On a quiet night, deep in the jungle, Father Wolf pads as lightly as a feather across the forest floor. Suddenly he hears something in the bushes. A little man-cub! The child has messy hair and big eyes full of wonder. Carefully, Father Wolf takes the basket in his mouth and carries it back to his den.

"What a strange, howling creature," says Father Wolf. "He was born only days ago, but look how sharp his gaze already is," replies Mother Wolf, Raksha. "We'll raise him in our pack. I'll call him Mowgli."

CRACK!

A branch snaps. *Grrr!* The terrifying tiger Shere Khan appears. "That man-cub is mine. Hand him over!" he growls. "Never! Stay away from him. You'll have to get past us first," Raksha hisses furiously. Shere Khan is no match for an entire pack, so he angrily backs away between the trees.

Awoooooooooo!

The night is filled with the howling of wolves. The whole pack has gathered at Council Rock to decide Mowgli's fate. The Law of the Jungle is very clear: to be part of the pack, a price must be paid. "Who will care for this man-cub?" asks Akela, the leader of the pack. Baloo the bear stands up. "I will. I'll teach him the Law of the Jungle."

And then the panther Bagheera comes closer with graceful steps. "So will I. In exchange for his life I'll offer a fresh, tasty bull." *Awoooooo,* the wolves call out again. They all agree. And so, thanks to Baloo's promise and Bagheera's offering, Mowgli becomes part of the jungle family.