

Equatorial West
Africa. 1901.

I WILL
FIND
YOU!

IT'S
REALLY NO
USE HIDING
FROM ME,
BROTHER!

THAT *BARE*
SKIN OF YOURS
REVEALS YOU
EVERY TIME! NO
WONDER THEY
CALL YOU
"TARZAN"!

THE
GREAT AND
HAIRLESS
PALE-
SKINNED
APE!

OH YEAH?
MAYBE
I'D HIDE
BETTER--

--IF I TOOK
YOUR SKIN AND
WORE IT FOR
MYSELF,
MILO!

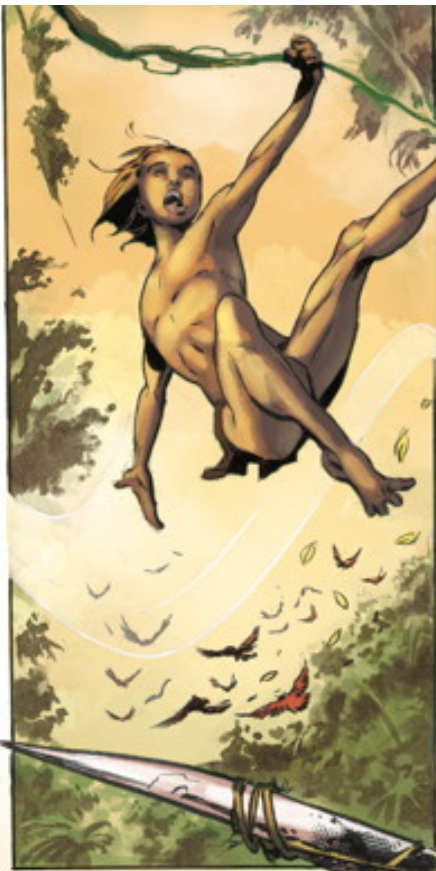
KACHROOM

HUHF

I'D BE
TOO BIG
FOR YOU,
LITTLE MAN!
HAHAH--



*Mangani for "brother"





MNNNUUUH!

GO!



MNNU--



HA HA HA
HA HA!

HA HA
HA HA
HA!



HA HAA HA HAA HA HAAA

Elsewhere.

WELL
ISN'T THAT A
SHAME...

...SOMEONE
GOT TO HIM
BEFORE YOU
DID, **SIR
CLAYTON.**

HM. I'M
BEGINNING TO
REGRET AGREEING
TO TRAVEL WITH
YOUR GROUP,
YOUNES.

FORGIVE
MY PARTNER.
HE SIMPLY DOES
NOT UNDERSTAND
HUNTING FOR
TROPHIES. WHAT
GOOD IS A DEAD APE,
WHEN YOU COULD BE
GATHERING GOOD
HUMAN STOCK
FOR THE
**ZANZIBAR
MARKET?**



I AM NO SLAVER. I AM A HUNTER. I AM AN EXPLORER. I AM THE FUTURE LORD GREYSTOKE.



THIS CONTINENT CLAIMED MY AUNT AND UNCLE. IT SCARRED MY FAMILY NAME, AND I WILL SEE THAT IT IS BROUGHT LOW, EVEN IF I MUST DO SO ONE STONE--



--AND ONE BEAST AT A TIME.