this is the story of the great war that the Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed, though the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the Tailorbird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the musk-rat, who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but alwaus creeps round the wall, gave him advice, but the Rikki-tikki did real fighting. He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his restless nose were pink. He could scratch himself anywhere he pleased with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use. He could fluff up his tail