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The *Kipling Journal* is the quarterly magazine of the Kipling Society, a charity whose object is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Journal is open to submissions of any length between 500 and 5000 words from students, scholars, professional academics, and Kipling enthusiasts. All articles are peer reviewed.

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## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

**It was agreed at the 2022 AGM that we should continue to hold three “hybrid” meetings a year at RoSL, followed by optional supper with the speaker, and two online meetings, the first in 2023 being our April meeting.**

**Wednesday 1st February 2023**, 5.30 for 6 pm Wrench Room, Royal Over-Seas League, and streamed online: **Rufus Vaughan-Spruce, Roehampton University**, “The Other Man Who Could Write: Stephen Wheeler as Man of Letters”.

**Wednesday 19 April 2023** Online meeting: topic to be arranged.

**Wednesday 5 July 2023** 4.30 for 5 pm (5 pm BST online) Annual General Meeting in the Wrench Room, Royal Over-Seas League. Speaker at the following meeting to be arranged.

**Wednesday September 20 2023** Online meeting: speaker to be arranged.

*December 2022*

Alex Bubb  
*(Meetings Secretary)*

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL

This themed number on ‘Kipling and Animals’ leads off with Catherine Quinn’s comparison of Lockwood Kipling’s *Beast and Man in India* and his son’s novel *Kim*, whose ‘many references to animal life make it hard to find a page that does not have one’, from the bull of Shiv taking onions from a Lahore street-stall to the white stallion whose ‘pedigree’ Kim carries and the animals cited in the proverbs and insults which fill the novel’s ‘vernacular’ dialogues. Father and son both emphasised the striking closeness of Indians and animals, as in Lockwood’s picture of a woman and her caged parrot.

Next come four animal stories, the winners of the John McGivering 2022 competition and two runners-up. Steve Wade’s ‘Eagle and Wolf’ recalls the relations between animals in the *Jungle Book*, while the beast and its rider in Satterday Shaw’s powerful ‘Hidden Dragon’ are both figurative. Mary Seymour’s runner-up story ‘Little Brother’ ingeniously reverses ‘Mowgli’s Brothers’ while offering an origin story for the First Dog. And a special Children’s Prize was awarded to Evelyn Carpenter’s ‘Parugan’, a lively and enjoyable story of two cobra brothers and their adventures.

Alastair Wilson’s article on ‘Snaffles’, the professional pseudonym of Charlie Johnson Payne (1884–1967) who was famous for his pictures of horses and dogs, often in scenes of fox-hunting or the military, gives a different perspective on horses, dogs and humans. Wilson shows how Snaffles, with his lifelong love of the Army, used quotations from Kipling as captions for his pictures, most often invoking *Barrack Room Ballads* but sometimes inventing his own Kiplingesque captions. His clear and comprehensive account of Snaffles and Kipling is illustrated by two pictures. The Kipling Society is grateful to Rosenstiels Fine Art publishers, who represent the Snaffles estate, for permission to reproduce these here.

Part II of Kipling’s *Souvenirs of France*, edited by John Radcliffe, has Kipling in southwest France admiring the harmonious interactions of a little boy keeping his flock of baby turkeys in the shade, plough bullocks entering their stalls for their mid-day rest, and dogs in a little town proudly drawing small carts. Last comes a brief anthology, compiled by myself, of quotations about animals from Kipling’s prose and verse. This selection is much shorter than I would have wished, but I hope is enough to give a taste of our author’s amazing diversity of creatures. Finally, I wish all our members, of whatever faith or persuasion, a Merry Christmas.

## BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA AND KIM: A COMPARISON

BY CATHERINE QUINN

[Catherine Quinn, who works in university administration, did her first degree and her MA in English with The Open University, with a dissertation on Evelyn Waugh.]

Rudyard Kipling and his father John Lockwood Kipling shared a fascination with animals, nurtured in childhood and continued to a marked degree in their adult lives. Lockwood's memories of his Yorkshire childhood included the annual horse fair, and listening wide-eyed to the local blacksmith's account of shoeing a bull.<sup>1</sup> In Rudyard Kipling's memoir *Something of Myself*, written in old age, a stand-out memory is of running away as a toddler from a terrifying hen—a 'winged monster'—and of his father consoling him by drawing a picture of the incident with an accompanying limerick. As an adult, his cherished pets included a fox-terrier bitch in Lahore, the lion cub 'Sullivan' in South Africa, and later the Aberdeen terriers who inspired his late *Thy Servant a Dog* (1932). His dominant memory of a 'flu epidemic in London was that 'the undertakers had run out of black horses and the dead had to be content with brown ones.'<sup>2</sup>

Lockwood, who worked in the visual arts as Principal of Mayo School of Arts and Curator of Lahore Museum, published one full-length book, *Beast and Man in India: A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in their Relations with the People* (1891). This compendium of animal lore and anecdote, wide-ranging and highly detailed, was illustrated throughout with Lockwood's own delicate pen and ink drawings (plus a few by his Indian pupils).<sup>3</sup> Lockwood wrote in the introduction: 'It has seemed to me that an elementary study of Indian animals, their treatment and usage, and the popular estimates and sayings current about them, though involving much that is commonplace and trivial, opens a side door into Indian life, thought, and character, the threshold of which is still unworn'.<sup>4</sup> Kipling himself testified in *Something of Myself* that his novel *Kim* owed much to discussions with his father (pp. 139–44). Although *Kim* (1901) has only human protagonists, its many references to animal life make it hard to find a page that does not have at least one. Even where animals are not materially present (and they often are), they appear in proverbs, insults, and analogies – usually to say something about human character: as in the passage where an old man standing by the Grand Trunk Road calls himself 'an old tortoise ... who puts his head out from the bank and draws it in again,' and is interrupted by a furious rider yelling 'Son of a swine!' at an unlucky carter,

cursing his 'owl's folly' and calling him a 'shouting ape':<sup>5</sup> just one of many colourful insults in the book's 'vernacular' dialogues.

The influence of *Beast and Man* on Kipling's animal stories has already been remarked on.<sup>6</sup> Did it also influence *Kim*? It seems likely that Kipling drew on his father's 'encyclopaedic knowledge' both of Indian animal lore and of Indian culture for his novel.<sup>7</sup> In this essay, I compare the ways in which father and son wrote about three animals – horses, cattle and birds – to which Lockwood devotes a chapter each, and which also appear in *Kim* as part of the lives of ordinary Indians. Cattle were ubiquitous in 19<sup>th</sup> century India, both as sacred creatures and as a source of draught power for transporting goods and people and for water-wells and oil-presses; horses were ridden by the well-to-do and by cavalry regiments, while domesticated parrots and hens were common. (Notwithstanding Lockwood's long chapter on elephants, I do not discuss them because there are none in *Kim*, outside the lama's *Jataka* fable.(pp. 235–6 ))

A now standard reading of the *Jungle Books* takes Mowgli and the wild beasts as an allegory of empire.<sup>8</sup> Are Lockwood's anecdotes in *Beast and Man*, and the actual and figurative animals in *Kim*, a comparable 'side door' into the authors' views of the people of India?<sup>9</sup> Sune Borkfelt felt that fictional representation of animals in colonial writing reflect the way the author and/ or the author's culture view the 'natives.' Pratik Chakravarti has argued that Lockwood's insistence on Indians' 'ignorance and irrationality' manifests colonial prejudice, citing Lockwood's contemptuous statement that 'Firsthand observation and accurate statement of fact seem almost impossible to the Oriental, and education has not hitherto availed to help him,' and showing how *Beast and Man* conveniently ignores the practice of vivisection in Government laboratories.<sup>10</sup> Certainly, the attitude to Indians in *Beast and Man in India*, written just after the Bengal Government passed the 1890 Cruelty to Animals Act, views them as thoughtless and irresponsible. Arthur Ankers has written in *The Pater* that Lockwood and his wife Alice, though in general well-disposed towards Indians, were 'children of their age and shared its prejudices... There is no escaping the fact that at times they could both appear patronising and unsympathetic'.<sup>11</sup> The Introduction denounces Indians' management of beasts as almost uniformly cruel: 'The Hindu worships the cow, and is reluctant to take the life of any animal ... But that does not prevent the ox, the horse and the ass from being unmercifully beaten, over-driven, overlaid, under-fed, and worked with sores under their harness, nor does it save them from starvation when unfit to work.' (p. 11) For Harish Trivedi, 'If an anthology were to be compiled of the most denuncia-

validate the presence of British rule, the first chapter of *Beast and Man* would be a fair contender for inclusion'. Yet Trivedi finds the book a different matter, 'recount[ing] the folklore and proverbs associated with animals in the various parts of India,' which show 'a solicitous and loving concern for the animals, often verging on reverence, on the part of common people.'<sup>12</sup>

#### CATTLE IN *BEAST AND MAN* AND *KIM*

Cattle were crucial to Indian society, both for their sacredness to Hindus and for their draught power. Lockwood's long Chapter VI 'Of Cows and Oxen' (pp. 103–154) insists on the prominence of the cow in India, where the bull, the cow and the ox are 'foremost figures in both the rustic and urban scenery of the country ... The people have a passion – no other word is strong enough – for the possession of cattle' (pp. 103–4). There is something *natural* for Lockwood about Indians' possession of cattle, and he notes the benign relationship between cattle and humans: 'The cattle come and go at their own pleasure, and rub shoulders with humanity with an ineffable air of security and fellowship.' (p. 104) Yet he criticises Indians for their maltreatment of bullocks who are beaten with sticks, pricked with goads and/or have their tails twisted to make them move (although a cultivator 'will often work his cattle for hours together without a blow'). (p. 136) He also attacks the 'great but unintentional barbarity' of the Indian treatment of sick cattle by branding them with sacred signs: "Curious patterns of gridirons ... and mystic marks of Siva are scored deeply over shoulders whose only disease is the stiffness of age or the weakness of imperfect feeding' (p. 128).

The artist in Lockwood greatly admires the form of the typical Indian cow, different from the breeds found in Europe. He writes that while a 'British amateur' might at first dislike the typical pronounced 'hump and the falling hind-quarter ... he acknowledges at once the clean, thoroughbred legs, the fine expression of the eye, the air of breeding in the broad convex brow and slender muzzle, the character given by the deep thin dewlap, the smooth mole-like skin, and in the large breeds an undefinable majesty of mien.' (p. 115) His delicate sketches perfectly illustrate the elegance he finds in this beast (pp. 118–19, 123, 131, 139). He writes with a passionate interest of the varieties of breed that have evolved to cope with the different terrains in India (pp. 118–19), and notes the effect of the hill breeds on the landscape of the North:

'In the Himalaya, there are breeds of tiny, neatly formed animals with coats that look like black or brown cotton velvet. These pasture on the mountain-side, climbing almost as cleverly as goats, and their grazing paths, trodden for centuries, have covered leagues of steep

slope with a scale-work pattern of wonderful regularity when seen from far' (pp. 118).

This passage anticipates, and perhaps influenced, 'the tiny, sure footed cattle' of the villagers of Shamlegh in *Kim*. (p. 367) For Lockwood, the closeness between man and bullock becomes almost identity, so that in some aspects they become almost the same: 'When the oxen chew the cud and their masters take their nooning, the jaws of man and beast move in exactly the same manner': which Lockwood attributes to the Indian peasant's typical lunch, a 'dry thick cake of millet or wheaten meal [which] must be steadily chewed, completely milled and masticated before it can be swallowed.' (p136) Lockwood likewise compares village talk to cattle munching because of its 'endless repetitions. A company of old women will get through three miles in a discussion of whether two or three annas were demanded by the dealer and whether one and a half annas was too much to pay ... I have often followed such a group, wondering when the over-chewed cud would be swallowed down in silence.' (p. 143) Indeed, he is less impressed with the Indian than with his cow: 'It is with the cattle as with the people of India, the more you learn about them the more you find to interest you. But in regard to the cow and the ox one's admiration is unstinted, nor need it be qualified by hesitation and reserve.' (p. 116) Yet Lockwood's analysis of the peasant character in *Beast and Man* has a broader focus than just the native rural class of India. He sees Indian farmers as part of a universal peasant class: 'The close association of the ploughman with his cattle, the slow steady tramp at their heels over the field and over again in infinite turns, has given a bovine quality to the minds of those who follow the plough all round the world' (p. 136). The word 'bovine' though certainly betraying a Victorian, hierarchical view of humankind, has as much to do with class and occupation as race.<sup>13</sup>

*Kim* offers a happier view of Indians and their cattle than does *Beast and Man*, beginning with the scene in Lahore where Kim helps a stallholder by getting rid of an intrusive animal:

The huge, mouse-coloured Brahmini bull of the ward ... shouldering his way through the many-coloured crowd, a stolen plantain hanging from his mouth. He headed straight for the shop, well knowing his privileges as a sacred beast, lowered his head, and puffed heavily along the line of baskets ere making his choice. Up flew Kim's hard little heel and caught him on his moist blue nose. He snorted indignantly, and walked away across the tram-rails, quivering with rage. (p. 19)

Kipling makes this 'Brahmini bull' as much an individual as the woman who fills Kim's bowl with rice and curry as a reward for sending off the plundering animal.

Like Lockwood, *Kim* draws attention to unity between Indians and animals, but much more positively. In the description of sunset on the Grand Trunk Road, the low light 'painted for an instant the faces and the cart-wheels and the bullocks' horns as red as blood' before darkness falls, while at sunrise 'The diamond-bright dawn woke men and crows and bullocks together.' (pp. 90, 103) The villagers Kim and the lama meet on their travels are compared to their livestock: 'The men talked, slowly, as their cattle chew the cud' (p. 63), but Kipling does not represent the villagers as being bovine to a man. Although the headman 'cannot fathom' Kim's talk, a shrewd couple hope for a free cure for their cow, telling Kim that their 'red-spotted cow' who may be 'sister to thy Bull' is sick—but only because, as Kim perceives, they are hoping for a free cure for her. (p. 69). Later on, the simile is used by a Jat farmer of his peaceful community: 'Except when we are crossed, we are like our own buffaloes.' (p. 288)

#### **HORSES: LOCKWOOD AND RUDYARD**

Lockwood's chapter on horses puts strong emphasis on mismanagement, and he is particularly incensed by the restrictive practices in India which intentionally distort an animal's natural form and gait, resulting in a deformity of the head and neck, naturally 'a wonderful piece of construction.' (p. 170) He does criticise the English practice of making carriage horses carry their heads higher, but he claims this training is done only for half an hour daily, whereas in India a horse's head is tied 'tightly back and down for weeks at a time until a monstrous exaggeration of the natural curve of the neck is produced ... The gait of an animal with a crippled neck becomes mincing and constrained. But it is precisely this rickety, rocking, all-of-a-piece action that most pleases the Oriental, since it is supposed to resemble the dainty stepping' of a young horse' (pp. 170–1).

For Lockwood, there is something *unnatural* about Indian horse ownership. In spite of potentially excellent conditions – cheap horses, horse-keep and servants – India is a 'Purgatory' for those horses with native masters, rich or poor, rather than the 'Paradise' that it ought to be (p. 165). More recently, Wendy Doniger (1999) has pointed out that Indian horse ownership has historically been unusual due to the expense of a long dry season necessitating stall feeding (impossible for subsistence farmers) rather than pasture; furthermore, 'though the Indian soil apparently has enough lime and calcium to support cattle, it is not good soil for horses,' and consequently 'no native, village

tradition of horses developed in India as it did among the natives of Ireland or Egypt.’ She writes of a ‘tradition’ of visitors, incomers and invaders criticising Indian horse management, within which Lockwood certainly belongs. She also emphasises the strong tradition of horsemanship amongst Indian Muslims, represented in *Kim* by the horse-trader Mahbub Ali.<sup>14</sup> Lockwood is highly critical of Indian horse management at all levels of society; the horses kept by the lower classes are ‘liable to cruel ill-usage, over-work, neglect, and unrelieved bondage’ (p. 165), while those kept by the Indian upper classes ‘suffer from antiquated and barbarous systems of treatment, and are often killed by mistaken kindness or crippled by bad training.’ (p. 165) Indian horses suffer from confinement: ‘A group of young horses in a pasture, free to exult in their strength, is a sight not seen in India ... If you watch their God-given delight in motion and freedom, the birthright and wild desire of all young things, you must admit that this is a custom of cruelty. But the pedantry of horse-folk, everywhere inclined to stupidity, is inflexible in India.’ (pp. 166–7)

In fairness, Lockwood admits one major exception, quoting at length from his son’s account of Maharajah’s stables in Jodhpur (pp. 196–99), where the stables are immaculately clean, and the horses in excellent condition – ‘English, quite English,’ due to the Maharajah’s ‘English Master of Horse’ (pp. 196–8).<sup>15</sup> With unconscious irony (for the Kiplings are part of the colonial presence), Lockwood compares equine welfare in East and West, where the horse is treated ‘scientifically’ as the difference between ‘feudal and free conditions’ (p. 166), admiring the products of compassionate English breaking-in: ‘One of the most pleasant and vivid sensations to the returned Anglo-Indian is the sight of the superb draught horses of Britain, perhaps the most striking impersonations of the dignity of labour that the world can show.’ (p. 132) He is highly critical of native horsemanship. Denouncing the painful ‘thorn bit’ (illustrated on p. 173) he claims Indians are not attuned to the needs of the horse, with unfortunate consequences for the latter:

‘Some say the Indian bit is severe because the average horseman, being of slight build, is physically incapable of holding a horse with a fair one. There may be something in this, but the weakness is more moral than physical; nerve is more wanting than muscle, and reason most of all... There are of course many fine horsemen in the country, but they have usually been taught by an Englishman... It is no libel to say that the average native horseman is timid, and no timid rider can afford to be merciful...’ (p. 171).

Lockwood does, however, like and admire the Indian horse trader, a type familiar to him from childhood. Ankers' biography relates Lockwood's memory of a gypsy trying to sell his father a horse:

‘...to make the animal hold its tail up and look sprightly, the vendor had pushed a piece of ginger inside its “back passage”. As the horse was trotted up and down the ginger fell out and, before young John's astonished eyes, the gypsy picked it up, popped it in his mouth for a moment and then re-inserted it inside the cob’.<sup>16</sup>

The adult Lockwood loves the ‘horse talk’ of Indian dealers – the talking up of a horse's merits, the salesman's banter. He is fascinated by the method, long since obsolete in Europe, of examining the patterns made by the hairs of a horse's coat, in order to make claims about its pedigree. As a visual artist, he appreciates ‘the rich and pictorial effects’ of ‘whorls’ and ‘featherings’, though of course, he does not give the method any credence: ‘Among horse folk, unfamiliar with books, spoken lore takes such fantastic forms that you would think some fabulous creature was being talked of.’ (pp 178–80) Rudyard likewise regarded horse-dealers fondly. *Something of Myself* records a blissful childhood holiday on the edge of Epping Forest, keeping company with the locals including ‘a gipsy of the name of Saville, who told me tales of selling horses to the ignorant’.<sup>17</sup> And at the start of his early monologue *Dray Wara Yow Dee*, the Afghan horse-dealing narrator warns the listening ‘Sahib’ against his stock, which he intends for ‘the Officer fools who know so much of the horse. The mare is heavy in foal; the grey is a devil unlicked; and the dun—but you know the trick of the peg.’<sup>18</sup>

Horses and their treatment in *Kim*, both actual (either ridden by Mahbub Ali and his assistants, or associated with the military) and figurative (the training of a spy, discussed below) are far more positively treated. Horse-riding is a sign of rank; the old soldier who befriends the lama and Kim has served the British government during the Mutiny ‘as a native officer in a newly raised cavalry regiment’ (p. 65), and reminisces about carrying ‘an English Memsahib and her babe’ seventy miles to safety on his horse (p. 76). He has been rewarded in retirement by the British with a ‘good holding’ of land (p. 66), and loves to tell how the Englishmen whom he fought alongside, now Commissioners, come ‘riding to me through the crops – high upon horses so that all the village sees’ (p. 76). Doniger, discussing the symbolism of horses in *Kim*, notes that historically horse ownership in India has been associated with authority, whether Moghul or British, and points out that it matters to the old soldier that these visits are public, showing him to be ‘a person of consequence.’<sup>19</sup> Horses are expensive. His sons, also in British

cavalry regiments, have to be 'well mounted', which has impoverished their father (p. 66) who, 'withered' and lacking the 'marrow that makes a man,' himself rides 'a gaunt, scissor-hocked pony' (pp. 77, 72) too small for him. ('Scissor-hocked', coined by Kipling, means 'weak-legged'; cf Lockwood on Bengal ponies 'with weak hind legs working over each other like a pair of scissors': *Beast and Man* p. 184). His 'Rissaldur-major' son (p. 76) appears on a maddened 'Kathiawar mare, with eyes and nostrils aflame ... snorting and wincing as her rider bent her across the road in chase of a shouting man ... sitting the almost mad beast as a part of her, and lashing his victim between plunges.' This looks at first like confirmation of Lockwood on Indians' mistreatment of horses, but it's made clear that the rider is actually beating a human, a man whose upset cart has frightened the mare – and the furious animal is joining in the chase: 'she follows her man close,' as the carter hides from her (pp. 81–2). Like the greedy 'Brahmini bull,' this cavalry mare is individualised. *Pace* Lockwood Kipling, there is no mistreatment of horses in *Kim*, except when Mahbub Ali's neglectful men camp for the night 'on a piece of waste ground beside the railway; and, being natives, had not, of course, unloaded the two trucks in which Mahbub's animals stood' (p. 194).

The horse-dealer Mahbub himself rides a frisky Kabuli stallion (p. 152) and knows to handle a sensitive horse gently. As a Pathan, he belongs to one of the 'martial races', the ethnic or caste groups favoured by the British in colonial India, who, Heike Liebau writes 'were regarded as possessing a more masculine character, as being loyal and therefore especially suited for military service.'<sup>20</sup> Even more significantly, Mahbub is a Muslim and his faith (much admired by Kipling, whose own memoir begins by 'ascribing all good fortune to Allah, the Dispenser of events'),<sup>21</sup> had strong traditions of horsemanship. Mahbub embodies wealth, bravery, vitality, and sensuality. His encounter with the Flower of Delight ends in a drunken stupor only because he has planned it so (pp. 33–5), and elsewhere he indulges in 'casual amours' (p. 199), so it is no surprise that he rides a virile horse which outpaces Colonel Creighton's. "'Hi! Mahbub, you old villain, pull up!' cried a voice, and an Englishman raced alongside on a little polo-pony. 'I've been chasing you half over the country. That Kabuli of yours can go.'" (p. 152).

Mahbub is willing to do business with the British, but remains very much his own man. He has the traditional horse-trader's duplicity, shared by his fellow spies. Kim's letter-writer does not see that Creighton's apparent dimness over horses is an act: 'The dealers call him the father of all fools, because he is so easily cheated about a horse,' (p. 165) but Kim understands that 'like the horse-dealer, the Colonel evidently respected people who did not show themselves to be too clever' (p.

166). The ability to construct a smokescreen by playing the fool is shared by Kim, Mahbub and Creighton: 'Here was a man after his own heart – a tortuous and indirect person playing a hidden game. Well, if he could be a fool, so could Kim' (p. 166).

The most famous figurative horse in *Kim* is of course the 'pedigree of the white stallion', which is actually code for the report on the confederacy of Five Kings against the British Empire which Mahbub has smuggled from the 'Passes of the North' (pp. 25, 29) and entrusts to Kim to deliver in Chapter 1. There is a spirit of mystery and playfulness in this imaginary horse. For Doniger, it implies that the colonizing British are racially superior: 'I need not point out the significance of the color of the stallion in a book by Kipling (who coined the phrase, "the white man's burden.")'<sup>22</sup> Parama Roy, however, argues that Kipling is not being serious here, and that the pedigree business 'stems from a male code of lying or exaggerating the quality of horses'.<sup>23</sup> Horses in Kipling's short stories are often associated with jests and deceptions, as in 'The Broken-Link Handicap' and 'The Rout of the White Hussars'.<sup>24</sup>

The skilled breaking of horses, Mahbub Ali's metaphor for the training of a spy, is crucial to *Kim*. When Kim is first taken by the British Army, Father Victor thinks of him as a 'wild animal' in captivity (p. 147); but Mahbub Ali knows better. Having rescued Kim from a bullying drummer-boy, he persuades Colonel Creighton, under pretence of selling him a polo pony, that Kim is a naturally gifted recruit who 'knows the game by divination' and would be wasted as a soldier. 'They will put heavy boots on his feet ... Then he will forget all he knows'. When he adds that Kim once delivered 'a message concerning the pedigree of a white stallion,' the 'quivering and tongue-tied' boy thinks Mahbub is mocking him, but he is really being tested. "'My horse is well trained,'" said the dealer. "Others would have kicked.'" (pp. 153–4) Won over, Creighton continues the code: 'The colt will be entered for polo only.' (p. 161).

Polo, a sport with military origins, enthusiastically adopted by the British in India,<sup>25</sup> is of course code for the 'Great Game' of spying to defend the north-west frontier for the British. After hearing Creighton's advice on how to conduct himself as a 'chainman' – i.e. a link in the British Empire's system of command – Kim himself muses that 'We be all on one lead-rope, then ... the Colonel, Mahbub Ali and I,' (p. 169) clearly meaning not only that they are 'bound' to the British Empire and its Game but that they all belong to the same team. Later, when Kim breaks bounds during the school holidays, Mahbub defends his behaviour as natural: 'Men are like horses. At certain times they need salt, and if that salt is not in the mangers they will lick it up from the earth' (p. 181). Kim finds the 'salt' he needs on the road to Simla,

helping Mahbub gather together scattered horses upset by a stampeding elephant, and witnessing ‘the incessant twanging of tonga-horns and the wild rush of the led horses when a tonga swung round a curve’ (pp. 207–8). When Kim is fifteen, Mahbub insists that further schooling will only make him stale: ‘The pony is made – finished – mouthed and paced, Sahib! From now on, day by day, he will lose his manners if he is kept at tricks. Drop the rein upon his back and let him go... Who expects any colt to carry heavy weights at first?’ (pp. 245–6)

Mahbub’s attitude to horse training forms a striking contrast to Lockwood Kipling’s insistence on the unthinking cruelty of ‘native’ horse-trainers. It also differs markedly from Rudyard Kipling’s own use of the horse-breaking figure for his own youthful experiences. The unbroken horse/young man analogy, very common in Kipling’s work, spoke to him on a deeply personal level.<sup>26</sup> In *Something of Myself*, he wrote of both his schooldays and his early career in journalism as ‘breaking-in’. Of a severe master he could write: ‘The tone, matter and setting of his discourse were as brutal... as the necessary wrench on the curb that fetches up a too-flippant colt’; and of his journalistic training in India, when he typically worked a ten to 15-hour day, suffering in the intense heat with frequent fever and chronic dysentery: ‘My Chief took me in hand, and for three years I loathed him. He had to break me in, and I knew nothing.’<sup>27</sup> He had used the same figure in a letter in 1886: ‘I was brought out of the stockyard on trust. Bitted, mouthed and broken to saddle polo and harness on spec’.<sup>28</sup> The same insistence on harsh training appears in his fable ‘A Walking Delegate’ which preaches that horses need to be ‘broke an’ raw-hided a piece.’<sup>29</sup> The fortunate Kim escapes such brutal discipline.

#### PARROTS, HENS AND WOMEN

Lockwood’s chapter ‘Of Birds’ is particularly rich in Indian folklore and proverbs. In this chapter, as Alex Bubb has written,

‘we learn that crows are associated variously with the flight of dead souls, with knavery, and also with pomp and vanity. Mothers tell naughty babies the crows will fly away with them, and gypsies have a trick of trapping crows and then holding them hostage before the shop of a pious *bania*, threatening to wring the captive’s neck unless the Hindu shopkeeper will ransom it with a few pice. Thus we have custom, old saws, debased mythology, and a street scene, blended together in conversational culture.’<sup>30</sup>

Lockwood is far more interested than his son in the varieties of Indian birds. His 40-page chapter ‘Of Birds’, the longest after ‘Of Cattle’,

covers parrots, weaver-birds, caged song-birds, often kept by workmen in India as in England, hoopoes, cranes, chickens, ducks, peacocks, kites, falcons and others, the customs associated with them, and the role played by different birds in proverbs and figures of speech. He begins this chapter with parrots, illustrated by a striking full-page drawing of an Indian woman tending to a parrot in a cage, her left hand remarkably like a bird's talon (p. 17). Although Lockwood doesn't draw a direct analogy between caged birds and women, the implication is there, reinforced in a passage a few pages on about *koko*, the 'baby-word for crow' in a popular lullaby, leading to an account of Indian women's talk, 'something like a separate language—*chhoti boli*—literally, little talk—the clipped and childish speech of imprisoned women of starved intellect, an evidence of a great social disability.' (pp. 30–1). Lockwood, as we have seen, is distressed by cruelty. He and his wife had a great concern (shared by Rudyard, who wrote about it in his journalism and in his tragic story *Beyond the Pale*),<sup>31</sup> for the social situation of women in India, in particular the numerous women who had been child-brides and as widows were forbidden to marry again;<sup>32</sup> here he condemns the 'unnatural treatment, denial of instruction and seclusion of women'. (p. 31)

There is also an association between Indian women, chickens and domesticity. Lockwood compares two proverbs associating women and chickens, both fairly derogatory: "A whistling woman and a crowing hen are neither fit for God nor men" he calls 'a mild English saying', whereas 'the Indian version is infamous, for it says, "A hen's crow and a woman's word no one trusts."' He also mentions sayings associating women and girls with hens in the context of domesticity: 'Domestic duties are regularly taught to the girls of the household, so they say "When the hen scratches, the chickens learn."' (p. 40).

The situation of Indian women appears in *Kim* through the character of the 'Kulu Sahiba', the old lady travelling in a litter who befriends the lama and Kim. Kipling consistently highlights two aspects of her character and situation – enclosure and speech; and she is twice directly compared to a parrot. Lockwood is in favour of this kind of bold comparison: 'We all know excellent ladies who remind us of camels, devoted mothers who suggest cows, charming girls who are as fawns or gazelles, sharp grandames who are like hawks, eagles, or parrots, etc... but we may not often say so'. (pp. 103–4) The Sahiba's first appearance is introduced by an explanation that Indian women must at all times be veiled and enclosed: 'you heard from halted, shuttered carts the high squeals and giggles of women whose faces should not be seen in public' (p. 93), and that pious widows like to go on pilgrimage: 'Very often it suits a long-suffering family that a strong-tongued, iron-willed old



Caged Parrot and Woman by Lockwood Kipling

lady should disport herself about India in this fashion' (p. 94). 'Strong-tongued' suggests, significantly, the meaty texture of a parrot's tongue, and everyone remarks on the Sahiba's volubility, especially her long-suffering servants. 'She and the parrots are alike. They screech in the dawn' (p. 65), and later, in a direct comparison, 'She chuckled like a contented parrot above the sugar lump.' (p. 307). The Sahiba is seen either behind curtains in her litter, at an upper window, or indoors, and always veiled (pp. 107, 393–4). The tone of her 'cackle' (pp. 92, 94), is likened to the sounds of birds; we are told that she 'chirruped' (p. 99), 'shrilled' (pp. 306, 325) and 'clucked.' (pp. 325, 394) Though Lockwood's *Beast and Man* may or may not have directly influenced the portrait of the Sahiba, his aperçu about 'sharp grandames who are like hawks, eagles, or parrots' is certainly telling.

Yet the contents of the Sahiba's speech are far from 'choti-boli'. Kim at once thinks her an attractive character, 'a merry and a high-spirited dame', (p. 93) and muses that on the road 'The old lady ... would talk a great deal, and by what he had heard that conversation would not lack salt.' (p. 104) Her speech indeed has character and force: an insulting carter is seen off 'from behind the shaking curtains' with a 'volley of invective' which reduces him to 'astonished reverence' by its 'blistering, biting appropriateness' (p. 104). The lama, unused to the company of women, finds her talk hard going, remarking after their first meeting, with unaccustomed wryness: 'The husbands of the talkative have a great reward hereafter' (p. 103), and later he complains 'She will deafen me with her clamour' (pp. 308, 322). Yet he acknowledges that she is 'virtuous, kindly and hospitable' and later on 'a woman with a heart of gold' albeit 'a talker – something of a talker.' (pp. 93, 387) There are other references to her virtues: she is respected in her community ('the authority of the Sahiba... fetched a wide compass by those parts,' p. 228); and lastly, Mahbub says she is '*pukka*' (p. 401).

Hollington says: 'The association of women with birds, more particularly the Sahiba, with one bird, the parrot, is initially derogatory',<sup>33</sup> yet even on their first encounter the lama recognizes her good qualities, and his admiration increases on further acquaintance. At the Sahiba's house there are two direct comparisons of women with chickens. In the first the Sahiba herself is compared to a hen in eyes and voice: 'She wiped her old red eyes on a corner of her veil, and clucked throatily' (p. 325). The second quote also refers to veiling (enclosure); 'The two old women, a little, but not much, more careful about their veils now, clucked as merrily as the hens that had entered pecking through the open door' (p. 394). Both times, the simile is associated with the Sahiba's generosity and her delicious cookery, especially her feast to restore Kim after his breakdown: 'She took spices, and milk,

and onion, with little fish from the brooks – anon limes for sherbets, fat quails from the pits, then chicken-livers upon a skewer, with sliced ginger between.’ (p. 393) The likeness between woman and hen is associated with her domestic role as nurturing and healing. It seems that Kipling is modifying an at best dismissive animal association to express a positive view of Indian women, just as his use of the parrot comparison, despite its potentially misogynistic emphasis on the Sahiba’s shrill speech, in fact helps to create a sympathetic portrait of a strong, kind and authoritative woman who lives life to the full within the restrictions imposed by her culture.

This close comparison of *Beast and Man* with *Kim* shows that Lockwood and Rudyard Kipling cover similar ground with different emphases, the latter giving a much more positive view of the relations between Indians and the animals among whom they live. And Rudyard Kipling very likely did draw on the proverbial wisdom collected in Lockwood’s book, as well as conversations with his father, when he created the ‘vernacular’ dialogues between Indians that fill his masterpiece.

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#### NOTES

- 1 Arthur R. Ankers, *The Pater* p. 9
- 2 Kipling, *Something of Myself*, pp. 4, 171–2, 105
- 3 Ankers, p. 105
- 4 John Lockwood Kipling, *Beast and Man in India* p. 14. Subsequent references appear as page numbers in the text
- 5 Kipling *Kim* pp. 81–2.
- 6 Philip Holberton, 'Lockwood and Rudyard', edited notes, 2017 <[http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/rg\\_beastandman.htm](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/rg_beastandman.htm)> [accessed 14 July 2020]; Ankers, p. 105
- 7 Ankers, p. 105
- 8 John McBratney *Imperial Subjects, Imperial Space*, pp. 288–90
- 9 Parama Roy, 'Kipling's Bestiary', p. 821
- 10 Sune Borkfelt, 'Colonial Animals and Literary Analysis' p. 558 See also Pratik Chakrabarti 'Beasts of Burden: Animals and Laboratory Research in Colonial India', pp. 139–40
- 11 Ankers, pp. 105–6
- 12 Harish Trivedi 'Of Beasts and Gods in India' p. 32
- 13 Helena Wojtczak, 'Living conditions of the Upper and Lower Classes in Victorian Hastings'
- 14 Wendy Doniger, 'Presidential Address: "I Have Scinde": Flogging a Dead (White Male Orientalist) Horse.' p. 950

- 15 The long passage quoted in *Beast and Man* is from Rudyard Kipling's report 'Among the Houynhnms', No. XIV of 'Letters of Marque', *Pioneer* 4 February 1888, collected in *From Sea to Sea* Vol.1, 1900
- 16 Ankers, p. 9
- 17 Kipling, *Something of Myself*, p. 17
- 18 Kipling 'Dray Wara Yow Dee' (1888), *Soldiers Three and other stories* (Macmillan 1919) p. 232. [The dun horse has learned how to slip his heel-rope off its peg: Omer Salim Khan, *New Reader's Guide*, [www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk). Ed.]
- 19 Doniger, pp. 945–6
- 20 Heike Liebau, 'Martial Races, Theory of' (Version 1.1)
- 21 Kipling *Something of Myself* p. 1
- 22 Doniger, pp. 953–4
- 23 Parama Roy, 'Kipling's Bestiary'
- 24 John McGivering (2003) 'The Rout of the White Hussars', <[http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/rg\\_hussars1.htm](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/rg_hussars1.htm)> [notes, accessed 29 September 2020]
- 25 Richard C. Latham, 'Polo'
- 26 On the necessity of school discipline, see Kipling's poems 'Let us now praise famous men' and 'The Colts'. See also Professor Joyce Tompkins <[http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/rg\\_walkingdel1.htm](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/rg_walkingdel1.htm)> quoted in Alastair Wilson's notes (2013) to 'A Walking Delegate', [accessed 13 September 2020]
- 27 Kipling, *Something of Myself*, pp. 36, 41
- 28 Kipling, 30 April, 1886. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed. Thomas Pinney (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press and Macmillan Press Ltd., 1996) vol.1, pp. 126–27.
- 29 Kipling 'A Walking Delegate', *The Day's Work* (Macmillan 1898) p. 76. 'Raw-hided' means 'whipped'
- 30 Alex Bubb, 'The Verbal Vernacular' p. 25
- 31 Charles Allen, *Kipling Sahib*, (2007) p. 210. [See also pp. 101–2 of my chapter 'Kipling's Indian Love Lyrics' in *Kipling in India: India in Kipling* eds. Harish Trivedi and Janet Montefiore, London and Delhi, Routledge 2020. Ed.]
- 32 Ankers, p. 108
- 33 Michael Hollington, 'Storytelling in *Kim*', quoted in Norton edition of *Kim*, pp. 385–6

## JOHN MCGIVERING PRIZE 2022

This year's prize, judged by Jan Montefiore, Mary Hamer and Sarah LeFanu, was offered for stories about animals (word limit 2000). The 21 entries were fewer than last year's 63 poems but high quality; unexpectedly, three were from children. We again awarded joint First Prizes, to 'The Eagle and the Wolf' and 'Hidden Dragon' and to one runner-up 'Little Brother,' together with one Children's Prize.

### FIRST PRIZE (JOINT)

**'The Eagle and the Wolf'** by Steve Wade. This lively, well-told story of two creatures who become unlikely hunting partners engages with Kipling's 'Laws of the Jungle' and gives us a fresh take on mutual respect and alliance in the animal kingdom, against a background of human destruction and self-destruction. The powerful writing was backed by research, the well-established physical world giving impressive credibility to the eagle's point of view. Hints of a backstory were enticing and handled well.

**'Hidden Dragon'** by Satterday Shaw. Through a wholly believable creation of a child's voice and perspective – not just any child, but one singled out and excluded by disability – this tells a poignant and complex tale of childhood bullying and being bullied, while exploring the role of the creative imagination in psychic survival. The ingenious use of the Dragon/Dragon Rider motif suggests the rages the child struggles with. Intense and serious, it reminded us of how Kipling drew on his creativity to survive the House of Desolation.

### Runner-Up: **'Little Brother'** by Mary Seymour

Ingenious twist or reversal of 'Mowgli's Brothers', with a well imagined setting in a hunter-gatherer community.

Highly Commended: Rory Kirby **'Afghan Donkey'**, A. McVeigh **'Topaz, the Cat at No.21'**, Carla King **'The Cat That Walked'**

### CHILDREN'S PRIZE

**'Parugan'** by Evelyn C. Carpenter. A lively, vivid story about the adventures of two king cobra brothers, neatly structured into four chapters and told with energy and brio. We think RK would have enjoyed this story – as, surely, would his own literary hero, Robert Louis Stevenson!

Highly commended: 'Ms Gibbons' by Abigail Randall, 'Papaya' by Benjamin Shpilman

## THE EAGLE AND THE WOLF

BY STEVE WADE

High above the ruined valley, Lequoia watches and waits for the yellow fire in the sky to burn away the night. Although her crop is flat and her stomach empty, a force greater than the instinct to hunt down and tear a living creature from the air or pluck some four-legged runner from the land holds her as though she were fastened to a breaking post by leather jesses.

Never has Lequoia seen daybreak from such a vantage point. From hand-reared hatchling to sleek-plumaged golden eagle, with lightning raging in her talons, morning has always splintered into her shadowy enclosure of willow wood and bison hide.

Tilting her head one way, and then the other, her neck feathers splayed like a crown, Lequoia unfolds her great wings, crouches, and leaps from her craggy mountain perch.

"Azhe'e," she whistles, "*Father*," as she glides and spirals with ease into the destroyed village. But she does not alight.

Strange black clouds of dust rise from the tangled mass of wood, stone, bodies, animal-hide and charred flesh. Licking flames tongue tepee skeletons and crumbling shelters.

Death. Everywhere death: purposeless death that will heal no hunger.

And then she sees him. His broken body half-swallowed by the ravenous earth. The one who had raised her as though her blood was his, who fed her, who honed her hunting skills, who carried her with him when he galloped across the whitened plains, the one his people, the Navajo Nation, called Na t'aanii, "*Leader*," and Lequoia called Father.

"Wee-eo-hyo-hyo-hyo," Lequoia cries as she beats her wings skyward. She repeats the lament while she climbs higher into the heron-grey sky. And she goes on screaming and climbing until her lungs collapse and her muscles fail.

In a gliding descent, scanning the dying landscape, Lequoia moves only her head, zooming in on the mighty redwoods stripped of all dignity, even their noble silence, as they thunder and bellow their plunge to the sickly earth.

Flattened conifer forests. Riverbanks torn asunder like vital arteries ripped open by some giant tomial tooth, the lifeblood spilling, corrupting and congealing.

Lequoia submits to space, as her wings carry her to the great red chasm, where she lands upon a cliff-top perch and waits. Although now

she knows not why she waits. Accustomed though she is, to the North Wind's razor teeth, there is neither refuge of wood nor leather hide on the chasm ledge to escape the Wind's relentless torment.

Had she a swollen belly or full crop, she would be ready to battle her unseen foe. Further weakened from her ascent above the clouds, she tucks her head beneath her wingpit and hunts about for the one quarry that seldom escapes: sleep. But Lequoia's sleep is ragged. Fractured images of the blinding light that came with the thunderbird that coughed her skyward like a vomited food pellet won't leave her alone: darkness lit up like daytime. Crazy figures soaked in red, clamoring about, snarling, wailing, those without mouths muttering, the whites of maddened eyes, others eyeless, faceless; shredded fingers scrabbling at rock and wood for entombed and screaming offspring; and the separated six-legged beasts kicking, crawling, shrieking and whinnying their last against the apocalyptic fury.

Lequoia's heavy eyelids push apart. She casts about for movement. But the skies are as bereft of winged prey as the destroyed valley, fallen forests and the canyon are emptied of four-footed creatures whose warm flesh would stave off the deadly cold. Lifting and curling alternately her left and right feet to her belly for warmth, she shifts her head – better to hear the reasoning words whispered to her by the North Wind.

"Come, Lequoia," whispers the Wind. "Fly with me. Time to unfurl your wings and feel the warm air currents play about your feathers as we sail towards perpetual heat. The long sleep."

The Wind is right. As a warrior whose freedom during her four seasons was curtailed, a skilled huntress accustomed to the vagaries of the chase, when quarry eludes or reneges and becomes enemy, she knows there is nothing to which you cannot make an adjustment.

But just as her body conforms and accepts the North Wind's slashing teeth, and her instincts resign and await the inevitable, an ululation rippling through the air frees her from the North Wind's embrace.

To shout down the lonely cry, the North Wind sucks in his flabby cheeks and bellows. But his roar succeeds only in amplifying the creature's cry by hitting the sound as it bounces and echoes off the red rock canyon walls and carries it closer. The sound made by a young mai-coh, born of the grey-wolf-clan.

The wolf howls again.

Although not Lequoia's natural quarry, she, together with her sister huntresses and her father, had once taken down and triumphed over a wolf, an alpha-female, that had been acting as a decoy to lure away the tribe's dogs. Soon as the amorous canines were safely away from the village, the wolf pack struck. Masters of survival, when quarry was lean, the wolf pack adapted.

Shaking away the images, Lequoia focuses. The river snaking through the canyon appears to have mostly escaped the thunderbird's surprise attack – the whitened riverbanks in places showing dark clearings, the only fallout from the devastation outside the canyon walls.

And then into a clearing lopes a creature furred in winter white.

Before Lequoia can consider her weakened state, she is airborne. In a few graceful flaps, she powers in on the now sprinting wolf.

The wolf, while in an even greater outburst of speed, twists quickly its panting head, its pink ribbon of tongue whipping across its muzzle.

Aiming to grasp the animal's throat, her talons miss and snare the wolf's flanks. A high-pitched yelp bleeds into frenzied snarling, and Lequoia is momentarily startled, as the far heavier animal's jaws clamp down on her wing, pulling and shaking.

"Keya-hyo-hyo-hyo," she screams as Mother Earth and Father Sky tumble about. "*Help. Help.*"

But this time no winged huntresses to her aid cleave the air. Nor does a rider in feathered hunting plumage arrive, as once her father did when she targeted a coyote. Lequoia is alone. And on her own she must overpower the growling, white-toothed prey turned foe. This she does not reason. Her body tells her. It is Lequoia's body, too, that detaches the talons of one foot from the wolf's flanks and, in a movement swifter than a submerging alligator, strikes out and latches onto the wolf's neck, and curls her toes.

The wolf yelps. And Lequoia feels its snarls buzzing into her foot and coursing upward, vibrating in her breast.

Exerting huge pressure on the animal's windpipe, Lequoia feels the wolf's jaws slacken, and she pulls free her wing. With both sets of talons now fastened on its throat, she shifts and leans out of snapping range.

She then watches the wolf's eyes begin to migrate, the lids almost nuzzling.

From outside the canyon another crack of thunder and flash of lightning. Startled, she releases her hold.

"Ama," the wolf cries. "*Mama.*"

As in a vague dream only now recalled, Lequoia has heard this young animal's call before. Like a deep-crimson-coloured butterfly in lazy light, the pictures that come with the wolf's cry for its mama flit about behind her outer vision. The last great snowmelt, all around newness and birth, Lequoia perched next to her father atop the feral mustang. In the distance across the desert, the fleeing wolf, the alpha-female. The jolting landscape shifting, righting as her father releases her. The bongo beat in her breast increasing, the chant – serpent-like – following. The female wolf twisting, rearing up to meet Lequoia's

attack. Teeth connecting. Behind Lequoia's eyes a volcanic eruption. Her scream for back-up. Her sisters' answering calls as they swoop to her rescue. Jaws releasing, the volcanic pain subsiding. Lequoia's talons reconnecting, as she and her sister eagles, their combined might, overcome their fearsome foe. And then Lequoia hears it: "Ama, Ama," "Mama, Mama." The cry comes from beneath the shade thrown by a pinyon pine that pushes through a rocky outcrop only wingbeats away: a wolf cub.

More clearly now, Lequoia remembers how the tiny cub, as white as Winter's hoary breath, displayed remarkable courage by dashing into the killing fray. From its throat a low, pneumatic hum that defied its size and age. A true warrior, with ears flattened to its head, the cub peeled back its lips, bearing fangs as sharp as honey locust thorns and whiter than sun-bleached bones.

"Seize him. Quickly," one of her sisters whistled, voicing the general feeling among the aquiline-billed convocation. For, as huntresses who owed their strength and continuance to the nourishment provided by the warm blood and flesh of other animals and birds, they respected their prey. Lequoia and her sisters obeyed hunting rules they were born with, and others passed to them from their Navajo teachers. They took only from Mother Earth and Father Sky creatures sufficient to allow them to survive.

Another rule by which they abided was that they must cause no animal to suffer. So, for this reason, when Lequoia slashed out and downwards her talons at the snarling wolf cub worrying her breast with its jaws, cleaving into the animal's pinkish belly, which sent the brave little warrior screaming and fleeing to its nearby den, leaving blotches of red in the snow, every bird understood the importance of retrieving the cub and preventing its slow and painful bleeding before the long sleep.

With their Navajo keepers, Lequoia and her sisters set up camp and waited for hunger to pull the wolf cub from its refuge. But the cub's staying power both impressed and frustrated.

Forced to dig out the cub from its den, the Navajo warriors were further impressed, as was Lequoia and her sisters, to discover the animal had escaped detection of many eyes and ears. Without ceremony, Lequoia's father released her to the skies, where she spiralled upward and scanned the earth for signs of the stricken animal – all in vain. The cub had vanished. It lay suffering its last somewhere, thanks to their failed hunt.

But the cub had survived. And now it has gone to ground again. This time it would surely perish.

A runner in the distance, zigzagging through the snow, snares Lequoia's attention. Crouching and opening her great wings, she lifts herself into space, where she powers low and swift after the fleeing creature. Within seconds Lequoia's talons are squeezing away the last of the rabbit's short life.

The soft flesh sliding down her throat brings instant heat and energy. And then she sees him, the dotted outline of a collar around his neck where her talons had pierced his skin. Half-grown and injured, it will take little effort now to send him towards the long sleep. But the cub stands there, his tongue lolling, salivating, fixed upon the prey in Lequoia's talons. And when he moves forward, he walks with a limp.

"Here," Lequoia says. "Take what's left." And she tosses him the remains of the rabbit carcass.

The cub bolts it in one mouthful. He then beats his tail from side to side, on his muzzle a smile.

Without the legs to carry him at speed, Lequoia knows the cub has no chance of survival. As a warrior who has survived her two attempts on his life, she owes him.

"All the prey is gone topside," she says. "But where there is one rabbit, there are many."

The wolf cub confirms the abundance of prey in the valley. For now, he tells her, since the great thunderbird roar, most of the animals are lying low.

"Come, mai-coh, born of the grey-wolf clan," she says. "To hunt, you and I."

And away they go, the strangest of hunting partners, eagle and wolf, as though they are brother and sister, and their very continuance has always depended upon the other.

## HIDDEN DRAGON

BY SATTERDAY SHAW

In the playground they're playing It but me and Jonathan sit in our fort. We puff our breath on the air and pretend we're smoking cigarettes like Jonathan's big brother except I pretend I'm a dragon but I don't tell Jonathan. Lewis leans through and thumps me because the fort hasn't got walls, only seats and a roof.

'Don't hit Davey! He's my best friend.' Jonathan tries to thump Lewis back.

Lewis laughs and runs.

Jonathan isn't my best friend because I don't have any friends. He has stupid eyes that are all blue and smiling like that baby penguin in *Happy Feet*. Everybody likes Jonathan but nobody likes the penguin because he dances instead of sings. They all like Jonathan even though he's the worst reader in Year 5 and he can't hardly write and he always has to sit in the same chair and he hits you if you sit in his chair or if you call him a name in the playground he will strangle you until you're dead and he won't even care but I'm not afraid of him because he's a stupid happy penguin and I'm a Dragon Rider.

'Anyway, we're going to live next door to you,' he says.

But Jonathan's mum hasn't even got a car so I don't think she's going to buy the house next door because it must cost a lot of money, at least ten thousand pounds. My dad can afford a big house and the best car, which is an Audi.

'Yeah, my dad's going to buy the house next door, and me and you are going to live there,' I say.

'Will we have parties?'

'Yeah, parties, and Lewis and Xavier will come to them. And Jess.' All the boys love Jess so she'll have to be there, shaking her hair across her shoulders like on the telly.

Jonathan scratches his head and his stupid happy eyes shine at me like my wind-up torch. 'Jess is going to be there with no clothes on.' He laughs. 'And we're going to sex her.'

I make myself laugh but that's too rude. It's dirty. 'You're dirty.'

His penguin face goes red. 'Don't say that, Davey.'

I feel pins and needles in my shoulders and I want to stop or fly away but I can't stop myself. It's like near the end of a film when you can't wait to see what's going to happen. 'Dirty!'

He roars and he's on me with his smell of farts and vinegar and he head-butts me and makes my nose crumple into my brain and hurt me so I curl into a ball and scream so he can't get at me except his fists

thump my back. Miss is telling him to stop and Lewis is saying, 'I'll get Mr Belcher,' and Miss says, 'Jonathan, come with me now and get a drink of water. Come along. You're safe.'

He takes hold of her hand and goes and everybody lines up for class. Everybody except me.

I go back to Mr Belcher's office and look at my page of timeses which you also call multiply. Mr Belcher isn't there so I write some answers in pen even though he makes me use a pencil. My handwriting is superb. And I can hear. I'm not deaf. I hear two grown-ups say things about me while they're standing in the corridor.

One of them says: 'You've only seen David behaving himself but he can be scary. Last time he was in class he started screeching like a monkey, flapping his arms and jumping from table to table. It disturbs the other kids.'

A dragon not a monkey.

'It's like he's possessed by the devil.'

'In my opinion, he's skit-so-frantic.'

They're telling the new teacher's helper and then they catch sight of me where I'm sitting in the headteacher's office and they look upset and walk away quick. They're women. It's all women who work in this school apart from Mr Belcher and Mr White. Mr Belcher has the loudest voice and he comes back in his office and says, 'Take your thumb out of your mouth, David, and look at me... Yes, Mr Belcher.'

His eyes pin me like staples from the staple gun.

'Yes Mr Belcher.'

'This could be very serious. I want you to tell me the truth about what happened in the playground, with Jonathan. You need to think about whether you are telling the truth, because I will know if you're telling lies. And, more importantly, God will know. God can see into your heart, David.'

'Jonathan head-butted me and I didn't even hit him.'

'Yes, but what happened *before* that, David?'

'I didn't even say nothing to him; he just went mental and then he was punching me.'

Next morning Mr Belcher says I can go back to my class.

'I'm sure you will get on with your work and behave yourself, David,' he says.

He walks in front of me through the hall and the ICT suite into Miss Collins' class. The room seems too big and bright and all the other kids look at me which is because I'm a Dragon Rider not a dragon and I go to my seat at the front table next to Lewis.

‘Yeah, Davey,’ he whispers with his eyes laughing and he taps his ruler on the table like a roll of drumsticks and I’m not bored and I’m warm and I look across to catch Jonathan’s eye but he’s not there.

‘Where’s Jonathan?’ I wish he was here.

Miss Collins comes across. ‘Lewis and David, you need to pay attention to what I’m saying so you’ll know what to do.’ She smells like coconut bars.

We look at the board. We’ll save up having fun for later.

Nobody knows where Jonathan is. At break they say he must be off sick.

‘No, he got excluded for assault on another pupil. That’s you, Davey,’ says Lewis. He’s trying to climb the wire netting round the football pitch because it isn’t our turn to play.

‘What’s excluded?’ says Xavier.

‘It’s when – ‘

‘No, let me say, Lewis.’ I thump him so he lets go of the wire. ‘It’s when they send you home and you watch telly and my dad says I’m a bloody liability and it’s all my mum’s fault and I’m not allowed on my Xbox. My mum gets mad because she can’t go to work but she makes me potato waffles and beans for dinner which is way better than a school meal, anyway.’

Miss comes across and tells us to get off the fence.

Next day I go into class and I sit down and do my mental maths and I use a pen. Miss doesn’t say Jonathan’s name at Register. Nobody is looking at me for being in class. Miss Collins says she’ll give me a sticker if I do all my mental maths so when she goes round getting the right answers I cross mine out and put the right number with my pen and give myself a tick so I get 10 out of 10.

‘What do I times 8 by to get 40?’ Miss Collins asks and I look out of the window under where the blinds are down to stop the sun being too bright and I wonder if it’s going to snow. Lewis next to me is jiggling all over, Xavier is swinging his legs and the shadow of a dragon flaps across the blind but nobody notices except me.

Miss Collins asks, ‘If these fractions were having a pizza party, which would eat the most?’ and everybody looks at the board.

If it snows maybe the school will close and me and Jonathan and Lewis will go flying down the hill in Wolsey Park on sledges which feels nearly as good as riding a dragon. I wish Jonathan was here.

And the next day when I go in, Jonathan is there but when I take my coat off in class Miss Collins sends me back to Mr Belcher’s office. Mr Belcher isn’t even there so I sit doing nothing until it’s time for

Assembly and Mr Belcher comes in and says, 'Take your thumb out of your mouth, David,' and, 'I will have my eye on you.'

I go into Assembly and I hope that it's Candle Mass so we'll all light candles and I can set fire to the girl's hair in front of me. She's from Year 4 and she'll scream and run and I'll laugh but Mr Belcher says that's next week so I'm bored and then I try to catch Jonathan's eye and Lewis's.

We play it at break until Jess complains to Miss that me and Jonathan won't let go and Miss tells us to leave the girls alone so we go in the corner.

'Anyway, I was on my Xbox yesterday and I went outside on my roller skates but my mum said don't tell Miss Collins. But you're my best friend and I missed you,' says Jonathan.

'Well I was in class and Lewis grunted like a pig. He got sent to Mr Belcher and I got two stickers for good work.'

'Well, I wish you was back in class today and you could sit next to me.'

That's when I realise that they only sent me back in with the others because Jonathan wasn't there. The only time I'm allowed in class is when Jonathan is off sick or excluded. I feel very upset. It's not fair. How come *he* doesn't have to sit in Mr Belcher's office all on his own?

So at dinner break when me and Jonathan and Lewis are in the hut I get my finger and I draw a line down the middle, in the air.

'This side's the clean side, where me and Lewis are sitting, and that side's the dirty side.' It's so cold that my voice sounds funny from shivering.

Lewis laughs in a mean way. 'That's the dirty side.'

'Don't say that.' Jonathan's stupid happy-penguin blue eyes look hurt and he scratches the back of his head. Anybody would think he has nits.

It gives me a funny feeling in my chest, like I've got a cough or I'm going to be sick except not quite but I keep going. 'You've got to stay on the dirty side.'

'Jonathan's got to stay on the dirty side.'

I watch Jonathan's face and I can see him getting mad because his face goes red. 'I'm not dirty,' he says and tears come into his eyes.

I feel the pins and needles in my back but I've got to be the Dragon Rider not the dragon. I'm not going to breathe fire or fly. I'm going to force the dragon to bend its neck with all the spikes and let me ride.

'You're on the dirty side because you're dirty,' I say.

'Dirty,' says Lewis.

I get scared because I don't know if he will go for me or Lewis, but I can't stop and then he's got his hands round my throat and he bangs

my head against the post and everybody is crowding round and I stop myself from belching fire or shoving him off so everybody can see that I'm not doing anything bad it's all Jonathan so he will get excluded for a long time and I will be back in class and they can see how good I behave and I will stay there with the others.

## LITTLE BROTHER

BY MARY SEYMOUR

Little Brother died before the sun rose.

All the previous day he had screamed and screamed, alternately grabbing at the offered nipple and then thrusting it angrily away. He had arched his back and flailed his legs, the little button on his distended belly quivering pitifully. As darkness fell his cries became weaker and more fretful. Old Aunty muttered charms which had been effective when Boy had been sick but this time they had no effect. Old Mother chewed the leaves of a plant she had picked and attempted to squirt juice into the gummy, gaping mouth, but Little Brother had rocked his head from side to side and spat it out.

All night Young Mother sat in the mouth of the cave so that she could see Little Brother by the moonlight. She pushed away the help offered by Old Mother and Old Aunty and held him to her swollen breasts trying to coax him to suck even after his crying had ceased; even after she could no longer feel him breathing.

The men were not there. Two nights before, having carefully observed the waxing moon, Old Father took his sons hunting. "It was good they went then," commented Old Aunty, "Otherwise death might have brought them bad luck."

Boy sat awake in the moonlight and watched his Mother and Little Brother. When his mother had screamed and pushed Little Brother into the world, Old Aunty had told him that here was a friend for him, someone who would be his play-fellow and later go hunting with him. But Little Brother had done none of these things. He had cried and suckled and slept, and then he had cried and suckled and slept again. Now he had stopped crying for ever.

The sun rose. Boy walked out of the cave and down to the flat ground where Father and Old Father and the Young Uncles spent their time hitting stones to make sharp edges and smoothing long pieces of wood to make arrows and spears. He knew he was not supposed to go so far on his own, and it was not long before Old Aunty swooped down on him and carried him back to the cave. "Stay here" she said striking

his bare bum with the flat of her bare hand. Then she shelled a handful of nuts, cracking them between her strong teeth and handed the kernels to Boy one by one.

Before mid-day the men returned. Their hunting had been a success. Slung on a pole carried by Young Uncle and Youngest Uncle was a huge grey wolf. The limp paws were lashed to the pole, the great head dangled, the white teeth gleamed harmlessly. "See," cried Young Father, "it was my spear that killed the wolf. Now I can make myself a necklace of wolves' teeth and I shall be a crafty hunter indeed."

His joy was diminished when they told him that his younger son was dead; but as Old Father observed, getting children was somewhat like going hunting: sometimes you were lucky; sometime the target escaped you. When the season was right he would father another son. Meanwhile the Young Uncles were skinning the wolf and pegging out the pelt to dry in the sun.

Large pieces of the wolf's flesh were hung up in the top of the cave where the smoke from the fire would preserve them from decay. The rest of the meat was threaded on sticks and roasted over the fire. All the family ate and ate, even Young Mother although her face was wet with tears and she spent most of her time crouched down with her arms folded over her aching breasts. Each of the men in turn fed Boy with pieces of roasted meat. "Eat," they said, "and you will become a mighty hunter like the wolf." Boy ate with pleasure, but he felt doubtful about the promise. Hadn't they promised him that Little Brother would be his friend and hunting companion? And Little Brother was now a grass-wrapped bundle thrust deep into the sunless crevices at the very back of the cave.

Boy wandered down to the flat ground where the Young Uncles had pegged out the wolf skin on a frame. He stood before one side of the skin and gazed at it. A short while ago, it had been round the wolf. Now it was flat. Along both cut edges of the pelt were a line of black, leathery bumps protruding from the fur. At the edges the fur was soft, a light silvery-grey. Towards the middle the fur was a darker grey and was harsher to the touch. The tail lay out as a huge soft plume but the head was gone. Young Father had set it aside to dry until he could begin making his necklace. This time it was an uncle who found Boy and took him back to the safety of the cave.

The next morning, only Boy awoke as the sun rose. The men snored, weary from hunting, replete from the infrequent meal of good meat. The women slept, weary from the previous night's watching. Even Young Mother slept although she tossed, fitfully moaning from the pain of her aching breasts. As soon as he could see clearly, Boy set off for the drying ground. His mind was full of the wolf-skin and the touch of the silky fur. But when he reached the drying pelt, he stopped in alarm.

For a moment he thought it had come to life again: something furry and of the same colour was routing at the edge of the skin. Awed, he walked forward softly. A wolf-cub, small with rounded ears and blunt muzzle was on his hind legs, snuffing and tugging at the unresponsive teats. When it sensed Boy, it froze and growled. Boy squatted down and held out his hand. "Wolf," he said. "Wolf."

The cub came forward cautiously, sniffed his fingers and then began to lick them and tried to suckle. His sharp little milk-teeth stabbed like prickles. Boy let out a yell of surprise and hit the cub on the nose with his left hand. The blow was not hard, just enough to show displeasure. The cub danced away and then bounced back, leaping at the Boy so that both toppled over into a tangled heap of paws and limbs. The cub began to lick Boy's face and ears, and he pushed it away, squealing half with fear and half with delight.

Young Mother woke from her fretful sleep. Boy's cry had roused her. She looked around the cave: one of her children was dead – where was the other? She sprang up, ran towards the confused sounds of child and animal and saw what seemed to be some wild thing attacking her son. She flung herself upon them, seized the cub by the scruff of its neck and threw it aside. Then she knelt over Boy searching for signs of injury. But Boy was clearly unharmed and indeed was laughing. She rocked back on her heels as he scrambled to his feet calling with delight: "Wolf! Wolf!"

The cub came bounding back and wriggled in between them. Immediately it smelled the warm milk oozing from Young Mother's breast. It scabbled for the nipple, took hold and began ravenously to suckle. For a moment the woman froze with horror as she saw the furry, quivering body latched onto her own, but almost immediately she became aware of release, a cessation of pain. With an unthinking gesture, she scooped her arm beneath the wolf-cub's body and held it close as it drank and drank.

She looked up and met the eyes of Boy watching them with undisguised delight.

"Little Brother," he said gleefully.

## CHILDREN'S PRIZE: 'PARUGAN'

BY EVELYN C. CARPENTER

*May, 1867**Chapter One*

To any outsider, the small ship setting off would seem like any other trading vessel. To any insider, though, the ship would be that person's living. The ship was weighed down with animals native to India, from where they were setting off. With crewmen bound on landing in Cuba and filling their pockets, there was no room in the captain's mind for the health of his cargo, like Parugan.

Parugan was a King Cobra, but he didn't feel like a king now. Tossed and turned, he felt sicker than ever before. Locked in a box with his younger brother, he lost all hope of returning to India and seeing anyone but his brother again.

"Parugan? Do you know what's happening?"

"No," hissed Parugan, "But – shh! Let's listen."

On deck, two crewmen were having a heated dialogue:

"I say we dump them when we get there. People might be following us, you know!"

"Do I have to tell you again?" the other voice growled. "If we get money, we get power. We'll sell 'em, get rich, sail home. If you dump 'em, I tell Captain."

The voices faded into the distance.

"Parugan? If they dump us, we'll –"

"Be free! But, Taruvan, we'll be far away from home..."

Several months later, the ship docked in Cuba. Through good and bad weather, the thought of freedom was ever on Parugan and Taruvan's minds.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs. Parugan's box was carried off the ship and onto land *by the crewman who wanted to "Dump them"!* Instead of carrying the crate to the unloading platform, he carried the box to cover under the trees. Taking an ax from his belt, the crewman proceeded to chop the crate open. One blow nearly killed the snakes, but on the next, they were free! The brothers slithered out.

"Where now?" Taruvan asked.

"We have to go back to the ship. They're going back, remember? When they unload back home, we'll sneak away. Get in that box, now!"

One week later, the ship set out. No one suspected that a large, heavy box was filled with anything besides tropical fruit. Yet the snakes were inside, and living like kings.

"I don't really like fruit, but this is good!" said Taruvan with his mouth full.

Parugan nodded. "We still have a long time ahead," he scolded. "So save some!"

Three weeks later, a snake appeared behind the mast. Slithering to a crate, he wrapped himself around it, and squeezed. The crate broke open, revealing pounds of salted meat.

"But how to carry it? I should never have broken the box!" Parugan scowled. Seeing an empty box, he cheered up. Pushing it over, he shoved the meat inside and pushed it back to Taruvan. As the brothers ate sparingly, the captain's voice rang out.

"You! Get the food in that box!"

"But, Captain," came another, "it's gone!"

Parugan winced. He should have done a better job hiding his tracks.

Despite this minor danger, the brothers were quite safe. They could hide their tracks when they came up for food, but they couldn't change the weather.

One morning, a lookout saw black clouds rolling closer.

"Capt'n! There's a squall comin' on the port side!"

Parugan and Taruvan froze. They were swiping victuals when the alert came.

"What," whispered Taruvan urgently, "do we do?"

Parugan took charge. "Forget the provisions. Get below. Now!"

But it was too late. The rain poured down as they tried to take cover. In a flash of lightning, Parugan saw Taruvan being swept out to sea.

"I don't want to drown," Parugan thought, "But what choice do I have – he needs me! Besides, we're brothers, and we belong together." Without any hesitation, Parugan dove in.

### *Chapter Two*

The wind tossed the snakes around like kites. Huge wave after huge wave prevented anything from going where it should. The brothers were forever tossed and turned. A wave carried Taruvan up to the gunwale, but swept him down as quickly. Another pushed Parugan into a school of terrified fish, but he was so bent on getting himself and Taruvan to safety that he didn't think to eat them.

As quickly as the squall began, it stopped. Wreckage was everywhere. The mast was splintered and the deck broken. Small waves carried two unnoticed Cobras to a strip of beach.

Taruvan got up and slithered to Parugan.

"Please! You can't be dead. Please! Wake up!"

As Parugan remained unmoving, footsteps thumped over. Taruvan hid behind a tuft of grass, and watched as a boy picked Parugan up. Taruvan pursued the boy to his house.

“Mama! Look, I’ve got a snake!”

A woman came in. “Put that thing down right now, Jim. It’s nasty. Throw it in the garbage heap. Don’t argue.”

The boy stomped out. Taruvan followed. Grumbling, the boy threw Parugan on the sand, and left. Taruvan prodded his brother urgently.

“Step aside, please. We’ll fix him.”

Taruvan spun around. Three long, black snakes, with thick stripes of red and yellow were there, holding a fragrant pouch. The biggest came forward.

“Who needs magic when you’ve got medicine? We’re Trinidad Ribbon Coralsnakes, and we’ll help.”

The snake had a friendly southern drawl, and as he talked, he pulled herbs from his bag. Crushing them, he continued: “We don’t get visitors often. Now, where y’all from?”

Parugan stirred. Taruvan eyed the stranger cautiously. Seeing this, the stranger assured him that he meant no harm. Taruvan told him everything, and the stranger attended to Parugan. At the end, the stranger nodded.

“You don’t say. My name’s Tiko. Why don’t you and your brother follow us? I think we can help you.”

Parugan awoke. Taruvan hastened to him, explaining what Tiko had said, and the fivesome set off.

“Liko! Diko! Go ahead and tell the others, please.” The other snakes nodded and went.

Soon, Parugan, Taruvan, and Tiko arrived at a colorfully lit snake town. Delicious smells floated on the breeze. Tiko grinned.

“Liko and Diko did a good job. Go forward and enjoy the show.”

As the brothers slithered into the town square, snake musicians started a catchy song:

They were smuggled to Cuba, they want to go home,  
They were blown off their ship in a really big storm.  
One nearly died; he was found on the sand –  
Now he and his brother are guests in our land!

They were brought here by Tiko, our handsome young prince,  
We’ll give them a boat, which’ll do in a pinch.  
Give them some food, and a friendly helping hand,  
And we’ll help them, and guide them, ‘til they leave our land!

Tiko grinned again.

“This is a party, you know, so you’re supposed to enjoy yourselves.”

Parugan and Taruvan needed no second urging. They wandered the crowd, eating and talking with other snakes like they had been friends for life. As the sky grew darker, the party grew anything but. When at last the brothers went to bed in a patch of moss, they wondered if Tiko’s friendliness was genuine.

“He was all smiles, and the crowd just put us at ease, but that could be a trick, unless the villagers are normally outgoing.”

“I don’t think so,” said Parugan, “If he was trying to hurt us, he wouldn’t have healed me.”

“Anyway, as soon as we get a boat, we should leave.”

Parugan didn’t disagree.

### *Chapter Three*

As soon as the sun rose, Tiko roused Parugan, and led him to the shore.

“I know your brother doesn’t trust me, but *you* do. Here’s your boat. It’s a good craft. Why don’t you take a look around?”

It was only a large raft with a sail and cabin, but two of the logs were hollow and filled with rocks to keep the boat from blowing away. As some snakes prepared the raft, Parugan woke Taruvan.

Soon they were at sea. Tiko saw them off.

“Farewell! May you get to India safely with your scales all intact!”

They were on the open waters now. Taruvan sighed.

“I wish we could have seen more of Tiko. It’ll be too far to travel, so we’ll never see him again.”

“It’ll be alright, Taruvan. Don’t worry, for we’ll have this boat to remember him by.”

The wind was strong, and in a month they reached Caravelas. Parugan planned to sail down the tip of South America, then head Northwest. All was well until they reached Cape Horn. The weather turned colder than the brothers had ever felt before. They didn’t know that they were nearly at Antarctica. They spent most of their time huddled together in the cabin, only coming out to occasionally steer.

After the cold, they sliced into the Pacific. Soon the weather was warm and their spirits rose again, but instead of going North, they went much more west than was necessary. In two weeks’ time, Taruvan sighted land.

At his shout, Parugan came on deck. However, he frowned.

“That isn’t India. We’d have to sail much further to get there, so that must be Australia. Sail on, but be wary.”

They reached a rocky cove with no trouble. As they hugged the coast, Parugan realized that their food supply was running very low.

Taruvan offered to go ashore, but Parugan said that they would go together.

As dusk fell, Parugan found a dead emu lying in a ditch. He tried to tug it, but could not, so he went to find Taruvan.

Taruvan, meanwhile, found a kookaburra nest blown out of a tree. Delighted with the eggs, he started pushing them back to shore, but swiftly hid them to help Parugan.

When they returned, they found three snarling, fierce dogs trying to pull the emu away. The snakes drew back and held a whispered conversation.

Taruvan emerged, rustling loudly through the leaves. The dingoes abandoned the bird to chase Taruvan, while Parugan tugged the emu away with new-found strength.

Taruvan was fighting hard, looking for a distraction, and soon one came. The dingoes drew back, for where there was one snake, there now were two! Snarling, they slunk away.

The cobras retrieved their food and boarded their raft. Soon they were far away.

Their smooth sailing lasted until the equator, where winds blew them east, then west. Then they could see—

“Land!” Parugan shouted. “Taruvan, come see! It’s India again!”

The brothers rejoiced, but they didn’t know where to land.

One day, when Taruvan was down in the hold, found a piece of paper sticking out of the wall. He hastened up and told Parugan.

“It’s a map of India!” Parugan realized as he spread it out on the floor. “We came from... here! *Now* we know where to land!”

As night fell, up on deck, Parugan searched for the brightest star.

“Thank you, Tiko.”

#### *Chapter Four*

It grew hotter and hotter. The brothers sighted the cove where they were to land, but they would be spotted. One night, they saw their chance.

They hauled the boat up on the sand, carrying it on their backs. Thank goodness it was so light!

Parugan consulted the map. “Aim for the forest, then turn east. In five days, we’ll be there.”

He was correct. On the fourth night, as they were lying by their campfire, Taruvan sighed.

“It’s good to be back, but it means that our adventures are over.”

Next morning, they sighted their snake village. Cobras peeked out everywhere, recognising the travelers. All the faces were familiar, but one pair stood out. Parugan and Taruvan rushed towards them.

“Mother? Father? It’s us! We’re back!”

That night, their village was like Tiko's. When they were alone, Parugan took out the map.

"You know how you said that our adventures were over? They're not." He flipped over the map. On the other side there was Tiko's island.

They were smuggled to Cuba, they found their way home,  
Their ships were blown in really big storms.  
One nearly died, he was found on the sand,  
Now he and his brother have returned to their land!

## MEMBERSHIP NOTES

December 2022

### NEW MEMBERS

It is my great pleasure to publicly welcome and introduce the following members who have joined the Kipling Society in recent months:

Mr. Laris BULLOCK (*North Carolina, USA*)  
Ms. Rebecca CLENDENEN (*Illinois, USA*)  
Mr. David COOK (*East Sussex, UK*)  
Mr. William CROWE (*Alabama, USA*)  
Prof. Ross DAVIES (*Virginia, USA*)  
Mr. David FROST (*London, UK*)  
Ms. Judith JUDSON (*New York, USA*)  
Dr. Llewelyn MORGAN (*Oxfordshire, UK*)  
Mr. Shivam PANWAR (*Ontario, Canada*)  
Mrs. Clementine QUASEM (*East Sussex, UK*)  
Miss Joy QUINLAN (*Cornwall, UK*)  
Mr. Edward SHORT (*New York, USA*)  
Mrs. Siobhan SMITH (*Kent, UK*)  
Mr. David UPTON (*Surrey, UK*)

### PAYING BY STANDING ORDER

UK-based members who would like to pay their annual subscription by standing order should contact me to receive the necessary form. See below for my contact details.

### LEAVING THE SOCIETY

We are always sorry to lose one of our members but understand the various reasons underlying such a move. If your subscription will not be renewed when it becomes due, I would greatly appreciate a short message to that effect in order to keep our membership records up to date. I can be contacted by post (Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex TN19 7HP) or via email ([ksmemsec@outlook.com](mailto:ksmemsec@outlook.com)).

Fiona Renshaw  
Membership Secretary

## ‘SNAFFLES’ AND KIPLING

BY ALASTAIR WILSON

[Cdr. Alastair Wilson, R.N., a lifelong admirer of Rudyard Kipling’s writings, has edited and annotated the ‘Carrie Kipling Diaries’ and ‘Kipling’s Motoring Diaries’ for the Kipling Society’s website. He has also edited the ‘Cadell Hoard’ of correspondence between Rudyard Kipling and Mr and Mrs Hunt (*Kipling Journal* 362–4, December 2015–June 2016), and writes the twice-yearly ‘Mailbase Report’ for us.

The Kipling Society is grateful to Rosenstiels Fine Art Publishers for granting permission to reproduce the watercolour and drawing by ‘Snaffles’ shown below. *Ed.*]

In many English and Irish country houses, and a few in Scotland – the latter mostly in the border country – you will still see attractive prints of horses and their riders, often in the hunting field, and others with a military subject, often in India. All will have the artist’s signature, ‘Snaffles’, and many will have a quotation from Kipling’s verse, somewhere on the mount. The purpose of this article is to list the books which contain virtually all of Snaffles’ published work, and to describe those which have a Kipling connection or caption.

The artist was Charlie Johnson Payne (1884–1967, christened thus, not ‘Charles’), born in Leamington. When he was 15, he became fascinated by soldiers and horses. (His great-uncle, who was a veteran of the Crimean War, fired Charlie’s youthful enthusiasm for all things military by recounting stories of Alma, Inkerman and Balaclava.) Without any formal training, Charlie proved to have a natural artistic ability, and he would become one of the leading equestrian artists of the first half of the 20th century. At the same time, he discovered the works of Kipling, in particular *Barrack Room Ballads* (1892), of which, he wrote, he could recite every one. His fascination with the Army grew, as did his interest in sketching and painting. He tried to enlist for the Boer War (1899–1902), but being underage was sent away with a flea in his ear. However, he did become a schoolboy cadet with the 2nd Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and when he became eighteen, he joined the Royal Garrison Artillery as a Gunner/Bombardier and his artistic talents blossomed during his comparatively brief Army career.

Charlie completed his three years with the colours in May 1905 and was placed on the reserve. There followed several lean years during which he was very hard up and made a living of sorts from his pencil and brush, signing his work ‘Snaffles’. (A snaffle is a simple type of horse’s bit.) In 1907, he started to submit illustrations of hunting characters to the monthly magazine *The Bystander* and later to *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* magazine. It was in 1914 in the early months of the Great War that he established his career as an artist and

his work was in great demand. And he visited India twice in the years between the two world wars.

Snaffles' books are unusual, in that whereas the text of an illustrated book is normally written before an artist is found who will collaborate with the author in choosing scenes from the book to illustrate, it is uncommon for an artist, having painted a scene of his/her own choosing, to find a caption chosen from a particular author's work. But that is the case in this pairing. He published seven books of sketches, of which five contain images with captions which either directly quote Kipling or recognisably refer to his work:

*My Sketch Book in the Shiny* (1930) Illustrations only

*More Bandobast* (1936) Text with extended captions and illustrations

*A Half Century of Memories* (1949) Some text, mostly illustrations

*Four-legged Friends and Acquaintances* (1951) Text and illustrations

"*I've heard the Revelly*" (1953) text and illustrations

Just for completeness, two books without Kipling references are *Red Letter Days* (1933) by M J Farrell [Molly Keane], with 8 colour plates and many pencil drawings and sketches and Snaffles' own *'Osses and Obstacles* (1939).

#### BOOKS BY SNAFFLES

*My Sketch Book in the Shiny*: 'Shiny' seems to be obsolete slang for anywhere east of Suez, specifically India.<sup>1</sup> The first book of Snaffles' sketches to be published, this consists of pencil sketches, all made in India and mostly of pig-sticking (hunting the wild boar on horseback – the boar is a menace to the Indian farmer, destroying his crops). It contains only direct allusions to Kipling.

The first allusion belongs to a set of sketches of the polo scene which might have been made for Kipling's 'The Maltese Cat'. There is one entitled 'Eshtick, Sahib', which would have perfectly illustrated the situation in the third quarter of his polo match of which Kipling wrote:

Shikast heard the stroke; but he heard the head of the stick fly off at the same time. Nine hundred and ninety-nine ponies out of a thousand would have gone tearing on after the ball with a useless player pulling at their heads, but Powell knew him, and he knew Powell; and the instant he felt Powell's right leg shift a trifle on the

saddleflap he headed to the boundary, where a native officer was frantically waving a new stick.<sup>2</sup>

The drawing shows ‘a native officer frantically waving a new stick’ as a rider and pony canter up to him.

The first direct Kipling quote is entitled ‘The Mountain Gunner.’ It shows a gunner officer in khaki drill, shirt sleeve order, with breeches and boots and pipe in hand, striding uphill above a mountain valley alongside the mules carrying the guns of his battery, each accompanied by his turbaned driver. Under the sketch are the first two lines of ‘Screw Guns’: ‘Smokin’ my pipe on the mountings, sniffin’ the morning cool / I walks in my old brown gaiters along o’ my old brown mule.’<sup>3</sup>



The Mountain Gunner

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representing the Snaffles Estate

There follow two sketches taken on “A PILGRIMAGE TO KIM’S CITY” (Lahore). The first shows, in Snaffles’ own words, how ‘In wandering round the City I came to the yard where Mahbub Ali used to sell horses and in his spare time did a little I.D. [*Intelligence Department*] work. There was the old Afghan with his scarlet beard – the very identical figure Kipling drew, except that his clothing was somewhat “Europe” in that he wore a tweed coat instead of a poshteen

[a sheepskin coat]. And I was told that he was either the son or grandson of the original horse trader Kipling obtained his character from.”

There is also a sketch of the gun Zam-Zammah, which we are told means ‘Bang! Bang!’, and seated on it is a boy who might have been Kim himself.

The fourth ‘Kipling’ sketch shows an officer lying at his ease in an armchair but still wearing his boots, with one leg up on a board extension to the chair’s arm, accompanied by his dog in a basket bed raised on four legs off the ground, captioned ‘We thinks of friends in England / And wonders what they’re at (RK)’, which is taken from ‘Route Marchin’<sup>4</sup> – although Kipling’s poem is spoken by a private soldier marching ‘over Injia’s sunny plains’, whereas the illustration shows an officer in the mess.

*’Osses and Obstacles* (1935) This book is exclusively about fox-hunting and pig-sticking, the latter in India, and there are no Kipling quotes used anywhere.

*More Bandobast* (1936) The first ‘Kipling’ illustration is a colour print of a country scene in India, showing a temple in the far distance against the background of a wood, while in the foreground is a dusty road with a bullock cart approaching from the middle ground, framed by a tree, up which are two monkeys, while in is a peacock scratching in the dust. The Kipling quote is from the second stanza of ‘Route Marchin’ :

Oh, there’s them Injian temples to admire when you see,  
There’s the peacock round the corner an’ the monkey up the  
tree.

The only other Kipling quotation accompanies a sketch with a dhow in the foreground and land rising in the distance, over a four-line caption taken from the fifth stanza of ‘For to Admire’:

Be’old a cloud upon the beam,  
An’ ’umped above the sea appears  
Old Aden like a barrack-stove  
That no one’s lit for years and years.<sup>5</sup>

*A Half Century of Memories* (1949) The introductory page has a small paragraph, as follows:

“I’ve taken my fun where I’ve found it,”  
R.K.

I owe a lot to the author of *Barrack  
Room Ballads*. Some folks will say that  
I have ridden very hard in his pockets.  
But could I have found a better pilot?  
S.

Much of this book is taken up with images of boar-hunting (‘pig-sticking’). Under the heading ‘HUNTING THE BOAR’ is a quotation from Kipling’s *Letters of Marque*:

“There are ways and ways of slaying pig – from the orthodox method which begins ‘*The Boar – the Boar – the Mighty Boar!*’ overnight, and ends with a shaky bridle-hand next morn, to the sober and solitary pot-shot at dawn, from a railway embankment coming through river-marsh, . . .”<sup>6</sup>

No form of hunting ever interested Kipling – or not to the point that he actively participated in it – so the first relevant drawing, in the second half of the book, is naval, showing an oilskin-clad sailor, on a destroyer’s iron deck in a storm, clinging like grim death to a lifeline as he makes his way aft, with the caption “Fifty North and Forty West”, which accompanies the tale ‘How the Whale got his Throat’ from *Just So Stories*. The next ‘Kipling’ drawing is of an armed trawler punching her way out between two pier heads into a heavy sea outside, with the caption ‘Mines reported in the fairway’ from ‘Mine Sweepers’ in *Sea Warfare* (1916.) We may guess that this is *Unity*, the first of the five trawlers sent up to sweep those mines. There follows a colour print of a line of steeplechasers jumping a plain fence at a point to point, entitled ‘Gentlemen bumpers out on the spree,’ because the horses are jostling (bumping) one another, a misquote from ‘Gentlemen Rankers’ in *Barrack Room Ballads*.<sup>7</sup>

There are two further drawings with Kipling-associated captions in this book. The first shows a solitary ploughman with a two-horse single-furrow plough, captioned THE WHEAT IS MY CARE/ – and the rest is the will of God’: an incomplete quote from ‘What the People said,’ occasioned by Queen Victoria’s Golden Jubilee, which ends ‘But the wheat and the cattle are all my care / And the rest is the will of God.’<sup>8</sup> The accompanying text relates to an event witnessed by Snaffles in 1941, when a solitary ploughman and his team continued their task, regardless of a dog-fight going on 15,000 feet above their heads.

The final drawing in the book is of a busy road (by late 1940s standards) and the accompanying verse bemoans the fact that ‘some dam’ sutler pipped a car and decent sport was over’, from verse 6 of ‘Foxhunting’ (1933).<sup>9</sup>

*Four-legged Friends and Acquaintances* (1951) This contains five Kipling references. The first is ‘Back to the Army again, Sergeant’, showing a barrack gate with a dismounted Lancer sentry outside, and a horse with a rider in civilian clothes entering. The text explains that Snaffles had bought an ex-troop horse and ‘set off for a day with the Hampshire Hunt, who were to be in the neighbourhood, and as we passed the gates of his old barracks he suddenly took charge, turned in at the entrance, past the sentry, and took me right up to his old squadron stables. He would have taken me right in had not some troops with brooms stopped him, and a kind sergeant led him out on to the road again.’

The next drawing is of a gun-dog sitting motionless alongside his master at a covert-side, with the caption ‘Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline’ from ‘McAndrew’s Hymn’ (1894).<sup>10</sup> Then comes a colour plate of an Indian scene, with an old polo pony ‘Corner Boy’ drowsing under a tree where his *sais* is squatting. Superimposed on the foliage above the pony’s head is a polo scene, captioned ‘CORNER BOY. But that’s all shove be’ind me – long ago an’ fur away’, from the fourth stanza of ‘Mandalay’.<sup>11</sup>

Snaffles then turns to dogs, with two drawings to accompany lines from ‘The Ladies’ (1896), ‘I’ve taken my fun where I’ve found it’,<sup>12</sup> followed by two stanzas of Snaffles’ own verse in the same metre as Kipling’s lines. In the first drawing, an old dog lies dreaming; the second shows a musical evening in an officer’s mess, with two officers in mess dress, one with a banjo, sitting on a club fender, while a third with a glass in his hand is conducting. It will be remembered that the banjo became popular in the late 1880s: see Jerome K. Jerome’s *Three Men in a Boat* (1888) and Kipling’s own ‘Song of the Banjo’ (1895, collected in *The Seven Seas*. Kipling’s own words are under this second drawing.

The final drawing is of a tragedy – a speeding car going away, leaving a dog which has just been hit lying in the road over the caption ‘Brothers and Sisters I bid you beware of giving your heart to a dog to tear,’ from ‘The Power of the Dog’ which accompanies the tale ‘Garm – a Hostage’ in *Actions and Reactions* (1909).<sup>13</sup>

*I’ve heard the Revelly* (1953) This book, whose title quotes the second line of *Shillin’ a Day* (‘My name is O’Kelly, I’ve heard the Revelly’)<sup>14</sup>

has on its cover two images of a soldier sounding the ‘*Reveille*’: a piper playing *Hey, Johnny Cope*, which was (and maybe still is) the usual reveille call in Scottish regiments, and a bugler sounding the call on his bugle outside a tent.

The book opens with two sketches in pencil, the first of a six-horse team with gun and limber, and the caption “‘*Ubique*’ meant “‘Hi! Gildi jhow! From Delhi to Cawnpore / With idderow and chudderow! And Kubberdal you soor””, and underneath, in brackets ‘(You will know where the inspiration for my caption comes from)’, signalling that this is Snaffles’ own pastiche of Kipling’s poem ‘*Ubique*’ (1903).<sup>15</sup> The second is of a similar, but bigger, gun, hauled by a pair of elephants.

The next pencil drawing illustrates the first line of ‘*Route Marchin*’ (1892) “‘*There’s a regiment a-comin’ down the Grand Trunk Road.*’ The Grand Trunk Road was one of the major highways of the whole sub-continent, running the length of the Ganges Plain, linking Bengal, through the Punjab to Afghanistan. The illustration shows the regimental band, in khaki uniform, led by the drum-major with his mace, passing in front of a town wall, with a bullock-cart on the far side of the road, and on the near side an old soldier standing at the salute.



*‘There’s a regiment a-comin’ down the Grand Trunk Road’ Reproduced by kind permission of Rosenstiels, representing the Snaffles Estate*

The next set of pencil drawings deal with the types of cavalymen mentioned in ‘*M.I.*’ (‘*Mounted Infantry*’): ‘They used to talk about Lancers once,/ Hussars, Dragoons, an’ Lancers once.’<sup>16</sup> There are four separate pencil sketches, of the Dragoons (the Heavy Cavalry),

Hussars, and Lancers (the light cavalry), all in full dress, and in the act of executing a canter past, followed by one of the Yeomanry (described as 'the Yeoboy') whose canter past is, let us say, a bit disorganised.

Another sketch illustrates *Screw-guns* with a train of mountain artillery scrambling up the *khud* somewhere on the NW frontier, with the Gunner officer in the foreground, in his "old brown gaiters" and his *khud*-stick in his hand, with an eagle soaring above, and the caption "The eagle 'e knows what our road was". This is similar to the one in *My Sketch Book in the Shiny*, but is from a different viewpoint, with the Gunner officer seen from behind. Snaffles' accompanying text adds: "R.K. has it "The Eagles is screamin' around us". But it so happened that when I saw this magnificent bird soaring and wheeling over the Khyber hills, he was taking little or no notice of the Gunners and their mules scratching and scrambling up the *khud*."

There is also an illustration of pack camels on a mountain road, with the caption "Our Kafilas wind through the Kyber Pass", the second line of the 'Ballad of the King's Jest'.<sup>17</sup> Likewise, there is a pair of pencil sketches, the first, captioned "VR 1852" and 'It was thin red line of 'eroes when the guns began to shoot' and showing a double line of infantry in mid-Victorian uniform with their 'Brown Bess' muskets. This actually conflates two lines from 'Tommy' (1890), 'Oh it's "thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll', and 'But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.'<sup>18</sup> The second sketch shows three modern soldiers, carrying a radio and with a heavy machine gun, in action. The caption is 'ER 1952" and 'Now we fight with machine guns, tail down in the dirt' attributed to '(RK modified)'. Our Hon. Librarian has suggested that 'Snaffles' may have had in mind these lines from 'Sappers': 'We work under escort in trousers and shirt,/ An' the heathen they plug us tail-up in the dirt.'<sup>19</sup>

Yet another image from the same book is of the modern soldier of the Parachute Regiment descending under his canopy, with other men around, and a gun descending under four canopies, and a limber under one large canopy: with the dropping aircraft receding, captioned with the final line of 'Ubique': 'There's nothing this side 'Eaven or 'Ell Ubique doesn't mean':

#### 'SNAFFLES' EDITED BY OTHERS

There are three books of prints and drawings by Snaffles which have been written and/or edited by others, using material from Snaffles' previous books.

1. *Snaffles, the Life and Work of Charlie Johnson Payne* by John Welcome & Rupert Collins (Stanley Paul, London, 1987) A biographical collection of 'Snaffles' work. Although many of the illustrations

had appeared in other books, because many of the prints were produced individually, there may be minor differences in the print, such as the colour print of a cheetah lying on a rock by moonlight, entitled 'Bagheera' which has a dedication in the remarque 'To HMS Kipling.' The next two drawings are of a poacher's lurcher dog, following a reaper and binder at harvest-time, the first captioned 'Their Lawful -----' and the second 'Occasions', as a rabbit breaks out of the wheat and the lurcher is off after him. ('Their Lawful Occasions' is the title of a tale from *Traffics and Discoveries*, taken from the 'Forms of Prayer to be used at sea' in the *Book of Common Prayer*.)

2. *Snaffles on Racing and Point-to-Pointing*, by John Welcome & Rupert Collins (The Lambourn Press, London 1988) This has only two pictures with Kipling quotes/ allusions. The first is a coloured print of a gun team without the gun and limber, generally of a sepia colour, whose caption is 'Gunnners'; on the remarque is a pencil sketch of a team with one dead horse in the foreground, and the sub-caption 'There lay the driver's brother with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels,' 'Snarleyow' (1890).<sup>20</sup> It is not quite clear why this print has been included in a book about point-to-point racing, since it is clearly in a war setting. The second, 'Gentlemen bumpers out on a spree,' we have already seen in *A Half Century of Memories*

3. *A Souvenir Album of the Military Works of Charlie Johnson Payne 1914-18, 1939-45*, compiled by John Derrick (undated, but after 1997), dedicated to the Royal British Legion. This book of 43 colour plates is beautifully produced, every page being printed on art paper. The first Kipling quote accompanies drawing no.02 'The D.R.' [Despatch Rider], showing the latter on a shell-torn Western Front road, crouched low over the handle-bars of his motor cycle, and captioned 'Remarkable close to the Old Bus's 'ead to let the stuff go by: (Rudyard Kipling with the artist's apologies).' This is a slight 'adjustment' from stanza 11 of 'M.I.', Kipling's comprehensive description of the tasks of the Mounted Infantry who had to be produced out of – well, not very much – in the South African War.

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on my  
own,  
When I ride like a General up to the scrub and ride back like  
Tod Sloan,  
Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.<sup>21</sup>

The next drawing is of a World War I trench raid on the German trenches, with the caption 'Faugh-a-Ballagh' and a quote from Kipling underneath 'There were lads from Galway, Louth and Meath who

went to their death with a joke on their teeth': a couplet from the 'Ballad of Boh-da-Thone' from *Barrack Room Ballads*<sup>22</sup> and strictly speaking should read "... in their teeth". (Faugh-a-Ballagh is an anglicised spelling of a Gaelic phrase meaning 'Clear the Way'.) The next coloured plate, largely in shades of grey, is of a soldier, presumably of the Royal Garrison Artillery, standing alongside a gun of his battery, cold and bored, looking out over a steel-grey sea, with the Kipling quote 'Ubique Means' as the title. This is immediately followed by a depiction of a six-horse battery of the Royal Field Artillery in a warmer climate (the drivers and other members of the gun's crew are all in shirtsleeves and solar topis) captioned 'Ubique Meant', and the subtitle on the remarque is 'Bank, 'Olborn, Bank, a penny all the way' – part of a line from 'Ubique' which is also the call of the conductor of a London pair-horse omnibus. (According to the *New Reader's Guide*, many of the horses used by the Field Artillery in the Boer War had been used to draw London buses, and as a joke, columns would greet Field Artillery on the march with the cries of London bus conductors.)<sup>23</sup> This is followed by another colour print to the address of the Royal Artillery, entitled 'The Guns! Thank God! The Guns!' This shows some wounded and exhausted infantrymen alongside a track through woodland with a horse battery coming up the track, ready to swing into action. The text is a full stanza from 'Ubique':

Ubique means the warnin' grunt the perished lineman knows  
 When o'er 'is strung an' sufferin' front the shrapnel sprays 'is  
 foes.  
 An' as their firin' dies away the 'usky whisper runs  
 From lips that haven't drunk all day, 'The guns, thank God, the  
 guns!'

(In fact, Kipling wrote 'thank Gawd'.)

The next colour print has the title "The heavies", and underneath sub-caption 'Do you say that you sweat with the field guns, by God you must lather with us (RK)'. The image is of a piece of heavy artillery, probably a 6" Mk VII gun on a wheeled carriage, being dragged by a crew of about 20 men, uphill through a wood, followed by two men with handspikes. What little sky is visible, can best be described I think, as 'louring'. The quotation is from Kipling's poem 'Screw Guns', referring to the mountain artillery, which this weapon is not. The next colour print actually illustrates this poem. The caption in the text doesn't specifically say so, but it is the same as 'The Mounted Gunner' in Snaffles' *My Sketch Book in the Shiny* (1930). The first verse of 'Screw Guns' is written on the remarque, alongside a pencil sketch of the battery descending the other side of the col over which they've just struggled.

The remainder of this book consists of naval prints. The first is of a Short seaplane flying low over a steel-blue sea, approaching a U-boat which is heading towards a distant coastal tramp steamer. The title is 'The Sea Hawk' and the sub-caption is 'The Scillies can say what our road was – the Hinder she saw where we passed (with the artist's acknowledgement to Rudyard Kipling)': a very free allusion to the last stanza of 'Screw Guns': 'The monkey can say what our road was -- the wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.'<sup>24</sup> This is the only one of the naval prints in this book with an acknowledged connection to Kipling. (The Hinder is a North Sea lightship.)

It is possible that one of our readers has, or knows of, another print by 'Snaffles' with a Kipling connection, because not every one he made and published appears in the books listed. If so, this writer would be grateful for any information.

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*The Seven Seas* Methuen, London, 1896

*The Day's Work* Macmillan, London 1899

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*Actions and Reactions* Macmillan, London, 1909

*Songs from Books* Methuen, London, 1912

*Definitive Verse* Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1940

'Snaffles' (Payne Johnson, Charlie) *My Sketch Book in the Shiny Gale* and Polden, London, 1930

*Osses and Obstacles* Collins, London 1935

*More Bandobast* Collins, London, 1936

*A Half Century of Memories* Collins, London, 1949

*Four-legged Friends and Acquaintances* Collins London, 1951

"I've heard the Revelly" Gale & Polden, London, 1953

#### ALSO:

Derrick, John *A Souvenir Album of the Military Works of Charlie Johnson Payne 1914–18, 1939–45*, published privately (undated, but after 1997).

Keane, Molly (writing as M.J. Farrell) *Red Letter Days*, London, Collins 1933; André Deutsch 1987

Welcome, John & Collins, Rupert *Snaffles, the Life and Work of Charlie Johnson Payne* Stanley Paul, London, 1987)

– – *Snaffles on Racing and Point-to-Pointing* The Lambourn Press, London 1988

## NOTES

[NB that the pages of Snaffles' picture books were unnumbered, so it has not been possible to give page references for these. *Ed.*]

- 1 For use of the phrase 'The shiny East' see Glasford, Capt. A.I.R., *Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle*; Bodley Head 1905
- 2 Kipling 'The Maltese Cat', *The Day's Work* pp. 265–6
- 3 Kipling 'Screw-Guns', *The Scots Observer*, 1890; collected *Barrack Room Ballads*, (1892), *Definitive Verse* (1940) p. 403
- 4 Kipling 'Route-Marchin' stanza 4 line, *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse*, p. 426
- 5 Kipling 'For to Admire', *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1894, *The Seven Seas* 1896, *Definitive Verse*, p. 458
- 6 Rudyard Kipling 'Of the Pig-Drive which was a Panther-Killing, and of the Departure for Chitor', *Letters of Marque IX (Pioneer 12 Jan 1888, collected in From Sea to Sea (1899) Vol 1*
- 7 Kipling from the refrain of 'Gentlemen-rankers', *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse*, p. 424
- 8 Kipling 'What the People Said', *Civil & Military Gazette*, Lahore, 4 May 1887, *Departmental Ditties* (1888 edition). *Definitive Verse*, p. 67
- 9 Kipling 'Fox-hunting,' *Strand* magazine 1933, *Definitive Verse*, p. 8 20.
- 10 Kipling 'McAndrew's Hymn', *Scribner's Magazine*, 1894, *The Seven Seas* (1896), *Definitive Verse*, p. 126
- 11 Kipling 'Mandalay', *Scots Observer*, Edinburgh, 1890, *Barrack Room Ballads*, (1892), *Definitive Verse*, p. 419
- 12 Kipling 'The Ladies', *The Seven Seas, Definitive Verse*, p. 442
- 13 Kipling 'The Power of the Dog', stanza 4 line 3, *Actions and Reactions* (1909), p. 81, *Songs from Books* (1912), *Definitive Verse*, p. 591
- 14 Kipling 'Shillin' a Day', *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse*, p. 419.
- 15 Kipling's 'Ubique', *The Five Nations* (1903). *Definitive Verse*, pp. 483–4. [This poem contains no 'Hobson-Jobson' vocabulary. Having consulted the anonymous 'Glossary of Hindustani Words to be found in Rudyard Kipling's Works' (*Kipling Journal* 3, Dec 1927, pp. 28–30), I construe *Gildi jhow* as a scrambled version of 'juldi'= Quickly, *idderow* as 'hitherao' = Come here, *Kubberdal* as 'Kubberdar' = Take care (all likewise scrambled); *soor* = 'pig'. I admit to being completely foxed by *chudderow*. *Ed.*]
- 16 Kipling 'M.I.' stanza 5, *The Windsor Magazine*, 1901, *The Five Nations*, (1903), *Definitive Verse*, p. 464
- 17 Kipling 'The Ballad of the King's Jest', *Macmillan's Magazine* 1889, *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse*, p. 247
- 18 Kipling 'Tommy' first published as 'The Queen's Uniform' in *The Scots Observer* (1890), *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse*, p. 399
- 19 Kipling 'Sappers', *The Seven Seas, Definitive Verse*, p. 434
- 20 Kipling, stanza 5 line 4, of 'Snarleyow' *National Observer* 29 November 1890, *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse*, p. 412
- 21 Kipling stanza 11 of 'M.I.', *Definitive Verse*, p. 465
- 22 Kipling 'Ballad of Boh Da Thone' *Barrack Room Ballads, Definitive Verse* p. 256
- 23 Mary Hamer, notes to 'Ubique', *New Reader's Guide*, [www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk) (accessed 15 Sept 2022)
- 24 Kipling 'Screw Guns' stanza 6 line 3, *Definitive Verse*, p. 404

## SOUVENIRS OF FRANCE PART II

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY JOHN RADCLIFFE

*In 1933, in his last years, Kipling wrote two articles, 'Souvenirs of France,' looking back over a lifetime of regard and affection for France and the French. This extract, which comes from the latter part of the first article, recalls one of the many joyful motor tours that he made with his wife. He loved the straight white roads of France, the spacious countryside, the great cathedrals, the hotels with delectable food and eccentric plumbing, and above all the shrewd, friendly country people he encountered.*

*Both 'Souvenirs of France' and Kipling's 'Motoring Diaries' are on the Kipling Society's website, [www.kiplingsociety.co.uk](http://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk). J.R.]*

At every turn of my ways I gathered a certain amount of knowledge, and, perhaps, a little understanding.

For example, only a few years ago<sup>1</sup> in the Béarnaise,<sup>2</sup> on a hot day – the car halted opposite the house of a big-boned farmer standing by his splendid reversible plough. Behind him, his silky plough bullocks filed in to their dark stalls for the noontide rest.

“Are Monsieur and Madame interested in beasts?” Good. Come and look.”

We were presented to each darling by name. It was a thriving establishment with the usual notice of a Government loan on a barn door.<sup>4</sup> Then, underneath a wall by the main road, we saw an infant of four armed with a little green-barked switch which someone had peeled into pretty patterns for him. His office was to keep a flock of baby turkeys in the shadow of that wall as the sun shifted. “Sun is bad for young turkeys”, the farmer observed. “But *he* knows! He knows all about it. If you took his stick away he’d cry. Wouldn’t thee?”

The babe did not answer. His eyes were on his flock as it piped and cowered beneath the menace of his sceptre. *They* knew all about it too. “Your son?”

“Assuredly.” With an arm over the forequarters of an ox who stood as still as a mantelpiece, the farmer talked of “La Terre” and the obligations of those who served it to enter on their vows early.

It was good stuff – well delivered – and impressive in what it took for granted. I dare not paint the horror of an English Administration and all its paid officials if an infant were discovered to be employed in what is legally “agricultural labour”.

But the strength of France is in her soil. If you stood one hundred Frenchmen on their heads, you would find the good plough-mould on the boots of at least seventy-five. They have known in their boyhood the chill before sunrise, and the cool of the evening on the naked chest; the sight, sound, and smell of the worked earth; the hot, dry, rustling cornland before the reapers go in; and the secrets of the dark and tempting barns. They give to La Terre the reverence they deny to some other gods: and she repays their worship.

There is a Town by a great River, where they hold agricultural shows on the main boulevard, attaching electric-power wires casually to the tree-trunks, with no more protection than an occasional warning that, if you touch them, you will perish. (With us, a pensioned Civil Servant would guard every one.) They sell, under the cool shadows of the trees, fascinating farm appliances from bee-hives to wine-presses. Once I asked an agent how long a certain manure-pump would last – *marche* being the word I used. The answer was illuminating. “If you leave it lying out in the winters, as you English do, it will not *marche* more than two years. Give it shelter and it will *marche* for ten.” That is truth. No one can calculate how much the English farmer loses by sheer neglect of his tools, and by sloth at the careless end of the day or season.

And in this same town is a flower-market, where each morning people attend whose little carts are drawn by dogs. The first business of every dog is to assure himself that all his friends and enemies in the square are present. To each, then, the proper word. That delivered, each dog lies down under his cart in silence till market closes and all go home. I was interested in a largish, square-mouthed, black fellow, whose zeal to arrive was only equalled by his choking anxiety to get away. I would have talked to him, but he told me that he was responsible for the cart, and was devoid of social accomplishments.

Afterwards, I foregathered with an old man who carried baggage from the railway station to quiet boarding-houses. His team was a fawn-coloured lady of seven varieties, fresh from maternal duty, and a composite black-and-white pointer.<sup>5</sup> They were delivering a portman-teau at the time, and with some parade; for the lady who received it was evidently friend of all three. “Yes”, said the old man when she had gone. “These two mix themselves in all my affairs. It gives them importance. As guard-dogs, of course, they are useless. They would not interfere with anyone because, you see, *anyone* may come out to take a trunk. In *our* business we must ingratiate ourselves with our *clientèle*.” (The bitch fawned and feathered round my knees for proof of it.) “Other dogs are different? That is true! You tried to talk to that black one in the Flower Market? *But* he was in sole charge of his cart! Monsieur, it may

serve you to remember that you should never speak to a single dog on duty. Two perhaps may be polite, but one . . . not so often.”

Then he showed me how his team could pull on demand, going uphill.

“In theory why should a dog work at all?” I demanded.

“It is not a theory. It is logic. Because a dog is an animal of intelligence. He knows right and wrong – especially injustice. He loves a position of trust. It gives him his point of honour – his opportunity for devotion. Like a woman in effect. Now, *she* here has three little ones at home. She will feed them at *déjeuner* of course. But if I left her behind afterwards, she would bite *him* when he came back. Just like a woman again! Logically, also, dogs are too wise to be idle. It is an insult to them.”

It cannot be easy to overthrow a people whose men, women, children, *and* dogs look on work as a natural part of life. With this virtue goes an acceptance of thrift in all things, which makes most things easy.

Again an illustration. At a big Paris post-office a messenger entered to cash a money order and turned away from the wicket leaving one sou lying on the counter.<sup>6</sup> The postal employé who had cashed him the order was serving another customer, and did not notice. But two well-dressed women in the queue instantly warned the messenger of his oversight, in that strict sudden staccato which a Frenchwoman reserves for serious affairs. It was not the amount that mattered but the principle. Call it sou-mindedness if you will. Myself, I respect it.

It makes for simplicity; the acceptance of hard living which fortifies the moral interior as small pebbles assist the digestion of fowls; and it allows its practitioner to be as extravagant as he pleases in speech and oratory. (The Englishman’s inveterate habit of waste explains his inveterate habit of understatement.)

In the course of these years it occurred to me that there existed in France a civilisation at least coeval with ours; equally complete – not to say contented with itself; as incomprehensible as ours but complementary. What of civilisation since the fall of Rome had evolved itself appeared to me to have been due to one or other of those influences; the later systems being predatory, parvenu, or imposed. Therefore, what of civilisation was to continue, lay in our united hands.

This idea precipitated itself out of talks, and experiences trivial or grave, the first part of which I have set down here.

## NOTES

By Max Rives

- 1 **A few years ago** Probably c.1929, since *Souvenirs of France* first appeared in March 1933. [Ed]
- 2 **Béarnaise** Béarn. Even Kipling had difficulties with the meticulousness of written French. Here “Béarnaise” mistakenly stands for “Béarnais”, that could be the name of a region. However, the region is Béarn (don’t pronounce the “n”). ‘Béarnais’ and ‘Béarnaise’ are the names of the citizens of Béarn
- 3 **interested in beasts** Kipling had cattle of his own at Bateman’s, and wrote affectionately of them in his poem ‘Alnaschar and the Oxen’
- 4 **government loan** A poster to promote the purchase of Government war bonds
- 5 **seven varieties and ... composites** As Kipling explains, the dogs are of mixed breeds (*i.e.* mongrels)
- 6 **A sou** A copper coin worth a twentieth of a franc. [Ed]

## KIPLING'S ANIMALS: A SELECTION

COMPILED BY JAN MONTEFIORE

*Kipling wrote about and alluded to animals so often that it is impossible to show the whole 'Noah's Ark' here. I have not included the Wax-Moth in 'The Mother Hive', the 'black panther who is a Prince of Darkness and a gentleman' in 'Letters of Marque', the foxes killed in 'In Ambush' and 'My Son's Wife' or the one who gets away in 'The Great Play Hunt'. On the other hand, I have given two quotations each for the animals Kipling wrote about most often and affectionately. I hope this brief selection shows his extraordinary range of sympathy with a diversity of creatures.*

### BEES

For centuries the Little People had hived and swarmed from cleft to cleft and swarmed again, staining the white marble with stale honey, and made their combs tall and deep and black in the dark of the inner caves, and neither man nor beast nor fire nor water had ever touched them. The length of the gorge was hung as it were with black shimmering velvet curtains, and Mowgli sank as he looked, for those were the clotted millions of the sleeping bees.

'Red Dog', *The Jungle Book*

### CAMELS

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?  
 It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire;  
 But it's everlastin' waitin' on the everlastin' road  
 For the commissariat camel an 'is commissariat load.

O the oont, O the oont, O the commissariat oont!  
 With 'is silly neck a bobbin' like a basket full o' snakes;  
 We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to 'ear 'im grunt,  
 An' when we've got 'im loaded up, 'is blessed girth-rope.  
 breaks.

'Oonts'

### CATTLE

The cattle move and crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low. They only grunt, and the buffaloes very seldom say anything, but get down into the muddy pools one after another, and work their way into the mud till only their noses and china-blue eyes show above the surface, and there they lie like logs. The sun makes

the rocks dance in the heat, and the herd-children hear one kite (never any more) whistling overhead, and they know that if they died, or a cow died, that kite would sweep down, and the next kite miles away would see him drop and follow, and the next, and the next, and almost before they were dead there would be a score of hungry kites come out of nowhere. Then they sleep, and wake, and sleep again, and weave little baskets of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them, or catch two praying mantises and make them fight; or string a necklace of red and black jungle nuts, or watch a lizard basking on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog near the wallows.

‘Tiger! Tiger!’

### CATS

He will kill mice and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the Wet Wild Woods or up the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

‘The Cat that Walked by Himself’

### COBRA AND MONGOOSE

At the hole where he went in

Red-Eye called to Wrinkle-Skin.

Hear what little Red-eye saith:

‘Nag, come up and dance with death!’

Eye to eye and head to head,

*(Keep the measure, Nag.)*

This shall end when one is dead

*(At thy pleasure, Nag.)*

Turn for turn and twist for twist,

*(Run and hide thee, Nag.)*

Hah! The hooded Death has missed!

*(Woe betide thee, Nag!)*

‘Rikki-Tikki-Tavi’

\* \* \* \*

### CROCODILE

Then he noted with the tail of his eye that a length of mud-bank to his left - half the mud-bank in fact - was moving slowly into the water. It floated slowly across the tank, a long welt of filth and slime. Nothing came out of the hole between the fig-tree roots, but the mud-bank

grounded under the ledge almost at Tarvin's feet, and opened horny eyelids, heavy with green slime.

*The Naulakha*

**DEER**

After the monkeys came the *barasingh*, that big deer which is like our red deer, but stronger. He wished to rub off the velvet of his horns against the cold stones of Kali's statue, and stamped his feet when he saw the man at the shrine. But Purun Bhagat never moved, and little by little, the royal stag eased up and nuzzled his shoulder. Purun Bhagat slid one cool hand along the hot antlers, and the touch soothed the fretted beast, who bowed his head, and Purun Bhagat very softly rubbed and ravelled off the velvet. Afterwards, the *barasingh* brought his doe and fawn-gentle things that mumbled on the holy man's blanket—or would come alone at night, his eyes green in the fire-flicker, to take his share of fresh walnuts. At last, the musk-deer, the shyest and smallest of the deerlets, came, too, her big, rabbit ears erect; even brindled, silent *mushick-nabha* must needs find out what the light in the shrine meant, and drop her nose into Purun Bhagat's lap, coming and going with the shadows of the fire.

'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat'

**DOGS**

Master, this is thy Servant. He is barely eight weeks old.  
He is mainly Head and Tummy. His legs are uncontrolled.  
But Thou hast forgiven his ugliness, and settled him on Thy knee ...  
Art thou content with Thy Servant? He is *very* comfy with Thee. ...

Master, extol Thy Servant! He has met a most Worthy Foe!  
There has been fighting all over the Shop—and into the Shop also!  
Till cruel umbrellas parted the strife (or I might have been choking him yet),  
But Thy Servant has had the Time of his Life—and now shall we call in the vet?

'His Apologies'

\* \* \* \*

There was two hen-heads outside ferret-kennel-box. They were nice. There was Lady-Hen in barn hatching eggs. They were good. There was Ben-sheep-dog, which was tied up because of meddy [medicine] that morning. He had left his bone out too far. I took away to Micefield where Wood's Edge comes down behind Walk. I caught four mices by jumping-on through grass. There was some of very old rabbit lying

about. But bad fur. So I unhad all which was inside me, and wented into Woods for drink in Middle Ride. And slept.

*Thy Servant a Dog*

#### ELEPHANTS

The twelve Government elephants rocked at their pickets outside the big-walled stables (one arch, as wide as a bridge-arch, to each restless beast), and the *mahouts* were preparing the evening meal. Now and again, some impatient youngster would smell the cooking flour-cakes and squeal; and the naked little children of the elephant-lines would strut down the row shouting and commanding silence, or, reaching up, would slap at the eager trunks. Then the elephants feigned to be deeply interested in pouring dust upon their heads, but, so soon as the children passed, the rocking, fidgeting and muttering broke out again.

The sunset was dying, and the elephants heaved and swayed dead black against the one sheet of rose-red low down in the dusty grey sky.

‘My Lord the Elephant’

\* \* \* \*

I will remember what I was. I am sick of rope and chain.  
I will remember my old strength and all my forest affairs.  
I will not sell my back to man for a bundle of sugar-cane:  
I will go out to my own kind, and the wood-folk in their lairs.

I will go out until the day, until the morning break –  
Out to the winds’ untainted kiss, the waters’ clean caress –  
I will forget my ankle-ring and snap my picket-stake,  
I will revisit my lost loves, and playmates masterless!  
‘Toomai of the Elephants’

#### HORSES AND PONIES

Starting and shying at straws, with sidlings and plungings,  
Buckings and whirlings and bolts,  
Greener than grass, but full ripe for their bridlings and lungings,  
Up to the yards and to Chiron they bustled the colts ...

First the light web and the cavesson; then the linked keys  
To jingle and turn on the tongue. Then, with cocked ears,  
The hours of watching and envy, while comrades at ease  
Passed and backed, making naught of these terrible gears.  
‘The Centaurs’

People crowded in close to the boundaries, and the Archangels’ ponies kept looking sideways. If you know how a man feels to be cramped at

tennis – not because he wants to run out of the court, but because he likes to know how he can at a pinch – you will guess how ponies must feel when playing in a box of human beings.

‘The Maltese Cat’

#### HYENAS

After the burial-parties leave  
 And the baffled kites have fled,  
 The wise hyaenas comes out at eve  
 To take account of our dead.

How they died and why they died  
 Troubles them not a whit.  
 They snout the bushes and stones aside  
 And dig till they come to it.

‘The Hyænas’

#### LION CUB

He dozed on the stoep, I noticed, due north and south, looking with slow eyes up the length of Africa – always a little aloof, but obedient to the children, who at that time wore little more than one garment apiece.

*Something of Myself*

#### MONKEYS

They have their regular roads and cross-roads, up hills and down hills, all laid out from fifty to seventy to a hundred feet above ground, and by these can travel even at night if necessary. Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the treetops, twenty feet at a bound... His escort would rush him up a tree till he felt the thinnest topmost boughs crackle and bend under them, and then with a cough and a whoop would fling themselves outwards and downwards, and bring up, hanging by their hands or their feet to the lower limbs of the next tree.

‘Kaa’s Hunting’

#### PIG

He would hear, very faint, the *chug-drug* of a boar sharpening his tusks on a bole; and later would come on the great brute all alone, scribing and rending the red bark of a tree, his mouth dripping with foam and his eyes blazing like a fire.

‘The Spring Running’

#### SEAL

‘I will send Padda to my people for a boat. Is that witchcraft, Eddi?’

‘Why, no. Surely Padda will pull them to the beach by the skirts of their gowns as he pulled me in Wittering Church to ask me to sing. Only then I was afraid, and did not understand,’ said Eddi.

‘You are understanding now,’ said Meon, and at a wave of his arm off went Padda to the main land, making a wake like a war-boat till we lost him in the rain. Meon’s people could not bring a boat across for some hours; even so it was ticklish work among the rocks on that tideway. But they hoisted me aboard, too stiff to move, and Padda swam behind us, barking and turning somersaults all the way to Manhood End!

‘The Conversion of St Wilfrd’

\* \* \* \*

*The Beaches of Lukannon – the winter-wheat so tall,  
The dripping, crinkled lichens, and the sea-fog drenching all!  
The platforms of our playground – all shining smooth and worn!  
The Beaches of Lukannon – the home where we were born!*

I met my mates in the morning – a broken, scattered band.  
Men shoot us in the water and club us on the land.  
Men drive us to the Salt House like silly sheep and tame,  
And still we sing Lukannon – before the sealers came.

*Wheel down, wheel down to southward! Oh Gooverooska, go!\**  
*And tell the Deep-Sea Viceroy the story of our woe;*  
*Ere, empty as the shark’s egg the tempest flings ashore,*  
*The Beaches of Lukannon shall know their sons no more!*

‘Lukannon’

\*Gooverooska: seagull

## WOLVES

Akela, the great grey Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock, and below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and colour, from badger-coloured veterans who could handle a buck alone, to young black three-year-olds who thought they could.

‘Mowgli’s Brothers’

\* \* \* \*

‘When our flocks had increased; when our men did not always look behind them; when children strayed from the fenced places; when our women walked alone to draw water—back, back came the Curse of the Chalk, Grey Shepherd, Feet-in-the-Night—The Beast, the Beast, the Beast!’

‘The Knife and the Naked Chalk’

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