

CAMEROON.

HISTORY REPEATS, AND
A CHILD OF WEALTH
AND HERITAGE AWAKENS
TO A LIFE UNFORSEEN.

HUSH,
BALU.

HUSH.

HERE, KALACK.
TAKE THE BALU. I
AM TIRED FROM
RUNNING.

BALU?

TARMANGANI
BALU?

MALA. I ASK
WITH RESPECT
FOR YOUR
POSITION.

WHY DO YOU
HAVE THIS FAT,
WRIGGLING
THING?

IS IT FOR
EATING?

NO, IT'S NOT
FOR EATING, YOU
STUPID HORTA.

THIS BALU
BELONGS TO
TARZAN'S
TRIBE.

BAD MEN
TOOK HIS KALU,
HIS MOTHER.

SO MALA
IS HIS KALU
NOW.

AH.

WELCOME,
LITTLE
BROTHER.

SO, WHERE
IS HIS MAN
MOTHER NOW?



I DON'T
KNOW.

I ONLY KNOW
THEY WANTED
HER DEAD.







MANNERS.

I'LL TEACH
YOU SOME
MANNERS,
SAVAGE.

YOUR
HUSBAND LEARNED
MANNERS FROM MY
BEATING.

IF HE YET
LIVES.



Heh.

YOU...

YOU
LAUGH AT
ME, LITTLE
SAVAGE?

I WONDER,
OH, GREAT ESON
DUUL, CONQUEROR
OF NOTHING.



DO YOU REALLY
BELIEVE, FOR
ONE SOLITARY
MOMENT...

...THAT YOU
CAN ESCAPE
MY FAMILY'S
WRATH?

THAT YOU
WILL OUTRUN THE
GREATEST HUNTER
EVER TO WALK THIS,
OR ANY OTHER,
EARTH?

I WILL
SAY FOUR WORDS TO
YOU. LET THEM FREEZE
YOUR HEART. THEN WE
ARE DONE SPEAKING
FOREVER.



TARZAN
COMES
FOR ME.



...
PICK
HER UP.

AND...
...BIND HER
MOUTH.