

TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

May 1888. John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, and his wife, Lady Alice, Rutherford, sail from Dover for a hunting trip in Africa. After their son is born, Lady Alice dies. Clayton is killed by an ape. A malarial fever spreads and drops her own dead body in the cradle. She nurses the white child she and 10 years old. Tarzan, the ape, climbs like an ape. He gains access to the Clayton hut and from pictures and imagination learns what he is a man. At 18 he understands nearly all he reads in his father's books, but he speaks English. He finds his father's photo, diary and a locket. As the dialect in French, Tarzan does not learn the riddle of his strange life. Savages escape, white officers arrive to take care of Tarzan. He steals Kuloua, son of Mbonga. He steals Kuloua, son of Mbonga. The apes acknowledge Tarzan as their leader. He is forced to fight Terkoz. Hence are...

would be. In an instant the neck would break. Then there came to Terkoz's rescue the same thing that had put him in these sore straits—a man's reasoning power.

"If I kill him," thought Tarzan, "what advantage will it be to me? Will it not but rob the tribe of a great fighter? And if Terkoz be dead, he will know nothing of my supremacy, while alive he will ever be an example to the other apes."

"Ka-goda!" hissed Tarzan in Terkoz's ear, which, in ape tongue, freely translated, means, "Do you surrender?"

For a moment there was no reply, and Tarzan added a few more ounces of pressure, which elicited a horrified shriek of pain from the great beast.

"Ka-goda?" repeated Tarzan.

"Ka-goda!" cried Terkoz.

"Listen," said Tarzan, easing up a trifle, but not releasing his hold. "I am Tarzan, King of the Apes, mighty hunter, mighty fighter. In the jungle there is none so great."

"You have said 'Ka-goda' to me. All the tribe have heard. Quarrel no more with your king or your people, for next time I shall kill you. Do you understand?"

"Huh," assented Terkoz.

"And you are satisfied?"

"Huh," said the ape.

Tarzan let him up, and in a few minutes all were back at their voices, as though naught had occurred to mar the tranquillity of their primal forest haunts.

But deep in the minds of the apes was rooted the conviction that Tarzan was a mighty fighter and a strange creature. Strange, because he had had it in his power to kill his enemy, but had allowed him to live unharmed.

That afternoon as the tribe came together, as was their wont before darkness settled on the jungle, Tarzan, his wounds washed in the limpid waters of the little stream, called the old males about him.

"You have seen again today that Tarzan of the Apes is the greatest among you," he said.

"Huh," they replied with one voice. "Tarzan is great."

"Tarzan," he continued, "is not an ape. He is not like his people. His ways are not their ways, and so Tarzan is going back to the lair of his own kind by the waters of the great lake which has no further shore. You must choose another to rule you, for Tarzan will not return."

And thus young Lord Greystoke took the first step toward the goal which he had set—the finding of other white men like himself.

CHAPTER XIII
His Own Kind

THE following morning, Tarzan, lame and sore from the wounds of his battle with Terkoz, set out toward the west and the sea coast.

He traveled very slowly, sleeping in the jungle at night, and reaching his cabin late the following morning.

For several days he moved about but little, only enough to gather what fruit and nuts he required to satisfy the demands of hunger.

In ten days he was quite sound again, except for a terrible, half-healed scar, which, starting above his left eye, ran across the top of his head, ending at the right ear. It was the mark left by Terkoz when he had torn the scalp away.

During his convalescence Tarzan tried to fashion a mantle from the skin of Sabor, which had lain all this time in the cabin. But he found the hide had dried as stiff as board, and as he knew naught of tanning, he was forced to abandon his cherished plan.

He then determined to fling what few garments he could find from one of the black men of Mbonga's village, for Tarzan of the Apes had decided to mark his evolutions from the lower orders in every possible manner, and nothing seemed to him a more distinguishing badge of manhood than ornaments and clothing.

To this end, therefore, he collected the various arms and leg ornaments he had taken from the black warriors who had succumbed to his swift and silent noose, and doomed them all after the way he had seen them worn.

About his waist was a belt of tiny strips of rawhide fashioned by himself as a support for the home-made scabbard in which hung his father's hunting knife. The long bow which had been Kulonga's hung over his left shoulder.

The young Lord Greystoke was indeed a strange and warlike figure, his mass of black hair falling to his shoulders behind, and cut with his hunting knife to a rude bang upon his forehead, that it might not fall before his eyes.

His straight and perfect figure, muscled as the best of the ancient

warriors, was the best of the ancient