

26.9.18

The Jungle Book- a retelling

The Jackal

It was seven o' clock on a warm, humid evening in the Seonee hills; the dark orange sun was slowly descending. As father wolf woke from his slumber, the homely cave darkened. Father wolf moaned, stretched and yawned as he prepared for his hunt. But something wasn't right... The gentle pitter patter of tiny footsteps disturbed the tranquil silence; mother wolf's ears poked up. From around the corner, emerged a massive, terrifying, beastly silhouette

"Tabaqui?" questioned father wolf nostalgically.

"Yes, it is I." He replied

Tabaqui, the smallest, weakest animal in the jungle, is what the wolves were scared of.



He walked into their cave and blessed the cubs. They were apparently 'beguiling' and 'cute'. By then, he had made his way to the back of the cave and finished off the thin layers of meat on the bones.

News of Shere Khan

Tabaqui has always been strange; he liked the feeling of people being uncomfortable around him and, speaking of being uncomfortable, he had gossip to share.

"Have you heard that Shere Khan is hunting in these hills for a month?" he questioned.

"No, why?" asked mother wolf.

"I'm pretty sure that...no, actually, I'm not sure." And then he left, he just left.

Shere Khan hunts

The bright yellow morning sun rose, the birds sang, the rain fell and father wolf returned. He had two calf legs clenched in his mouth.

"What are we going to do?" Mother wolf asked, as her cubs ran around her.

"About what?"

"About Shere Khan."

"I don't know."

"Actually, I have an idea. So, you hunt cows because you cannot run and that makes the villagers angry but, we could fool Shere Khan into getting spotted killing cows and the villagers would kill him."

The Man Eater

Later that day, mother discovered that her plan would fail since it is not animals he wished to kill: it is man. There was a meeting at the river about this.

"He is not teaching children how to kill so he is going against the law of the Jungle" cried the red macaw.

"Why don't we let him hunt?" argued the blue macaw.

"Well, because if we..."



"Quiet!" shouted Father Wolf, "What's that sound?" It sounded like something running and something chasing it.

Something comes

Just two seconds later, a woodcutter ran through the bushes and following it, a massive tiger. It was so bright - it was a radiant shade of orange - and its obvious lust to kill would not stop. Suddenly, a shriek and a heavy, heavy panting.

"The idiot! Shere Khan has run into a camp-fire." sniggered Father Wolf. But something wasn't right... There was a gentle pitter patter through the bushes; mother wolf's ears poked up. Something was coming and it wasn't Tabaqui...