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Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories*

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Rudyard Kipling's Just So Stories
Illustrations

Kipling's stories provided me with a vehicle for developing a series of related illustrations, designing text pages, and planning the layout and flow of an entire book. These illustrations are a sample of the work I composed for this book. —LT

Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold underneath, where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoiled his temper, but it didn't make the least difference to the cake-crumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. How the Rhino got his Skin
He rested himself against it. He covered his shoulders, which tickled. He rubbed the buttons off, but it didn't make them tickle. How the

They let the Zebra and the Giraffe get up, and the Zebra moved away to some little thorn bushes where the sunlight fell all stripy, and the 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-two-three! 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. How the Leopard got his Spots.

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And the rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn of his nose, and he ate it, and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and Exclusively Uninhabited Interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra, and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. How the Rhino got his Skin.
In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then, and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said, "How!" and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm-tree with nothing on but his hat, from which the rays of the sun were always reflected in more-than-oriental splendor. How the Rhino got his Skin.