

The Jungle Book Retold

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The jungle was once a beautiful and bountiful land, teeming with plants and animals of all shapes and sizes. But something had changed in the jungle, something that Mowgli could feel in the air. Everywhere he looked, the foliage was thinner, the trees shorter, the animals fewer and farther between. Sometimes he could hardly recognise his home, and he feared for what would become of the jungle and those he lived amongst if nothing was to be done about it.

The cause of this change was no mystery to Mowgli. Everywhere he went, he saw signs of humans' trespassing - from tree stumps that told of logging operations, open air garbage dumps, and habitations that had slowly encroached on the jungle. He wished they would leave himself and his friends in peace! The air was getting hotter, and the rains were less frequent and less plentiful. The creatures of the jungle were struggling to adapt to the changing climate, which meant that food sources were far scarcer and more unpredictable. He grew concerned,

and his stomach growled in hunger. Mowgli understood that if these matters were not addressed, the jungle he loved so dearly would eventually be cut down- the trees that Bagheera rested amongst, and King Louie swung in would be gone with no hope of growing back.

“The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things” – Rudyard Kipling

The thought made Mowgli feel sick. The villages were replaced with big cities that were strange and scary to him. He wanted to be in the jungle and refused to let his life be robbed from him like it had from so many of the other animals. With the help of his friends, he set out to teach the people of the jungle the importance of preserving their environment. He worked tirelessly to encourage sustainable practices, maintaining biodiversity by replanting trees and balancing out their diets. Educating the people that surrounded the jungle on the importance of conservation so that the beautiful place he called home would remain for generations to come. He begged the sky for hope, for change, for everyone to love and respect the jungle as he did. The sky gave no indication it heard his cries, but he knew he had to keep his faith in the future of the jungle and for society to wake up and see that they are destroying peoples' homes. Everybody and everything must all exist in harmony in order to survive.