

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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SYNOPSIS

The infant son of Lord and Lady Grey-stoke is mothered by Kala, an ape, after the death of his own parents.

The boy, Lord Tarzan, by the apes finds the side of his parents in their cabin, but still thinks himself a white ape.

Tarzan was renowned by killing a gorilla. He leaves to read from books found in the cave.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

At his side hung the hunting knife of his unknown father in a sheath self-fashioned in copy of one he had seen among the pictures of his treasure books.

At last he reached the fast disappearing forest and with his sharp knife slashed off a more generous portion than he had hoped for.

Then he wriggled out from beneath the struggling mass, clutching his prize close.

Among these circling futilely the outskirts of the banqueters was old Tublat. He had been among the first at the feast, but had retreated with a goodly share to eat in quiet and was now forcing his way back for more.

So it was that he spied Tarzan emerging from the claving throng.

Tublat's bloodshot, pig eyes sent true wicked gleams of hate as they fell upon the object of his loathing. In them, too, was greed for the meat the boy carried.

But Tarzan saw his arch enemy as quickly and, divining what the beast would do, leaped nimbly away toward the women and children, hoping to hide himself among them. Tublat, however, was close upon him, so that



With a Roar He Leaped Upon the Little Lord Greystoke.

he had no opportunity to seek a place of concealment, but saw that he would be put to it to escape at all.

Swiftly he sped toward the trees and with a bound gained a lower limb with one hand, and then, transferring his burden to his teeth, he climbed rapidly upward, closely followed by Tublat.

Up, up he went to the waving pinnacle of a lofty monarch of the forest where his heavy pursuer dare not follow him. Perched there, he hurled taunts and insults at the raging beast fifty feet below him.

And then Tublat went mad.

With horrifying screams and roars he rushed to the ground and among the females and young, sinking his great fangs into them. But it was not until he attacked Kala that Tarzan dropped to offer battle to him. The infuriated bull found himself facing the man-child who stood between him and Kala.

Nothing could have suited the fierce beast better, and with a roar of triumph he leaped upon the little Lord Greystoke. But his fangs never closed in that nut brown head.

A muscular hand shot out and grasped the hairy throat, and another plunged a keen hunting knife a dozen times into the broad breast. Like lightning the blows fell and only ceased when Tarzan felt the limp form crumple beneath him.

As the body rolled to the ground Tarzan of the apes placed his foot upon the neck of his life-long enemy and, raising his eyes to the full moon, threw back his fierce young head and voiced the wild cry of his people.

One by one the tribe swung down from their arboreal retreats and formed a circle about Tarzan and his vanquished foe. When they had all come Tarzan turned toward them.

"I am Tarzan!" he cried. "I am a great killer! Let all respect Tarzan of the apes and Kala, his mother! There be none among you as mighty as Tarzan. Let his enemies beware!"

Looking far into the wretched red eyes of Tublat, the young Lord Greystoke burst upon the mighty Tarzan and

Kala had moved plerly along the

screamed out once more his shrill cry of defiance.

Tarzan of the apes lived on in his wild, jungle existence with little change for several years, only that he grew stronger and wiser and learned from his books more and more of the strange worlds which lay somewhere outside his primeval forest.

Many days during these years he spent in the cabin of his father, where still lay untouched the bones of his parents and the little skeleton of Kala's baby. At eighteen he read fluently and understood nearly all he read.

Also could he write with printed letters rapidly and plainly, but script he had not mastered, for, though there were several copybooks among his treasures, there was so little written English in the cabin that he saw no use of hoarding with this other form of writing, though he could read it laboriously.

Thus, at eighteen, we find him an English lordling who could speak no English, yet who could read and write his native language. Never had he seen a human being other than himself, for the little area traversed by his tribe was watered by no great river to bring down the savage natives of the interior.

High hills shut it off on three sides, the ocean on the fourth. It was alive with lions and tigers and leopards and poisonous snakes. Its untouched mazes of untraced paths had as yet invited no hardy pioneer from among the humans beyond its frontier.

But as Tarzan of the apes sat one day in the cabin of his father, delving into the mysteries of a new book, the ancient security of his jungle was broken forever.

At the far eastern confine a strange cavalcade strung in single file over the brow of a low hill.

In advance were fifty black warriors armed with slender, wooden spears, with ends hard baked over slow fires, and long bows and poisoned arrows. On their backs were oval shields, in their noses hung rings, while from the kinky wool of their heads protruded tufts of gay feathers.

Following them were several hundred women and children, the former bearing upon their heads great burdens of cooking pots, household utensils and ivory. In the rear were a hundred warriors, similar in all respects to the advance guard.

That they more greatly feared an attack from the rear than whatever unknown enemies might lurk ahead was evidenced by the formation of the column, and such was the fact, for they were fleeing from the white man's soldiers who had harassed them for rubber and ivory.

For three days the little cavalcade marched slowly through the heart of this unknown and untracked forest, until finally, early in the fourth day, they came upon a little spot near the banks of a small river which seemed less thickly overgrown than any ground they had encountered before.

Here they set to work to build a new village, and in a month a great clearing had been made, huts and palisades erected, plantains, yams and maize planted, and they had taken up their old life in their new home. Here there were no white men, no soldiers nor any rubber or ivory to be gathered for thankless taskmasters.

Several moons passed ere the blacks ventured far into the territory surrounding their new village. Several had already fallen prey to old Sabor, the tiger, and because the jungle was so infested with these fierce and blood-thirsty cats and with lions and leopards the ebony warriors hesitated to trust themselves far from the safety of their palisades.

But one day Kulonga, a son of the old king, Mbonga, wandered far into the dense mazes to the west. Warily he stepped, his slender lance ever ready, his long oval shield grasped in his left hand close to his body—at his back his bow, and in the quiver upon his shield many slim, straight arrows, well smeared with the thick, dark, tarry substance that rendered deadly their thickest needle prick.

Night found Kulonga far from the palisades of his father's village, but still headed westward, and, climbing into the fork of a great tree, he fashioned a rude platform and curled himself for sleep.

CHAPTER V.

The Death of Kala.

THREE miles west of Kulonga, son of Mbonga, the negro king, slept the tribe of Ker-chak.

Early the next morning the apes were astir, moving through the jungle in search of food. Tarzan, as was his custom, prosecuted his search in the direction of the cabin, so that by leaping hunting on the way his hunger was appeased by the time he reached the beach.

The ape scattered by ones and twos and then in all directions, but always within sound of a drum of alarm.

Kala had moved plerly along the

phant track toward the east and was busily engaged in turning over rotted limbs and logs in search of excellent bugs and fungi when the faintest shadow of a strange noise brought her to startled attention.

For fifty yards before her the trail was straight, and down this leafy tunnel she looked straight at the stealthily advancing figure of a strange and fearful creature.

It was Kulonga.

Kala did not wait to see more, but, turning, moved rapidly back along the trail. She did not run, but, after the manner of her kind when not roused, sought rather to avoid than to escape.

Close after her came Kulonga. Here was meat. He could make a killing and feast well this day. On he hurried, his spear poised for the throw.

At a turning of the trail he came in sight of her again upon another straight stretch. His spear hand went far back; the muscles rolled, lightning-like, beneath the sleek hide. Out shot the arm, and the spear sped toward Kala.

A poor cast. It but grazed her side. With a cry of rage and pain Kala turned upon her tormentor. In an instant the trees were crashing beneath the weight of hurrying apes, swinging rapidly toward the scene of trouble in answer to Kala's scream.

As Kala charged, Kulonga unslung his bow and fitted an arrow with almost unthinkable quickness. Drawing the shaft far back, he drove the poisoned missile straight into the heart of the great she ape.

With a horrid scream Kala plunged forward upon her face before the astonished members of her tribe.

Roaring and shrieking, the apes dashed toward Kulonga, but that wary savage was feeling down the trail like a frightened antelope. They followed him racing through the trees for a long distance, but finally one by one they abandoned the chase and returned to the scene of the tragedy.

On the far beach by the little cabin Tarzan heard the faint echoes of the conflict, and, knowing that something was seriously amiss among the tribe, he hastened rapidly toward the direction of the sound.

When he arrived he found the entire tribe gathered jabbering about the dead body of his slain mother.

Tarzan's grief and anger were unbounded. He roared out his hideous challenge time and again. He beat upon his chest with his fists, and then he fell upon the body of Kala and sobbed out the pitiful sorrowing of his lonely heart.

But after the first outburst of grief Tarzan controlled himself and, questioning the members of the tribe who had witnessed the killing of Kala, he learned all that their meager vocabulary could vouchsafe him.

It was enough, however, for his needs. It told him of a strange, hairless, black ape with feathers growing upon its head, who launched death from a slender branch and then ran toward the setting sun.

Tarzan waited no longer; but, leaping into the branches of the trees, sped rapidly through the forest. He knew the windings of the elephant trail along which Kala's murderer had flown, and he cut straight through the jungle to intercept the black warrior, who was evidently following the tortuous detours of the trail.

At his side was the hunting knife of his unknown sire, and across his shoulders the coils of his own long rope. In an hour he struck the trail again and, coming to earth, examined the soil minutely.

In the soft mud on the bank of a tiny rivulet he found footprints such as he alone in all the jungle had ever made, but much larger than his. His heart beat fast. Could it be that he was trailing a man—one of his own race?

There were two sets of imprints pointing in opposite directions. So his quarry had already passed on its return along the trail. As he examined the newer spoor a tiny particle of earth toppled from the outer edge of one of the footprints to the bottom of his shallow depression—ah, the trail was very fresh, his prey must have but scarcely passed.

Tarzan had covered barely a mile more when he came upon the black warrior standing in a little open space. In his hand was his slender bow, to which he had fitted one of his death-dealing arrows.

Opposite him across the little clearing stood Horta, the boar, with lower end head and foam soaked tusks, ready to charge.

The black released the poisoned arrow, and Tarzan saw it fly with the quickness of thought and lodge in the bristling neck of the boar.

Scarcely had the shaft left his bow ere Kulonga had fitted another to it, but Horta, the boar, was upon him as quickly that he had no time to discharge it. With a bound the black leaped actively over the rushing boar, and, springing with lightning swiftness,

planted a second arrow in Horta's back.

Then Kulonga sprang into a nearby tree.

Horta wheeled to charge his enemy once more. A dozen steps he took; then



With a Bound the Black Leaped Entirely Over the Rushing Boar.

he staggered and fell upon his side. For a moment his muscles stiffened and relaxed convulsively; then he lay still.

Kulonga came down from his tree. With the knife that hung at his side he cut several large pieces from the boar's body, and in the center of the trail he built a fire, cooking and eating as much as he wanted. The rest he left where it had fallen.

Tarzan was an interested spectator. His desire to kill burned fiercely in his wild breast, but his desire to learn was even greater. He would follow this savage creature for awhile and know whence he came. He could kill him at his leisure later, when the bow and deadly arrows were laid aside.

When Kulonga had finished his repast and disappeared beyond a near turning of the path Tarzan dropped quietly to the ground. With his knife he severed many strips of meat from Horta's carcass, but he did not cook them.

He had seen fire, but only when the lightning had destroyed some great tree. That any creature of the jungle could produce the red and yellow fangs which devoured wood and left nothing but fine dust, surprised Tarzan greatly.

Also, why the black warrior had ruined his delicious repast by plunging it into the blighting heat, was quite beyond him. Possibly the fire was a friend with whom the archer was sharing his food.

Tarzan would not ruin good meat in any such foolish manner, so he gobbled down a great quantity of the raw flesh, burying the balance of the carcass beside the trail where he could find it upon his return.

And then Lord Greystoke wiped his greasy fingers upon his naked thighs and took up the trail of Kulonga, the son of Mbonga, the king; while in far-off London another Lord Greystoke, the younger brother of the real Lord Greystoke's father, sent back his chops to the club's chef because they were underdone, and when he had finished his repast he dipped his finger ends into a silver bowl of scented water and dried them upon a piece of snowy damask.

All day Tarzan followed Kulonga, hovering above him in the trees like some malign spirit. Twice more he saw him hurl his arrows of destruction—once at Dango, the hyena, and again at Mann, the monkey. In each instance the animal died almost instantly, for Kulonga's poison was very fresh and very deadly. There was something mysterious connected with these tiny slivers of wood which could bring death by a mere scratch, thought Tarzan. He must look into the matter.

That night Kulonga slept in the crotch of a mighty tree and far above him crouched Tarzan of the apes.

When Kulonga awoke he found that his bow and arrows had disappeared. The black warrior was furious and frightened, but more frightened than furious. His spear he had hurled at Kala and had not recovered, and now that his bow and arrows were gone, he was defenseless except for a single knife. His only hope lay in reaching the village of Mbonga as quickly as his legs would carry him.

That he was not far from home he was certain, so he took to the trail at a rapid trot. From a great mass of impenetrable foliage a few yards away emerged Tarzan of the apes to swing quietly in his wake.

Kulonga's bow and arrows were securely tied high in the top of a giant tree, from which a patch of bark had been removed by a sharp knife near to the ground and a branch half cut through and left hanging about fifty feet higher up. Thus Tarzan blazed the forest trails and marked his caches.

As Kulonga continued his journey Tarzan closed up on him until he traveled almost over the black's head. His rope he now held coiled in his right hand. He was almost ready for the kill.

The moment was delayed only because Tarzan was anxious to ascertain the black warrior's destination, and presently he was rewarded, for they came suddenly in view of a great clearing, at one end of which lay many strange hilts.

(To Be Continued.)

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