

**COLLECTION OF BRITISH
AUTHORS TAUCHNITZ
EDITION: VOL. 3181; THE
SECOND JUNGLE BOOK**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649700097

Collection of British Authors Tauchnitz Edition: Vol. 3181; The Second Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling

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RUDYARD KIPLING

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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 3181.

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THE SECOND
JUNGLE BOOK

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING,
AUTHOR OF "PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS."

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1897.

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THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK.

HOW FEAR CAME.

The stream is shrunk—the pool is dry,
And we be comrades, thou and I;
With fevered jowl and dusty flank
Each jostling each along the bank;
And by one drouthy fear made still
Foregoing thought of quest or kill.
Now 'neath his dam the fawn may see,
The lean Pack-wolf as cowed as he,
And the tall buck, unflinching, note
The fangs that tore his father's throat.
*The pools are shrunk—the streams are dry,
And we be playmates, thou and I,
Till yonder cloud—Good Hunting!—loose
The rain that breaks our Water Truce.*

THE Law of the Jungle—which is by far the oldest law in the world—has arranged for almost every kind of accident that may befall the Jungle People, till now its code is as perfect as time and custom can make it. If you have read the other stories about Mowgli, you will remember that he spent a great part of his life in the Seeonee Wolf-

Pack, learning the Law from Baloo the brown bear; and it was Baloo who told him, when the boy grew impatient at the constant orders, that the Law was like the Giant Creeper, because it dropped across everyone's back and no one could escape. "When thou hast lived as long as I have, Little Brother, thou wilt see how all the Jungle obeys at least one Law. And that will be no pleasant sight," said Baloo.

This talk went in at one ear and out at the other, for a boy who spends his life eating and sleeping does not worry about anything till it actually stares him in the face. But one year Baloo's words came true, and Mowgli saw all the Jungle working under one Law.

It began when the winter Rains failed almost entirely, and Sahi, the Porcupine, meeting Mowgli in a bamboo thicket, told him that the wild yams were drying up. Now everybody knows that Sahi is ridiculously fastidious in his choice of food, and will eat nothing but the very best and ripest. So Mowgli laughed and said, "What is that to me?"

"Not much *now*," said Sahi, rattling his quills in a stiff, uncomfortable way, "but later we shall see. Is there any more diving into the deep rock-pool below the Bee-Rocks, Little Brother?"

"No. The foolish water is going all away, and I do not wish to break my head," said Mowgli, who