



Rudyard Kipling was born in Mumbai, India in 1865. He attended boarding school in Devon, England, but later returned to India. Rudyard lived in many places during his life, but his fascination for his homeland endured. It shines through in his poetry and in novels like *The Jungle Book*.

“It was seven o’clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day’s rest.”

Lost in the jungle, Mowgli is adopted by a pack of wolves. Can his new family and friends help him survive?

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THE JUNGLE BOOK



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RUDYARD KIPLING'S
THE JUNGLE BOOK

RETOLD BY
STEPHANIE CLARKSON

A BabyLit®
Storybook

ART BY
ANNABEL TEMPEST



Akela, the pack leader, was wise and fair.
He said that Mowgli could stay if two
animals spoke up for him.



Old Baloo was a sleepy brown bear.
He took pity on Mowgli and promised
to teach him the Laws of the Jungle.



An inky black shape dropped from the trees.
It was Bagheera the panther.

The black cat offered up a bull that he had hunted.
The wolf pack could have it, if they let Mowgli stay.



The hungry wolves agreed to the bargain.
Mowgli was safe from Shere Khan

... for now.



One day, as Baloo, Bagheera, and Mowgli were taking a nap, hard little hands reached down from the trees and grabbed the boy.

A band of monkeys carried Mowgli away.

Mowgli called up to Chil the kite and told the bird to fetch his friends.

Chil flew off to find Baloo and Bagheera.





The moon was full
when Baloo and
Bagheera arrived
at the Cold Lairs.
They fought fiercely
against the monkeys.

Suddenly, Kaa slithered into view. The terrified monkeys scrambled away.

Mowgli thanked his new friend.



"A brave heart and courteous tongue shall carry thee far through the jungle, manling."

More years passed. When Mowgli was ten, Bagheera warned him that he was in danger. Akela was getting old and Shere Khan wanted to lead the wolf pack. The tiger only feared one thing. Fire.

Mowgli had seen the distant fires of the man-village.

“The Red Flower?
That grows in front of
their huts in the twilight.
I will get some.”

Mowgli took a pot of burning coals from the man-village and ran to Council Rock, but Shere Khan had already persuaded most of the wolves to turn against him.

The boy felt sad. He agreed to leave the jungle, but first he burned the tiger’s whiskers to teach him a lesson.

“Pah! Singed jungle-cat—
go now!”

