

DW

Wednesday 26th September 2018

The Jungle Book ~ A Retelling

7 o'clock. 7 o'clock on a stuffy, drowsy evening in the Seonee hills - high above the abyss a few miles below. Even the air seemed too tired to release a gentle breeze to bring harmony to the jungle. Father Wolf had just awoken from his day-sleep and started to stretch his cramped yet nonchalant limbs.

"Aughh!" he moaned, after getting rid of the sleepy feeling in his tips. "It is time for me to hunt again on this fine, summer's sunset." He was prepared to leave the homely cave and get up from his stick and feather-made bed, when a shadowed body stepped over the threshold.



It was the jackal, Tabaqui (the dish licker), scavenging for food again. The wolves of India despise Tabaqui and the jackals; they come and steal food for no reason. Even the tumbling, squealing cubs stopped their game and gaped out to the mouth of the cave. Tabaqui halted - as creatures should - and started to give a blessing.

"O' chief of the wolves, I pray and bless your noble, beguiling children good fortune and strong, white teeth and remember the poor of the vast jungle."

Tabaqui knew that blessing children while they are there is unlucky and a jackal (a scavenger who eat spare leather and rags) has no right to bless wolves of such a kind. He also brought other news from his master - a tiger who lives at least 20 miles away on the bank of the river.

Continued Overleaf

"I can inform you that my master, Lord Shere Khan, is officially changing hunting location. He will hunt on these mountains and will hunt larger animals."

By the Law of the Jungle (signed act. 1759), you cannot change your hunting location without informing a local lawyer or official officer. No animal has a free-right to absquatulate a home or location without informing officials.



Far below, in the abyss, Shere Khan growled and snarled at the sensation of not catching anything.

"I've had enough of this constant racket!" screamed Father Wolf from his bed. "The tiger is stupid to start a night's hunting with this noise!" Mother Wolf began to calmly speak,

"It isn't any livestock that Shere Khan hunts tonight, it is Man. He is using this strategy to kill them. He will alert Man - who sleep outside - and make them come to him. Sometimes, they may even run into his mouth."

Man is a weak, poor form of animal - with no strategies for hunting - and is unfair to touch him, nor kill him. They can only react with their 'Red Flower' (fire); rockets, guns, and poisons. The reason why Shere Khan hunts man is unknown throughout the jungle and awkward.

Soon after Mother Wolf had spoken, there was a yelp of pain and squeal of cubs. Shere Khan had missed and burned his foot. There was then a sudden, clear rustle in the bushes; and it was not Tabaqui.