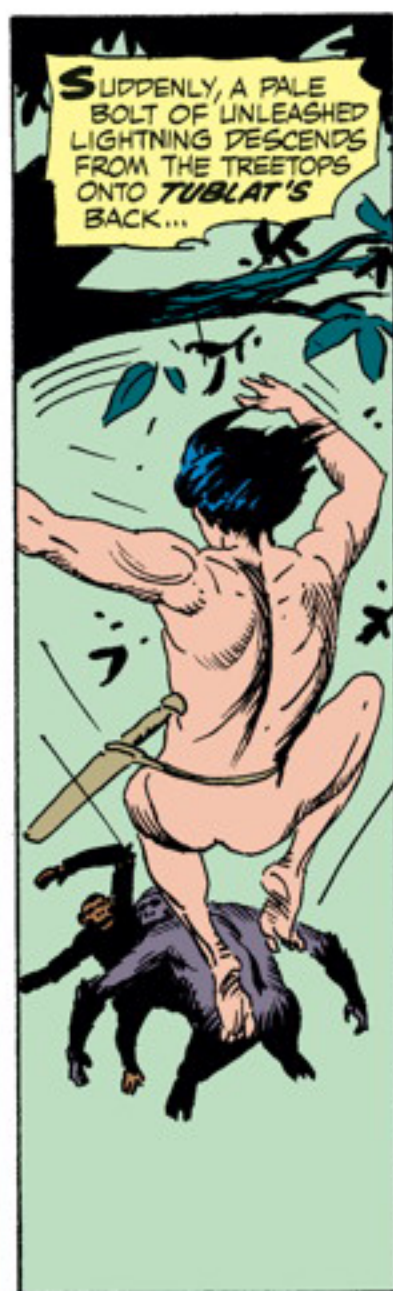




TUBLAT ATTACKS THE SMALLER SHE-APe... HIS FANGS BARED TO SINK INTO *KALA'S* NECK...



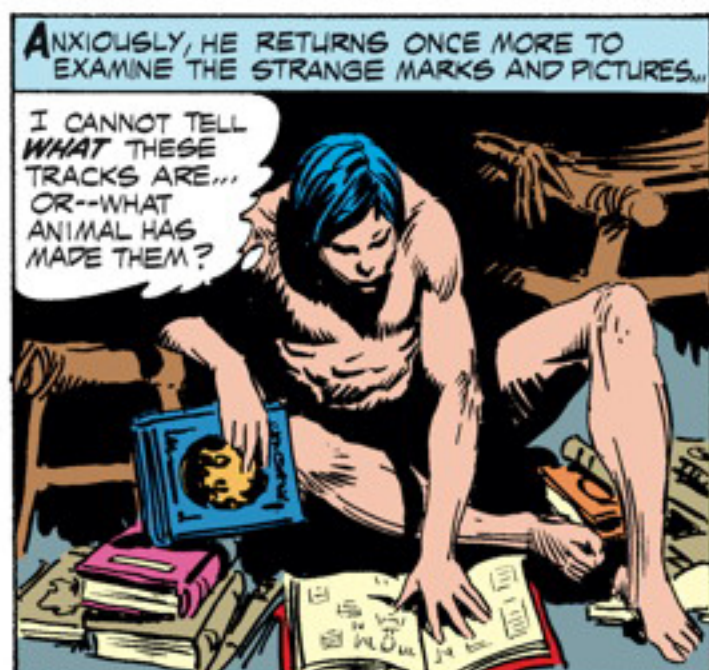
SUDDENLY, A PALE BOLT OF UNLEASHED LIGHTNING DESCENDS FROM THE TREETOPS ONTO *TUBLAT'S* BACK...



NOW THE TRIBE GATHERS TO WATCH... KNOWING THAT *TUBLAT'S* PLOY TO LURE *TARZAN* INTO COMBAT HAS SUCCEEDED...

THE RITUAL OF THE *DUM-DUM* IS FORGOTTEN... A FIGHT TO THE DEATH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!





LABORIOUSLY, THE YOUNG *TARZAN* LEARNS TO READ A LANGUAGE HE CANNOT SPEAK! SLOWLY, HE CONNECTS THE WORDS TO THE PICTURES!



SPURRED BY A CURIOSITY POSSESSED BY THE YOUNG, HE SNIFFS THROUGH EVERY-THING...



I HAVE NEVER SEEN A STICK LIKE *THIS!* WITH A HARD *BLACK SAP!* IT LEAVES A *MARK* ON MY FINGER...

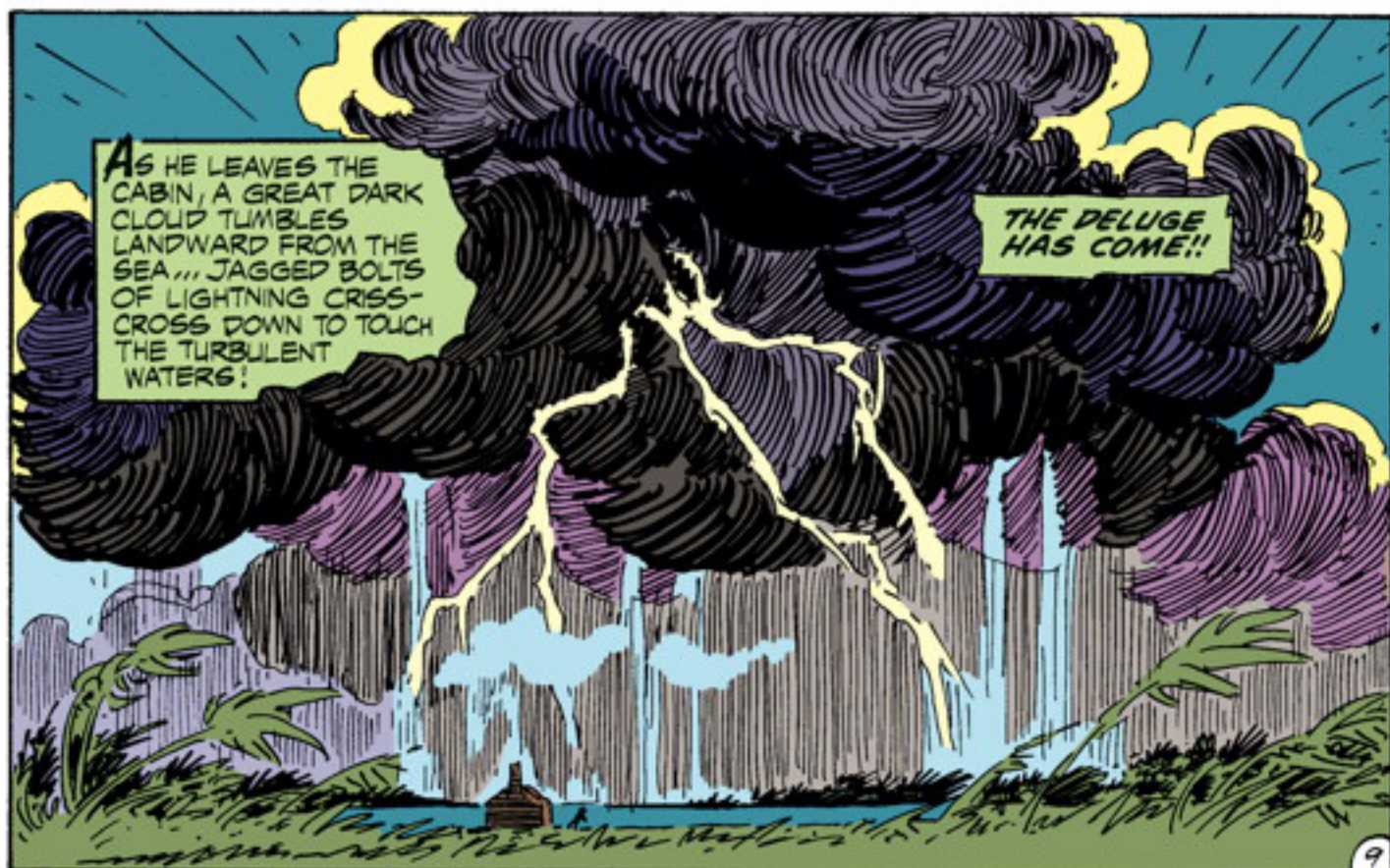


IT MAKES MARKS ON *OTHER* THINGS! MARKS... LIKE THE NAMES OF THE FLAT THINGS!




THROUGH REPEATED EXPERIMENTS, *TARZAN* TEACHES HIMSELF TO *WRITE...* A LANGUAGE HE *CANNOT SPEAK!*

NOW I KNOW WHY I AM DIFFERENT FROM MY BROTHERS! I AM A *M-A-N!*




AS HE LEAVES THE CABIN, A GREAT DARK CLOUD TUMBLES LANDWARD FROM THE SEA... JAGGED BOLTS OF LIGHTNING CRISS-CROSS DOWN TO TOUCH THE TURBULENT WATERS!

THE DELUGE HAS COME!!

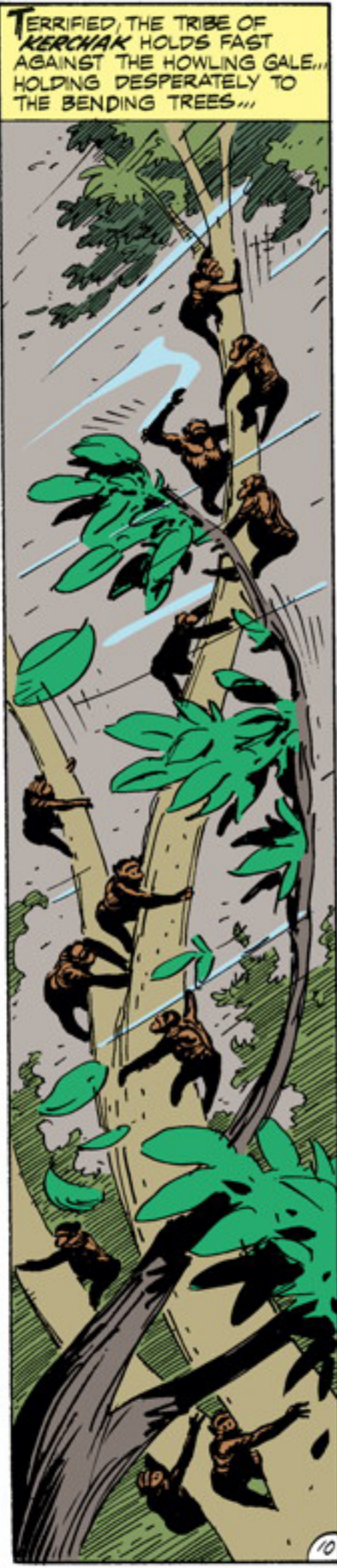


THE TROPICAL STORM ERUPTS IN ALL ITS VIOLENCE... AS ROLLS OF THUNDER CRASH AND RAIN POURS DOWN IN SHEETS FROM THE ANGRY SKIES...



NATURE SCREAMS A CHALLENGE TO THE JUNGLE... UPROOTING AND SPLINTERING THE GIANT LEAF-CLAD MONARCHS OF THE FOREST...

AS THE WILD BEASTS SEEK SAFETY FROM ALL THE UNLEASHED FURIES,



TERRIFIED, THE TRIBE OF KERCHAK HOLDS FAST AGAINST THE HOWLING GALE... HOLDING DESPERATELY TO THE BENDING TREES...



THE STORM ENDS AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN...AND AMIDST TORN, DRIPPING BRANCHES THE GREAT APES GATHER TO RESUME THEIR LIFE ONCE MORE...



I WOULD NOT SHIVER IF I HAD A **HAIRY SKIN...** LIKE MY BROTHERS...



"...OR--LIKE **SABOR**, THE LIONESS! SHE IS **NEVER COLD!** PERHAPS...I CAN PERSUADE HER TO **GIVE** ME HER WARM COAT!"



WITH HIS NEWLY-BRAIDED ROPE, **TARZAN** WAITS IN CONCEALMENT...

SABOR OFTEN USES THIS PATH ON HER HUNT! I WILL STAY... TO GREET HER!

YOUR HAIRY SKIN WILL SOON BE **MINE!**

