

# Elephant's Child Part 2

By Rudyard Kipling

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile-tears to show It was true.

Then the Elephant's Child knelt down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, " and I'll whisper."



Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose.

"I think," said the Crocodile between his teeth, " today I will begin with the Elephant's child!"

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, "Led me go! You are hurting be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down and said, "My young friend, if you do not now pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance," (and by this he meant the Crocodile), " will jerk you into younger limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson."

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water and he **pulled**, and **pulled**, and **pulled**.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching, and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching, and the Crocodile thrashed his tail like an oar, and he **pulled**, and **pulled**, and **pulled** and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer. Then then Elephant's child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was not nearly five feet long, "**This is too buch for be!**"



Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will not seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, that younder self-propelling man-of-war," (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile), " will put an end to your future career."

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled, but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled the hardest, and at last...

The Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear up and down the Limpopo. Then the Elephant's child sat down hard, but he was careful to say "Thank you" to the Bi- Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake;

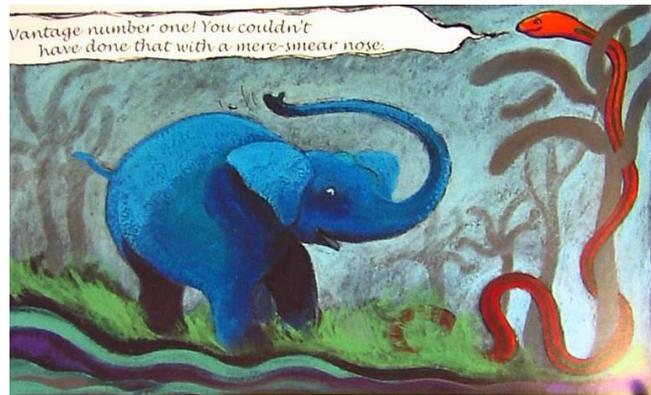
and he was kind to his poor nose, and wrapped it up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy-Limpopo to cool.

“What are you doing that for?” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

“Scuse me,” said the Elephant’s Child, “but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink.”

The Elephant’s Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter. For, O Best Beloved, the Crocodile had pulled it out into a trunk he same as all Elephants have today.

At the end of the third day, a fly came and stung him on the shoulder. And before he knew what he was doing, he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.



“Vantage number one!” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. “You couldn’t have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now.”

Before he thought what he was doing, the Elephant’s Child put out his trunk, plucked a large bundle of grass and stuffed it into his mouth.

“Vantage number two!” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. You couldn’t have done that with a mere-smear

nose. Don’t you think the sun is very hot here?”

“It is.” said the Elephant’s Child, and before he thought what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud and slapped it on his head, where it make a cool schloopu-sloshy mud-cap all trickle behind his ears.

“Vantage number three!” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. “You couldn’t have done that with a mere-smear nose.”

Now, how would you like to spank somebody?” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.



“ I should like it very much indeed,” said the Elephant’s Child.

“Well,” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.,” you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with.”

“Thank you,” said the Elephant’s Child, “I’ll remember that, and now I think I’ll go home.”



So the Elephant’s Child went home across Africa, frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit, he pulled fruit down from a tree. When he wanted grass, he plucked grass up from the ground. When the flies bit him, he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk, and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squshy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely, he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands.

He went especially out of his way to find a broad hippopotamus (she was not relation of his) and he spanker her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python- Rock Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. And he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, “How do you do?” They were very glad to see him and said “Come here and be spanked for your ‘sailable curiosity.’”

“Pooh,” said the Elephant’s Child. “I don’t think you know anything about spanking. I’ll show you.”

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

“O Bananas!” said they. “Where did you learn that trick and what have you done to your nose?”

“I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River,” said the Elephant’s Child.

“It looks very ugly,” said his uncle, the Baboon.

“It does, “the Elephant’s child. “ But it’s very useful.” And he picked up his hairy uncle by one hairy leg and hove him into a hornet’s nest. Then that bad Elephant’s Child spanked all his dear families for a long time.

He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt’s tail feathers, and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, and dragged him through a thorn bush, and he shouted at his aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping, but he never let anyone touch the Kolokolo Bird.

At last, things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River to borrow new noses from the Crocodile.

When they came back, nobody spanked anybody any more, and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the elephants you will ever see have trunks like the trunk of the ‘ satiable Elephant’s Child.