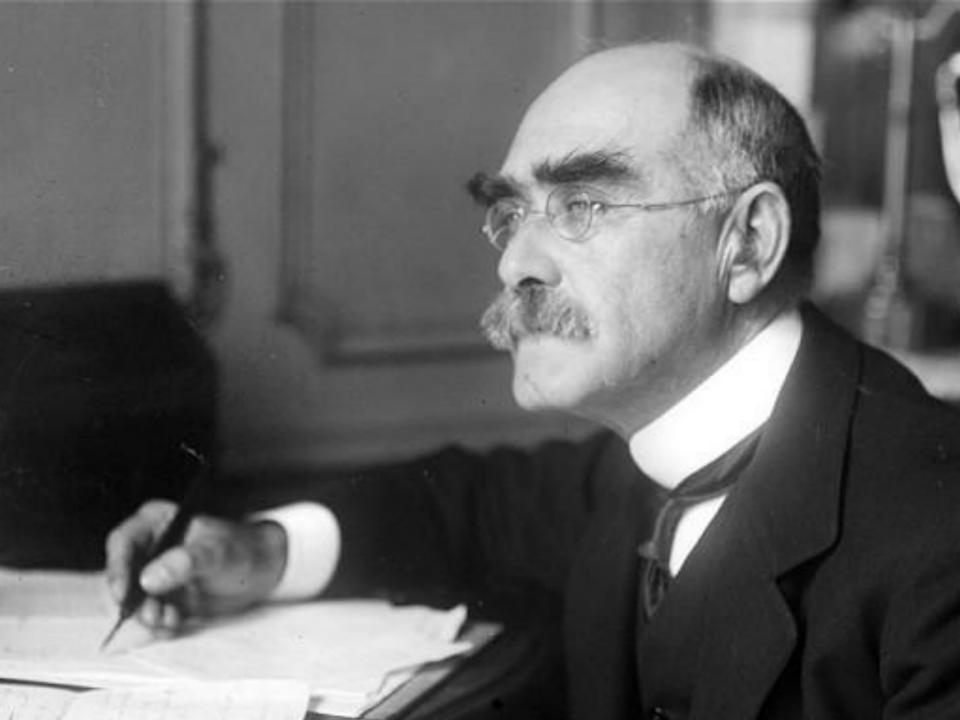
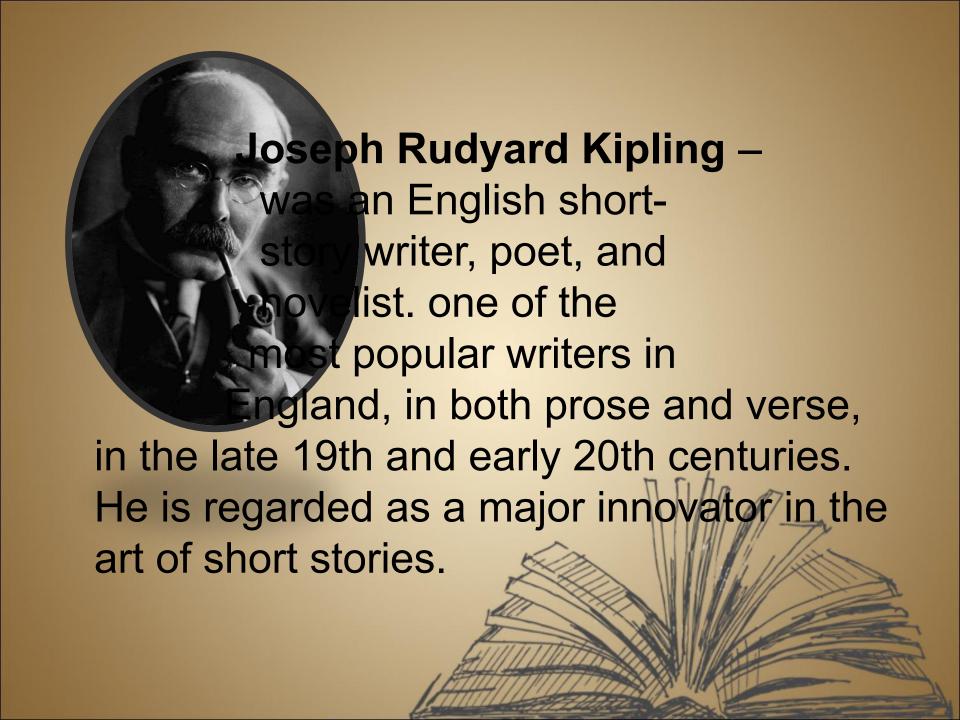
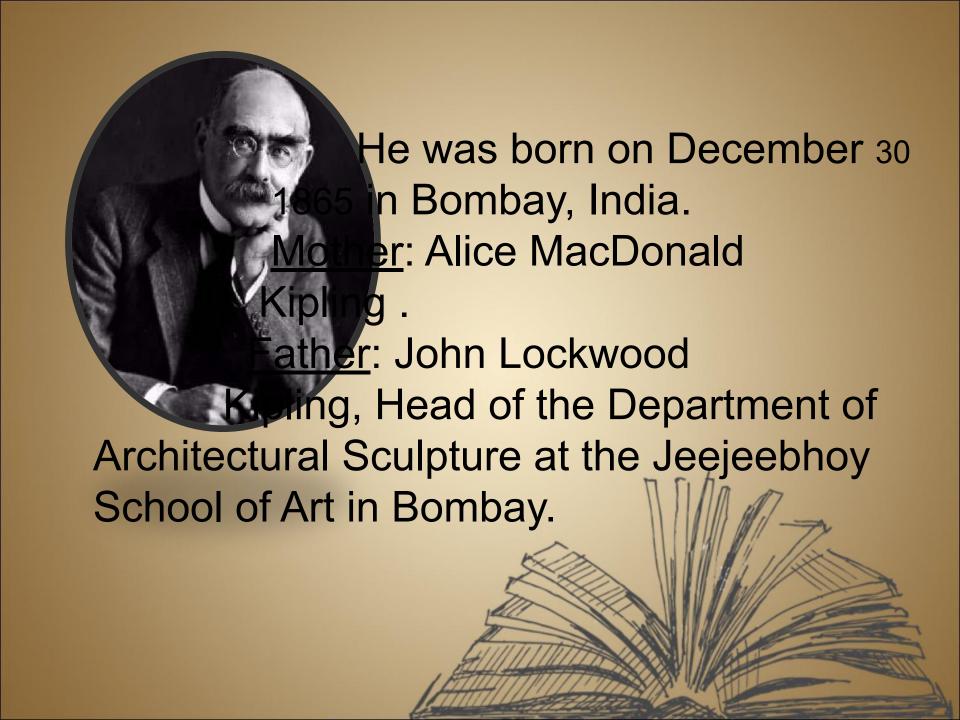
Joseph Rudyard Kipling

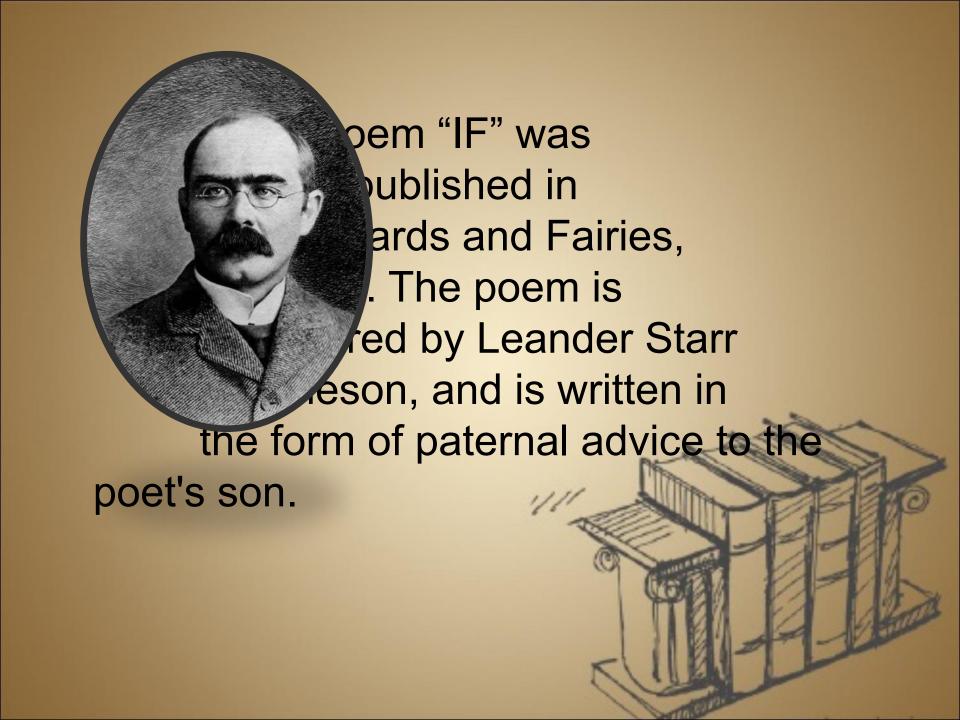


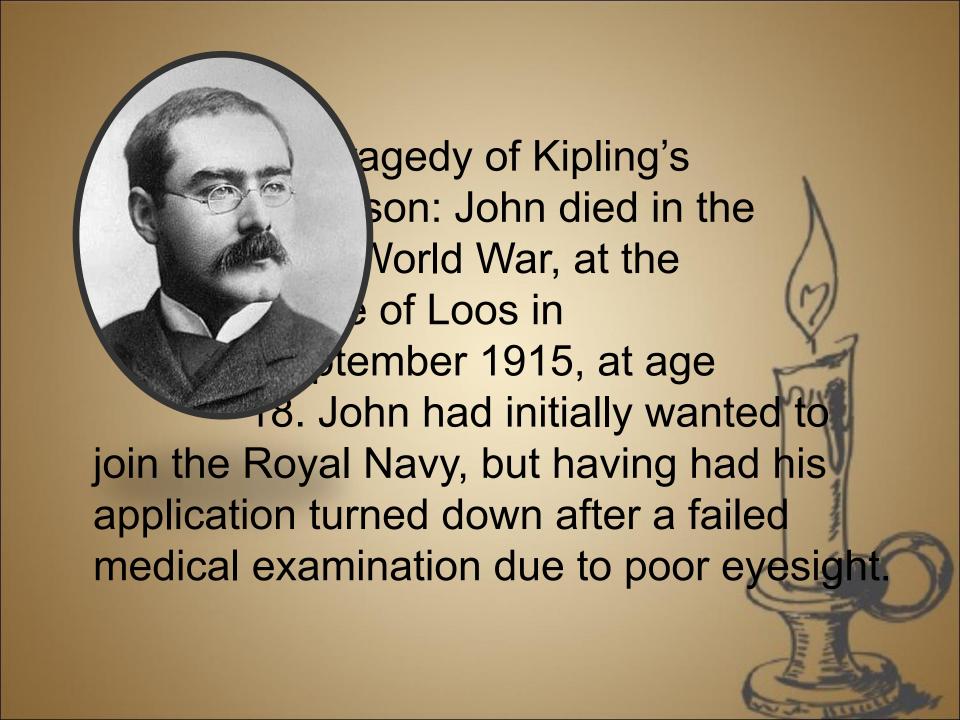
Подготовила: ученица 11-Б класса МБОУ «Октябрьская школа-гимназия» Лысенко Виталия Руководитель: Черниенко









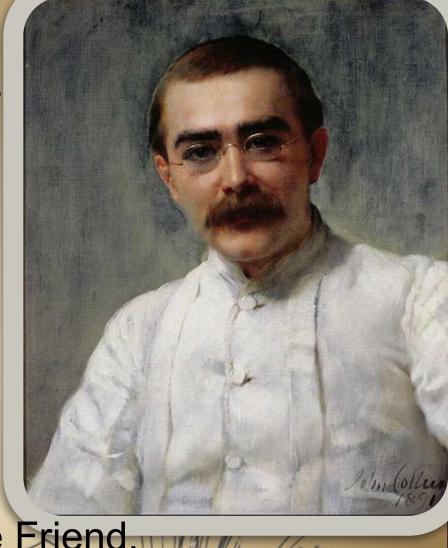


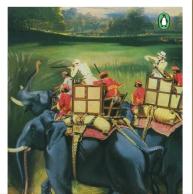
CAREER:

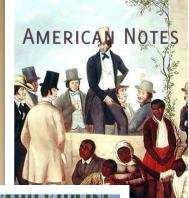
Poet, essayist, novelist, journalist, and writer of short stories. Worked as a journalist for Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, India, 1882-89; assistant editor and overseas correspondent for the Allahabad Pioneer, India, 1887-89; associate editor and correspondent for The Friend,

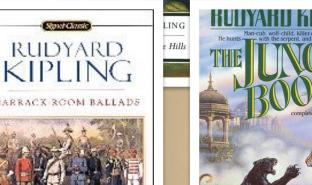
Bloemfontein, South Africa, 1900, covering the Boer War. Rector of University of St. Andrews,

1922-25.

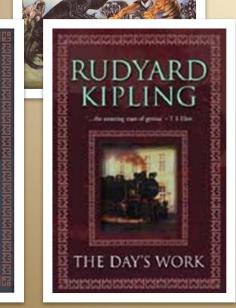








THE SEVEN SEAS



WORKS:

Plain Tales from the Hills (1888)

American Notes (1891)

Barrack-Room Ballads

(1892)

The Jungle Book

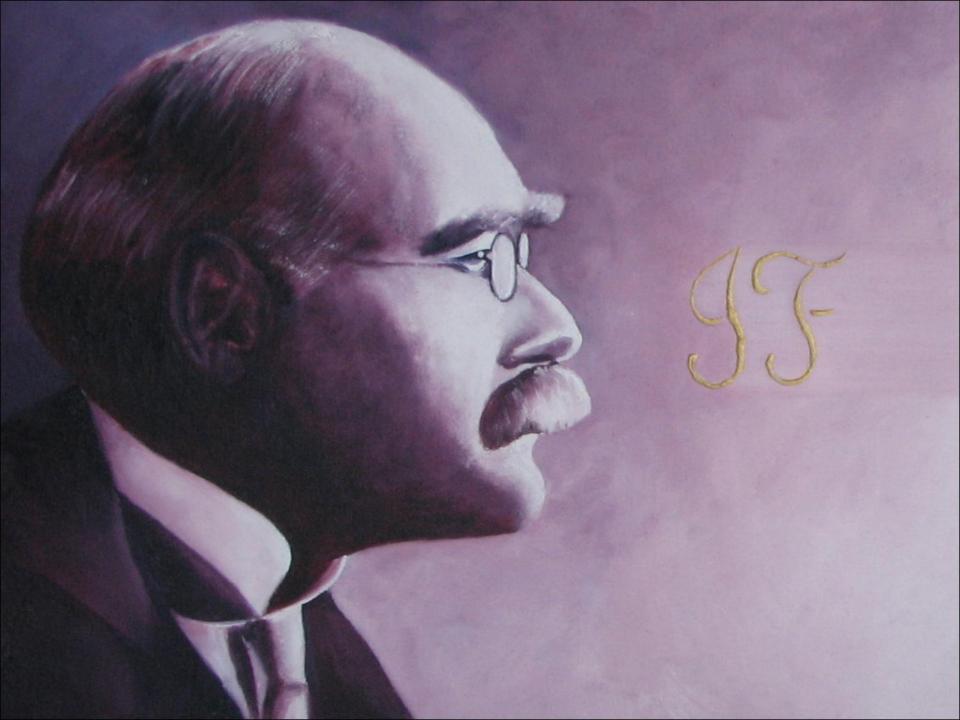
(1894)

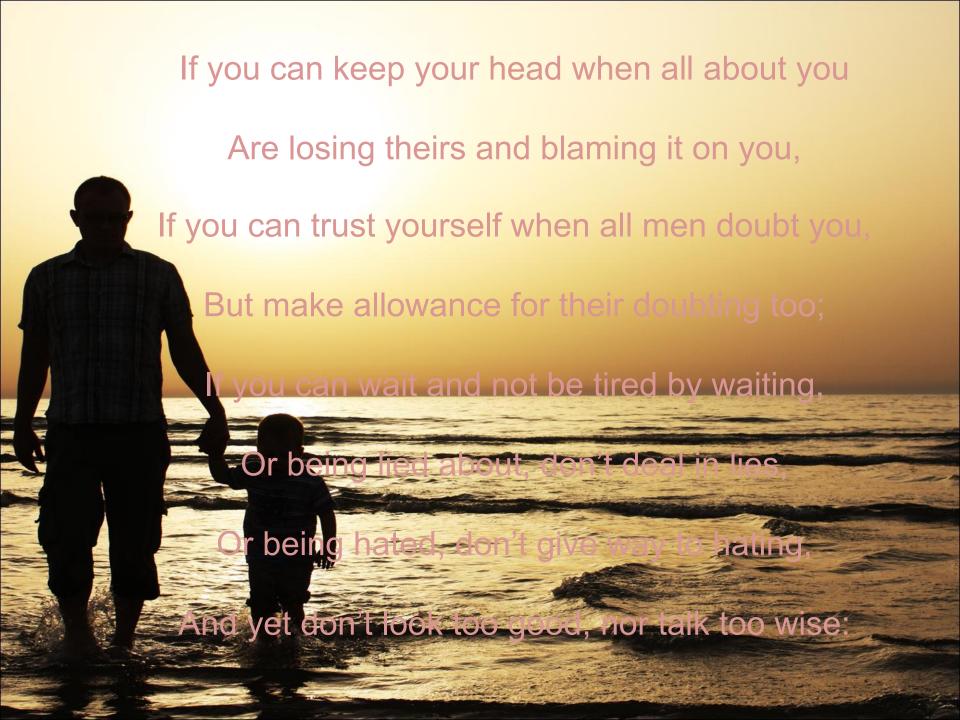
The Seven Seas

(1896)

The Day's Work (1898)







If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Sewatch the things you gave your life to aroken

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch, If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, If all men count with you, but none too much; If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it

And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

