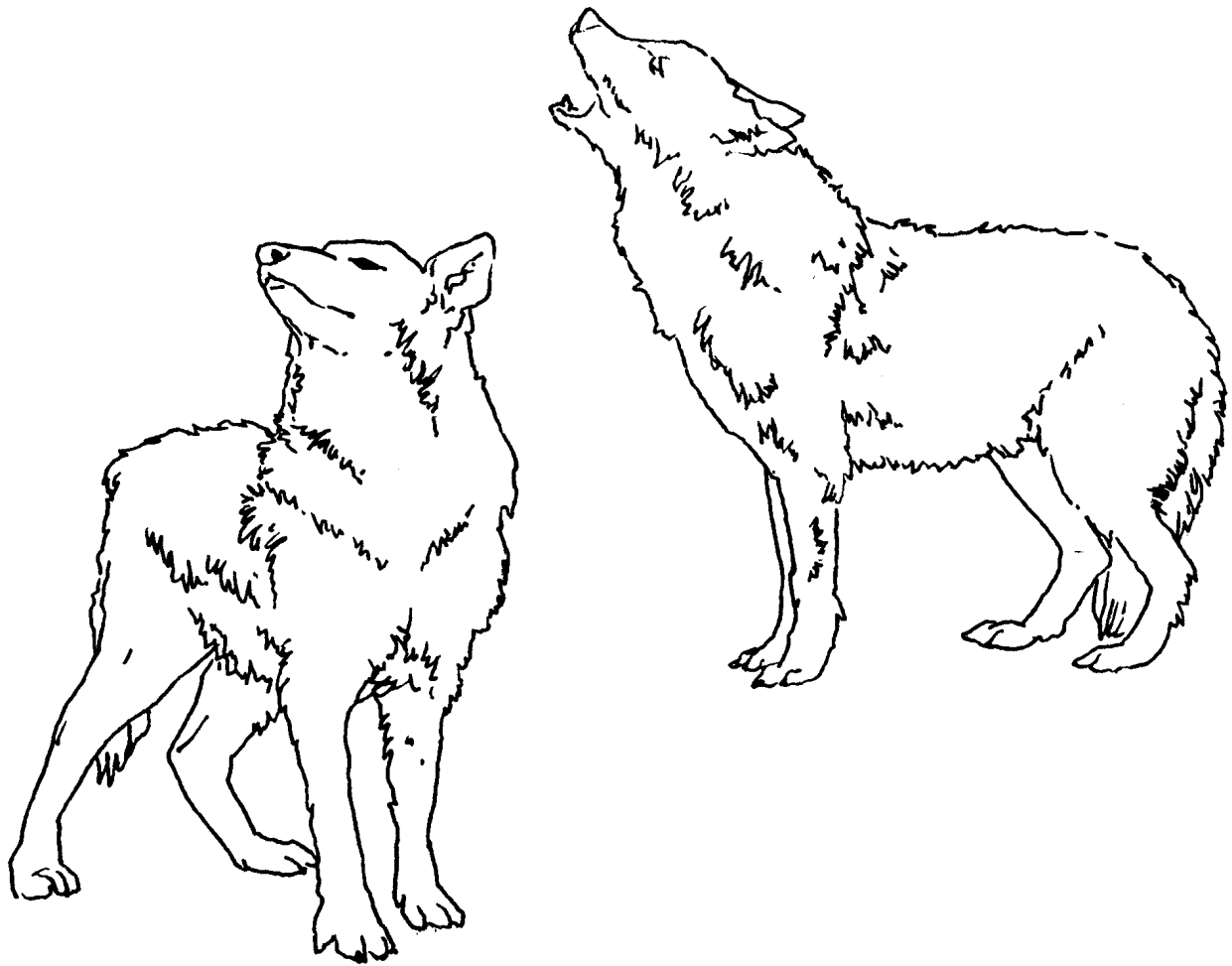


LETTING IN THE JUNGLE



Scouts Canada
Greater Victoria Region

Acknowledgements

Ever since Lord Baden-Powell took Rudyard Kipling's "The Jungle Book" as the theme for Cubbing, much has been written to assist Cub Leaders to incorporate 'Jungle Atmosphere' into their Pack meetings. This booklet is a collection of these writings. We have borrowed from Leader Magazine articles, Cub Leader Handbook material, B-P's own extensive writings on the subject and from unnamed programmes that seem to find their way from generation to generation of Pack leaders. We acknowledge all those who, knowingly or otherwise, have contributed to this document.

Revision: The original *Letting in the Jungle* was revised by East Area to reflect changes in the Pack Program in March of 2003.

Look well!!

Greater Victoria Region Pack Service Team

THE JUNGLE

“As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the law runneth forward and back -

“For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.”

Kipling, *The Jungle Book*

B.-P. knew that a mysterious, adventuresome and dramatic atmosphere is always a captivating rallying point for Cub age boys. One of the wisest things B.-P. ever did was to take Kipling’s “The Jungle Book”, the story of Mowgli and the wolves, as the theme and atmosphere for his Cub program. The members of a Wolf Pack serve as models for our Cubs: playful, loyal to their leader and to each other, cooperative, protective and patient teachers of the young wolves, able to work together to gain success in the hunt and to share the feast afterward.

Mowgli’s acceptance into the Pack is outlined in The Cub Book, but to catch the flavor of the story you’ll have to go the Jungle Book and to B.-P.’s interpretation of it in The Wolf Cub’s Handbook. Both of these are sold in your Scout Shop. All the Mowgli Stories by Kipling is, unfortunately, out of print, but you might find it in your library.

Using the Jungle Theme

You can use the Jungle theme in your Pack to accomplish a number of things:

The examples of the wolves and the other animals in the stories can help deepen your Cubs’ understanding of the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack;

Cub ceremonies take on a new meaning when they are conducted “Jungle style”;

Jungle dances give Cubs the chance to exercise both self-discipline and freedom, and to use their acting skills (sometimes ham acting skills!);

The Jungle theme can be a reason to learn about real wolves and their place in the ecology of Canada. You might be surprised at how different they are from the legendary “Big Bad Wolf”. The children’s section of your public library is sure to have one or two books about wolves;

Best of all, the Jungle is fun, from the noisy but controlled Grand Howl, to the excitement of the hunt in Bagheera’s Dance.

Like the rest of the Cub program, the Jungle theme is flexible, and you can use as much of it as you want to suit the needs of your Cubs. Probably all Packs do the Grand Howl, and give their leaders Jungle names; some do little more than that with the theme. Others perform elaborate Jungle openings and closings, and regularly have fun with Jungle dances.

INTRODUCTION

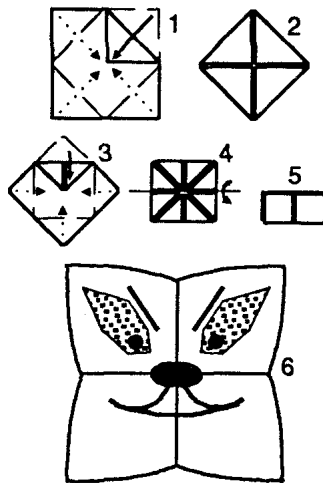
On the following pages is a condensed version of the Jungle Story. Not every leader has access to a copy of Kipling's "The Jungle Book", or enough time to read it. [see Appendix A for the complete version]

Getting started on the, Jungle Theme in your Pack programming is not always the easiest thing, usually because you feel you don't know enough about the Jungle theme.

Read through these notes and ideas and try out what we did (and we are still greenhorns, really). Take a year, or more and MOVE SLOWLY - you will enjoy it; not to mention the Cubs.

We have made use of the condensed version of the Jungle theme in the following ways:

1. Read or tell the story to the Pack and display pictures of the characters as each one is mentioned.
2. Each character in the story makes its own distinct sound. Select Cubs to be responsible for making the noise of each animal as it is mentioned while the story is being read. (This usually requires prompting and results in much laughter).
3. While the story is being read, the Cubs can pantomime the action. Attaching ears to a headband can make simple costumes. Use your imagination! Our Pack presented the story in this way at a Father and Son Banquet.
4. Construct puppets and have each Cub manipulate his animal and make its sound each time the story mentions the name. We used the old familiar "fortune teller" as a basis for the puppets.



Fold each corner to the center (1) to produce (2). Turn over and fold each new corner into the center (3) to produce (4). Fold (4) along line indicated to produce (5). Insert the fingers to manipulate. Add features with crayons or coloured felt pens

THE JUNGLE STORY

(Abbreviated version)

The loud throbbing of the purr filled the night. It seemed to beat in from every side of the fire lit clearing in the Indian Jungle. The frightened woodcutters and their families huddled together wondering from which direction the tiger would spring. Suddenly, with a shattering roar, a huge black and yellow form hurtled from the under-growth towards the terrified group. With a scream they scattered, and with a yelp of agony the tiger, his leap misjudged, lurched into the fire. All was confusion, some of the woodcutters dashed into hiding, some seized axes and spears to attack the tiger, and the tiger threshed around on his burnt feet.

Not so very far away a family of wolves listened to the sounds and in their wisdom and experience read the story of what was going on. At last the noise died down and silence fell on the Jungle and then, suddenly, the mother wolf heard a rustle in the undergrowth. Father wolf sprang at the noise, and, as he sprang, saw his target. It was a small brown baby just able to walk. With a convulsive wriggle he checked his leap in mid-air and landed short of the laughing child. The wolves, struck by the child's lack of fear and helplessness gently carried him to their lair and fed him with their family of cubs.

And then Shere Khan, the lame tiger, who had unsuccessfully attacked the woodcutter's camp, appeared. Tabaqui, the Jackal, had guided him to the lair. He thrust his great head into the mouth of the cave and ordered the wolves to give him back his prey, the man-cub; Raksha, the mother wolf, stormed at Shere Khan and claimed the child as her own; to run with the Pack, one of the Free People. And Shere Khan, knowing he was beaten, backed away snarling and vowing vengeance.

So it was that Mowgli, as the wolves called the child, came to the Pack and the Jungle. He had much to learn of the ways of the Pack and the ways of the people of the Jungle; much of this he learned from the leader of the Pack, Akela and from Raksha the wolf. Bagheera, the Black Panther, taught him to hunt and stalk, and Baloo, the brown bear, taught him the law; Kaa, the great rock python, told him much of the ways of the Jungle. And much did Mowgli learn from his adventures in the Jungle, from the things he did and saw and heard, and many were the animals and trees whose names and habits he had to learn.

One of the first things he had to learn was the importance of the Pack to the Wolves who make it up. He had to learn to live and hunt as a member of the Pack in which each helped the other, and where the selfish soon fell by the wayside. And at the meetings of the Pack round the Council Rock he learned to express that loyalty to the Pack and its oneness.

And then he had to learn the Law, and here Old Baloo took him in hand and drummed it into him, because without the Law, and without instinctive obedience to it, no wolf would last long with the Pack, or indeed in the Jungle.



One of the things he learned from Kaa was to respect other people's feelings. Kaa would change his skin from time to time and when he was doing so he was apt to be short tempered and irritable despite his liking for Mowgli.

It was Kaa who taught him to wrestle and it was Kaa who led him to the treasure in the deserted city where they found the King's Ankus. And when Kaa led Mowgli into the underground treasure chamber and Mowgli first saw the great white Cobra, guardian of the treasure, Mowgli, who carried his manners with his knife, even then remembered to greet him with the cry "GOOD HUNTING".

And Bagheera, the one who taught Mowgli how to hunt and who, too, had had a hand in Mowgli's rescue from the Banderlog, was probably as great a hunter as any in the Jungle, but occasionally something would go wrong and his prey, wounded perhaps, would escape. And then Bagheera, like any true hunter, would follow the sport and catch and kill the wounded beast to spare it further suffering.

Well, so it was that Mowgli grew up in the Jungle and through the help of his friends, and his adventures, he grew strong and well able to help those who needed it. But in due course time came when his friends of the Jungle and Mowgli himself that he could not stay forever in the Jungle. He knew, as he grew older he would have to take his place among the men of the world; so he left the Jungle and went into the world of men.

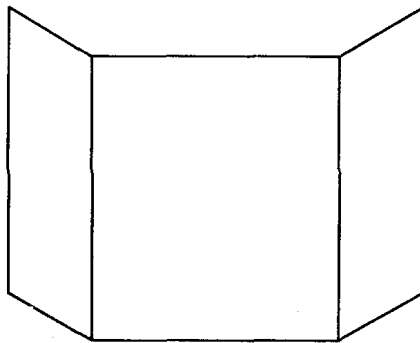
Thanks to Darrell Bedford

Quebec Council

JUNGLE PROPS

1. Lair curtains or screens

Use old sheets or large boxes and have each Six, working together, plan and illustrate their interpretation of the jungle scene. When the Cubs gather for the meeting, they meet secretly behind their lair curtain or screen, making special plans for the evening adding a mystical air.



2. Moon

Many of the jungle stories take place under a full moon. The use of a moon lit in a dark room enhances the atmosphere, and the activity much more exciting and intriguing.

Place the moon in an elevated spot in the room, where the moon would be - not in the center of the floor. If you are not able to have the use of a moon as constructed below, improvise - shine a flashlight on an aluminum pie plate hanging from the ceiling.



3. Jungle Flags

Each Six chooses a different patron as the animal of their particular Six, e.g. The Black Panthers would choose Bagheera, The Brown Bears - Baloo. They design a flag of their patron to be hung on the lair curtain or screen.

4. Bones

A collection of natural articles i.e. nuts, shells, rocks, driftwood chips, bones, etc. are awarded as “bones” for winning a game, doing a special project, etc. The articles are strung on a necklace that hangs with the jungle flag. The Sixer wears the necklace on special occasions such as ceremonies, investitures.

5. Council Rock

A large wooden box or several chairs piled together, and covered with a piece of large gray flannel, or blanket. It should be situated in the center of the circle and of such a construction that Akela could sit on it.

6. Headbands

Simple headbands of coloured Bristol board or felt with the head of their patron animal on the front. Cubs wear headbands to jungle openings and closings, and on other special occasions.

7. Skins

You can improvise for the real thing by finding remnants of tiger patterned flannelette or fake fur. Use them to drape over the pictures, lay on the council rock, use in playacting, jungle dances, and storytelling.

NOTE: It should be remembered that fires, though important for campfires and camp craft skills, are not generally considered a prop for jungle atmosphere. As we remember from the stories, the animals were afraid of fire. An exception could be during the dance of the Red flower, where fire can play an important part.

JUNGLE SONGS AND CHANTS

Follow the storytelling with a Jungle dance, or how about adapting one of the jungle passages to music such as the passage from Mowgli's Brothers:

TUNE: AULD LANG SYNE

Now Chil the Kite brings home the night
That Mang the Bat sets free.
The herds are shut in byre and hut
For loosed 'till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Of talon, tush¹ and Claw
Oh hear the call, Good hunting all
Who keep the Jungle Law.

Of course, you can also adapt other songs to the jungle theme such as:

TUNE: FRERE JACQUES

Mowgli's Hunting
Mowgli's Hunting
Killed Shere Khan, Killed Shere Khan
Skinned the Cattle-eater
Skinned the Cattle-eater
Rah-rah-rah
Rah-rah-rah

TUNE: IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT

"If you're a wolf and you know it, give a Howl...
If you're a monkey and you know it, give a scratch...
If you're a snake and you know it, give a wiggle...
If you're for Jungle and you know it, do all three."

Many traditional Cub songs can be related to the Jungle Theme - a little imagination and you're on your way.

Sixes could be asked to act out parts of Jungle story - or to use Jungle characters in other slots.

¹ Rudyard Kiplings The Jungle Book uses the word tush, it is synonymous with the word tooth
M-W Online

Etymology: Middle English *tusch*, from Old English *tusc*; akin to Old Frisian *tusk* tooth, Old English *tOth* tooth

Date: before 12th century

: a long pointed tooth; *especially* : a horse's canine.



A jungle Campfire Program

Opening Rain Song - leader starts action and it gradually works its way around circle:

Rub palms together (breeze)
Snap fingers (raindrops)
Slap knees rapidly (storm)
Snap fingers (storm subsides)
Rub palms together

Coming Together

1. Tongo
2. We're All Together Again - use Jungle characters e.g. Baloo, Suggeema, Mowgli (Fire & Folk p. 65)

Action

1. Back of a Crocodile - relate to Jacala (Sharon, Lois & Bram song)
2. Wadlee Atcha - p. 114 Jack Pearse "Campfire Programs", everyone looks like Banderlog in this song.

Games

1. Lion Hunt
2. Mowgli's Mind (to show resourcefulness needed by cubs) a simple object such a stick, rope or bowl is passed around the circle and each participant must pantomime a different use for the object.

Scouter's 5

Lots of stories appropriate for this.

Quiet Songs

Ging, Gang, Gooli

Kum Ba Yah

Zulu Farewell

Campfire Closing

“Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
Wisdom, Strength and Courtesy,
Jungle Favour Go with thee! “

PACK JUNGLE NAMES

This is a partial list of Jungle names and their significance. A complete list can be found in Gilcrafts 'Wolf Cubs'

Akela, the wolf	Cubmaster	Lone wolf leader
Baloo, the bear	Asst. Leader	Teacher, Lawgiver
Bagheera, panther	Asst. Leader	Physical Activities
Raksha, she-wolf	Asst. Leader	Intensely Loyal
Black Plume	Black Six Sixer	
Brown Tip	Brown Six Sixer	
Grey Brother	Grey Six Sixer	
Red Fang	Red Six Sixer	
Tawny Fur	Tawny Six Sixer	
White Claw	White Six Sixer	
Blue Eyes	Blue Six Sixer	
Green Eyes	Green Six Sixer	

CUB NAMES AWARDED FOR PROWESS

Ahdeek; reindeer	Team games
Apukwa, Bullrush	Weaving
Blue Smoke	Signaling
Chil, the Kite	Singing
Crimson Arrow	Throwing/catching
Dahinda, Bullfrog.	Leapfrog, etc.
Golden Quill	Artist
Hawkeye	Observation
Hiawatha	All-round athlete
Jacala, crocodile	Acting
Iagoo, storyteller	Telling stories
Kaa, the python	Tree climbing
Kazela, the bitter vane	Knotting
Keego, the fish	Swimming
Keneu, the Great War eagle	running
Nag, the cobra	First Aid
Nushka, "Look"	Guide
Oonai, the wolf	Reciting
Pukeena, the grasshopper	High Jump
Shaw-Shaw, the swallow	Skipping
White Elk	Long Jump
Won-tolla the wolf	Hopping

NAMES AWARDED AT AKELA'S DISCRETION

Hathi, the elephant	Punctuality
Kim, little friend of the world	Helpfulness
Ko, the crow	Noisiest Cub
Mang, the bat	Obedience
Mao or Mor, the peacock	Smart appearance
Onaway, "awake"	Alertness
Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose	Cheeriness / courage
Mowgli	Friend to animals
Mysa, the wild Buffalo	Good hearing
Sahi or Ikki, the Porcupine	Scribe
Suggeema, the mosquito	smallest cub
Tall Pine	Tallest cub

JUNGLE PEOPLE TO BE SCORNE

Banderlog, monkeys	Scatter brained
Tabaqui, jackal	Sneak
Shere Khan, tiger	Bully

About the Jungle Names

Akela (pronounced Ah-Kay'-lah) is the leader of the Pack. Strong and silent, Akela maintains the Law and stands on the Council Rock, surrounded by the members of the Pack who greet him with a howl.

Baloo (Bah-loo') is the stout and dignified brown bear. He is a bit pompous. Baloo teaches the Law to the young wolves.

Bagheera (Bak-ghee'-rah) is the Black Panther. Strong, swift, graceful, Bagheera teaches the young wolves to hunt.

Akela, Baloo, and Bagheera are the main characters in the story, and are the names most commonly adopted by Cub leaders. Other good names for leaders are:

Raksha (Rack'-Shaw) is the mother wolf who adopted Mowgli as a baby. She was ready to fight the Pack for his life until Baloo and Bagheera interceded for him. Raksha raised Mowgli as a member of the Pack, and is always ready to protect him from danger.

Chil (Cheel) the Kite flies high and sees everything. Chil brought the news to Baloo and Bagheera of Mowgli's capture by the monkey-people.

Kaa (Kaw) the python is old and wise. Kaa rescued Mowgli from the monkeys with the help of Baloo and Bagheera.

Hathi (Har'-tee is correct, but Haa'-tee is common) is the king of the elephants and the master of the jungle. Hathi knows the legends that tell of the earliest days in the jungle. All the other animals are in awe of him.

Some of the other Jungle characters are Shere Khan (Share-can) the tiger, a bully and a coward. He attacked Mowgli's village when Mowgli was a baby, and forced him into the jungle. Raksha protected Mowgli from Shere Khan.

Tabaqui (Taa-bar'-kee) is a jackal, a tale-teller, and a cheat. Tabaqui follows in Shere Khan's wake, and is content to eat the other animals' leavings.

The Banderlog (Bun'-der'-log) are the monkey people. They have no Law. They have grandiose plans for great deeds but always get distracted. Mowgli once thought that it would be fun to be like the Banderlog, but he learned better after they captured him.

For obvious reasons, few leaders want to be called Shere Khan, Tabaqui, or Banderlog!

JUNGLE NIGHT

A SAMPLE PROGRAM

This program is based the following assumptions:

1. There are 6 sixes, each having 6 Cubs.
2. A large hall is available with separate lairs or areas for each six.
3. There are 4 regular leaders - Akela, Baloo, Bagheera, and Raksha.
4. There are 3 extra leaders who are assigned Jungle names e.g. Chil, Hathi, Kaa.

In preparing for this event it is recommended that the extra leaders be advised at least a week in advance of the jobs they will be required to do and familiarized with stories with which they are involved. It is also recommended that the jungle opening proposed be practiced at least twice in advance.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

6.50p.m Leaders are assigned to lairs, one to each, with instructions to give the Cubs, particularly the sixers, a special name such as Tawny Fur or Red Fang to be used all evening. Moon, Totem, and Council Rock are already in place. The hall is partially dark.

6.55p.m. Cubs arrive and go directly to the lairs. No Cubs are admitted prior to this time.

7.00p.m. Jungle opening (See detail)

7:05p.m. Inspection. Use progressive system with Cubs moving from leader to leader. Each leader inspects one item using a jungle name: e.g. paws, fur, hide, etc.

7:15p.m. Akela calls Baloo and Bagheera to the Council Circle to conduct the game called “Look well o wolves” for appropriate jungle build up (See detail).

7:20p.m. Disperse to lairs until the hall is cleared of the Totem, Moon etc. Use the suggestion that they must wait until the sun has risen for further activity.

7:23p.m. Play a relay game with Bagheera in charge. The game is “Kaa’s shedding”.

7:30p.m. Play a relay game, “Listen Well or Kaa’s Hunting” with Raksha leading.

7:35p.m. Return to lairs. Assistants set up Moon, Totem, and council Rock. Each six is assigned a jungle story to act out. One leader should be assigned to each six to assist. The leader should be forewarned as was indicated earlier. The acting can be in the form of a jungle dance or any other method acceptable to the leader.

Sample stories:

- a) Arrival of Mowgli in Raksha's cave.
- b) Mowgli carried off by the Banderlog.
- c) Kaa and the monkeys (Cold lairs) (Dance of Kaa)
- d) Death of Shere Khan (Dance of Shere Khan's Death)
- c) Letting in the jungle
- f) Mowgli learns the laws. (Dance of Baloo)

Allow not more than two minutes for each act.

Competition points can be awarded for each act depending on the practice of the pack.

7.45p.m. Presentation of Acts

8:00p.m. Remove Totem and Council Rock to the edge of the circle and play "Catch the Monkey" (See detail)

8:10p.m. Yam "Red Dog" told by Akela or other qualified storyteller.

8.3 p.m. Close with special Jungle Closing (See detail)

DETAILS

JUNGLE OPENING: Cubs are in lairs and silent. Totem, Council Rock and Moon are already in place. Baloo calls "Akela". Cubs move out in single file, whispering the name of their six and proceed to form a circle around the Totem. Baloo calls "Whose Cubs are you?" Cubs answer "Akela's". Cubs turn and face the Totem. Akela walks to center and says: "Now this is the Law of the Jungle, As old and as true as the sky, And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, and the wolf that shall break it must die."

Cubs reply in unison with the Law. A prearranged Cub leads in the Grand Howl. Akela or Baloo then inquires briefly of random Cubs as to the meaning of the two parts of the Law.

This is a variation of the Opening Ceremony outlined in the Pack Scouters Handbook.

GAME (LOOK WELL, O WOLVES): New Cubs coming to the pack are supposed to be recognized thereafter by the rest of the pack so all must observe him closely. This game requires three or four Cubs or leaders to be individually observed by the pack. They then leave the circle and one at a time return with several changes in their clothing or appearance. Cubs are challenged to identify the changes.

GAME (KAA'S SHEDDING): This is the old game of Skin the Snake, but it should be introduced by telling the story of how Kaa sheds his skin at regular intervals. The Cubs are in relay formation. The first Cub reaches between his legs with his right hand. The Cub behind takes that hand in his left hand and passes his right hand between his legs and so on to the end of the line. On a given signal the Cub at the end of the line lies down while the other Cubs move over him not letting go. As soon as all are lying down, they then reverse the procedure and all get up again without breaking hands.

The first six complete, and at the alert is the winner.

GAME (LISTEN WELL): This game is intended to emphasize the need for good hearing and should be introduced with reference to the need of jungle animals for acute hearing. Ask each to pick the two Cubs

in the six with the best hearing. These Cubs will then line up for relay formation, and the first in each section is blindfolded. An alarm clock is placed somewhere in the hall. On a signal, the blindfolded Cubs attempt to find the alarm clock by the ticking sound. If the rest of the sixes do not co-operate the clock cannot be heard, hence it is good silence training for the Cubs. Two Cubs out of each six only should be used as the game consumes considerable time.

GAME (CATCH THE MONKEY): This is played in a circle. Cubs are told they must be alert and quick to catch a monkey as he jumps. Cubs are numbered and all squat (not sit). One Cub is chosen to hold a stick or rod about three feet long (a yardstick will do) in the center of the circle. This Cub calls a Number and lets the stick fall. The Cub with that number must attempt to catch it before it falls on the floor. If he succeeds he takes the place of the Cub in the center for the next turn. Cubs succeeding could be given competition points.

GAME (KAA'S HUNTING): Cubs line up in single file, each Cub holding the hand of the Cub in front of him. A chair with a clear opening underneath it is placed about twenty feet in front of each six. On a signal, sixes proceed forward through the chair legs and back to their place without breaking hands, moving the chair or making a noise. If the chair is moved, the six must start over again. An appropriate jungle story should be told.

JUNGLE CLOSING: After completion of the Yarn, Cubs quietly correct their circle and Akela makes any special announcements.

Akela says,
 "The law of the jungle is simple,
 And Cubs must learn it each day,
 For Cubs who grow wise in the jungle,
 The word for the law is Obey."

Cubs answer quietly "Obey". Designated Cub leads in a whispering Grand Howl and Cubs silently file back in front of their lairs to stand at alert Akela salutes the pack, which returns the salute. Akela says "Good Night Good Hunting" and the Cubs dismiss.



JUNGLE WHOOPOREE

-A SAMPLE CAMP THEME PROGRAMME-

Slowly we inched the car forward over the rock-strewn track between the trees. In the distance we heard the steady throb of drums.

Suddenly, the car came to a stop. With loud whoops, a tribe of fierce warriors, brandishing spears and bows, emerged from behind the rocks.

Indicating we were to follow them, they led us to their village. For all their war-like appearance and cries, they were friendly.

Using pantomime, the chief began to describe a cattle raid by a neighboring tribe that had taken place earlier in the day and how the young warriors had beaten off the attack. As each man related his part in the battle, the story quickly into a contest with warriors vying with one another to see who could throw his spear the farthest and shoot his arrows the straightest.

Suddenly, a “toto” (boy) came running into the village. He said a “simba” (lion) had taken one of the cattle. The men quickly gathered up their weapons and took off after it.

We stayed in the village and listened to the old men reminisce about the lion hunts of earlier days. They said the man who first found the lion would return to the village in triumph, carrying its tail. Others would follow him, bearing the carcass.

They had just finished when, amid loud singing and shouting, the warriors returned with the dead lion, one proud young man waving the tail for all to see.

In the midst of this wild celebration, a silence fell. The tribal wildcatters had arrived. Quickly the warriors injured in the morning’s battle and lion hunt were brought forward for his inspection. Soon the whole tribe was out collecting various medicinal herbs as prescribed by the witch doctor

As sunset approached, a water party left the village for the nearby river. As they returned, carrying water pots on their heads, we were struck by the beautiful picture they made, silhouetted against the sky.

If you would like to plan an African Day for your Pack along the above lines, the following guide to events and general background information should prove useful.

PROGRAMME FOR AN AFRICAN DAY

7:00 – 9:30a.m. Camp routine.

9:30 - 10:00a.m. Complete African costumes

10:00 - 10:15a.m. Snack

10:45 - 11.45a.m. CATTLE RAID - pack is divided into two tribes, each with a herd of cattle (a bag or similar marker) which they send out a raiding party to capture the other tribe’s cattle.

SPEAR CONTEST - Organize two sections and judge them on distance and accuracy. For targets use cutouts of African animals.

LION HUNT - An old sack is stuffed and modeled to represent a lion. This is hidden within specified bounds. The first one to find it keeps the tail while the rest of the tribe brings in the carcass. Spears may be used to kill the lion.

11:45 - 12 noon Prepare for lunch

12:00 - 2:00p.m. Lunch and rest period

2:00 - 3:00p.m. Witch doctor sequence. Each warrior has been injured. The wildcatters give each a natural object to find in order to be cured. The tribe, which has all its warriors cured first is, declared the winner.

ARCHERY CONTEST - Test for distance and accuracy. Use targets different from those used in the spear contest.

IMPALA RACE - Hold it over an obstacle course using giant strides in imitation of the “sailing” action of the impala.

3:00 - 3:15p.m. Snack

3:15 - 4:15p.m. Tracking game

UBANGI RELAY RACE - Fold a four inch pie plate in half and hold it between the teeth to represent a “duck lipped” Ubangi. An object is passed from mouth to mouth.

WATER PARTY - Use plastic buckets or basins filled with water. Balance them on the head and walk over an obstacle course. Headdresses, etc. should be removed first.

4:15 - 5:00p.m. Swim – Remove warpaint.

5:00p.m. Supper and evening routine including African Theme Campfire.

As far as possible, the campfire should follow the African Theme. Many of our Cub songs have an African theme or can be easily adapted.

This program should be conducted while the pack is at camp. The costumes are made the day before the program, and a ramble that day also provides an opportunity to gather materials for bows, arrows, spears, etc.

Spears and bows should be decorated with scraps of wool, leather or plastic lacing. Necklaces, armbands, and anklets are made from bits of coloured wire, beads and scraps of wood. Earrings and nose bones are made from coloured pipe cleaners.

Theatrical body paint can be used to stain the Cubs. Mix half-and-half with water and it will wash off with soap and water. War paint can be applied over the body paint using grease paint or poster paint. The former costs more but lasts and wears better.

Make drums from any large round container (such as old cheese boxes) covered with old inner tubes.

MATERIAL NEEDED

“Cattle” for game
Targets for bows and spears
“Lion” for game
A 4” paper plate for each Cub
Plastic basins or buckets for game
Tom cloths and headdresses (leopard skin pattern cotton)
Feathers for headdresses
Brown paper to cover shields
Coloured pipe cleaners
Body and war paint
Plastic lacing etc. for costumes

JUNGLE TRAILS

A CUB ADVENTURE - SUITABLE FOR A DAY CAMP OR RALLY

A jungle atmosphere is exciting. Games of skill are always fun. Put the two together and you have an exciting day that your Cubs will never forget.

The theme of the day’s outing is adventure. To get over the courses, every boy must make full use of his imagination, skill, and powers of observation. The events will be a combination of tests for proficiency badges and star work.

The events are arranged so that a Cub at any level in his Cub work may participate. Everyone can have fun trying even if he cannot do all the tests well. This is an all-day project beginning at 9 o’clock. Each Cub brings his own lunch to be eaten during the “Red Flower” or campfire part of the program.

Each six receives a map of the area showing where each event will take place. When they have finished an event they go on to the next at their own speed. Only the “Red Flower” event is held at specific time. This consists of a fire lighting in the open. It should take place between 11:30 am. And 12:30 p.m. with fires lit in open places prepared by the leaders. The steps are:

1. Lighting a fire and boiling a kettle of water (1 pint). This is a timed event.
2. Eating their dinner
3. Extinguishing the fires
4. Cleaning up the area.

WHEN THE AFTERNOON’S EVENTS ARE OVER, THE CUBS RELAX WITH A BONFIRE AND WEINER ROAST.

THROUGH THE JUNGLE (obstacle course)

- (a) TIRE CRAWL - Crawl through six tires of various sizes suspended by ropes. (timed)
- (b) STEPPING STONES - Cross a distance of twenty feet on flat stepping-stones. Each Cub across without falling off the stones receives 1 point.

- (c) WALKING A LOG - Walk a log about eight inches in diameter for a distance of twelve feet the log to be three inches off the ground. 1 point.
- (d) LADDER CLIMB - Have Cub climb to top of ladder and back down, 16 feet approximately. Timed from ground up and back.
- (e) JUMP A BROOK - Cubs must jump over a ditch three feet six inches wide. They may take a running start. 1 point.

BEING BANDERLOGS (rope event)

- (a) CLIMB DOWN A CLIFF ON A ROPE - Cubs to be shown how to go down a short cliff using a rope. One point for each Cub doing it properly.
- (b) SHIN A ROPE - Shin up a rope twelve feet high and slide back down. One point for each to make it.
- (c) CROSS A MONKEY BRIDGE - Have the Cubs walk a monkey bridge. One point to each whom gets across.
- (d) CROSS A ROPE HAND OVER HAND - Cross a distance of 12 feet using only hands on a rope seven feet above the ground. 1 point.
- (e) TIE A BOWLINE - Throw each Cub a line and he must tie a bowline around his waist to be rescued from a hole. 2 points for each.

TEACHINGS OF BAGHEERA (observation)

- (a) OBSERVE ANIMALS - Have the boys follow a trail where animal cutouts are placed in their natural surroundings. 1 point for each animal seen and identified.
- (b) OBSERVE BIRDS - Use some trail, have bird cutouts to be identified. 1 point each.
- (c) OBSERVE FLOWERS - Place plastic or crepe flowers along a trail. 1 point for each.
- (d) MARKED TREES - Have trees along trail tagged and the Cubs must identify. 1 point

SHERE KHAN'S MISTAKE (first aid)

As Shere Khan crawled up to the woodcutter's fire to spring on a human, he burnt his foot on a coal, because he wasn't being careful. Now we have here a man who wasn't careful in the woods and like Shere Khan, he is hurt. Do you know what to do for him?

Tell them they are alone in the woods.

- (a) See if they send for adult help.
- (b) Know how to bandage a simple cut.
- (c) Know how to stop a nosebleed.

- (d) How to apply direct pressure on a cut.
- (e) What to do if his clothes are on fire.
- (f) How would he be treated for shock (not electric)?

The six would get one point for each thing done correctly. There would be a dummy made up and placed on the trail.

WOLF'S WHISKERS (sense training)

- (a) SMELLS - Identify six smells. Have six paper bags tied on a line. Have spices, coffee, etc. in the bags. Cubs must smell only and identify. 1 Pt. each.
- (b) KIM'S GAME - Have six observe twelve objects for one minute. Cover the objects and have the Cubs write down as many things as they can remember. 1 pt ea.
- (c) SCAVENGER HUNT - Have Cubs search for ten objects that can be found in immediate area, i.e. fir twig, pinecone, etc. 1 pt. ea.
- (d) OBJECTS IN A BAG - Have twelve common everyday objects in a bag. Allow each Cub to feel in bag in turn and tell his Sixer what he thinks it is. One point for each object identified by the six.

TRICK READING

- (a) POP BOTTLE TRAIL - Follow a trail of pop bottle caps over a distance of 100 yards. Count the caps on the trail. 1 point for each cap counted.

WOLF HUNTING FOOD (following directions)

- (b) COMPASS - Follow a course by compass from point to point following compass bearings and distance to travel supplied on cards. Ten points to six if they can follow the directions to the correct destination.
- (c) TREASURE HUNT - At a starting point have as a clue a riddle, direction etc. for the six to follow. The Cubs must follow these clues from point to point until they find the treasure, the six will receive 10 points and the treasure (bag of jellybeans) when they find it. 15 minute limit.

A CUB KEEPS FIT (physical Fitness)

- (a) Each Cub walks thirty feet on stilts over a marked course. 1 point if successful.
- (b) SIT UPS - Each Cub to do thirty sit-ups. 1 point for every 6 he does. (5 max).
- (c) FIRE BUCKET RELAY - Each six will line up in relay formation. On go, the first Cub runs up to a bucket of water and carries it to the next Cub in line. The Cubs pass the bucket down one, side of the line and up the other. The Cub first carries the bucket to the front again and returns to the end of the line. Next Cub carries on etc. The Cubs must not spill any water. They start with 50 points and lose one each time they spill any water.

A CUB CARRIES A MESSAGE (bicycle - verbal)

Each Cub in turn is given a message of fifteen words and must carry it by bicycle over a given route and deliver it correctly. One point for each message given correctly.

Alternatively, each Cub in the six is given the same message of about fifteen words. He must start at a given point and carry the messages through “enemy” lines back to his base about 200 yards away without being caught the “enemy” are four Scouts or adults who are watching the Cubs come through. The message runner is “dead” when the enemy snatches his neckerchief, which has been stuck through his belt. He must deliver the message correctly. Two points for each Cub who gets through and another three points if he gives his message correctly.

“SOFTLY, SOFTLY, CATCHEE MONKEY”

Stalking -Cubs try to sneak up and pin a rope tail on a monkey cutout without being tagged by a guard. A person guards the monkey and if he sees a Cub, he tries to tag him and if he does the Cub loses his tail, 5 points for each tail pinned on without the Cub being caught.

MORE GAMES WITH JUNGLE FLAVOUR

BAGHEERA’S BONES - Equipment A number of items to represent old bones from animals that Bagheera has caught (thread reels or match boxed or plastic straws cut into 3 to 5 inch pieces) (At least 2 or 3 per Cub). The items representing the bones are scattered over the floor of the room. This is the description as to how Bagheera moved: “He could keep so still, no one could see him in the shadow of the Jungle.” Starting at one end of the hall, Bagheera moves slowly toward the other end, the Pack follows behind him. Each Cub tries to pick up a bone without Bagheera catching him. Bagheera looks around frequently and any Cub who is seen to move has to go back to where he started from and start again. The six who collects up the most bones is the winner.

KIM’S GAME: Memory game. Equipment: a tray, a cover for the tray, various small items (button, pencil, pin badge, etc.) a pencil and paper for each Cub or six. Arrange 10 to 15 items on the tray and cover it up. (For the first few times of playing this game start with 8 to 10 items.) Give each Cub a pencil and paper. Put them into a Rock Council Circle. Explain that you plan to uncover the tray and give them 1 minute to look at it. Then you’ll cover it up again and they will have to write down all those items they can remember. Give the Cubs 5 minutes to recall and write down the names of items. If the Cub says he can’t spell tell him he can draw a likeness of the item.

SHERE KHAN GOES HUNTING: Equipment: paper tails cut from newspaper (Lay newspaper flat so as it is only folded by one natural fold. Cut across into 3-inch strips) A paper cutter does the job very quickly. Chose one Cub to be Shere Khan (the tiger). Put all the rest of the Cubs at one end of the hall. Give each Cub a paper tail. Have him tuck a small bit of one end of the tail into the back waist of his pants or the belt this should leave a long tail-like piece hanging out behind the Cub. The story is that Shere Khan really liked to eat wolf cubs for dinner. Right now he is out hunting and plans to catch as many cubs as possible. So little cubs you must run swiftly and sure-footedly through the jungle to the other side. Each end of the hall is designated a safe area. On the word GO the cubs with tails run to the opposite end of the hall. As this happens Shere Khan tries to capture a cub by grabbing his tail. If a cub’s tail is caught then he too becomes a Shere Khan. Finally there will be only one cub with a tail and a whole group of Shere Khans.

MOWGLI, WHERE ARE YOU: Equipment: blindfold, roll of newspaper. The cubs sit in a circle and the leader chooses two of them to go into the centre. One is Mowgli and the other is Baloo. Baloo is given the roll of newspaper and is blindfolded He calls “Mowgli, where are you?” Mowgli replies from within the circle “Here I am, Baloo!” Baloo listens to the direction of the voice and tries to hit Mowgli once with the roll of newspaper. If he catches Mowgli, the cubs change roles. But if after 6 attempts he is still not caught, Mowgli returns to the circle and a new Baloo is picked.

THE TREASURE OF THE WHITE COBRA: Equipment a blindfold, and an item to represent a treasure. Place group in large circle. One player (the White Cobra) sits blindfolded in the center of the circle with the treasure between his outstretched legs. Leader points to one Cub, he creeps up to the White Cobra and tries to relieve him of the treasure. When the Cobra hears a sound he points with his forked tongue (out- stretched arm with forked fingers) towards the sound. If he points to the creeper then that player goes back and another tries to reach the treasure. If the creeper captures the treasure then he becomes the White Cobra and a new creeper is started.

There’s a variation of the Grand Howl, which is not strictly Jungle, but which you may want to use sometimes. Perhaps another group is meeting in the next room, and you don’t want to disturb them. Or, for some reason, you want to end the meeting very quietly. At these times, you can do:

THE SILENT HOWL: The Mouse Howl is exactly like the Grand Howl except that everyone whispers as loud as he can. If you don’t use it too often it’s a great treat for the Cubs. It’s even better if you can keep everyone whispering after the Mouse Howl, through the closing and clean up, until they leave the hall. You can take the Mouse Howl even further - provided that you’re sure the parents will co-operate - if you place a sign in the area where they gather to correct their sons saying:

“SILENT HOWL IN PROGRESS, PLEASE WHISPER UNTIL, YOU LEAVE THE BUILDING”



CEREMONIES

JUNGLE OPENING

Cubs in Lairs. Room in moonlight.

AKELA:

“Look well, O Wolves, look well.”

CUBS:

Howl like wolves

BALOO:

“Now this is the Law of the Jungle, As old and as true as the sky, And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.”



CUBS:

“The Cub respects the old wolf, The Cub respect into himself.”

(Cubs crawl from lairs in line behind their Sixer saying: “we are the (colour of six) wolves.” Parade Circle is formed).

The Totem is placed in the centre.

AKELA:

“As the dawn was breaking the wolf-pack yelled,”

CUBS:

“Once, twice, and again.”

(softly)

AKELA:

“Feet in the Jungle that leave no mark.”

CUBS:

“No mark.”

(softly)

AKELA:

“Eyes that can see in the Dark!”

CUBS:

“The dark”

AKELA:

“Tongue - give tongue to it!”

“Hark! O Hark!”

Then do the Grand Howl

AWARDING A STAR

AKELA:

“Come, Wolf Cubs all, both large and small, From North, South, East and West, And gather round while a star is found For a Cub who does his best.”

A short talk is given on the star and the Cub is called to the circle.

“A star well-learned, is a star well-earned.”

Very simple, yet unique!

JUNGLE CLOSING

Cubs in Lairs. Room in moonlight.

BALOO:

“This is the hour of pride and power, Talon and tush and claw Oh, hear the call - good hunting all. That keep the Jungle Law!”

CUBS:

(Slowly and drawn out)PACK PACK PACK

Cubs crawl from lairs, sixers leading in single file to form Parade circle.

BALOO:

“Because of his age and his cunning, Because of his grin and his paw, In all that the Law leaveth open, The word of the Head Wolf is Law.”

CUBS:

“The Cub respects Old Wolf, The Cub respects himself.”

AKELA:

“As the dawn was breaking the wolf-pack yelled,”

CUBS:

“Once, twice, and again.”

See # above for next few lines. Then do the Grand Howl.

AKELA:

There is none like to me! Says the Cub in the Pride of his earliest kill; but the Jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

Cubs remove their caps, and bow their heads for a prayer.

AKEIA:

“Help us O Lord,

To love you,

Day by day

To do our duty,

To enjoy our play

To keep our Wolf Cub Promise

And to rest,

Happy to know

That we have done our best.”

AKELA:

“Wood and Water, Wind and Tree

Wisdom, strength and Courtesy

Jungle favor goes with thee!

Good hunting Pack.”

Cubs return salute and say “Goodnight Akela.”

A JUNGLE INVESTITURE

May be merged into opening or closing. Cubs in circle sitting or as at beginning of Grand Howl. Room in moonlight.

NARRATOR:

My story begins on a calm, dark night many years ago in a jungle far, far away. High up in the Seonee Hills, a wolf family is sleeping in a cave when, suddenly, they hear a tremendous growling from the valley below. Father Wolf raises his head.

FATHER WOLF:

Can that be Shere Khan, that mangy tiger who lives by the Waingunga River? What can he be doing making all that racket here, in our territory?

NARRATOR:

Just then, Father Wolf hears a footstep at the mouth of his cave. He rushes forward to attack but checks himself in mid-spring when he sees that the intruder is only a harmless young boy. The young cubs in the cave make room for the little boy and, because he has no fur, nickname him Mowgli, or Little Frog. Suddenly, they hear a growl just outside the cave. It is Shere Khan.

SHERE KHAN:

Where is my prey? I surprised a man and a woman cooking at their fire, and the man's cub came this way. Give it to me. I, Shere Khan, order this.

NARRATOR:

But Father Wolf is not so easily bullied.

FATHER WOLF:

We wolves are free people of the jungle. We answer to no one but Akela, our head wolf. We do not take orders from a sneaking, striped man-killer like you. We will keep Mowgli with us like one of our own cubs, and he will have the freedom of the jungle, too.

NARRATOR:

Shere Khan snarls, but he cannot pass through the narrow entrance of the cave to snatch the boy.

SHERE KHAN:

We will see who gets to keep the prize. I win be there when you show the man-cub to the wolf pack, and I will claim him.

(Dim lights as scene moves from cave to Council Rock)

NARRATOR:

A month passes and Mowgli grows close to his new wolf family. But now it is the night of the full moon and time for the great pack meeting at the Council Rock. Akela, the old Grey wolf who has led the pack for many years by his skin and cunning, calls each new cub in turn to show himself and be accepted by the pack.

AKELA:

Mowgli, come forward. Look well, oh wolves look well. Here is Mowgli, your brother.

SHERE KHAN:

Wait! He is mine. What do wolves want with a man-cub? I hunted him. He belongs to me.

NARRATOR:

To everyone's surprise, Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle, rises up on his hindquarters and grunts.

BALOO:

I speak for the man-cub. There is no harm in him. I will teach him what he needs to know. Let him run with the pack.

AKELA:

Who else will speak for Mowgli?

NARRATOR:

Just then, a black shadow drops into the circle. It is Bagheera the Black Panther, who is cunning as a jackal, as bold as a wild buffalo, and as reckless as a wounded elephant. Tonight, he has a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree.

BAGHEERA:

O Akela and you free wolves, I know I have no rights here in your circle, but the Law of the Jungle says did sometimes the life of a new cub may be bought at a price.

WOLF 1:

Yes, yes, offer us a price. Shere Khan wants to take the man-cub for nothing.

BAGHEERA:

I offer you a nice, fat bull that I have just killed, not half a mile from here. Does that tempt you?

WOLF 2:

We accept Let Mowgli run with the pack.

AKELA:

So be it Look well, oh wolves, look well, and see your brother Mowgli.

NARRATOR:

Shere Khan is very angry to have lost and goes away, roaring into the night. He and Mowgli will meet again many years later and, then, Mowgli will put an end to Shere Khan's mischief for good. But, for now, Mowgli makes himself at home with the pack and learns all he needs to know to survive in the jungle.

MOWGLI:

I learn how to fish and swim. I learn how to follow trails and not get lost. I learn how to cook and to keep myself clean. I learn how to get along with my brother wolves.

AKELA:

Are there others who would like to join our pack and learn the things that Mowgli is learning?
(The Tenderpads come forward and an experienced Cub stands behind each.)

AKELA:

Do you promise to do your best, to do your duty to God and the Queen, to obey the law of the Wolf Cub Pack, and to do a good turn to somebody every day?

TENDERPADS:

We do.

AKELA:

Do you know and understand the law of the Wolf Cub Pack?

TENDERPADS:

The Cub respects the Old Wolf. The Cub respects himself
(Akela presents the Tenderpads their scarves, badges, etc.)

AKELA:

Look well, oh wolves look well. Here are your brother Cubs. Take them to your lairs.
(Me boys re-group in their sixes.)

AKELA:

Pack! Pack, pack, pack.
(The Cubs do the Grand Howl.)

From THE LEADER MAGAZINE, APRIL 1987

JUNGLE DANCES

TEACHING THE DANCE

It is not desired to lay down any hard-and-fast methods of teaching the Dances. That would be absurd, for each Akela must discover by experience the most successful method for his or her Pack.

In the Jungle Dances, which are really plays of the Jungle, the Founder combined profit with pleasure. He has provided a means of expression for the boy's imaginative instinct and love of acting, and at the same time he has set forth certain very valuable lessons -- the moral lessons of the bullying Tiger and the sneaking Jackal, the disciplinary lessons of obedience (Kaa Dance) and bodily control (Bagheera Dance). Every Cub should know and enjoy them and Akela, bearing in mind all that can be learnt from these Jungle Dances, should give them thought and careful attention so that the Cubs will really enter into them. If they do not go down well, it will generally be found that the fault lies with Akela and that it is directly due to one or more of the following mistakes:

- (I) Want of imagination.
- (II) Teaching the Dances in the first instances, to boys of ten (or even eleven!) years of age. They are not likely to prove successful in such cases. The older Cub will only like them if he has been brought up on a certain fashion and in a certain order, and nothing more; whereas they are much more exercises in acting and character portrayal.
- (III) Treating the Dances as a number of movements to be gone through in a certain fashion and in a certain order, and nothing more; whereas they are much more exercises in acting and character portrayal.
- (IV) Teaching them in a slipshod way, without any particular attempt at method and without giving enough time to them.
- (V) Omitting to ensure that all the Cubs know the story thoroughly well beforehand.

In order to teach the Dances properly we should take care to avoid all five errors. I need hardly add that Akela must be prepared to demonstrate a particular point himself, whether it is to chase his tail like one of the Banderlog or crawl on his tummy like Bagheera. And that the Dances are only half done if they are done standing up, instead of getting down to it on all fours or quite flat, as the case may be.

If, as sometimes happens, a few boys have joined the Pack when they are too old to be interested in the Jungle Dances. It is advisable to use a separate evening when teaching these to the younger Cubs, or to keep the older boys apart under the jurisdiction of one of the Old Wolves and employing them in something better suited to their age.

Never try to teach more than one Dance at a single Meeting, and always give plenty of thought to its preparation

Start with the yarn concerning the particular incident to be dramatized. This is probably best told in your own words, if you know the story through and through and can tell it vividly. If you do read it from The Jungle Book, a little cutting and editing may be necessary. Take pains to make the animals appear as real, live characters, emphasizing their particular characteristics, as well as the adventurous nature of the story.

Then explain fully how it is to be acted. Go through each part of the Dance, demonstrating when necessary. Then let the Pack try it, and give praise to those who have really tried to act their parts. If you have prepared the ground well, it should go reasonably well, and, with one or two more practices, it should become quite a polished performance. But don't drill the fun and spontaneity out of it. If the Cubs don't enjoy it, it has not been a success.

GENERAL NOTES

- 1) The Dances may truly be called Jungle Plays.
- 2) They are all greatly improved if done out of doors.
- 3) Don't overdo the Dances. Once a Pack is established, it is not necessary to do a Dance every Pack meeting. One dance a month is quite sufficient. There are plenty of other playacting stunts.
- 4) When introducing new Tenderpads to the Jungle Stories don't bore the rest of the Pack but given them something else to do. However, when doing a Dance it is necessary to recreate in the minds of the Cubs the atmosphere of the Jungle. On this occasion the story should be briefly told to the whole Pack as vividly and dramatically as possible, e.g. the horror of Kaa, the atmosphere of the Cold Lairs, the suspense of Mowgli's hunting, etc., are then clearly evoked in the Cubs' imagination.
- 5) In making your preparations to tell the story, you will find it useful to supplement the founder's account with the descriptions and explanations of the Dances given in Letters to a Wolf Cub.

THE DANCE OF BALOO

Now we will form the Parade Circle, and try the dance of Baloo, the bear. He was the animal in the Jungle Book who taught the Law of the Jungle to Mowgli. He was good-natured, burly old thing, very like a big policeman.

When therefore the order "Baloo" is given, every Cub will turn to the right and follow his leader, marching very slowly and stiffly, as proud as Punch, with his stomach forward and his elbows stuck out, chin in the air, looking left and right in a haughty way. And as he goes along he gives out the two Cub Laws in a loud voice, so that everybody shall know them -- "The Cub gives in to the Old Wolf the Cub does not give in to himself"

When the Cubmaster gives the signal or order to halt, the Cubs at once stop, turn inwards, and become themselves, standing strictly at the "Alert" till they get further orders. This Dance is not suitable for older Cubs.

(Music, if desired -- "The Teddy Bear Picnic"; or the "Policemen's Chorus," Pirates of Penzance.)

Variation 1

Pack in circle. One Cub sitting in centre of circle -- Mowgli. The rest, standing, are each of them Baloo.

IDEA – Mowgli’s learning the lesson of the Law from Baloo on a hot afternoon. Mowgli rather weary and perhaps a little hurt by Baloo’s insistence upon a lesson he (Mowgli) knows by heart.

ACTION -- All the Cubs are Baloo’s. They start in circle, turn right -- paws up -- ponderous and majestic. Stepping off with the right foot, take four slow steps and turn inwards All Baloo’s to Mowgli: “The Cub respects the Old Wolf. - The Cub respects himself”. (Emphasize with beats of paws.) The Baloo’s turn right and move round again. Four slow steps, turn in and repeat the law again.

These actions are repeated four times, then Mowgli, who has been listening attentively all the time, says: “I hear thee, O Baloo, and I will remember.”

Variation 2

The Cubs of the Seonee Pack are all gathered in the Jungle clearing for their morning lesson. Pack in circle (crouching as wolves), Baloo kneeling in centre -- forepaws up -- as a bear sitting.

He expounds the Law:

Now this is the Law of the Jungle --
As old and as true as the sky:
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper,
But the Wolf that shall break it must die.
Wash daily from nose-tip, to tail-tip (Pack pretend to lick
Themselves as a cat might);
Drink deeply (Pack bend down and drink at drinking pool), but never too deep;
And remember the night is for hunting,
And forget not the day is for sleep (Pack nod gravely).
The Jackal may follow the Tiger,
But, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,
Remember the Wolf is a hunter --
Go forth and get food of thine own! (Cubs growl softly.)
Because of his age and his cunning,
Because of his gripe and his paw,
In all that the Law leaveth open,
The Word of the Head Wolf is law.

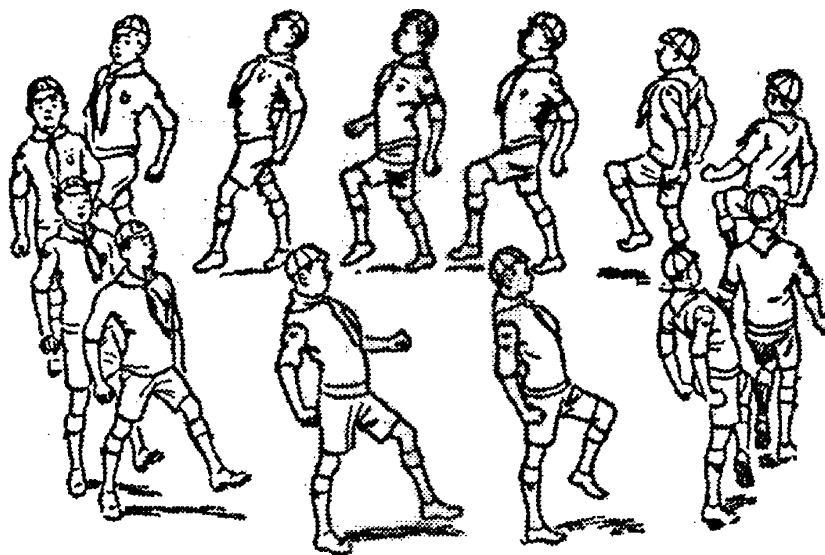
Cubs turn right and prowl slowly round, repeating the Law. (Note -- Don’t try to keep the words in time with the crawling steps.) “The Cub respects the Old Wolf. The Cub respects himself.”

Repeat.

All turn inwards throw up their heads and call: “Akela! We’ll do our best!”
All turn, to face centre, and chant together:

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle,
And many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law
And the haunch and hump is -- ***Obey! ***

Spring to Alert, both hands up, Baloo calls: “Then Good Hunting,”
Brothers! “ All break off.



Variation 3

The Cubs squat in their lairs (six comers). Baloo (Preferably an Old Wolf or a Cub Instructor) ambles, bear-like, into the centre of the clearing (hall or open space) and squats down.

Baloo: (Calling) "Little brothers! Little brothers!"

Cubs: (Running from their lairs and squatting, as for the Grand Howl, in a circle around him). "Baloo-oo-oo!"

Baloo: "Little brothers, this is the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack -- The Cub respects the Old Wolf, the Cub respects himself." (While Baloo is speaking, the Cubs look at one another and nod in assent.)

(The Cubs then crawl round in their circle, clockwise, and say the following words twice, keeping movement and words in time.)

Cubs: "We hear the Law, we hear the Law, and we'll learn the Law, we'll km the Law." (Repeat).

(The Cubs mm to face Baloo, sitting back on their heels and giving emphasis to the words underlined by hitting one fist into the palm of the other hand.)

Cubs: "And we'll do our best Baloo, to keep the Law." (An extra big thump is given on the word "Keep".)

Baloo: "Well said, little brother, well said" (Then turning to any Cub he chooses in the circle): "Little brother, what is the second Cub Law?"

Cub: "The Cub respects himself."

(Baloo repeats this question to another Cub, or to two more if the circle is large. To any of the answers throughout he may reply – “That’s right!”, “Good!”, etc., if he chooses.)

Baloo: (to a different Cub): “What is the meaning of this Law?”

Cub: “Think first of others.”

Baloo: (to another Cub): “And?”

Cubs: “Keep on trying.”

(These questions and answers are repeated as above)

Baloo: (to another Cub): “What is the first Cub Law?”

Cub: “The Cub respects the Old Wolf.”

Baloo: “Now, little brothers, all together -- What is the meaning of the first Cub Law?”

Cubs (quickly changing from sitting on their heels to the squatting position and throwing up their heads like a dog howling: *** “Obey- ey-ey! Obey-ey-ey! Obey-ey-ey!” ****

(Baloo then waves them away and they scamper back to their lairs, while Baloo ambles out of the clearing again.)

(Baloo should see to it that as many different Cubs as possible are asked a question.)

THE DANCE OF BAGHEERA

Bagheera was the Black Panther who could climb trees, or creep silently and quite unseen in the shadows by night He was the crafty and skillful hunter, brave and enduring.

Although he could be fierce and terrible when he liked, he had a kind heart, and he taught Mowgli how to hunt and get his food.

For the Bagheera Dance each Cub becomes a panther.

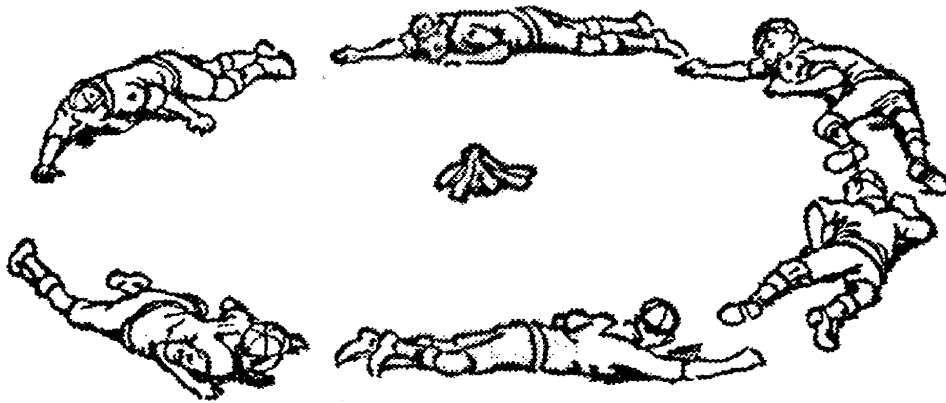
The Pack being in the Parade Circle, each Cub moves along in a crouching position, looking out to the right and left for game to hunt Suddenly game is in sight. Every cub squats down, turning his head and gazing towards the centre of the circle, where he must imagine there is a deer feeding. In order not to be seen, he quietly gets on to all-fours, and turns towards the centre, and then crawls backwards a few paces, in order to get a little farther away from the deer, so as not to frighten him. Then every Cub begins to crawl slowly towards the centre. As they get nearer, all creep closer to the ground and move slowly. When they get near, all lie flat till the leader says “Now!” when they all spring forward on to the imaginary deer with a yell, seize him and tear him to pieces. They all fall outwards and run jumping back to their places in the Parade Circle, carrying and biting imaginary lumps of deer meat.

During the dance every Cub must watch the leader, and instantly do the same thing as he does.

There must be plenty of space for this Dance to be effective. It is 100 per cent better out of doors.

NOTES:

- 1) The “crouching position” is first standing on your feet, bending your body over with your hands loose in front of you, and not quite touching the ground.
- 2) When you “squat,” it is simpler to get down on all fours.
- 3) It is worth providing something to represent the deer, even if it is only a paper bag or a piece of crumpled-up brown paper.
- 4) Choose one of the Sixers as leader. The Pack must realize that the success of the Dance largely depends upon each Cub exactly following his leader’s movements and being careful not to get ahead of him.
- 5) The Jungle Dances are not just things for little kids, as some people try to make us believe. It’s not everyone who can turn himself into a bear or panther when he pleases, and really be a bear or panther except for just die shaggy coat or the spotted skin.
- 6) Variations can be arrived at by combining this Dance with various kinds of stalking games, which will, however, necessitate discarding the circle formation.



THE HUNGER DANCE OF KAA THE PYTHON

The leader will be Kaa’s head, and the rest of the pack will tail on behind him, each holding the Cub in front of him, and will follow the head wherever it goes, moving as slowly as possible, and keeping step with the Cub in front of him.

The head will quietly glide along on a track like the figure of eight, and will then wind his tail up into a circle, gradually getting smaller and smaller, until he turns round and works his way out again in the figure which the Scouts call the “Spiral.”

Every Cub will keep on hissing during the whole performance, and will walk on the tips of his toes without making the slightest noise. So that the whole body sounds like a snake rustling through the grass, making occasionally the louder hiss which is a snake's way of calling to his friends.

When Kaa has thus coiled and uncoiled himself, the leader gives the command "Banderlog," and at once the snake breaks up and each Cub runs about in his own way, imitating the monkeys.

One will run as if on urgent business in a certain direction and will suddenly stop, sit down, and look at the sky. Another will dance on all fours round and round without any real object. Another will hunt his own tail. Others will climb imaginary branches and sit down and scratch in the middle of it. One will keep running round in a figure of eight. Another will creep on all fours up to some imaginary enemy and then suddenly sit down and look up at the stars. Another runs after his own tail, walks a few paces, and then runs after his tail again. Another will keep prancing, pick up an imaginary straw and examine it and prance again. Another turns head over heels, sits up and scratches himself. Another will walk very hurriedly for a few paces as if on important business, stop, forget what he was going for, scratch his head and walk rapidly again in a new direction, and do the same thing over again.

In fact, do any silly thing you like such as monkeys do – but don't take any interest in what anybody else is doing. Be very busy all the time and do all the different things in turn. The whole time you keep on giving the monkey's cry – "Goorrukk, goorrukk how, how, goorrukk."

Suddenly, the leader shouts "Kaa." The monkeys freeze with horror, for they know, only too well, what their terrible enemy will do to them.

The Cub who forms Kaa's head stands up with arms out stretched, thumbs clasped, head down, and slowly swings his body to and fro. He hisses once, and all the monkeys like an unwilling step forward. He points out one of them. The frightened victim crawls forward between his legs and is "swallowed," and then tails on behind the leader, as in the first part of the Dance. Perhaps a dozen monkeys go this way, one after the other, and so reform the body of Kaa; the others slowly move round to the back and retake their places as his tail. When all have joined up, the snake moves heavily round in a circle, and then lies down and goes to sleep after his heavy meal.

This is done by all lying down, one after the other, starting with the leader, each Cub resting his head on the back of the fellow in front of him. At the call of "Pack! Pack! Pack!" everybody jumps up, shouts the answer "Pack!" and forms Parade Circle.

Notes:

- 1) Some Cubs hold on to each other by the shoulders.... Some Packs prefer to hold by the waist. It is also better for the Cubs to have their heads well down rather than held erect.
- 2) Emphasize the frozen horror of each monkey when the dreaded call of "Kaa!" is heard. He must keep very still, with eyes glued to Kaa, until Kaa points to him.
- 3) When Kaa goes to sleep at the end, it is rather easier if the Pack kneels, one Cub after the other, as a preliminary to lying down.

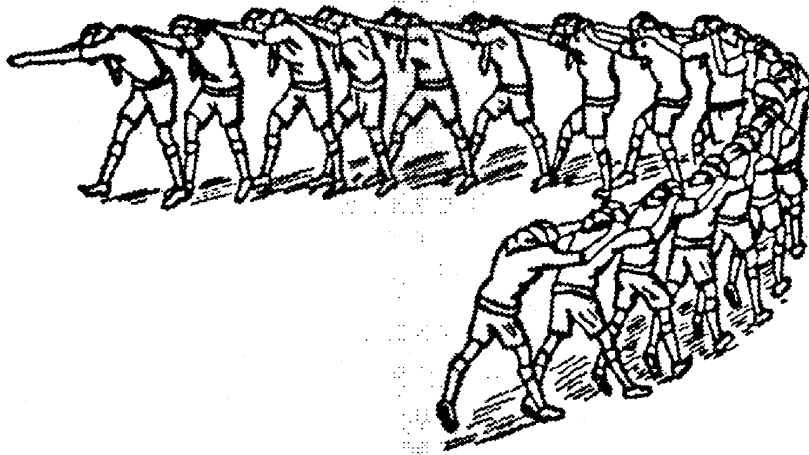
Variation (for a small Pack)

A small Pack will find that a much more snake-like appearance is obtained by allowing the Cubs to hold hands, instead of placing them on the shoulders of the boy in front.

The Cubs stand in a line according to size, and clasp hands stretching the right hand forward and the left hand back. Bending slightly, they move forward in step, advancing with the right foot only and bringing the left foot up to it. Both knees should be slightly bent. A nice slithering jointed snake should result.

In a small Pack each Cub can be “swallowed” under the legs of the leader only, the first victim being the smallest boy, since he eventually becomes the tail end. The second smallest is then swallowed, and joins on between the smallest and the leader, the third, between the leader and the second; and so on up to the tallest.

If they then clasp right and left hands as before, they are in the right position for lying down in a jointed snake-like manner, or if each Cub steps over the joined hands in front of him, they are ready for “Skinning the Snake.”



THE DANCE OF TABAQUI

Tabaqui is the jackal, a sneaking sort of a fellow. He is afraid to go about alone, so he always keeps near his fellow jackals; although he tries to look like a wolf, he never hunts or earns his food like one, but sneaks about trying to steal or beg it from others. Then when he has got it he is not a bit grateful, but runs about yapping and yelling, disturbing the game and making a regular nuisance of himself. There are lots of boys like Tabaqui who rush about yelling and making little asses of themselves and bothering people, always ready to beg for a penny or a bit of grub, but never anxious to do any work. They are quite ready to jeer or throw mud at people if they are at a safe distance away, but are awful little cowards really.

I hope no Cub will ever deserve to be called Tabaqui.

Then there is Shere Khan. He was the big ferocious-looking tiger. An awful bully. He was not clever enough to hunt and catch wild game, so he used to sneak about near a village and kill poor little calves and goats, and even a defenseless old man -- if he could catch him asleep. Otherwise he was desperately afraid of a man.

Well, the Tabaqui thought a tremendous lot of Shere Khan. They followed him about, and though he bullied them they kept telling him he was King of the Jungle and the finest fellow on earth. Of course they did this in order that he should give them a bit of his kill when he was eating it. I have known Shere Khan's among boys -- big ferocious-looking boys who bullied the smaller ones in order to get what they wanted out of them, but they were arrant cowards really if the small boy would only stick up to them.

In the Tabaqui Dance the Pack is divided into two sections. Half of the Cubs -- with a leader who is Shere Khan -- are the Tabaqui; the others are the Wolves, who, of course, have Mowgli with them.

The Tabaqui and Shere Khan do their part first, so while the Wolves lie and wait at one end of the room (or field), the jackals form a circle round Shere Khan, who prances proudly in the centre. Swaggers for all he is worth; and seems to challenge any and everyone to come on and fight "I'm Shere Khan, the Tiger King," he snarls, and the jackal, as they move around him, murmur "Jackal, Jackal."

Suddenly a Tabaqui leaves the circle, sneaks up to Shere Khan and bows most humbly to him. Shere Khan, just for the Burying fun of the thing, aims a kick at his follower. The jackal dodges the kick, bows low again as if to say, "Thank you" and runs back to his place. All this time he has been where Shere Khan can see him, but when he gets behind the tiger a great change comes over him -- he stops cringing (that is, bending humbly) and makes a face at Shere Khan.

They're a nice Cubby set of people, aren't they? But look! The Wolves are moving. They sweep down on the Tabaqui and each of them carries off one of these little sneaks. When the noise and scuffle have died away, and the Wolves with their captives are lying quiet again, Shere Khan, who was just a little nervous during the tumult, looks around him, sees that he is alone and thinks to himself: "I'm greater than even I thought I was." "I'm Shere Khan, the Tiger King", he roars, hoping that all the Jungle Folk will hear and believe him.

The Jungle Folk might believe him, but Mowgli has always known the Tiger to be just a cowardly bully. He comes across now, very slowly, with one arm outstretched (a finger pointing) and his eyes on those of the tiger. Shere Khan cannot look at Man. He is afraid, and though he goes on saying that he is the Tiger King, he gradually cringes down till he is flat at Mowgli's feet.

The Dance is over and the Pack rushes in to form Parade Circle.

You may feel that it is rather a difficult Dance, but it is well worth trying, for keen Cubs can make it very real and exciting. Others can, of course, spoil it altogether by playing about and not even trying to act. The whole success or failure rests on one thing, Cubs: you either want to show that you, for one, don't like sneaks or bullies, or you haven't worried to think!

- 1) Don't let Shere Khan repeat "I am Shere Khan, the Tiger King," too often. In between, he should be snarling and growling, and sometimes just prowling about impatiently.
- 2) The call "Jackal! Jackal!" should be a high squeak on one note, starting quite softly but gradually getting louder and louder.

- 3) The Dance is often dragged out too long because the Wolves do not start from their lair early enough. Let them start out quite soon after the Tabaqui have started their cries of “Jackal! Jackal!” and surround them before pouncing on them and bearing them off.
- 4) This Dance holds more appeal for Cubs if all the actions and cries are mimetic. The call “Jackal! Jackal!” is then replaced by the yapping of jackals rather after the fashion of a hungry puppy that is trying to ingratiate himself with his master. Shere Khan says no words, but conveys their meaning by the tone and strength of his roars.

Variation

A very effective opening is as follows. The Wolves and Tabaqui are sitting quietly in their corners, Tabaqui keeping a sharp lookout for Shere Khan. The Wolves are not interested in that, but busy in a quiet way on their own affairs with Mowgli.

Shere Khan comes on alone, stalking an imaginary prey. Very quietly he advances until the time comes to spring upon it. He then rends his prey, and makes an excellent meal -- but doesn't let him be too long about it! After his meal he falls asleep in the middle of the clearing.

The moment they see that Shere Khan is asleep the Tabaqui creep out in single file until they have formed a circle round Shere Khan. Excitement increases as they see the tempting remains of his meals, and they start to call softly “Jackal! Jackal!” and to run round the circle. As they grow bolder the noise increases, and one or two of the bolder spirits dart into the circle and snatch a piece of meat. At this stage the Wolves, disturbed by the noise, stop their business and attend to what is going on in the clearing. When the chattering is at its height Shere Khan wakes up, and in a great rage at being disturbed leaps to his feet shouting: “I am Shere Khan, the Tiger King.”

Then the Dance proceeds as in the Handbook.

THE DANCE OF SHERE KHAN'S DEATH

Now back to the Jungle for the Dance of Shere Khan's Death. The bullying tiger's last day came when rudely awakened from a sleep in a dry ravine of the Waingunga River. At dawn he had killed and eaten a pig, and had drunk, too. Mowgli, with the help of Akela and Grey Brother, divided a herd of buffalo in two, and drove them into the ravine from opposite ends. Shere Khan, unable to clamber up the sides of the ravine after his big meal, was trampled to death beneath the feet of the terrified buffaloes. It was dog's death. Now for the Dance. First the Pack form a circle, and turning to the left walk round singing the following words to the tune of Frere Jaques:

Mowgli's hunting,
 Mowgli's hunting,
 Killed Shere Khan,
 Killed Shere Khan,
 Skinned the Cattle-eater,
 Skinned the Cattle-eater,
 Rah-rah-rah!
 Rah-rah-rah!

(For after Shere Khan was dead Mowgli skinned him, although he had a quarrel with old Buldeo the Hunter first, and had to ask Grey Brother to hold the man to the ground until he promised to go away.

Mowgli took the skin to the Council Rock afterwards, as you know.) Now return to the song. One step is taken to each line, and the song is immediately repeated, with everyone turning about and moving in the opposite direction. The actions are as follows: Line 1, move off with right foot and right hand; the hand is held to shade the eyes in the attitude of a Scout peering over the country. Line 2, repeat with left hand. Line 3, a vigorous stabbing movement with the right hand, as though stabbing the tiger. Line 4, repeat. Line 5, both hands raised in front of face, imitate action of skinning by tearing the hide apart. Line 6, repeat. Line 7, dance round to the right, waving the arm above the head. Line 8, repeat.

For the second part, Cubs get down on all fours facing to the centre of the circle, with the leader outside. This part of the dance consists of a series of taunts to the dead tiger by the leader, the Pack responding to each growling and crawling a little towards the centre of the circle. There are four taunts in all. Both taunts and growls start fairly softly and increase gradually in the noise and anger. There should be no movement or sound from the Pack between the growls. The four taunts are: Lungri, Frog-eater, Burned Beast of the Jungle, Hunter of little naked Man Cubs! By the time of the fourth growl the Pack should have reached the Rock Circle.

You begin the third part of the Dance by kneeling back on your haunches, hands hanging loosely by the sides. The leader should already be in place in the centre by the Council Rock.

He kneels back in the same way, stretches both hands above his head, and says slowly and dramatically, "Shere Khan is DEAD!"

The Pack then stretch their arms up in the same position and, taking their time from him and keeping their hands in the same position, bow forward three times till heads and hands touch the ground, saying "Dead-dead-dead!" Then all jump up and shout "Hurrah!" excitedly three times, and drop to the ground as though shop in midair. After lying in dead silence for about five seconds the signal is given to get up, and the Dance of Death is over. The Dance is not nearly so hard as it sounds from the description, and if each part is tried separately before putting them all together, any Pack can learn it.

If you want to entertain your fathers and mothers and friends, it is good to do the Dance of Tabaqui, and immediately afterwards the Dance of Shere Khan's Death, only somebody should explain the story first.

Notes:

1) This is a dance of pure triumph, and is no time for being gentle and ladylike.

2) Part I:

Lines 3, 4. Use the right hand each time for stabbing. And a real stab, not a pat, otherwise you will never get through an animal's tough hide.

Lines 5, 6. Elbows out at each side on a level with the face, fingers outwards. Puff the hands apart with a real physical effort so as to expand the chest and take the shoulders as far back as they will go. Some Cubs do this as if they were drawing the bedroom curtains unwillingly in the morning!

You may prefer dropping on one knee for these lines, slitting the imaginary hide and then rending it apart.

Lines 7, 8. A real war dance of joy and a shout!

- 3) Part 2. Allow plenty of room between each Cub and practice moving in quite a short distance each time, so that the Pack is just in Rock Circle for Part 3.

Variation 1

Instead of Parts 2 and 3 as in the Handbook, the following has been found effective:

At the commencement of Part 2, Mowgli is outside the circle, with Shere Khan's skin on his head. Pack as in Handbook. Mowgli enters circle of waiting Wolves and casts the skin on the Council Rock. Then the taunts begin and the Wolves respond, exactly as in the Handbook, but Mowgli is already within the Circle and ready for Part 3.

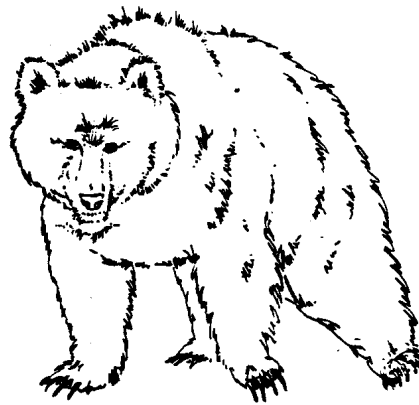
At the end of part 2 Mowgli falls excitedly upon the skin. Then, while still on his knees, he raised his body and flings up his hands in triumph, crying, "Shere Khan is dead!" The Wolves throw up their heads and howl to the Moon, "Dead! Dead! Dead!" and proceed just as in the Handbook.

Variation 2

There is another version of this dance which some may prefer. The actions are the same, but, instead of singing the words "Mowgli's hunting", utter them in as dramatic a way as possible almost whispering the first couplet, increasing the volume on each line and so working up to the final yell of triumph. When you come to the yell at the end, instead of shouting "Rah-rah-rah!" " and dancing around, throw up your arms and heads with a great shout of "Woof!"

You can, if you like, repeat this cry of joy at the end of the dance instead of the word "Hurrah!"

But the great thing to remember is that it really is a fine piece of acting if you put every ounce of yourself into it.



RESOURCES

BOOKS:

The Jungle Book, Rudyard Kipling

Wolf Cub's Handbook - Lord Baden-Powell

Leader Magazine

TAPES - The Jungle Book, narrated by Windsor Davies. 3 hours long, very listenable and available at bookstores. Cost approx. \$15.00

FILMS AND VIDEOS

The Jungle Book, VHS, colour filmed in the 1940's, starring Sabu is available in the nostalgia section of some video stores. (The Walt Disney version does not appear to be available in video at present.)

Death of a Legend. 16mm or VHS, National Film Board, 50min.

Cry of the Wild, 16mm or VHS, National Film Board, 88 min.

Both excellent Bill Mason films with some similar footage. Available at National Film Board, 1412 Douglas Street.

The legend of Lobo, VHS, Walt Disney. Good story and is available at video shops.

Appendix A

Mowgli's Brothers

Courtesy of

<http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/toc/modeng/public/KipJung.html>

MOWGLI'S BROTHERS

Now Rann, the Kite, brings home the night
That Mang, the Bat, sets free --
the herds are shut in byre and hut,
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon and tusk and claw.
Oh, hear the call! -- Good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!

Night-Song in the Jungle.

-I-



It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in the tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf, "it is time to hunt again"; and he was going to spring downhill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves; and good luck and strong white teeth go with the noble children, that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal -- Tabaqui, the Dish-licker -- and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish-heaps. They are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than any one else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and 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, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it dewanee -- the madness -- and run.

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

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui; "but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log [the Jackal People], to pick and choose?" He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

"All thanks for this good meal," he said, licking his lips. "How beautiful are the noble children!"

How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings are men from the beginning."

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

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then he said spitefully:

"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting-grounds. He will hunt among these hills during the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily. "By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without fair warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles; and I -- I have to kill for two, these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said Mother Wolf, quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he has come here to make our villagers

angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed: we are very grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out, and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

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

Father Wolf listened, and in the dark valley that ran down to a little river, he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

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

"H'sh! It is neither bullock nor buck that he hunts to-night," said Mother Wolf; "it is Man." The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to roll from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders wood-cutters, and gipsies sleeping in the open,



"Good Luck Go With You, O Chief of the Wolves."

and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

"Man!" said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. "Faugh! Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man -- and on our ground too!"

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too -- and it is true -- that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated "Aaarh!" of the tiger's charge.

Then there was a howl -- an untigerish howl -- from Shere Khan. "He has missed," said Mother Wolf. "What is it?"

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard

-8-

Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely, as he tumbled about in the scrub.

"The fool has had no more sense than to jump at a wood-cutters' camp-fire, so he has burned his feet," said Father Wolf, with a grunt. "Tabaqui is with him."

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

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

"Man!" he snapped. "A man's cub. Look!"

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

"Is that a man's cub?" said Mother Wolf. "I have never seen one. Bring it here."

A wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs

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

"How little! How naked, and -- how bold!" said Mother Wolf, softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

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

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance, Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: "My Lord, my Lord, it went in here!"

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

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

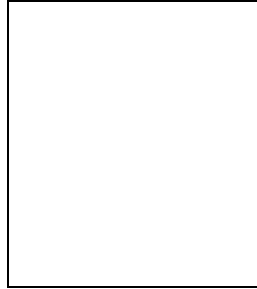
Shere Khan had jumped at a wood-cutter's campfire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan's shoulders and fore paws were cramped for want of room,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

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

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

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf shook herself clear of the cubs and sprang forward, her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan.

"And it is I, Raksha [the Demon], who 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



"The Tiger's Roar Filled the Cave With Thunder."

thee! Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed (*I eat no starved cattle*), back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest into the world! Go!"

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

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

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

"Shere Khan speaks this much truth. The cub must be shown to the Pack. Wilt thou still keep him, Mother?"

"Keep him!" she gasped. "He came naked, by night, alone and very hungry; yet he was

not afraid! Look, he has pushed one of my babes to one side already. And that lame butcher would have killed him, and would have run off to the Waingunga while the villagers here hunted through all our lairs in revenge! Keep him? Assuredly I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O

thou Mowgli, -- for Mowgli, the Frog, I will call thee, -- the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee!"

"But what will our Pack say?" said Father Wolf.

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

Father Wolf waited till his cubs could run a little, and then on the night of the Pack Meeting

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took them and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock -- a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide. Akela, the great gray Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock, and below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and colour, from badger-coloured veterans who could handle a buck alone, to young black three-year-olds who thought they could. The Lone Wolf had led them for a year now. He had fallen twice into a wolf-trap in his youth, and once he had been beaten and left for dead; so he knew the manners and customs of men.

There was very little talking at the Rock. The cubs tumbled over one another in the center of the circle where their mothers and fathers sat, and now and again a senior wolf would go quietly up to a cub, look at him carefully, and return to his place on noiseless feet. Sometimes a mother would push her cub far out into the moonlight, to be sure that he had not been overlooked. Akela from his rock would cry: "Ye know the Law -- ye know the Law! Look well, O Wolves!" And the anxious mothers would take up the call: "Look -- look well, O Wolves!"

At last -- and Mother Wolf's neck-bristles lifted as the time came -- Father Wolf pushed

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"Mowgli, the Frog," as they called him, into the center, where he sat laughing and playing with some pebbles that glistened in the moonlight.

Akela never raised his head from his paws, but went on with the monotonous cry, "Look well!" A muffled roar came up from behind the rocks -- the voice of Shere Khan crying, "The cub is mine; give him to me. What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?"

Akela never even twitched his ears. All he said was, "Look well, O Wolves! What have the Free People to do with the orders of any save the Free People? Look well!"

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

Now the Law of the Jungle lays down that if there is any dispute as to the right of a cub to be accepted by the Pack, he must be spoken for by at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother.

"Who speaks for this cub?" said Akela. "Among the Free People, who speaks?" There was no answer, and Mother Wolf got ready for what she knew would be her last fight, if things came to fighting.

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The Meeting at Council Rock.

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Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council -- Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle, old Baloo -- who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey -- rose up on his hind quarters and grunted.

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

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

A black shadow dropped down into the circle. It was Bagheera, the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path; for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo, and as reckless as the wounded elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree, and a skin softer than down.

"O Akela, and ye, the Free People," he purred, "I have no right in your assembly; but

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the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt which is not a killing matter in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?"

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

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

"Speak then," cried twenty voices.

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

There was a clamour of scores of voices, saying: "What matter? He will die in the winter rains. He will scorch in the sun. What harm can a naked cub do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be accepted." And then came Akela's deep bay, crying: "Look well -- look well, O Wolves!"

Mowgli was still playing with the pebbles, and he did not notice when the wolves came and

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looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull, and only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli's own wolves were left. Shere Khan roared still in the night, for he was very angry that Mowgli had not been handed over to him.

"Ay, roar well," said Bagheera, under his whiskers; "for the time comes when this naked thing will make thee roar to another tune, or I know nothing of Man."

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

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

Akela said nothing. He was thinking of the time that comes to every leader of every pack when his strength goes from him and he gets feebler and feebler, till at last he is killed by the wolves and a new leader comes up -- to be killed in his turn.

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

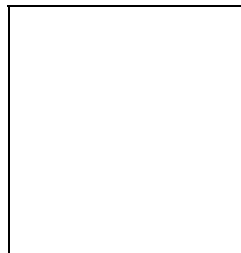
And that is how Mowgli was entered into the Seonee wolf-pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo's good word.

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Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven whole years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves, because if it were written out it would fill ever so many books. He grew up with the cubs, though they of course were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. When he was not learning he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate, and went to sleep again; when he felt dirty or hot he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do.

Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call, "Come along, Little Brother," and at first Mowgli would cling like the sloth, but afterward he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the gray ape. He took his

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"Bagheera Would Lie Out on a Branch and Call, "'Come along, Little Brother.'"

place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun.

At other times he would pick the long thorns out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burs in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop-gate so cunningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him it was a trap.

He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day, and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli -- with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the jungle is thine," said Bagheera, "and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat

any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli obeyed faithfully.

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

Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a creature to be trusted, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan; but though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy -- though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak in any human tongue.

Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle, for as Akela grew older and feebler the lame tiger had come to be great friends with the younger wolves of the Pack, who followed him for scraps, a thing Akela would never have allowed if he had dared to push his authority to the proper bounds. Then Shere Khan would flatter them and wonder that such fine young hunters were content to be led by a dying wolf and a man's cub. "They tell me," Shere Khan would say, "that at Council ye dare not look him between the eyes"; and the young wolves would growl and bristle.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew something of this, and once or twice he told Mowgli in so many words that Shere Khan would kill him some day; and Mowgli would laugh and answer: "I have the Pack and I have thee; and Baloo, though he is so lazy, might strike a blow or two for my sake. Why should I be afraid?"

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

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

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

"Ho! ho!" said Mowgli. "Tabaqui came to me not long ago with some rude talk that I was

a naked man's cub, and not fit to dig pig-nuts; but I caught Tabaqui by the tail and swung him twice against a palm-tree to teach him better manners."

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

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

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

Mowgli put up his strong brown hand, and just under Bagheera's silky chin, where the giant

rolling muscles were all hid by the glossy hair, he came upon a little bald spot.

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

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

"Oh, thou art a man's cub," said the Black Panther, very tenderly; "and even as I returned to my jungle, so thou must go back to men at last, -- to the men who are thy brothers, -- if thou art not killed in the Council."

"But why -- but why should any wish to kill me?" said Mowgli.

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

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

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

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

stronger friend than I or Baloo or those of the Pack that love thee. Get the Red Flower."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is it, Son?" she said.

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

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

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

"Bagheera spoke truth," he panted, as he

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nestled down in some cattle-fodder by the window of a hut. "To-morrow is one day for Akela and for me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No. Why should I fear? I remember -- now if it is not a dream -- how, before I was a wolf, I lay beside the Red Flower, and it was warm and pleasant."

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

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

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

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

"Seeing that the leadership is yet open, and being asked to speak -- "Shere Khan began.

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

There were yells of "Silence, thou man's cub!" "Let him speak; he has kept our law!" And at last the seniors of the Pack thundered: "Let the Dead Wolf speak!"

When a leader of the Pack has missed his kill, he is called the Dead Wolf as long as he lives, which is not long, as a rule.

Akela raised his old head wearily:

"Free people, and ye too, jackals of Shere Khan, for twelve seasons I have led ye to and from the kill, and in all that time not one has been trapped or maimed. Now I have missed my kill. Ye know how that plot was made. Ye know how ye brought me up to an untried buck to make my weakness known. It was cleverly done. Your right is to kill me here on the Council Rock now. Therefore I ask, 'Who

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comes to make an end of the Lone Wolf?' For it is my right, by the Law of the Jungle, that ye come one by one."

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

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

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

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

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

"Also, I paid for him with a bull when he was accepted. The worth of a bull is little, but Bagheera's

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honour is something that he will perhaps fight for," said Bagheera in his gentlest voice.

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

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

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

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

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a brother against whom there is no fault -- a brother spoken for and bought into the Pack according to the Law of the Jungle."

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

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

Mowgli stood upright -- the fire-pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, and yawned in the face of the Council; but he was furious with rage and sorrow, for, wolf-like, the wolves had never told him how they hated him.

"Listen, you!" he cried. "There is no need for this dog's jabber. Ye have told me so often to-night that I am a man (though indeed I would have been a wolf with you to my life's end) that I feel your words are true. So I do not call ye my brothers any more, but sag [dogs], as a man should. What ye will do, and what ye will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with me; and that we may see the matter more plainly, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower which ye, dogs, fear."

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

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

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

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

"Good!" said Mowgli, staring around slowly, and thrusting out his lower lip. "I see that ye are dogs. I go from you to my own people -- if they be my own people. The jungle is shut to me, and I must forget your talk and your companionship; but I will be more merciful than ye are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among men I will not betray ye to men as ye have betrayed me." He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. "There shall be no war between

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any of us and the Pack. But here is a debt to pay before I go." He strode forward to where Shere Khan sat blinking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by the tuft on his chin. Bagheera followed close, in case of accidents. "Up, dog!" Mowgli cried. "Up, when a man speaks, or I will set that coat ablaze!"

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

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

"Pah! Singed jungle-cat -- go now! But remember when next I come to the Council Rock, as a man should come, it will be with Shere Khan's hide on my head. For the rest, Akela goes free to live as he pleases. Ye will not kill him, because that is not my will. Nor do I think that ye will sit here any longer, lolling out your tongues as though ye were somebodies, instead of dogs whom I drive out -- thus! Go!"

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The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves ran howling with the spark burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face.

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

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

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

"Ye will not forget me?" said Mowgli.

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

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

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

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

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

Appendix B

Graphics

