

Thursday 27th September 2018

SH

The Jungle Book



It was 7oclock - on a cold evening - in the Seeonee hills. The sky as grey as a thundercloud; rain throwing it down. Father wolf woke from his afternoon nap, stretched himself, yawned and scratched his head. As he slowly got up, his stomach rumbled.

"I had better get hunting!" mumbled father wolf. So he made his way out of the cave into the depths of night.

As he strolled out of the cave, he saw a rather hairy creature. It was the jackal searching for food. Absentmindedly, he hissed at the wolf, but because he wanted food, he apologised quickly.



"Your children are beautiful!" muttered the jackal.

Seeing the wolf's angry face, he cried, "I'd better go and search for food!"



"At last, that pesky Jackal has gone!" sighed the wolf.

So he carried on hunting for food: for his children, else they would starve. But then he heard something, a loud thundering roar: it was Shere Khan.

"What shall I do?" wondered father wolf.

He ran back to the cave. Shere Khan, who was a powerful tiger, wanted food. Father Wolf watched Shere Khan from the cave and protected his babies. The mean tiger saw a wood-cutter and ran straight for him. Running through a blazing,



red-hot fire.

He cried out, "Roarr!" that the whole jungle could hear.

Father Wolf, holding each cub, spoke to Mother Wolf.

"What a foolish, idiotic tiger!" moaned father wolf.

Shere Khan didn't just eat normal animals, he wanted rare fierce animals.

"Occasionally he found people (children) no matter how far away they were, he would get them!" said Mother Wolf.

"Please don't come over here!" she prayed.