

NAME: VARSHINI POTHALA

ROLL NO:24BTB0A53

BRANCH: BIOTECHNOLOGY.

## BOOK REVIEW:

### ***The Jungle Book***

***by Rudyard Kipling***

#### Introduction :

I didn't pick this book thinking it would change me. I just thought it would be a bunch of animal stories—fun, easy, nothing too deep. But I was wrong. Somewhere between the pages, something shifted. I found myself reading slower, re-reading lines, sitting with the words like they were speaking to something I hadn't said out loud yet. I didn't go looking for a book to understand me... but *The Jungle Book* kind of did.

#### Summary :

At the heart of the book is Mowgli, a little boy who's raised in the jungle by wolves after being separated from his human family. He learns everything from the animals—how to survive, how to trust, and when to fight. He's taught by Baloo, the big bear who's goofy but wise, and Bagheera, the sleek black panther who's both fierce and gentle. But the thing is—Mowgli never really belongs. Not with the animals. Not with the humans either. He's constantly torn between two worlds.

The book also has other stories—like *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi*, the little mongoose who risks his life for his human family. And *Toomai*, a boy who sees a secret world of elephants that

no one else believes exists. Each story feels like a memory wrapped in magic—full of bravery, loneliness, wild beauty, and quiet truths that sneak up on you.

## Analysis & Opinion :

This book didn't make me cry right away. It crept up on me. It was like being hugged without anyone touching you. Mowgli's story especially—he's just this kid trying so hard to be enough. And I know what that feels like. I know how it feels to walk into a room and wonder, "Do I belong here?" and to love people deeply, even when you know they might not stay.

When Bagheera told Mowgli he had to leave the jungle, even though he was brave—I felt something tighten in my chest. Because sometimes love isn't about holding on. It's about letting go when it's time. That hit way too close.

And then there's Baloo, sweet Baloo. When he says, "I will teach him the Law of the Jungle!", it felt like something my dad would say. Like, "The world might be hard, but I'll help you get through it." That line made me cry. Not loudly. Just quietly, in that way where the tears don't even roll down your face—they just happen.

Not all the stories were perfect. Some dragged a little. But I didn't care. Because the moments that did work? They held me. They told me I wasn't alone in the way I felt—like I was always floating between being too much and not enough.

## Personal Connection :

Reading The Jungle Book made me feel like someone had been watching my heart all along. Like it knew the thoughts I didn't say. I've always felt a little different—too sensitive, too intense, too dreamy. I've lost friends because I loved too hard. I've smiled through pain because I didn't want to be a burden. And honestly? Sometimes I feel like I'm not meant to fit anywhere.

But Mowgli? He didn't fit either. And still—he mattered.

There was a part where he walked away, even though he didn't want to. I've done that too. I had to face the music and leave a friendship that was slowly breaking me. I had to hold on to myself, even when it hurt. And this book... it didn't tell me that was easy. It just told me it was okay.

It reminded me that strength doesn't always mean fighting. Sometimes it means being kind to yourself when no one else knows how. And I think that's what stayed with me the most.

## Conclusion :

I'd recommend The Jungle Book to anyone who's ever felt like they were stuck between who they are and who they're expected to be. It's more than just a story. It's a quiet reminder that you can be wild and gentle, brave and scared, strong and soft—all at the same time. It didn't just stay in my mind. It stayed in my heart.