



Rudyard Kipling Story

HOW THE LEOPARD GOT HIS SPOTS

Adapted from Rudyard Kipling

In the days when everybody started fair, Best Beloved, the Leopard lived in a place called the High Veldt. Remember it wasn't the Low Veldt, or the Bush Veldt, or the Sour Veldt, but the exclusively bare, hot, shiny High Veldt, where there was sand and sandy-colored rock and tufts of sandy-yellowish grass.

The Giraffe and the Zebra and the Eland and the Kudu and the Hartebeest lived there; and they were exclusively sandy-yellowbrownish all over; but the Leopard, he was the sandiestyellowest-brownest of them all and he matched the yellowishgreyishbrownish color of the High Veldt to one hair. This was very bad for the Giraffe and the Zebra and the rest of them; for he would lie down by a yellowish-greyishbrownish stone or clump of grass, and when the Giraffe or the Zebra or the Eland or the Kudu or the Bush-Buck came by he would surprise them out of their jump some lives. He would indeed!

And, also, there was an Ethiopian with bows and arrows who lived on the High Veldt with the Leopard; and the two used to hunt together, the Ethiopian with his bows and arrows, and the Leopard with his teeth and claws. The Giraffe and the Eland and the Kudu and all the rest of them didn't know which way to jump, Best Beloved. They didn't indeed! After a long time-things lived for ever so long in those days- they learned to avoid anything that looked like a Leopard or an Ethiopian. Soon, bit by bit, the Giraffe began it, because his legs were the longest- they went away from the High Veldt. They scuttled for days and days and days till they came to a great forest, full of trees and bushes and stripy, speckly, shadows, and there they hid: and after another long time, what with standing half in the shade and half out of it, and what with the slippery-slidy shadows of the trees falling on them, the Giraffe grew blotchy, and the Zebra grew stripy, and the Eland and the Kudu grew darker, with little wavy grey lines on their backs like bark on a tree trunk; and so, though you could hear them and smell them, you could very seldom see them, and then only when you knew precisely where to look.

Girafe and Zebra had a beautiful time in the speckly-spickly shadows of the forest, while the Leopard and the Ethiopian ran about over the High Veldt outside, wondering where all their breakfasts and their dinners and their teas had gone. At last they were so hungry that they ate rats and beetles and rock-rabbits. The Leopard and the Ethiopian, and then they had the Big Tummy-ache, both together.

Then they met Baviaan- the dogheaded, barking Baboon, who is Quite the Wisest Animal in All South Africa. Said Leopard to Baviaan (and it was a very hot day), 'Where has all the game gone?'



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And Baviaan winked. He knew. Said the Ethiopian to Baviaan, ‘Can you tell me the present habitat of the aboriginal Fauna?’ (That meant just the same thing, but the Ethiopian always used long words. He was a grown-up.)

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Then said Baviaan, ‘The game has gone into other spots; and my advice to you, Leopard, is to go into other spots as soon as you can.’

And the Ethiopian said, ‘That is all very fine, but I wish to know whether the aboriginal Fauna has migrated.’

Then said Baviaan, ‘The aboriginal Fauna has joined the aboriginal Flora because it was high time for a change; and my advice to you, Ethiopian, is to change as soon as you can.’

That puzzled the Leopard and the Ethiopian, but they set off to look for the aboriginal Flora, and presently, after ever so many days, they saw a great, high, tall forest full of tree trunks all speckled and spotted, dotted and splashed and slashed and hatched and cross-hatched with shadows. (Say that quickly aloud, and you will see how very shadowy the forest must have been.)

‘What is this,’ said the Leopard, ‘that is so dark, and yet so full of little pieces of light?’

‘I don’t know,’ said the Ethiopian, ‘but it ought to be the aboriginal Flora. I can smell Giraffe, and I can hear Giraffe, but I can’t see Giraffe.’

‘That’s curious,’ said the Leopard. ‘I suppose it is because we have just come in out of the sunshine. I can smell Zebra, and I can hear Zebra, but I can’t see Zebra.’

‘Wait a bit,’ said the Ethiopian. ‘It’s a long time since we’ve hunted ‘em. Perhaps we’ve forgotten what they were like.’

‘Fiddle!’ said the Leopard. ‘I remember them perfectly on the High Veldt, especially their marrow-bones. Giraffe is about seventeen feet high, of a fulvous goldenyellow from head to heel; and Zebra is about four and a half feet high, grey-fawn color from head to heel.’

‘Umm,’ said the Ethiopian, looking into the speckly shadows of the aboriginal Flora-forest. ‘Then they ought to show up in this dark place like ripe bananas in a smokehouse.’



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But they didn't. The Leopard and the Ethiopian hunted all day; and though they could smell them and hear them, they never saw one of them.

'For goodness' sake,' said the Leopard at tea-time, 'let us wait till it gets dark. This daylight hunting is a perfect scandal.'

So they waited till dark, and then the Leopard heard something breathing in the starlight that fell all stripy through the branches, and he jumped at the noise, and it smelt like Zebra, and it felt like Zebra, and when he knocked it down it kicked like Zebra, but he couldn't see it.

So he said, 'Be quiet, O you person without any form. I am going to sit on your head till morning, because there is something about you that I don't understand.'

Presently he heard a grunt and a crash and a scramble, and the Ethiopian called out, 'I've caught a thing that I can't see. It smells like Giraffe, and it kicks like Giraffe, but it hasn't any form.'

'Don't you trust it,' said the Leopard. 'Sit on its head till the morning- same as me. They haven't any form-any of 'em.'

So they sat down on them hard till bright morning-time, and then Leopard said, 'What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

The Ethiopian scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be a rich fulvous orangetawny from head to heel, and it ought to be Giraffe; but it is covered all over with chestnut blotches. What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

And the Leopard scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be a delicate greyishfawn, and it ought to be Zebra; but it is covered all over with black and purple stripes. What in the world have you been doing to yourself, Zebra? Don't you know that if you were on the High Veldt I could see you ten miles off? You haven't any form.'

'Yes,' said the Zebra, 'but this isn't the High Veldt. Can't you see?'

'I can now,' said the Leopard. 'But I couldn't all yesterday. How is it done?'

'Let us up,' said the Zebra, 'and we will show you.'



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They let the Zebra and the Giraffe get up; and Zebra moved away to some little thorn-bushes where the sunlight fell all stripy, and Giraffe moved off to some tallish trees where the shadows fell all blotchy.

‘Now watch,’ said the Zebra and the Giraffe. ‘This is the way it’s done. One- twothree! And where’s your breakfast?’

Leopard stared, and Ethiopian stared, but all they could see were stripy shadows and blotched shadows in the forest, but never a sign of Zebra and Giraffe. They had just walked off and hidden themselves in the shadowy forest.

‘Hi! Hi!’ said the Ethiopian. ‘That’s a trick worth learning. Take a lesson by it, Leopard. You show up in this dark place like a bar of soap in a coal-scuttle.’

‘Ho! Ho!’ said the Leopard. ‘Would it surprise you very much to know that you show up in this dark place like a mustard-plaster on a sack of coals?’

‘Well, calling names won’t catch dinner,’ said the Ethiopian. ‘The long and the little of it is that we don’t match our backgrounds. I’m going to take Baviaan’s advice. He told me I ought to change; and as I’ve nothing to change except my skin I’m going to change that.’

‘What to?’ said the Leopard, tremendously excited.

‘To a nice working blackish-brownish colour. It will be the very thing for hiding in hollows and behind trees.’

So he changed his skin then and there, and the Leopard was more excited than ever; he had never seen a man change his skin before.

‘But what about me?’ he said, when the Ethiopian had worked his last little finger into his fine new black skin.

‘You take Baviaan’s advice too. He told you to go into spots.’

‘So I did,’ said Leopard. ‘I went into other spots as fast as I could. I went into this spot with you, and a lot of good it has done me.’

‘Oh,’ said the Ethiopian, ‘Baviaan didn’t mean spots in South Africa. He meant spots on your skin.’



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‘What’s the use of that?’ said the Leopard.

Think of Giraffe,’ said the Ethiopian. ‘Or if you prefer stripes, think of Zebra.

They find their spots and stripes give them perfect satisfaction.’

‘Umm,’ said Leopard. ‘I wouldn’t look like Zebra- not for ever so.’

‘Well, make up your mind,’ said the Ethiopian, ‘because I’d hate to go hunting without you, but I must if you insist on looking like a sun-flower against a tarred fence.’

‘I’ll take spots, then,’ said the Leopard; ‘but don’t make ‘em too vulgar-big. I wouldn’t look like Giraffe- not for ever so.’

‘I’ll make ‘em with the tips of my fingers,’ said the Ethiopian. ‘There’s plenty of black left on my skin still. Stand over!’

Then the Ethiopian put his five fingers close together and pressed them all over the Leopard, and wherever the five fingers touched they left five little black marks, all close together. You can see them on any Leopard’s skin you like, Best Beloved. Sometimes the fingers slipped and the marks got a little blurred, but if you look closely at any Leopard now you will see that there are always five spots- off five black finger-tips.

‘Now you are a beauty!’ said the Ethiopian. ‘You can lie out on the bare ground and look like a heap of pebbles. You can lie out on the rocks and look like a piece of pudding-stone. You can lie out on a leafy branch and look like sunshine sifting through the leaves; and you can lie right across the centre of a path and look like nothing in particular. Think of that and purr!’ said the Ethiopian. ‘Now come along and we’ll see if we can’t get even with Mr. One-Two-Three-Where’s-your-Breakfast!’

So they went away and lived happily ever afterward, Best Beloved. That is all. Oh, now and then you will hear grown-ups say, ‘Can the Leopard change his spots?’ I don’t think even grown-ups would keep on saying such a silly thing if the Leopard hadn’t done it once- do you? But they will never do it again, Best Beloved. They are quite contented as they are.

The End