

## Jungle Tales of Tarzan

But today, as he sat gazing upon her, he found himself noting the beauties of Teeka's form and features—something he never had done before, since none of them had aught to do with Teeka's ability to race nimbly through the lower terraces of the forest in the primitive games of tag and hide-and-go-seek that Tarzan's fertile brain evolved.

Tarzan scratched his head, running his fingers deep <sup>into</sup> ~~in to~~ the shock of black hair <sup>that</sup> ~~which~~ framed his shapely, boyish face—he scratched his head and sighed. Teeka's <sup>new found</sup> ~~new=found~~ beauty came as suddenly as his despair. He envied her the handsome coat of hair <sup>that</sup> ~~which~~ covered her body. His own smooth brown hide he hated with a <sup>hatred</sup> ~~hated~~ born of disgust and contempt. Years back he had harbored a hope that <sup>someday</sup> ~~some day~~ he, too, would be clothed in hair as were all his brothers and sisters; but of late he had been forced to abandon the delectable dream.

Then there were Teeka's great teeth, not so large as the <sup>males'</sup> ~~males,~~ of course, but still mighty, handsome things by comparison with Tarzan's feeble white ones. And her <sup>delete ,</sup> ~~beetling,~~ brows and broad, flat nose and her mouth! Tarzan had often practiced making his mouth into a little round circle and then puffing out his cheeks while he winked his eyes <sup>too</sup> ~~to~~ rapidly. But he felt that he could never do it in the same cute and irresistible way in which Teeka did it.

And as he watched her that <sup>delete ,</sup> ~~afternoon,~~ and wondered, a young bull ape who had been lazily foraging for food beneath the damp, matted carpet of decaying vegetation at the roots of a <sup>nearby</sup> ~~near-by~~ tree lumbered awkwardly in Teeka's direction. The other apes of the tribe of Kerchak moved listlessly about or lolled restfully in the midday <sup>heat</sup> ~~hear~~ of the equatorial jungle. From time to <sup>add ,</sup> ~~time~~

one or another of them had passed close to Teeka, and Tarzan had been  
uninterested. Why was <sup>it, then,</sup> ~~it then~~ that his brows contracted and his muscles tensed  
as he saw Taug pause beside the young she-ape and then squat down close to  
her?

Tarzan always had liked Taug. Since <sup>add ,</sup> ~~childhood~~ they had romped together.  
<sup>Side by side</sup> ~~Side-by-side~~ they had squatted near the water, their quick, strong fingers ready  
to leap forth and seize Pisah, the fish, should that wary denizen of the cool  
depths dart surfaceward to the lure of the insects Tarzan tossed upon the face of  
the pool.

Together they had baited Tublat and teased Numa, the lion. Why, then,  
should Tarzan feel the rise of the short hairs at the nape of his neck merely  
because Taug sat close to Teeka?

It is true that Taug was no longer the frolicsome ape of yesterday. When  
his <sup>delete -</sup> ~~snarling-muscles~~ bared his giant <sup>fangs, one could no longer</sup> ~~fangs no one could longer~~ imagine that Taug  
was in as playful a mood as when he and Tarzan had rolled upon the turf in  
mimic battle.

The Taug of today was a huge sullen bull ape, somber and forbidding. Yet  
he and Tarzan never had quarreled.