was stronger.
 - b) he was born among the men and knew much.
 - c) he was taught by men.

9. The wolves didn't want Mowgli to live with them because he
- a) took thorns from their skins.
 - b) was very angry.
 - c) was cleverer.
10. Baloo loved Mowgli because
- a) he was like a monkey.
 - b) he could pronounce different sounds.
 - c) he could learn and remember much.

After Reading

Answer the questions.

1. Why did Baloo speak for a man-cub?
2. What was Baloo?
3. What did Baloo eat?
4. What was Baloo going to do with Mowgli?
5. Was Bagheera the cleverest animal in the jungle? Why?
6. Where was Bagheera born?
7. What did Bagheera teach Mowgli?
8. Why did Mowgli go to the village?
9. Why did Akela miss?
10. What did the Jungle People call fire? Why?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1) Say what the italicized words mean.

1. Mowgli understood that if he *looked hard* at any wolf, the wolf put his eyes down.
2. *Room* for the leader of our Pack!
3. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that *took* Mowgli's *part*.
4. Mowgli sat and cried as though his *heart* would *break*.
5. The life of the cub may be *bought at a price*.

2) Make the following sentences interrogative (?) and negative (—).

1. Bagheera had eyes and ears everywhere.
2. All the jungle is afraid of Bagheera — all except Mowgli.
3. Father Wolf taught him his business.
4. Mowgli picked the long thorns out of the paws of his friends.

3) Match the words in two columns to make other words or word combinations and use them in the sentences of your own.

a killing	tree
a business	thing
a palm	pot
a play	man
a husband	matter
a fire	man

Discussing the Text

Prove that:

1. Bagheera was clever.
2. Akela liked Mowgli.
3. the wolves were afraid of Mowgli.
4. Mowgli was brave, strong and kind.
5. Shere Khan was not the cleverest animal.





Part Three

KAA'S HUNTING

All that is told here happened some time before Mowgli came away from the Seeonee Wolf Pack. It was in the days when Baloo was teaching him the Law of the Jungle. The big, serious, old brown bear was happy to have such a clever pupil. The young wolves only learn as much of the Law of the Jungle as to

their own Pack. They run away as soon as they can say the Hunting Words:

“Feet that make no noise, eyes that can see in the dark, ears that can hear the winds, and sharp white teeth — all these things are the mark of our brothers except Tabaqui and the Hyena, whom we hate.”

But Mowgli was a man-cub. He had to learn much more than this. Sometimes Bagheera, the Black Panther, came through the jungle to see how his pet¹ was getting on. He was sitting against a tree and listened to Mowgli answering the day's lesson to Baloo. The boy climbed almost as well as he could swim, and swam almost as well as he could run.

Baloo, the Teacher of the Law, taught him the Wood and Water laws: how to speak politely to the wild bees when he came upon them fifty feet above the ground; what to say to Mang, the Bat, when he met him in at midday, and how to warn² the water-snakes in the pools before he jumped down among them. They all

¹ a pet — любимец, баловень (Таковыми для людей обычно являются домашние животные, здесь же ребенок выступает в роли домашнего любимца пантеры.)

² to warn — предупреждать

are very ready to fly at a visitor. Then, too, he taught Mowgli the Strangers' Hunting-Call. He must repeat it aloud till it is answered, when one of the Jungle-People hunts. It means, translated: "Let me 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. He was very tired of repeating the same thing a hundred times.

Baloo said to Bagheera one day: "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. "How can his little head carry all your 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 do you know of softness, old Iron-feet?" Bagheera said. "His face is all red today by your — softness. Ugh!¹"

"Better he is red from head to foot by me who love him than by that whom he will do

¹ Ugh! — Тфу!

harm by ignorance¹," Baloo answered. "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 have protection, if he only remembers the Words, from all in the jungle. Is that not worth² a little beating?"

"Well, look to it then that you do not kill the man-cub. He is no tree-trunk to sharpen the claws upon. But what are those Master Words? I am more likely to give help than to ask for it," Bagheera looked at his sharp claws, "still I should like to know."

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

"My head is ringing like a bee-tree," said a voice over their heads. Mowgli came down a tree-trunk, very angry: "I come for Bagheera and not for you, fat old Baloo!"

"That is all one to me," said Baloo. "Tell Bagheera, then, the Master Words of the Jungle that I have taught you this day."

"Master Words for which people?" said

¹ by ignorance — по незнанию

² to be worth — стоить, быть стоящим (достойным)

Mowgli. "The jungle has many languages. I know them all."

"A little you know, but not much. See, O Bagheera, they never thank their teacher! Not one small wolfling has come back to thank old Baloo for his teachings. Say the Word for the Hunting-People, then, great scholar¹!"

"We are of one blood, you and I," said Mowgli, giving the words the Bear accent which all the Hunting-People of the Jungle use.

"Good! Now for the Birds."

Mowgli repeated in the birds' language.

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

The answer was a hiss². Mowgli jumped on Bagheera's back, making the worst faces that he could think of at Baloo.

"There, there!" said the Brown Bear. "Some day you will remember me." Then he turned to tell Bagheera how difficult it was to take the Master Words from Hathi, the Wild Elephant, who knew all about these things. Then Hathi took Mowgli down to a pool to get the Snake Word from a water-snake. Baloo could not pronounce it. Now Mowgli was safe

¹ a scholar = a pupil; ср. русск. грамотей

² a hiss — шипение

against all accidents in the jungle, because neither snake, bird, nor beast would hurt him.

"Except his own Pack," said Bagheera. Then turned to Mowgli: "Have a care, Little Brother! What is all this dancing up and down?"

Mowgli was shouting at the top of his voice: "And so I shall have a pack 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!¹" Baloo's big paw threw Mowgli off Bagheera's back. The boy lay between the big paws and could see the bear was angry.

"Mowgli," said Baloo, "you have been talking with the Bandar-log, the Monkey-People."

Mowgli looked at Bagheera to see if the panther was angry too. Bagheera's eyes were as hard as stones.

"You have been with the Monkey-People, the grey apes², the people without a Law, the eaters of everything. That is great shame."

¹ Whoof! — Шлеп! (звукоподражание)

² an ape — человекообразная обезьяна; зд. презр. кривляка

“When Baloo hurt my head,” said Mowgli (he was still down on his back), “I went away, and the grey apes came down from the trees and had pity on me. No one else cared.”

“The pity of the Monkey-People!”

“The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer sun!¹ And then, man-cub?”

“And then, and then they gave me nuts and tasty 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 asked me to 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 hard paws. They play all day. Let me get up! Bad Baloo, let me up! I will go and play with them again.”

“Listen, man-cub,” said the bear, and his voice was loud like thunder on a hot night. “I have taught you all the Law of the Jungle for all the Peoples of the Jungle except

¹ The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer sun! — *зд.* выражение досады, не требует дословного перевода

the Monkey-Folk who live in the trees. They have no Law. They are outlaws. They have no speech of their own but use the stolen words which they hear when they listen and peep¹ and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They boast and talk and pretend² that they are a great people. The falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. We of the jungle don't like 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. Have you ever heard me speak of the Bandar-log till today?”

“No,” said Mowgli.

“They are very many, bad, dirty, shameless, and they want to be noticed by the Jungle-People. But we do not notice them even when they throw nuts on our heads.”

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts came down through the branches.

“The Monkey-People are forbidden³,” said

¹ to peep — подглядывать

² to pretend — притворяться

³ to be forbidden — быть запрещенным, запретным

Baloo, "forbidden to the Jungle-People. Remember."

"Forbidden," said Bagheera; "but I still think Baloo should have told you¹ about them."

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

Another shower of nuts came down on their heads. So they went away, taking Mowgli with them. What Baloo said about the monkeys was true. They lived in the tree-tops. The Jungle-People very seldom look up. So the monkeys and the Jungle-People never cross one another's path. But whenever they find a sick wolf, or a wounded tiger or bear, the monkeys throw sticks and nuts at him for fun. Then they sing senseless songs, and invite the Jungle-People to climb up their trees and fight them. Sometimes they start battles over nothing among themselves, and leave the dead monkeys where the Jungle-People can see them.

They always wanted to have a leader and laws, but they never did. But now they settled things² by making up a saying: "What the

¹ **should have told you** — должен был рассказать тебе

² **to settle things** — улаживать дела

Bandar-log think now the Jungle will think later". None of the animals could reach them, but on the other hand none of the animals would notice them. So they were happy when Mowgli came to play with them, and when they heard how angry Baloo was.

They had a brilliant idea that Mowgli was a useful person because he could put sticks together for protection from the wind; so, if they caught him, they could make him teach them. Of course Mowgli, as a wood-cutter's child, could make little play-huts of fallen branches without thinking how he came to do it. The Monkey-People, watching in the trees, thought these huts most wonderful. This time they were really going to have a leader and become the cleverest people in the jungle. So they followed Baloo and Bagheera and Mowgli through the jungle very quietly till it was time for the midday sleep. Mowgli slept between the panther and the bear.

The next thing Mowgli remembered was feeling hands on his legs and arms, hard, strong little hands. The Bandar-log cried with triumph: "He has noticed us! Bagheera has noticed us! All the Jungle-People admire¹ us!"

¹ **to admire** — восхищаться

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 cross-roads, uphill and downhill. And all these are from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above the ground. By these they can travel even at night. Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and went off with him through the tree-tops. The earth far down below frightened Mowgli, and nothing but empty air brought his heart between his teeth¹.

Sometimes he could see for miles and miles over the green jungle, as a man on the top of a mast can see for miles across the sea. Mowgli was their prisoner.

First he was afraid that they could drop him, then he grew angry, then he began to think.

The first thing was to send back word to Baloo and Bagheera. It was useless to look down, so he looked up and saw, far away in the blue sky, Chil, the Kite². Chil saw that the

¹ to bring one's heart between one's teeth — сердце чуть не выскочило из груди, сердце ушло в пятки

² a kite — коршун

monkeys were carrying something. He whistled with surprise¹ when he saw Mowgli. He said to the Kite: "We are of one blood, you and I. Tell Baloo of the Seeonee Pack, and Bagheera of the Council Rock."

"In whose name, Brother?" Chil asked.

"Mowgli, the Frog. Man-cub they call me!"

Chil nodded and rose up, watching with his telescope eyes at the tree-tops as Mowgli's escort went along.

"They never go far," he said. "This time, if I have any eyesight, they will have trouble for themselves, for Baloo is not weak and Bagheera can, as I know, kill more than goats."

Baloo and Bagheera were furious. Bagheera climbed as high as never before.

"Why did you not tell the man-cub?" he roared to poor Baloo.

"Hurry up! O hurry! We, we may catch them yet!" Baloo said.

"At that speed! You are like a wounded cow. Teacher of the Law, cub-beater! Sit still and think! Make a plan. They may drop him if we come too close.

"Arrula! Whoo! They may have dropped

¹ to whistle with surprise — свистеть от изумления

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 hyena¹ for I am the most unhappy of bears! Arulala! Wahooa! O Mowgli, Mowgli! Why did I not tell him about the Monkey-Folk? 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 put his paws over his ears and rolled to and fro.

"At least he gave me all the Words correctly a little time ago," said Bagheera. "Baloo, stop! What would the jungle think?"

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

"I have no fear for the man-cub. He is

¹ 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 hyena — эти предложения не требуют перевода. Это самые страшные проклятия для Баллу, которые он посылает сам себе за нерасторопность; ср. русск. Чтоб мне провалиться сквозь землю и т. п.

clever and well-taught, and, above all, he has the eyes that make the Jungle-People afraid. But he is in the power of the Bandar-log, and they, because they live in trees, have no fear of any of our people."

"Fool that I am! Oh, fat, brown, root-digging fool that I am!" said Baloo. "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 takes the young monkeys in the night. His name makes their wicked tails cold. Let us go to Kaa."

"What will he do for us? He is footless and with most evil eyes," said Bagheera.

"He is very old and very clever. 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 did not know much about Kaa.

"Then in that case, you and I together, old hunter, may make him see reason." So they went off to look for Kaa, the Rock Python.

They found him sleeping in the afternoon sun. He was so beautiful.

"He has not eaten," said Baloo, as soon as he saw the beautiful brown and yellow jacket. "Be careful, Bagheera! He can't see well after he has changed his skin."

Kaa was not a poison snake¹ in fact. His strength was in his hug². When he hugged anybody there was no more to be said.

"Good hunting!" cried Baloo. Like all snakes Kaa couldn't hear well, and did not hear the call at first.

"Good hunting for us all," he answered. "Oho, Baloo, what do you do here? Good hunting, Bagheera. One of us at least needs food. Is there any news of a hunting? I am as empty as a dried well³."

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

"Let me come with you," said Kaa. "A blow more or less is nothing to you, Bagheera or Baloo, but I, I have to wait and wait for days in a wood and climb half a night on the chance of a young ape. The Bandar-log call me most evil names."

¹ a poison snake — ядовитая змея

² a hug — *зд. ирон.* объятие

³ a dried well — высохший колодец

"Footless, yellow earth-worm¹," said Bagheera.

"Sssss! Have they ever called me that?" said Kaa.

"Something of that kind² they cried to us today. They said that you lost all your teeth, and cannot face anything bigger than a kid, because, because you are afraid of the he-goat's horns," Bagheera went on.

A snake, especially an old python like Kaa, very seldom shows that he is angry. But now Baloo and Bagheera could see that he was really angry.

"The Bandar-log changed their place," he said, quietly. "When I came up into the sun today I heard them crying among the tree-tops."

"It, it is the Bandar-log that we follow now," said Baloo; but he stopped, because this was the first time when one of the Jungle-People was interested in the doings of the monkeys.

"No doubt³, then, it is no small thing that takes two such hunters, leaders in their own jungle," Kaa said.

¹ earth-worm — земляной червяк

² Something of that kind — Что-то вроде этого

³ No doubt — Без сомнения

“Indeed,” Baloo began, “I am no more than the old, and sometimes very foolish, Teacher of the Law to the Seeonee Wolf-Cubs, and Bagheera here —”

“Is Bagheera,” said the black panther, and stopped. “The trouble is this, Kaa. Those nut-stealers and pickers of palm-leaves have taken away our man-cub.”

“I heard some news from Sahi of a man-thing that lived in a wolf-pack, but I did not believe. Sahi 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 cleverest 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, shaking his head to and fro. “I also know what love is. There are tales I could tell that —”

“Our man-cub is in the hands of the Bandar-log now, and we know that of all the Jungle-People they fear Kaa alone,” said Bagheera, quickly.

“They fear me alone. They have good reason,” said Kaa. “Chattering, foolish, foolish, and chattering — are the monkeys. But a man-thing in their hands is in no good luck. That

manling¹ is not lucky. 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 teach them to speak well of their master. Aaa-sssh! Now, where did they go with the cub?”

“The jungle alone knows. Toward the sunset, I think,” said Baloo. “We thought that you know, Kaa.”

“I? How? I take them when they come in my way, but I do not hunt the Bandar-log, or frogs.”

“Up, up! Up, up! Hillo! Illo! Illo!² Look up, Baloo of the Seeonee Wolf Pack!”

Baloo looked up to see where the voice came from, and there was Chil, the Kite. It was near Chil’s bedtime, but he was flying all over the jungle looking for the bear.

“What is it?” said Baloo.

“I have seen Mowgli among the Bandar-log. He asked me to tell you. I watched. The

¹ **manling** — человеческий детеныш; *ср.* a duck — duckling, a man — manling

² **Up, up! Up, up! Hillo! Illo! Illo!** — подражание звукам, издаваемым коршуном

Bandar-log have taken him across the river to the Monkey City, to the Cold Lairs¹. They may stay there for a night, or ten nights, or an hour. I asked the bats to watch at the dark time. That is my message. Good hunting, all you below!"

"Deep sleep to you, Chil!" cried Bagheera. "I will remember you in my next kill, O best of kites!"

"It is nothing. It is nothing. The boy said the Master Word. I could have done no less," and Chil flew away.

"He has not forgotten to use his language," said Baloo. "He is so young but remembers the Master Word for the birds!"

"I am proud of him, and now we must go to the Cold Lairs," said Bagheera.

They all knew where that place was, but few of the Jungle-People ever went there. The Cold Lairs was an old deserted city², lost in the jungle. The monkeys lived there as much as they could be said to live anywhere.

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

¹ Cold Lairs — Холодные пещеры

² a deserted city — заброшенный город

"We will not wait for you. Follow, Baloo. We must go on the quick-foot, Kaa and I."

"Feet or no feet," said Kaa, shortly.

The huge Rock Python came out of the river.

"By the Broken Lock that freed me," said Bagheera, "you are no slow-goer."

"I am hungry," said Kaa. "Besides, they called me frog."

"Worm, earth-worm, and yellow."

"All one. Let us go on," said Kaa.

In the Cold Lairs the Monkey-People were not thinking of Mowgli's friends at all. They brought the boy to the Lost City, and were very happy for the time. Mowgli never saw this Indian city and it seemed wonderful to him.

From the palace you could see many ruined houses that made up the city.

The monkeys called the place their city. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for or how to use them. They would sit in the king's hall, and pretend¹ to be men. They would run in and out of the houses, play up and down the terraces of the king's garden. They knew all the ways and dark tunnels in the palace and the hundreds of little

¹ to pretend — притворяться

dark rooms. But they never remembered what they had seen and what they had not, but they would shout: "There are none in the jungle so clever and good and strong as the Bandar-log." Then all would begin again till they grew tired of the city and went back to the tree-tops.

Mowgli did not like or understand this kind of life. The monkeys brought him into the Cold Lairs late in the afternoon, but he didn't go to sleep because they joined hands and danced about and sang their foolish songs.

One of the monkeys made a speech, and told his companions that Mowgli was a new thing in the history of the Bandar-log.

"I want to eat," said Mowgli. "I am a stranger in this part of the jungle. Bring me food, or let me hunt here."

Twenty or thirty monkeys ran away to bring him nuts and fruits. But they started fighting on the road, and forgot about the fruit. Mowgli was angry as well as hungry and he wandered¹ through the empty city giving the Strangers' Hunting-Call from time to time. But no one answered him. Mowgli understood that he was in a very bad place indeed.

"All that Baloo has said about the Bandar-

¹ to wander — бродить

log is true," he thought to himself. "They have no Law, no Hunting-Call, and no leaders, nothing but foolish words and little picking hands. So if I am killed here, it will be all my own fault¹. But I must try to come back to my own jungle. Baloo will beat me, but that is better than living with the Bandar-log."

But when he walked to the city wall the monkeys pulled him back. He set his teeth and said nothing. He went with the monkeys to a terrace above the red sand-stone reservoirs. They were half full of rain-water. There was a ruined summer-house of white marble in the centre of the terrace, built for queens dead a hundred years ago.

Sleepy and hungry as he was, Mowgli started laughing when the Bandar-log began, twenty at a time, to tell him how great and wise and strong 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 you are a new listener and can carry our words back to the Jungle-People. We will tell you all about ourselves."

¹ fault — вина

The monkeys gathered by hundreds and hundreds on the terrace to listen to their own speakers singing the praises of the Bandar-log. When a speaker stopped, they all shouted together: "This is true, we all say so."

Mowgli said "Yes" when they asked him a question. "Tabaqui, the Jackal, must have bitten all these people," he said to himself, "and now they have the madness. Certainly this is dewanee, the madness. Do they never go to sleep? Now a cloud covered the moon and I might try to run away in the darkness. But I am tired."

Bagheera and Kaa watched the same cloud, knowing well how dangerous the Monkey-People were in large numbers. They did not want to run any risks¹. The monkeys never fight unless they are a hundred to one.

"I will go to the west wall," Kaa said, "and come down quickly. They will not throw themselves upon my back in their hundreds, but..."

"I know it," said Bagheera. "It's a pity that Baloo isn't here, but we must do what we can. When that cloud covers the moon I shall go to the terrace. They have some sort of council there over the boy."

¹ to run a risk — рисковать

"Good hunting," said Kaa.

The cloud hid the moon, and Mowgli wanted to know what would come next. Suddenly he heard Bagheera's feet on the terrace. The Black Panther came out almost without a sound, he was striking. Fifty and sixty monkeys were sitting around Mowgli. They were afraid when Bagheera started fighting but one monkey shouted: "There is only one here! Kill him! Kill!" A mass of monkeys closed over Bagheera. Five or six took Mowgli and pushed him through the hole of the broken dome. The fall was a good ten feet, but Mowgli fell as Baloo had taught him to fall, and landed well.

"Stay there," shouted the monkeys, "till we kill your friend. Later we will play with you, if the Poison-People¹ leave you alive."

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

"Down hoods all," said half a dozen² low voices. Every old ruin in India becomes sooner or later a living-place of snakes, and the old summer-house was alive with cobras. "Stand

¹ the Poison-People = snakes

² a dozen — дюжина (двенадцать)

still, Little Brother, or your feet will do us harm.”

Mowgli stood as quietly as he could, listening to the furious fight round the Black Panther. For the first time since he was born, Bagheera was fighting for his life.

“Baloo must be at hand; Bagheera won’t come alone,” Mowgli thought; and then he called aloud: “To the tank, Bagheera! Go to the water tanks! Go! Get to the water!”

Bagheera heard, and the cry that told him Mowgli was safe gave him new courage. He worked his way, inch by inch¹.

Then from the ruined wall nearest the jungle rose up the war-shout of Baloo. The old bear had done his best, but he could not come before. “Bagheera,” he shouted, “I am here! I climb! I hurry! Ahuwora! Wait my coming, O most infamous Bandar-log!”

He began to hit with a regular bat-bat-bat².

A splash told Mowgli that Bagheera had fought his way to the tank, where the monkeys could not follow him. Then Bagheera lifted up his head, and gave the Snake’s Call: “We are

¹ **an inch** — дюйм (мера длины, равная 2,54 см)

² **bat-bat-bat** — бум-бум-бум (звукоподражание)

of one blood, you and I,” for he believed that Kaa was coming any minute.

Kaa had only just worked his way over the west wall.

Mang, the Bat, flying to and fro, carried the news of the great battle over the jungle. Hathi, the Wild Elephant, trumpeted¹, and, far away, the Jungle-People were coming along the tree-roads to help their comrades in the Cold Lairs.

Then Kaa came straight, quickly, and wanted to kill. The fighting strength of a python is in his head. If you can imagine a hammer² of half a ton driven by a cool, quiet mind living in the handle of it, you can imagine what Kaa was like when he fought. A python four or five feet long can knock a man down if he hits him, and Kaa was thirty feet long, as you know. His first stroke was made into the heart of the crowd round Baloo. The monkeys ran with cries of “Kaa! It is Kaa! Run! Run!”

Monkeys were afraid of Kaa because of the stories their elders told them.

¹ **to trumpet** — трубить; a **trumpet** — труба (муз. инструмент)

² **a hammer** — молот

Kaa was everything the monkeys feared in the jungle. 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, mad with terror, to the walls and the roofs of the houses. Then Kaa opened his mouth for the first time and spoke one long hissing word, and the far-away monkeys stayed where they were. The monkeys on the walls and the empty houses stopped their cries, and in the silence that fell upon the city, Mowgli heard Bagheera come up from the tank.

Then the monkeys jumped higher up the walls. Mowgli, dancing in the summer-house, hooted owl-fashion¹ between his front teeth.

“Get the man-cub out of there. I can do no more,” Bagheera said. “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 your call,” this was to Bagheera.

“I... I may have cried out in the battle,” Bagheera answered. “Baloo, are you hurt?”

“I am not sure that they have not pulled me into a hundred little bearlings,” said Baloo. “Wow! Kaa, we owe you, I think, our lives, Bagheera and I.”

“No matter. Where is the manling?”

“Here I am. I cannot climb out,” cried Mowgli.

“Take him away. He dances like Mor, the Peacock. He will crush our young,” said the cobras inside.

“Hah!” said Kaa, “He has friends everywhere, this manling. Stand back, Manling, and hide you, O Poison-People. I break down the wall.”

“Are you hurt?” said Baloo.

“I am hungry, and a little hurt.”

“Others also,” said Bagheera, licking his lips and looking at the monkey-dead on the terrace.

“It is nothing, it is nothing if you are safe, O my pride of all little frogs!” said 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 you owe your life. Thank him according to our customs, Mowgli.”

¹ hooted owl-fashion — ухнул по-совиному

¹ Hah! — Ха!

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

"So this is the manling," said Kaa. "Very soft is his skin, and he is not so unlike the Bandar-log. Have a care, Manling, that I do not mistake you for a monkey."

"We are of one blood, you and I," Mowgli answered. "I take my life from you, tonight. My kill shall be your kill if ever you are hungry, O Kaa."

"All thanks, Little Brother," said Kaa. "And what may such 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 you are empty come to me and see if I speak the truth. If ever you are in a trap¹, I may pay the debt which I owe to you, to Bagheera, and to Baloo, here. Good hunting to you all, my masters."

"Well said," smiled Baloo. The python dropped his head lightly for a minute on Mowgli's shoulder. "A brave heart and a clever tongue," said he. "They shall carry you far through the jungle, Manling. But now go away quickly with your friends. Go and sleep,

¹ a trap — капкан

for the moon sets. It is not well for you to see what is going to be here."

The moon was shining behind the hills. Baloo went down to the tank for a drink, and Bagheera began to put his fur in order. Kaa went out into the centre of the terrace and said with all the monkeys' eyes upon him.

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

From the walls came a sound 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 thrice¹ in a big circle, turning his head from right to left. Then he began making figures of eight with his body, and soft triangles² that changed into squares and five-side figures, and sang never resting, never hurrying, and never stopping his low, hunting song. Baloo and Bagheera stood still as stone, and Mowgli watched and wondered.

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

¹ thrice = three times

² a triangle — треугольник

“Without your order we cannot move foot or hand, O Kaa!”

“Good! Come nearer to me.”

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

“Nearer!” hissed Kaa, and they all moved again.

Mowgli put 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 the hand on my shoulder,” Bagheera asked. “Keep it there, or I must go back, must go back to Kaa. Aah!”

“It is only old Kaa,” said Mowgli, “let us go”; and the three went to the jungle.

“Whoof!¹” said Baloo, when he stood under the trees again. “Never more will I speak to 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 mouth.”

“Many will walk that road before the moon rises again,” said Baloo. “He will have good hunting.”

“But what was the meaning of it all?” said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python’s powers of fascination¹. “I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. Ho! Ho!”

“It is nothing,” said Baloo, “we have the man-cub again.”

“True; but he has cost us most heavily in time which might have been spent in good hunting, and in wounds. Remember, Mowgli, I, who am the Black Panther, called upon Kaa for help, and Baloo and I were both made stupid as little birds by the Hunger-Dance. All this, Man-cub, came of your playing with the Bandar-log.”

“True; it is true,” said Mowgli. “I am a bad man-cub.”

“Mf!² What says the Law of the Jungle, Baloo?”

Baloo did not want to bring Mowgli into any more trouble, but he said, “Sorrow³ never stays punishment⁴. But remember, Bagheera, he is very little.”

¹ **power of fascination** — сила внушения

² **Mf!** — Гм!

³ **sorrow** — печаль

⁴ **punishment** — наказание

¹ **Whoof!** — Уф!

"I will remember. Mowgli, have you anything to say?"

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

Bagheera gave him half a dozen love-taps¹. When it was all over Mowgli picked himself up without a word.

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

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera's back and slept deeply. He didn't wake when he was put down by Mother Wolf's side in the home-cave.

Activities

Before Reading

1) What do you know from your Biology lessons about the following animals?

a wolf	a tiger
a panther	a cobra
a python	a bear

¹ a tap — легкий шлепок, удар

2) Guess the meaning of the following words.

serious	a visitor
an accent	a triumph
a telescope	an escort
a plan	a tunnel
an attack	a battle
a minute	a limit

3) What do the following words mean? Give their Russian equivalents.

Ugh!	Whoof!	Wow!
Hah!	Ho-ho!	

While Reading

Say true, false or I don't know.

1. Baloo taught Mowgli different languages.
2. Bagheera was always present at Baloo's lessons.
3. Bagheera liked Baloo's lessons.
4. Mowgli couldn't learn much by heart.
5. Baloo never punished his pupils.
7. Mowgli wanted to be the Monkey-People's leader.
8. The monkeys asked Mowgli to go to the Cold Lairs with them.

9. The monkeys were only afraid of Baloo.
10. Kaa liked the monkeys very much.

After Reading

Describe some characters using the following words.

1. shameless, wicked, noisy, foolish, quick
2. clever, lazy, brave, well-taught, little
3. long, footless, strong, clever, helpful, terrible

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

- 1) Translate the following word combinations and use them in the sentences of your own.
 1. from head to foot
 2. at the top of one's voice
 3. to cross one another's path
 4. to bring one's heart between one's teeth
 5. to run a risk
 6. to be at hand
 7. to do one's best
 8. to settle the things up
 9. for fun
 10. to fight over nothing

- 2) Rewrite the sentences putting the words in the right order.

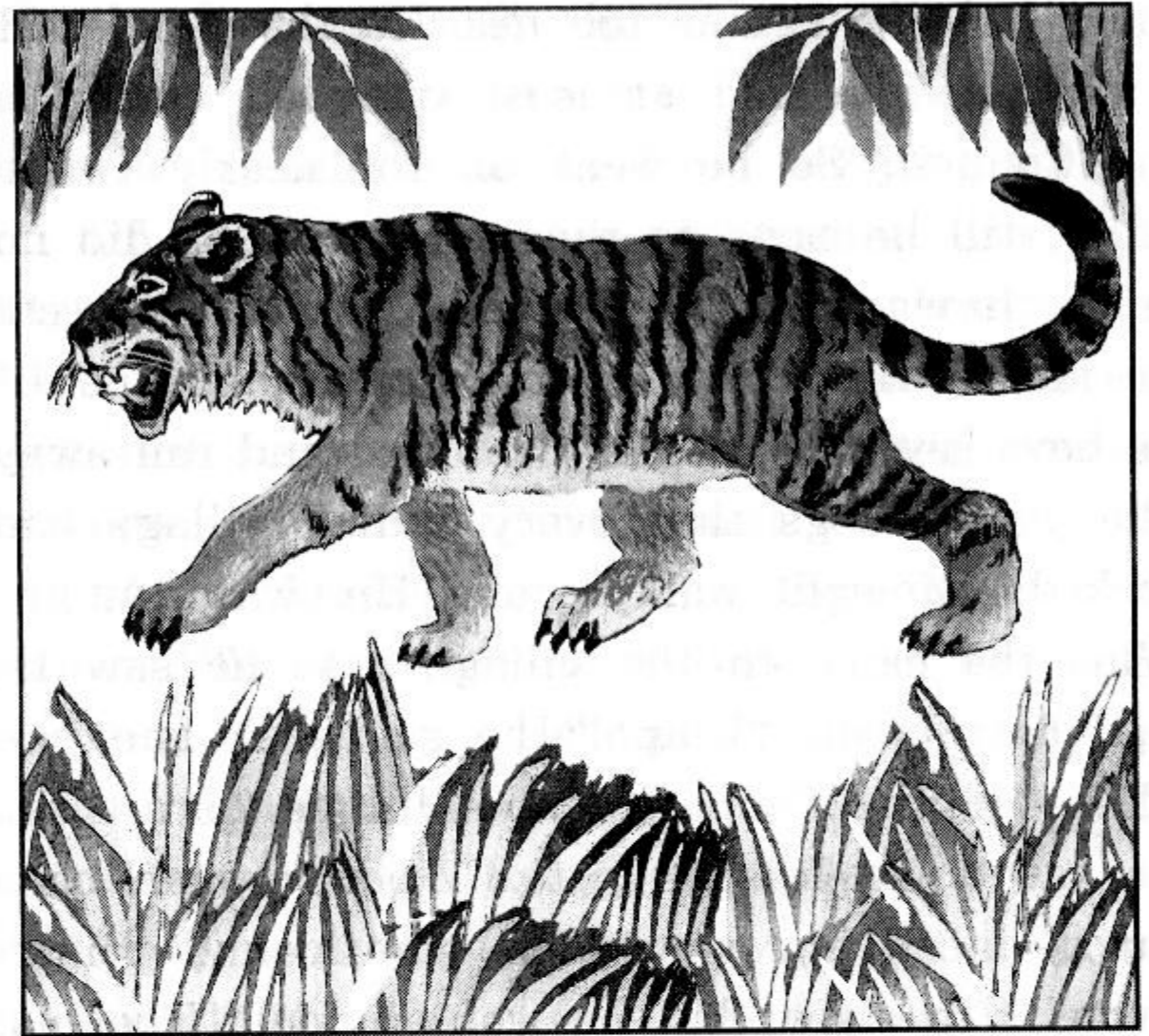
1. very Baloo serious looked.
2. The into trees walls out of had grown and the.
3. well as Mowgli angry was as hungry.
4. monkeys Twenty him away to bring nuts or thirty ran and fruits.
5. There as the Bandar-log in the jungle are none so clever and good and strong.
6. From houses palace you the could see that made up the many ruined city.
7. that he was in a very bad Mowgli understood place indeed.
8. The called the place their monkeys city.
9. Indian Mowgli had an city before never seen.
10. The Master boy said the Word.

Discussing the Text

Explain why:

1. Baloo taught Mowgli the law of the Jungle.
2. Mowgli played with monkeys.
3. monkeys took Mowgli to the Cold Lairs.

4. Bagheera and Baloo went to visit Kaa.
5. Kaa wanted to hunt together with Baloo and Bagheera.
6. Bagheera and Baloo were afraid of Kaa.
7. Bagheera punished Mowgli.
8. the Jungle-People didn't like the Monkey-People.
9. the monkeys lived in a ruined city.
10. Chil helped Mowgli.



Part Four

“TIGER! TIGER!”

Now we must go back to the last tale but one¹.

When Mowgli left the wolf's cave after the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the village. He did not stop

¹ the last but one — предпоследний

there because it was too near to the jungle. He knew that he had at least one bad enemy at the Council. So he went on for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a country that he did not know. It was a little village. All over there cattle and buffaloes were grazing¹. When the little boys saw Mowgli they shouted and ran away. The yellow dogs that every Indian village had, barked. Mowgli walked on. He was hungry. When he came to the village gate he saw the big thorn-bush. "Umph!" he said. "So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also." He sat down by the gate. When a man came out he stood up, opened his mouth, and pointed down it to show that he wanted food. The man ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the churchman. The churchman was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red and yellow mark on his face. He came to the gate. With him at least a hundred people looked and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

"They have no manners, these Men-Folk," said Mowgli to himself. "Only the grey apes would do as they do." So he threw back his long hair and looked at the crowd.

"What is there to be afraid of?" said the

¹ to graze — пастись

churchman. "Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is but a wolf-child runaway from the jungle."

Of course, in playing together, the cubs often cut Mowgli harder than they wanted, so there were white scars¹ all over his arms and legs. But he could not call these bites² because 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 honour, Messua, he is not unlike the boy that was taken by the tiger."

"Let me look," said a woman. She looked at Mowgli. "Indeed he is not. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy."

The churchman 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: "What the jungle has taken the jungle has given back. Take the boy into the house, my sister, and forget not to thank me."

"By the Bull that bought me," said Mowgli to himself, "but all this talking is like another

¹ a scar — шрам

² a bite — укус

looking over by the Pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must become."

The woman took Mowgli to her house. There was a red lacquered bed, a dozen copper cooking-pots, an image of a Hindu god, and on the wall a real looking-glass, such as they sell at the city.

She gave him some milk and bread. Then she put her hand on his head and looked into his eyes. She thought that he was 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.

"Do you not remember the day when I gave you your new shoes?" She touched his foot.

"No," she said, "those feet have never worn shoes, but you are very like my Nathoo, and you will be my son."

Mowgli was not comfortable, because he didn't understand her.

"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 as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must learn their talk."

It was not for fun that he learned while he was with the wolves to imitate the language of bucks in the jungle and the sounds of the little wild pig. So as soon as Messua said

a word Mowgli imitated it almost perfectly. Before dark he had learned the names of many things in the house.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowgli did not want to sleep under anything that looked so like a panther-trap. When they closed the door he went through the window.

"Let him do as he wants," said Messua's husband. "Remember, he has never till now slept on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son he will not run away."

So Mowgli put himself in some long, clean grass at the side of the field. Before he could close his eyes a soft grey nose touched him.

"Phew!¹" said Grey Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf's cubs). "I followed you twenty miles. You smell of wood-smoke and cattle, altogether like a man already. Wake, Little Brother; I bring news."

"Are all well in the jungle?" said Mowgli.

"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. When he returns he swears that he will put your bones in the Waingunga."

"There are two words to that. I also have

¹ Phew! — Ну и ну!

made a little promise¹. But news is always good. I am tired tonight, very tired with new things, Grey Brother. Bring me the news always.”

“You will not forget that you are a wolf? Men will not make you forget?” said Grey Brother.

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

“And that you may 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 you in the bamboos.”

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 clothes, and he had to learn about money, which he did not understand. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle taught him to keep his temper². In the jungle, life and food depend on keeping your temper; but when they made fun of him because he could not play games or fly kites,

¹ a promise — обещание

² to keep one's temper — держать себя в руках

only the law kept him from picking them up and breaking them in two.

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

And Mowgli had no idea of the difference in caste¹.

No one was more pleased than Mowgli to go to the fields to look after the cattle. So he went off to a circle that met every evening under a great fig-tree. It was the village club, and the headman and the watchman (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. He had his milk every night. The old men sat around the tree and talked, till far into the night. They told wonderful tales of gods and men and ghosts²; Buldeo told even more wonderful ones of the ways of beasts in the jungle. Most of the tales were about animals, for the jungle was always at

¹ caste — каста, замкнутая социальная группа

² a ghost — привидение, призрак

their door. The deer and the wild pig came up to their fields, and now and again the tiger carried off a man.

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

Buldeo said that the tiger that had carried away Messua's son was a ghost-tiger. His body was taken by the ghost of a wicked old money-lender, who had died some years ago. "And I know that this is true," he said.

"True, true; that must be the truth," said the greybeards¹ together.

"Are all these tales such moon-talk?" said Mowgli. "That tiger was born lame, as every one 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 silent with surprise for a moment, and the headman said.

"Oho!"²

"It is the jungle beast, is it?" said Buldeo.

¹ a greybeard — старик (grey — седой; a beard — борода)

² Oho! — Ого!

"If you are so clever, better bring his skin to Khanhiwara. The Government set a hundred rupees (\$30) on his life. Better still, do not talk when the elders speak."

Mowgli rose to go. "All the evening I was here listening," he called back, "and, except once or twice, Buldeo has not said one word of truth about 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?"

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. Mowgli went through the village street, sitting on the back of Rama, the great bull; and the other buffaloes, with their long horns and angry eyes, rose, one by one, and followed him. Mowgli made it very clear to the children with him that he was the master. He beat the buffaloes with a long bamboo, and told Kamya, one of the boys, to look after the cattle by themselves, while he went on with the buffaloes. Mowgli drove them on to the edge of the plain where the Waingunga River came out of the jungle. Then he found Grey Brother. "Ah," said Grey 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 herd¹ for a while. What news of Shere Khan?"

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

"Very good," said Mowgli. "So long as he is away you or one of the brothers sit on that rock so that I can see you as I come out of the village. When he comes back wait for me. We need not walk into Shere Khan's mouth."

Then Mowgli chose a 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 lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low. The buffaloes very seldom say anything, but get down into the pools one after another, and walk till only their noses and china-blue eyes are above the water. The sun makes the rocks dance in the heat, and

the herd-children hear one kite (never any more) overhead. They know that if they died, or a cow died that kite would fly down, and the next kite miles away would see him and follow, and the next, and the next, and almost before they were dead there would be a lot of hungry kites come out of nowhere. Then they sleep and wake and sleep again. Then they sing long, long songs, 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. Then evening comes, and the children call, and the buffaloes come up out of the mud with noises like gun-shots going off one after another, and they all string across the gray plain back to the village lights.

Day after day Mowgli led the buffaloes out, and day after day he saw Grey Brother's back a mile and a half away (so he knew that Shere Khan had not come back). Day after day he was lying on the grass listening to the noise around him, and dreaming of old days in the jungle. If Shere Khan made a wrong step with his lame paw up in the jungles by the

¹ a village herd — деревенский пастушок

Waingunga, Mowgli was sure to hear him in those long mornings.

At last a day came when he did not see Grey Brother at the signal place. He laughed and headed the buffaloes to the tree, which was all covered with golden-red flowers. There sat Grey Brother.

"He has hidden for a month. He crossed the ranges last night with Tabaqui," said the wolf.

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

"Have no fear," said Grey Brother. "I met Tabaqui. 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 you at the village gate this evening, for you and for no one else. He is lying up now in the big dry grass of the Waingunga."

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

"He killed a pig and he has drunk too. Remember, Shere Khan could never fast¹."

"Oh! Fool, fool! What a cub's cub it is! Eaten and drunk too, and he thinks that

¹ to fast — голодать

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 stop unless they kill him, but 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 Grey Brother.

"Tabaqui told him that, I know. He would never have thought of it alone." Mowgli stood with his finger in his mouth, thinking. "Waingunga. That opens out on the plain not half a mile from here. I can take the herd round through the jungle. We must block that end. Grey Brother, can you cut the herd in two for me?"

"Not I, perhaps, but I have brought a good helper." There lifted up a huge gray head that Mowgli knew well. The hot air was filled with the cry of all the jungle, the hunting-howl of a wolf at midday.

"Akela! Akela!" said Mowgli. "I might have known that you would 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 buffaloes by themselves."

The two wolves ran in and out of the herd and separated it into two. In one the cow-buf-

faloes stood, with their calves in the centre. In the other the bulls and the young bulls stood; but they were much less dangerous, because they had no calves to protect. No six men could have divided the herd so quickly.

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

Mowgli got on to Rama’s back. “Drive the bulls away to the left, Akela. Grey Brother, when we are gone hold the cows together, and drive them right.”

“How far?” said Grey Brother.

“Till the sides are higher than Shere Khan can jump,” shouted Mowgli. “Keep them there till we come down.” Grey Brother stopped in front of the cows. Akela drove the bulls far to the left.

“Well done! Careful, now, careful, Akela. Hujah! This is wilder work than driving black-buck. Did you think these creatures could move so swiftly?” Mowgli called.

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

“Ay, turn! Swiftly turn them. Rama is mad with rage¹. Oh, if I could only tell him what I want of him today!”

¹ to be mad with rage — сходить с ума от ярости

The bulls were turned to the right this time. 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 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. It was a long, long circle. At last Mowgli saw a tiger who wanted to get out.

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

He put his hands to his mouth and shouted down, it was almost like shouting down a tunnel, and the echoes jumped from rock to rock. After a long time there came back the sleepy purr of a full-fed tiger just awakened.

“Who calls?” said Shere Khan.

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

The herd paused for a minute, but Akela gave tongue in the full hunting-cry and they

ran one after another. 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 you know!”

They knew what 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 ran, looking from side to side for some way of escape. But the walls of the ravine were straight, and he had to keep on, heavy with his dinner and his drink, willing to do anything rather than fight. Mowgli heard an answering bellow from the foot of the ravine and saw Shere Khan turn. The tiger knew if the worse came to the worst it was better to meet the bulls than the cows with their calves. Rama went on again over something soft. The weaker buffaloes were put off their feet by the shock of the meeting. Mowgli watched his time, and got off Rama’s neck.

“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 Grey Brother ran to and fro catching the buffaloes’ legs. Mowgli turned Rama, and the others followed him.

Shere Khan 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 round his neck now that he lived with men. “But he could never fight. His skin will look well on the Council Rock. We must get to work quickly.”

Mowgli could skin a ten-foot tiger alone. He knew better than any one else how an animal’s skin is fitted on, and how it can be taken off. But it was hard work, and Mowgli worked for an hour.

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Buldeo with the Tower musket. The children had told the village about the buffaloes. Buldeo went out angrily, only to correct Mowgli for not taking better care of the herd. The wolves went out of sight as soon as they saw the man coming.

“What is this folly?” said Buldeo, angrily. “To think that you can 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 the letting

the herd run off, and perhaps I will give you one of the rupees when I have taken the skin to Khanhiwara.”

“Hum!¹” said Mowgli, half to himself. “So you will take the skin to Khanhiwara, and perhaps give me one rupee? Now it is in my mind that I need the skin for my own use. Heh!² old man, take away that fire!”

“What talk is this to the chief hunter of the village? Your luck and the stupidity of the buffaloes helped you to this kill. Mowgli, I will not give you one rupee, but only a very big beating. Leave the carcass!”

“By the Bull that bought me,” said Mowgli, “must I stay babbling to an old ape all noon? Here, Akela.”

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

“Ye-es,” he said, between his teeth. “You are altogether right, Buldeo. You will never give me one rupee. There is an old war between this lame tiger and myself, a very old war, and I have won.”

¹ Hum! — Гм!

² Heh! — Эй!

Buldeo was surprised by a wolf who followed the orders of this boy who had wars with man-eating tigers. He was not a common¹ animal. It was magic of the worst kind, thought Buldeo, and he wanted to know if the amulet round his neck could protect him. He lay still, waiting every minute to see Mowgli turn into a tiger, too.

“Maharaja²! Great King,” he said.

“Yes,” said Mowgli, without turning his head.

“I am an old man. I did not know that you were anything more than a herd-boy. May I rise up and go away? Or will your servant tear me to pieces?”

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

Buldeo ran away to the village as fast as he could. He was afraid that Mowgli should change him into something terrible. When he got to the village he told another tale of magic.

Mowgli went on with his work. It was nearly midnight before he and the wolves had taken the great skin off the body.

¹ common — обычный

² Maharaja — инд. махараджа (государь, правитель княжества)

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

When they got near the village Mowgli saw lights, and heard bells 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 flew above his ears, and the villagers shouted: "Wolf's brat! Jungle-demon! Go away! Get away quickly, or the churchman will turn you into a wolf again. Shoot, Buldeo, shoot!" The old Tower musket went off with a bang, and a young buffalo cried in pain.

"More magic!" shouted the villagers. "He can turn bullets¹. Buldeo, that was the buffalo."

"Now what is this?" said Mowgli, surprised.

"They are not unlike the Pack, these brothers of yours," said Akela, sitting down. "It is in my head that, if bullets mean anything, they would cast you out."

"Wolf! Wolf's cub! Go away!" shouted everybody.

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

¹ a bullet — пуля

A woman, it was Messua, ran across to the herd, and cried: "Oh, my son, my son! They say you are a magician who can turn himself into a wolf. I do not believe, but go away or they will kill you. Buldeo says you are a magician, but I know you have avenged¹ Nat-hoo's death."

"Come back, Messua!" shouted the crowd. "Come back, or we will stone you."

Mowgli laughed a little short 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. I have at least paid for your son's life. Farewell and run quickly, for I shall send the herd in more quickly. I am no wizard², Messua. Farewell!"

"Now, once more, Akela," he cried. "Bring the herd."

The buffaloes were worried enough to get to the village. They hardly wanted Akela, but ran through the gate, throwing the crowd right and left.

"Count!" shouted Mowgli. "It may be that I have taken one of them. Count, for I will do

¹ to avenge — мстить

² a wizard — колдун

your herding no more. Fare you well¹, 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 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, making it look all milky, the villagers saw Mowgli with two wolves running away. Messua cried, and Buldeo told the story of his adventures in the jungle. He ended it by saying that Akela stood up on his 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 skin of Shere Khan to keep my word.” Mother Wolf walked out from the cave with the cubs behind her, and her eyes got shiny as she saw the skin.

¹ Fare you well = Farewell — Прощайте

“I told him on that day, when he put his head and shoulders into this cave, hunting for your 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. “We were lonely in the jungle without you,” and Bagheera came running to Mowgli’s feet.

They went up the Council Rock together. Mowgli put the skin out on the stone where Akela used to sit. Akela lay down upon it, and called the old call to the Council, “Look, look well, O Wolves!” as he had called when Mowgli was first brought there.

The wolves came to the Council Rock, all that were left of them, and saw Shere Khan’s skin on the rock. It was then that Mowgli made up a song without any rhymes, a song that came up into him all by itself.

“Look well, O Wolves. Have I kept my word?” said Mowgli when he had finished; and the wolves said “Yes,” and one old wolf said:

“Lead us again, O Akela. Lead us again, O Man-cub, for we are sick of this lawlessness¹, and we would be the Free People once more.”

“Nay,” purred Bagheera, “that may not be.

¹ lawlessness = law + less + ness — беззаконие

When you are full-fed, the madness may come upon you again. Not for nothing you are called the Free People. You 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 you,” said the four cubs. 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-ups¹.

Activities

Before Reading

Guess the meaning of the words.

to stop	a mile
a demon	a barricade
a musket	a signal
magic	a goblin
a platform	a club

¹ grown-ups — взрослые

While Reading

Make the right choice.

1. Mowgli went to the far away village because
 - a) he knew many people there.
 - b) he wanted to be as far from the jungle as possible.
 - c) he knew that his mother lived there.
 - d) he didn't want to see the jungle ever again.
2. When people in the village saw Mowgli, they were
 - a) happy.
 - b) afraid.
 - c) worried.
 - d) surprised.
3. Mowgli couldn't sleep in the house because
 - a) it was too hot in it.
 - b) he wanted to see the stars.
 - c) he has never slept there before.
 - d) there was no TV in it.

4. Mowgli didn't show that he remembered his real name because he
- was afraid.
 - didn't want his mother to suffer.
 - was happy with his new one.
 - he didn't like it.
5. Shere Khan wanted to come back to
- meet his friends.
 - say "Good-bye" to his friends.
 - find and kill Mowgli.
 - kill all the wolves in the jungle.

After Reading

Answer the questions.

- Could this story really take place?
- Why were the villagers so cruel?
- Was it easy for Mowgli to live in the village? Why?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1) Match the opposites.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1) common | a) a friend |
| 2) an enemy | b) brave |
| 3) afraid | c) unusual |

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 4) rich | d) together |
| 5) stupid | e) hungry |
| 6) new | f) safe |
| 7) old | g) weakness |
| 8) wild | h) kind |
| 9) angry | i) domestic |
| 10) strength | j) young |
| 11) dangerous | k) old |
| 12) full-fed | l) clever |
| 13) alone | m) poor |

2) Match the words and their definitions.

- a herd
 - a grown-up
 - a scar
 - jungle
 - a track
- marks left by a person or an animal
 - a large area of trees especially in tropics
 - an adult person
 - a number of animals feeding together
 - a mark on the skin from a wound

3) Say what the italicized words mean.

- He had *at least* one bad enemy at the Council.
- He went on *for nearly* twenty miles.

3. He is but a wolf-child *runaway* from the jungle.
3. Mowgli *made it very clear* to the children with him that he was the master.
4. *At last* Mowgli saw a tiger who wanted to get out.

Discussing the Text

Say why:

1. Mowgli didn't stay with the Pack.
2. Mowgli started to learn people's language.
3. it was easy for Mowgli to learn people's language.
4. Mowgli became the master of the herd.
5. Akela helped Mowgli.
6. children in the village laughed at Mowgli.
7. people in the village told many stories about the tiger.
8. Mowgli left the village.
9. Mowgli decided to hunt alone.



Part Five

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

This is a story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought himself. Darzee, the Tailor-bird, and Chuchundra, the Muskrat, helped him but Rikki-tikki-tavi did the real fighting¹.

¹ But Rikki-tikki-tavi did the real fighting — Но сражался именно Рикки-Тикки-Тави

He was a mongoose. He looked like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but like a weasel in his head and his character. His eyes and the end of his nose were pink. His tail looked like a bottle-brush when he was ready for fighting with his war-cry: *Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*

He lived with his father and mother in the hole. Once it started to rain and didn't stop for days and days. One morning, lots of water came inside his hole and carried him out his home and down the road. He was lucky to find a little stick and got hold of it¹. But the next moment the water came over him.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a small boy and heard:

"Look! Here's a dead mongoose."

"Let's take him in and dry him," said his mother "Maybe he isn't dead."

They took him into the house. A big man said he was not dead so they put him in cotton wool to warm.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman and it was his first day in that house); "don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do."

¹ got hold of it — зацепился за нее

It is the most difficult thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity¹. The rule of all the mongoose family is: "Run and find out," and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose and never forgot it.

So when he got warm, Rikki-tikki climbed out of the cotton wool to look around. He ran all round the table and suddenly jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his father. "That's his way of making friends."²

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's shirt and neck, smelled his ear, and climbed down to the floor.

"Oh dear!" said Teddy's mother, "and that's a wild creature! I think he's so kind to us because we have been kind to him."

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Teddy doesn't take him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's give him something to eat."

¹ he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity — он был само любопытство от носа до хвоста

² That's his way of making friends. — Он так знакомится с тобой.

They gave him some meat and Rikki-tikki liked it very much. Then he went out into the veranda to sit in the sunshine and to dry his fur. He felt better there.

"I like this new place. There are so many things to find out," he said to himself. "I shall certainly stay in this house."

He spent all that day running about the house. He looked down the baths, put his nose into the ink, and climbed the big man's writing-table. Late in the evening he ran into Teddy's bedroom, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up the bed too. He wasn't a quiet companion; he got up and listened to every noise all through the night. When Teddy's mother and father came in to look at their boy late at night, they saw Rikki-tikki sitting on the bed.

"I don't like that," said Teddy's mother; "he is wild, so it can be dangerous."

"My dear, Teddy is safer with that little creature than with a dog. If a snake comes into his room..."

But Teddy's mother didn't want to think about it.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him a banana and

some egg. He was very quiet at the table because every wild mongoose always hopes to be a house-mongoose someday and have rooms to run about. Rikki-tikki's mother (she lived in the white man's house for quite a long time) often told Rikki what to do if he met white men.

After breakfast Rikki-tikki went out into the garden. It was a large garden with bushes and orange trees and green bamboos. "This is a nice hunting place," he said, and his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it¹, and he ran up and down the garden. Suddenly he heard thin voices in a big green bush.

It was Darzee, the tailor-bird, and his wife. They were sitting on the branch and crying.

"What is the matter?" asked Rikki-tikki.

"We are very unhappy," said Darzee. "One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday, and Nag ate him."

"Hm!" said Rikki-tikki, "that is very sad but... who is Nag?"

Darzee and his wife didn't answer but

¹ his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it — и от этой мысли его хвост стал похож на ершик

they got down in their nest, because from the thick grass at the foot of the bush came a low hiss — a terrible cold snake-sound. Then out of the grass rose up the head of Nag, the big black cobra, and he was five feet¹ long from tongue to tail. He stayed balancing like a flower in the wind, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake's eyes that never change.

“Who is Nag?” said he. “I am Nag. The great god Brahm put his mark on all our people when the first cobra spread out his hood² to keep the sun off Brahm. Look, and be afraid!”

He spread out his hood, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark on the back. He was afraid for the minute but it is impossible for a mongoose to stay frightened.

Rikki-tikki never met a live cobra before but his mother gave him some dead ones to eat. So he knew that all mongooses spend their lives fighting and eating snakes. Nag knew that too, and at the bottom of his cold heart he was afraid.

“Well,” said Rikki-tikki, and his tail be-

¹ **five feet** — пять футов, т. е. более 1,5 м

² **spread out his hood** — раскрыла свой капюшон

gan to grow bottle-brushy again, “marks or no marks, do you think it is right for you to eat babies?”

Nag knew that mongooses in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family.

“Let us talk,” he said. “You eat eggs. Why should I not eat birds?”

“Behind you! Look behind you!” sang Darzee.

Rikki-tikki jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and just under him went the head of Nagaina, Nag's wicked wife. He came down almost on her back, and he could break her back with one bite. But he was very young and didn't know about it. He was afraid of the terrible stroke of the cobra.

“Wicked, wicked Darzee!” said Nag, trying to reach the bird's nest in the bush.

Rikki-tikki felt his eyes growing red (when a mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all round him. But Nag and Nagaina disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke¹, it never says what he is going to do

¹ **misses its stroke** — промахивается

next. Rikki-tikki wasn't going to follow them, because he wasn't sure that he could fight against two snakes at once. So he ran off to the house, and sat down to think everything carefully.

Rikki-tikki knew he was a young mongoose, but he escaped a blow from behind¹. It meant that he was big and strong to fight against the cobra.

Teddy came running down to him and Rikki-tikki was glad to see him. But when Teddy was going to take Rikki-tikki up, a thin voice in the long grass said: "Be careful. I am death!" It was Karait, the grey-brown thin snake that usually hides in the dust; and he is as dangerous as the cobra. But he is so small that nobody thinks of him and so he does more harm to people.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red again, and he moved to Karait the way his mother taught him. Rikki-tikki was too young and didn't know that it was going to be a more dangerous fighting. Karait was so small, and could turn and attack very quickly. But Rikki's eyes were all red, and he was looking for a good place to

¹ escaped a blow from behind — избежал удара сзади

bite the snake. Karait attacked but Rikki was quick to jump off.

Teddy cried: "Oh, look here! Our mongoose is killing a snake!" Teddy's mother and his father ran out the house. The big man had a stick, but when he came up, Rikki-tikki jumped on the snake's back and bit him. That bite paralyzed Karait, and Rikki-tikki was just going to eat him up from the tail, after the tradition of his family, when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow mongoose¹. He wanted to stay strong and ready for a fight, so he had to keep himself thin.

Teddy's mother came up to him: "Thank you, little wild creature. You have saved Teddy from death."

That night, at dinner, Rikki-tikki was walking among the wine-glasses on the table, but he didn't eat anything, because he remembered Nag and Nagaina. From time to time his eyes got red again and his long war-cry of "*Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*" sounded inside him.

Teddy took him to his bedroom, and put Rikki-tikki into his bed. Rikki-tikki was too polite to say "no" to the little boy, but as soon

¹ a full meal makes a slow mongoose — зд. после сытной еды особо не похотишься

as Teddy fell asleep he went off for his night walk round the house, and in the dark he met Chuchundra, the Musk-rat, who wasn't a brave animal at all.

"Don't kill me," said Chuchundra, almost crying. "Rikki-tikki, don't kill me."

"Do you think a snake-killer kills muskrats?" said Rikki-tikki, surprised.

"Those who kill snakes get killed by snakes," said Chuchundra. "And how can I be sure that Nag won't mistake me for you¹ some dark night?"

"There's not the least danger²," said Rikki-tikki; "because Nag is in the garden, and I know you don't go there."

"My cousin Chua, the Rat, told me —" said Chuchundra, and then he stopped.

"Told you what?"

"Hush! Nag is everywhere, Rikki-tikki. Why didn't you talk to Chua in the garden?"

"I didn't — so you must tell me. Quick, Chuchundra, or I'll bite you!"

Chuchundra sat down and started crying.

¹ **won't mistake me for you** — не примет меня за тебя (не перепутает нас)

² **There's not the least danger** — Нет ни малейшей опасности

"I am a very poor man. I was never too brave to run out into the middle of the room. Hush! I mustn't tell you anything. Can't you hear, Rikki-tikki?"

Rikki-tikki listened. The house was very quiet, but he was sure he heard a very low noise — scratch-scratch — of a snake's body on the floor.

"That's Nag or Nagaina," he said to himself; "and he is getting into the bathroom."

He ran into the bathroom. Near the wall there was a small hole and through it Rikki-tikki saw Nag and Nagaina. They were talking outside in the moonlight.

"When there is no people in the house," said Nagaina to her husband, "he will go away, and then the garden will be our own again. Go in quietly, and remember that you must bite big man first. Then come out and tell me, and we will hunt for Rikki-tikki together."

"But must we kill all the people?" said Nag.

"Can you remember the time when there were no people in the house? Did we have any mongoose in the garden? Without people we will be king and queen of the garden; and remember, soon our babies will need place to live and grow."

"I haven't thought of that," said Nag.

Then Nag's head came through the hole, and his cold body followed it. Angry as he was¹, Rikki-tikki was very frightened when he saw the size of the big cobra.

"Well," said the snake when he got inside the bathroom. "When the big man comes into the bathroom in the morning, he will not have a stick. So I shall wait here. Nagaina, do you hear me?"

Rikki-tikki stayed in the bathroom as quiet as he could. When Nag was sleeping, Rikki-tikki looked at his big back and thought:

"If I don't break his back at the first jump, he can fight; and if he fights — oh, Rikki! Well, the snake's neck is too thick for me; and a bite near the tail will only make Nag angry. So, it must be the head," he said at last; "when I am there, I must not let go²."

Then he jumped. Up and down, in great circles went Nag trying to get the mongoose off. But Rikki-tikki held on. They were making a great noise in the bathroom and Rikki was closing his teeth tighter and tighter. He was sure the death was near him. Suddenly there was a bang and red fire was the last thing he saw.

¹ Angry as he was — Как бы ни был он зол

² I must not let go — мне нельзя отпускать его

The noise in the bathroom woke the big man. He ran into the bathroom and fired his gun. Nag was dead but Rikki-tikki still held on. His eyes were closed. He thought that he was dead. Then he heard:

"It's the mongoose again. The little creature has saved our lives now."

When morning came Rikki was still very weak and tired, but felt pleased:

"Now I must kill Nagaina, and I don't know anything about her babies. Oh dear! I must go and see Darzee!"

Rikki-tikki ran to the bush where Darzee was singing a song of triumph at the top of his voice. The news of Nag's death was all over the garden.

"Oh, you stupid bird!" said Rikki-tikki angrily. "Is this the time to sing?"

"Nag is dead — is dead — is dead!" sang Darzee. "The brave Rikki-tikki caught him by the head. Nag is dead! He will never eat my babies again."

"All that's true; but where's Nagaina?" said Rikki-tikki, looking carefully round him.

"Nag is dead!" Darzee sang. "Let us sing about the great, the red-eyed Rikki-tikki!"

"Stop it!" said Rikki-tikki. "You don't know when to do the right thing at the right

time. You're safe in your nest there, but it's war for me! Stop singing a minute, Darzee."

"Oh, great, the beautiful Rikki-tikki, I will stop," said Darzee. "What is it, O Killer of the terrible Nag?"

"Where is Nagaina, for the second time?"

"Near the dead body of Nag. Great is Rikki-tikki with the white teeth!"

"Have you ever heard where she keeps her eggs?"

"Near the wall, where the sun shines all day long. She hid them there weeks ago. Rikki-tikki, you are not going to eat her eggs, aren't you?"

"I don't think so. Darzee, can you fly to Nagaina and pretend that your wing is broken? Let Nagaina follow you to this bush. So I'll have time to get to her eggs."

Not Darzee, but his wife flew to Nagaina and cried out:

"Oh, my wing is broken! The boy in the house broke it!"

Nagaina looked at the bird and said:

"You have found a wrong place to come!"

And she got closer to her.

"The boy broke it with a stone!" cried the bird.

"Well, I am going to tell you something you will like. Before night comes, the boy in

the house will be as dead as my husband. Listen to me! What is the use of running away? I am sure to catch you. Little fool, look at me!"

But Darzee's wife was moving away from the wall in little jumps and the cobra was following her. Rikki-tikki ran to the wall and in the warm ground, he found twenty-five snake's eggs covered with white skin.

"I am not late!" he said. He could see the baby cobras inside the eggs, and he knew that the minute they got out they could each kill a man or a mongoose. He broke the eggs as fast as he could and killed the little cobras. At last there was only one egg left, when Rikki-tikki heard Darzee voice:

"Rikki-tikki, Nagaina is in the house, and — oh, come quickly — she is going to kill the white people!"

Rikki-tikki took the last egg into his mouth and ran to the house. Teddy and his mother and father were at the table, but Rikki-tikki saw that they were not eating anything. They sat stone-still¹, and their faces were white. Nagaina was near Teddy's chair singing a song of triumph.

¹ **stone-still** — неподвижно, словно каменные

"Son of the big man that killed Nag," she said, "I am not ready yet. Wait a little. Keep very quiet, all you three. If you move I attack, and if you do not move I attack. Oh, foolish people, who killed my Nag!"

Teddy was looking at his father, and all his father could do was to say in a very low voice: "Teddy, you mustn't move. Teddy, don't move."

Then Rikki-tikki came up and cried: "Turn round, Nagaina; turn and fight!"

"You are not late, aren't you?" said she, without moving her eyes. "Look at your friends, Rikki-tikki. They are quiet and white; they are afraid. If you come nearer, I'll attack."

"Look at your eggs," said Rikki-tikki, "near the wall. Go and look, Nagaina. They are near the wall, all broken and your babies are dead!"

The big snake turned and she saw the egg in Rikki's mouth. "Ah-h! Give it to me," she said.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red. "What price for the last egg?"

Nagaina turned his head and the same moment Teddy's father caught Teddy by the shoulder. In a second they were in the house.

"Tricked! Tricked!¹ The boy is safe, and it was I — I — I that caught Nag last night in the bathroom." Then he began to jump up and down, all four feet together, his head close to the floor. "He threw me up and down, but he could not get me off. He was dead before the big man fired his gun. I did it. *Rikki-tikki-tck-tck!* Come then, Nagaina. Come and fight with me."

"Give me the egg, Rikki-tikki. Give me the last of my eggs, and I will go away and never come back," she asked.

"Yes, you will go away, and you will never come back; because you will be dead in a minute! Fight, Nagaina! The big man has gone for his gun! Fight!"

Rikki-tikki was running all round Nagaina. Nagaina tried to get him again and again. Rikki-tikki jumped up and backward. Again and again and again she tried. Then Rikki-tikki danced in a circle to get behind her and he forgot about the egg. It still lay on the veranda, and Nagaina came nearer and nearer to it, and she caught it in her mouth, turned to the veranda steps, and disappeared in the long grass.

In a moment she was down the rat-hole. Rikki-tikki caught the end of her tail and

¹ **Tricked! Tricked!** — Попалась! Обманули!

down he went after her. It was dark in the hole and Rikki-tikki saw nothing inside. He just held on the end of her tail.

When he disappeared after the cobra, Darzee said: "Oh, we must sing his death-song! Brave Rikki-tikki is dead! Nagaina will kill him underground."

So he sang a very sad song and when he came to its end, Rikki-tikki came out of the hole. Darzee stopped with a little shout.

"It is all over," Rikki-tikki. "Nagaina will never come out again."

Rikki-tikki felt very tired and fell asleep where he was — he slept and slept till it was late in the afternoon.

"Now," he said, when he woke up, "I will go back to the house. Tell the garden that Nagaina is dead!"

Every bird was happy with the news, and even the frogs started their happy songs, because Nag and Nagaina often ate frogs as well as little birds.

When Rikki got to the house, Teddy and Teddy's mother (she still looked very white) and Teddy's father came out and thanked him. That night he ate all that they gave to him till he could eat no more, and went to bed on Teddy's shoulder.

"He saved our lives and Teddy's life," Teddy's mother said to her husband. "Just think, he saved all our lives!"

Rikki-tikki woke up with a jump, because all the mongooses are light sleepers¹.

"Oh, it's you," said he. "What are you talking about? You are safe now."

Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself; but he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden with tooth and jump and bite, till never a cobra could show its head inside the walls.

Activities

While Reading

Choose the right answer to the questions.

1. What was Rikki-tikki-tavi like?
 - a) He looked like a big fat cat.
 - b) He had hot red eyes and no fur.
 - c) He was curious and very quick.
 - d) He could run very fast and fought with his brushy tail.

¹ are light sleepers — спят очень чутко

2. Why did Rikki decide to stay in the house?
 - a) He had nowhere to go.
 - b) He made friends with Teddy.
 - c) The house and the garden were new to him.
 - d) He had to kill cobras.
3. Why did Darzee, the tailor-bird, sing a song of triumph?
 - a) Nag was dead.
 - b) Nagaina was dead in the bathroom.
 - c) Rikki-tikki killed Karait.
 - d) Rikki-tikki broke all Nagaina's eggs.
4. What did Rikki-tikki find in the ground near the wall?
 - a) 25 little cobras
 - b) snake's eggs
 - c) Darzee's babies
 - d) a little thin snake
5. Who helped Rikki-tikki in his war against Nag and Nagaina?
 - a) Teddy and his mother
 - b) Rikki's mother and father
 - c) Chuchundra and Chua
 - d) the musk-rat and the tailor-birds

6. How many snakes did Rikki-tikki kill in the story?
 - a) two
 - b) one
 - c) twenty-eight
 - d) three
7. How many cobra's eggs did Rikki-tikki break?
 - a) He broke all the eggs.
 - b) He broke no eggs.
 - c) He broke 25 eggs.
 - d) He broke 24 eggs.
8. Where did Rikki-tikki have his final fight with Nagaina?
 - a) in the bathroom
 - b) in the long thick grass
 - c) underground
 - d) in Chuchundra's hole
9. Why did Rikki-tikki fall asleep after his final fight with Nagaina?
 - a) He liked to sleep in the daytime.
 - b) He was very tired.
 - c) He didn't want to talk to anybody about the fight.
 - d) It was late at night and he couldn't find his way home.

10. How many times did Rikki-tikki save the lives of the white people?

- a) one
- b) two
- c) three
- d) four

After Reading

Imagine that you are:

- a) Rikki — speak about your first day with people; about the day you saw live cobras for the first time; about the animals that lived in the garden; about your travel through the cobra's hole and the final fight with Nagaina underground.
- b) Teddy — speak about your new house in India; about your first day with Rikki-tikki; about the way Rikki fought against the snakes.
- c) Darzee — speak about the terrible cobras that lived in the garden; about the young brave mongoose who fought against them alone; about your wife who helped Rikki in his war; about your surprise when you saw him after his final fight with Nagaina.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

Complete the sentences. The words from the box will help you.

thick	impossible
wicked	thin
unhappy	great
afraid	cold
dead	frightened

Rikki heard _____ voices in a big green bush.

“What is the matter?” asked Rikki-tikki.

“We are very _____,” said Darzee. “One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday, and Nag ate him.”

“Hm!” said Rikki-tikki, “that is very sad but... who is Nag?”

Suddenly from the _____ grass at the foot of the bush came a low hiss — a horrid cold snake-sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back. Then out of the grass rose up the head of Nag, the big black cobra. He stayed balancing like a flower in the wind, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the _____ snake's eyes.

“I am Nag. The _____ god Brahm put his mark on all our people when the first co-

bra spread out his hood to keep the sun off Brahm. Look, and be _____!"

Rikki-tikki was afraid for the minute but it is _____ for a mongoose to stay _____. Rikki-tikki never met a live cobra before but his mother gave him some _____ ones to eat. So he knew that all mongooses spend their lives fighting and eating snakes. Nag knew that too, and at the bottom of his _____ heart he was afraid.



Part Six

TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS

Kala Nag, which means Black Snake, was an old elephant. They caught him when he was twenty and for forty-seven long years he worked for people. At the war he carried tents and guns and the Indian Government gave him a medal. He was the best-loved and the best-

looked-after elephant¹ in the country. Ten years later he carried wood in the south of India.

Then he helped to catch wild elephants in the Garo Hills. Week after week the elephant-catchers drove wild elephants across the hills and when the animals got tired out, forty or fifty wild monsters got into the trap. Then the time of Kala Nag came.

He was much bigger and stronger than the other elephants. His tusks were cut off rather short² but even with his short tusks he was more dangerous than any other elephant. He came into the trap and chose the biggest and the strongest among the wild elephants. After a short fight the strongest agreed that Kala Nag was the leader. Then the catchers on the elephants came and roped the smaller elephants.

There was nothing about fighting that Kala Nag did not know. He had many fights and always was the winner. He usually knocked down his enemy with his quick strong head,

¹ the best-loved and the best-looked-after elephant — самым любимым и почитаемым слоном

² His tusks were cut off rather short — Его бивни были сильно укорочены

stamped on him and the life went out. There was nothing that he was afraid of.

“Yes,” said Big Toomai, his driver, “there is nothing that the Black Snake is afraid except me.”

“He is afraid of me also,” said Little Toomai. He was ten years old, the son of Big Toomai. He was going to take his father’s place on Kala Nag’s neck. He knew what he was talking of. He was born near Kala Nag’s feet, played with the end of his trunk before he could walk, took him down to water as soon as he could walk.

“Yes,” said Little Toomai, “he is afraid of me,” and he came up to Kala Nag, called him a fat old pig, and made him lift up his feet one after the other.

“You are a big elephant,” said Little Toomai. “When you are old, Kala Nag, a rich Rajah¹ will buy you from the Government, and then you will carry gold earrings in your ears, and a gold seat on your back, and will walk with the King on your back. That will be good, Kala Nag, but not so good as this hunting in the jungles.”

“You are just a boy and don’t understand

¹ Rajah — инд. раджа (правитель княжества)

that this running up and down among the hills is not good at all. I am getting old, and I am tired of it.”

But little Toomai loved camp-life. What Little Toomai liked was the dangerous paths up that only an elephant could take; the risky paths down; the wild elephants walking miles away¹; the heavy warm rains; the beautiful mysterious mornings in the jungle; the drive of the wild elephants, and the mad last night's drive, when the elephants got into the trap and found that they could not get out.

The really good time was the time of the keddah — that is, the trap. It looked like a picture of the end of the world, and men made signs to one another, because they could hear only the cries of wild elephants. Little Toomai liked to climb up to the top of the highest tree and watch the fight between Kala Nag and the strongest of the wild elephants. He cried: “*Mail, mail, Kala Nag!* (Go on, go on, Black Snake!) *Dant do!* (Give him the tusk!) *Somalo! Somalo!* (Careful, careful!) *Maro! Maro!* (Hit him, hit him!)”

That night he got inside the trap between the elephants. He wanted to help a catcher who

¹ miles away — *зд.* вдалеке

had lost the end of the rope. Kala Nag saw him, caught him in his trunk, and put him out of the trap.

Next morning his father was very angry with the boy: “Can't you see that all this hunting is a dangerous game? Do you really want to go elephant-catching in your life? Now those stupid elephant-catchers have spoken to Petersen Sahib¹.” Little Toomai was frightened. He did not know much of white men, but Petersen Sahib was the greatest white man in the world to him. He was the head of all the keddah operations — the man who caught all the elephants for the Government of India, and who knew more about elephants than any living man.

“What — what will happen?” said Little Toomai.

“Happen! The worst can happen. Petersen Sahib can ask you to be an elephant-catcher! Do you want to sleep in these jungles, and at last to be killed in the keddah? Well, next week the catching is over, and we will go back home. But, son, I am angry that you are interested in this elephant-catching. Kala Nag

¹ Sahib — сагиб, господин (*обращение к белому человеку в колониальной Индии*)

obeys only me, so I must go with him into the keddah; so I sit on his neck and watch. But I always remember that I am a mahout — not a hunter. I am a man who trains elephants! How could you forget about it? Bad one! Wicked son! Go and look after Kala Nag! Petersen Sahib can catch you and make you a wild elephant-catcher. Shame! Go!”

Little Toomai didn't say anything to his father, but he told Kala Nag all his unhappy thoughts. “They said my name to Petersen Sahib, and perhaps — and perhaps — and perhaps — who knows?” said Little Toomai.

The next days the drivers were very busy. They spent all days long getting the elephants together, walking the wild elephants up and down between tame animals, packing all the baggage for their way home.

Petersen Sahib came in on his clever elephant Pudmini. He decided to pay the elephant-drivers. At last everybody got his money and they stood ready to start. The catchers, who stayed in the jungle, watched and made fun of the drivers who were going away, and laughed when a wild elephant left the line and ran about.

Big Toomai went up to get his money with Little Toomai behind him, and one of the

catchers said in a low voice: “There goes a boy who can be very helpful! What a pity that jungle-cock is leaving us!”¹

Now Petersen Sahib heard the words because he was very good at listening, a man who listens to the most silent of all living things — the wild elephant. He turned to Big Toomai and said, “What is that? I did not know of a man among the drivers who could rope even a dead elephant.”

“This is not a man, but a boy. He went into the keddah at the last drive, and threw one of our catchers the rope. This boy was a great help to us.”

Petersen Sahib looked at Little Toomai.

“He threw a rope? But he is very small. Little one, what is your name?” said Petersen Sahib.

Little Toomai was too frightened to speak², but Kala Nag was behind him. The boy made a sign with his hand, and the elephant lifted him up in his trunk and held him high in front of the great Petersen Sahib who was sitting on the

¹ **What a pity that jungle-cock is leaving us!** — Как жаль, что этот малыш покидает нас!

² **was too frightened to speak** — был слишком напуган, чтобы сказать хоть что-нибудь

elephant. Then Little Toomai covered his face with his hands, because he was only a child.

“Oho!” said Petersen Sahib, smiling, “and why did you teach your elephant that trick? To help you steal green corn from the tops of the houses?”

“Not green corn, Protector of the Poor — melons,” said Little Toomai, and all the men laughed. Most of them taught their elephants that trick when they were boys.

“He is Toomai, my son, Sahib,” said Big Toomai. “He is a very bad boy, Sahib.”

“I don’t think so,” said Petersen Sahib. “A boy who can face a full keddah at his age is not bad at all. See, little one, you must spend your time at home, because you are too small for the jungle. Remember that keddahs are not good for children.”

“Must I never go there, Sahib?” asked Little Toomai.

“Yes,” Petersen Sahib smiled. “When you have seen¹ the elephants’ dance. That is the right time. Come to me when you have seen the elephants’ dance, and then I will let you go into all the keddahs.”

There was another laugh, because it is an

old joke among elephant-catchers, and it means just never. There are great clearings in the jungle that are called elephants’ “ball-rooms”, but no man has ever seen the elephants’ dance. When a driver boasts of his bravery the other drivers say: “And when did you see the elephants’ dance?”

In the morning the drivers started their way back home. Big Toomai didn’t talk to his son because he was very angry with him, but Little Toomai was too happy to speak. Petersen Sahib talked to him and the boy felt very important.

“What did Petersen Sahib mean by the elephants’ dance?” he asked his father at last.

“That you will never be an elephant-catcher. Oh, what is wrong over there?”

A driver turned round and cried out: “Bring up Kala Nag, and let him teach this new elephant a lesson! I am afraid these new elephants can smell their friends in the jungle, that’s why they are so noisy.”

Kala Nag hit the new elephant with his head and Big Toomai said to the driver, “Nothing of that kind. You are bad at driving elephants and you are making mistakes all the time.”

“Hear him!” said the other driver. “You think you know elephants! Do you also know

¹ When you have seen — Когда ты увидишь

that tonight all the wild elephants will — but why should I talk to a driver?”

“What will they do?” Little Toomai asked.

“Oh, little one. Are you there? Well, I will tell you because you are cleverer than your father. They will dance.”

“What is this talk about?” said Big Toomai. “For forty years, father and son, we have driven elephants, and we have never heard such foolish talk about elephants’ dances.”

“Yes, but a man who lives in a house knows only the four walls of his house. Well, leave your elephants free tonight and see what comes; as for their dancing, I have seen the place where... ! Stop! The river!”

And when they finally crossed the river, the hill-drivers went back to Petersen Sahib. They told the plains-drivers to be very careful that night, and laughed when the plains-drivers asked “Why?”

When the night came little Toomai couldn’t fall asleep. When an Indian child’s heart is full, he does not run about and make a noise. He gets very quiet and spends his time alone. So little Toomai took his tom-tom — a little drum — and he sat down before Kala Nag as the stars began to come out, and he thumped and he thumped and he thumped.

There was no melody and no words, but the thumping made him happy.

Once little Toomai felt sleepy, he lay down on the ground near Kala Nag’s feet and fell asleep. At last the elephants began to lie down one after another. Only Kala Nag was standing up, his ears were listening to the night wind. The air was full of all the night noises that made one big jungle silence. Little Toomai slept for some time, and when he woke it was brilliant moonlight, and Kala Nag was still standing up. Little Toomai turned and watched his big back against the stars in the sky; and while he watched he heard far away the “hoot-toot” of a wild elephant.

All the elephants jumped up, and their noises woke the sleeping mahouts, and they came out to find out what was going on. One new elephant got almost free and Big Toomai took off Kala Nag’s leg-chain and put it on that new elephant. Then Big Toomai took a grass-rope and put it round Kala Nag’s legs. He knew that he and his father and his grandfather often did the very same thing. Kala Nag did not answer, as he usually did. He stood still, looking out across the moonlight, his head up and towards the Garo Hills.

“Look after him,” said Big Toomai to Lit-

tle Toomai, and he went away. Little Toomai was just going to sleep, too, when he heard a little "ting" sound¹, and Kala Nag got easily free. Little Toomai ran after him down the road in the moonlight: "Kala Nag! Kala Nag! Take me with you, O Kala Nag!" The elephant turned without a sound, came up to the boy and put him up on his neck.

In a moment they came into the jungle. Sometimes high grass washed along the elephant's sides as a wave washes along the ship, or a bamboo made a "creak" sound when his shoulder touched it; but between those times he moved through the thick² absolutely without any sound. He was going uphill.

Kala Nag reached the top of the Hill and stopped for a minute, and Little Toomai could see the trees under the moonlight for miles and miles, and the blue-white river. Toomai felt that the forest was awake and alive and full of life. A big brown fruit-eating bat flew near him; a porcupine ran through the grass; and in the darkness between the trees he heard a bear.

¹ he heard a little "ting" sound — *зд.* он услышал, как порвалась веревка

² through the thick — сквозь заросли

Then Kala Nag began to go down into the valley — not quietly this time but as fast as he could. Then Little Toomai laid himself down close to the great neck, very frightened.

It was much colder near the river. But Kala Nag didn't stop; he went on running across the river. Little Toomai could hear another elephant crossing the river¹ and the air was filled with many more elephants' cries.

"The elephants are out tonight. It is the dance, then!"

Kala Nag got out of the water at last and began another climb; but this time he was not alone. Little Toomai looked back, and behind him a great wild elephant, with his little pig's eyes, was just coming out of the river. Then the trees closed up again, and they went on and up, with the sound of breaking branches on every side of them.

At last Kala Nag stopped between two trees at the very top of the Hill. There was a circle of trees that grew on the top of the Hill and inside that circle the ground was as hard as a brick floor. Some trees grew in the centre of

¹ could hear another elephant crossing the river — он слышал, как рядом другой слон тоже переходит реку

the clearing, but there was no bark on them, and the white wood was shiny in the moonlight.

The ground inside the circle was iron-grey and only the shadows of the elephants were inky-black. Little Toomai kept his eyes wide open and as he looked more and more and more elephants came into the clearing. Little Toomai could count only up to ten, and he counted again and again on his fingers till he lost count of the tens, and his head began to swim¹. Outside the clearing he could hear more elephants coming up. But as soon as they were inside the circle of the trees, they moved like ghosts.

There were strong wild elephants with white tusks, and fat, slow she-elephants, with noisy little inky-black babies running near them; young elephants with their tusks just beginning to show; angry old elephants with broken tusks. They were standing head to head, or walking across the ground — lots and lots and lots of elephants.

Toomai knew that, so long as he was quiet on Kala Nag's neck, nothing would happen to him. A wild elephant never takes a man off the neck of a tame elephant.

¹ his head began to swim — у него закружилась голова

At last there was no sound of any more coming elephants, and all the elephants began to talk in their own way, and to move about.

Still lying down, Little Toomai looked at hundreds and hundreds of grey backs, and moving ears, and trunks, and little eyes. Then a cloud came over the moon, and he sat in black darkness. He knew that there were elephants all round Kala Nag; so he was very frightened.

Then an elephant trumpeted, and they all joined him for five or ten terrible seconds. Then a low booming noise began, not very loud at first, and Little Toomai could not tell what it was; but it grew and grew, and Kala Nag lifted up one front foot and then the other, and brought them down on the ground — one-two, one-two. The elephants were stamping all together now, and it sounded like a war-drum. Little Toomai put his hands up to his ears to shut out the sound but it didn't work. The stamp of hundreds of heavy feet was going on and on. There was no sound from the elephants, only stamping. It lasted about two hours, and Little Toomai felt sick with it¹; but

¹ Little Toomai felt sick with it — Маленькому Тумаю стало плохо от этого

he knew by the smell of the night air that the morning was coming.

At last the sun appeared, and the booming suddenly stopped. "The sun told the elephants to stop," Little Toomai thought. He looked around and saw, there was not an elephant around. They disappeared. The clearing became bigger, the elephants stamped the thick jungle grass into hard ground.

"Please!" said Little Toomai. "Kala Nag, let us go to Petersen Sahib's camp, or I shall drop from your neck."

Two hours later, as Petersen Sahib was eating early breakfast, Kala Nag came into the camp. Little Toomai's face was grey and sleepy, and his hair was full of leaves; but he tried to salute Petersen Sahib, and cried: "The dance — the elephants' dance! I have seen it, and..."

In two hours he was lying in Petersen Sahib's house with a glass of warm milk; and while the old hunters of the jungles sat before him, looking at him as though he were a ghost¹, he told his tale in short words, as a child could.

"Now, if I lie in one word, send somebody to see. They will find that dancing

¹ looking at him as though he were a ghost —
смотрели на него, как на привидение

place. I have seen it. Kala Nag took me, and I saw."

Then Little Toomai slept all through the long afternoon and while he slept Petersen Sahib followed the Kala Nag's track for fifteen miles across the Hills. Petersen Sahib spent eighteen years in catching elephants, and he had only once found such a dance-place. He had no need to look twice at the clearing to understand everything.

"The child speaks truth," he thought. "All this happened last night."

When he got back to camp it was time for the evening meal. Petersen told his people to get ready for a big dinner.

And there was a big dinner in the camp, and Little Toomai was the hero of it all; and the elephant-catchers and drivers marked him with blood of a newly killed¹ jungle-cock² to show that he was an elephant-catcher.

And at last, when the red light of the wood made the elephants look bloody-red, Machua Appa, the head of all the drivers of all the keddahs — jumped on his feet, with Little Toomai in the air above his head, and called

¹ newly killed — только что убитый

² jungle-cock — индийский дикий петух

out: "Listen, my brothers, for I, Machua Appa, am speaking! This little one shall no more be called Little Toomai, but Toomai of the Elephants. What never man has seen he has seen through the long night, and the favour of the Elephant-people and of the Gods of the Jungles is with him¹. He will become a great elephant-catcher; he will become greater than I, even I — Machua Appa! He will never get into troubles in the keddah when he runs to rope the wild elephants; and if he falls down before the feet of the wild elephant, the elephant will know who he is and will not kill him. The elephants, here is the little one that has seen your dances in your secret places — the place that never man saw! Make your salute² to Toomai of the Elephants! Together! To Toomai of the Elephants!"

And at that last wild cry all the elephants in the camp touched their heads with their trunks and trumpeted the full salute to Toomai of the Elephants who had seen what never man had seen before — the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo Hills!

¹ the favour of the Elephant-people and of the Gods of the Jungles is with him — его приняли слоны и боги джунглей

² Make your salute — Воздайте хвалу

While Reading

Say what character of the story is described. Big Toomai? Little Toomai? Petersen Sahib? Kala Nag? Complete the passages with these names.

- a) _____ was much bigger and stronger than the others. There was nothing in fighting that he did not know. There was nothing that he was afraid of.
- b) _____ would take his father's place when he grew up. He knew what he was talking of. He was born near _____'s feet, took him down to water as soon as he could walk, and _____ never disobeyed _____.
- c) _____ loved camp-life. What he liked was the dangerous paths up and the risky paths down the hills; the wild elephants walking miles away; the heavy warm rains; the beautiful mysterious mornings in the jungle.

- d) _____ was the head of all the Keddah operations — the man who caught all the elephants for the Government of India, and who knew more about elephants than any living man.
- e) _____ obeyed only _____, so they went into the Keddah together; but _____ didn't help to rope them. So _____ sat on his neck and watched. _____ always remembered that he was a mahout — not an elephant-catcher.
- f) _____ was very good at listening, a man who listens to the most silent of all living things — the wild elephant.

5. Did Big Toomai want his son to be an elephant-catcher?
6. Was Little Toomai a brave boy who was never afraid?
7. Was Kala Nag an aggressive and dangerous elephant?
8. Did Little Toomai feel frightened when he was on Kala Nag's neck among the elephants in their "ball-room"?
9. Was it the first time for Kala Nag to visit elephants' "ball-room"?
10. Did Kala Nag go to the elephants' "ball-room" because he wanted Toomai to become an elephant-catcher?

After Reading

Can you answer these questions? Perhaps you have different points of view. Try to prove yours.

1. Is this story a tale, a legend or a true one?
2. Was Kala Nag afraid of Toomai?
3. Did Kala Nag understand what people said?
4. Did Little Toomai want a rich Rajah to buy Kala Nag?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

From the story you have learned some information about Indian elephants and some "elephant" words that can help you to describe them. Complete the sentences with the words in the box.

trunk	elephant-catcher
tracks	to trumpet
drivers	tusks
leg-chain	trackers
stamping	to rope
catching	mahouts

- a) He will never get into troubles in the keddah when he runs _____ the wild elephants.
- b) The elephants were _____ all together now.
- c) Two hours later, as Petersen Sahib was eating early breakfast, the elephants began _____.
- d) "Now, send somebody to see, and they will find ten and ten, and many times ten, _____ leading to that dance-room.
- e) Petersen Sahib spent eighteen years in _____ elephants, and he had only once found such a dance-place.
- f) The big brown elephant-catchers, _____ and _____, and the men who knew all the secrets of the wild elephants marked him with blood of a newly killed jungle-cock to show that he was _____.
- g) All the elephants jumped up, and their noises woke the sleeping _____, and they came out to find out what was going on.

- h) One new elephant got almost free and Big Toomai took off Kala Nag's _____ and put it on that new elephant.
- i) There were strong wild elephants with white _____.
- j) Toomai knew that, so long as he was quiet on Kala Nag's neck, nothing would happen to him; for even in a keddah-drive a wild elephant does not lift his _____ and take a man off the neck of a tame elephant.



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2012