

One of the beauties of Jungle Law is that punishment settles all scores.  
There is no nagging afterward.

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera's back and slept so deeply that he  
never waked when he was put down in the home-cave.

#### Road-Song of the Bandar-Log

Here we go in a flung festoon,  
Half-way up to the jealous moon!  
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?  
Don't you wish you had extra hands?  
Wouldn't you like if your tails were--so--  
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?  
Now you're angry, but--never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know;  
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,  
All complete, in a minute or two--  
Something noble and wise and good,  
Done by merely wishing we could.

We've forgotten, but--never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

All the talk we ever have heard  
Uttered by bat or beast or bird--  
Hide or fin or scale or feather--  
Jabber it quickly and all together!  
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!

Now we are talking just like men!  
Let's pretend we are ... never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!  
This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,  
That rocket by where, light and high, the wild grape swings.  
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,  
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things!

"Tiger! Tiger!"

What of the hunting, hunter bold?  
Brother, the watch was long and cold.