

By Sidney Smith

# TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

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## THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarzan, the ape-man, who, in civilized life is Lord Greystoke, has learned that his wife, thought dead, is a captive in an African jungle. He searches for her. In the jungle he saves a girl, a lion, a creature with a tail, from a lion. The ape-man kills the lion. The "ape-thing" sees no cause for apprehension as Tarzan returns. While hunting for his wife, he is attacked by a huge, hairy body, who throws himself on the man's back. He places them in a stream of water. Simultaneously Tarzan and the man-thing see a crocodile just behind their backs. The crocodile is a striped scorpion-like hybrid.

Tarzan expected his companion to reveal his behavior, but he placed himself at Tarzan's side, ready to assist the great ape, and they all became friendly and journeyed on to A-lur, the home of Tarzan, who is in love with O-lur, a daughter of the king, which he had fled to escape a wicked plan of the king's.

"But the risk is too great!" asked Tarzan.

"It is great, but not too great," replied Tarzan, "I shall go."

will dominate and their king will be king of Pal-ul-don.

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Om-at. "It is because our neighbors are fools, each thinking that his tribe is the greatest and should rule among the Waz-don. They will not admit that the warriors of my tribe are the bravest and our ape the most beautiful."

Tarzan grinned. "Each of the others presents precisely the same arguments that you present, Om-at," he said, "which, my friend, is the strongest bulwark of defense possessed by the Ho-don."

"Come!" exclaimed Tarzan. "Such discussions often lead to quarrels, and we three must have no quarrels. I, of course, am interested in learning what I can of the political and economic conditions of your land; I should like to know something of your religion; but not at the expense of bitterness between my only friends in Pal-ul-don. Possibly, however, you hold to the same god?"

"There are no gods, we do differ," cried Om-at, somewhat bitterly and with a trace of excitement in his voice.

"Differ!" should not differ? Tarzan could not help but ask.

"Stop!" cried Tarzan. "Now, indeed, have I stirred up a hornet's nest. Let us speak no more of matters political or religious."

"That is my wish," agreed Om-at; "but I might mention, for your information, that the one and only god has a long tail."

"It is sacrilege," cried Tarzan, laying his hand upon his knife; "Jad-ben-Otho has no tail!"

"You are right, Tailless One," said Tarzan. "Come, Om-at, let us look after our friendship and ourselves. I am sure in the conviction that Jad-ben-Otho is sufficiently powerful to look after himself."

"Done!" agreed Om-at. "But—"

"No 'buts,' Om-at," admonished Tarzan.

The shaggy black shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "I shall make our way down toward the valley?" he asked.

"The gorge below us is uninhabited; that to the left contains the caves of my people. I would see Pan-at-lee once more. Tarzan would visit his father in the valley below and Tarzan seeks entrance to A-lur in search of the mate that would be better dead than in the clutches of the Ho-don priests of Jad-ben-Otho. How shall we proceed?"

"Let us remain together as long as possible," urged Tarzan. "You, Om-at, must seek Pan-at-lee by night and by stealth; for three, even we three, may not hope to overcome Es-sat and all his warriors. At any time we may go to the village where my father is chief, for he always will welcome the friends of his son. But for Tarzan to enter A-lur is another matter, though there is a way and he has the courage to put it to the test—listen, come close for Jad-ben-Otho has keen ears and this he must not hear." With his lips close to the ears of his companions Tarzan, the Tail-free, son of Ja-don, the Lion-man, unfolded his daring plan.

At that same moment, a hundred miles away, a little figure, linked and for a loin cloth and weapons, moved silently across a thorn-covered, waterless steppe, searching always along the ground before him with keen eyes and sensitive nostrils.

## CHAPTER III

### Pan-at-Lee

Night had fallen upon uncharted Pal-ul-don. A slender moon, low in the West, bathed the white faces of the chalk cliffs presented to her, in a mellow, unearthly glow. Black were the shadows in Kor-ul-ja, Gorge-of-lions, where dwelt the tribe of the same name under Es-sat, their chief. From an aperture near the summit of the lofty escarpment a hairy figure emerged, his head and shoulders first—and fierce eyes scanned the cliff side in every direction.

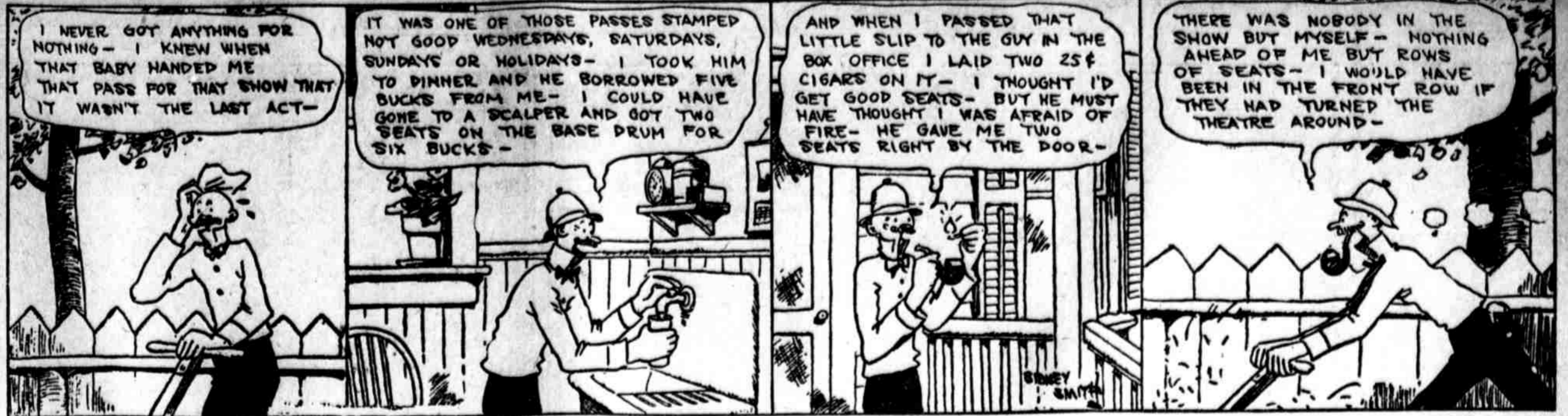
It was Es-sat, the chief. To right and left and below he looked as though to assure himself that he was unobserved, but no other figure moved upon the cliff face, nor did another hairy body protrude from any of the numerous cave mouths from the high-bung above the chief to the habitations of the more lowly members of the tribe nearer the cliff's base. Then he moved outward upon the sheer face of the white chalk wall. In the half-light of the baby moon it appeared that the heavy, shaggy black figure moved across the face of the perpendicular wall in some miraculous manner, but closer examination would have revealed about pegs, as large around as a man's wrist, protruding from holes in the cliff into which they were driven. Es-sat's four handlike members and his long, sinuous tail permitted him to move with consummate ease whether he chose—a gigantic rat upon a mighty wall. As he progressed upon his way he avoided the cave mouths, passing either above or below those that lay in his path.

The outward appearance of these caves was similar. An opening from eight to as much as twenty feet long by eight high and four to six feet deep was cut into the chalk rock of the cliff. In the back of this large opening, which formed what might be described as the front veranda of the home, was an opening about three feet wide and six feet high, evidently forming the doorway to the interior apartment or apartments. On either side of this doorway were smaller openings which were easy to assume were windows through which light and air might find their way to the inhabitants. Similar windows were also dotted over the cliff face between the entrance porches, suggesting that the entire face of the cliff was honeycombed with apartments. From many of these smaller apertures small streams of water trickled down the escarpment, and the walls above were thus blackened as by smoke. Where the water ran the wall was eroded to a depth of from a few inches to as much as a foot, suggesting that some of the tiny streams had been at the gorge of those that hid their feet among the dank ferns in the bottom of the gorge.

Now he paused before an entrance and listened and then, noiselessly as the moonlight upon the trickling waters, he merged with the shadows of the outer porch. At the doorway leading into the interior he paused again, listening, and then quietly pushing aside the heavy skin that covered the aperture, he passed within a large chamber, leaven from the living rock. From the far end, through another doorway, shone a light, dimly. Toward this he crept with utmost stealth, his naked feet giving forth no sound. The knotted club that had been hanging at his back from a thong about his neck he now removed and carried in his left hand.

CONTINUED MONDAY

## THE GUMPS—Nothing for Something



## SOMEBODY'S STENOG—This Bird Doesn't Qualify



## The Young Lady Across the Way



## IT IS VERY HARD TO CONVINCE A HOME BREWER



## SCHOOL DAYS



## PETEY—Deep Stuff



## THE CLANCY KIDS—That Was Enough to Squelch Him

