

RUDYARD KIPLING'S

HOW

THE

RHINOCEROS


GOT HIS

SKIN

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

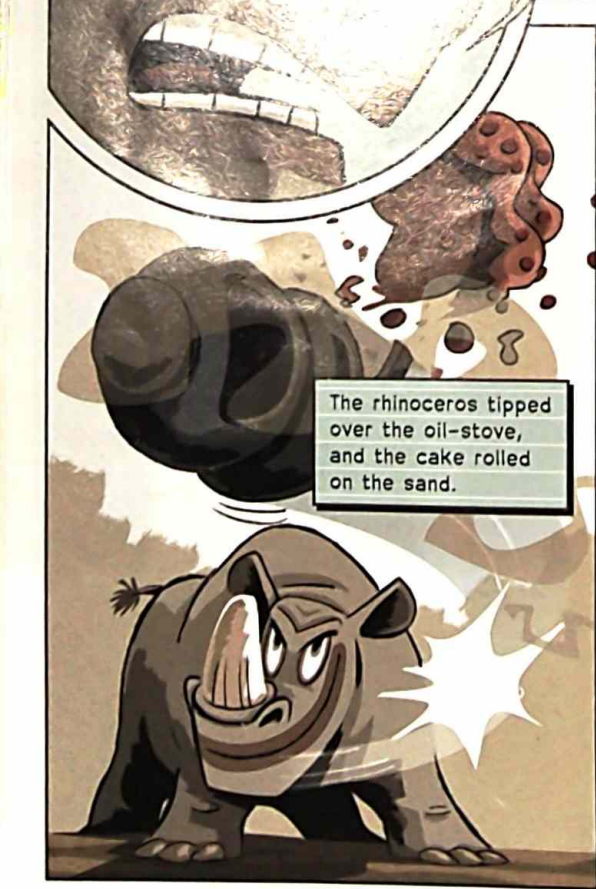
Powell & Rodriguez

STONE ARCH BOOKS • A CAPSTONE IMPRINT




Now the rhinoceros had no manners then, and he has no manners now.

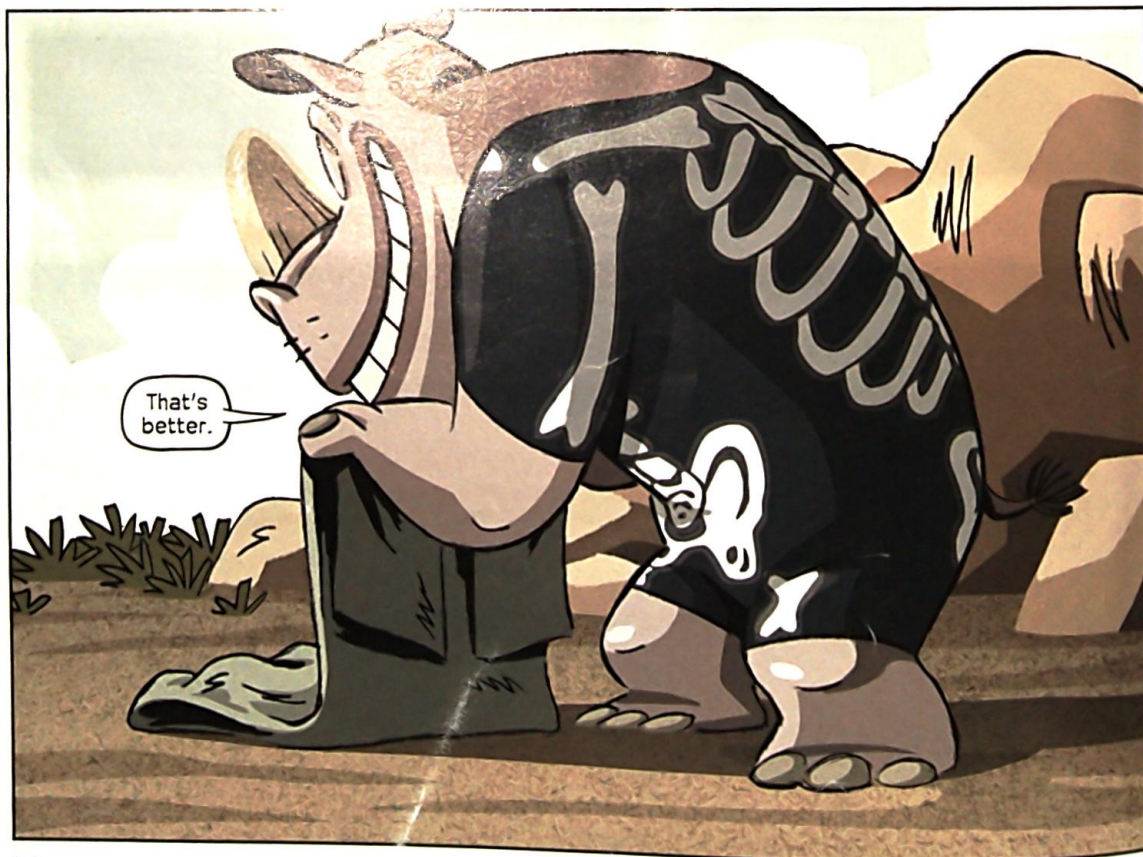
And I will never have any manners!



The rhinoceros tipped over the oil-stove, and the cake rolled on the sand.



He spiked that cake on the horn of his nose.



The Parsee climbed to the top of his palm tree and waited.



Ah! How refreshing!




I'll just slip back into my smooth, soft skin.

The rhino buttoned up the three buttons on his belly.



His skin began to tickle like cake crumbs in bed.





This Uninhabited Island
Is off Cape Gardafui,
By the Beaches of Socotra
And the Pink Arabian Sea:
But it's hot—too hot from Suez
For the likes of you and me
Ever to go
In a P. and O.
And call on the Cake-Parsee!*

Ahh . . . it
smells *most*
sentimental.

* Poem by Rudyard Kipling.