

Match the sentences to the words:

father, friends, lost, march, tiger

Bagheera: Now what's happened?

Baloo: Well, You—You're not going to believe me, Bagheera, but look, now I used the same words you did, and he ran out on me.

Bagheera: Well-well, don't just stand there. Let's separate. We-We've got to find him.

Baloo: Oh, if anything happens to that little guy, I'll never forgive myself. I got to find him. Mowgli? Mowgli?

Elephants: Hup, two, three, four, Hup, two, three, four, Keep it up, two, three...

Shere Khan: What beastly luck. Confound that ridiculous colonel Hathi.

Hathi: Comany, sound off!

Elephants: Oh we (1)_____ from here to there, And it doesn't matter where, You can hear us push, Through the deepest bush, Hup, two, three, four.

Hathi: With a military air!

Elephants: With a military air.

Bagheera: The jungle patrol.

Elephants: We're a crackerjack brigade, On a pachyderm parade, But we'd rather stroll, To a water hole

Hathi Jr: Hup, two, three, four

Elephants: For a furlough in the shade

Bagheera: Stop! Wait a minute... HALT!!!

Hathi: Who said "Halt"? I give the commands around here. Now speak up, who was it?

Bagheera: Oh, it was me, Colonel.

Hathi: What do you mean, sir, taking over my command? Highly irregular you know.

Bagheera: Oh, Colonel, I am sorry, but-but I need your help.

Hathi: Oh, that's impossible. We're on a cross-country march.

Bagheera: But it's an emergency, colonel. The man-cub must be found.

Hathi: Man-cub? What man-cub?

Shere Khan: How interesting...

Bagheera: The one I was taking to the man-village.

Hathi: Good. That's where he belongs. Now sir, if you don't mind, we'd like to get on with the march.

Bagheera: No, no, no, you-you don't understand, Hathi. He is (2)_____. He ran away.

Shere Khan: How delightful.

Hathi: Well, serves the young whippersnapper right.

Bagheera: But-but Shere Khan, the (3)_____, he's sure to pick up the man-cub's trail.

Hathi: Ha, ha. Shere Khan. Nonsense, old boy. Shere Khan isn't within miles of here. Oh, sorry Bagheera. Fortunes of war and all that sort of thing you know.

Winifred: This has gone far enough. Far enough. Now just a minute, you pompous old windbag!

Hathi: Winifred? What are you doing out of ranks?

Winifred: Never mind. How would you like to have our boy lost and alone in the jungle?

Hathi: Our son? All alone? But Winifred, old girl, that's an entirely different matter.

Winifred: Humph!

Hathi: Different. Entirely.

Winifred: That little boy is no different than our own son. Now you help find him or I'm taking over command.

Hathi: What? A female leading my herd? Utterly preposterous.

Hathi Jr.: Pop, the man-cub and I are (4)_____. He'll get hurt if we don't find him. Please, Pop? Sir? Please?

Hathi: Now, don't you worry, son. Your (5)_____ had a plan in mind all the time.

Winifred: Huh. Sure you did.

Hathi: Troopers, Company, left face! Volunteers for a special mission will step one pace forward. Ha, ha. That's what I like to see. Devotion to duty. Now, you volunteers will find the lost man-cub.

Bagheera: Ah, thank you colonel. Now there's no time to lose.

Hathi: Yes, yes, well. Good luck. When the man-cub is sighted you will sound your trumpet 3 times.

Elephant: Yes sir.

Hathi: Shh. Not now soldier.

Elephant: Sorry, sir.

Hathi: Lieutenant, our strategy shall be the element of surprise. You will take one squad and cover the right flank.

Elephant: Yes sir.

Hathi: And I shall take the other squad on the left flank. Very well, COMPANY!!! Forward... March!

Shere Khan: Element of surprise? Oh, I say. Ha, ha, ha. And now for my rendezvous with the little lost man-cub.



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