



ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL
B1

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar

Edgar Rice Burroughs



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

Tarzan e as Joias de Opar

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar

Tarzan e as Joias de Opar

Edgar Rice Burroughs

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
Support

SAMPLE

Contents

[Copyright](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Reading Comprehension B1](#)

[Original English Text](#)

[Versão em Português](#)

[Glossary: New Words](#)

Copyright

Fonte original - domínio público

Esta edição ESL Easy Read foi adaptada a partir de Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar, de Edgar Rice Burroughs, publicado originalmente em 1916.

A obra original encontra-se em domínio público e pode ser utilizada, reproduzida, distribuída e adaptada de acordo com a legislação aplicável.

Autor

Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875 - 1950)

Estados Unidos

Esta obra foi publicada originalmente em 1916.

Nos Estados Unidos, obras publicadas antes de 1930 encontram-se normalmente em domínio público.

Com base no ano de publicação disponível, esta obra encontra-se em domínio público nos Estados Unidos desde 1º de janeiro de 2012.

Brasil

Autor: Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875 - 1950)

De acordo com a Lei nº 9.610/1998, os direitos patrimoniais expiram 70 anos após a morte do autor, contados a partir de 1º de janeiro do ano seguinte ao falecimento.

Edgar Rice Burroughs faleceu em 1950.

Situação no Brasil: DOMÍNIO PÚBLICO.

Portugal

Autor: Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875 - 1950)

De acordo com o Código do Direito de Autor e dos Direitos Conexos, a proteção patrimonial dura 70 anos após a morte do autor.

Edgar Rice Burroughs faleceu em 1950.

Situação em Portugal: DOMÍNIO PÚBLICO.

Dados da publicação original

Obra original: Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar

Autor: Edgar Rice Burroughs

Primeira publicação: 1916

Local: United States

Primeiro editor: All-Story Weekly (serial); A. C. McClurg & Co. (1918 first book edition)

Verifique você mesmo

As fontes abaixo permitem verificar gratuitamente a identificação da obra, a data de publicação e, no caso do Project Gutenberg, o status de domínio público nos Estados Unidos:

→ **Project Gutenberg** — <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/92>

O registro do Project Gutenberg identifica esta obra como domínio público nos Estados Unidos.

→ **Internet Archive** — <https://archive.org/search?query=Tarzan+and+the+Jewels+of+Opar+Edgar+Rice+Burroughs>

Preserva digitalizações e registros bibliográficos de edições impressas da obra original.

Esta adaptação ESL Easy Read

Nenhum direito autoral é reivindicado sobre o texto original em domínio público. A estrutura editorial desta edição, as versões de leitura simplificada, as traduções de apoio, o layout, a capa e o aparato pedagógico são protegidos por direitos autorais.

© 2026 MicMac from Las Vegas LLC. Todos os direitos reservados.

Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR - Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 - Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 - Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 - Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens, o ambiente e os principais acontecimentos da obra original.

O objetivo não é substituir a obra original, mas criar uma passagem gradual entre o inglês que você já conhece e a linguagem literária do texto completo.

Como usar En/Pt

No texto simplificado em inglês, En/Pt abre a página correspondente.

A página En/Pt apresenta três camadas independentes, sempre nesta ordem: a tradução em português do texto simplificado; o trecho correspondente do original em inglês; e a tradução em português do original.

No texto original em inglês, Pt abre diretamente o mesmo parágrafo na versão portuguesa. Nessa versão, En retorna ao mesmo parágrafo no

texto original em inglês. Na página [En/Pt, Original English](#) retorna de Original Português ao mesmo parágrafo original.

Como usar o glossário

As palavras e expressões incluídas no glossário são marcadas no texto. Clique ou selecione uma delas para abrir a entrada correspondente.

Cada entrada apresenta:

- a palavra ou expressão original em inglês;
- a sua pronúncia fonética;
- a tradução em português;
- um exemplo de uso em português;
- um exemplo de uso em inglês;
- até seis trechos do livro em que a palavra ou expressão aparece, ou todos os trechos disponíveis quando houver menos de seis ocorrências.

Cada ocorrência apresentada no glossário inclui um link direto para o ponto exato do livro em que a palavra ou expressão foi usada.

Depois de consultar uma ocorrência, o leitor pode retornar diretamente ao ponto do texto de onde abriu o glossário ou navegar para qualquer outra ocorrência da mesma palavra ou expressão dentro do livro.

A função da tradução em português

Procuramos oferecer traduções em português claras, naturais e literariamente agradáveis, tanto para o texto simplificado quanto para o texto original.

Ainda assim, a tradução deve ser entendida apenas como instrumento de apoio. Este livro não foi concebido para ser lido principalmente em português: seu objetivo é ajudar você a ler em inglês e recorrer ao português somente quando necessário.

Sempre que possível, tente primeiro compreender o trecho em inglês. Consulte a tradução para confirmar o sentido, esclarecer uma dificuldade ou comparar estruturas; depois, retorne ao texto em inglês.

Sobre este livro

Com sua fortuna ameaçada, Tarzan retorna à cidade perdida de Opar para buscar ouro nos antigos cofres. Um terremoto e uma pancada na cabeça apagam sua memória, fazendo-o voltar a um estado puramente selvagem, sem recordar Jane, seu nome ou a vida civilizada. Ao mesmo tempo, Jane corre perigo nas mãos de homens gananciosos e traiçoeiros que planejam roubar o ouro e capturá-la, enquanto a sacerdotisa La ainda sente amor e desejo de vingança por Tarzan. À medida que as joias de Opar mudam de mãos e os inimigos se aproximam, o Tarzan sem memória vagueia guiado apenas pelo instinto. Pouco a pouco suas lembranças retornam, e ele atravessa combates e perseguições para escapar do altar de sacrifício de La e salvar Jane antes que seja tarde.

Contato

MicMac from Las Vegas LLC

Contato: admin@esleasyread.com

Outros livros disponíveis na série ESL Easy Read

Conheça também os outros livros disponíveis, organizados por coleção:

Coleção A Selva de Burroughs:

- Jungle Tales of Tarzan
- Tarzan and the Ant Men
- Tarzan and the City of Gold
- Tarzan and the Golden Lion
- Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar
- Tarzan and the Lost Empire
- Tarzan at the Earth's core
- Tarzan of the Apes
- Tarzan the Invincible
- Tarzan the Terrible
- Tarzan the Untamed
- Tarzan Triumphant
- Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle

- The Beasts of Tarzan
- The Return of Tarzan
- The Son of Tarzan
- The Tarzan Twins

Coleção Adventure:

- Kim
- Martin Eden
- The Call of the Wild
- The Jungle Book
- The Sea-Wolf
- White Fang

Coleção Alice in Wonderland:

- Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
- ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND
- Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There

Coleção Anne of Green Gables:

- Anne of Avonlea
- Anne of Green Gables
- Anne of the Island
- Anne's House of Dreams
- Further Chronicles of Avonlea
- Kilmeny of the Orchard
- Rainbow Valley
- Rilla of Ingleside
- The Golden Road

Coleção Charles Dickens:

- A Christmas Carol in Prose Being a Ghost Story of Christmas
- A Tale of Two Cities

Coleção Classics:

- Ivanhoe

- Little Women; Or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy
- Middlemarch
- Moby Dick; Or, The Whale
- North and South
- Peter Pan (Peter and Wendy)
- Tess of the d'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman
- The Blue Castle: a novel
- The Enchanted April
- The Great Gatsby
- The Green Mummy
- The Woman in White
- Uncle Tom's Cabin or Life among the Lowly

Coleção Doctor Dolittle:

- Doctor Dolittle in the Moon
- Doctor Dolittle's Caravan
- Doctor Dolittle's Circus
- Doctor Dolittle's Post Office
- The Story of Doctor Dolittle
- The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle

Coleção Gothic and Terror:

- Dracula
- Frankenstein
- THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER
- The Mysteries of Udolpho
- The Picture of Dorian Gray
- THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Coleção H. G. Wells:

- The First Men in the Moon
- The Invisible Man
- The Island of Doctor Moreau
- The Time Machine

- The War of the Worlds

Coleção Jules Verne:

- A Journey to the Centre of the Earth
- Around the World in Eighty Days
- Five Weeks in a Balloon
- Off on a Comet a Journey through Planetary Space
- Robur the Conqueror
- The Giant Raft
- The Mysterious Island
- Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea

Coleção Mark Twain:

- A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court
- The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
- The Prince and the Pauper
- Tom Sawyer Abroad
- Tom Sawyer, Detective

Coleção Marte de Burroughs:

- A Fighting Man of Mars
- A Princess of Mars
- The Chessmen of Mars
- The Gods of Mars
- The Master Mind of Mars
- The Warlord of Mars
- Thuvia, Maid of Mars

Coleção Sherlock Holmes:

- His Last Bow
- The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
- The Casebook of Sherlock Holmes
- The Hound of the Baskervilles

- The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes
- The Return of Sherlock Holmes
- The Sign of the Four
- The Valley of Fear

Coleção The Land of Oz:

- Glinda of Oz
- Ozma of Oz
- Rinkitink in Oz
- The Emerald City of Oz
- The Lost Princess of Oz
- The Magic of Oz
- The Marvelous Land of Oz
- The Patchwork Girl of Oz
- The Road to Oz
- The Scarecrow of Oz
- The Tin Woodman of Oz
- The Woggle-Bug Book
- The Wonderful Wizard of Oz
- Tik-Tok of Oz

www.esleasyread.com

Index - Reading Comprehension B1

[Belgian and Arab](#)

[On the Road To Opar](#)

[The Call of the Jungle](#)

[Prophecy and Fulfillment](#)

[The Altar of the Flaming God](#)

[The Arab Raid](#)

Belgian and Arab

En/Pt Lieutenant Albert Werper had only escaped dismissal because of his family name, which he had shamed. At first, he was thankful that he was sent to a lonely Congo post instead of being tried by court-martial, which he deserved. But after six months of boredom, isolation, and loneliness, he changed. He grew darker in spirit. He spent his days feeling sorry for himself, and this slowly turned into hatred for the men who had sent him there.

En/Pt He missed the happy life of Brussels even more than he had missed the sins that had brought him down. As time passed, his anger focused on the man who represented the power that had exiled him: his captain and direct superior.

En/Pt This officer was cold and quiet. The men under him did not love him much, but the black soldiers of his small command respected and feared him.

En/Pt Werper often sat for hours on the veranda of their shared quarters, staring at his superior while they smoked their evening cigarettes in silence. Soon his foolish hatred became almost madness. He took the captain's natural quietness as a deliberate insult for his past failures. He thought the captain looked down on him, and he grew more and more angry. One evening, his anger suddenly turned to murder. He touched the revolver at his side, narrowed his eyes, and spoke at last.

En/Pt "You have insulted me for the last time!" he shouted, jumping to his feet. "I am an officer and a gentleman, and I will not take this anymore without an answer from you, you pig."

En/Pt The captain looked surprised and turned toward his junior officer. He had seen men before who had gone mad in the jungle from loneliness, endless thinking, and perhaps a little fever.

En/Pt He stood up and reached out to put a hand on the other's shoulder. He meant to speak calm words, but he never got the chance. Werper thought his superior was moving to attack him. He aimed his revolver at the captain's heart, and when the captain took only one step, Werper fired. The man fell without a sound onto the rough veranda floor,

and as he fell, Werper's confused mind suddenly cleared. He saw himself and his crime as others would see them.

En/Pt He heard excited cries from the soldiers' quarters and men running toward him. They would catch him, and if they did not kill him, they would take him down the Congo to a military court that would do the same thing in a more proper way.

En/Pt Werper did not want to die. He had never wanted life more than at that moment, when he had ruined his right to live. The men were getting closer. What could he do? He looked around, as if searching for some real excuse for his crime, but he could see only the body of the man he had shot for no reason.

En/Pt In panic, he turned and ran from the soldiers. He crossed the compound with his revolver still tight in his hand. At the gate, a guard stopped him. Werper did not try to talk or use his rank. He simply raised his weapon and shot the helpless black guard. Then he broke open the gates and disappeared into the dark jungle, after taking the dead man's rifle and ammunition belts for himself.

En/Pt All night Werper ran deeper into the wilderness. Now and then a lion's voice made him stop and listen. But he kept going with his rifle ready. He feared the human hunters behind him more than the wild animals ahead.

En/Pt At last dawn came, but the man still kept walking. Fear of being caught had pushed away his hunger and tiredness. He could think only of escape. He did not dare stop to rest or eat until he was safe, so he stumbled on until he fell and could not rise again. He did not know how long he had been running. In the end, total exhaustion made him unconscious.

En/Pt That was how Achmet Zek, the Arab, found him. Achmet's men wanted to kill their old enemy with a spear, but Achmet decided otherwise. First he would question the Belgian. It was better to question a man first and kill him later than to kill him first and ask questions afterward.

En/Pt So Lieutenant Albert Werper was carried to Achmet's own tent. There, slaves gave him small amounts of wine and food until he finally woke up. When he opened his eyes, he saw strange black men around

him, and just outside the tent stood an Arab. He could not see any of his soldiers' uniforms anywhere.

En/Pt The Arab turned and saw that the prisoner had opened his eyes, so he entered the tent.

En/Pt "I am Achmet Zek," he said. "Who are you, and what were you doing in my country? Where are your soldiers?"

En/Pt Achmet Zek! Werper's eyes grew wide, and his heart sank. He was in the power of one of the most feared killers, a man who hated all Europeans, especially those in Belgian uniforms. For years the Belgian Congo army had fought him and his men without success. Neither side ever expected mercy.

En/Pt But then Werper saw a small chance for himself in the man's hatred of Belgians. He was also an outcast and an outlaw. For now, they had one thing in common, and Werper decided to use that to his advantage.

En/Pt "I have heard of you," he said. "I was looking for you. My own people have turned against me. I hate them. Even now their soldiers are hunting me to kill me. I knew you would protect me from them, because you hate them too. In return, I will serve with you. I am a trained soldier. I can fight, and your enemies are my enemies."

En/Pt Achmet Zek watched the European in silence. He thought about many things, and above all, he believed the man was lying. Still, there was a chance he told the truth. If he did, the idea was worth thinking about, because fighting men were never too many, especially white men with a European officer's military training and knowledge.

En/Pt Achmet Zek frowned, and Werper felt his heart sink. But Werper did not know Achmet Zek well. He often frowned when other men would smile, and smiled when other men would frown.

En/Pt "If you have lied to me," said Achmet Zek, "I will kill you whenever I choose. What reward do you expect for your work, except your life?"

En/Pt "My keep at first only," replied Werper. "Later, if I am worth more, we can easily agree on something." For the moment, Werper only wanted to save his life. So the deal was made, and Lieutenant Albert

Werper became part of the ivory and slave raiding band of the bad Achmet Zek.

En/Pt For months, the former Belgian rode with the savage raider. He fought with wild energy and cruel violence, equal to the other outlaws. Achmet Zek watched him closely and became more and more pleased. In time, he trusted him more, and Werper was given more freedom to act on his own.

En/Pt Achmet Zek trusted the Belgian a great deal, and at last he shared a special plan with him. The Arab had wanted to do this for a long time, but he had never had the chance. With a European to help him, though, it might be easy. He tested Werper to see what he thought.

En/Pt "Have you heard of the man people call Tarzan?" he asked.

Werper nodded. "I have heard of him, but I do not know him."

En/Pt "But for him, we could carry on our 'trading' safely and make a great profit," the Arab continued. "For years he has fought us, driven us from the richest part of the country, troubled us, and armed the natives so they can fight us when we come to 'trade.' He is very rich. If we could make him pay many pieces of gold, we would not only get revenge on him, but also get back much of what he has stopped us from taking from the natives he protects."

En/Pt Werper took a cigarette from a jeweled case and lit it.

"And you have a plan to make him pay?" he asked.

En/Pt "He has a wife," Achmet Zek replied. "People say she is very beautiful. If we cannot get ransom money from this Tarzan, she would bring a very high price farther north."

En/Pt Werper lowered his head and thought. Achmet Zek waited for his answer. Albert Werper felt disgust at the idea of selling a white woman into a Muslim harem. He looked up and saw that Achmet Zek was narrowing his eyes. He guessed the Arab had noticed his anger at the plan. What would happen if Werper refused? His life was in this man's hands. This rough man valued an unbeliever less than a dog. Werper loved life. What did the woman matter to him? She was European, and part of normal society. He was an outcast. Every white man was against

him. She was really his enemy, and if he refused to help, Achmet Zek would have him killed.

En/Pt "You are hesitating," the Arab said softly.

En/Pt "I was only thinking about our chances of success," Werper lied, "and about my reward. As a European, I can enter their home and eat at their table. No one else here could do as much. The danger will be great. I should be well paid, Achmet Zek."

En/Pt A look of relief came over the raider's face.

En/Pt "Well said, Werper," Achmet Zek said, and he slapped his lieutenant on the shoulder. "You should be well paid, and you shall be. Now let us sit together and plan how best to do it." The two men sat on a soft rug under the faded silks of Achmet's once rich tent and talked in low voices far into the night. Both were tall and bearded. The sun and wind had given Werper a dark, almost Arab look. He also dressed like Achmet, so he looked almost the same as his chief. It was late when he got up and went to his own tent.

En/Pt The next day Werper spent his time changing his Belgian uniform. He removed anything that showed it had been made for military use. From a mixed group of stolen goods, Achmet Zek got a pith helmet and a European saddle. He also used black slaves and followers to gather porters, askaris, and tent boys, so they looked like a small safari for a big-game hunter. Werper led the group out of camp.

On the Road To Opar

En/Pt Two weeks later, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was riding back from checking his large African estate. He saw the head of a line of men crossing the plain between his bungalow and the forest to the north and west.

En/Pt He pulled in his horse and watched the small group as it came out of a low valley that had hidden it. His sharp eyes caught sunlight shining on the white helmet of a mounted man. He believed a European hunter was coming to ask for his hospitality, so he turned his horse and rode slowly forward to meet him.

En/Pt Half an hour later, he was walking up the steps to the veranda of his bungalow and introducing M. Jules Frecoult to Lady Greystoke.

En/Pt "I was completely lost," M. Frecoult said. "My head man had never been in this part of the country before, and the guides who were meant to come with me from the last village knew even less than we did. They left us two days ago. I am very lucky to have found help like this. I do not know what I should have done if I had not found you."

En/Pt It was decided that Frecoult and his group would stay for several days, or until they were fully rested. Then Lord Greystoke would give them guides to lead them safely back to the country that Frecoult's head man was supposed to know.

En/Pt As a French gentleman with no work, Werper had little trouble fooling his host and making himself liked by both Tarzan and Jane Clayton. But the longer he stayed, the less sure he felt that he could easily carry out his plan.

En/Pt Lady Greystoke never rode far from the bungalow alone, and the strong loyalty of the fierce Waziri warriors, who were a large part of Tarzan's followers, seemed to make a forceful kidnapping impossible. It also seemed impossible to bribe the Waziri themselves.

En/Pt A week passed, and Werper was no closer to his plan than on the day he arrived. But then something happened that gave him new hope and made him think of an even bigger reward than a woman's ransom.

En/Pt A runner came to the bungalow with the weekly mail, and Lord Greystoke spent the afternoon in his study reading and answering letters. At dinner he seemed worried, and he went to bed early, followed soon after by Lady Greystoke. Werper, sitting on the veranda, heard them talking seriously. He understood that something important was happening, so he quietly got up, stayed in the shadows of the bushes around the bungalow, and moved silently to a place under the window of the room where his host and hostess slept.

En/Pt There he listened, and soon heard enough to excite him. Lady Greystoke was speaking when Werper came within hearing.

En/Pt "I always feared the company might not be stable," she said. "But it seems hard to believe they failed for such a huge sum, unless there was some dishonest trick."

En/Pt "That is what I suspect," Tarzan replied. "But whatever caused it, the fact is that I have lost everything, and I must go back to Opar and get more."

En/Pt "Oh, John," cried Lady Greystoke, and her voice shook, "is there no other way? I cannot bear to think of you going back to that terrible city. I would rather live in poverty forever than let you face the horrible dangers of Opar."

En/Pt "You need not fear," Tarzan said with a laugh. "I can take care of myself quite well, and if I could not, the Waziri who go with me will make sure nothing harms me."

En/Pt "They ran away from Opar once and left you to your fate," she reminded him.

En/Pt "They will not do it again," he answered. "They were deeply ashamed, and they were coming back when I met them."

En/Pt "But there must be some other way," the woman said firmly.

En/Pt "There is no easier way to get another fortune than to go to the treasure vaults of Opar and bring it away," he replied. "I shall be very careful, Jane, and the people of Opar will probably never know that I have been there again and taken more of their treasure. They know nothing about its value, or even that it exists."

En/Pt The final sound of his voice told Lady Greystoke that more argument would not help, so she gave up the subject.

En/Pt Werper stayed and listened for a little while. Then he felt sure he had heard enough and was afraid of being found out, so he returned to the veranda. There he smoked many cigarets quickly before going to bed.

En/Pt The next morning at breakfast, Werper said that he would leave early. He asked Tarzan for permission to hunt big game in Waziri country on his way out, and Lord Greystoke readily agreed.

En/Pt The Belgian spent two days making his preparations, but at last he left with his safari and one Waziri guide whom Lord Greystoke had lent him. The group made only one short march when Werper pretended to be ill and said he would stay where he was until he recovered. Since they were still not far from the Greystoke bungalow, Werper sent the Waziri guide away, telling him that he would call for him when he could travel again. After the guide left, the Belgian called one of Achmet Zek's trusted blacks to his tent and sent him to watch for Tarzan's departure. He was to return at once and tell Werper what had happened and which way Tarzan had gone.

En/Pt Werper did not have long to wait. The next day his messenger returned and said that Tarzan and fifty Waziri warriors had left early that morning and were heading southeast.

En/Pt Werper called his head man after he wrote a long letter to Achmet Zek. He gave the letter to the head man.

En/Pt "Send a runner at once to Achmet Zek with this," he told the head man. "Stay here in camp and wait for more orders from him or from me. If anyone comes from the Englishman's bungalow, tell them that I am very ill in my tent and cannot see anyone. Now give me six porters and six askaris, the strongest and bravest men in the safari, and I will follow the Englishman and find where he has hidden his gold."

En/Pt So Tarzan, wearing only a loin cloth and carrying his simple weapons, led his loyal Waziri toward the dead city of Opar. Werper, the traitor, followed his trail through the long hot days and camped near him at night.

En/Pt As they marched, Achmet Zek rode south with all his men toward the Greystoke farm.

En/Pt To Tarzan of the Apes, the journey felt like a holiday trip. Civilization was only a thin cover for him, and he was glad to take off his uncomfortable European clothes whenever he had a good excuse. Tarzan stayed partly civilized because a woman loved him, but he had grown tired of civilization. He hated its lies and false behavior. With his clear, untaught mind, he saw the weak heart of it: fear, greed, and the wish for comfort and property. He did not agree that art, music, and literature were made strong by these weak ideas. He believed they survived in spite of civilization, not because of it.

En/Pt "Show me the rich coward," he often said, "who ever began a beautiful ideal. In war, in the struggle to survive, in hunger, danger, and death, and in the sight of God shown through Nature's greatest powers, the best things in the human heart and mind are born."

En/Pt So Tarzan always returned to Nature like a lover meeting someone he had waited for after long time in prison. His Waziri were, in fact, more civilized than he. They cooked their meat and avoided many foods that Tarzan had eaten happily all his life. Even the strong ape-man hesitated to show his true wants before them, because hypocrisy is hard to escape. He ate burned meat when he would have preferred it raw, and he hunted with arrow or spear when he would rather have attacked from hiding and bitten the animal's throat. But at last his wild nature grew too strong. He wanted fresh blood and felt his muscles long for the fight with the jungle, the only life he had known for the first twenty years of his life.

The Call of the Jungle

En/Pt Driven by these strong but unclear feelings, the ape-man stayed awake one night in the small thorn boma that gave his group some protection from the great jungle cats. One warrior stood half asleep on guard by the fire, which was needed because yellow eyes watched from the dark outside camp. The cries and coughs of the big cats, mixed with the many sounds of the jungle, stirred the savage spirit in this savage English lord. He turned on his bed of grass for an hour without sleeping. Then he got up like a ghost, slipped away while the Waziri's back was turned, jumped over the boma wall in front of the glowing eyes, climbed quietly into a great tree, and disappeared.

En/Pt For a while, full of wild energy, he ran quickly through the middle level of the forest, swinging dangerously across wide gaps from one huge tree to another. Then he climbed higher into the thinner, moving branches of the upper level, where the moon shone on him and small winds moved the air, but death waited in every weak branch. There he stopped and lifted his face to Goro, the moon. With his arm raised, he was ready to cry out like a bull ape, but he stayed silent so he would not wake his faithful Waziri, who knew their master's terrible call very well.

En/Pt Then he moved on more slowly and carefully, because Tarzan of the Apes was hunting for food. He came down to the ground in the deep darkness among the close trees and hanging plants of the jungle. From time to time he bent down and put his nose close to the earth. He found a wide animal path, and at last he caught the fresh scent of Bara, the deer. Tarzan's mouth watered, and a low growl came from his proud lips. All signs of human rank fell away from him. Once more he was the first hunter, the first man, the highest type of human being. He followed the trail into the wind with a sense of smell far beyond that of ordinary people. Even the strong smells of meat-eating animals could not hide Bara's track from him. He could still follow the deer by the soft, lasting scent of its feet.

En/Pt Soon the smell of the deer told Tarzan that his prey was near. He climbed back into the trees and moved to a lower branch where he could watch the ground below. Soon he found Bara standing alert at the edge of a moonlit clearing. Tarzan crept silently until he was right above the deer. In his right hand he held his father's long hunting knife, and in

his heart was the fierce hunger of a hunter. He paused for a moment, then sprang down onto Bara's back. His weight forced the deer to its knees, and before it could stand again, the knife struck its heart. As Tarzan rose on the dead body to cry his victory to the moon, the wind brought him a smell that stopped him at once. He froze and looked toward the warning scent. A moment later the grass on one side of the clearing parted, and Numa, the lion, walked into view. His yellow-green eyes stared at Tarzan with envy. Numa had had no luck that night.

En/Pt Tarzan answered with a deep warning growl. Numa growled back, but he did not come closer. Instead he stood still and moved his tail slowly. Tarzan squatted over his kill and cut a large piece from the hind leg. As he ate, he kept growling warnings at the lion. This lion had never before met Tarzan of the Apes, and he was confused. Tarzan looked like a man and smelled like one. Numa had eaten human flesh before and knew it was easy to get, though not very tasty. But the strange creature's growls reminded him of dangerous enemies, and that made him hesitate. At the same time, hunger and the smell of Bara's hot flesh almost drove him mad. Tarzan watched every move, and that was wise. At last Numa could bear it no longer. His tail shot up, and Tarzan knew what that meant. He seized the rest of the deer's hind quarter in his teeth and leaped into a nearby tree just as Numa charged with terrible speed.

En/Pt Tarzan ran away, but not because he was afraid. Life in the jungle had different rules. If he had been hungry, he would have stood and fought the lion. He had done that before, and he had also charged lions in the past. Tonight he was not hungry, and the piece of meat he had taken was more than he could eat. Still, he was angry to see Numa tearing at his kill. This lion's boldness must be punished. So Tarzan decided to make the big cat's life miserable. Nearby were trees with large, hard fruit. Tarzan swung into one of them as lightly as a squirrel. Then he began throwing the fruit down at Numa. One after another, the hard fruits rained on the lion. Numa could not eat under that attack. He roared, growled, and dodged until at last he was driven away from Bara's body. He left in anger, roaring as he went. But in the middle of the clearing he suddenly stopped. Tarzan saw his great head lower, his body crouch, and his tail tremble as he crept toward the trees on the far side.

En/Pt At once Tarzan became alert. He lifted his head and smelled the slow jungle wind. What had drawn Numa away in silence? Just as the lion disappeared among the trees, Tarzan caught the answer on the wind. The strong smell of a man came to him. Tarzan hid the rest of the deer's hind quarter in the fork of a tree, wiped his hands on his bare thighs, and followed Numa. A wide elephant path led into the forest. Numa moved beside it, and Tarzan went above him through the trees like a shadow. The lion and the man saw Numa's prey at almost the same time, though both had already known it was a black man. Their noses had told them that. Tarzan's nose also told him the man was a stranger, old, and male. The man was old and alone, walking through the dark jungle. He was small and wrinkled, badly scarred, and covered with tattoos. He wore strange clothes, a hyena skin on his shoulders, and a dried head on his grey scalp. Tarzan saw that he was a witch-doctor and waited for Numa to attack, feeling glad, because he did not like witch-doctors. But just then Tarzan also remembered that the lion had stolen his kill a few minutes earlier, and revenge felt sweet.

En/Pt The black man first knew he was in danger when he heard twigs breaking as Numa charged through the bushes onto the path behind him. He turned and saw a huge lion with a black mane racing toward him. Before he could react, Numa seized him. At that same instant, Tarzan dropped from a branch above and landed on the lion's back. As he fell, he drove his knife into Numa's side behind the left shoulder. He grabbed the long mane with his right hand, bit into Numa's neck, and wrapped his strong legs around the beast's body. Numa roared with pain and anger, reared up, and fell backward on Tarzan, but Tarzan still held on. Again and again he stabbed the lion with his knife. Numa rolled over and over, clawing and biting at the air, roaring terribly as he tried to reach the attacker on his back. More than once Tarzan nearly lost his hold. He was beaten, bruised, covered with blood and dirt, but he did not weaken. If he had let go for even a moment, Numa's claws and teeth would have killed him, and the life of this jungle-bred English lord would have ended. The witch-doctor, who had fallen when the lion struck, lay torn and bleeding on the ground. He could not get away, so he watched the fierce battle. His eyes shone, and his wrinkled lips moved as he muttered strange spells to his spirits.

En/Pt At first the witch-doctor thought the fight would surely end with the white man dying under terrible Simba. Who had ever heard of one

man with only a knife killing such a beast? But soon the old man's eyes opened wider, and he began to doubt. What kind of creature was this, fighting Simba and holding his own against the great muscles of the king of beasts? Then a memory slowly returned to him. It was like a faded picture from long ago: a slim white youth swinging through the trees with a band of huge apes. The old man's eyes blinked, and fear filled them. He felt the superstitious fear of someone who believes in ghosts, spirits, and demons.

En/Pt Soon the witch-doctor no longer doubted how the fight would end. His first idea changed, because now he knew the jungle god would kill Simba. He was even more frightened of what might happen to him after the winner decided his fate. He watched the lion grow weaker from blood loss. He saw the great legs shake and stumble, and at last the beast fell and did not rise again. Then he saw the forest god or demon stand up from the defeated enemy, place one foot on the still moving body, lift his face to the moon, and give a terrible cry that made the witch-doctor feel cold all through his body.

Prophecy and Fulfillment

En/Pt Then Tarzan turned to the man. He had not killed Numa to save the Negro. He had only done it to take revenge on the lion. But when he saw the old man lying helpless and dying, pity touched his wild heart. As a young man, he would have killed the witch-doctor without any regret. But civilization had softened him, though not enough to make him weak or cowardly. He saw an old man in pain, and he bent down to look at the wounds and stop the bleeding.

En/Pt "Who are you?" the old man asked in a trembling voice.

En/Pt "I am Tarzan -- Tarzan of the Apes," answered the ape-man, and he said it with more pride than if he had said, "I am John Clayton, Lord Greystoke."

En/Pt The witch-doctor shook hard and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he had accepted whatever terrible fate the forest demon would bring. "Why do you not kill me?" he asked.

En/Pt "Why should I kill you?" Tarzan asked. "You have not harmed me, and you are already dying. Numa, the lion, has killed you."

En/Pt "You would not kill me?" The old voice sounded shocked and unable to believe it.

En/Pt "I would save you if I could," Tarzan replied, "but I cannot. Why did you think I would kill you?"

En/Pt For a moment, the old man said nothing. Then he spoke, and it was clear that he had to force himself to be brave. "I knew you long ago," he said. "You were in the jungle in Mbonga's country. I was already a witch-doctor when you killed Kulonga and the others, and when you took our huts and our poison pot. At first I did not remember you, but now I do. You are the white-skinned ape who lived with the hairy apes and made life terrible in Mbonga's village. You were the forest god, the Munango-Keewati, for whom we left food outside our gates, and who came and ate it. Tell me before I die: are you a man or a devil?"

En/Pt Tarzan laughed. "I am a man," he said.

En/Pt The old man sighed and shook his head. "You tried to save me from Simba," he said. "For that, I will reward you. I am a great witch-doctor. Listen, white man! I see bad days ahead for you. It is written in my own blood on my palm. A god greater than you will rise and strike you down. Turn back, Munango-Keewati! Turn back before it is too late. Danger is ahead of you, and danger is behind you too. But the greater danger is before you. I see--" He stopped and took a long, shaking breath. Then he fell into a small wrinkled heap and died. Tarzan wondered what else he had seen.

En/Pt It was very late when the ape-man returned to the boma and lay down among his black warriors. No one saw him leave, and no one saw him return. Before he slept, he thought about the old witch-doctor's warning. He thought about it again when he woke. But he did not turn back, because he was not afraid. If he had known that the one he loved most in the world was in danger, he would have run through the trees to her and left the gold of Opar hidden forever in its forgotten storehouse.

En/Pt That morning, another white man behind him thought about something he had heard in the night, and he almost gave up and went back along the trail. It was Werper, the murderer. In the dark, he had heard far ahead a sound that filled him with fear. He had never heard anything like it before, and he could not believe such a terrible cry could come from a living creature. He had heard the victory cry of the bull ape when Tarzan shouted it at Goro, the moon. He had trembled and hidden his face. Now, in daylight, he trembled again as he remembered it. He would have turned back from the unknown danger the sound seemed to warn of, but he was even more afraid of Achmet Zek, his master.

En/Pt So Tarzan of the Apes kept going toward Opar's ruined walls. Behind him, Werper moved like a jackal, and only God knew what would happen to each of them.

En/Pt At the edge of the empty valley, Tarzan stopped and looked down at the golden domes and minarets of Opar. He planned to go alone to the treasure vault that night and make a careful search, because he wanted to be cautious on this journey.

En/Pt When night came, he set out. Werper had climbed the cliffs alone behind Tarzan's party and had hidden during the day among the

rocks on the mountain top. Now he followed Tarzan quietly. The rocky plain gave him enough cover as he moved toward Opar.

En/Pt He saw the huge ape-man climb quickly up the face of the great rock. Werper followed, grabbing at the stone in fear. He was sweating and almost shaking with terror, but his greed pushed him on. At last he reached the top of the rocky hill.

En/Pt Tarzan was not there. Werper hid behind a smaller rock for a while, but he heard and saw nothing. Then he came out and searched the area carefully. He hoped to find the treasure in time to escape before Tarzan returned. He only wanted to learn where the gold was, so that later he and his men could come back and take as much as they could carry.

En/Pt He found a narrow crack that led down into the kopje by worn granite steps. He went almost to the dark opening of the tunnel, but stopped there. He was afraid to go in, because he might meet Tarzan coming back.

En/Pt Far ahead of him, the ape-man made his way through the rocky passage until he reached the old wooden door. Soon he was inside the treasure room, where ancient hands had once arranged long rows of valuable gold bars for the rulers of a great land that is now under the Atlantic Ocean.

En/Pt The underground vault was completely silent. There was no sign that anyone had found the lost wealth since Tarzan last came there.

En/Pt Tarzan was satisfied, so he turned and went back toward the top of the kopje. From behind a jutting granite rock, Werper watched him walk up from the stairs and move toward the edge of the hill. That edge faced the valley, where the Waziri waited for their master's signal. Then Werper slipped out of hiding, entered the dark opening, and disappeared.

En/Pt Tarzan stopped at the edge of the kopje and gave a loud lion's roar. He called twice more at regular intervals, then stood quietly for several minutes after the third echo faded. Soon a faint answering roar came from far across the valley, once, twice, and three times. Basuli, the Waziri leader, had heard him and replied.

En/Pt Tarzan went back toward the treasure vault, knowing that in a few hours his men would come to help carry away another fortune in

Opar's strange golden bars. For now, he would take as much of the valuable metal to the top of the kopje as he could.

En/Pt He made six trips in the five hours before Basuli reached the kopje. By then he had moved forty-eight ingots to the edge of the great boulder. On each trip he carried a load that would have worn out two ordinary men, but his giant body showed no tiredness. He then helped raise his black warriors to the top of the hill with the rope brought for that task.

En/Pt Six times he had gone back to the treasure chamber, and six times Werper, the Belgian, had hidden in the dark shadows at the far end of the long vault. Then the ape-man returned again, this time with fifty fighting men who were now carrying loads for him because they loved and respected him. Fifty-two more ingots were taken from the vaults, making one hundred in all, which Tarzan planned to take with him.

En/Pt As the last Waziri left the chamber, Tarzan looked back one more time at the great treasure. His two visits had made almost no difference to its huge amount. Before he put out the single candle he had brought, he remembered his first time in the vault. He had found it by chance while escaping from the pits beneath the temple, where La, the High Priestess of the Sun Worshipers, had hidden him.

En/Pt He remembered the temple scene, when he had been tied to the sacrificial altar. La stood over him with a raised dagger, and the priests and priestesses waited in wild excitement for the first blood of their victim. They wanted to fill their golden cups and drink to the glory of their Flaming God.

En/Pt Tarzan also remembered the violent attack by Tha, the mad priest. The worshipers ran in fear from his terrible hunger for blood. Then Tha attacked La, and Tarzan took part in the fierce struggle. He fought the angry Oparian and left him dead at the feet of the priestess he had wanted to dishonor.

En/Pt Many such memories passed through Tarzan's mind as he looked at the long rows of dull-yellow metal. He wondered whether La still ruled the temples of the ruined city around him. Had she been forced to marry one of her strange priests? This seemed like a horrible fate for such a beautiful woman. He shook his head, stepped to the flickering candle, put it out, and turned toward the exit.

En/Pt Behind him, the spy waited until Tarzan was gone. He had learned the secret he came for. Now he could return at his own pace to his waiting men, bring them to the treasure vault, and take away all the gold they could carry.

En/Pt The Waziri had reached the end of the tunnel and were climbing up to the fresh air. Tarzan finally stopped thinking and slowly followed them.

En/Pt Once again, and he thought for the last time, he closed the heavy door of the treasure room. In the darkness behind him, Werper stood up and stretched his stiff muscles. He reached out, touched a golden ingot on the nearest pile, lifted it from its long resting place, and weighed it in his hands. Then he pressed it to his chest in greedy joy.

En/Pt Tarzan dreamed of a happy return home, with loving arms around his neck and a soft cheek against his own. But this dream was broken by the memory of the old witch-doctor and his warning.

En/Pt In just a few seconds, the hopes of both men were destroyed. One man forgot his greed because he was so terrified. The other was thrown into complete forgetfulness of the past when a sharp piece of rock cut a deep wound in his head.

The Altar of the Flaming God

En/Pt Tarzan had just turned away from the closed door and was heading toward the outside world. Then, without warning, it happened. One moment all was still; the next, the whole place shook. The sides of the narrow passage split and broke apart. Large blocks of granite fell from the ceiling and blocked the way. The walls bent inward over the ruins. A piece of the roof struck Tarzan and threw him back against the door of the treasure room. His weight pushed it open, and he fell inside onto the floor.

En/Pt The earthquake caused less damage in the large room where the treasure was kept. A few gold bars fell from the upper stacks. One piece of the rocky ceiling broke off and crashed to the floor. The walls cracked, but they did not fall down.

En/Pt There was only one shock, and no second one came to finish the destruction. Werper was thrown down by the sudden force of the quake. When he saw that he was not hurt, he got to his feet. Feeling his way to the far end of the room, he looked for the candle Tarzan had left stuck in wax on the end of a gold bar.

En/Pt By striking many matches, the Belgian finally found what he wanted. A moment later, the weak light drove back the deep darkness around him. He breathed a shaky sigh of relief, because the terrible blackness had made his situation feel even worse.

En/Pt As he grew used to the light, the man looked toward the door. Now his only thought was escape from this terrible tomb. Then he saw the naked giant lying on the floor just inside the doorway. Werper pulled back in fear of being seen, but a second look told him that the Englishman was dead. A large wound had opened in the man's head, and blood had collected on the concrete floor.

En/Pt At once, the Belgian jumped over the fallen man, who had once been his host. Without thinking about helping him, or even wondering if he was still alive, he rushed toward the passage and safety.

En/Pt But his new hope soon died. Just outside the doorway, the passage was fully blocked by piles of broken rock. He turned back and entered the treasure room again. He took the candle and began to

search the room carefully. Soon he found another door at the far end. It opened when his body pressed against it. Beyond it was another narrow passage. Werper followed this way, climbing stone steps to another corridor about twenty feet above the first. The flickering candle showed him the way, and soon he was glad to have this old, plain light, which he might have mocked before. It showed him a deep pit just in time. The pit seemed to end the tunnel ahead of him.

En/Pt In front of him was a round shaft. He held the candle over it and looked down. Far below, he saw the light reflected from the surface of water. He had found a well. He lifted the candle above his head and looked across the dark opening. On the other side, he could see the tunnel continue. But how could he cross the gap?

En/Pt As he stood there, measuring the distance to the other side and wondering if he could make such a long jump, a sharp scream suddenly reached his ears. It slowly faded into a series of sad groans. The voice sounded partly human, but it was so horrible that it might have come from a lost soul suffering in the fires of hell.

En/Pt The Belgian shook with fear and looked up, because the scream seemed to come from above him. He saw an opening high overhead and a piece of sky lit with bright stars.

En/Pt He almost called for help, but the terrible cry stopped him. No human beings could live where that voice came from. He did not dare show himself to the people above. He cursed himself for being a fool to begin such a mission. He wished he were back in Achmet Zek's camp, and he would almost have given himself to the Congo military authorities if that could save him from this awful danger.

En/Pt He listened in fear, but the cry did not come again. At last he made a desperate plan and prepared to jump across the gap. He went back twenty paces, ran forward, and at the edge of the well leaped up and out, trying to reach the other side.

En/Pt He held a flickering candle, and when he jumped, the rushing air put it out. He flew through the dark, with no light, and reached out for something to hold if his feet missed the hidden ledge.

En/Pt His knees hit the edge of the opening on the other side of the rocky tunnel. He slipped back, grabbed wildly, and at last hung half inside

and half outside the opening, but he was safe. For several minutes he did not move. Weak and sweating, he stayed where he was. Then he carefully pulled himself fully into the tunnel and lay flat on the floor, trying to calm his shattered nerves.

En/Pt When his knees struck the tunnel edge, he dropped the candle. Soon he got down on hands and knees and searched hard for it, hoping it had fallen on the passage floor and not back into the deep well. The little tallow candle now seemed more precious to him than all the great wealth of the stored ingots of Opar.

En/Pt When he found it, he held it close and began to sob from exhaustion. He lay shaking for many minutes. At last he sat up, took a match from his pocket, and lit the small piece of candle left to him. The light helped him calm down, and he went on along the tunnel, looking for a way out. Yet the horrible cry from above still haunted him, so he trembled even at the sound of his own careful steps.

En/Pt He had gone only a short distance when a stone wall blocked the tunnel completely. He was shocked. What could it mean? Werper was educated and intelligent, and his military training had taught him to think clearly. A dead-end tunnel like this made no sense. It had to continue beyond the wall. Someone in the past must have blocked it for some reason. By candlelight he studied the stones and found that the thin blocks were fitted loosely, with no mortar or cement. He pulled one out with ease, then another, until he made a hole big enough to crawl through. He entered a large, low chamber. Another door blocked the way, but it was not locked, so it also gave way. Ahead was a long, dark corridor. Before he had gone far, his candle burned down until it scorched his fingers. Swearing, he dropped it on the floor, where it sputtered and went out.

En/Pt Now he was in complete darkness, and fear pressed on him again. He could not guess what dangers waited ahead, but he knew he was no nearer to freedom. Darkness is very heavy for a person in a strange place, and it made him feel hopeless.

En/Pt Slowly he felt his way forward, touching the tunnel walls with his hands and testing the floor with his feet before each step. He did not know how long he crept on like this. At last the tunnel seemed endless,

and he was tired from effort, fear, and lack of sleep. He decided to lie down and rest before going on.

En/Pt When he woke, the darkness around him had not changed. He might have slept for a second or for a whole day, he could not tell. But he knew he had slept for some time because he felt fresh and hungry.

En/Pt He began to feel his way forward again. This time he had only gone a short distance when he came into a room. Light came through an opening in the ceiling, and concrete steps led down from it to the floor.

En/Pt Above him, through the opening, Werper could see sunlight on great columns wrapped in vines. He listened, but heard nothing except the wind in the leaves, the rough cries of birds, and the chatter of monkeys.

En/Pt He went up the steps boldly and found himself in a round court. A stone altar stood in front of him, stained with rusty brown marks. At that moment Werper did not think about the stains. Later, their awful meaning became clear to him.

En/Pt Near the hole in the floor, just behind the altar, the Belgian found several doors leading out from the court. Around the court was a row of open balconies. Monkeys ran through the ruined place, and bright birds flew among the columns and galleries above. But there was no sign of any human being. Werper felt relieved. He sighed as if a heavy load had been lifted from him. He took a step toward one exit, then stopped in fear and surprise, because at the same moment a dozen doors opened in the wall and a crowd of terrible men rushed at him.

En/Pt They were the priests of the Flaming God of Opar, the same ugly little men who had once dragged Jane Clayton to the sacrifice altar in this very place. Their long arms, short crooked legs, close-set evil eyes, and low foreheads made them look almost like animals. The sight filled the frightened Belgian with deep terror.

En/Pt He screamed and turned to run back into the dark corridors and rooms he had just left, but the terrible men were ready for him. They blocked his way and caught him. He fell to his knees and begged for his life, but they tied him up and threw him onto the floor of the inner temple.

En/Pt Then came the same horror that Tarzan and Jane Clayton had gone through. The priestesses came, and La, the High Priestess, came with them. Werper was lifted and laid across the altar. Cold sweat covered him as La raised the cruel sacrificial knife above him. The death chant sounded in his ears. His eyes fell on the golden cups, where the evil worshippers would soon drink his warm blood.

En/Pt He wished he could lose consciousness before the knife came down. Then a terrible roar came, almost in his ear. The High Priestess lowered her dagger. Her eyes widened in fear. The priestesses screamed and ran toward the exits. The priests also shouted in fear and anger. Werper twisted around to see what had frightened them. When he did, he too was filled with dread, for he saw a huge lion standing in the center of the temple, and one victim already lay torn beneath its claws.

En/Pt The lord of the wilderness roared again and turned his cruel eyes toward the altar. La stumbled forward, reeled, and fell across Werper in a faint.

The Arab Raid

En/Pt After the first shock of the earthquake had passed, Basuli and his warriors hurried back into the passageway. They were looking for Tarzan and two of their own men, who were also missing.

En/Pt They found the way blocked by broken rock. For two days they worked hard to open a path to their trapped friends. But after great effort, they had cleared only a few yards of the blocked passage and found the crushed remains of one of their men. Then they had to accept that Tarzan and the second Waziri must also be dead under the rock farther in, beyond any help.

Index - Original English Text

[Belgian and Arab](#)

[On the Road To Opar](#)

[The Call of the Jungle](#)

[Prophecy and Fulfillment](#)

[The Altar of the Flaming God](#)

[The Arab Raid](#)

Belgian and Arab

Pt Lieutenant Albert Werper had only the prestige of the name he had dishonored to thank for his narrow escape from being cashiered. At first he had been humbly thankful, too, that they had sent him to this Godforsaken Congo post instead of court-martialing him, as he had so justly deserved; but now six months of the monotony, the frightful isolation and the loneliness had wrought a change. The young man brooded continually over his fate. His days were filled with morbid self-pity, which eventually engendered in his weak and vacillating mind a hatred for those who had sent him here -- for the very men he had at first inwardly thanked for saving him from the ignominy of degradation.

Pt He regretted the gay life of Brussels as he never had regretted the sins which had snatched him from that gayest of capitals, and as the days passed he came to center his resentment upon the representative in Congo land of the authority which had exiled him -- his captain and immediate superior.

Pt This officer was a cold, taciturn man, inspiring little love in those directly beneath him, yet respected and feared by the black soldiers of his little command.

Pt Werper was accustomed to sit for hours glaring at his superior as the two sat upon the veranda of their common quarters, smoking their evening cigarets in a silence which neither seemed desirous of breaking. The senseless hatred of the lieutenant grew at last into a form of mania. The captain's natural taciturnity he distorted into a studied attempt to insult him because of his past shortcomings. He imagined that his superior held him in contempt, and so he chafed and fumed inwardly until one evening his madness became suddenly homicidal. He fingered the butt of the revolver at his hip, his eyes narrowed and his brows contracted. At last he spoke.

Pt "You have insulted me for the last time!" he cried, springing to his feet. "I am an officer and a gentleman, and I shall put up with it no longer without an accounting from you, you pig."

Pt The captain, an expression of surprise upon his features, turned toward his junior. He had seen men before with the jungle madness upon

them -- the madness of solitude and unrestrained brooding, and perhaps a touch of fever.

Pt He rose and extended his hand to lay it upon the other's shoulder. Quiet words of counsel were upon his lips; but they were never spoken. Werper construed his superior's action into an attempt to close with him. His revolver was on a level with the captain's heart, and the latter had taken but a step when Werper pulled the trigger. Without a moan the man sank to the rough planking of the veranda, and as he fell the mists that had clouded Werper's brain lifted, so that he saw himself and the deed that he had done in the same light that those who must judge him would see them.

Pt He heard excited exclamations from the quarters of the soldiers and he heard men running in his direction. They would seize him, and if they didn't kill him they would take him down the Congo to a point where a properly ordered military tribunal would do so just as effectively, though in a more regular manner.

Pt Werper had no desire to die. Never before had he so yearned for life as in this moment that he had so effectively forfeited his right to live. The men were nearing him. What was he to do? He glanced about as though searching for the tangible form of a legitimate excuse for his crime; but he could find only the body of the man he had so causelessly shot down.

Pt In despair, he turned and fled from the oncoming soldiery. Across the compound he ran, his revolver still clutched tightly in his hand. At the gates a sentry halted him. Werper did not pause to parley or to exert the influence of his commission -- he merely raised his weapon and shot down the innocent black. A moment later the fugitive had torn open the gates and vanished into the blackness of the jungle, but not before he had transferred the rifle and ammunition belts of the dead sentry to his own person.

Pt All that night Werper fled farther and farther into the heart of the wilderness. Now and again the voice of a lion brought him to a listening halt; but with cocked and ready rifle he pushed ahead again, more fearful of the human huntsmen in his rear than of the wild carnivora ahead.

Pt Dawn came at last, but still the man plodded on. All sense of hunger and fatigue were lost in the terrors of contemplated capture. He

could think only of escape. He dared not pause to rest or eat until there was no further danger from pursuit, and so he staggered on until at last he fell and could rise no more. How long he had fled he did not know, or try to know. When he could flee no longer the knowledge that he had reached his limit was hidden from him in the unconsciousness of utter exhaustion.

Pt And thus it was that Achmet Zek, the Arab, found him. Achmet's followers were for running a spear through the body of their hereditary enemy; but Achmet would have it otherwise. First he would question the Belgian. It were easier to question a man first and kill him afterward, than kill him first and then question him.

Pt So he had Lieutenant Albert Werper carried to his own tent, and there slaves administered wine and food in small quantities until at last the prisoner regained consciousness. As he opened his eyes he saw the faces of strange black men about him, and just outside the tent the figure of an Arab. Nowhere was the uniform of his soldiers to be seen.

Pt The Arab turned and seeing the open eyes of the prisoner upon him, entered the tent.

Pt "I am Achmet Zek," he announced. "Who are you, and what were you doing in my country? Where are your soldiers?"

Pt Achmet Zek! Werper's eyes went wide, and his heart sank. He was in the clutches of the most notorious of cut-throats -- a hater of all Europeans, especially those who wore the uniform of Belgium. For years the military forces of Belgian Congo had waged a fruitless war upon this man and his followers -- a war in which quarter had never been asked nor expected by either side.

Pt But presently in the very hatred of the man for Belgians, Werper saw a faint ray of hope for himself. He, too, was an outcast and an outlaw. So far, at least, they possessed a common interest, and Werper decided to play upon it for all that it might yield.

Pt "I have heard of you," he replied, "and was searching for you. My people have turned against me. I hate them. Even now their soldiers are searching for me, to kill me. I knew that you would protect me from them, for you, too, hate them. In return I will take service with you. I am a trained soldier. I can fight, and your enemies are my enemies."

Pt Achmet Zek eyed the European in silence. In his mind he revolved many thoughts, chief among which was that the unbeliever lied. Of course there was the chance that he did not lie, and if he told the truth then his proposition was one well worthy of consideration, since fighting men were never over plentiful -- especially white men with the training and knowledge of military matters that a European officer must possess.

Pt Achmet Zek scowled and Werper's heart sank; but Werper did not know Achmet Zek, who was quite apt to scowl where another would smile, and smile where another would scowl.

Pt "And if you have lied to me," said Achmet Zek, "I will kill you at any time. What return, other than your life, do you expect for your services?"

Pt "My keep only, at first," replied Werper. "Later, if I am worth more, we can easily reach an understanding." Werper's only desire at the moment was to preserve his life. And so the agreement was reached and Lieutenant Albert Werper became a member of the ivory and slave raiding band of the notorious Achmet Zek.

Pt For months the renegade Belgian rode with the savage raider. He fought with a savage abandon, and a vicious cruelty fully equal to that of his fellow desperadoes. Achmet Zek watched his recruit with eagle eye, and with a growing satisfaction which finally found expression in a greater confidence in the man, and resulted in an increased independence of action for Werper.

Pt Achmet Zek took the Belgian into his confidence to a great extent, and at last unfolded to him a pet scheme which the Arab had long fostered, but which he never had found an opportunity to effect. With the aid of a European, however, the thing might be easily accomplished. He sounded Werper.

Pt "You have heard of the man men call Tarzan?" he asked.

Pt Werper nodded. "I have heard of him; but I do not know him."

Pt "But for him we might carry on our 'trading' in safety and with great profit," continued the Arab. "For years he has fought us, driving us from the richest part of the country, harassing us, and arming the natives that they may repel us when we come to 'trade.' He is very rich. If we could find some way to make him pay us many pieces of gold we should not

only be avenged upon him; but repaid for much that he has prevented us from winning from the natives under his protection."

Pt Werper withdrew a cigaret from a jeweled case and lighted it.

Pt "And you have a plan to make him pay?" he asked.

Pt "He has a wife," replied Achmet Zek, "whom men say is very beautiful. She would bring a great price farther north, if we found it too difficult to collect ransom money from this Tarzan."

Pt Werper bent his head in thought. Achmet Zek stood awaiting his reply. What good remained in Albert Werper revolted at the thought of selling a white woman into the slavery and degradation of a Moslem harem. He looked up at Achmet Zek. He saw the Arab's eyes narrow, and he guessed that the other had sensed his antagonism to the plan. What would it mean to Werper to refuse? His life lay in the hands of this semi-barbarian, who esteemed the life of an unbeliever less highly than that of a dog. Werper loved life. What was this woman to him, anyway? She was a European, doubtless, a member of organized society. He was an outcast. The hand of every white man was against him. She was his natural enemy, and if he refused to lend himself to her undoing, Achmet Zek would have him killed.

Pt "You hesitate," murmured the Arab.

Pt "I was but weighing the chances of success," lied Werper, "and my reward. As a European I can gain admittance to their home and table. You have no other with you who could do so much. The risk will be great. I should be well paid, Achmet Zek."

Pt A smile of relief passed over the raider's face.

Pt "Well said, Werper," and Achmet Zek slapped his lieutenant upon the shoulder. "You should be well paid and you shall. Now let us sit together and plan how best the thing may be done," and the two men squatted upon a soft rug beneath the faded silks of Achmet's once gorgeous tent, and talked together in low voices well into the night. Both were tall and bearded, and the exposure to sun and wind had given an almost Arab hue to the European's complexion. In every detail of dress, too, he copied the fashions of his chief, so that outwardly he was as much an Arab as the other. It was late when he arose and retired to his own tent.

Pt The following day Werper spent in overhauling his Belgian uniform, removing from it every vestige of evidence that might indicate its military purposes. From a heterogeneous collection of loot, Achmet Zek procured a pith helmet and a European saddle, and from his black slaves and followers a party of porters, askaris and tent boys to make up a modest safari for a big game hunter. At the head of this party Werper set out from camp.

On the Road To Opar

Pt It was two weeks later that John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, riding in from a tour of inspection of his vast African estate, glimpsed the head of a column of men crossing the plain that lay between his bungalow and the forest to the north and west.

Pt He reined in his horse and watched the little party as it emerged from a concealing swale. His keen eyes caught the reflection of the sun upon the white helmet of a mounted man, and with the conviction that a wandering European hunter was seeking his hospitality, he wheeled his mount and rode slowly forward to meet the newcomer.

Pt A half hour later he was mounting the steps leading to the veranda of his bungalow, and introducing M. Jules Frecoult to Lady Greystoke.

Pt "I was completely lost," M. Frecoult was explaining. "My head man had never before been in this part of the country and the guides who were to have accompanied me from the last village we passed knew even less of the country than we. They finally deserted us two days since. I am very fortunate indeed to have stumbled so providentially upon succor. I do not know what I should have done, had I not found you."

Pt It was decided that Frecoult and his party should remain several days, or until they were thoroughly rested, when Lord Greystoke would furnish guides to lead them safely back into country with which Frecoult's head man was supposedly familiar.

Pt In his guise of a French gentleman of leisure, Werper found little difficulty in deceiving his host and in ingratiating himself with both Tarzan and Jane Clayton; but the longer he remained the less hopeful he became of an easy accomplishment of his designs.

Pt Lady Greystoke never rode alone at any great distance from the bungalow, and the savage loyalty of the ferocious Waziri warriors who formed a great part of Tarzan's followers seemed to preclude the possibility of a successful attempt at forcible abduction, or of the bribery of the Waziri themselves.

Pt A week passed, and Werper was no nearer the fulfillment of his plan, in so far as he could judge, than upon the day of his arrival, but at

that very moment something occurred which gave him renewed hope and set his mind upon an even greater [reward](#) than a woman's ransom.

Pt A runner had arrived at the bungalow with the weekly mail, and Lord Greystoke had spent the afternoon in his study reading and answering letters. At dinner he seemed distraught, and early in the evening he excused himself and retired, Lady Greystoke following him very soon after. Werper, sitting upon the veranda, could hear their voices in earnest discussion, and having realized that something of unusual moment was afoot, he quietly rose from his chair, and keeping well in the [shadow](#) of the shrubbery growing profusely about the bungalow, made his silent way to a point beneath the window of the room in which his host and hostess slept.

Pt Here he listened, and not without result, for almost the first words he overheard filled him with excitement. Lady Greystoke was speaking as Werper came within [hearing](#).

Pt "I always feared for the stability of the company," she was saying; "but it seems incredible that they should have failed for so enormous a sum -- unless there has been some [dishonest](#) manipulation."

Pt "That is what I [suspect](#)," replied Tarzan; "but whatever the cause, the fact remains that I have lost everything, and there is nothing for it but to return to Opar and get more."

Pt "Oh, John," cried Lady Greystoke, and Werper could feel the shudder through her voice, "is there no other way? I cannot [bear](#) to think of you returning to that frightful city. I would rather live in poverty always than to have you risk the hideous dangers of Opar."

Pt "You need have no fear," replied Tarzan, laughing. "I am pretty well able to take care of myself, and were I not, the Waziri who will accompany me will see that no [harm](#) befalls me."

Pt "They ran away from Opar once, and left you to your fate," she reminded him.

Pt "They will not do it again," he answered. "They were very much [ashamed](#) of themselves, and were coming back when I met them."

Pt "But there must be some other way," insisted the woman.

Pt "There is no other way half so easy to obtain another fortune, as to go to the treasure vaults of Opar and bring it away," he replied. "I shall be very careful, Jane, and the chances are that the inhabitants of Opar will never know that I have been there again and despoiled them of another portion of the treasure, the very existence of which they are as ignorant of as they would be of its value."

Pt The finality in his tone seemed to assure Lady Greystoke that further argument was futile, and so she abandoned the subject.

Pt Werper remained, listening, for a short time, and then, confident that he had overheard all that was necessary and fearing discovery, returned to the veranda, where he smoked numerous cigarets in rapid succession before retiring.

Pt The following morning at breakfast, Werper announced his intention of making an early departure, and asked Tarzan's permission to hunt big game in the Waziri country on his way out -- permission which Lord Greystoke readily granted.

Pt The Belgian consumed two days in completing his preparations, but finally got away with his safari, accompanied by a single Waziri guide whom Lord Greystoke had loaned him. The party made but a single short march when Werper simulated illness, and announced his intention of remaining where he was until he had fully recovered. As they had gone but a short distance from the Greystoke bungalow, Werper dismissed the Waziri guide, telling the warrior that he would send for him when he was able to proceed. The Waziri gone, the Belgian summoned one of Achmet Zek's trusted blacks to his tent, and dispatched him to watch for the departure of Tarzan, returning immediately to advise Werper of the event and the direction taken by the Englishman.

Pt The Belgian did not have long to wait, for the following day his emissary returned with word that Tarzan and a party of fifty Waziri warriors had set out toward the southeast early in the morning.

Pt Werper called his head man to him, after writing a long letter to Achmet Zek. This letter he handed to the head man.

Pt "Send a runner at once to Achmet Zek with this," he instructed the head man. "Remain here in camp awaiting further instructions from him or from me. If any come from the bungalow of the Englishman, tell them

that I am very ill within my tent and can see no one. Now, give me six porters and six askaris -- the strongest and bravest of the safari -- and I will march after the Englishman and discover where his gold is hidden."

Pt And so it was that as Tarzan, stripped to the loin cloth and armed after the primitive fashion he best loved, led his loyal Waziri toward the dead city of Opar, Werper, the renegade, haunted his trail through the long, hot days, and camped close behind him by night.

Pt And as they marched, Achmet Zek rode with his entire following southward toward the Greystoke farm.

Pt To Tarzan of the Apes the expedition was in the nature of a holiday outing. His civilization was at best but an outward veneer which he gladly peeled off with his uncomfortable European clothes whenever any reasonable pretext presented itself. It was a woman's love which kept Tarzan even to the semblance of civilization -- a condition for which familiarity had bred contempt. He hated the shams and the hypocrisies of it and with the clear vision of an unspoiled mind he had penetrated to the rotten core of the heart of the thing -- the cowardly greed for peace and ease and the safe-guarding of property rights. That the fine things of life -- art, music and literature -- had thriven upon such enervating ideals he strenuously denied, insisting, rather, that they had endured in spite of civilization.

Pt "Show me the fat, opulent coward," he was wont to say, "who ever originated a beautiful ideal. In the clash of arms, in the battle for survival, amid hunger and death and danger, in the face of God as manifested in the display of Nature's most terrific forces, is born all that is finest and best in the human heart and mind."

Pt And so Tarzan always came back to Nature in the spirit of a lover keeping a long deferred tryst after a period behind prison walls. His Waziri, at marrow, were more civilized than he. They cooked their meat before they ate it and they shunned many articles of food as unclean that Tarzan had eaten with gusto all his life and so insidious is the virus of hypocrisy that even the stalwart ape-man hesitated to give rein to his natural longings before them. He ate burnt flesh when he would have preferred it raw and unspoiled, and he brought down game with arrow or spear when he would far rather have leaped upon it from ambush and sunk his strong teeth in its jugular; but at last the call of the milk of the

savage mother that had suckled him in infancy rose to an insistent demand -- he craved the hot blood of a fresh kill and his muscles yearned to pit themselves against the savage jungle in the battle for existence that had been his sole birthright for the first twenty years of his life.

The Call of the Jungle

Pt Moved by these vague yet all-powerful urgings the ape-man lay awake one night in the little thorn boma that protected, in a way, his party from the depredations of the great carnivora of the jungle. A single warrior stood sleepy guard beside the fire that yellow eyes out of the darkness beyond the camp made imperative. The moans and the coughing of the big cats mingled with the myriad noises of the lesser denizens of the jungle to fan the savage flame in the breast of this savage English lord. He tossed upon his bed of grasses, sleepless, for an hour and then he rose, noiseless as a wraith, and while the Waziri's back was turned, vaulted the boma wall in the face of the flaming eyes, swung silently into a great tree and was gone.

Pt For a time in sheer exuberance of animal spirit he raced swiftly through the middle terrace, swinging perilously across wide spans from one jungle giant to the next, and then he clambered upward to the swaying, lesser boughs of the upper terrace where the moon shone full upon him and the air was stirred by little breezes and death lurked ready in each frail branch. Here he paused and raised his face to Goro, the moon. With uplifted arm he stood, the cry of the bull ape quivering upon his lips, yet he remained silent lest he arouse his faithful Waziri who were all too familiar with the hideous challenge of their master.

Pt And then he went on more slowly and with greater stealth and caution, for now Tarzan of the Apes was seeking a kill. Down to the ground he came in the utter blackness of the close-set boles and the overhanging verdure of the jungle. He stooped from time to time and put his nose close to earth. He sought and found a wide game trail and at last his nostrils were rewarded with the scent of the fresh spoor of Bara, the deer. Tarzan's mouth watered and a low growl escaped his patrician lips. Sloughed from him was the last vestige of artificial caste -- once again he was the primeval hunter -- the first man -- the highest caste type of the human race. Up wind he followed the elusive spoor with a sense of perception so transcending that of ordinary man as to be inconceivable to us. Through counter currents of the heavy stench of meat eaters he traced the trail of Bara; the sweet and cloying stink of Horta, the boar, could not drown his quarry's scent -- the permeating, mellow musk of the deer's foot.

Pt Presently the body scent of the deer told Tarzan that his prey was close at hand. It sent him into the trees again -- into the lower terrace where he could watch the ground below and catch with ears and nose the first intimation of actual contact with his quarry. Nor was it long before the ape-man came upon Bara standing alert at the edge of a moon-bathed clearing. Noiselessly Tarzan crept through the trees until he was directly over the deer. In the ape-man's right hand was the long hunting knife of his father and in his heart the blood lust of the carnivore. Just for an instant he poised above the unsuspecting Bara and then he launched himself downward upon the sleek back. The impact of his weight carried the deer to its knees and before the animal could regain its feet the knife had found its heart. As Tarzan rose upon the body of his kill to scream forth his hideous victory cry into the face of the moon the wind carried to his nostrils something which froze him to statuesque immobility and silence. His savage eyes blazed into the direction from which the wind had borne down the warning to him and a moment later the grasses at one side of the clearing parted and Numa, the lion, strode majestically into view. His yellow-green eyes were fastened upon Tarzan as he halted just within the clearing and glared enviously at the successful hunter, for Numa had had no luck this night.

Pt From the lips of the ape-man broke a rumbling growl of warning. Numa answered but he did not advance. Instead he stood waving his tail gently to and fro, and presently Tarzan squatted upon his kill and cut a generous portion from a hind quarter. Numa eyed him with growing resentment and rage as, between mouthfuls, the ape-man growled out his savage warnings. Now this particular lion had never before come in contact with Tarzan of the Apes and he was much mystified. Here was the appearance and the scent of a man-thing and Numa had tasted of human flesh and learned that though not the most palatable it was certainly by far the easiest to secure, yet there was that in the bestial growls of the strange creature which reminded him of formidable antagonists and gave him pause, while his hunger and the odor of the hot flesh of Bara goaded him almost to madness. Always Tarzan watched him, guessing what was passing in the little brain of the carnivore and well it was that he did watch him, for at last Numa could stand it no longer. His tail shot suddenly erect and at the same instant the wary ape-man, knowing all too well what the signal portended, grasped the remainder of the deer's hind quarter between his teeth and leaped into a

nearby tree as Numa charged him with all the speed and a sufficient semblance of the weight of an express train.

Pt Tarzan's retreat was no indication that he felt fear. Jungle life is ordered along different lines than ours and different standards prevail. Had Tarzan been famished he would, doubtless, have stood his ground and met the lion's charge. He had done the thing before upon more than one occasion, just as in the past he had charged lions himself; but tonight he was far from famished and in the hind quarter he had carried off with him was more raw flesh than he could eat; yet it was with no equanimity that he looked down upon Numa rending the flesh of Tarzan's kill. The presumption of this strange Numa must be punished! And forthwith Tarzan set out to make life miserable for the big cat. Close by were many trees bearing large, hard fruits and to one of these the ape-man swung with the agility of a squirrel. Then commenced a bombardment which brought forth earthshaking roars from Numa. One after another as rapidly as he could gather and hurl them, Tarzan pelted the hard fruit down upon the lion. It was impossible for the tawny cat to eat under that hail of missiles -- he could but roar and growl and dodge and eventually he was driven away entirely from the carcass of Bara, the deer. He went roaring and resentful; but in the very center of the clearing his voice was suddenly hushed and Tarzan saw the great head lower and flatten out, the body crouch and the long tail quiver, as the beast slunk cautiously toward the trees upon the opposite side.

Pt Immediately Tarzan was alert. He lifted his head and sniffed the slow, jungle breeze. What was it that had attracted Numa's attention and taken him soft-footed and silent away from the scene of his discomfiture? Just as the lion disappeared among the trees beyond the clearing Tarzan caught upon the down-coming wind the explanation of his new interest -- the scent spoor of man was wafted strongly to the sensitive nostrils. Caching the remainder of the deer's hind quarter in the crotch of a tree the ape-man wiped his greasy palms upon his naked thighs and swung off in pursuit of Numa. A broad, well-beaten elephant path led into the forest from the clearing. Parallel to this slunk Numa, while above him Tarzan moved through the trees, the shadow of a wraith. The savage cat and the savage man saw Numa's quarry almost simultaneously, though both had known before it came within the vision of their eyes that it was a black man. Their sensitive nostrils had told them this much and Tarzan's had told him that the scent spoor was that of a stranger -- old and a male,

for race and sex and age each has its own distinctive scent. It was an old man that made his way alone through the gloomy jungle, a wrinkled, dried up, little old man hideously scarred and tattooed and strangely garbed, with the skin of a hyena about his shoulders and the dried head mounted upon his grey pate. Tarzan recognized the ear-marks of the witch-doctor and awaited Numa's charge with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation, for the ape-man had no love for witch-doctors; but in the instant that Numa did charge, the white man suddenly recalled that the lion had stolen his kill a few minutes before and that revenge is sweet.

Pt The first intimation the black man had that he was in danger was the crash of twigs as Numa charged through the bushes into the game trail not twenty yards behind him. Then he turned to see a huge, black-maned lion racing toward him and even as he turned, Numa seized him. At the same instant the ape-man dropped from an overhanging limb full upon the lion's back and as he alighted he plunged his knife into the tawny side behind the left shoulder, tangled the fingers of his right hand in the long mane, buried his teeth in Numa's neck and wound his powerful legs about the beast's torso. With a roar of pain and rage, Numa reared up and fell backward upon the ape-man; but still the mighty man-thing clung to his hold and repeatedly the long knife plunged rapidly into his side. Over and over rolled Numa, the lion, clawing and biting at the air, roaring and growling horribly in savage attempt to reach the thing upon its back. More than once was Tarzan almost brushed from his hold. He was battered and bruised and covered with blood from Numa and dirt from the trail, yet not for an instant did he lessen the ferocity of his mad attack nor his grim hold upon the back of his antagonist. To have loosened for an instant his grip there, would have been to bring him within reach of those tearing talons or rending fangs, and have ended forever the grim career of this jungle-bred English lord. Where he had fallen beneath the spring of the lion the witch-doctor lay, torn and bleeding, unable to drag himself away and watched the terrific battle between these two lords of the jungle. His sunken eyes glittered and his wrinkled lips moved over toothless gums as he mumbled weird incantations to the demons of his cult.

Pt For a time he felt no doubt as to the outcome -- the strange white man must certainly succumb to terrible Simba -- whoever heard of a lone man armed only with a knife slaying so mighty a beast! Yet presently the old black man's eyes went wider and he commenced to have his doubts

and misgivings. What wonderful sort of creature was this that battled with Simba and held his own despite the mighty muscles of the king of beasts and slowly there dawned in those sunken eyes, gleaming so brightly from the scarred and wrinkled face, the light of a dawning recollection. Gropingly backward into the past reached the fingers of memory, until at last they seized upon a faint picture, faded and yellow with the passing years. It was the picture of a lithe, white-skinned youth swinging through the trees in company with a band of huge apes, and the old eyes blinked and a great fear came into them -- the superstitious fear of one who believes in ghosts and spirits and demons.

Pt And came the time once more when the witch-doctor no longer doubted the outcome of the duel, yet his first judgment was reversed, for now he knew that the jungle god would slay Simba and the old black was even more terrified of his own impending fate at the hands of the victor than he had been by the sure and sudden death which the triumphant lion would have meted out to him. He saw the lion weaken from loss of blood. He saw the mighty limbs tremble and stagger and at last he saw the beast sink down to rise no more. He saw the forest god or demon rise from the vanquished foe, and placing a foot upon the still quivering carcass, raise his face to the moon and bay out a hideous cry that froze the ebbing blood in the veins of the witch-doctor.

Prophecy and Fulfillment

Pt Then Tarzan turned his attention to the man. He had not slain Numa to save the Negro -- he had merely done it in revenge upon the lion; but now that he saw the old man lying helpless and dying before him something akin to pity touched his savage heart. In his youth he would have slain the witch-doctor without the slightest compunction; but civilization had had its softening effect upon him even as it does upon the nations and races which it touches, though it had not yet gone far enough with Tarzan to render him either cowardly or effeminate. He saw an old man suffering and dying, and he stooped and felt of his wounds and stanching the flow of blood.

Pt "Who are you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice.

Pt "I am Tarzan -- Tarzan of the Apes," replied the ape-man and not without a greater touch of pride than he would have said, "I am John Clayton, Lord Greystoke."

Pt The witch-doctor shook convulsively and closed his eyes. When he opened them again there was in them a resignation to whatever horrible fate awaited him at the hands of this feared demon of the woods. "Why do you not kill me?" he asked.

Pt "Why should I kill you?" inquired Tarzan. "You have not harmed me, and anyway you are already dying. Numa, the lion, has killed you."

Pt "You would not kill me?" Surprise and incredulity were in the tones of the quavering old voice.

Pt "I would save you if I could," replied Tarzan, "but that cannot be done. Why did you think I would kill you?"

Pt For a moment the old man was silent. When he spoke it was evidently after some little effort to muster his courage. "I knew you of old," he said, "when you ranged the jungle in the country of Mbonga, the chief. I was already a witch-doctor when you slew Kulonga and the others, and when you robbed our huts and our poison pot. At first I did not remember you; but at last I did -- the white-skinned ape that lived with the hairy apes and made life miserable in the village of Mbonga, the chief -- the forest god -- the Munango-Keewati for whom we set food outside our gates and who came and ate it. Tell me before I die -- are you man or devil?"

Pt Tarzan laughed. "I am a man," he said.

Pt The old fellow sighed and shook his head. "You have tried to save me from Simba," he said. "For that I shall reward you. I am a great witch-doctor. Listen to me, white man! I see bad days ahead of you. It is writ in my own blood which I have smeared upon my palm. A god greater even than you will rise up and strike you down. Turn back, Munango-Keewati! Turn back before it is too late. Danger lies ahead of you and danger lurks behind; but greater is the danger before. I see--" He paused and drew a long, gasping breath. Then he crumpled into a little, wrinkled heap and died. Tarzan wondered what else he had seen.

Pt It was very late when the ape-man re-entered the boma and lay down among his black warriors. None had seen him go and none saw him return. He thought about the warning of the old witch-doctor before he fell asleep and he thought of it again after he awoke; but he did not turn back for he was unafraid, though had he known what lay in store for one he loved most in all the world he would have flown through the trees to her side and allowed the gold of Opar to remain forever hidden in its forgotten storehouse.

Pt Behind him that morning another white man pondered something he had heard during the night and very nearly did he give up his project and turn back upon his trail. It was Werper, the murderer, who in the still of the night had heard far away upon the trail ahead of him a sound that had filled his cowardly soul with terror -- a sound such as he never before had heard in all his life, nor dreamed that such a frightful thing could emanate from the lungs of a God-created creature. He had heard the victory cry of the bull ape as Tarzan had screamed it forth into the face of Goro, the moon, and he had trembled then and hidden his face; and now in the broad light of a new day he trembled again as he recalled it, and would have turned back from the nameless danger the echo of that frightful sound seemed to portend, had he not stood in even greater fear of Achmet Zek, his master.

Pt And so Tarzan of the Apes forged steadily ahead toward Opar's ruined ramparts and behind him slunk Werper, jackal-like, and only God knew what lay in store for each.

Pt At the edge of the desolate valley, overlooking the golden domes and minarets of Opar, Tarzan halted. By night he would go alone to the

treasure vault, reconnoitering, for he had determined that caution should mark his every move upon this expedition.

Pt With the coming of night he set forth, and Werper, who had scaled the cliffs alone behind the ape-man's party, and hidden through the day among the rough boulders of the mountain top, slunk stealthily after him. The boulder-strewn plain between the valley's edge and the mighty granite kopje, outside the city's walls, where lay the entrance to the passage-way leading to the treasure vault, gave the Belgian ample cover as he followed Tarzan toward Opar.

Pt He saw the giant ape-man swing himself nimbly up the face of the great rock. Werper, clawing fearfully during the perilous ascent, sweating in terror, almost palsied by fear, but spurred on by avarice, following upward, until at last he stood upon the summit of the rocky hill.

Pt Tarzan was nowhere in sight. For a time Werper hid behind one of the lesser boulders that were scattered over the top of the hill, but, seeing or hearing nothing of the Englishman, he crept from his place of concealment to undertake a systematic search of his surroundings, in the hope that he might discover the location of the treasure in ample time to make his escape before Tarzan returned, for it was the Belgian's desire merely to locate the gold, that, after Tarzan had departed, he might come in safety with his followers and carry away as much as he could transport.

Pt He found the narrow cleft leading downward into the heart of the kopje along well-worn, granite steps. He advanced quite to the dark mouth of the tunnel into which the runway disappeared; but here he halted, fearing to enter, lest he meet Tarzan returning.

Pt The ape-man, far ahead of him, groped his way along the rocky passage, until he came to the ancient wooden door. A moment later he stood within the treasure chamber, where, ages since, long-dead hands had ranged the lofty rows of precious ingots for the rulers of that great continent which now lies submerged beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

Pt No sound broke the stillness of the subterranean vault. There was no evidence that another had discovered the forgotten wealth since last the ape-man had visited its hiding place.

Pt *Satisfied*, Tarzan turned and retraced his steps toward the summit of the kopje. Werper, from the concealment of a jutting, granite shoulder, watched him pass up from the *shadows* of the stairway and advance toward the edge of the hill which faced the rim of the valley where the Waziri awaited the signal of their *master*. Then Werper, slipping stealthily from his hiding place, dropped into the somber darkness of the entrance and disappeared.

Pt Tarzan, halting upon the kopje's edge, raised his voice in the thunderous roar of a lion. Twice, at regular intervals, he repeated the call, standing in attentive silence for several minutes after the echoes of the third call had died away. And then, from far across the valley, faintly, came an answering roar -- once, twice, thrice. Basuli, the Waziri chieftain, had heard and replied.

Pt Tarzan again made his way toward the treasure vault, knowing that in a few hours his blacks would be with him, ready to *bear* away another *fortune* in the strangely shaped, golden ingots of Opar. In the meantime he would carry as much of the precious metal to the summit of the kopje as he could.

Pt Six *trips* he made in the five hours before Basuli reached the kopje, and at the end of that time he had transported forty-eight ingots to the edge of the great boulder, carrying upon each *trip* a *load* which might well have staggered two ordinary men, yet his giant frame showed no evidence of fatigue, as he helped to raise his ebon warriors to the hill top with the rope that had been brought for the purpose.

Pt Six times he had returned to the treasure chamber, and six times Werper, the Belgian, had cowered in the black *shadows* at the far end of the long vault. Once again came the ape-man, and this time there came with him fifty fighting men, turning porters for love of the only *creature* in the world who might *command* of their fierce and haughty natures such menial service. Fifty-two more ingots passed out of the vaults, making the total of one hundred which Tarzan intended taking away with him.

Pt As the last of the Waziri filed from the chamber, Tarzan turned back for a last glimpse of the fabulous *wealth* upon which his two inroads had made no appreciable impression. Before he extinguished the single candle he had brought with him for the purpose, and the flickering light of which had cast the first alleviating rays into the impenetrable darkness of

the buried chamber, that it had known for the countless ages since it had lain forgotten of man, Tarzan's mind reverted to that first occasion upon which he had entered the treasure vault, coming upon it by chance as he fled from the pits beneath the temple, where he had been hidden by La, the High Priestess of the Sun Worshipers.

Pt He recalled the scene within the temple when he had lain stretched upon the sacrificial altar, while La, with high-raised dagger, stood above him, and the rows of priests and priestesses awaited, in the ecstatic hysteria of fanaticism, the first gush of their victim's warm blood, that they might fill their golden goblets and drink to the glory of their Flaming God.

Pt The brutal and bloody interruption by Tha, the mad priest, passed vividly before the ape-man's recollective eyes, the flight of the votaries before the insane blood lust of the hideous creature, the brutal attack upon La, and his own part of the grim tragedy when he had battled with the infuriated Oparian and left him dead at the feet of the priestess he would have profaned.

Pt This and much more passed through Tarzan's memory as he stood gazing at the long tiers of dull-yellow metal. He wondered if La still ruled the temples of the ruined city whose crumbling walls rose upon the very foundations about him. Had she finally been forced into a union with one of her grotesque priests? It seemed a hideous fate, indeed, for one so beautiful. With a shake of his head, Tarzan stepped to the flickering candle, extinguished its feeble rays and turned toward the exit.

Pt Behind him the spy waited for him to be gone. He had learned the secret for which he had come, and now he could return at his leisure to his waiting followers, bring them to the treasure vault and carry away all the gold that they could stagger under.

Pt The Waziri had reached the outer end of the tunnel, and were winding upward toward the fresh air and the welcome starlight of the kopje's summit, before Tarzan shook off the detaining hand of reverie and started slowly after them.

Pt Once again, and, he thought, for the last time, he closed the massive door of the treasure room. In the darkness behind him Werper rose and stretched his cramped muscles. He stretched forth a hand and lovingly caressed a golden ingot on the nearest tier. He raised it from its

immemorial resting place and weighed it in his hands. He clutched it to his bosom in an ecstasy of avarice.

Pt Tarzan dreamed of the happy homecoming which lay before him, of dear arms about his neck, and a soft cheek pressed to his; but there rose to dispel that dream the memory of the old witch-doctor and his warning.

Pt And then, in the span of a few brief seconds, the hopes of both these men were shattered. The one forgot even his greed in the panic of terror -- the other was plunged into total forgetfulness of the past by a jagged fragment of rock which gashed a deep cut upon his head.

The Altar of the Flaming God

Pt It was at the moment that Tarzan turned from the closed door to pursue his way to the outer world. The thing came without warning. One instant all was quiet and stability -- the next, and the world rocked, the tortured sides of the narrow passageway split and crumbled, great blocks of granite, dislodged from the ceiling, tumbled into the narrow way, choking it, and the walls bent inward upon the wreckage. Beneath the blow of a fragment of the roof, Tarzan staggered back against the door to the treasure room, his weight pushed it open and his body rolled inward upon the floor.

Pt In the great apartment where the treasure lay less damage was wrought by the earthquake. A few ingots toppled from the higher tiers, a single piece of the rocky ceiling splintered off and crashed downward to the floor, and the walls cracked, though they did not collapse.

Pt There was but the single shock, no other followed to complete the damage undertaken by the first. Werper, thrown to his length by the suddenness and violence of the disturbance, staggered to his feet when he found himself unhurt. Groping his way toward the far end of the chamber, he sought the candle which Tarzan had left stuck in its own wax upon the protruding end of an ingot.

Pt By striking numerous matches the Belgian at last found what he sought, and when, a moment later, the sickly rays relieved the Stygian darkness about him, he breathed a nervous sigh of relief, for the impenetrable gloom had accentuated the terrors of his situation.

Pt As they became accustomed to the light the man turned his eyes toward the door -- his one thought now was of escape from this frightful tomb -- and as he did so he saw the body of the naked giant lying stretched upon the floor just within the doorway. Werper drew back in sudden fear of detection; but a second glance convinced him that the Englishman was dead. From a great gash in the man's head a pool of blood had collected upon the concrete floor.

Pt Quickly, the Belgian leaped over the prostrate form of his erstwhile host, and without a thought of succor for the man in whom, for aught he knew, life still remained, he bolted for the passageway and safety.

Pt But his renewed hopes were soon dashed. Just beyond the doorway he found the passage completely clogged and choked by impenetrable masses of shattered rock. Once more he turned and re-entered the treasure vault. Taking the candle from its place he commenced a systematic search of the apartment, nor had he gone far before he discovered another door in the opposite end of the room, a door which gave upon creaking hinges to the weight of his body. Beyond the door lay another narrow passageway. Along this Werper made his way, ascending a flight of stone steps to another corridor twenty feet above the level of the first. The flickering candle lighted the way before him, and a moment later he was thankful for the possession of this crude and antiquated luminant, which, a few hours before he might have looked upon with contempt, for it showed him, just in time, a yawning pit, apparently terminating the tunnel he was traversing.

Pt Before him was a circular shaft. He held the candle above it and peered downward. Below him, at a great distance, he saw the light reflected back from the surface of a pool of water. He had come upon a well. He raised the candle above his head and peered across the black void, and there upon the opposite side he saw the continuation of the tunnel; but how was he to span the gulf?

Pt As he stood there measuring the distance to the opposite side and wondering if he dared venture so great a leap, there broke suddenly upon his startled ears a piercing scream which diminished gradually until it ended in a series of dismal moans. The voice seemed partly human, yet so hideous that it might well have emanated from the tortured throat of a lost soul, writhing in the fires of hell.

Pt The Belgian shuddered and looked fearfully upward, for the scream had seemed to come from above him. As he looked he saw an opening far overhead, and a patch of sky pinked with brilliant stars.

Pt His half-formed intention to call for help was expunged by the terrifying cry -- where such a voice lived, no human creatures could dwell. He dared not reveal himself to whatever inhabitants dwelt in the place above him. He cursed himself for a fool that he had ever embarked upon such a mission. He wished himself safely back in the camp of Achmet Zek, and would almost have embraced an opportunity to give himself up to the military authorities of the Congo if by so doing he might be rescued from the frightful predicament in which he now was.

Pt He listened fearfully, but the cry was not repeated, and at last spurred to desperate means, he gathered himself for the leap across the chasm. Going back twenty paces, he took a running start, and at the edge of the well, leaped upward and outward in an attempt to gain the opposite side.

Pt In his hand he clutched the sputtering candle, and as he took the leap the rush of air extinguished it. In utter darkness he flew through space, clutching outward for a hold should his feet miss the invisible ledge.

Pt He struck the edge of the door of the opposite terminus of the rocky tunnel with his knees, slipped backward, clutched desperately for a moment, and at last hung half within and half without the opening; but he was safe. For several minutes he dared not move; but clung, weak and sweating, where he lay. At last, cautiously, he drew himself well within the tunnel, and again he lay at full length upon the floor, fighting to regain control of his shattered nerves.

Pt When his knees struck the edge of the tunnel he had dropped the candle. Presently, hoping against hope that it had fallen upon the floor of the passageway, rather than back into the depths of the well, he rose upon all fours and commenced a diligent search for the little tallow cylinder, which now seemed infinitely more precious to him than all the fabulous wealth of the hoarded ingots of Opar.

Pt And when, at last, he found it, he clasped it to him and sank back sobbing and exhausted. For many minutes he lay trembling and broken; but finally he drew himself to a sitting posture, and taking a match from his pocket, lighted the stump of the candle which remained to him. With the light he found it easier to regain control of his nerves, and presently he was again making his way along the tunnel in search of an avenue of escape. The horrid cry that had come down to him from above through the ancient well-shaft still haunted him, so that he trembled in terror at even the sounds of his own cautious advance.

Pt He had gone forward but a short distance, when, to his chagrin, a wall of masonry barred his farther progress, closing the tunnel completely from top to bottom and from side to side. What could it mean? Werper was an educated and intelligent man. His military training had taught him to use his mind for the purpose for which it was intended. A blind tunnel

such as this was senseless. It must continue beyond the wall. Someone, at some time in the past, had had it blocked for an unknown purpose of his own. The man fell to examining the masonry by the light of his candle. To his delight he discovered that the thin blocks of hewn stone of which it was constructed were fitted in loosely without mortar or cement. He tugged upon one of them, and to his joy found that it was easily removable. One after another he pulled out the blocks until he had opened an aperture large enough to admit his body, then he crawled through into a large, low chamber. Across this another door barred his way; but this, too, gave before his efforts, for it was not barred. A long, dark corridor showed before him, but before he had followed it far, his candle burned down until it scorched his fingers. With an oath he dropped it to the floor, where it sputtered for a moment and went out.

Pt Now he was in total darkness, and again terror rode heavily astride his neck. What further pitfalls and dangers lay ahead he could not guess; but that he was as far as ever from liberty he was quite willing to believe, so depressing is utter absence of light to one in unfamiliar surroundings.

Pt Slowly he groped his way along, feeling with his hands upon the tunnel's walls, and cautiously with his feet ahead of him upon the floor before he could take a single forward step. How long he crept on thus he could not guess; but at last, feeling that the tunnel's length was interminable, and exhausted by his efforts, by terror, and loss of sleep, he determined to lie down and rest before proceeding farther.

Pt When he awoke there was no change in the surrounding blackness. He might have slept a second or a day -- he could not know; but that he had slept for some time was attested by the fact that he felt refreshed and hungry.

Pt Again he commenced his groping advance; but this time he had gone but a short distance when he emerged into a room, which was lighted through an opening in the ceiling, from which a flight of concrete steps led downward to the floor of the chamber.

Pt Above him, through the aperture, Werper could see sunlight glancing from massive columns, which were twined about by clinging vines. He listened; but he heard no sound other than the sighing of the wind through leafy branches, the hoarse cries of birds, and the chattering of monkeys.

Pt Boldly he ascended the stairway, to find himself in a circular court. Just before him stood a stone altar, stained with rusty-brown discolorations. At the time Werper gave no thought to an explanation of these stains -- later their origin became all too hideously apparent to him.

Pt Beside the opening in the floor, just behind the altar, through which he had entered the court from the subterranean chamber below, the Belgian discovered several doors leading from the enclosure upon the level of the floor. Above, and circling the courtyard, was a series of open balconies. Monkeys scampered about the deserted ruins, and gaily plumaged birds flitted in and out among the columns and the galleries far above; but no sign of human presence was discernible. Werper felt relieved. He sighed, as though a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He took a step toward one of the exits, and then he halted, wide-eyed in astonishment and terror, for almost at the same instant a dozen doors opened in the courtyard wall and a horde of frightful men rushed in upon him.

Pt They were the priests of the Flaming God of Opar -- the same, shaggy, knotted, hideous little men who had dragged Jane Clayton to the sacrificial altar at this very spot years before. Their long arms, their short and crooked legs, their close-set, evil eyes, and their low, receding foreheads gave them a bestial appearance that sent a qualm of paralyzing fright through the shaken nerves of the Belgian.

Pt With a scream he turned to flee back into the lesser terrors of the gloomy corridors and apartments from which he had just emerged, but the frightful men anticipated his intentions. They blocked the way; they seized him, and though he fell, groveling upon his knees before them, begging for his life, they bound him and hurled him to the floor of the inner temple.

Pt The rest was but a repetition of what Tarzan and Jane Clayton had passed through. The priestesses came, and with them La, the High Priestess. Werper was raised and laid across the altar. Cold sweat exuded from his every pore as La raised the cruel, sacrificial knife above him. The death chant fell upon his tortured ears. His staring eyes wandered to the golden goblets from which the hideous votaries would soon quench their inhuman thirst in his own, warm life-blood.

Pt He wished that he might be granted the brief respite of unconsciousness before the final plunge of the keen blade -- and then there was a frightful roar that sounded almost in his ears. The High Priestess lowered her dagger. Her eyes went wide in horror. The priestesses, her votaresses, screamed and fled madly toward the exits. The priests roared out their rage and terror according to the temper of their courage. Werper strained his neck about to catch a sight of the cause of their panic, and when, at last he saw it, he too went cold in dread, for what his eyes beheld was the figure of a huge lion standing in the center of the temple, and already a single victim lay mangled beneath his cruel paws.

Pt Again the lord of the wilderness roared, turning his baleful gaze upon the altar. La staggered forward, reeled, and fell across Werper in a swoon.

The Arab Raid

Pt After their first terror had subsided subsequent to the shock of the earthquake, Basuli and his warriors hastened back into the passageway in search of Tarzan and two of their own number who were also missing.

Pt They found the way blocked by jammed and distorted rock. For two days they labored to tear a way through to their imprisoned friends; but when, after Herculean efforts, they had unearthed but a few yards of the choked passage, and discovered the mangled remains of one of their fellows they were forced to the conclusion that Tarzan and the second Waziri also lay dead beneath the rock mass farther in, beyond human aid, and no longer susceptible of it.

Índice - Versão em Português

[1 - Capítulo 1](#)

[2 - Capítulo 2](#)

[3 - Capítulo 3](#)

[4 - Capítulo 4](#)

[5 - Capítulo 5](#)

[6 - Capítulo 6](#)

1 - Capítulo 1

En O tenente Albert Werper só havia escapado de ser expulso do exército por causa do nome de sua família, que ele havia manchado. No início, ficou grato por ser enviado a um posto solitário no Congo em vez de ser julgado por um conselho de guerra, o que merecia. Mas depois de seis meses de tédio, isolamento e solidão, ele mudou. Seu espírito escureceu. Passava os dias sentindo pena de si mesmo, e isso lentamente se transformou em ódio pelos homens que o haviam mandado para lá.

En Sentia falta da vida feliz de Bruxelas ainda mais do que sentia falta dos pecados que o haviam levado à ruína. Com o passar do tempo, sua raiva se concentrou no homem que representava o poder que o exilara: seu capitão e superior direto.

En Esse oficial era frio e calado. Os homens sob seu comando não o amavam muito, mas os soldados negros de seu pequeno destacamento o respeitavam e temiam.

En Werper frequentemente passava horas na varanda dos aposentos que dividiam, olhando fixamente para seu superior enquanto fumavam em silêncio seus cigarros noturnos. Logo seu ódio insensato se tornou quase loucura. Ele interpretava a quietude natural do capitão como um insulto deliberado às suas falhas passadas. Achava que o capitão o desprezava, e sua raiva crescia cada vez mais. Certa noite, sua raiva de repente se transformou em vontade de matar. Tocou o revólver que trazia ao lado, estreitou os olhos e finalmente falou.

En "Você me insultou pela última vez!" gritou, pondo-se de pé de um salto. "Sou um oficial e um cavalheiro, e não vou aguentar isso sem uma resposta sua, seu porco."

En O capitão pareceu surpreso e se voltou para seu oficial subordinado. Já vira antes homens que enlouqueciam na selva por causa da solidão, dos pensamentos sem fim e talvez de um pouco de febre.

En Levantou-se e estendeu a mão para pousá-la no ombro do outro. Pretendia dizer palavras tranquilizadoras, mas nunca teve a chance. Werper achou que seu superior avançava para atacá-lo. Apontou o

revólver para o coração do capitão, e quando este deu apenas um passo, Werper atirou. O homem caiu sem um som no chão áspero da varanda, e, ao cair, a mente confusa de Werper de repente se clareou. Ele se viu, a si e ao seu crime, como os outros os veriam.

En Ouviu gritos excitados vindos dos aposentos dos soldados e homens correndo em sua direção. Iriam capturá-lo, e se não o matassem, o levariam rio Congo abaixo até uma corte militar que faria a mesma coisa de maneira mais formal.

En Werper não queria morrer. Nunca desejara viver tanto quanto naquele momento, justamente quando havia arruinado seu direito à vida. Os homens se aproximavam. O que ele podia fazer? Olhou ao redor, como que buscando alguma desculpa verdadeira para seu crime, mas só conseguia ver o corpo do homem que matara sem motivo.

En Em pânico, virou-se e fugiu dos soldados. Atravessou o pátio ainda com o revólver bem seguro na mão. No portão, uma sentinela o deteve. Werper não tentou falar nem usar sua patente. Simplesmente ergueu a arma e atirou no guarda negro indefeso. Depois arrombou os portões e desapareceu na selva escura, não sem antes pegar para si o rifle e os cinturões de munição do morto.

En A noite toda Werper correu, adentrando cada vez mais a região selvagem. De vez em quando o rugido de um leão o fazia parar e escutar. Mas ele seguia em frente com o rifle pronto. Temia mais os caçadores humanos atrás dele do que os animais selvagens à frente.

En Por fim o amanhecer chegou, mas o homem continuou caminhando. O medo de ser capturado havia afastado a fome e o cansaço. Só conseguia pensar em fugir. Não ousava parar para descansar ou comer até se sentir seguro, então tropeçou adiante até cair e não conseguir mais se levantar. Não sabia havia quanto tempo estava correndo. No fim, a exaustão total o fez perder os sentidos.

En Foi assim que Achmet Zek, o árabe, o encontrou. Os homens de Achmet queriam matar aquele velho inimigo a lança, mas Achmet decidiu de outra forma. Primeiro interrogaria o belga. Era melhor interrogar um homem primeiro e matá-lo depois do que matá-lo primeiro e fazer perguntas depois.

En Assim, o tenente Albert Werper foi levado à própria tenda de Achmet. Ali, escravos lhe deram pequenas quantidades de vinho e comida até que finalmente ele acordou. Quando abriu os olhos, viu à sua volta negros estranhos, e logo fora da tenda estava um árabe. Não conseguia ver em lugar nenhum os uniformes de seus soldados.

En O árabe se virou e viu que o prisioneiro havia aberto os olhos, então entrou na tenda.

En "Eu sou Achmet Zek", disse. "Quem é você, e o que fazia em minhas terras? Onde estão seus soldados?"

En Achmet Zek! Os olhos de Werper se arregalaram, e seu coração afundou. Estava em poder de um dos assassinos mais temidos, um homem que odiava todos os europeus, especialmente os que vestiam uniforme belga. Por anos o exército do Congo Belga o combatera, a ele e a seus homens, sem sucesso. Nenhum dos lados jamais esperava misericórdia.

En Mas então Werper vislumbrou uma pequena chance para si mesmo no ódio daquele homem pelos belgas. Ele também era um pária e um foragido. Por ora, tinham algo em comum, e Werper decidiu tirar proveito disso.

En "Já ouvi falar de você", disse. "Eu o estava procurando. Meu próprio povo se voltou contra mim. Eu os odeio. Neste exato momento seus soldados me caçam para me matar. Eu sabia que você me protegeria deles, pois você também os odeia. Em troca, servirei a você. Sou um soldado treinado. Sei lutar, e seus inimigos são meus inimigos."

En Achmet Zek observou o europeu em silêncio. Pensou em muitas coisas e, acima de tudo, acreditava que o homem estava mentindo. Ainda assim, havia uma chance de que dissesse a verdade. Se dissesse, a ideia valia a pena ser considerada, pois homens de luta nunca eram demais, especialmente um branco com o treinamento militar e o conhecimento de um oficial europeu.

En Achmet Zek franziu o cenho, e o coração de Werper afundou. Mas Werper não conhecia bem Achmet Zek. Ele frequentemente franzia o cenho quando outros homens sorriam, e sorria quando outros homens franziriam o cenho.

En "Se você me mentiu", disse Achmet Zek, "eu o matarei quando bem entender. Que recompensa você espera pelo seu trabalho, além da própria vida?"

En "No início, apenas meu sustento", respondeu Werper. "Depois, se eu valer mais, poderemos facilmente combinar algo." Por ora, Werper só queria salvar a própria vida. Assim o acordo foi selado, e o tenente Albert Werper passou a fazer parte do bando de saqueadores de marfim e escravos do mau Achmet Zek.

En Por meses, o antigo belga cavalgou com o saqueador selvagem. Lutava com energia feroz e violência cruel, à altura dos outros foragidos. Achmet Zek o observava de perto e ficava cada vez mais satisfeito. Com o tempo, passou a confiar mais nele, e Werper ganhou mais liberdade para agir por conta própria.

En Achmet Zek confiava muito no belga, e por fim compartilhou com ele um plano especial. O árabe queria fazer aquilo havia muito tempo, mas nunca tivera a chance. Com a ajuda de um europeu, porém, talvez fosse fácil. Ele testou Werper para saber o que pensava.

En "Já ouviu falar do homem a quem chamam de Tarzan?" perguntou.

En Werper concordou com a cabeça. "Já ouvi falar dele, mas não o conheço."

En "Se não fosse por ele, poderíamos exercer nosso 'comércio' em segurança e obter grandes lucros", continuou o árabe. "Por anos ele lutou contra nós, expulsou-nos da parte mais rica do território, atrapalhou-nos e armou os nativos para que lutassem contra nós quando viéssemos 'negociar'. Ele é muito rico. Se conseguíssemos fazê-lo pagar muitas peças de ouro, não só nos vingariamos dele, como também recuperaríamos boa parte do que ele impediu que tirássemos dos nativos que protege."

En Werper tirou um cigarro de uma cigareira cravejada de joias e o acendeu.

En "E você tem um plano para fazê-lo pagar?" perguntou.

En "Ele tem uma esposa", respondeu Achmet Zek. "Dizem que é muito bela. Se não conseguirmos tirar desse Tarzan um resgate em dinheiro, ela renderia um preço bem alto mais ao norte."

En Werper baixou a cabeça e pensou. Achmet Zek esperava sua resposta. Albert Werper sentiu repugnância diante da ideia de vender uma mulher branca para um harém muçulmano. Ergueu os olhos e viu que Achmet Zek estreitava os seus. Percebeu que o árabe havia notado sua irritação com o plano. O que aconteceria se Werper recusasse? Sua vida estava nas mãos daquele homem. Aquele homem rude valia menos a vida de um infiel do que a de um cão. Werper amava a vida. O que lhe importava aquela mulher? Ela era europeia, parte da sociedade normal. Ele era um pária. Todo homem branco estava contra ele. Ela era, na verdade, sua inimiga, e se ele se recusasse a ajudar, Achmet Zek o mandaria matar.

En "Você está hesitando", disse o árabe suavemente.

En "Eu só estava pensando em nossas chances de sucesso", mentiu Werper, "e na minha recompensa. Como europeu, posso entrar na casa deles e comer à sua mesa. Ninguém mais aqui poderia fazer tanto. O perigo será grande. Eu deveria ser bem pago, Achmet Zek."

En Um olhar de alívio surgiu no rosto do saqueador.

En "Bem dito, Werper", disse Achmet Zek, e deu um tapinha no ombro de seu tenente. "Você deve ser bem pago, e assim será. Agora sentemo-nos juntos e planejemos a melhor forma de fazê-lo." Os dois homens se sentaram sobre um tapete macio, sob as sedas desbotadas da tenda outrora rica de Achmet, e conversaram em voz baixa até altas horas da noite. Ambos eram altos e barbudos. O sol e o vento haviam dado a Werper uma aparência escura, quase árabe. Ele também se vestia como Achmet, de modo que parecia quase idêntico ao seu chefe. Era tarde quando se levantou e foi para sua própria tenda.

En No dia seguinte, Werper passou o tempo modificando seu uniforme belga. Removeu tudo o que indicasse que fora feito para uso militar. De um monte variado de bens roubados, Achmet Zek conseguiu-lhe um capacete colonial e uma sela europeia. Também usou escravos negros e seguidores para reunir carregadores, askaris e criados de tenda, de modo que parecessem um pequeno safári de um caçador de grandes animais. Werper conduziu o grupo para fora do acampamento.

2 - Capítulo 2

En Duas semanas depois, John Clayton, Lorde Greystoke, voltava a cavalo de uma inspeção em suas vastas propriedades africanas. Viu a cabeça de uma fila de homens cruzando a planície entre seu bangalô e a floresta ao norte e a oeste.

En Puxou as rédeas e observou o pequeno grupo enquanto saía de um vale baixo que o havia escondido. Seus olhos aguçados captaram o brilho do sol sobre o capacete branco de um homem montado. Acreditando que se tratava de um caçador europeu vindo pedir hospitalidade, voltou o cavalo e cavalgou devagar ao seu encontro.

En Meia hora depois, subia os degraus da varanda de seu bangalô, apresentando o Sr. Jules Frecoult a Lady Greystoke.

En "Eu estava completamente perdido", disse o Sr. Frecoult. "Meu chefe de caravana nunca havia estado nesta parte do país, e os guias que deveriam ter vindo comigo da última aldeia sabiam ainda menos do que nós. Deixaram-nos há dois dias. Tenho muita sorte de ter encontrado ajuda como esta. Não sei o que teria feito se não os tivesse encontrado."

En Ficou decidido que Frecoult e seu grupo permaneceriam por vários dias, ou até estarem plenamente descansados. Então Lorde Greystoke lhes daria guias para conduzi-los com segurança de volta à região que o chefe de caravana de Frecoult supostamente conhecia.

En Como um cavalheiro francês sem ocupação, Werper teve pouca dificuldade em enganar seu anfitrião e em se fazer querido tanto por Tarzan quanto por Jane Clayton. Mas quanto mais tempo ficava, menos certeza tinha de que conseguiria facilmente executar seu plano.

En Lady Greystoke nunca cavalgava longe do bangalô sozinha, e a forte lealdade dos ferozes guerreiros Waziri, que compunham grande parte dos seguidores de Tarzan, parecia tornar impossível um sequestro à força. Também parecia impossível subornar os próprios Waziri.

En Passou-se uma semana, e Werper não estava mais perto de seu plano do que no dia em que chegara. Mas então algo aconteceu que lhe deu nova esperança e o fez pensar em uma recompensa ainda maior do que o resgate de uma mulher.

En Um mensageiro chegou ao bangalô com a correspondência semanal, e Lorde Greystoke passou a tarde em seu escritório lendo e respondendo cartas. No jantar parecia preocupado, e foi cedo para a cama, seguido logo depois por Lady Greystoke. Werper, sentado na varanda, ouviu-os conversando com seriedade. Compreendeu que algo importante estava acontecendo, então se levantou silenciosamente, manteve-se nas sombras dos arbustos ao redor do bangalô e se moveu sem ruído até um ponto sob a janela do quarto onde seu anfitrião e sua anfitriã dormiam.

En Ali escutou, e logo ouviu o bastante para deixá-lo animado. Lady Greystoke estava falando quando Werper chegou a distância de ouvir.

En "Sempre temi que a companhia não fosse estável", disse ela. "Mas parece difícil acreditar que faliram por uma soma tão vultosa, a menos que tenha havido alguma manobra desonesta."

En "É o que suspeito", respondeu Tarzan. "Mas seja qual for a causa, o fato é que perdi tudo, e preciso voltar a Opar para conseguir mais."

En "Oh, John", exclamou Lady Greystoke, e sua voz tremeu, "não há outro jeito? Não suporto pensar em você voltando àquela cidade terrível. Prefiro viver na pobreza para sempre a deixar que você enfrente os perigos horríveis de Opar."

En "Não precisa temer", disse Tarzan com uma risada. "Sei muito bem cuidar de mim mesmo, e se não conseguisse, os Waziri que vão comigo cuidariam para que nada me acontecesse."

En "Eles fugiram de Opar uma vez e o deixaram à própria sorte", ela lembrou.

En "Não farão isso de novo", ele respondeu. "Ficaram profundamente envergonhados, e estavam voltando quando os encontrei."

En "Mas deve haver algum outro jeito", disse a mulher com firmeza.

En "Não há maneira mais fácil de conseguir outra fortuna do que ir aos cofres do tesouro de Opar e trazê-la de volta", respondeu ele. "Serei muito cuidadoso, Jane, e o povo de Opar provavelmente nunca saberá que estive lá novamente e levei mais de seu tesouro. Eles não sabem nada sobre o valor daquilo, nem sequer que existe."

En O tom final de sua voz disse a Lady Greystoke que argumentar mais não adiantaria, então ela desistiu do assunto.

En Werper ficou e escutou por mais um pouco. Depois, sentindo que já ouvira o suficiente e temendo ser descoberto, voltou para a varanda. Ali fumou vários cigarros depressa antes de ir para a cama.

En Na manhã seguinte, no café da manhã, Werper disse que partiria cedo. Pediu a Tarzan permissão para caçar grandes animais em território Waziri em seu caminho de saída, e Lorde Greystoke concordou prontamente.

En O belga passou dois dias fazendo seus preparativos, mas por fim partiu com seu safári e um guia Waziri que Lorde Greystoke lhe emprestara. O grupo fez apenas uma curta marcha quando Werper fingiu estar doente e disse que ficaria onde estava até se recuperar. Como ainda não estavam longe do bangalô dos Greystoke, Werper mandou embora o guia Waziri, dizendo que o chamaria quando pudesse viajar de novo. Depois que o guia partiu, o belga chamou até sua tenda um dos negros de confiança de Achmet Zek e o enviou para vigiar a partida de Tarzan. Deveria voltar imediatamente e contar a Werper o que havia acontecido e para onde Tarzan tinha ido.

En Werper não precisou esperar muito. No dia seguinte seu mensageiro voltou e disse que Tarzan e cinquenta guerreiros Waziri haviam partido bem cedo naquela manhã, rumando para o sudeste.

En Werper chamou seu chefe de caravana depois de escrever uma longa carta a Achmet Zek. Entregou a carta ao chefe de caravana.

En "Envie um mensageiro imediatamente a Achmet Zek com isto", disse ao chefe de caravana. "Fique aqui no acampamento e espere novas ordens dele ou minhas. Se alguém vier do bangalô do inglês, diga que estou muito doente em minha tenda e não posso receber ninguém. Agora me dê seis carregadores e seis askaris, os mais fortes e corajosos do safári, e eu seguirei o inglês para descobrir onde ele escondeu seu ouro."

En Assim, Tarzan, vestindo apenas uma tanga e carregando suas armas simples, conduziu seus fiéis Waziri em direção à cidade morta de Opar. Werper, o traidor, seguiu seu rastro pelos longos dias quentes e acampou perto dele à noite.

En Enquanto marchavam, Achmet Zek cavalgava para o sul com todos os seus homens rumo à fazenda dos Greystoke.

En Para Tarzan dos Macacos, a jornada parecia uma viagem de férias. A civilização era apenas uma fina camada sobre ele, e ele se alegrava em despir suas roupas europeias desconfortáveis sempre que tinha uma boa desculpa para isso. Tarzan permanecia parcialmente civilizado porque uma mulher o amava, mas ele se cansara da civilização. Odiava suas mentiras e seu comportamento falso. Com sua mente clara e sem instrução, via o coração fraco dela: medo, ganância e o desejo de conforto e posses. Não concordava que a arte, a música e a literatura tivessem se fortalecido por causa dessas ideias fracas. Acreditava que sobreviviam apesar da civilização, e não por causa dela.

En "Mostrem-me o covarde rico", dizia com frequência, "que já iniciou um belo ideal. É na guerra, na luta pela sobrevivência, na fome, no perigo e na morte, e à vista de Deus revelado pelas maiores forças da Natureza, que nascem as melhores coisas do coração e da mente humana."

En Assim Tarzan sempre voltava à Natureza como um amante que reencontra alguém por quem esperou longo tempo na prisão. Seus Waziri eram, na verdade, mais civilizados do que ele. Cozinhavam sua carne e evitavam muitos alimentos que Tarzan comera com prazer a vida toda. Até o forte homem-macaco hesitava em mostrar seus verdadeiros desejos diante deles, pois a hipocrisia é difícil de evitar. Comia carne assada quando teria preferido crua, e caçava com arco ou lança quando preferiria atacar de emboscada e morder a garganta do animal. Mas por fim sua natureza selvagem se tornou forte demais. Ele queria sangue fresco e sentia os músculos ansiarem pela luta com a selva, a única vida que conhecera nos primeiros vinte anos de sua existência.

3 - Capítulo 3

En Impelido por esses sentimentos fortes mas confusos, o homem-macaco ficou acordado uma noite no pequeno cercado de espinhos que dava a seu grupo alguma proteção contra os grandes felinos da selva. Um guerreiro permanecia meio adormecido de guarda junto à fogueira, necessária porque olhos amarelos observavam da escuridão fora do acampamento. Os gritos e tosses dos grandes felinos, misturados aos muitos sons da selva, agitavam o espírito selvagem naquele selvagem lorde inglês. Ele se virou em seu leito de capim por uma hora sem conseguir dormir. Então se levantou como um fantasma, escapuliu enquanto os Waziri estavam de costas, saltou o muro do cercado diante dos olhos brilhantes, subiu silenciosamente numa grande árvore e desapareceu.

En Por um momento, cheio de energia selvagem, ele correu depressa pelo nível médio da floresta, balançando perigosamente através de largos vãos de uma árvore enorme a outra. Depois subiu mais alto, aos galhos finos e móveis do nível superior, onde a lua brilhava sobre ele e pequenos ventos moviam o ar, mas a morte esperava em cada galho frágil. Ali parou e ergueu o rosto para Goro, a lua. Com o braço erguido, estava pronto para soltar um grito como o de um macho-macaco, mas ficou em silêncio para não acordar seus fiéis Waziri, que conheciam muito bem o terrível chamado de seu senhor.

En Então seguiu adiante mais devagar e com cautela, pois Tarzan dos Macacos estava caçando comida. Desceu ao chão na escuridão profunda, entre as árvores próximas e as trepadeiras penduradas da selva. De tempos em tempos se abaixava e aproximava o nariz da terra. Encontrou uma larga trilha de animais e, por fim, captou o cheiro fresco de Bara, o veado. A boca de Tarzan salivou, e um rosnado baixo escapou de seus lábios orgulhosos. Todo sinal de posição humana caiu dele. Mais uma vez era o primeiro caçador, o primeiro homem, o mais alto tipo de ser humano. Seguiu o rastro contra o vento com um faro muito além do de um ser humano comum. Mesmo os fortes odores de animais carnívoros não conseguiam esconder dele a pista de Bara. Ainda conseguia seguir o veado pelo cheiro suave e persistente de suas patas.

En Logo o cheiro do veado disse a Tarzan que sua presa estava perto. Subiu de volta às árvores e passou a um galho mais baixo, de onde podia observar o solo abaixo. Logo encontrou Bara, alerta, na borda de uma clareira iluminada pela lua. Tarzan se arrastou em silêncio até ficar bem acima do veado. Na mão direita segurava a longa faca de caça de seu pai, e no coração trazia a fome feroz de um caçador. Pausou um instante, depois saltou sobre as costas de Bara. Seu peso forçou o veado a se ajoelhar, e antes que pudesse se levantar de novo, a faca atingiu-lhe o coração. Enquanto Tarzan se erguia sobre o corpo morto para gritar sua vitória à lua, o vento lhe trouxe um cheiro que o fez parar de imediato. Ele congelou e olhou na direção do cheiro de aviso. Um momento depois a relva se abriu de um lado da clareira, e Numa, o leão, apareceu à vista. Seus olhos verde-amarelados fitavam Tarzan com inveja. Numa não tivera sorte alguma naquela noite.

En Tarzan respondeu com um profundo rosnado de aviso. Numa rosnou de volta, mas não se aproximou. Em vez disso ficou parado, movendo a cauda devagar. Tarzan se agachou sobre sua caça e cortou um grande pedaço da coxa traseira. Enquanto comia, continuava rosnando avisos ao leão. Aquele leão nunca havia encontrado Tarzan dos Macacos antes, e estava confuso. Tarzan parecia um homem e cheirava a homem. Numa já comera carne humana antes e sabia que era fácil de obter, embora não muito saborosa. Mas os rosnados daquela criatura estranha lembravam inimigos perigosos, e isso o fazia hesitar. Ao mesmo tempo, a fome e o cheiro da carne quente de Bara quase o enlouqueciam. Tarzan observava cada movimento, e isso foi sábio. Por fim Numa não aguentou mais. Sua cauda se ergueu de repente, e Tarzan soube o que aquilo significava. Agarrou nos dentes o resto da coxa traseira do veado e saltou para uma árvore próxima bem no momento em que Numa avançava com terrível velocidade.

En Tarzan fugiu, mas não por medo. A vida na selva tinha regras diferentes. Se estivesse com fome, teria enfrentado o leão em combate. Já fizera isso antes, e também já atacara leões no passado. Naquela noite não estava com fome, e o pedaço de carne que levava era mais do que podia comer. Ainda assim, ficou irritado ao ver Numa devorando sua caça. A ousadia daquele leão devia ser punida. Então Tarzan decidiu tornar miserável a vida do grande felino. Perto dali havia árvores com frutos grandes e duros. Tarzan saltou para uma delas, leve como um esquilo. Então começou a atirar os frutos em Numa. Um após outro, os

frutos duros choveram sobre o leão. Numa não conseguia comer sob aquele ataque. Rugiu, rosnou e desviou até finalmente ser afastado do corpo de Bara. Foi embora furioso, rugindo pelo caminho. Mas no meio da clareira parou de repente. Tarzan viu sua grande cabeça baixar, o corpo se agachar, e a cauda tremer enquanto rastejava em direção às árvores do outro lado.

En No mesmo instante Tarzan ficou alerta. Ergueu a cabeça e farejou o vento lento da selva. O que teria atraído Numa embora em silêncio? Justamente quando o leão desapareceu entre as árvores, Tarzan captou a resposta no vento. O forte cheiro de um homem chegou até ele. Tarzan escondeu o resto da coxa do veado na forquilha de uma árvore, limpou as mãos nas coxas nuas e seguiu Numa. Uma larga trilha de elefantes levava para dentro da floresta. Numa se movia junto a ela, e Tarzan ia acima dele pelas árvores, como uma sombra. O leão e o homem viram a presa de Numa quase ao mesmo tempo, embora ambos já soubessem que era um homem negro. Seus narizes lhes haviam dito isso. O nariz de Tarzan também lhe dizia que o homem era um estranho, velho e do sexo masculino. O homem era velho e estava sozinho, caminhando pela selva escura. Era pequeno e enrugado, marcado por cicatrizes feias, e coberto de tatuagens. Vestia roupas estranhas, uma pele de hiena sobre os ombros, e uma cabeça ressecada sobre seu couro cabeludo grisalho. Tarzan viu que era um feiticeiro e esperou que Numa o atacasse, sentindo-se satisfeito, pois não gostava de feiticeiros. Mas então Tarzan também se lembrou de que o leão lhe roubara a caça minutos antes, e a vingança lhe pareceu doce.

En O homem negro só percebeu que estava em perigo quando ouviu galhos se quebrando com Numa avançando pelos arbustos até a trilha atrás dele. Ele se virou e viu um enorme leão de juba negra correndo em sua direção. Antes que pudesse reagir, Numa o agarrou. No mesmo instante, Tarzan caiu de um galho acima e aterrissou nas costas do leão. Ao cair, cravou a faca no flanco de Numa, atrás do ombro esquerdo. Segurou a longa juba com a mão direita, mordeu o pescoço de Numa e enrolou as pernas fortes ao redor do corpo da fera. Numa rugiu de dor e raiva, empinou-se, e caiu de costas sobre Tarzan, mas Tarzan não largou. Vez após vez cravou a faca no leão. Numa rolava sem parar, arranhando e mordendo o ar, rugindo terrivelmente ao tentar alcançar o atacante em suas costas. Mais de uma vez Tarzan quase perdeu o apoio. Estava machucado, contuso, coberto de sangue e terra, mas não

fraquejou. Se largasse por um instante sequer, as garras e os dentes de Numa o matariam, e a vida daquele lorde inglês criado na selva teria chegado ao fim. O feiticeiro, que havia caído quando o leão o atacara, jazia dilacerado e sangrando no chão. Não conseguia fugir, então observava a feroz batalha. Seus olhos brilhavam, e seus lábios enrugados se moviam enquanto murmurava estranhos feitiços aos seus espíritos.

En A princípio o feiticeiro achou que a luta certamente terminaria com o homem branco morrendo sob o terrível Simba. Quem já ouvira falar de um único homem, armado apenas com uma faca, matando semelhante fera? Mas logo os olhos do velho se abriram mais, e ele começou a duvidar. Que tipo de criatura era aquela, lutando contra Simba e resistindo aos grandes músculos do rei dos animais? Então uma lembrança lentamente lhe voltou à mente. Era como uma imagem desbotada de tempos antigos: um jovem branco e esguio balançando pelas árvores em meio a um bando de macacos enormes. Os olhos do velho piscaram, e o medo os encheu. Sentiu o temor supersticioso de quem crê em fantasmas, espíritos e demônios.

En Logo o feiticeiro já não tinha dúvidas de como a luta terminaria. Sua primeira ideia mudou, pois agora sabia que o deus da selva mataria Simba. Ficou ainda mais amedrontado com o que poderia lhe acontecer depois, quando o vencedor decidisse seu destino. Observou o leão enfraquecer pela perda de sangue. Viu as grandes pernas tremerem e cambalearem, e por fim a fera caiu e não se ergueu mais. Então viu o deus ou demônio da floresta se levantar do inimigo derrotado, colocar um pé sobre o corpo ainda em movimento, erguer o rosto para a lua e soltar um grito terrível que gelou o feiticeiro por dentro, de corpo inteiro.

4 - Capítulo 4

En Então Tarzan se voltou para o homem. Não matara Numa para salvar o negro. Fizera-o apenas por vingança contra o leão. Mas quando viu o velho caído, indefeso e agonizante, a piedade tocou seu coração selvagem. Quando jovem, teria matado o feiticeiro sem qualquer remorso. Mas a civilização o suavizara, embora não o bastante para torná-lo fraco ou covarde. Viu um velho sofrendo, e se abaixou para examinar os ferimentos e estancar o sangramento.

En "Quem é você?" perguntou o velho com voz trêmula.

En "Eu sou Tarzan -- Tarzan dos Macacos", respondeu o homem-macaco, e disse isso com mais orgulho do que se tivesse dito: "Sou John Clayton, Lorde Greystoke."

En O feiticeiro tremeu forte e fechou os olhos. Quando os abriu de novo, já havia aceitado qualquer destino terrível que o demônio da floresta lhe reservasse. "Por que não me mata?" perguntou.

En "Por que eu deveria matá-lo?" perguntou Tarzan. "Você não me fez mal nenhum, e já está morrendo. Numa, o leão, o matou."

En "Você não me mataria?" A velha voz soou chocada, incapaz de acreditar.

En "Eu o salvaria se pudesse", respondeu Tarzan, "mas não posso. Por que você achou que eu o mataria?"

En Por um momento, o velho não disse nada. Então falou, e ficou claro que precisou se forçar a ter coragem. "Eu o conheci há muito tempo", disse. "Você estava na selva, no território de Mbonga. Eu já era feiticeiro quando você matou Kulonga e os outros, e quando tomou nossas cabanas e nosso pote de veneno. A princípio não me lembrei de você, mas agora me lembro. Você é o macaco de pele branca que vivia com os macacos peludos e tornou a vida terrível na aldeia de Mbonga. Você era o deus da floresta, o Munango-Keewati, para quem deixávamos comida do lado de fora dos nossos portões, e que vinha comê-la. Diga-me antes que eu morra: você é um homem ou um demônio?"

En Tarzan riu. "Sou um homem", disse.

En O velho suspirou e balançou a cabeça. "Você tentou me salvar de Simba", disse. "Por isso, eu o recompensarei. Sou um grande feiticeiro. Escute, homem branco! Vejo dias ruins à sua frente. Está escrito no meu próprio sangue, na palma da minha mão. Um deus maior que você se levantará e o derrubará. Volte, Munango-Keewati! Volte antes que seja tarde demais. O perigo está à sua frente, e o perigo também está atrás de você. Mas o perigo maior está à sua frente. Eu vejo--" Ele parou e tomou um longo fôlego trêmulo. Então caiu num pequeno monte enrugado e morreu. Tarzan se perguntou o que mais ele teria visto.

En Era muito tarde quando o homem-macaco voltou ao cercado e se deitou entre seus guerreiros negros. Ninguém o viu partir, e ninguém o viu voltar. Antes de dormir, pensou no aviso do velho feiticeiro. Pensou nele de novo quando acordou. Mas não voltou atrás, pois não sentia medo. Se soubesse que aquela a quem mais amava no mundo estava em perigo, teria corrido pelas árvores até ela e deixado o ouro de Opar escondido para sempre em seu depósito esquecido.

En Naquela manhã, outro homem branco atrás dele pensava em algo que ouvira durante a noite, e quase desistiu, disposto a voltar pela trilha. Era Werper, o assassino. Na escuridão, ele ouvira à frente, distante, um som que o encheu de medo. Nunca ouvira nada parecido antes, e não conseguia acreditar que um grito tão terrível pudesse vir de uma criatura viva. Ouvira o grito de vitória do macho-macaco quando Tarzan o soltou para Goro, a lua. Tremera e escondera o rosto. Agora, à luz do dia, tremia de novo ao se lembrar. Teria voltado atrás por causa do perigo desconhecido que aquele som parecia anunciar, mas temia ainda mais a Achmet Zek, seu senhor.

En Assim Tarzan dos Macacos continuou rumo às muralhas em ruínas de Opar. Atrás dele, Werper se movia como um chacal, e só Deus sabia o que aconteceria a cada um deles.

En À beira do vale vazio, Tarzan parou e olhou para as cúpulas e os minaretes dourados de Opar. Planejava ir sozinho ao cofre do tesouro naquela noite e fazer uma busca cuidadosa, pois queria ser cauteloso naquela jornada.

En Quando a noite chegou, ele partiu. Werper havia subido as falésias sozinho, atrás do grupo de Tarzan, e se escondera durante o dia entre as rochas no topo da montanha. Agora seguia Tarzan em silêncio. A

planície rochosa lhe dava cobertura suficiente enquanto avançava rumo a Opar.

En Viu o enorme homem-macaco subir depressa a face do grande rochedo. Werper o seguiu, agarrando-se à pedra com medo. Estava suando e quase tremendo de terror, mas sua ganância o impelia adiante. Por fim alcançou o topo do morro rochoso.

En Tarzan não estava lá. Werper se escondeu atrás de uma pedra menor por um tempo, mas nada ouviu nem viu. Então saiu e vasculhou a área com cuidado. Esperava encontrar o tesouro a tempo de escapar antes que Tarzan voltasse. Queria apenas descobrir onde ficava o ouro, para que depois ele e seus homens pudessem voltar e levar o máximo que conseguissem carregar.

En Encontrou uma fenda estreita que descia até o morro rochoso, por degraus de granito desgastados. Foi quase até a abertura escura do túnel, mas ali parou. Tinha medo de entrar, pois podia encontrar Tarzan voltando.

En Bem à frente, o homem-macaco seguia pela passagem rochosa até chegar à velha porta de madeira. Logo estava dentro da sala do tesouro, onde mãos antigas haviam certa vez organizado longas fileiras de valiosas barras de ouro para os governantes de uma grande terra que hoje jaz sob o Oceano Atlântico.

En O cofre subterrâneo estava em completo silêncio. Não havia sinal de que alguém houvesse encontrado aquela riqueza perdida desde a última vez que Tarzan estivera ali.

En Tarzan ficou satisfeito, então se virou e voltou em direção ao topo do morro rochoso. Escondido atrás de uma pedra de granito saliente, Werper o observou subir as escadas e caminhar até a borda do morro. Aquela borda dava para o vale, onde os Waziri esperavam o sinal de seu senhor. Então Werper saiu de seu esconderijo, entrou na abertura escura e desapareceu.

En Tarzan parou na borda do morro rochoso e soltou um forte rugido de leão. Chamou mais duas vezes em intervalos regulares, depois ficou parado, em silêncio, por vários minutos após o eco do terceiro rugido se apagar. Logo um rugido fraco de resposta veio de longe, do outro lado

do vale, uma, duas e três vezes. Basuli, o líder Waziri, o ouvira e respondera.

En Tarzan voltou em direção ao cofre do tesouro, sabendo que em poucas horas seus homens chegariam para ajudá-lo a levar outra fortuna das estranhas barras de ouro de Opar. Por enquanto, levaria ao topo do morro o máximo que conseguisse daquele metal valioso.

En Fez seis viagens nas cinco horas antes de Basuli alcançar o morro. Até então já havia levado quarenta e oito lingotes até a borda do grande rochedo. Em cada viagem carregava uma carga que teria esgotado dois homens comuns, mas seu corpo gigantesco não mostrava sinal de cansaço. Depois ajudou a içar seus guerreiros negros até o topo do morro com a corda trazida para essa tarefa.

En Seis vezes ele voltara à câmara do tesouro, e seis vezes Werper, o belga, se escondera nas sombras escuras da extremidade mais distante do longo cofre. Então o homem-macaco voltou de novo, dessa vez com cinquenta guerreiros que agora carregavam cargas para ele, pois o amavam e o respeitavam. Mais cinquenta e dois lingotes foram retirados dos cofres, somando cem ao todo, que Tarzan planejava levar consigo.

En Quando o último Waziri saiu da câmara, Tarzan olhou mais uma vez para o grande tesouro. Suas duas visitas quase não fizeram diferença naquela imensa quantidade. Antes de apagar a única vela que trouxera, lembrou-se de sua primeira vez naquele cofre. Encontrara-o por acaso ao escapar dos poços sob o templo, onde La, a Suma Sacerdotisa dos Adoradores do Sol, o havia escondido.

En Lembrou-se da cena no templo, quando estivera amarrado ao altar sacrificial. La ficara sobre ele com um punhal erguido, e os sacerdotes e sacerdotisas esperavam em excitação selvagem o primeiro sangue de sua vítima. Queriam encher suas taças de ouro e beber à glória de seu Deus Flamejante.

En Tarzan também se lembrou do ataque violento de Tha, o sacerdote louco. Os adoradores fugiram com medo de sua terrível sede de sangue. Então Tha atacou La, e Tarzan tomou parte na luta feroz. Combateu o furioso oparense e o deixou morto aos pés da sacerdotisa que ele quisera desonrar.

En Muitas dessas lembranças passaram pela mente de Tarzan enquanto ele olhava para as longas fileiras de metal amarelo-fosco. Perguntou-se se La ainda governava os templos daquela cidade em ruínas ao seu redor. Teria sido forçada a se casar com um de seus estranhos sacerdotes? Isso lhe pareceu um destino horrível para uma mulher tão bela. Balançou a cabeça, aproximou-se da vela bruxuleante, apagou-a e se voltou para a saída.

En Atrás dele, o espião esperou até que Tarzan tivesse partido. Aprendera o segredo que fora buscar. Agora ele podia voltar, em seu próprio ritmo, para seus homens que esperavam, levá-los até o cofre do tesouro e retirar todo o ouro que pudessem carregar.

En Os Waziri haviam chegado ao fim do túnel e estavam subindo em direção ao ar fresco. Tarzan finalmente parou de pensar e devagar os seguiu.

En Mais uma vez, e pensou que fosse a última, fechou a pesada porta da câmara do tesouro. Na escuridão atrás dele, Werper se levantou e alongou os músculos entorpecidos. Estendeu a mão, tocou um lingote de ouro na pilha mais próxima, ergueu-o de seu longo lugar de repouso e o pesou nas mãos. Depois o apertou contra o peito, num prazer ganancioso.

En Tarzan sonhava com um retorno feliz ao lar, com braços amorosos ao redor do pescoço e uma face macia contra a sua. Mas esse sonho foi quebrado pela lembrança do velho feiticeiro e de seu aviso.

En Em apenas alguns segundos, as esperanças de ambos os homens foram destruídas. Um esqueceu sua ganância porque ficou aterrorizado demais. O outro foi lançado a um total esquecimento do passado quando um pedaço afiado de rocha lhe abriu um profundo ferimento na cabeça.

5 - Capítulo 5

En Tarzan tinha acabado de se afastar da porta fechada e seguia rumo ao mundo exterior. Então, sem aviso, aconteceu. Num momento tudo estava tranquilo; no seguinte, todo o lugar tremeu. As paredes da passagem estreita racharam e se romperam. Grandes blocos de granito caíram do teto e bloquearam o caminho. As paredes se dobraram para dentro sobre as ruínas. Um pedaço do teto atingiu Tarzan e o lançou contra a porta da câmara do tesouro. Seu peso a empurrou para dentro, e ele caiu no chão, lá dentro.

En O terremoto causou menos dano na grande sala onde o tesouro era guardado. Algumas barras de ouro caíram das pilhas superiores. Um pedaço do teto rochoso se soltou e caiu no chão. As paredes racharam, mas não desabaram.

En Houve apenas um abalo, e nenhum segundo veio completar a destruição. Werper foi jogado ao chão pela força súbita do tremor. Ao ver que não estava ferido, levantou-se. Apalpando o caminho até o extremo mais distante da sala, procurou a vela que Tarzan havia deixado presa em cera na ponta de uma barra de ouro.

En Ao riscar muitos fósforos, o belga finalmente encontrou o que queria. Um momento depois, a luz fraca afastou a escuridão profunda ao seu redor. Soltou um suspiro trêmulo de alívio, pois a terrível negrura tornara sua situação ainda mais assustadora.

En Ao se acostumar com a luz, o homem olhou para a porta. Agora seu único pensamento era escapar daquele terrível túmulo. Então viu o gigante nu deitado no chão logo dentro da entrada. Werper recuou, temendo ser visto, mas um segundo olhar lhe disse que o inglês estava morto. Um grande ferimento se abrira na cabeça do homem, e o sangue se acumulara no piso de concreto.

En No mesmo instante, o belga saltou sobre o homem caído, aquele que fora seu anfitrião. Sem pensar em ajudá-lo, nem sequer se perguntar se ainda estava vivo, correu rumo à passagem e à segurança.

En Mas sua nova esperança logo morreu. Bem fora da entrada, a passagem estava totalmente bloqueada por montes de rocha quebrada. Ele voltou e entrou de novo na câmara do tesouro. Pegou a vela e

começou a examinar a sala com cuidado. Logo encontrou outra porta no extremo mais distante. Ela cedeu quando ele empurrou o corpo contra ela. Além dela havia outra passagem estreita. Werper seguiu esse caminho, subindo degraus de pedra até outro corredor cerca de vinte pés acima do primeiro. A vela bruxuleante mostrava-lhe o caminho, e logo ficou grato por aquela luz velha e simples, que antes talvez zombasse. Ela lhe mostrou um poço profundo bem a tempo. O poço parecia acabar com o túnel à sua frente.

En À sua frente havia um poço circular. Ele estendeu a vela sobre ele e olhou para baixo. Bem no fundo, viu a luz refletida na superfície da água. Havia encontrado um poço de água. Ergueu a vela acima da cabeça e olhou através da abertura escura. Do outro lado, podia ver o túnel continuar. Mas como atravessaria o vão?

En Enquanto ficava ali, medindo a distância até o outro lado e se perguntando se conseguiria dar um salto tão longo, um grito agudo de repente lhe alcançou os ouvidos. Foi se apagando lentamente numa série de gemidos tristes. A voz soava meio humana, mas era tão horrível que poderia ter vindo de uma alma perdida sofrendo nas fogueiras do inferno.

En O belga tremeu de medo e olhou para cima, pois o grito parecia vir de acima dele. Viu uma abertura bem no alto e um pedaço de céu iluminado por estrelas brilhantes.

En Quase chamou por ajuda, mas o grito terrível o deteve. Nenhum ser humano poderia viver de onde vinha aquela voz. Não ousou se mostrar às pessoas lá em cima. Amaldiçoou a si mesmo por ser tolo o bastante para começar aquela missão. Desejou estar de volta ao acampamento de Achmet Zek, e quase se entregaria às autoridades militares do Congo se isso pudesse salvá-lo daquele perigo terrível.

En Escutou com medo, mas o grito não voltou. Por fim traçou um plano desesperado e se preparou para saltar sobre o vão. Recuou vinte passos, correu para a frente e, na beirada do poço, saltou em direção ao outro lado.

En Segurava uma vela bruxuleante, e quando saltou, o vento da corrida a apagou. Voou pela escuridão, sem luz, esticando as mãos à procura de algo em que se segurar, caso seus pés não alcançassem a borda oculta.

En Seus joelhos bateram na borda da abertura do outro lado do túnel rochoso. Escorregou para trás, agarrou-se desesperadamente, e por fim ficou pendurado, metade dentro e metade fora da abertura, mas salvo. Por vários minutos não se moveu. Fraco e suando, ficou onde estava. Então cuidadosamente se puxou de vez para dentro do túnel e ficou deitado no chão, tentando acalmar os nervos destorçoados.

En Quando os joelhos bateram na borda do túnel, deixou a vela cair. Logo se pôs de joelhos e mãos e a procurou com afinco, esperando que tivesse caído no chão da passagem e não de volta no poço fundo. A pequena vela de sebo agora lhe parecia mais preciosa do que toda a grande riqueza dos lingotes armazenados de Opar.

En Quando a encontrou, apertou-a contra si e começou a soluçar de exaustão. Ficou tremendo, deitado, por muitos minutos. Por fim se sentou, tirou um fósforo do bolso e acendeu o pequeno resto de vela que lhe restava. A luz o ajudou a se acalmar, e ele seguiu pelo túnel, procurando uma saída. Ainda assim, o grito horrível vindo de cima continuava a assombrá-lo, de modo que tremia até com o som de seus próprios passos cautelosos.

En Havia percorrido apenas uma curta distância quando uma parede de pedra bloqueou completamente o túnel. Ficou chocado. O que poderia significar aquilo? Werper era educado e inteligente, e seu treinamento militar lhe ensinara a pensar com clareza. Um túnel sem saída como aquele não fazia sentido. Devia continuar além da parede. Alguém, no passado, deve tê-lo bloqueado por algum motivo. À luz da vela, examinou as pedras e descobriu que os blocos finos estavam encaixados frouxamente, sem argamassa ou cimento. Puxou um com facilidade, depois outro, até abrir um buraco grande o bastante para se arrastar por ele. Entrou numa câmara ampla e baixa. Outra porta bloqueava o caminho, mas não estava trancada, então também cedeu. À frente havia um longo corredor escuro. Antes de ter ido muito longe, sua vela queimou até chamuscar os dedos. Praguejando, deixou-a cair no chão, onde crepitou e se apagou.

En Agora estava na escuridão total, e o medo o oprimiu de novo. Não conseguia imaginar que perigos o esperavam à frente, mas sabia que não estava mais perto da liberdade. A escuridão pesa muito sobre uma pessoa em lugar estranho, e ela o fez sentir-se sem esperança.

En Devagar, foi tateando o caminho, tocando as paredes do túnel com as mãos e testando o chão com os pés antes de cada passo. Não sabia quanto tempo se arrastou assim. Por fim o túnel pareceu infinito, e ele estava cansado do esforço, do medo e da falta de sono. Decidiu se deitar e descansar antes de continuar.

En Quando acordou, a escuridão ao seu redor não havia mudado. Podia ter dormido por um segundo ou por um dia inteiro, não sabia dizer. Mas sabia que dormira por algum tempo, porque se sentia renovado e com fome.

En Começou a tatear o caminho de novo. Dessa vez havia percorrido apenas uma curta distância quando chegou a uma sala. A luz entrava por uma abertura no teto, e degraus de concreto desciam dela até o chão.

En Acima dele, através da abertura, Werper conseguia ver a luz do sol sobre grandes colunas envoltas em trepadeiras. Escutou, mas nada ouviu além do vento nas folhas, dos gritos ásperos de pássaros e da conversa dos macacos.

En Subiu os degraus com ousadia e se viu num pátio circular. Um altar de pedra se erguia diante dele, manchado com marcas de um marrom ferruginoso. Naquele momento Werper não pensou nas manchas. Mais tarde, seu terrível significado ficaria claro para ele.

En Perto do buraco no chão, logo atrás do altar, o belga encontrou várias portas que davam saída ao pátio. Ao redor do pátio havia uma fileira de varandas abertas. Macacos corriam pelo local em ruínas, e pássaros de cores vivas voavam entre as colunas e galerias acima. Mas não havia sinal de qualquer ser humano. Werper sentiu alívio. Suspirou como se um grande peso houvesse sido tirado de si. Deu um passo em direção a uma das saídas, depois parou, tomado de medo e surpresa, pois no mesmo instante uma dúzia de portas se abriu na parede e uma multidão de homens terríveis correu em sua direção.

En Eram os sacerdotes do Deus Flamejante de Opar, os mesmos homenzinhos feios que certa vez haviam arrastado Jane Clayton até o altar de sacrifício naquele mesmo lugar. Seus braços longos, suas pernas curtas e tortas, seus olhos maldosos e próximos, e suas testas baixas faziam-nos parecer quase animais. A visão encheu o belga apavorado de terror profundo.

En Ele gritou e se virou para correr de volta aos corredores e salas escuras que acabara de deixar, mas os homens terríveis já o esperavam. Bloquearam seu caminho e o capturaram. Ele caiu de joelhos e implorou por sua vida, mas o amarraram e o jogaram no chão do templo interior.

En Então veio o mesmo horror pelo qual Tarzan e Jane Clayton haviam passado. As sacerdotisas vieram, e La, a Suma Sacerdotisa, veio com elas. Werper foi erguido e colocado sobre o altar. Um suor frio o cobriu enquanto La erguia sobre ele a cruel adaga sacrificial. O cântico da morte soava em seus ouvidos. Seus olhos caíram sobre as taças de ouro, onde os malignos adoradores logo beberiam seu sangue quente.

En Desejou poder perder a consciência antes que a lâmina descesse. Então veio um rugido terrível, quase em seu ouvido. A Suma Sacerdotisa baixou o punhal. Seus olhos se arregalaram de medo. As sacerdotisas gritaram e correram para as saídas. Os sacerdotes também gritaram de medo e raiva. Werper se contorceu para ver o que os havia assustado. Ao fazê-lo, também foi tomado pelo temor, pois viu um enorme leão parado no centro do templo, e uma vítima já jazia dilacerada sob suas garras.

En O senhor da selva rugiu novamente e voltou seus olhos cruéis para o altar. La cambaleou para a frente, vacilou e caiu desmaiada sobre Werper.

6 - Capítulo 6

En Depois que o primeiro choque do terremoto passou, Basuli e seus guerreiros correram de volta para a passagem. Procuravam Tarzan e mais dois de seus próprios homens, também desaparecidos.

En Encontraram o caminho bloqueado por rochas quebradas. Por dois dias trabalharam duro para abrir uma passagem até seus amigos presos. Mas, depois de grande esforço, haviam desimpedido apenas alguns metros da passagem bloqueada e encontraram os restos esmagados de um de seus homens. Então tiveram de aceitar que Tarzan e o segundo Waziri também deviam estar mortos sob a rocha mais adiante, além de qualquer socorro.

Belgian and Arab

B1 Português (simplified)

O tenente Albert Werper só havia escapado de ser expulso do exército por causa do nome de sua família, que ele havia manchado. No início, ficou grato por ser enviado a um posto solitário no Congo em vez de ser julgado por um conselho de guerra, o que merecia. Mas depois de seis meses de tédio, isolamento e solidão, ele mudou. Seu espírito escureceu. Passava os dias sentindo pena de si mesmo, e isso lentamente se transformou em ódio pelos homens que o haviam mandado para lá.

Original English

Lieutenant Albert Werper had only the prestige of the name he had dishonored to thank for his narrow escape from being cashiered. At first he had been humbly thankful, too, that they had sent him to this Godforsaken Congo post instead of court-martialing him, as he had so justly deserved; but now six months of the monotony, the frightful isolation and the loneliness had wrought a change. The young man brooded continually over his fate. His days were filled with morbid self-pity, which eventually engendered in his weak and vacillating mind a hatred for those who had sent him here -- for the very men he had at first inwardly thanked for saving him from the ignominy of degradation.

Original Português

O tenente Albert Werper tinha apenas o prestígio do nome que desonorara a agradecer por sua estreita fuga da expulsão do serviço. A princípio, também se sentira humildemente grato por o terem enviado a esse posto esquecido por Deus no Congo, em vez de submetê-lo a uma corte marcial, como tão justamente merecia; mas agora seis meses de monotonia, de isolamento terrível e de solidão haviam operado uma mudança. O jovem remoía continuamente o seu destino. Seus dias estavam cheios de uma autocomiseração mórbida, que acabou por gerar, em sua mente fraca e vacilante, um ódio contra aqueles que o haviam mandado para ali - contra os próprios homens a quem, no início, agradecera intimamente por o terem salvado da ignomínia da degradação.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Sentia falta da vida feliz de Bruxelas ainda mais do que sentia falta dos pecados que o haviam levado à ruína. Com o passar do tempo, sua raiva se concentrou no homem que representava o poder que o exilara: seu capitão e superior direto.

Original English

He regretted the gay life of Brussels as he never had regretted the sins which had snatched him from that gayest of capitals, and as the days passed he came to center his resentment upon the representative in Congo land of the authority which had exiled him -- his captain and immediate superior.

Original Português

Ele sentia falta da vida alegre de Bruxelas como jamais sentira remorso pelos pecados que o haviam arrancado daquela mais alegre das capitais, e, à medida que os dias passavam, passou a concentrar seu ressentimento no representante, em terras do Congo, da autoridade que o exilara - seu capitão e superior imediato.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Esse oficial era frio e calado. Os homens sob seu comando não o amavam muito, mas os soldados negros de seu pequeno destacamento o respeitavam e temiam.

Original English

This officer was a cold, taciturn man, inspiring little love in those directly beneath him, yet respected and feared by the black soldiers of his little command.

Original Português

Esse oficial era um homem frio e taciturno, que inspirava pouco afeto naqueles diretamente abaixo dele, embora fosse respeitado e temido pelos soldados negros de seu pequeno comando.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper frequentemente passava horas na varanda dos aposentos que dividiam, olhando fixamente para seu superior enquanto fumavam em silêncio seus cigarros noturnos. Logo seu ódio insensato se tornou quase loucura. Ele interpretava a quietude natural do capitão como um insulto deliberado às suas falhas passadas. Achava que o capitão o desprezava, e sua raiva crescia cada vez mais. Certa noite, sua raiva de repente se transformou em vontade de matar. Tocou o revólver que trazia ao lado, estreitou os olhos e finalmente falou.

Original English

Werper was accustomed to sit for hours glaring at his superior as the two sat upon the veranda of their common quarters, smoking their evening cigarets in a silence which neither seemed desirous of breaking. The senseless hatred of the lieutenant grew at last into a form of mania. The captain's natural taciturnity he distorted into a studied attempt to insult him because of his past shortcomings. He imagined that his superior held him in contempt, and so he chafed and fumed inwardly until one evening his madness became suddenly homicidal. He fingered the butt of the revolver at his hip, his eyes narrowed and his brows contracted. At last he spoke.

Original Português

Werper costumava ficar sentado durante horas, fulminando com o olhar o seu superior, enquanto ambos se achavam na varanda dos alojamentos comuns, fumando seus cigarros da noite num silêncio que nenhum dos dois parecia desejar romper. O ódio sem sentido do tenente acabou crescendo até assumir uma forma de mania. A taciturnidade natural do capitão ele distorceu numa tentativa deliberada de insultá-lo por causa de suas faltas passadas. Imaginava que seu superior o desprezava, e assim se irritava e fervia por dentro até que, certa noite, sua loucura tornou-se subitamente homicida. Tacteu a coronha do revólver no quadril, os olhos se estreitaram e as sobrancelhas se contraíram. Por fim falou.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Você me insultou pela última vez!" gritou, pondo-se de pé de um salto.
"Sou um oficial e um cavalheiro, e não vou aguentar isso sem uma resposta sua, seu porco."

Original English

"You have insulted me for the last time!" he cried, springing to his feet. "I am an officer and a gentleman, and I shall put up with it no longer without an accounting from you, you pig."

Original Português

- Você me insultou pela última vez! - gritou ele, saltando de pé. - Sou oficial e cavalheiro, e não suportarei isso por mais tempo sem uma prestação de contas de sua parte, seu porco.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O capitão pareceu surpreso e se voltou para seu oficial subordinado. Já vira antes homens que enlouqueciam na selva por causa da solidão, dos pensamentos sem fim e talvez de um pouco de febre.

Original English

The captain, an expression of surprise upon his features, turned toward his junior. He had seen men before with the jungle madness upon them -- the madness of solitude and unrestrained brooding, and perhaps a touch of fever.

Original Português

O capitão, com uma expressão de surpresa nas feições, voltou-se para seu subordinado. Já vira antes homens tomados pela loucura da selva - a loucura da solidão e da ruminação sem freios, e talvez um toque de febre.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Levantou-se e estendeu a mão para pousá-la no ombro do outro. Pretendia dizer palavras tranquilizadoras, mas nunca teve a chance. Werper achou que seu superior avançava para atacá-lo. Apontou o revólver para o coração do capitão, e quando este deu apenas um passo, Werper atirou. O homem caiu sem um som no chão áspero da varanda, e, ao cair, a mente confusa de Werper de repente se clareou. Ele se viu, a si e ao seu crime, como os outros os veriam.

Original English

He rose and extended his hand to lay it upon the other's shoulder. Quiet words of counsel were upon his lips; but they were never spoken. Werper construed his superior's action into an attempt to close with him. His revolver was on a level with the captain's heart, and the latter had taken but a step when Werper pulled the trigger. Without a moan the man sank to the rough planking of the veranda, and as he fell the mists that had clouded Werper's brain lifted, so that he saw himself and the deed that he had done in the same light that those who must judge him would see them.

Original Português

Levantou-se e estendeu a mão para pousá-la no ombro do outro. Palavras calmas de conselho estavam em seus lábios; mas jamais foram pronunciadas. Werper interpretou a ação de seu superior como uma tentativa de agarrá-lo. Seu revólver estava à altura do coração do capitão, e este mal dera um passo quando Werper puxou o gatilho. Sem um gemido, o homem afundou sobre as tábuas rústicas da varanda; e, ao cair, as névoas que haviam turvado o cérebro de Werper se dissiparam, de modo que ele viu a si mesmo e o ato que cometera sob a mesma luz em que os veriam aqueles que teriam de julgá-lo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Ouviu gritos excitados vindos dos aposentos dos soldados e homens correndo em sua direção. Iriam capturá-lo, e se não o matassem, o levariam rio Congo abaixo até uma corte militar que faria a mesma coisa de maneira mais formal.

Original English

He heard excited exclamations from the quarters of the soldiers and he heard men running in his direction. They would seize him, and if they didn't kill him they would take him down the Congo to a point where a properly ordered military tribunal would do so just as effectively, though in a more regular manner.

Original Português

Ouviu exclamações excitadas vindas dos alojamentos dos soldados e ouviu homens correndo em sua direção. Eles o agarrariam e, se não o matassem, o levariam rio Congo abaixo até um ponto onde um tribunal militar devidamente constituído faria isso com a mesma eficácia, embora de maneira mais regular.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper não queria morrer. Nunca desejara viver tanto quanto naquele momento, justamente quando havia arruinado seu direito à vida. Os homens se aproximavam. O que ele podia fazer? Olhou ao redor, como que buscando alguma desculpa verdadeira para seu crime, mas só conseguia ver o corpo do homem que matara sem motivo.

Original English

Werper had no desire to die. Never before had he so yearned for life as in this moment that he had so effectively forfeited his right to live. The men were nearing him. What was he to do? He glanced about as though searching for the tangible form of a legitimate excuse for his crime; but he could find only the body of the man he had so causelessly shot down.

Original Português

Werper não tinha desejo de morrer. Nunca antes ansiara tanto pela vida como naquele momento em que tão eficazmente perdera o direito de viver. Os homens se aproximavam. Que fazer? Olhou ao redor como quem procura a forma tangível de uma desculpa legítima para seu crime; mas só encontrou o corpo do homem que abatera sem causa.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Em pânico, virou-se e fugiu dos soldados. Atravessou o pátio ainda com o revólver bem seguro na mão. No portão, uma sentinela o deteve. Werper não tentou falar nem usar sua patente. Simplesmente ergueu a arma e atirou no guarda negro indefeso. Depois arrombou os portões e desapareceu na selva escura, não sem antes pegar para si o rifle e os cinturões de munição do morto.

Original English

In despair, he turned and fled from the oncoming soldiery. Across the compound he ran, his revolver still clutched tightly in his hand. At the gates a sentry halted him. Werper did not pause to parley or to exert the influence of his commission -- he merely raised his weapon and shot down the innocent black. A moment later the fugitive had torn open the gates and vanished into the blackness of the jungle, but not before he had transferred the rifle and ammunition belts of the dead sentry to his own person.

Original Português

Em desespero, virou-se e fugiu da soldadesca que avançava. Correu através do recinto, o revólver ainda apertado na mão. Nos portões, uma sentinela o deteve. Werper não parou para parlamentar nem para fazer valer a influência de sua patente - apenas ergueu a arma e abateu o negro inocente. Um momento depois, o fugitivo escancarara os portões e desaparecera na escuridão da selva, não sem antes transferir para si o rifle e os cinturões de munição da sentinela morta.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

A noite toda Werper correu, adentrando cada vez mais a região selvagem. De vez em quando o rugido de um leão o fazia parar e escutar. Mas ele seguia em frente com o rifle pronto. Temia mais os caçadores humanos atrás dele do que os animais selvagens à frente.

Original English

All that night Werper fled farther and farther into the heart of the wilderness. Now and again the voice of a lion brought him to a listening halt; but with cocked and ready rifle he pushed ahead again, more fearful of the human huntsmen in his rear than of the wild carnivora ahead.

Original Português

Durante toda aquela noite Werper fugiu cada vez mais para o coração da vastidão selvagem. De quando em quando a voz de um leão o fazia deter-se e escutar; mas, com o rifle engatilhado e pronto, ele seguia adiante outra vez, mais temeroso dos caçadores humanos em sua retaguarda do que dos carnívoros selvagens à frente.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Por fim o amanhecer chegou, mas o homem continuou caminhando. O medo de ser capturado havia afastado a fome e o cansaço. Só conseguia pensar em fugir. Não ousava parar para descansar ou comer até se sentir seguro, então tropeçou adiante até cair e não conseguir mais se levantar. Não sabia havia quanto tempo estava correndo. No fim, a exaustão total o fez perder os sentidos.

Original English

Dawn came at last, but still the man plodded on. All sense of hunger and fatigue were lost in the terrors of contemplated capture. He could think only of escape. He dared not pause to rest or eat until there was no further danger from pursuit, and so he staggered on until at last he fell and could rise no more. How long he had fled he did not know, or try to know. When he could flee no longer the knowledge that he had reached his limit was hidden from him in the unconsciousness of utter exhaustion.

Original Português

A aurora afinal chegou, mas o homem ainda se arrastava adiante. Toda sensação de fome e fadiga se perdera nos terrores da captura imaginada. Só conseguia pensar em escapar. Não ousava parar para descansar nem comer enquanto houvesse qualquer perigo de perseguição; e assim cambaleou até que por fim caiu e não pôde mais se levantar. Quanto tempo havia fugido, ele não sabia, nem tentou saber. Quando já não pôde fugir, a consciência de ter atingido seu limite lhe foi ocultada pela inconsciência da exaustão absoluta.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Foi assim que Achmet Zek, o árabe, o encontrou. Os homens de Achmet queriam matar aquele velho inimigo a lança, mas Achmet decidiu de outra forma. Primeiro interrogaria o belga. Era melhor interrogar um homem primeiro e matá-lo depois do que matá-lo primeiro e fazer perguntas depois.

Original English

And thus it was that Achmet Zek, the Arab, found him. Achmet's followers were for running a spear through the body of their hereditary enemy; but Achmet would have it otherwise. First he would question the Belgian. It were easier to question a man first and kill him afterward, than kill him first and then question him.

Original Português

E foi assim que Achmet Zek, o árabe, o encontrou. Os seguidores de Achmet queriam atravessar com uma lança o corpo de seu inimigo hereditário; mas Achmet desejava outra coisa. Primeiro interrogaria o belga. Era mais fácil interrogar um homem primeiro e matá-lo depois do que matá-lo primeiro e depois interrogá-lo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Assim, o tenente Albert Werper foi levado à própria tenda de Achmet. Ali, escravos lhe deram pequenas quantidades de vinho e comida até que finalmente ele acordou. Quando abriu os olhos, viu à sua volta negros estranhos, e logo fora da tenda estava um árabe. Não conseguia ver em lugar nenhum os uniformes de seus soldados.

Original English

So he had Lieutenant Albert Werper carried to his own tent, and there slaves administered wine and food in small quantities until at last the prisoner regained consciousness. As he opened his eyes he saw the faces of strange black men about him, and just outside the tent the figure of an Arab. Nowhere was the uniform of his soldiers to be seen.

Original Português

Assim, mandou que levassem o tenente Albert Werper para sua própria tenda, e ali escravos lhe administraram vinho e comida em pequenas quantidades até que, afinal, o prisioneiro recobrou a consciência. Ao abrir os olhos, viu ao redor de si os rostos de estranhos homens negros e, logo fora da tenda, a figura de um árabe. Em parte alguma se via o uniforme de seus soldados.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O árabe se virou e viu que o prisioneiro havia aberto os olhos, então entrou na tenda.

Original English

The Arab turned and seeing the open eyes of the prisoner upon him, entered the tent.

Original Português

O árabe se voltou e, vendo os olhos abertos do prisioneiro fixos nele, entrou na tenda.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Eu sou Achmet Zek", disse. "Quem é você, e o que fazia em minhas terras? Onde estão seus soldados?"

Original English

"I am Achmet Zek," he announced. "Who are you, and what were you doing in my country? Where are your soldiers?"

Original Português

- Sou Achmet Zek - anunciou. - Quem é você, e que fazia em meu país? Onde estão seus soldados?

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Achmet Zek! Os olhos de Werper se arregalaram, e seu coração afundou. Estava em poder de um dos assassinos mais temidos, um homem que odiava todos os europeus, especialmente os que vestiam uniforme belga. Por anos o exército do Congo Belga o combatera, a ele e a seus homens, sem sucesso. Nenhum dos lados jamais esperava misericórdia.

Original English

Achmet Zek! Werper's eyes went wide, and his heart sank. He was in the clutches of the most notorious of cut-throats -- a hater of all Europeans, especially those who wore the uniform of Belgium. For years the military forces of Belgian Congo had waged a fruitless war upon this man and his followers -- a war in which quarter had never been asked nor expected by either side.

Original Português

Achmet Zek! Os olhos de Werper se arregalaram, e seu coração afundou. Estava nas garras do mais notório dos degoladores - um homem que odiava todos os europeus, especialmente aqueles que vestiam o uniforme da Bélgica. Durante anos, as forças militares do Congo Belga haviam travado uma guerra infrutífera contra esse homem e seus seguidores - uma guerra na qual nenhum dos lados jamais pedira nem esperara quartel.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Mas então Werper vislumbrou uma pequena chance para si mesmo no ódio daquele homem pelos belgas. Ele também era um pária e um foragido. Por ora, tinham algo em comum, e Werper decidiu tirar proveito disso.

Original English

But presently in the very hatred of the man for Belgians, Werper saw a faint ray of hope for himself. He, too, was an outcast and an outlaw. So far, at least, they possessed a common interest, and Werper decided to play upon it for all that it might yield.

Original Português

Mas, logo depois, no próprio ódio daquele homem pelos belgas, Werper viu um tênue raio de esperança para si. Ele também era um proscrito e um fora da lei. Até ali, ao menos, possuíam um interesse comum, e Werper decidiu explorá-lo por tudo o que pudesse render.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Já ouvi falar de você", disse. "Eu o estava procurando. Meu próprio povo se voltou contra mim. Eu os odeio. Neste exato momento seus soldados me caçam para me matar. Eu sabia que você me protegeria deles, pois você também os odeia. Em troca, servirei a você. Sou um soldado treinado. Sei lutar, e seus inimigos são meus inimigos."

Original English

"I have heard of you," he replied, "and was searching for you. My people have turned against me. I hate them. Even now their soldiers are searching for me, to kill me. I knew that you would protect me from them, for you, too, hate them. In return I will take service with you. I am a trained soldier. I can fight, and your enemies are my enemies."

Original Português

- Ouvi falar de você - respondeu - e estava à sua procura. Meu povo se voltou contra mim. Eu os odeio. Mesmo agora seus soldados me procuram para me matar. Eu sabia que você me protegeria deles, pois você também os odeia. Em troca, servirei a você. Sou um soldado treinado. Sei lutar, e seus inimigos são meus inimigos.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Achmet Zek observou o europeu em silêncio. Pensou em muitas coisas e, acima de tudo, acreditava que o homem estava mentindo. Ainda assim, havia uma chance de que dissesse a verdade. Se dissesse, a ideia valia a pena ser considerada, pois homens de luta nunca eram demais, especialmente um branco com o treinamento militar e o conhecimento de um oficial europeu.

Original English

Achmet Zek eyed the European in silence. In his mind he revolved many thoughts, chief among which was that the unbeliever lied. Of course there was the chance that he did not lie, and if he told the truth then his proposition was one well worthy of consideration, since fighting men were never over plentiful -- especially white men with the training and knowledge of military matters that a European officer must possess.

Original Português

Achmet Zek fitou o europeu em silêncio. Em sua mente revolviam-se muitos pensamentos, acima de todos o de que o infiel mentia. Naturalmente, havia a possibilidade de que não mentisse; e, se dissesse a verdade, então sua proposta era digna de consideração, pois homens de combate nunca eram abundantes demais - sobretudo homens brancos com o treinamento e o conhecimento de assuntos militares que um oficial europeu devia possuir.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Achmet Zek franziu o cenho, e o coração de Werper afundou. Mas Werper não conhecia bem Achmet Zek. Ele frequentemente franzia o cenho quando outros homens sorriam, e sorria quando outros homens franziam o cenho.

Original English

Achmet Zek scowled and Werper's heart sank; but Werper did not know Achmet Zek, who was quite apt to scowl where another would smile, and smile where another would scowl.

Original Português

Achmet Zek franziu o cenho, e o coração de Werper afundou; mas Werper não conhecia Achmet Zek, homem muito capaz de franzir o cenho quando outro sorria, e de sorrir quando outro franziria o cenho.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Se você me mentiu", disse Achmet Zek, "eu o matarei quando bem entender. Que recompensa você espera pelo seu trabalho, além da própria vida?"

Original English

"And if you have lied to me," said Achmet Zek, "I will kill you at any time. What return, other than your life, do you expect for your services?"

Original Português

- E, se mentiste para mim - disse Achmet Zek - matarei-te a qualquer momento. Que recompensa, além de tua vida, esperas por teus serviços?

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"No início, apenas meu sustento", respondeu Werper. "Depois, se eu valer mais, poderemos facilmente combinar algo." Por ora, Werper só queria salvar a própria vida. Assim o acordo foi selado, e o tenente Albert Werper passou a fazer parte do bando de saqueadores de marfim e escravos do mau Achmet Zek.

Original English

"My keep only, at first," replied Werper. "Later, if I am worth more, we can easily reach an understanding." Werper's only desire at the moment was to preserve his life. And so the agreement was reached and Lieutenant Albert Werper became a member of the ivory and slave raiding band of the notorious Achmet Zek.

Original Português

- Apenas meu sustento, a princípio - respondeu Werper. - Mais tarde, se eu valer mais, poderemos chegar facilmente a um entendimento. - O único desejo de Werper naquele momento era preservar a própria vida. E assim se fechou o acordo, e o tenente Albert Werper tornou-se membro do bando de saqueadores de marfim e de escravos do notório Achmet Zek.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Por meses, o antigo belga cavalgou com o saqueador selvagem. Lutava com energia feroz e violência cruel, à altura dos outros foragidos. Achmet Zek o observava de perto e ficava cada vez mais satisfeito. Com o tempo, passou a confiar mais nele, e Werper ganhou mais liberdade para agir por conta própria.

Original English

For months the renegade Belgian rode with the savage raider. He fought with a savage abandon, and a vicious cruelty fully equal to that of his fellow desperadoes. Achmet Zek watched his recruit with eagle eye, and with a growing satisfaction which finally found expression in a greater confidence in the man, and resulted in an increased independence of action for Werper.

Original Português

Durante meses, o belga renegado cavalgou com o saqueador selvagem. Lutava com abandono feroz e com uma crueldade perversa plenamente igual à de seus companheiros desesperados. Achmet Zek observava seu recruta com olhos de águia, e com uma satisfação crescente que por fim se manifestou em maior confiança no homem, resultando numa independência de ação ampliada para Werper.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Achmet Zek confiava muito no belga, e por fim compartilhou com ele um plano especial. O árabe queria fazer aquilo havia muito tempo, mas nunca tivera a chance. Com a ajuda de um europeu, porém, talvez fosse fácil. Ele testou Werper para saber o que pensava.

Original English

Achmet Zek took the Belgian into his confidence to a great extent, and at last unfolded to him a pet scheme which the Arab had long fostered, but which he never had found an opportunity to effect. With the aid of a European, however, the thing might be easily accomplished. He sounded Werper.

Original Português

Achmet Zek passou a confiar em grande medida no belga e, por fim, revelou-lhe um plano favorito que o árabe havia acalentado por muito tempo, mas para o qual jamais encontrara oportunidade de execução. Com a ajuda de um europeu, porém, a coisa poderia ser facilmente realizada. Ele sondou Werper.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Já ouviu falar do homem a quem chamam de Tarzan?" perguntou.

Werper concordou com a cabeça. "Já ouvi falar dele, mas não o conheço."

Original English

"You have heard of the man men call Tarzan?" he asked.

Werper nodded. "I have heard of him; but I do not know him."

Original Português

- Ouviste falar do homem a quem chamam Tarzan? - perguntou.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

Original Português

Werper assentiu. "Ouvi falar dele; mas não o conheço."

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Se não fosse por ele, poderíamos exercer nosso 'comércio' em segurança e obter grandes lucros", continuou o árabe. "Por anos ele lutou contra nós, expulsou-nos da parte mais rica do território, atrapalhou-nos e armou os nativos para que lutassem contra nós quando viéssemos 'negociar'. Ele é muito rico. Se conseguíssemos fazê-lo pagar muitas peças de ouro, não só nos vingariamos dele, como também recuperaríamos boa parte do que ele impediu que tirássemos dos nativos que protege."

Original English

"But for him we might carry on our 'trading' in safety and with great profit," continued the Arab. "For years he has fought us, driving us from the richest part of the country, harassing us, and arming the natives that they may repel us when we come to 'trade.' He is very rich. If we could find some way to make him pay us many pieces of gold we should not only be avenged upon him; but repaid for much that he has prevented us from winning from the natives under his protection."

Original Português

- Se não fosse por ele, poderíamos conduzir nosso 'comércio' em segurança e com grande lucro - continuou o árabe. - Há anos ele nos combate, expulsando-nos da parte mais rica do país, hostilizando-nos e armando os nativos para que nos repilam quando vamos 'comerciar'. Ele é muito rico. Se pudéssemos encontrar algum modo de fazê-lo pagar-nos muitas peças de ouro, não apenas nos vingariamos dele, como também seríamos ressarcidos de muito do que ele nos impediu de arrancar dos nativos sob sua proteção.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper tirou um cigarro de uma cigarreira cravejada de joias e o acendeu.

"E você tem um plano para fazê-lo pagar?" perguntou.

Original English

Werper withdrew a cigaret from a jeweled case and lighted it.

"And you have a plan to make him pay?" he asked.

Original Português

Werper retirou um cigarro de uma cigarreira cravejada de joias e acendeu-o.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

Original Português

- E tens um plano para fazê-lo pagar? - perguntou.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Ele tem uma esposa", respondeu Achmet Zek. "Dizem que é muito bela. Se não conseguirmos tirar desse Tarzan um resgate em dinheiro, ela renderia um preço bem alto mais ao norte."

Original English

"He has a wife," replied Achmet Zek, "whom men say is very beautiful. She would bring a great price farther north, if we found it too difficult to collect ransom money from this Tarzan."

Original Português

- Ele tem uma esposa - respondeu Achmet Zek - que os homens dizem ser muito bela. Ela alcançaria alto preço mais ao norte, se nos fosse difícil demais cobrar dinheiro de resgate desse Tarzan.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper baixou a cabeça e pensou. Achmet Zek esperava sua resposta. Albert Werper sentiu repugnância diante da ideia de vender uma mulher branca para um harém muçulmano. Ergueu os olhos e viu que Achmet Zek estreitava os seus. Percebeu que o árabe havia notado sua irritação com o plano. O que aconteceria se Werper recusasse? Sua vida estava nas mãos daquele homem. Aquele homem rude valia menos a vida de um infiel do que a de um cão. Werper amava a vida. O que lhe importava aquela mulher? Ela era europeia, parte da sociedade normal. Ele era um pária. Todo homem branco estava contra ele. Ela era, na verdade, sua inimiga, e se ele se recusasse a ajudar, Achmet Zek o mandaria matar.

Original English

Werper bent his head in thought. Achmet Zek stood awaiting his reply. What good remained in Albert Werper revolted at the thought of selling a white woman into the slavery and degradation of a Moslem harem. He looked up at Achmet Zek. He saw the Arab's eyes narrow, and he guessed that the other had sensed his antagonism to the plan. What would it mean to Werper to refuse? His life lay in the hands of this semi-barbarian, who esteemed the life of an unbeliever less highly than that of a dog. Werper loved life. What was this woman to him, anyway? She was a European, doubtless, a member of organized society. He was an outcast. The hand of every white man was against him. She was his natural enemy, and if he refused to lend himself to her undoing, Achmet Zek would have him killed.

Original Português

Werper baixou a cabeça, pensativo. Achmet Zek ficou à espera de sua resposta. O que ainda restava de bom em Albert Werper revoltou-se diante da ideia de vender uma mulher branca à escravidão e à degradação de um harém muçulmano. Ergueu os olhos para Achmet Zek. Viu os olhos do árabe estreitarem-se e adivinhou que o outro percebera sua oposição ao plano. O que significaria para Werper recusar? Sua vida estava nas mãos desse semibárbaro, que estimava a vida de um infiel menos que a de um cão. Werper amava a vida. Que era aquela mulher para ele, afinal? Era europeia, sem dúvida, membro da sociedade organizada. Ele era um proscrito. A mão de todo homem branco estava contra ele. Ela era sua inimiga natural; e, se ele se recusasse a prestar-se à sua ruína, Achmet Zek mandaria matá-lo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Você está hesitando", disse o árabe suavemente.

Original English

"You hesitate," murmured the Arab.

Original Português

- Tu hesitas - murmurou o árabe.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Eu só estava pensando em nossas chances de sucesso", mentiu Werper, "e na minha recompensa. Como europeu, posso entrar na casa deles e comer à sua mesa. Ninguém mais aqui poderia fazer tanto. O perigo será grande. Eu deveria ser bem pago, Achmet Zek."

Original English

"I was but weighing the chances of success," lied Werper, "and my reward. As a European I can gain admittance to their home and table. You have no other with you who could do so much. The risk will be great. I should be well paid, Achmet Zek."

Original Português

- Eu apenas pesava as chances de sucesso - mentiu Werper - e minha recompensa. Como europeu, posso ser admitido em sua casa e à sua mesa. Não tens contigo outro homem que pudesse fazer tanto. O risco será grande. Devo ser bem pago, Achmet Zek.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Um olhar de alívio surgiu no rosto do saqueador.

Original English

A smile of relief passed over the raider's face.

Original Português

Um sorriso de alívio passou pelo rosto do saqueador.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Bem dito, Werper", disse Achmet Zek, e deu um tapinha no ombro de seu tenente. "Você deve ser bem pago, e assim será. Agora sentemo-nos juntos e planejemos a melhor forma de fazê-lo." Os dois homens se sentaram sobre um tapete macio, sob as sedas desbotadas da tenda outrora rica de Achmet, e conversaram em voz baixa até altas horas da noite. Ambos eram altos e barbudos. O sol e o vento haviam dado a Werper uma aparência escura, quase árabe. Ele também se vestia como Achmet, de modo que parecia quase idêntico ao seu chefe. Era tarde quando se levantou e foi para sua própria tenda.

Original English

"Well said, Werper," and Achmet Zek slapped his lieutenant upon the shoulder. "You should be well paid and you shall. Now let us sit together and plan how best the thing may be done," and the two men squatted upon a soft rug beneath the faded silks of Achmet's once gorgeous tent, and talked together in low voices well into the night. Both were tall and bearded, and the exposure to sun and wind had given an almost Arab hue to the European's complexion. In every detail of dress, too, he copied the fashions of his chief, so that outwardly he was as much an Arab as the other. It was late when he arose and retired to his own tent.

Original Português

- Bem dito, Werper - e Achmet Zek deu uma palmada no ombro de seu tenente. - Deves ser bem pago, e serás. Agora sentemo-nos juntos e planejemos qual o melhor modo de realizar a coisa. - E os dois homens se acoraram sobre um tapete macio, sob as sedas desbotadas da tenda outrora esplêndida de Achmet, e conversaram em voz baixa até noite adentro. Ambos eram altos e barbados, e a exposição ao sol e ao vento dera à tez do europeu uma tonalidade quase árabe. Em cada detalhe do vestuário, também, ele copiava as modas de seu chefe, de modo que, exteriormente, era tão árabe quanto o outro. Era tarde quando se levantou e retirou-se para sua própria tenda.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

No dia seguinte, Werper passou o tempo modificando seu uniforme belga. Removeu tudo o que indicasse que fora feito para uso militar. De um monte variado de bens roubados, Achmet Zek conseguiu-lhe um capacete colonial e uma sela europeia. Também usou escravos negros e seguidores para reunir carregadores, askaris e criados de tenda, de modo que parecessem um pequeno safári de um caçador de grandes animais. Werper conduziu o grupo para fora do acampamento.

Original English

The following day Werper spent in overhauling his Belgian uniform, removing from it every vestige of evidence that might indicate its military purposes. From a heterogeneous collection of loot, Achmet Zek procured a pith helmet and a European saddle, and from his black slaves and followers a party of porters, askaris and tent boys to make up a modest safari for a big game hunter. At the head of this party Werper set out from camp.

Original Português

No dia seguinte, Werper passou o tempo revisando seu uniforme belga, removendo dele todo vestígio de prova que pudesse indicar seus fins militares. De uma coleção heterogênea de despojos, Achmet Zek conseguiu um capacete colonial e uma sela europeia; e, entre seus escravos e seguidores negros, reuniu um grupo de carregadores, askaris e rapazes de tenda para compor um modesto safári de caçador de grande porte. À frente desse grupo, Werper partiu do acampamento.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

On the Road To Opar

B1 Português (simplified)

Duas semanas depois, John Clayton, Lorde Greystoke, voltava a cavalo de uma inspeção em suas vastas propriedades africanas. Viu a cabeça de uma fila de homens cruzando a planície entre seu bangalô e a floresta ao norte e a oeste.

Original English

It was two weeks later that John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, riding in from a tour of inspection of his vast African estate, glimpsed the head of a column of men crossing the plain that lay between his bungalow and the forest to the north and west.

Original Português

Duas semanas depois, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, voltando a cavalo de uma inspeção de sua vasta propriedade africana, avistou a cabeça de uma coluna de homens atravessando a planície que se estendia entre seu bangalô e a floresta ao norte e a oeste.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Puxou as rédeas e observou o pequeno grupo enquanto saía de um vale baixo que o havia escondido. Seus olhos aguçados captaram o brilho do sol sobre o capacete branco de um homem montado. Acreditando que se tratava de um caçador europeu vindo pedir hospitalidade, voltou o cavalo e cavalgou devagar ao seu encontro.

Original English

He reined in his horse and watched the little party as it emerged from a concealing swale. His keen eyes caught the reflection of the sun upon the white helmet of a mounted man, and with the conviction that a wandering European hunter was seeking his hospitality, he wheeled his mount and rode slowly forward to meet the newcomer.

Original Português

Ele puxou as rédeas e observou o pequeno grupo enquanto emergia de uma depressão que o ocultava. Seus olhos agudos captaram o reflexo do sol no capacete branco de um homem montado e, convencido de que um caçador europeu errante buscava sua hospitalidade, virou a montaria e cavalgou lentamente ao encontro do recém-chegado.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Meia hora depois, subia os degraus da varanda de seu bangalô, apresentando o Sr. Jules Frecoult a Lady Greystoke.

Original English

A half hour later he was mounting the steps leading to the veranda of his bungalow, and introducing M. Jules Frecoult to Lady Greystoke.

Original Português

Meia hora depois, subia os degraus que levavam à varanda de seu bangalô e apresentava M. Jules Frecoult a Lady Greystoke.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Eu estava completamente perdido", disse o Sr. Frecoult. "Meu chefe de caravana nunca havia estado nesta parte do país, e os guias que deveriam ter vindo comigo da última aldeia sabiam ainda menos do que nós. Deixaram-nos há dois dias. Tenho muita sorte de ter encontrado ajuda como esta. Não sei o que teria feito se não os tivesse encontrado."

Original English

"I was completely lost," M. Frecoult was explaining. "My head man had never before been in this part of the country and the guides who were to have accompanied me from the last village we passed knew even less of the country than we. They finally deserted us two days since. I am very fortunate indeed to have stumbled so providentially upon succor. I do not know what I should have done, had I not found you."

Original Português

- Eu estava completamente perdido - explicava M. Frecoult. - Meu chefe de homens nunca estivera antes nesta parte do país, e os guias que deveriam ter-me acompanhado desde a última aldeia por onde passamos conheciam a região ainda menos do que nós. Por fim, desertaram há dois dias. Sou de fato muito afortunado por ter tropeçado tão providencialmente em socorro. Não sei o que teria feito se não vos tivesse encontrado.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Ficou decidido que Frecoult e seu grupo permaneceriam por vários dias, ou até estarem plenamente descansados. Então Lorde Greystoke lhes daria guias para conduzi-los com segurança de volta à região que o chefe de caravana de Frecoult supostamente conhecia.

Original English

It was decided that Frecoult and his party should remain several days, or until they were thoroughly rested, when Lord Greystoke would furnish guides to lead them safely back into country with which Frecoult's head man was supposedly familiar.

Original Português

Decidiu-se que Frecoult e seu grupo permaneceriam vários dias, ou até estarem inteiramente descansados, quando Lord Greystoke providenciaria guias para conduzi-los em segurança de volta a uma região com a qual o chefe de homens de Frecoult supostamente estivesse familiarizado.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Como um cavalheiro francês sem ocupação, Werper teve pouca dificuldade em enganar seu anfitrião e em se fazer querido tanto por Tarzan quanto por Jane Clayton. Mas quanto mais tempo ficava, menos certeza tinha de que conseguiria facilmente executar seu plano.

Original English

In his guise of a French gentleman of leisure, Werper found little difficulty in deceiving his host and in ingratiating himself with both Tarzan and Jane Clayton; but the longer he remained the less hopeful he became of an easy accomplishment of his designs.

Original Português

Sob o disfarce de um cavalheiro francês de lazer, Werper encontrou pouca dificuldade em enganar seu anfitrião e em insinuar-se junto tanto a Tarzan quanto a Jane Clayton; mas quanto mais permanecia, menos esperançoso se tornava de uma realização fácil de seus desígnios.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Lady Greystoke nunca cavalgava longe do bangalô sozinha, e a forte lealdade dos ferozes guerreiros Waziri, que compunham grande parte dos seguidores de Tarzan, parecia tornar impossível um sequestro à força. Também parecia impossível subornar os próprios Waziri.

Original English

Lady Greystoke never rode alone at any great distance from the bungalow, and the savage loyalty of the ferocious Waziri warriors who formed a great part of Tarzan's followers seemed to preclude the possibility of a successful attempt at forcible abduction, or of the bribery of the Waziri themselves.

Original Português

Lady Greystoke nunca cavalgava sozinha a grande distância do bangalô, e a lealdade selvagem dos ferozes guerreiros Waziri, que formavam grande parte dos seguidores de Tarzan, parecia excluir a possibilidade de uma tentativa bem-sucedida de rapto à força, ou de suborno dos próprios Waziri.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Passou-se uma semana, e Werper não estava mais perto de seu plano do que no dia em que chegara. Mas então algo aconteceu que lhe deu nova esperança e o fez pensar em uma recompensa ainda maior do que o resgate de uma mulher.

Original English

A week passed, and Werper was no nearer the fulfillment of his plan, in so far as he could judge, than upon the day of his arrival, but at that very moment something occurred which gave him renewed hope and set his mind upon an even greater reward than a woman's ransom.

Original Português

Passou-se uma semana, e Werper não estava mais perto de cumprir seu plano, até onde podia julgar, do que no dia de sua chegada; mas naquele exato momento ocorreu algo que lhe deu renovada esperança e pôs sua mente sobre uma recompensa ainda maior que o resgate de uma mulher.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Um mensageiro chegou ao bangalô com a correspondência semanal, e Lorde Greystoke passou a tarde em seu escritório lendo e respondendo cartas. No jantar parecia preocupado, e foi cedo para a cama, seguido logo depois por Lady Greystoke. Werper, sentado na varanda, ouviu-os conversando com seriedade. Compreendeu que algo importante estava acontecendo, então se levantou silenciosamente, manteve-se nas sombras dos arbustos ao redor do bangalô e se moveu sem ruído até um ponto sob a janela do quarto onde seu anfitrião e sua anfitriã dormiam.

Original English

A runner had arrived at the bungalow with the weekly mail, and Lord Greystoke had spent the afternoon in his study reading and answering letters. At dinner he seemed distraught, and early in the evening he excused himself and retired, Lady Greystoke following him very soon after. Werper, sitting upon the veranda, could hear their voices in earnest discussion, and having realized that something of unusual moment was afoot, he quietly rose from his chair, and keeping well in the shadow of the shrubbery growing profusely about the bungalow, made his silent way to a point beneath the window of the room in which his host and hostess slept.

Original Português

Um corredor chegara ao bangalô com a correspondência semanal, e Lord Greystoke passara a tarde em seu gabinete, lendo e respondendo cartas. Ao jantar, pareceu distraído; e, cedo à noite, pediu licença e retirou-se, Lady Greystoke seguindo-o pouco depois. Werper, sentado na varanda, podia ouvir suas vozes em discussão séria; e, tendo percebido que algo de importância incomum estava em curso, ergueu-se silenciosamente da cadeira e, mantendo-se bem nas sombras dos arbustos que cresciam profusamente ao redor do bangalô, fez seu caminho calado até um ponto sob a janela do quarto em que dormiam seu anfitrião e sua anfitriã.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Ali escutou, e logo ouviu o bastante para deixá-lo animado. Lady Greystoke estava falando quando Werper chegou a distância de ouvir.

Original English

Here he listened, and not without result, for almost the first words he overheard filled him with excitement. Lady Greystoke was speaking as Werper came within hearing.

Original Português

Ali escutou, e não sem resultado, pois quase as primeiras palavras que ouviu encheram-no de excitação. Lady Greystoke falava quando Werper chegou ao alcance da voz.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Sempre temi que a companhia não fosse estável", disse ela. "Mas parece difícil acreditar que faliram por uma soma tão vultosa, a menos que tenha havido alguma manobra desonesta."

Original English

"I always feared for the stability of the company," she was saying; "but it seems incredible that they should have failed for so enormous a sum -- unless there has been some dishonest manipulation."

Original Português

- Sempre temi pela estabilidade da companhia - dizia ela - mas parece incrível que tenham falido por uma soma tão enorme - a menos que tenha havido alguma manipulação desonesta.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"É o que suspeito", respondeu Tarzan. "Mas seja qual for a causa, o fato é que perdi tudo, e preciso voltar a Opar para conseguir mais."

Original English

"That is what I suspect," replied Tarzan; "but whatever the cause, the fact remains that I have lost everything, and there is nothing for it but to return to Opar and get more."

Original Português

- É o que suspeito - respondeu Tarzan - mas, seja qual for a causa, permanece o fato de que perdi tudo, e nada resta senão voltar a Opar e buscar mais.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Oh, John", exclamou Lady Greystoke, e sua voz tremeu, "não há outro jeito? Não suporto pensar em você voltando àquela cidade terrível. Prefiro viver na pobreza para sempre a deixar que você enfrente os perigos horríveis de Opar."

Original English

"Oh, John," cried Lady Greystoke, and Werper could feel the shudder through her voice, "is there no other way? I cannot bear to think of you returning to that frightful city. I would rather live in poverty always than to have you risk the hideous dangers of Opar."

Original Português

- Oh, John - exclamou Lady Greystoke, e Werper pôde sentir o estremecimento em sua voz - não há outro modo? Não suporto pensar que vais retornar àquela cidade pavorosa. Eu preferiria viver sempre na pobreza a ver-te arriscar os horrores de Opar.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Não precisa temer", disse Tarzan com uma risada. "Sei muito bem cuidar de mim mesmo, e se não conseguisse, os Waziri que vão comigo cuidariam para que nada me acontecesse."

Original English

"You need have no fear," replied Tarzan, laughing. "I am pretty well able to take care of myself, and were I not, the Waziri who will accompany me will see that no harm befalls me."

Original Português

- Não precisas temer - respondeu Tarzan, rindo. - Sou bastante capaz de cuidar de mim mesmo; e, se não fosse, os Waziri que me acompanharão cuidarão para que nenhum mal me aconteça.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Eles fugiram de Opar uma vez e o deixaram à própria sorte", ela lembrou.

Original English

"They ran away from Opar once, and left you to your fate," she reminded him.

Original Português

- Eles fugiram de Opar uma vez, e te abandonaram à tua sorte - lembrou-lhe ela.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Não farão isso de novo", ele respondeu. "Ficaram profundamente envergonhados, e estavam voltando quando os encontrei."

Original English

"They will not do it again," he answered. "They were very much ashamed of themselves, and were coming back when I met them."

Original Português

- Não o farão de novo - respondeu ele. - Ficaram muito envergonhados de si mesmos e estavam voltando quando os encontrei.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Mas deve haver algum outro jeito", disse a mulher com firmeza.

Original English

"But there must be some other way," insisted the woman.

Original Português

- Mas deve haver algum outro modo - insistiu a mulher.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Não há maneira mais fácil de conseguir outra fortuna do que ir aos cofres do tesouro de Opar e trazê-la de volta", respondeu ele. "Serei muito cuidadoso, Jane, e o povo de Opar provavelmente nunca saberá que estive lá novamente e levei mais de seu tesouro. Eles não sabem nada sobre o valor daquilo, nem sequer que existe."

Original English

"There is no other way half so easy to obtain another fortune, as to go to the treasure vaults of Opar and bring it away," he replied. "I shall be very careful, Jane, and the chances are that the inhabitants of Opar will never know that I have been there again and despoiled them of another portion of the treasure, the very existence of which they are as ignorant of as they would be of its value."

Original Português

- Não há outro modo nem de longe tão fácil de obter outra fortuna quanto ir às câmaras do tesouro de Opar e trazê-la de lá - respondeu ele. - Serei muito cuidadoso, Jane, e é provável que os habitantes de Opar jamais saibam que estive lá outra vez e os despojei de mais uma porção do tesouro, de cuja própria existência são tão ignorantes quanto o seriam de seu valor.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O tom final de sua voz disse a Lady Greystoke que argumentar mais não adiantaria, então ela desistiu do assunto.

Original English

The finality in his tone seemed to assure Lady Greystoke that further argument was futile, and so she abandoned the subject.

Original Português

A finalidade em seu tom pareceu assegurar a Lady Greystoke que qualquer argumento adicional seria inútil; e assim ela abandonou o assunto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper ficou e escutou por mais um pouco. Depois, sentindo que já ouvira o suficiente e temendo ser descoberto, voltou para a varanda. Ali fumou vários cigarros depressa antes de ir para a cama.

Original English

Werper remained, listening, for a short time, and then, confident that he had overheard all that was necessary and fearing discovery, returned to the veranda, where he smoked numerous cigarets in rapid succession before retiring.

Original Português

Werper permaneceu ouvindo por pouco tempo e então, confiante de que escutara tudo o que era necessário e temendo ser descoberto, voltou à varanda, onde fumou numerosos cigarros em rápida sucessão antes de retirar-se.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Na manhã seguinte, no café da manhã, Werper disse que partiria cedo. Pediu a Tarzan permissão para caçar grandes animais em território Waziri em seu caminho de saída, e Lorde Greystoke concordou prontamente.

Original English

The following morning at breakfast, Werper announced his intention of making an early departure, and asked Tarzan's permission to hunt big game in the Waziri country on his way out -- permission which Lord Greystoke readily granted.

Original Português

Na manhã seguinte, ao café, Werper anunciou sua intenção de partir cedo e pediu permissão a Tarzan para caçar animais de grande porte no país dos Waziri em seu caminho de saída - permissão que Lord Greystoke prontamente concedeu.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O belga passou dois dias fazendo seus preparativos, mas por fim partiu com seu safári e um guia Waziri que Lorde Greystoke lhe emprestara. O grupo fez apenas uma curta marcha quando Werper fingiu estar doente e disse que ficaria onde estava até se recuperar. Como ainda não estavam longe do bangalô dos Greystoke, Werper mandou embora o guia Waziri, dizendo que o chamaria quando pudesse viajar de novo. Depois que o guia partiu, o belga chamou até sua tenda um dos negros de confiança de Achmet Zek e o enviou para vigiar a partida de Tarzan. Deveria voltar imediatamente e contar a Werper o que havia acontecido e para onde Tarzan tinha ido.

Original English

The Belgian consumed two days in completing his preparations, but finally got away with his safari, accompanied by a single Waziri guide whom Lord Greystoke had loaned him. The party made but a single short march when Werper simulated illness, and announced his intention of remaining where he was until he had fully recovered. As they had gone but a short distance from the Greystoke bungalow, Werper dismissed the Waziri guide, telling the warrior that he would send for him when he was able to proceed. The Waziri gone, the Belgian summoned one of Achmet Zek's trusted blacks to his tent, and dispatched him to watch for the departure of Tarzan, returning immediately to advise Werper of the event and the direction taken by the Englishman.

Original Português

O belga consumiu dois dias completando seus preparativos, mas finalmente partiu com seu safári, acompanhado por um único guia Waziri que Lord Greystoke lhe emprestara. O grupo fez apenas uma curta marcha quando Werper simulou doença e anunciou sua intenção de permanecer onde estava até se recuperar plenamente. Como haviam avançado apenas pequena distância do bangalô de Greystoke, Werper dispensou o guia Waziri, dizendo ao guerreiro que mandaria chamá-lo quando estivesse em condições de prosseguir. Assim que o Waziri se foi, o belga chamou à sua tenda um dos negros de confiança de Achmet Zek e o despachou para vigiar a partida de Tarzan, retornando imediatamente para informar Werper do acontecimento e da direção tomada pelo inglês.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper não precisou esperar muito. No dia seguinte seu mensageiro voltou e disse que Tarzan e cinquenta guerreiros Waziri haviam partido bem cedo naquela manhã, rumando para o sudeste.

Original English

The Belgian did not have long to wait, for the following day his emissary returned with word that Tarzan and a party of fifty Waziri warriors had set out toward the southeast early in the morning.

Original Português

O belga não teve de esperar muito, pois no dia seguinte seu emissário voltou com a notícia de que Tarzan e um grupo de cinquenta guerreiros Waziri haviam partido para o sudeste logo cedo pela manhã.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Werper chamou seu chefe de caravana depois de escrever uma longa carta a Achmet Zek. Entregou a carta ao chefe de caravana.

Original English

Werper called his head man to him, after writing a long letter to Achmet Zek. This letter he handed to the head man.

Original Português

Werper chamou seu chefe de homens, depois de escrever uma longa carta a Achmet Zek. Entregou essa carta ao chefe de homens.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Envie um mensageiro imediatamente a Achmet Zek com isto", disse ao chefe de caravana. "Fique aqui no acampamento e espere novas ordens dele ou minhas. Se alguém vier do bangalô do inglês, diga que estou muito doente em minha tenda e não posso receber ninguém. Agora me dê seis carregadores e seis askaris, os mais fortes e corajosos do safári, e eu seguirei o inglês para descobrir onde ele escondeu seu ouro."

Original English

"Send a runner at once to Achmet Zek with this," he instructed the head man. "Remain here in camp awaiting further instructions from him or from me. If any come from the bungalow of the Englishman, tell them that I am very ill within my tent and can see no one. Now, give me six porters and six askaris -- the strongest and bravest of the safari -- and I will march after the Englishman and discover where his gold is hidden."

Original Português

- Envia imediatamente um corredor a Achmet Zek com isto - instruiu o chefe de homens. - Permanece aqui no acampamento, aguardando novas instruções dele ou minhas. Se vier alguém do bangalô do inglês, diz que estou muito doente dentro de minha tenda e que não posso ver ninguém. Agora, dá-me seis carregadores e seis askaris - os mais fortes e mais bravos do safári - e marcharei atrás do inglês para descobrir onde está escondido seu ouro.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Assim, Tarzan, vestindo apenas uma tanga e carregando suas armas simples, conduziu seus fiéis Waziri em direção à cidade morta de Opar. Werper, o traidor, seguiu seu rastro pelos longos dias quentes e acampou perto dele à noite.

Original English

And so it was that as Tarzan, stripped to the loin cloth and armed after the primitive fashion he best loved, led his loyal Waziri toward the dead city of Opar, Werper, the renegade, haunted his trail through the long, hot days, and camped close behind him by night.

Original Português

E assim foi que, enquanto Tarzan, despido até a tanga e armado à moda primitiva que mais amava, conduzia seus leais Waziri rumo à cidade morta de Opar, Werper, o renegado, assombrava sua trilha pelos longos dias quentes e acampava bem atrás dele à noite.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Enquanto marchavam, Achmet Zek cavalgava para o sul com todos os seus homens rumo à fazenda dos Greystoke.

Original English

And as they marched, Achmet Zek rode with his entire following southward toward the Greystoke farm.

Original Português

E, enquanto eles marchavam, Achmet Zek cavalgava com todo o seu séquito para o sul, em direção à fazenda Greystoke.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Para Tarzan dos Macacos, a jornada parecia uma viagem de férias. A civilização era apenas uma fina camada sobre ele, e ele se alegrava em despir suas roupas europeias desconfortáveis sempre que tinha uma boa desculpa para isso. Tarzan permanecia parcialmente civilizado porque uma mulher o amava, mas ele se cansara da civilização. Odiava suas mentiras e seu comportamento falso. Com sua mente clara e sem instrução, via o coração fraco dela: medo, ganância e o desejo de conforto e posses. Não concordava que a arte, a música e a literatura tivessem se fortalecido por causa dessas ideias fracas. Acreditava que sobreviviam apesar da civilização, e não por causa dela.

Original English

To Tarzan of the Apes the expedition was in the nature of a holiday outing. His civilization was at best but an outward veneer which he gladly peeled off with his uncomfortable European clothes whenever any reasonable pretext presented itself. It was a woman's love which kept Tarzan even to the semblance of civilization -- a condition for which familiarity had bred contempt. He hated the shams and the hypocrisies of it and with the clear vision of an unspoiled mind he had penetrated to the rotten core of the heart of the thing -- the cowardly greed for peace and ease and the safe-guarding of property rights. That the fine things of life -- art, music and literature -- had thriven upon such enervating ideals he strenuously denied, insisting, rather, that they had endured in spite of civilization.

Original Português

Para Tarzan dos Macacos, a expedição tinha a natureza de um passeio de férias. Sua civilização era, no melhor dos casos, apenas um verniz exterior que ele de bom grado arrancava junto com as incômodas roupas europeias sempre que se apresentava qualquer pretexto razoável. Era o amor de uma mulher que mantinha Tarzan até mesmo na aparência de civilização - condição pela qual a familiaridade gerara desprezo. Ele odiava suas farsas e hipocrisias, e, com a visão clara de uma mente não corrompida, penetrara até o núcleo apodrecido do coração da coisa - a cobiça covarde por paz e conforto e pela salvaguarda dos direitos de propriedade. Que as coisas refinadas da vida - arte, música e literatura - tivessem florescido sobre ideais tão enervantes, ele negava energicamente, insistindo antes que haviam perdurado apesar da civilização.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Mostrem-me o covarde rico", dizia com frequência, "que já iniciou um belo ideal. É na guerra, na luta pela sobrevivência, na fome, no perigo e na morte, e à vista de Deus revelado pelas maiores forças da Natureza, que nascem as melhores coisas do coração e da mente humana."

Original English

"Show me the fat, opulent coward," he was wont to say, "who ever originated a beautiful ideal. In the clash of arms, in the battle for survival, amid hunger and death and danger, in the face of God as manifested in the display of Nature's most terrific forces, is born all that is finest and best in the human heart and mind."

Original Português

- Mostrem-me o covarde gordo e opulento - costumava dizer - que alguma vez originou um belo ideal. No choque das armas, na batalha pela sobrevivência, em meio à fome, à morte e ao perigo, diante de Deus tal como se manifesta no espetáculo das mais terríveis forças da Natureza, nasce tudo o que há de mais fino e melhor no coração e na mente humanos.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Assim Tarzan sempre voltava à Natureza como um amante que reencontra alguém por quem esperou longo tempo na prisão. Seus Waziri eram, na verdade, mais civilizados do que ele. Cozinhavam sua carne e evitavam muitos alimentos que Tarzan comera com prazer a vida toda. Até o forte homem-macaco hesitava em mostrar seus verdadeiros desejos diante deles, pois a hipocrisia é difícil de evitar. Comia carne assada quando teria preferido crua, e caçava com arco ou lança quando preferiria atacar de emboscada e morder a garganta do animal. Mas por fim sua natureza selvagem se tornou forte demais. Ele queria sangue fresco e sentia os músculos ansiarem pela luta com a selva, a única vida que conhecera nos primeiros vinte anos de sua existência.

Original English

And so Tarzan always came back to Nature in the spirit of a lover keeping a long deferred tryst after a period behind prison walls. His Waziri, at marrow, were more civilized than he. They cooked their meat before they ate it and they shunned many articles of food as unclean that Tarzan had eaten with gusto all his life and so insidious is the virus of hypocrisy that even the stalwart ape-man hesitated to give rein to his natural longings before them. He ate burnt flesh when he would have preferred it raw and unspoiled, and he brought down game with arrow or spear when he would far rather have leaped upon it from ambush and sunk his strong teeth in its jugular; but at last the call of the milk of the savage mother that had suckled him in infancy rose to an insistent demand -- he craved the hot blood of a fresh kill and his muscles yearned to pit themselves against the savage jungle in the battle for existence that had been his sole birthright for the first twenty years of his life.

Original Português

E assim Tarzan sempre retornava à Natureza no espírito de um amante que cumpre um encontro longamente adiado após um período atrás das grades. Seus Waziri, no âmago, eram mais civilizados que ele. Cozinhavam a carne antes de comê-la e evitavam muitos alimentos como impuros que Tarzan comera com gosto durante toda a vida; e tão insidioso é o vírus da hipocrisia que até mesmo o robusto homem-macaco hesitava em dar rédea a seus anseios naturais diante deles. Comia carne queimada quando a teria preferido crua e intacta, e abatía caça com flecha ou lança quando muito mais desejaria saltar sobre ela de emboscada e cravar os fortes dentes em sua jugular; mas por fim o chamado do leite da mãe selvagem que o amamentara na infância ergueu-se em exigência insistente - ele ansiava pelo sangue quente de uma presa recém-abatida, e

seus músculos desejavam medir-se com a selva feroz na batalha pela existência que fora seu único direito de nascimento nos primeiros vinte anos de sua vida.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

The Call of the Jungle

B1 Português (simplified)

Impelido por esses sentimentos fortes mas confusos, o homem-macaco ficou acordado uma noite no pequeno cercado de espinhos que dava a seu grupo alguma proteção contra os grandes felinos da selva. Um guerreiro permanecia meio adormecido de guarda junto à fogueira, necessária porque olhos amarelos observavam da escuridão fora do acampamento. Os gritos e tosses dos grandes felinos, misturados aos muitos sons da selva, agitavam o espírito selvagem naquele selvagem lorde inglês. Ele se virou em seu leito de capim por uma hora sem conseguir dormir. Então se levantou como um fantasma, escapuliu enquanto os Waziri estavam de costas, saltou o muro do cercado diante dos olhos brilhantes, subiu silenciosamente numa grande árvore e desapareceu.

Original English

Moved by these vague yet all-powerful urgings the ape-man lay awake one night in the little thorn boma that protected, in a way, his party from the depredations of the great carnivora of the jungle. A single warrior stood sleepy guard beside the fire that yellow eyes out of the darkness beyond the camp made imperative. The moans and the coughing of the big cats mingled with the myriad noises of the lesser denizens of the jungle to fan the savage flame in the breast of this savage English lord. He tossed upon his bed of grasses, sleepless, for an hour and then he rose, noiseless as a wraith, and while the Waziri's back was turned, vaulted the boma wall in the face of the flaming eyes, swung silently into a great tree and was gone.

Original Português

Movido por esses impulsos vagos, mas todo-poderosos, o homem-macaco ficou acordado certa noite dentro da pequena boma de espinhos que protegia, de certo modo, seu grupo das depredações dos grandes carnívoros da selva. Um único guerreiro montava guarda sonolenta junto ao fogo que os olhos amarelos, na escuridão além do acampamento, tornavam indispensável. Os gemidos e os roncoss dos grandes felinos misturavam-se aos incontáveis ruídos dos habitantes menores da selva para atizar a chama selvagem no peito daquele selvagem lorde inglês. Ele se revolveu durante uma hora sobre seu leito de capim, sem sono; então se levantou, silencioso como um espectro, e, enquanto o Waziri estava de costas, saltou por sobre a parede da boma diante dos olhos flamejantes, galgou em silêncio uma grande árvore e desapareceu.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Por um momento, cheio de energia selvagem, ele correu depressa pelo nível médio da floresta, balançando perigosamente através de largos vãos de uma árvore enorme a outra. Depois subiu mais alto, aos galhos finos e móveis do nível superior, onde a lua brilhava sobre ele e pequenos ventos moviam o ar, mas a morte esperava em cada galho frágil. Ali parou e ergueu o rosto para Goro, a lua. Com o braço erguido, estava pronto para soltar um grito como o de um macho-macaco, mas ficou em silêncio para não acordar seus fiéis Waziri, que conheciam muito bem o terrível chamado de seu senhor.

Original English

For a time in sheer exuberance of animal spirit he raced swiftly through the middle terrace, swinging perilously across wide spans from one jungle giant to the next, and then he clambered upward to the swaying, lesser boughs of the upper terrace where the moon shone full upon him and the air was stirred by little breezes and death lurked ready in each frail branch. Here he paused and raised his face to Goro, the moon. With uplifted arm he stood, the cry of the bull ape quivering upon his lips, yet he remained silent lest he arouse his faithful Waziri who were all too familiar with the hideous challenge of their master.

Original Português

Por algum tempo, na pura exuberância do espírito animal, correu velozmente pelo terraço médio, balançando-se perigosamente sobre largos vãos de um gigante da selva para outro; depois subiu aos galhos menores, oscilantes, do terraço superior, onde a lua brilhava plena sobre ele, o ar era movido por pequenas brisas e a morte espreitava em cada ramo frágil. Ali fez uma pausa e ergueu o rosto para Goro, a lua. Com o braço levantado, permaneceu imóvel, o grito do macaco-touro tremendo-lhe nos lábios; ainda assim ficou em silêncio, para não despertar seus fiéis Waziri, que conheciam bem demais o horrendo desafio de seu senhor.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Então seguiu adiante mais devagar e com cautela, pois Tarzan dos Macacos estava caçando comida. Desceu ao chão na escuridão profunda, entre as árvores próximas e as trepadeiras penduradas da selva. De tempos em tempos se abaixava e aproximava o nariz da terra. Encontrou uma larga trilha de animais e, por fim, captou o cheiro fresco de Bara, o veado. A boca de Tarzan salivou, e um rosnado baixo escapou de seus lábios orgulhosos. Todo sinal de posição humana caiu dele. Mais uma vez era o primeiro caçador, o primeiro homem, o mais alto tipo de ser humano. Seguiu o rastro contra o vento com um faro muito além do de um ser humano comum. Mesmo os fortes odores de animais carnívoros não conseguiam esconder dele a pista de Bara. Ainda conseguia seguir o veado pelo cheiro suave e persistente de suas patas.

Original English

And then he went on more slowly and with greater stealth and caution, for now Tarzan of the Apes was seeking a kill. Down to the ground he came in the utter blackness of the close-set boles and the overhanging verdure of the jungle. He stooped from time to time and put his nose close to earth. He sought and found a wide game trail and at last his nostrils were rewarded with the scent of the fresh spoor of Bara, the deer. Tarzan's mouth watered and a low growl escaped his patrician lips. Sloughed from him was the last vestige of artificial caste -- once again he was the primeval hunter -- the first man -- the highest caste type of the human race. Up wind he followed the elusive spoor with a sense of perception so transcending that of ordinary man as to be inconceivable to us. Through counter currents of the heavy stench of meat eaters he traced the trail of Bara; the sweet and cloying stink of Horta, the boar, could not drown his quarry's scent -- the permeating, mellow musk of the deer's foot.

Original Português

E então prosseguiu mais devagar, com maior furtividade e cautela, pois agora Tarzan dos Macacos buscava uma presa. Desceu ao solo na negrura absoluta dos troncos cerrados e da verdura pendente da selva. De tempos em tempos se inclinava e aproximava o nariz da terra. Procurou e encontrou uma larga trilha de caça, e por fim suas narinas foram recompensadas pelo cheiro do rastro fresco de Bara, o veado. A boca de Tarzan encheu-se d'água, e um rosnado baixo escapou de seus lábios patrícios. Desprendeceu-se dele o último vestígio de casta artificial - mais uma vez ele era o caçador primevo, o primeiro homem, o tipo de casta mais elevado da raça humana. Contra o vento, seguiu o rastro esquivo com um poder de percepção tão superior ao do homem comum que nos

seria inconcebível. Através das correntes contrárias do forte fedor dos comedores de carne, seguiu a pista de Bara; o odor doce e enjoativo de Horta, o javali, não podia abafar o cheiro de sua presa - o almíscar penetrante e suave do casco do veado.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Logo o cheiro do veado disse a Tarzan que sua presa estava perto. Subiu de volta às árvores e passou a um galho mais baixo, de onde podia observar o solo abaixo. Logo encontrou Bara, alerta, na borda de uma clareira iluminada pela lua. Tarzan se arrastou em silêncio até ficar bem acima do veado. Na mão direita segurava a longa faca de caça de seu pai, e no coração trazia a fome feroz de um caçador. Pausou um instante, depois saltou sobre as costas de Bara. Seu peso forçou o veado a se ajoelhar, e antes que pudesse se levantar de novo, a faca atingiu-lhe o coração. Enquanto Tarzan se erguia sobre o corpo morto para gritar sua vitória à lua, o vento lhe trouxe um cheiro que o fez parar de imediato. Ele congelou e olhou na direção do cheiro de aviso. Um momento depois a relva se abriu de um lado da clareira, e Numa, o leão, apareceu à vista. Seus olhos verde-amarelados fitavam Tarzan com inveja. Numa não tivera sorte alguma naquela noite.

Original English

Presently the body scent of the deer told Tarzan that his prey was close at hand. It sent him into the trees again -- into the lower terrace where he could watch the ground below and catch with ears and nose the first intimation of actual contact with his quarry. Nor was it long before the ape-man came upon Bara standing alert at the edge of a moon-bathed clearing. Noiselessly Tarzan crept through the trees until he was directly over the deer. In the ape-man's right hand was the long hunting knife of his father and in his heart the blood lust of the carnivore. Just for an instant he poised above the unsuspecting Bara and then he launched himself downward upon the sleek back. The impact of his weight carried the deer to its knees and before the animal could regain its feet the knife had found its heart. As Tarzan rose upon the body of his kill to scream forth his hideous victory cry into the face of the moon the wind carried to his nostrils something which froze him to statuesque immobility and silence. His savage eyes blazed into the direction from which the wind had borne down the warning to him and a moment later the grasses at one side of the clearing parted and Numa, the lion, strode majestically into view. His yellow-green eyes were fastened upon Tarzan as he halted just within the clearing and glared enviously at the successful hunter, for Numa had had no luck this night.

Original Português

Logo o odor corporal do veado disse a Tarzan que sua presa estava próxima. Isso o levou de volta às árvores - ao terraço inferior, de onde podia vigiar o solo abaixo e captar, com ouvidos e nariz, o primeiro indício

de contato real com a caça. Não demorou para que o homem-macaco encontrasse Bara, alerta, à borda de uma clareira banhada pela lua. Sem ruído, Tarzan avançou pelas árvores até ficar diretamente acima do veado. Na mão direita do homem-macaco estava a longa faca de caça de seu pai, e em seu coração a sede de sangue do carnívoro. Por um instante apenas pairou sobre o desprevenido Bara; então lançou-se para baixo sobre o dorso liso. O impacto de seu peso levou o veado aos joelhos, e antes que o animal pudesse recuperar-se, a faca lhe encontrara o coração. Quando Tarzan se ergueu sobre o corpo da presa para lançar seu horrendo grito de vitória no rosto da lua, o vento trouxe a suas narinas algo que o congelou em imobilidade e silêncio estatuários. Seus olhos selvagens flamejaram na direção de onde o vento lhe trouxera o aviso, e um momento depois o capim de um lado da clareira se abriu e Numa, o leão, entrou majestosamente em cena. Seus olhos amarelo-esverdeados estavam fixos em Tarzan quando ele parou logo dentro da clareira e encarou com inveja o caçador bem-sucedido, pois Numa não tivera sorte naquela noite.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan respondeu com um profundo rosnado de aviso. Numa rosnou de volta, mas não se aproximou. Em vez disso ficou parado, movendo a cauda devagar. Tarzan se agachou sobre sua caça e cortou um grande pedaço da coxa traseira. Enquanto comia, continuava rosnando avisos ao leão. Aquele leão nunca havia encontrado Tarzan dos Macacos antes, e estava confuso. Tarzan parecia um homem e cheirava a homem. Numa já comera carne humana antes e sabia que era fácil de obter, embora não muito saborosa. Mas os rosnados daquela criatura estranha lembravam inimigos perigosos, e isso o fazia hesitar. Ao mesmo tempo, a fome e o cheiro da carne quente de Bara quase o enlouqueciam. Tarzan observava cada movimento, e isso foi sábio. Por fim Numa não aguentou mais. Sua cauda se ergueu de repente, e Tarzan soube o que aquilo significava. Agarrou nos dentes o resto da coxa traseira do veado e saltou para uma árvore próxima bem no momento em que Numa avançava com terrível velocidade.

Original English

From the lips of the ape-man broke a rumbling growl of warning. Numa answered but he did not advance. Instead he stood waving his tail gently to and fro, and presently Tarzan squatted upon his kill and cut a generous portion from a hind quarter. Numa eyed him with growing resentment and rage as, between mouthfuls, the ape-man growled out his savage warnings. Now this particular lion had never before come in contact with Tarzan of the Apes and he was much mystified. Here was the appearance and the scent of a man-thing and Numa had tasted of human flesh and learned that though not the most palatable it was certainly by far the easiest to secure, yet there was that in the bestial growls of the strange creature which reminded him of formidable antagonists and gave him pause, while his hunger and the odor of the hot flesh of Bara goaded him almost to madness. Always Tarzan watched him, guessing what was passing in the little brain of the carnivore and well it was that he did watch him, for at last Numa could stand it no longer. His tail shot suddenly erect and at the same instant the wary ape-man, knowing all too well what the signal portended, grasped the remainder of the deer's hind quarter between his teeth and leaped into a nearby tree as Numa charged him with all the speed and a sufficient semblance of the weight of an express train.

Original Português

Dos lábios do homem-macaco saiu um rosnado profundo de advertência. Numa respondeu, mas não avançou. Em vez disso, ficou agitando a cauda suavemente de um lado para outro, e logo Tarzan agachou-se sobre sua

presa e cortou uma generosa porção de uma coxa traseira. Numa o observava com ressentimento e fúria crescentes enquanto, entre uma bocada e outra, o homem-macaco rosnava suas selvagens advertências. Aquele leão em particular nunca antes estivera em contato com Tarzan dos Macacos e estava muito intrigado. Ali estavam a aparência e o cheiro de uma coisa-homem, e Numa já provara carne humana e aprendera que, embora não fosse a mais saborosa, era sem dúvida a mais fácil de obter; contudo havia nos rosnados bestiais daquela estranha criatura algo que lhe lembrava adversários formidáveis e o fazia hesitar, enquanto a fome e o odor da carne quente de Bara o instigavam quase à loucura. Tarzan o vigiava sempre, adivinhando o que se passava no pequeno cérebro do carnívoro; e fez bem em vigiá-lo, pois por fim Numa não pôde mais suportar. Sua cauda ergueu-se de súbito, rígida, e no mesmo instante o cauteloso homem-macaco, conhecendo bem demais o que aquele sinal pressagiava, agarrou entre os dentes o restante da coxa traseira do veado e saltou para uma árvore próxima quando Numa investiu contra ele com toda a velocidade e uma suficiente semelhança de peso de um trem expresso.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan fugiu, mas não por medo. A vida na selva tinha regras diferentes. Se estivesse com fome, teria enfrentado o leão em combate. Já fizera isso antes, e também já atacara leões no passado. Naquela noite não estava com fome, e o pedaço de carne que levava era mais do que podia comer. Ainda assim, ficou irritado ao ver Numa devorando sua caça. A ousadia daquele leão devia ser punida. Então Tarzan decidiu tornar miserável a vida do grande felino. Perto dali havia árvores com frutos grandes e duros. Tarzan saltou para uma delas, leve como um esquilo. Então começou a atirar os frutos em Numa. Um após outro, os frutos duros choveram sobre o leão. Numa não conseguia comer sob aquele ataque. Rugiu, rosnou e desviou até finalmente ser afastado do corpo de Bara. Foi embora furioso, rugindo pelo caminho. Mas no meio da clareira parou de repente. Tarzan viu sua grande cabeça baixar, o corpo se agachar, e a cauda tremer enquanto rastejava em direção às árvores do outro lado.

Original English

Tarzan's retreat was no indication that he felt fear. Jungle life is ordered along different lines than ours and different standards prevail. Had Tarzan been famished he would, doubtless, have stood his ground and met the lion's charge. He had done the thing before upon more than one occasion, just as in the past he had charged lions himself; but tonight he was far from famished and in the hind quarter he had carried off with him was more raw flesh than he could eat; yet it was with no equanimity that he looked down upon Numa rending the flesh of Tarzan's kill. The presumption of this strange Numa must be punished! And forthwith Tarzan set out to make life miserable for the big cat. Close by were many trees bearing large, hard fruits and to one of these the ape-man swung with the agility of a squirrel. Then commenced a bombardment which brought forth earthshaking roars from Numa. One after another as rapidly as he could gather and hurl them, Tarzan pelted the hard fruit down upon the lion. It was impossible for the tawny cat to eat under that hail of missiles -- he could but roar and growl and dodge and eventually he was driven away entirely from the carcass of Bara, the deer. He went roaring and resentful; but in the very center of the clearing his voice was suddenly hushed and Tarzan saw the great head lower and flatten out, the body crouch and the long tail quiver, as the beast slunk cautiously toward the trees upon the opposite side.

Original Português

A retirada de Tarzan não indicava que ele sentisse medo. A vida da selva é ordenada segundo linhas diferentes das nossas, e nela prevalecem outros padrões. Se Tarzan estivesse faminto, sem dúvida teria mantido

sua posição e enfrentado a carga do leão. Já fizera isso antes em mais de uma ocasião, assim como, no passado, ele próprio atacara leões; mas naquela noite estava longe de faminto, e na coxa traseira que levava consigo havia mais carne crua do que poderia comer. Ainda assim, não era com serenidade que olhava para baixo e via Numa rasgando a carne da presa de Tarzan. A presunção desse estranho Numa precisava ser punida! E imediatamente Tarzan pôs-se a tornar miserável a vida do grande felino. Perto dali havia muitas árvores carregadas de frutos grandes e duros, e para uma delas o homem-macaco se balançou com a agilidade de um esquilo. Então começou um bombardeio que arrancou de Numa rugidos capazes de sacudir a terra. Um após outro, tão rapidamente quanto podia colhê-los e arremessá-los, Tarzan lançou os frutos duros sobre o leão. Era impossível para o felino fulvo comer sob aquela saraivada de projéteis - ele só podia rugir, rosnar e esquivar-se, até que por fim foi completamente afastado da carcaça de Bara, o veado. Retirou-se rugindo e ressentido; mas bem no centro da clareira sua voz calou-se de repente, e Tarzan viu a grande cabeça baixar e achatar-se, o corpo encolher-se e a longa cauda vibrar, enquanto a fera se esgueirava cautelosamente para as árvores do lado oposto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

No mesmo instante Tarzan ficou alerta. Ergueu a cabeça e farejou o vento lento da selva. O que teria atraído Numa embora em silêncio? Justamente quando o leão desapareceu entre as árvores, Tarzan captou a resposta no vento. O forte cheiro de um homem chegou até ele. Tarzan escondeu o resto da coxa do veado na forquilha de uma árvore, limpou as mãos nas coxas nuas e seguiu Numa. Uma larga trilha de elefantes levava para dentro da floresta. Numa se movia junto a ela, e Tarzan ia acima dele pelas árvores, como uma sombra. O leão e o homem viram a presa de Numa quase ao mesmo tempo, embora ambos já soubessem que era um homem negro. Seus narizes lhes haviam dito isso. O nariz de Tarzan também lhe dizia que o homem era um estranho, velho e do sexo masculino. O homem era velho e estava sozinho, caminhando pela selva escura. Era pequeno e enrugado, marcado por cicatrizes feias, e coberto de tatuagens. Vestia roupas estranhas, uma pele de hiena sobre os ombros, e uma cabeça ressecada sobre seu couro cabeludo grisalho. Tarzan viu que era um feiticeiro e esperou que Numa o atacasse, sentindo-se satisfeito, pois não gostava de feiticeiros. Mas então Tarzan também se lembrou de que o leão lhe roubara a caça minutos antes, e a vingança lhe pareceu doce.

Original English

Immediately Tarzan was alert. He lifted his head and sniffed the slow, jungle breeze. What was it that had attracted Numa's attention and taken him soft-footed and silent away from the scene of his discomfiture? Just as the lion disappeared among the trees beyond the clearing Tarzan caught upon the down-coming wind the explanation of his new interest -- the scent spoor of man was wafted strongly to the sensitive nostrils. Caching the remainder of the deer's hind quarter in the crotch of a tree the ape-man wiped his greasy palms upon his naked thighs and swung off in pursuit of Numa. A broad, well-beaten elephant path led into the forest from the clearing. Parallel to this slunk Numa, while above him Tarzan moved through the trees, the shadow of a wraith. The savage cat and the savage man saw Numa's quarry almost simultaneously, though both had known before it came within the vision of their eyes that it was a black man. Their sensitive nostrils had told them this much and Tarzan's had told him that the scent spoor was that of a stranger -- old and a male, for race and sex and age each has its own distinctive scent. It was an old man that made his way alone through the gloomy jungle, a wrinkled, dried up, little old man hideously scarred and tattooed and strangely garbed, with the skin of a hyena about his shoulders and the dried head mounted upon his grey pate. Tarzan recognized the ear-marks of the witch-doctor and awaited Numa's

charge with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation, for the ape-man had no love for witch-doctors; but in the instant that Numa did charge, the white man suddenly recalled that the lion had stolen his kill a few minutes before and that revenge is sweet.

Original Português

Imediatamente Tarzan ficou alerta. Ergueu a cabeça e farejou a brisa lenta da selva. Que fora que atraía a atenção de Numa e o levara, de patas macias e silenciosas, para longe da cena de sua derrota? Assim que o leão desapareceu entre as árvores além da clareira, Tarzan captou no vento descendente a explicação de seu novo interesse - o rastro odorífero de homem chegava forte às narinas sensíveis. Escondendo o restante da coxa traseira do veado na forquilha de uma árvore, o homem-macaco limpou as palmas engorduradas nas coxas nuas e balançou-se em perseguição a Numa. Uma larga trilha de elefantes, bem batida, conduzia da clareira para a floresta. Paralelo a ela esgueirava-se Numa, enquanto acima dele Tarzan se movia pelas árvores, sombra de um espectro. O felino selvagem e o homem selvagem viram a presa de Numa quase ao mesmo tempo, embora ambos já soubessem, antes que ela entrasse no alcance de seus olhos, que era um homem negro. Suas narinas sensíveis lhes haviam dito isso, e as de Tarzan lhe disseram ainda que o rastro era de um estranho - velho e macho, pois raça, sexo e idade têm cada qual seu odor distintivo. Era um velho que seguia sozinho pela selva sombria, um homenzinho enrugado, mirrado, horrivelmente marcado por cicatrizes e tatuagens e estranhamente vestido, com uma pele de hiena sobre os ombros e a cabeça ressecada do animal montada sobre sua cabeça grisalha. Tarzan reconheceu os sinais do feiticeiro e aguardou a investida de Numa com uma sensação de prazerosa expectativa, pois o homem-macaco não tinha amor por feiticeiros; mas no instante em que Numa atacou, o homem branco subitamente se lembrou de que o leão lhe roubara a presa poucos minutos antes e de que a vingança é doce.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O homem negro só percebeu que estava em perigo quando ouviu galhos se quebrando com Numa avançando pelos arbustos até a trilha atrás dele. Ele se virou e viu um enorme leão de juba negra correndo em sua direção. Antes que pudesse reagir, Numa o agarrou. No mesmo instante, Tarzan caiu de um galho acima e aterrissou nas costas do leão. Ao cair, cravou a faca no flanco de Numa, atrás do ombro esquerdo. Segurou a longa juba com a mão direita, mordeu o pescoço de Numa e enrolou as pernas fortes ao redor do corpo da fera. Numa rugiu de dor e raiva, empinou-se, e caiu de costas sobre Tarzan, mas Tarzan não largou. Vez após vez cravou a faca no leão. Numa rolava sem parar, arranhando e mordendo o ar, rugindo terrivelmente ao tentar alcançar o atacante em suas costas. Mais de uma vez Tarzan quase perdeu o apoio. Estava machucado, contuso, coberto de sangue e terra, mas não fraquejou. Se largasse por um instante sequer, as garras e os dentes de Numa o matariam, e a vida daquele lorde inglês criado na selva teria chegado ao fim. O feiticeiro, que havia caído quando o leão o atacara, jazia dilacerado e sangrando no chão. Não conseguia fugir, então observava a feroz batalha. Seus olhos brilhavam, e seus lábios enrugados se moviam enquanto murmurava estranhos feitiços aos seus espíritos.

Original English

The first intimation the black man had that he was in danger was the crash of twigs as Numa charged through the bushes into the game trail not twenty yards behind him. Then he turned to see a huge, black-maned lion racing toward him and even as he turned, Numa seized him. At the same instant the ape-man dropped from an overhanging limb full upon the lion's back and as he alighted he plunged his knife into the tawny side behind the left shoulder, tangled the fingers of his right hand in the long mane, buried his teeth in Numa's neck and wound his powerful legs about the beast's torso. With a roar of pain and rage, Numa reared up and fell backward upon the ape-man; but still the mighty man-thing clung to his hold and repeatedly the long knife plunged rapidly into his side. Over and over rolled Numa, the lion, clawing and biting at the air, roaring and growling horribly in savage attempt to reach the thing upon its back. More than once was Tarzan almost brushed from his hold. He was battered and bruised and covered with blood from Numa and dirt from the trail, yet not for an instant did he lessen the ferocity of his mad attack nor his grim hold upon the back of his antagonist. To have loosened for an instant his grip there, would have been to bring him within reach of those tearing talons or rending fangs, and have ended forever the grim career of this jungle-bred English lord. Where he had fallen beneath the spring of the lion the witch-doctor

lay, torn and bleeding, unable to drag himself away and watched the terrific battle between these two lords of the jungle. His sunken eyes glittered and his wrinkled lips moved over toothless gums as he mumbled weird incantations to the demons of his cult.

Original Português

O primeiro indício que o homem negro teve de que estava em perigo foi o estalo dos galhos quando Numa irrompeu pelos arbustos e entrou na trilha de caça a menos de vinte jardas atrás dele. Então ele se voltou e viu um enorme leão de juba negra correndo em sua direção; e, no mesmo instante em que se voltava, Numa o agarrou. No mesmo momento, o homem-macaco caiu de um galho pendente bem sobre o dorso do leão e, ao aterrissar, mergulhou a faca no flanco fulvo atrás do ombro esquerdo, enredou os dedos da mão direita na longa juba, enterrou os dentes no pescoço de Numa e enlaçou o torso da fera com as pernas poderosas. Com um rugido de dor e fúria, Numa empinou-se e caiu de costas sobre o homem-macaco; mas ainda assim a poderosa coisa-homem manteve-se presa, e repetidas vezes a longa faca afundou rápida em seu flanco. Numa, o leão, rolou e tornou a rolar, arranhando e mordendo o ar, rugindo e rosnando horivelmente em sua tentativa selvagem de alcançar a coisa sobre suas costas. Mais de uma vez Tarzan quase foi arrancado de sua presa. Estava golpeado, contundido e coberto de sangue de Numa e de terra da trilha; no entanto, nem por um instante diminuiu a ferocidade de seu ataque furioso nem a firmeza sombria de sua pegada nas costas do antagonista. Afrouxar por um instante aquela presa seria pôr-se ao alcance daquelas garras dilacerantes ou daquelas presas rasgadoras, e encerraria para sempre a carreira severa desse lorde inglês criado na selva. Onde havia caído sob o salto do leão, o feiticeiro jazia rasgado e sangrando, incapaz de arrastar-se para longe, e assistia à terrível batalha entre esses dois senhores da selva. Seus olhos fundos brilhavam, e seus lábios enrugados moviam-se sobre gengivas desdentadas enquanto murmurava estranhos encantamentos aos demônios de seu culto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

A princípio o feiticeiro achou que a luta certamente terminaria com o homem branco morrendo sob o terrível Simba. Quem já ouvira falar de um único homem, armado apenas com uma faca, matando semelhante fera? Mas logo os olhos do velho se abriram mais, e ele começou a duvidar. Que tipo de criatura era aquela, lutando contra Simba e resistindo aos grandes músculos do rei dos animais? Então uma lembrança lentamente lhe voltou à mente. Era como uma imagem desbotada de tempos antigos: um jovem branco e esguio balançando pelas árvores em meio a um bando de macacos enormes. Os olhos do velho piscaram, e o medo os encheu. Sentiu o temor supersticioso de quem crê em fantasmas, espíritos e demônios.

Original English

For a time he felt no doubt as to the outcome -- the strange white man must certainly succumb to terrible Simba -- whoever heard of a lone man armed only with a knife slaying so mighty a beast! Yet presently the old black man's eyes went wider and he commenced to have his doubts and misgivings. What wonderful sort of creature was this that battled with Simba and held his own despite the mighty muscles of the king of beasts and slowly there dawned in those sunken eyes, gleaming so brightly from the scarred and wrinkled face, the light of a dawning recollection. Gropingly backward into the past reached the fingers of memory, until at last they seized upon a faint picture, faded and yellow with the passing years. It was the picture of a lithe, white-skinned youth swinging through the trees in company with a band of huge apes, and the old eyes blinked and a great fear came into them -- the superstitious fear of one who believes in ghosts and spirits and demons.

Original Português

Por algum tempo ele não teve dúvida quanto ao desfecho - o estranho homem branco certamente sucumbiria ao terrível Simba; quem jamais ouvira falar de um homem sozinho, armado apenas com uma faca, matando uma fera tão poderosa? Contudo, pouco depois, os olhos do velho negro se abriram mais, e ele começou a ter dúvidas e maus pressentimentos. Que maravilhosa espécie de criatura era aquela que lutava com Simba e se mantinha à altura dele apesar dos músculos poderosos do rei dos animais? Lentamente, naqueles olhos fundos, que brilhavam tão intensamente no rosto marcado e enrugado, acendeu-se a luz de uma recordação nascente. Tateando para trás no passado, os dedos da memória avançaram até por fim se apoderarem de uma imagem tênue, desbotada e amarelada pelos anos. Era a imagem de um jovem

ágil, de pele branca, balançando-se pelas árvores em companhia de um bando de enormes macacos, e os olhos velhos piscaram, e neles entrou um grande medo - o medo supersticioso de quem acredita em fantasmas, espíritos e demônios.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Logo o feiticeiro já não tinha dúvidas de como a luta terminaria. Sua primeira ideia mudou, pois agora sabia que o deus da selva mataria Simba. Ficou ainda mais amedrontado com o que poderia lhe acontecer depois, quando o vencedor decidisse seu destino. Observou o leão enfraquecer pela perda de sangue. Viu as grandes pernas tremerem e cambalearem, e por fim a fera caiu e não se ergueu mais. Então viu o deus ou demônio da floresta se levantar do inimigo derrotado, colocar um pé sobre o corpo ainda em movimento, erguer o rosto para a lua e soltar um grito terrível que gelou o feiticeiro por dentro, de corpo inteiro.

Original English

And came the time once more when the witch-doctor no longer doubted the outcome of the duel, yet his first judgment was reversed, for now he knew that the jungle god would slay Simba and the old black was even more terrified of his own impending fate at the hands of the victor than he had been by the sure and sudden death which the triumphant lion would have meted out to him. He saw the lion weaken from loss of blood. He saw the mighty limbs tremble and stagger and at last he saw the beast sink down to rise no more. He saw the forest god or demon rise from the vanquished foe, and placing a foot upon the still quivering carcass, raise his face to the moon and bay out a hideous cry that froze the ebbing blood in the veins of the witch-doctor.

Original Português

E chegou outra vez o momento em que o feiticeiro não duvidou mais do resultado do duelo; mas seu primeiro julgamento se invertera, pois agora sabia que o deus da selva mataria Simba, e o velho negro estava ainda mais aterrorizado com o destino iminente que o aguardava nas mãos do vencedor do que estivera diante da morte certa e súbita que o leão triunfante lhe teria imposto. Viu o leão enfraquecer pela perda de sangue. Viu os membros poderosos tremerem e vacilarem, e por fim viu a fera afundar para não mais se erguer. Viu o deus ou demônio da floresta levantar-se do inimigo vencido e, colocando um pé sobre a carcaça ainda trêmula, erguer o rosto para a lua e soltar um horrendo uivo que gelou o sangue que se esvaía nas veias do feiticeiro.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

Prophecy and Fulfillment

B1 Português (simplified)

Então Tarzan se voltou para o homem. Não matara Numa para salvar o negro. Fizera-o apenas por vingança contra o leão. Mas quando viu o velho caído, indefeso e agonizante, a piedade tocou seu coração selvagem. Quando jovem, teria matado o feiticeiro sem qualquer remorso. Mas a civilização o suavizara, embora não o bastante para torná-lo fraco ou covarde. Viu um velho sofrendo, e se abaixou para examinar os ferimentos e estancar o sangramento.

Original English

Then Tarzan turned his attention to the man. He had not slain Numa to save the Negro -- he had merely done it in revenge upon the lion; but now that he saw the old man lying helpless and dying before him something akin to pity touched his savage heart. In his youth he would have slain the witch-doctor without the slightest compunction; but civilization had had its softening effect upon him even as it does upon the nations and races which it touches, though it had not yet gone far enough with Tarzan to render him either cowardly or effeminate. He saw an old man suffering and dying, and he stooped and felt of his wounds and stanchd the flow of blood.

Original Português

Então Tarzan voltou sua atenção para o homem. Não matara Numa para salvar o negro - fizera-o apenas por vingança contra o leão; mas agora que via o velho deitado impotente e moribundo diante de si, algo semelhante à piedade tocou seu coração selvagem. Em sua juventude, teria matado o feiticeiro sem a menor compunção; mas a civilização exercera sobre ele seu efeito suavizador, como exerce sobre as nações e raças que toca, embora ainda não tivesse avançado o bastante em Tarzan para torná-lo covarde ou efeminado. Viu um velho sofrendo e morrendo, e se inclinou para examinar-lhe os ferimentos e estancar o fluxo de sangue.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Quem é você?" perguntou o velho com voz trêmula.

Original English

"Who are you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice.

Original Português

- Quem é você? - perguntou o velho, com voz trêmula.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Eu sou Tarzan -- Tarzan dos Macacos", respondeu o homem-macaco, e disse isso com mais orgulho do que se tivesse dito: "Sou John Clayton, Lorde Greystoke."

Original English

"I am Tarzan -- Tarzan of the Apes," replied the ape-man and not without a greater touch of pride than he would have said, "I am John Clayton, Lord Greystoke."

Original Português

- Eu sou Tarzan - Tarzan dos Macacos - respondeu o homem-macaco, e não sem um toque de orgulho maior do que teria usado para dizer: - Sou John Clayton, Lorde Greystoke.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O feiticeiro tremeu forte e fechou os olhos. Quando os abriu de novo, já havia aceitado qualquer destino terrível que o demônio da floresta lhe reservasse. "Por que não me mata?" perguntou.

Original English

The witch-doctor shook convulsively and closed his eyes. When he opened them again there was in them a resignation to whatever horrible fate awaited him at the hands of this feared demon of the woods. "Why do you not kill me?" he asked.

Original Português

O feiticeiro estremeceu convulsivamente e fechou os olhos. Quando os abriu de novo, havia neles resignação a qualquer destino horrível que o aguardasse nas mãos daquele temido demônio da floresta. - Por que você não me mata? - perguntou.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Por que eu deveria matá-lo?" perguntou Tarzan. "Você não me fez mal nenhum, e já está morrendo. Numa, o leão, o matou."

Original English

"Why should I kill you?" inquired Tarzan. "You have not harmed me, and anyway you are already dying. Numa, the lion, has killed you."

Original Português

- Por que eu haveria de matá-lo? - perguntou Tarzan. - Você não me fez mal e, de qualquer modo, já está morrendo. Numa, o leão, matou você.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Você não me mataria?" A velha voz soou chocada, incapaz de acreditar.

Original English

"You would not kill me?" Surprise and incredulity were in the tones of the quavering old voice.

Original Português

- Você não me mataria? - Havia surpresa e incredulidade nos tons da velha voz vacilante.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

"Eu o salvaria se pudesse", respondeu Tarzan, "mas não posso. Por que você achou que eu o mataria?"

Original English

"I would save you if I could," replied Tarzan, "but that cannot be done. Why did you think I would kill you?"

Original Português

- Eu o salvaria, se pudesse - respondeu Tarzan - , mas isso não pode ser feito. Por que pensou que eu o mataria?

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Por um momento, o velho não disse nada. Então falou, e ficou claro que precisou se forçar a ter coragem. "Eu o conheci há muito tempo", disse. "Você estava na selva, no território de Mbonga. Eu já era feiticeiro quando você matou Kulonga e os outros, e quando tomou nossas cabanas e nosso pote de veneno. A princípio não me lembrei de você, mas agora me lembro. Você é o macaco de pele branca que vivia com os macacos peludos e tornou a vida terrível na aldeia de Mbonga. Você era o deus da floresta, o Munango-Keewati, para quem deixávamos comida do lado de fora dos nossos portões, e que vinha comê-la. Diga-me antes que eu morra: você é um homem ou um demônio?"

Original English

For a moment the old man was silent. When he spoke it was evidently after some little effort to muster his courage. "I knew you of old," he said, "when you ranged the jungle in the country of Mbonga, the chief. I was already a witch-doctor when you slew Kulonga and the others, and when you robbed our huts and our poison pot. At first I did not remember you; but at last I did -- the white-skinned ape that lived with the hairy apes and made life miserable in the village of Mbonga, the chief -- the forest god -- the Munango-Keewati for whom we set food outside our gates and who came and ate it. Tell me before I die -- are you man or devil?"

Original Português

Por um momento o velho ficou em silêncio. Quando falou, foi evidentemente depois de algum esforço para reunir coragem. - Eu o conheci antigamente - disse ele - , quando você percorria a selva no território de Mbonga, o chefe. Eu já era feiticeiro quando você matou Kulonga e os outros, e quando roubou nossas cabanas e nosso pote de veneno. A princípio não me lembrei de você; mas por fim me lembrei - o macaco de pele branca que vivia com os macacos peludos e tornava miserável a vida na aldeia de Mbonga, o chefe - o deus da floresta - o Munango-Keewati para quem deixávamos comida do lado de fora de nossos portões e que vinha comê-la. Diga-me antes que eu morra: você é homem ou demônio?

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan riu. "Sou um homem", disse.

Original English

Tarzan laughed. "I am a man," he said.

Original Português

Tarzan riu. - Sou um homem - disse.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O velho suspirou e balançou a cabeça. "Você tentou me salvar de Simba", disse. "Por isso, eu o recompensarei. Sou um grande feiticeiro. Escute, homem branco! Vejo dias ruins à sua frente. Está escrito no meu próprio sangue, na palma da minha mão. Um deus maior que você se levantará e o derrubará. Volte, Munango-Keewati! Volte antes que seja tarde demais. O perigo está à sua frente, e o perigo também está atrás de você. Mas o perigo maior está à sua frente. Eu vejo--" Ele parou e tomou um longo fôlego trêmulo. Então caiu num pequeno monte enrugado e morreu. Tarzan se perguntou o que mais ele teria visto.

Original English

The old fellow sighed and shook his head. "You have tried to save me from Simba," he said. "For that I shall reward you. I am a great witch-doctor. Listen to me, white man! I see bad days ahead of you. It is writ in my own blood which I have smeared upon my palm. A god greater even than you will rise up and strike you down. Turn back, Munango-Keewati! Turn back before it is too late. Danger lies ahead of you and danger lurks behind; but greater is the danger before. I see--" He paused and drew a long, gasping breath. Then he crumpled into a little, wrinkled heap and died. Tarzan wondered what else he had seen.

Original Português

O velho suspirou e balançou a cabeça. - Você tentou salvar-me de Simba - disse ele. - Por isso eu o recompensarei. Sou um grande feiticeiro. Escute-me, homem branco! Vejo dias maus à sua frente. Está escrito em meu próprio sangue, que esfreguei na palma da mão. Um deus maior até do que você se erguerá e o derrubará. Volte, Munango-Keewati! Volte antes que seja tarde demais. O perigo está à sua frente e o perigo espreita atrás; mas maior é o perigo adiante. Eu vejo... - Fez uma pausa e tomou um longo fôlego entrecortado. Então se encolheu numa pequena massa enrugada e morreu. Tarzan perguntou-se que mais ele teria visto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Era muito tarde quando o homem-macaco voltou ao cercado e se deitou entre seus guerreiros negros. Ninguém o viu partir, e ninguém o viu voltar. Antes de dormir, pensou no aviso do velho feiticeiro. Pensou nele de novo quando acordou. Mas não voltou atrás, pois não sentia medo. Se soubesse que aquela a quem mais amava no mundo estava em perigo, teria corrido pelas árvores até ela e deixado o ouro de Opar escondido para sempre em seu depósito esquecido.

Original English

It was very late when the ape-man re-entered the boma and lay down among his black warriors. None had seen him go and none saw him return. He thought about the warning of the old witch-doctor before he fell asleep and he thought of it again after he awoke; but he did not turn back for he was unafraid, though had he known what lay in store for one he loved most in all the world he would have flown through the trees to her side and allowed the gold of Opar to remain forever hidden in its forgotten storehouse.

Original Português

Era muito tarde quando o homem-macaco voltou a entrar na boma e se deitou entre seus guerreiros negros. Ninguém o vira sair e ninguém o viu voltar. Pensou no aviso do velho feiticeiro antes de adormecer, e tornou a pensar nele depois que despertou; mas não voltou atrás, pois não tinha medo, embora, se soubesse o que aguardava aquela que mais amava em todo o mundo, teria voado pelas árvores até o lado dela e deixado que o ouro de Opar permanecesse para sempre escondido em seu depósito esquecido.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Naquela manhã, outro homem branco atrás dele pensava em algo que ouvira durante a noite, e quase desistiu, disposto a voltar pela trilha. Era Werper, o assassino. Na escuridão, ele ouvira à frente, distante, um som que o encheu de medo. Nunca ouvira nada parecido antes, e não conseguia acreditar que um grito tão terrível pudesse vir de uma criatura viva. Ouvira o grito de vitória do macho-macaco quando Tarzan o soltou para Goro, a lua. Tremera e escondera o rosto. Agora, à luz do dia, tremia de novo ao se lembrar. Teria voltado atrás por causa do perigo desconhecido que aquele som parecia anunciar, mas temia ainda mais a Achmet Zek, seu senhor.

Original English

Behind him that morning another white man pondered something he had heard during the night and very nearly did he give up his project and turn back upon his trail. It was Werper, the murderer, who in the still of the night had heard far away upon the trail ahead of him a sound that had filled his cowardly soul with terror -- a sound such as he never before had heard in all his life, nor dreamed that such a frightful thing could emanate from the lungs of a God-created creature. He had heard the victory cry of the bull ape as Tarzan had screamed it forth into the face of Goro, the moon, and he had trembled then and hidden his face; and now in the broad light of a new day he trembled again as he recalled it, and would have turned back from the nameless danger the echo of that frightful sound seemed to portend, had he not stood in even greater fear of Achmet Zek, his master.

Original Português

Atrás dele, naquela manhã, outro homem branco meditava sobre algo que ouvira durante a noite, e por muito pouco não abandonou seu projeto e voltou pelo caminho. Era Werper, o assassino, que na quietude da noite ouvira, muito adiante na trilha, um som que enchera de terror sua alma covarde - um som como nunca antes ouvira em toda a vida, nem sonhara que coisa tão pavorosa pudesse emanar dos pulmões de uma criatura criada por Deus. Ouvira o grito de vitória do macaco-touro quando Tarzan o lançara no rosto de Goro, a lua, e então tremera e escondera o rosto; e agora, na plena luz de um novo dia, tremia outra vez ao recordá-lo, e teria recuado diante do perigo sem nome que o eco daquele som terrível parecia pressagiar, se não temesse ainda mais Achmet Zek, seu senhor.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Assim Tarzan dos Macacos continuou rumo às muralhas em ruínas de Opar. Atrás dele, Werper se movia como um chacal, e só Deus sabia o que aconteceria a cada um deles.

Original English

And so Tarzan of the Apes forged steadily ahead toward Opar's ruined ramparts and behind him slunk Werper, jackal-like, and only God knew what lay in store for each.

Original Português

E assim Tarzan dos Macacos avançou firmemente rumo às muralhas arruinadas de Opar, e atrás dele Werper esgueirou-se como um chacal, e só Deus sabia o que estava reservado a cada um.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

À beira do vale vazio, Tarzan parou e olhou para as cúpulas e os minaretes dourados de Opar. Planejava ir sozinho ao cofre do tesouro naquela noite e fazer uma busca cuidadosa, pois queria ser cauteloso naquela jornada.

Original English

At the edge of the desolate valley, overlooking the golden domes and minarets of Opar, Tarzan halted. By night he would go alone to the treasure vault, reconnoitering, for he had determined that caution should mark his every move upon this expedition.

Original Português

À beira do vale desolado, contemplando as cúpulas e minaretes dourados de Opar, Tarzan parou. À noite iria sozinho ao cofre do tesouro para fazer um reconhecimento, pois decidira que a cautela deveria marcar cada movimento seu nessa expedição.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Quando a noite chegou, ele partiu. Werper havia subido as falésias sozinho, atrás do grupo de Tarzan, e se escondera durante o dia entre as rochas no topo da montanha. Agora seguia Tarzan em silêncio. A planície rochosa lhe dava cobertura suficiente enquanto avançava rumo a Opar.

Original English

With the coming of night he set forth, and Werper, who had scaled the cliffs alone behind the ape-man's party, and hidden through the day among the rough boulders of the mountain top, slunk stealthily after him. The boulder-strewn plain between the valley's edge and the mighty granite kopje, outside the city's walls, where lay the entrance to the passage-way leading to the treasure vault, gave the Belgian ample cover as he followed Tarzan toward Opar.

Original Português

Com a chegada da noite, pôs-se a caminho, e Werper, que havia escalado sozinho os penhascos atrás do grupo do homem-macaco e passara o dia escondido entre os blocos ásperos do topo da montanha, esgueirou-se furtivamente atrás dele. A planície juncada de rochedos entre a borda do vale e o poderoso kopje de granito, fora das muralhas da cidade, onde ficava a entrada da passagem que levava ao cofre do tesouro, oferecia ao belga ampla cobertura enquanto ele seguia Tarzan em direção a Opar.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Viu o enorme homem-macaco subir depressa a face do grande rochedo. Werper o seguiu, agarrando-se à pedra com medo. Estava suando e quase tremendo de terror, mas sua ganância o impelia adiante. Por fim alcançou o topo do morro rochoso.

Original English

He saw the giant ape-man swing himself nimbly up the face of the great rock. Werper, clawing fearfully during the perilous ascent, sweating in terror, almost palsied by fear, but spurred on by avarice, following upward, until at last he stood upon the summit of the rocky hill.

Original Português

Viu o gigante homem-macaco içar-se agilmente pela face da grande rocha. Werper, arranhando a pedra com temor durante a perigosa ascensão, suando de terror, quase paralisado pelo medo, mas impelido pela avareza, seguiu para cima, até que por fim ficou de pé no cume da colina rochosa.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan não estava lá. Werper se escondeu atrás de uma pedra menor por um tempo, mas nada ouviu nem viu. Então saiu e vasculhou a área com cuidado. Esperava encontrar o tesouro a tempo de escapar antes que Tarzan voltasse. Queria apenas descobrir onde ficava o ouro, para que depois ele e seus homens pudessem voltar e levar o máximo que conseguissem carregar.

Original English

Tarzan was nowhere in sight. For a time Werper hid behind one of the lesser boulders that were scattered over the top of the hill, but, seeing or hearing nothing of the Englishman, he crept from his place of concealment to undertake a systematic search of his surroundings, in the hope that he might discover the location of the treasure in ample time to make his escape before Tarzan returned, for it was the Belgian's desire merely to locate the gold, that, after Tarzan had departed, he might come in safety with his followers and carry away as much as he could transport.

Original Português

Tarzan não estava à vista. Por algum tempo Werper escondeu-se atrás de um dos rochedos menores espalhados pelo topo da colina; mas, nada vendo nem ouvindo do inglês, saiu rastejando de seu esconderijo para empreender uma busca sistemática dos arredores, na esperança de descobrir a localização do tesouro com tempo bastante para fugir antes que Tarzan voltasse, pois o desejo do belga era apenas localizar o ouro para que, depois da partida de Tarzan, pudesse vir em segurança com seus seguidores e carregar tanto quanto conseguisse transportar.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Encontrou uma fenda estreita que descia até o morro rochoso, por degraus de granito desgastados. Foi quase até a abertura escura do túnel, mas ali parou. Tinha medo de entrar, pois podia encontrar Tarzan voltando.

Original English

He found the narrow cleft leading downward into the heart of the kopje along well-worn, granite steps. He advanced quite to the dark mouth of the tunnel into which the runway disappeared; but here he halted, fearing to enter, lest he meet Tarzan returning.

Original Português

Encontrou a fenda estreita que descia para o coração do kopje por degraus de granito muito gastos. Avançou até a escura boca do túnel no qual a passagem desaparecia; mas ali parou, temendo entrar e encontrar Tarzan de volta.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Bem à frente, o homem-macaco seguia pela passagem rochosa até chegar à velha porta de madeira. Logo estava dentro da sala do tesouro, onde mãos antigas haviam certa vez organizado longas fileiras de valiosas barras de ouro para os governantes de uma grande terra que hoje jaz sob o Oceano Atlântico.

Original English

The ape-man, far ahead of him, groped his way along the rocky passage, until he came to the ancient wooden door. A moment later he stood within the treasure chamber, where, ages since, long-dead hands had ranged the lofty rows of precious ingots for the rulers of that great continent which now lies submerged beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

Original Português

O homem-macaco, muito à frente dele, tateou pelo corredor rochoso até chegar à antiga porta de madeira. Um momento depois estava dentro da câmara do tesouro, onde, eras atrás, mãos há muito mortas haviam disposto as altas fileiras de preciosos lingotes para os governantes daquele grande continente que agora jaz submerso sob as águas do Atlântico.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O cofre subterrâneo estava em completo silêncio. Não havia sinal de que alguém houvesse encontrado aquela riqueza perdida desde a última vez que Tarzan estivera ali.

Original English

No sound broke the stillness of the subterranean vault. There was no evidence that another had discovered the forgotten wealth since last the ape-man had visited its hiding place.

Original Português

Nenhum som quebrava a quietude da abóbada subterrânea. Não havia indício de que alguém tivesse descoberto a riqueza esquecida desde a última vez em que o homem-macaco visitara seu esconderijo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan ficou satisfeito, então se virou e voltou em direção ao topo do morro rochoso. Escondido atrás de uma pedra de granito saliente, Werper o observou subir as escadas e caminhar até a borda do morro. Aquela borda dava para o vale, onde os Waziri esperavam o sinal de seu senhor. Então Werper saiu de seu esconderijo, entrou na abertura escura e desapareceu.

Original English

Satisfied, Tarzan turned and retraced his steps toward the summit of the kopje. Werper, from the concealment of a jutting, granite shoulder, watched him pass up from the shadows of the stairway and advance toward the edge of the hill which faced the rim of the valley where the Waziri awaited the signal of their master. Then Werper, slipping stealthily from his hiding place, dropped into the somber darkness of the entrance and disappeared.

Original Português

Satisfeito, Tarzan virou-se e refez seus passos em direção ao cume do kopje. Werper, oculto atrás de uma saliência de granito, observou-o passar para cima, saindo das sombras da escadaria, e avançar para a borda da colina voltada para o rebordo do vale, onde os Waziri aguardavam o sinal de seu senhor. Então Werper, deslizando furtivamente de seu esconderijo, mergulhou na sombria escuridão da entrada e desapareceu.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan parou na borda do morro rochoso e soltou um forte rugido de leão. Chamou mais duas vezes em intervalos regulares, depois ficou parado, em silêncio, por vários minutos após o eco do terceiro rugido se apagar. Logo um rugido fraco de resposta veio de longe, do outro lado do vale, uma, duas e três vezes. Basuli, o líder Waziri, o ouvira e respondera.

Original English

Tarzan, halting upon the kopje's edge, raised his voice in the thunderous roar of a lion. Twice, at regular intervals, he repeated the call, standing in attentive silence for several minutes after the echoes of the third call had died away. And then, from far across the valley, faintly, came an answering roar -- once, twice, thrice. Basuli, the Waziri chieftain, had heard and replied.

Original Português

Tarzan, detendo-se à beira do kopje, ergueu a voz no rugido trovejante de um leão. Duas vezes, a intervalos regulares, repetiu o chamado, permanecendo em silêncio atento por vários minutos depois que os ecos do terceiro chamado morreram. E então, de muito longe, do outro lado do vale, veio tênue um rugido em resposta - uma vez, duas vezes, três. Basuli, o chefe Waziri, ouvira e respondera.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan voltou em direção ao cofre do tesouro, sabendo que em poucas horas seus homens chegariam para ajudá-lo a levar outra fortuna das estranhas barras de ouro de Opar. Por enquanto, levaria ao topo do morro o máximo que conseguisse daquele metal valioso.

Original English

Tarzan again made his way toward the treasure vault, knowing that in a few hours his blacks would be with him, ready to bear away another fortune in the strangely shaped, golden ingots of Opar. In the meantime he would carry as much of the precious metal to the summit of the kopje as he could.

Original Português

Tarzan voltou a dirigir-se ao cofre do tesouro, sabendo que em poucas horas seus negros estariam com ele, prontos para levar outra fortuna nos lingotes de ouro de forma estranha de Opar. Enquanto isso, carregaria para o cume do kopje tanto metal precioso quanto pudesse.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Fez seis viagens nas cinco horas antes de Basuli alcançar o morro. Até então já havia levado quarenta e oito lingotes até a borda do grande rochedo. Em cada viagem carregava uma carga que teria esgotado dois homens comuns, mas seu corpo gigantesco não mostrava sinal de cansaço. Depois ajudou a içar seus guerreiros negros até o topo do morro com a corda trazida para essa tarefa.

Original English

Six trips he made in the five hours before Basuli reached the kopje, and at the end of that time he had transported forty-eight ingots to the edge of the great boulder, carrying upon each trip a load which might well have staggered two ordinary men, yet his giant frame showed no evidence of fatigue, as he helped to raise his ebon warriors to the hill top with the rope that had been brought for the purpose.

Original Português

Fez seis viagens nas cinco horas antes que Basuli alcançasse o kopje, e ao fim desse tempo havia transportado quarenta e oito lingotes até a borda do grande rochedo, carregando em cada viagem uma carga que poderia ter feito vacilar dois homens comuns; ainda assim, sua estrutura gigantesca não mostrava sinal de fadiga enquanto ajudava a içar seus guerreiros de ébano ao topo da colina com a corda trazida para esse fim.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Seis vezes ele voltara à câmara do tesouro, e seis vezes Werper, o belga, se escondera nas sombras escuras da extremidade mais distante do longo cofre. Então o homem-macaco voltou de novo, dessa vez com cinquenta guerreiros que agora carregavam cargas para ele, pois o amavam e o respeitavam. Mais cinquenta e dois lingotes foram retirados dos cofres, somando cem ao todo, que Tarzan planejava levar consigo.

Original English

Six times he had returned to the treasure chamber, and six times Werper, the Belgian, had cowered in the black shadows at the far end of the long vault. Once again came the ape-man, and this time there came with him fifty fighting men, turning porters for love of the only creature in the world who might command of their fierce and haughty natures such menial service. Fifty-two more ingots passed out of the vaults, making the total of one hundred which Tarzan intended taking away with him.

Original Português

Seis vezes ele retornara à câmara do tesouro, e seis vezes Werper, o belga, se encolhera nas sombras negras no extremo distante da longa abóbada. Mais uma vez veio o homem-macaco, e desta vez vieram com ele cinquenta homens de combate transformados em carregadores por amor à única criatura no mundo que poderia exigir de suas naturezas ferozes e altivas um serviço tão humilde. Mais cinquenta e dois lingotes saíram dos cofres, perfazendo o total de cem que Tarzan pretendia levar consigo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Quando o último Waziri saiu da câmara, Tarzan olhou mais uma vez para o grande tesouro. Suas duas visitas quase não fizeram diferença naquela imensa quantidade. Antes de apagar a única vela que trouxera, lembrou-se de sua primeira vez naquele cofre. Encontrara-o por acaso ao escapar dos poços sob o templo, onde La, a Suma Sacerdotisa dos Adoradores do Sol, o havia escondido.

Original English

As the last of the Waziri filed from the chamber, Tarzan turned back for a last glimpse of the fabulous wealth upon which his two inroads had made no appreciable impression. Before he extinguished the single candle he had brought with him for the purpose, and the flickering light of which had cast the first alleviating rays into the impenetrable darkness of the buried chamber, that it had known for the countless ages since it had lain forgotten of man, Tarzan's mind reverted to that first occasion upon which he had entered the treasure vault, coming upon it by chance as he fled from the pits beneath the temple, where he had been hidden by La, the High Priestess of the Sun Worshipers.

Original Português

Quando o último dos Waziri saiu da câmara, Tarzan voltou-se para lançar um último olhar à riqueza fabulosa sobre a qual suas duas incursões não haviam causado impressão apreciável. Antes de apagar a única vela que trouxera para esse fim, cuja luz vacilante lançara os primeiros raios aliviadores na escuridão impenetrável da câmara enterrada - escuridão que ela conhecera por incontáveis eras desde que jazia esquecida pelos homens - , a mente de Tarzan voltou à primeira ocasião em que entrara no cofre do tesouro, encontrando-o por acaso enquanto fugia dos poços sob o templo, onde fora escondido por La, a Alta Sacerdotisa dos Adoradores do Sol.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Lembrou-se da cena no templo, quando estivera amarrado ao altar sacrificial. La ficara sobre ele com um punhal erguido, e os sacerdotes e sacerdotisas esperavam em excitação selvagem o primeiro sangue de sua vítima. Queriam encher suas taças de ouro e beber à glória de seu Deus Flamejante.

Original English

He recalled the scene within the temple when he had lain stretched upon the sacrificial altar, while La, with high-raised dagger, stood above him, and the rows of priests and priestesses awaited, in the ecstatic hysteria of fanaticism, the first gush of their victim's warm blood, that they might fill their golden goblets and drink to the glory of their Flaming God.

Original Português

Recordou a cena dentro do templo, quando estivera estendido sobre o altar sacrificial, enquanto La, com a adaga erguida, se postava acima dele, e as fileiras de sacerdotes e sacerdotisas aguardavam, na histeria extática do fanatismo, o primeiro jorro do sangue quente da vítima, para que pudessem encher seus cálices de ouro e beber à glória de seu Deus Flamejante.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan também se lembrou do ataque violento de Tha, o sacerdote louco. Os adoradores fugiram com medo de sua terrível sede de sangue. Então Tha atacou La, e Tarzan tomou parte na luta feroz. Combateu o furioso oparense e o deixou morto aos pés da sacerdotisa que ele quisera desonrar.

Original English

The brutal and bloody interruption by Tha, the mad priest, passed vividly before the ape-man's recollective eyes, the flight of the votaries before the insane blood lust of the hideous creature, the brutal attack upon La, and his own part of the grim tragedy when he had battled with the infuriated Oparian and left him dead at the feet of the priestess he would have profaned.

Original Português

A interrupção brutal e sangrenta de Tha, o sacerdote louco, passou vividamente diante dos olhos recordativos do homem-macaco: a fuga dos devotos diante da insana sede de sangue da criatura hedionda, o ataque brutal contra La, e sua própria parte na sombria tragédia, quando lutara com o opariano enfurecido e o deixara morto aos pés da sacerdotisa que ele teria profanado.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Muitas dessas lembranças passaram pela mente de Tarzan enquanto ele olhava para as longas fileiras de metal amarelo-fosco. Perguntou-se se La ainda governava os templos daquela cidade em ruínas ao seu redor. Teria sido forçada a se casar com um de seus estranhos sacerdotes? Isso lhe pareceu um destino horrível para uma mulher tão bela. Balançou a cabeça, aproximou-se da vela bruxuleante, apagou-a e se voltou para a saída.

Original English

This and much more passed through Tarzan's memory as he stood gazing at the long tiers of dull-yellow metal. He wondered if La still ruled the temples of the ruined city whose crumbling walls rose upon the very foundations about him. Had she finally been forced into a union with one of her grotesque priests? It seemed a hideous fate, indeed, for one so beautiful. With a shake of his head, Tarzan stepped to the flickering candle, extinguished its feeble rays and turned toward the exit.

Original Português

Isso e muito mais passou pela memória de Tarzan enquanto ele contemplava as longas fileiras de metal amarelo-fosco. Perguntou-se se La ainda governava os templos da cidade em ruínas cujas muralhas desmoronadas se erguiam sobre as próprias fundações ao seu redor. Teria ela sido enfim forçada a unir-se a um de seus sacerdotes grotescos? Parecia, de fato, um destino horrível para alguém tão bela. Com um meneio de cabeça, Tarzan aproximou-se da vela trêmula, extinguiu seus raios fracos e voltou-se para a saída.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Atrás dele, o espião esperou até que Tarzan tivesse partido. Aprendera o segredo que fora buscar. Agora ele podia voltar, em seu próprio ritmo, para seus homens que esperavam, levá-los até o cofre do tesouro e retirar todo o ouro que pudessem carregar.

Original English

Behind him the spy waited for him to be gone. He had learned the secret for which he had come, and now he could return at his leisure to his waiting followers, bring them to the treasure vault and carry away all the gold that they could stagger under.

Original Português

Atrás dele, o espião esperava que ele se fosse. Aprendera o segredo pelo qual viera, e agora poderia voltar com calma a seus seguidores que o aguardavam, trazê-los ao cofre do tesouro e levar todo o ouro sob cujo peso conseguissem cambalear.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Os Waziri haviam chegado ao fim do túnel e estavam subindo em direção ao ar fresco. Tarzan finalmente parou de pensar e devagar os seguiu.

Original English

The Waziri had reached the outer end of the tunnel, and were winding upward toward the fresh air and the welcome starlight of the kopje's summit, before Tarzan shook off the detaining hand of reverie and started slowly after them.

Original Português

Os Waziri haviam alcançado a extremidade externa do túnel e subiam em direção ao ar fresco e à bem-vinda luz das estrelas no cume do kopje antes que Tarzan afastasse a mão detentora do devaneio e começasse lentamente a segui-los.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Mais uma vez, e pensou que fosse a última, fechou a pesada porta da câmara do tesouro. Na escuridão atrás dele, Werper se levantou e alongou os músculos entorpecidos. Estendeu a mão, tocou um lingote de ouro na pilha mais próxima, ergueu-o de seu longo lugar de repouso e o pesou nas mãos. Depois o apertou contra o peito, num prazer ganancioso.

Original English

Once again, and, he thought, for the last time, he closed the massive door of the treasure room. In the darkness behind him Werper rose and stretched his cramped muscles. He stretched forth a hand and lovingly caressed a golden ingot on the nearest tier. He raised it from its immemorial resting place and weighed it in his hands. He clutched it to his bosom in an ecstasy of avarice.

Original Português

Mais uma vez - e, pensou ele, pela última - fechou a porta maciça da sala do tesouro. Na escuridão atrás dele, Werper ergueu-se e alongou os músculos contraídos. Estendeu a mão e acariciou amorosamente um lingote de ouro na fileira mais próxima. Levantou-o de seu repouso imemorial e pesou-o nas mãos. Apertou-o contra o peito num êxtase de avareza.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan sonhava com um retorno feliz ao lar, com braços amorosos ao redor do pescoço e uma face macia contra a sua. Mas esse sonho foi quebrado pela lembrança do velho feiticeiro e de seu aviso.

Original English

Tarzan dreamed of the happy homecoming which lay before him, of dear arms about his neck, and a soft cheek pressed to his; but there rose to dispel that dream the memory of the old witch-doctor and his warning.

Original Português

Tarzan sonhava com o feliz regresso ao lar que o aguardava, com braços queridos em torno de seu pescoço e uma face macia pressionada contra a sua; mas ergueu-se para dissipar esse sonho a lembrança do velho feiticeiro e de seu aviso.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Em apenas alguns segundos, as esperanças de ambos os homens foram destruídas. Um esqueceu sua ganância porque ficou aterrorizado demais. O outro foi lançado a um total esquecimento do passado quando um pedaço afiado de rocha lhe abriu um profundo ferimento na cabeça.

Original English

And then, in the span of a few brief seconds, the hopes of both these men were shattered. The one forgot even his greed in the panic of terror -- the other was plunged into total forgetfulness of the past by a jagged fragment of rock which gashed a deep cut upon his head.

Original Português

E então, no espaço de poucos segundos, as esperanças de ambos os homens foram destroçadas. Um esqueceu até a própria cobiça no pânico do terror; o outro foi mergulhado no esquecimento total do passado por um fragmento serrilhado de rocha que lhe abriu um corte profundo na cabeça.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

The Altar of the Flaming God

B1 Português (simplified)

Tarzan tinha acabado de se afastar da porta fechada e seguia rumo ao mundo exterior. Então, sem aviso, aconteceu. Num momento tudo estava tranquilo; no seguinte, todo o lugar tremeu. As paredes da passagem estreita racharam e se romperam. Grandes blocos de granito caíram do teto e bloquearam o caminho. As paredes se dobraram para dentro sobre as ruínas. Um pedaço do teto atingiu Tarzan e o lançou contra a porta da câmara do tesouro. Seu peso a empurrou para dentro, e ele caiu no chão, lá dentro.

Original English

It was at the moment that Tarzan turned from the closed door to pursue his way to the outer world. The thing came without warning. One instant all was quiet and stability -- the next, and the world rocked, the tortured sides of the narrow passageway split and crumbled, great blocks of granite, dislodged from the ceiling, tumbled into the narrow way, choking it, and the walls bent inward upon the wreckage. Beneath the blow of a fragment of the roof, Tarzan staggered back against the door to the treasure room, his weight pushed it open and his body rolled inward upon the floor.

Original Português

Foi no momento em que Tarzan se voltou da porta fechada para seguir seu caminho rumo ao mundo exterior. A coisa veio sem aviso. Num instante tudo era quietude e estabilidade; no seguinte, o mundo oscilou, as paredes torturadas da estreita passagem se fenderam e ruíram, grandes blocos de granito, desprendidos do teto, tombaram no caminho estreito, obstruindo-o, e as paredes se curvaram para dentro sobre os destroços. Sob o golpe de um fragmento do teto, Tarzan cambaleou para trás contra a porta da sala do tesouro; seu peso a empurrou, abrindo-a, e seu corpo rolou para dentro, sobre o chão.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O terremoto causou menos dano na grande sala onde o tesouro era guardado. Algumas barras de ouro caíram das pilhas superiores. Um pedaço do teto rochoso se soltou e caiu no chão. As paredes racharam, mas não desabaram.

Original English

In the great apartment where the treasure lay less damage was wrought by the earthquake. A few ingots toppled from the higher tiers, a single piece of the rocky ceiling splintered off and crashed downward to the floor, and the walls cracked, though they did not collapse.

Original Português

No grande aposento onde jazia o tesouro, o terremoto causara menos estrago. Alguns lingotes tombaram das fileiras mais altas, um único pedaço do teto rochoso se desprende e se espatifou no chão, e as paredes racharam, embora não desabassem.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Houve apenas um abalo, e nenhum segundo veio completar a destruição. Werper foi jogado ao chão pela força súbita do tremor. Ao ver que não estava ferido, levantou-se. Apalpando o caminho até o extremo mais distante da sala, procurou a vela que Tarzan havia deixado presa em cera na ponta de uma barra de ouro.

Original English

There was but the single shock, no other followed to complete the damage undertaken by the first. Werper, thrown to his length by the suddenness and violence of the disturbance, staggered to his feet when he found himself unhurt. Groping his way toward the far end of the chamber, he sought the candle which Tarzan had left stuck in its own wax upon the protruding end of an ingot.

Original Português

Houve apenas um único abalo; nenhum outro veio completar a destruição iniciada pelo primeiro. Werper, lançado ao chão pela brusquidão e pela violência da perturbação, pôs-se de pé, cambaleante, ao perceber que não se ferira. Tateando o caminho em direção à extremidade mais distante da câmara, procurou a vela que Tarzan deixara presa na própria cera, sobre a ponta saliente de um lingote.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Ao riscar muitos fósforos, o belga finalmente encontrou o que queria. Um momento depois, a luz fraca afastou a escuridão profunda ao seu redor. Soltou um suspiro trêmulo de alívio, pois a terrível negrura tornara sua situação ainda mais assustadora.

Original English

By striking numerous matches the Belgian at last found what he sought, and when, a moment later, the sickly rays relieved the Stygian darkness about him, he breathed a nervous sigh of relief, for the impenetrable gloom had accentuated the terrors of his situation.

Original Português

Riscando numerosos fósforos, o belga afinal encontrou o que buscava e, quando, um momento depois, os raios doentios aliviaram a escuridão estígia ao seu redor, soltou um suspiro nervoso de alívio, pois a treva impenetrável acentuara os terrores de sua situação.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Ao se acostumar com a luz, o homem olhou para a porta. Agora seu único pensamento era escapar daquele terrível túmulo. Então viu o gigante nu deitado no chão logo dentro da entrada. Werper recuou, temendo ser visto, mas um segundo olhar lhe disse que o inglês estava morto. Um grande ferimento se abriu na cabeça do homem, e o sangue se acumulou no piso de concreto.

Original English

As they became accustomed to the light the man turned his eyes toward the door -- his one thought now was of escape from this frightful tomb -- and as he did so he saw the body of the naked giant lying stretched upon the floor just within the doorway. Werper drew back in sudden fear of detection; but a second glance convinced him that the Englishman was dead. From a great gash in the man's head a pool of blood had collected upon the concrete floor.

Original Português

À medida que seus olhos se acostumavam à luz, o homem voltou-os para a porta - seu único pensamento agora era escapar daquela tumba pavorosa - e, ao fazê-lo, viu o corpo do gigante nu estendido no chão, logo do lado de dentro da entrada. Werper recuou com súbito medo de ser descoberto; mas um segundo olhar convenceu-o de que o inglês estava morto. De um grande talho na cabeça do homem formara-se uma poça de sangue sobre o piso de concreto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

No mesmo instante, o belga saltou sobre o homem caído, aquele que fora seu anfitrião. Sem pensar em ajudá-lo, nem sequer se perguntar se ainda estava vivo, correu rumo à passagem e à segurança.

Original English

Quickly, the Belgian leaped over the prostrate form of his erstwhile host, and without a thought of succor for the man in whom, for aught he knew, life still remained, he bolted for the passageway and safety.

Original Português

Rapidamente, o belga saltou por cima da forma prostrada daquele que fora seu anfitrião e, sem um pensamento de socorro pelo homem em quem, pelo que sabia, a vida ainda podia permanecer, precipitou-se para a passagem e para a segurança.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Mas sua nova esperança logo morreu. Bem fora da entrada, a passagem estava totalmente bloqueada por montes de rocha quebrada. Ele voltou e entrou de novo na câmara do tesouro. Pegou a vela e começou a examinar a sala com cuidado. Logo encontrou outra porta no extremo mais distante. Ela cedeu quando ele empurrou o corpo contra ela. Além dela havia outra passagem estreita. Werper seguiu esse caminho, subindo degraus de pedra até outro corredor cerca de vinte pés acima do primeiro. A vela bruxuleante mostrava-lhe o caminho, e logo ficou grato por aquela luz velha e simples, que antes talvez zombasse. Ela lhe mostrou um poço profundo bem a tempo. O poço parecia acabar com o túnel à sua frente.

Original English

But his renewed hopes were soon dashed. Just beyond the doorway he found the passage completely clogged and choked by impenetrable masses of shattered rock. Once more he turned and re-entered the treasure vault. Taking the candle from its place he commenced a systematic search of the apartment, nor had he gone far before he discovered another door in the opposite end of the room, a door which gave upon creaking hinges to the weight of his body. Beyond the door lay another narrow passageway. Along this Werper made his way, ascending a flight of stone steps to another corridor twenty feet above the level of the first. The flickering candle lighted the way before him, and a moment later he was thankful for the possession of this crude and antiquated luminant, which, a few hours before he might have looked upon with contempt, for it showed him, just in time, a yawning pit, apparently terminating the tunnel he was traversing.

Original Português

Mas suas esperanças renovadas logo se frustraram. Pouco além da porta, encontrou a passagem completamente entupida e bloqueada por massas impenetráveis de rocha despedaçada. Mais uma vez voltou-se e entrou novamente na câmara do tesouro. Tomando a vela do lugar onde estava, iniciou uma busca sistemática pelo aposento, e não foi longe antes de descobrir outra porta na extremidade oposta da sala, uma porta que cedeu em dobradiças rangentes ao peso de seu corpo. Além dela havia outro corredor estreito. Por ele Werper avançou, subindo um lance de degraus de pedra até outro corredor, vinte pés acima do nível do primeiro. A luz vacilante da vela iluminava-lhe o caminho, e um instante depois ele agradeceu possuir aquele luminante tosco e antigo, que poucas horas antes talvez tivesse olhado com desprezo, pois ele lhe mostrou, bem a tempo, um poço escancarado que aparentemente terminava o túnel que

percorria.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

À sua frente havia um poço circular. Ele estendeu a vela sobre ele e olhou para baixo. Bem no fundo, viu a luz refletida na superfície da água. Havia encontrado um poço de água. Ergueu a vela acima da cabeça e olhou através da abertura escura. Do outro lado, podia ver o túnel continuar. Mas como atravessaria o vão?

Original English

Before him was a circular shaft. He held the candle above it and peered downward. Below him, at a great distance, he saw the light reflected back from the surface of a pool of water. He had come upon a well. He raised the candle above his head and peered across the black void, and there upon the opposite side he saw the continuation of the tunnel; but how was he to span the gulf?

Original Português

Diante dele havia um poço circular. Ergueu a vela sobre ele e espiou para baixo. Muito abaixo viu a luz refletida de volta pela superfície de uma poça de água. Encontrara um poço. Ergueu a vela acima da cabeça e olhou através do vazio negro, e ali, do outro lado, viu a continuação do túnel; mas como transpor o abismo?

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Enquanto ficava ali, medindo a distância até o outro lado e se perguntando se conseguiria dar um salto tão longo, um grito agudo de repente lhe alcançou os ouvidos. Foi se apagando lentamente numa série de gemidos tristes. A voz soava meio humana, mas era tão horrível que poderia ter vindo de uma alma perdida sofrendo nas fogueiras do inferno.

Original English

As he stood there measuring the distance to the opposite side and wondering if he dared venture so great a leap, there broke suddenly upon his startled ears a piercing scream which diminished gradually until it ended in a series of dismal moans. The voice seemed partly human, yet so hideous that it might well have emanated from the tortured throat of a lost soul, writhing in the fires of hell.

Original Português

Enquanto permanecia ali medindo a distância até o lado oposto e perguntando-se se ousaria aventurar-se em tão grande salto, irrompeu de súbito em seus ouvidos assustados um grito agudo que foi diminuindo gradualmente até terminar numa série de gemidos lúgubres. A voz parecia em parte humana, mas era tão horrenda que bem poderia ter saído da garganta torturada de uma alma perdida, contorcendo-se nas chamas do inferno.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O belga tremeu de medo e olhou para cima, pois o grito parecia vir de acima dele. Viu uma abertura bem no alto e um pedaço de céu iluminado por estrelas brilhantes.

Original English

The Belgian shuddered and looked fearfully upward, for the scream had seemed to come from above him. As he looked he saw an opening far overhead, and a patch of sky pinked with brilliant stars.

Original Português

O belga estremeceu e olhou para cima, amedrontado, pois o grito parecera vir de cima dele. Ao olhar, viu uma abertura muito acima, e um retalho de céu tingido de rosa por estrelas brilhantes.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Quase chamou por ajuda, mas o grito terrível o deteve. Nenhum ser humano poderia viver de onde vinha aquela voz. Não ousou se mostrar às pessoas lá em cima. Amaldiçoou a si mesmo por ser tolo o bastante para começar aquela missão. Desejou estar de volta ao acampamento de Achmet Zek, e quase se entregaria às autoridades militares do Congo se isso pudesse salvá-lo daquele perigo terrível.

Original English

His half-formed intention to call for help was expunged by the terrifying cry -- where such a voice lived, no human creatures could dwell. He dared not reveal himself to whatever inhabitants dwelt in the place above him. He cursed himself for a fool that he had ever embarked upon such a mission. He wished himself safely back in the camp of Achmet Zek, and would almost have embraced an opportunity to give himself up to the military authorities of the Congo if by so doing he might be rescued from the frightful predicament in which he now was.

Original Português

Sua intenção apenas esboçada de pedir socorro foi apagada pelo grito aterrador - onde vivia uma voz como aquela, criaturas humanas não poderiam habitar. Ele não ousava revelar-se a quaisquer habitantes que morassem no lugar acima dele. Amaldiçoou-se por tolo por ter alguma vez embarcado em tal missão. Desejou estar em segurança de volta ao acampamento de Achmet Zek, e quase teria abraçado uma oportunidade de entregar-se às autoridades militares do Congo se, com isso, pudesse ser resgatado da situação apavorante em que agora se encontrava.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Escutou com medo, mas o grito não voltou. Por fim traçou um plano desesperado e se preparou para saltar sobre o vão. Recuou vinte passos, correu para a frente e, na beirada do poço, saltou em direção ao outro lado.

Original English

He listened fearfully, but the cry was not repeated, and at last spurred to desperate means, he gathered himself for the leap across the chasm. Going back twenty paces, he took a running start, and at the edge of the well, leaped upward and outward in an attempt to gain the opposite side.

Original Português

Escutou, cheio de medo, mas o grito não se repetiu; e por fim, impelido a meios desesperados, preparou-se para o salto através do abismo. Recuando vinte passos, tomou impulso correndo e, à beira do poço, saltou para cima e para fora, na tentativa de alcançar o lado oposto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Segurava uma vela bruxuleante, e quando saltou, o vento da corrida a apagou. Voou pela escuridão, sem luz, esticando as mãos à procura de algo em que se segurar, caso seus pés não alcançassem a borda oculta.

Original English

In his hand he clutched the sputtering candle, and as he took the leap the rush of air extinguished it. In utter darkness he flew through space, clutching outward for a hold should his feet miss the invisible ledge.

Original Português

Na mão, apertava a vela crepitante, e quando saltou, a rajada de ar a apagou. Na mais completa escuridão voou pelo espaço, agarrando o vazio em busca de apoio caso seus pés errassem a saliência invisível.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Seus joelhos bateram na borda da abertura do outro lado do túnel rochoso. Escorregou para trás, agarrou-se desesperadamente, e por fim ficou pendurado, metade dentro e metade fora da abertura, mas salvo. Por vários minutos não se moveu. Fraco e suando, ficou onde estava. Então cuidadosamente se puxou de vez para dentro do túnel e ficou deitado no chão, tentando acalmar os nervos destroçados.

Original English

He struck the edge of the door of the opposite terminus of the rocky tunnel with his knees, slipped backward, clutched desperately for a moment, and at last hung half within and half without the opening; but he was safe. For several minutes he dared not move; but clung, weak and sweating, where he lay. At last, cautiously, he drew himself well within the tunnel, and again he lay at full length upon the floor, fighting to regain control of his shattered nerves.

Original Português

Bateu os joelhos na borda da porta do extremo oposto do túnel rochoso, escorregou para trás, agarrou-se desesperadamente por um instante e afinal ficou pendurado, metade dentro, metade fora da abertura; mas estava salvo. Por vários minutos não ousou mover-se; permaneceu agarrado, fraco e suando, onde jazia. Por fim, cautelosamente, puxou-se bem para dentro do túnel e tornou a deitar-se de comprido no chão, lutando para recuperar o controle de seus nervos despedaçados.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Quando os joelhos bateram na borda do túnel, deixou a vela cair. Logo se pôs de joelhos e mãos e a procurou com afinho, esperando que tivesse caído no chão da passagem e não de volta no poço fundo. A pequena vela de sebo agora lhe parecia mais preciosa do que toda a grande riqueza dos lingotes armazenados de Opar.

Original English

When his knees struck the edge of the tunnel he had dropped the candle. Presently, hoping against hope that it had fallen upon the floor of the passageway, rather than back into the depths of the well, he rose upon all fours and commenced a diligent search for the little tallow cylinder, which now seemed infinitely more precious to him than all the fabulous wealth of the hoarded ingots of Opar.

Original Português

Quando seus joelhos bateram na borda do túnel, ele deixara cair a vela. Logo depois, esperando contra toda esperança que ela tivesse caído no piso da passagem, e não de volta às profundezas do poço, ergueu-se de quatro e começou uma busca diligente pelo pequeno cilindro de sebo, que agora lhe parecia infinitamente mais precioso do que toda a riqueza fabulosa dos lingotes acumulados de Opar.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Quando a encontrou, apertou-a contra si e começou a soluçar de exaustão. Ficou tremendo, deitado, por muitos minutos. Por fim se sentou, tirou um fósforo do bolso e acendeu o pequeno resto de vela que lhe restava. A luz o ajudou a se acalmar, e ele seguiu pelo túnel, procurando uma saída. Ainda assim, o grito horrível vindo de cima continuava a assombrá-lo, de modo que tremia até com o som de seus próprios passos cautelosos.

Original English

And when, at last, he found it, he clasped it to him and sank back sobbing and exhausted. For many minutes he lay trembling and broken; but finally he drew himself to a sitting posture, and taking a match from his pocket, lighted the stump of the candle which remained to him. With the light he found it easier to regain control of his nerves, and presently he was again making his way along the tunnel in search of an avenue of escape. The horrid cry that had come down to him from above through the ancient well-shaft still haunted him, so that he trembled in terror at even the sounds of his own cautious advance.

Original Português

E quando, enfim, a encontrou, apertou-a contra si e deixou-se cair para trás, soluçando e exausto. Por muitos minutos permaneceu ali, trêmulo e abatido; mas finalmente se ergueu até ficar sentado e, tirando um fósforo do bolso, acendeu o toco de vela que lhe restava. Com a luz, achou mais fácil retomar o domínio dos nervos, e logo seguia outra vez pelo túnel em busca de uma via de escape. O grito horrível que descera até ele do alto pelo antigo poço ainda o perseguia, de modo que tremia de terror até com os sons de seu próprio avanço cauteloso.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Havia percorrido apenas uma curta distância quando uma parede de pedra bloqueou completamente o túnel. Ficou chocado. O que poderia significar aquilo? Werper era educado e inteligente, e seu treinamento militar lhe ensinara a pensar com clareza. Um túnel sem saída como aquele não fazia sentido. Devia continuar além da parede. Alguém, no passado, deve tê-lo bloqueado por algum motivo. À luz da vela, examinou as pedras e descobriu que os blocos finos estavam encaixados frouxamente, sem argamassa ou cimento. Puxou um com facilidade, depois outro, até abrir um buraco grande o bastante para se arrastar por ele. Entrou numa câmara ampla e baixa. Outra porta bloqueava o caminho, mas não estava trancada, então também cedeu. À frente havia um longo corredor escuro. Antes de ter ido muito longe, sua vela queimou até chamuscar os dedos. Praguejando, deixou-a cair no chão, onde crepitou e se apagou.

Original English

He had gone forward but a short distance, when, to his chagrin, a wall of masonry barred his farther progress, closing the tunnel completely from top to bottom and from side to side. What could it mean? Werper was an educated and intelligent man. His military training had taught him to use his mind for the purpose for which it was intended. A blind tunnel such as this was senseless. It must continue beyond the wall. Someone, at some time in the past, had had it blocked for an unknown purpose of his own. The man fell to examining the masonry by the light of his candle. To his delight he discovered that the thin blocks of hewn stone of which it was constructed were fitted in loosely without mortar or cement. He tugged upon one of them, and to his joy found that it was easily removable. One after another he pulled out the blocks until he had opened an aperture large enough to admit his body, then he crawled through into a large, low chamber. Across this another door barred his way; but this, too, gave before his efforts, for it was not barred. A long, dark corridor showed before him, but before he had followed it far, his candle burned down until it scorched his fingers. With an oath he dropped it to the floor, where it sputtered for a moment and went out.

Original Português

Avançara apenas uma curta distância quando, para seu desgosto, uma parede de alvenaria barrou-lhe o progresso, fechando o túnel por completo, de alto a baixo e de lado a lado. Que poderia aquilo significar? Werper era um homem instruído e inteligente. Sua formação militar o ensinara a usar a mente para o fim a que ela se destinava. Um túnel cego como aquele não fazia sentido. Devia continuar além da parede. Alguém,

em algum momento do passado, mandara bloqueá-lo por algum propósito desconhecido. O homem pôs-se a examinar a alvenaria à luz da vela. Para seu deleite, descobriu que os finos blocos de pedra lavrada de que era construída estavam ajustados frouxamente, sem argamassa nem cimento. Puxou um deles e, para sua alegria, viu que era facilmente removível. Um após outro, arrancou os blocos até abrir uma abertura grande o bastante para admitir seu corpo; então rastejou por ela e entrou numa câmara ampla e baixa. Do outro lado, outra porta lhe barrava o caminho; mas esta também cedeu a seus esforços, pois não estava trancada. Um corredor longo e escuro surgiu diante dele; mas, antes que o seguisse por muito tempo, a vela queimou até chamuscar-lhe os dedos. Com uma praga, deixou-a cair ao chão, onde ela crepitou por um instante e se apagou.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Agora estava na escuridão total, e o medo o oprimiu de novo. Não conseguia imaginar que perigos o esperavam à frente, mas sabia que não estava mais perto da liberdade. A escuridão pesa muito sobre uma pessoa em lugar estranho, e ela o fez sentir-se sem esperança.

Original English

Now he was in total darkness, and again terror rode heavily astride his neck. What further pitfalls and dangers lay ahead he could not guess; but that he was as far as ever from liberty he was quite willing to believe, so depressing is utter absence of light to one in unfamiliar surroundings.

Original Português

Agora estava em trevas totais, e de novo o terror cavalgava pesadamente sobre seu pescoço. Que outros precipícios e perigos havia adiante, ele não podia adivinhar; mas estava bastante disposto a crer que continuava tão longe da liberdade quanto antes, tão deprimente é a ausência absoluta de luz para alguém em ambiente desconhecido.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Devagar, foi Tateando o caminho, tocando as paredes do túnel com as mãos e testando o chão com os pés antes de cada passo. Não sabia quanto tempo se arrastou assim. Por fim o túnel pareceu infinito, e ele estava cansado do esforço, do medo e da falta de sono. Decidiu se deitar e descansar antes de continuar.

Original English

Slowly he groped his way along, feeling with his hands upon the tunnel's walls, and cautiously with his feet ahead of him upon the floor before he could take a single forward step. How long he crept on thus he could not guess; but at last, feeling that the tunnel's length was interminable, and exhausted by his efforts, by terror, and loss of sleep, he determined to lie down and rest before proceeding farther.

Original Português

Lentamente foi avançando às apalpadelas, Tateando com as mãos as paredes do túnel e experimentando o chão, cauteloso, com os pés adiante, antes de arriscar um único passo à frente. Por quanto tempo se arrastou assim, não saberia dizer; mas por fim, sentindo que o túnel se estendia sem fim, e exausto pelo esforço, pelo terror e pela falta de sono, decidiu deitar-se para descansar antes de prosseguir mais adiante.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Quando acordou, a escuridão ao seu redor não havia mudado. Podia ter dormido por um segundo ou por um dia inteiro, não sabia dizer. Mas sabia que dormira por algum tempo, porque se sentia renovado e com fome.

Original English

When he awoke there was no change in the surrounding blackness. He might have slept a second or a day -- he could not know; but that he had slept for some time was attested by the fact that he felt refreshed and hungry.

Original Português

Quando despertou, não havia mudança na escuridão ao redor. Podia ter dormido um segundo ou um dia - não tinha como saber; mas o fato de ter dormido por algum tempo era atestado por sentir-se revigorado e faminto.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Começou a tatear o caminho de novo. Dessa vez havia percorrido apenas uma curta distância quando chegou a uma sala. A luz entrava por uma abertura no teto, e degraus de concreto desciam dela até o chão.

Original English

Again he commenced his groping advance; but this time he had gone but a short distance when he emerged into a room, which was lighted through an opening in the ceiling, from which a flight of concrete steps led downward to the floor of the chamber.

Original Português

Recomeçou seu avanço às apalpadelas; mas desta vez não fora longe quando emergiu numa sala iluminada por uma abertura no teto, da qual um lance de degraus de concreto descia até o piso da câmara.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Acima dele, através da abertura, Werper conseguia ver a luz do sol sobre grandes colunas envoltas em trepadeiras. Escutou, mas nada ouviu além do vento nas folhas, dos gritos ásperos de pássaros e da conversa dos macacos.

Original English

Above him, through the aperture, Werper could see sunlight glancing from massive columns, which were twined about by clinging vines. He listened; but he heard no sound other than the sighing of the wind through leafy branches, the hoarse cries of birds, and the chattering of monkeys.

Original Português

Acima dele, através da abertura, Werper podia ver a luz do sol faiscando em colunas maciças, enlaçadas por trepadeiras aderentes. Escutou; mas não ouviu som algum além do sussurro do vento entre ramos frondosos, dos gritos roucos de aves e da tagarelice dos macacos.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Subiu os degraus com ousadia e se viu num pátio circular. Um altar de pedra se erguia diante dele, manchado com marcas de um marrom ferruginoso. Naquele momento Werper não pensou nas manchas. Mais tarde, seu terrível significado ficaria claro para ele.

Original English

Boldly he ascended the stairway, to find himself in a circular court. Just before him stood a stone altar, stained with rusty-brown discolorations. At the time Werper gave no thought to an explanation of these stains -- later their origin became all too hideously apparent to him.

Original Português

Com audácia, subiu a escadaria e encontrou-se num pátio circular. Bem diante dele erguia-se um altar de pedra, manchado por descolorações marrom-ferrugem. Naquele momento, Werper não pensou em explicação alguma para aquelas manchas - mais tarde, a origem delas lhe ficaria terrivelmente clara.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Perto do buraco no chão, logo atrás do altar, o belga encontrou várias portas que davam saída ao pátio. Ao redor do pátio havia uma fileira de varandas abertas. Macacos corriam pelo local em ruínas, e pássaros de cores vivas voavam entre as colunas e galerias acima. Mas não havia sinal de qualquer ser humano. Werper sentiu alívio. Suspirou como se um grande peso houvesse sido tirado de si. Deu um passo em direção a uma das saídas, depois parou, tomado de medo e surpresa, pois no mesmo instante uma dúzia de portas se abriu na parede e uma multidão de homens terríveis correu em sua direção.

Original English

Beside the opening in the floor, just behind the altar, through which he had entered the court from the subterranean chamber below, the Belgian discovered several doors leading from the enclosure upon the level of the floor. Above, and circling the courtyard, was a series of open balconies. Monkeys scampered about the deserted ruins, and gaily plumaged birds flitted in and out among the columns and the galleries far above; but no sign of human presence was discernible. Werper felt relieved. He sighed, as though a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He took a step toward one of the exits, and then he halted, wide-eyed in astonishment and terror, for almost at the same instant a dozen doors opened in the courtyard wall and a horde of frightful men rushed in upon him.

Original Português

Ao lado da abertura no piso, logo atrás do altar, por onde entrara no pátio vindo da câmara subterrânea abaixo, o belga descobriu várias portas que davam para fora do recinto, ao nível do chão. Acima, contornando o pátio, corria uma série de balcões abertos. Macacos corroteavam pelas ruínas desertas, e aves de plumagem viçosa esvoaçavam, entrando e saindo, entre as colunas e as galerias lá no alto; mas nenhum sinal de presença humana se deixava perceber. Werper sentiu-se aliviado. Suspirou, como se um grande peso lhe tivesse sido tirado dos ombros. Deu um passo em direção a uma das saídas - e então estacou, os olhos arregalados de espanto e terror, pois quase no mesmo instante uma dezena de portas se abriu na parede do pátio, e uma horda de homens medonhos irrompeu sobre ele.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Eram os sacerdotes do Deus Flamejante de Opar, os mesmos homenzinhos feios que certa vez haviam arrastado Jane Clayton até o altar de sacrifício naquele mesmo lugar. Seus braços longos, suas pernas curtas e tortas, seus olhos maldosos e próximos, e suas testas baixas faziam-nos parecer quase animais. A visão encheu o belga apavorado de terror profundo.

Original English

They were the priests of the Flaming God of Opar -- the same, shaggy, knotted, hideous little men who had dragged Jane Clayton to the sacrificial altar at this very spot years before. Their long arms, their short and crooked legs, their close-set, evil eyes, and their low, receding foreheads gave them a bestial appearance that sent a qualm of paralyzing fright through the shaken nerves of the Belgian.

Original Português

Eram os sacerdotes do Deus Flamejante de Opar - os mesmos homenzinhos hirsutos, nodosos e hediondos que haviam arrastado Jane Clayton ao altar sacrificial, naquele mesmo lugar, anos antes. Seus braços longos, as pernas curtas e tortas, os olhos cruéis e muito próximos entre si, e as testas baixas e fugidias davam-lhes um aspecto bestial, que fez um calafrio de pavor paralisante percorrer os nervos já abalados do belga.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Ele gritou e se virou para correr de volta aos corredores e salas escuras que acabara de deixar, mas os homens terríveis já o esperavam. Bloquearam seu caminho e o capturaram. Ele caiu de joelhos e implorou por sua vida, mas o amarraram e o jogaram no chão do templo interior.

Original English

With a scream he turned to flee back into the lesser terrors of the gloomy corridors and apartments from which he had just emerged, but the frightful men anticipated his intentions. They blocked the way; they seized him, and though he fell, groveling upon his knees before them, begging for his life, they bound him and hurled him to the floor of the inner temple.

Original Português

Com um grito, virou-se para fugir de volta aos terrores menores dos corredores e aposentos sombrios dos quais acabara de emergir; mas os homens pavorosos anteciparam suas intenções: barraram-lhe o caminho, agarraram-no, e, embora caísse de joelhos diante deles, arrastando-se e implorando pela vida, amarraram-no e o atiraram ao chão do templo interior.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Então veio o mesmo horror pelo qual Tarzan e Jane Clayton haviam passado. As sacerdotisas vieram, e La, a Suma Sacerdotisa, veio com elas. Werper foi erguido e colocado sobre o altar. Um suor frio o cobriu enquanto La erguia sobre ele a cruel adaga sacrificial. O cântico da morte soava em seus ouvidos. Seus olhos caíram sobre as taças de ouro, onde os malignos adoradores logo beberiam seu sangue quente.

Original English

The rest was but a repetition of what Tarzan and Jane Clayton had passed through. The priestesses came, and with them La, the High Priestess. Werper was raised and laid across the altar. Cold sweat exuded from his every pore as La raised the cruel, sacrificial knife above him. The death chant fell upon his tortured ears. His staring eyes wandered to the golden goblets from which the hideous votaries would soon quench their inhuman thirst in his own, warm life-blood.

Original Português

O restante foi apenas uma repetição do que Tarzan e Jane Clayton haviam sofrido. Vieram as sacerdotisas, e com elas La, a Alta Sacerdotisa. Werper foi erguido e deitado sobre o altar. Um suor frio brotou-lhe de todos os poros quando La ergueu sobre ele a cruel faca sacrificial. O canto fúnebre caiu-lhe sobre os ouvidos torturados. Seus olhos fixos vagaram até os cálices de ouro nos quais os hediondos devotos em breve saciarão sua sede desumana com o próprio sangue quente de sua vida.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Desejou poder perder a consciência antes que a lâmina descesse. Então veio um rugido terrível, quase em seu ouvido. A Suma Sacerdotisa baixou o punhal. Seus olhos se arregalaram de medo. As sacerdotisas gritaram e correram para as saídas. Os sacerdotes também gritaram de medo e raiva. Werper se contorceu para ver o que os havia assustado. Ao fazê-lo, também foi tomado pelo temor, pois viu um enorme leão parado no centro do templo, e uma vítima já jazia dilacerada sob suas garras.

Original English

He wished that he might be granted the brief respite of unconsciousness before the final plunge of the keen blade -- and then there was a frightful roar that sounded almost in his ears. The High Priestess lowered her dagger. Her eyes went wide in horror. The priestesses, her votaresses, screamed and fled madly toward the exits. The priests roared out their rage and terror according to the temper of their courage. Werper strained his neck about to catch a sight of the cause of their panic, and when, at last he saw it, he too went cold in dread, for what his eyes beheld was the figure of a huge lion standing in the center of the temple, and already a single victim lay mangled beneath his cruel paws.

Original Português

Ele desejou que lhe fosse concedido o breve alívio da inconsciência antes do mergulho final da lâmina afiada - e então houve um rugido terrível que pareceu soar quase junto a seus ouvidos. A Alta Sacerdotisa baixou o punhal. Seus olhos se arregalaram de horror. As sacerdotisas, suas devotas, gritaram e fugiram enlouquecidas rumo às saídas. Os sacerdotes bramiram sua raiva e seu terror, cada qual conforme o temperamento de sua coragem. Werper esticou o pescoço na tentativa de vislumbrar a causa daquele pânico e, quando enfim a viu, também ele gelou de pavor, pois o que seus olhos contemplavam era a figura de um enorme leão erguido no centro do templo, com uma única vítima já estendida, dilacerada, sob suas patas cruéis.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

O senhor da selva rugiu novamente e voltou seus olhos cruéis para o altar. La cambaleou para a frente, vacilou e caiu desmaiada sobre Werper.

Original English

Again the lord of the wilderness roared, turning his baleful gaze upon the altar. La staggered forward, reeled, and fell across Werper in a swoon.

Original Português

De novo o senhor da selva rugiu, voltando o olhar funesto para o altar. La cambaleou para a frente, vacilou e caiu sobre Werper num desmaio.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

The Arab Raid

B1 Português (simplified)

Depois que o primeiro choque do terremoto passou, Basuli e seus guerreiros correram de volta para a passagem. Procuravam Tarzan e mais dois de seus próprios homens, também desaparecidos.

Original English

After their first terror had subsided subsequent to the shock of the earthquake, Basuli and his warriors hastened back into the passageway in search of Tarzan and two of their own number who were also missing.

Original Português

Depois que o primeiro terror deles diminuiu após o choque do terremoto, Basuli e seus guerreiros apressaram-se a voltar para a passagem em busca de Tarzan e de dois de seus próprios homens que haviam ficado presos com ele.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

B1 Português (simplified)

Encontraram o caminho bloqueado por rochas quebradas. Por dois dias trabalharam duro para abrir uma passagem até seus amigos presos. Mas, depois de grande esforço, haviam desimpedido apenas alguns metros da passagem bloqueada e encontraram os restos esmagados de um de seus homens. Então tiveram de aceitar que Tarzan e o segundo Waziri também deviam estar mortos sob a rocha mais adiante, além de qualquer socorro.

Original English

They found the way blocked by jammed and distorted rock. For two days they labored to tear a way through to their imprisoned friends; but when, after Herculean efforts, they had unearthed but a few yards of the choked passage, and discovered the mangled remains of one of their fellows they were forced to the conclusion that Tarzan and the second Waziri also lay dead beneath the rock mass farther in, beyond human aid, and no longer susceptible of it.

Original Português

Encontraram o caminho bloqueado por uma rocha esmagada e retorcida. Durante dois dias labutaram para abrir caminho até os amigos aprisionados; mas quando, após esforços hercúleos, haviam desenterrado apenas poucas jardas da passagem entulhada e descobriram os restos dilacerados de um dos seus, viram-se forçados a concluir que Tarzan e o segundo Waziri também jaziam mortos sob a massa de pedra mais adiante, além do alcance de qualquer socorro humano, e já incapazes de recebê-lo.

[Back to B1](#) [Original English](#)

Glossary: New Words

Priority words from the simplified reading, selected by CEFR level, rarity and editorial usefulness. Each entry shows up to six real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

amount (3 occurrences)

Português: quantidade; montante; valor

Forms in this book: amount, amounts

Uses in this book:

1. There, slaves gave him small amounts of wine and food until he finally woke up. [Back to B1](#)
2. His two visits had made almost no difference to its huge amount. [Back to B1](#)

armed /ɑ:rmɪd/ (4 occurrences)

Português: armado; armou

Simple English: Equipped with weapons for fighting or defense.

Example: *The armed soldiers patrolled the area to ensure safety during the conflict.*

Uses in this book:

1. "For years he has fought us, driven us from the richest part of the country, troubled us, and armed the natives so they can fight us when we come to 'trade.' He is very rich. [Back to B1](#)

Ashamed /ə'ʃeɪmd/ (3 occurrences)

Português: envergonhado; vergonha; humilhado

Simple English: Feeling embarrassed or guilty about personal actions.

Example: *She felt ashamed for forgetting her friend's birthday party.*

Uses in this book:

1. "They were deeply ashamed, and they were coming back when I met them." [Back to B1](#)

bear /bɛər/ (6 occurrences)

Português: urso; suportar; ursinho

Simple English: A large wild animal.

Example: *We saw a bear in the forest.*

Uses in this book:

1. I cannot bear to think of you going back to that terrible city. [Back to B1](#)
2. At last Numa could bear it no longer. [Back to B1](#)

catch /kætf/ (10 occurrences)

Português: pegar; apanhar; pegá

Simple English: To successfully grab a moving object that is thrown.

Example: *He managed to catch the ball just before it hit the ground.*

Forms in this book: catch, catching

Uses in this book:

1. They would catch him, and if they did not kill him, they would take him down the Congo to a military court that would do the same thing in a more proper way. [Back to B1](#)

chief /tʃi:f/ (12 occurrences)

Português: chefe; principal; diretor

Simple English: The most important or highest-ranking person or thing.

Example: *The chief executive will announce the new company strategy tomorrow.*

Forms in this book: chief, chief's

Uses in this book:

1. He also dressed like Achmet, so he looked almost the same as his chief. [Back to B1](#)

closely (10 occurrences)

Português: atentamente; de perto; cuidadosamente

Simple English: in a careful or near way

Example: *Watch the instructions closely.*

Uses in this book:

1. Achmet Zek watched him closely and became more and more pleased. [Back to B1](#)

comfort /'kʌmfərt/ (6 occurrences)

Português: conforto; confortar; consolo

Simple English: To lessen someone's emotional pain by showing kindness.

Example: *I tried to comfort my friend after she lost her beloved pet.*

Forms in this book: comfort, comforted

Uses in this book:

1. With his clear, untaught mind, he saw the weak heart of it: fear, greed, and the wish for comfort and property. [Back to B1](#)

command /kə'mænd/ (5 occurrences)

Português: comando; comandar; ordem

Simple English: A specific instruction for a computer to execute a task.

Example: *You need to enter the right command to run the program successfully.*

Forms in this book: command, commander

Uses in this book:

1. The men under him did not love him much, but the black soldiers of his small command respected and feared him. [Back to B1](#)

crash /kræʃ/ (6 occurrences)

Português: acidente; bater; queda

Simple English: Accident in which a vehicle collides with something.

Example: *The crash caused a major traffic jam on the highway this morning.*

Forms in this book: crash, crashed, crashing

Uses in this book:

1. One piece of the rocky ceiling broke off and crashed to the floor. [Back to B1](#)

creature /'kri:tʃər/ (27 occurrences)

Português: criatura

Simple English: Any living being that can move on its own.

Example: *The forest is full of strange creatures at night.*

Forms in this book: creature, creature's, creatures

Uses in this book:

1. But the strange creature's growls reminded him of dangerous enemies, and that made him hesitate. [Back to B1](#)
2. What kind of creature was this, fighting Simba and holding his own against the great muscles of the king of beasts? [Back to B1](#)
3. He had never heard anything like it before, and he could not believe such a terrible cry could come from a living creature. [Back to B1](#)

deeply /'di:pli/ (5 occurrences)

Português: profundamente

Simple English: Expressing strong intensity of emotion or concern.

Example: *She was deeply moved by the stories of the survivors.*

Uses in this book:

1. "They were deeply ashamed, and they were coming back when I met them."
[Back to B1](#)

defeat /dɪ'fi:t/ (5 occurrences)

Português: derrota; derrotar; vencer

Simple English: To win against someone in a war, game, or contest.

Example: *Our team managed to defeat the rivals in the championship match last week.*

Forms in this book: defeat, defeated

Uses in this book:

1. Then he saw the forest god or demon stand up from the defeated enemy, place one foot on the still moving body, lift his face to the moon, and give a terrible cry that made the witch-doctor feel cold all through his body. [Back to B1](#)

deliberate /dɪ'libərət/ (1 occurrence)

Português: deliberada; proposital; intencional

Simple English: Done intentionally; carefully planned or considered.

Example: *He made a deliberate choice to study abroad for a year.*

Uses in this book:

1. He took the captain's natural quietness as a deliberate insult for his past failures. [Back to B1](#)

deserve /dɪ'zɜːrv/ (2 occurrences)

Português: merece

Simple English: To merit a specific treatment due to actions or behavior.

Example: *She worked hard and truly deserves the promotion she received.*

Uses in this book:

1. At first, he was thankful that he was sent to a lonely Congo post instead of being tried by court-martial, which he deserved. [Back to B1](#)

desperate /'dɛspərət/ (4 occurrences)

Português: desesperado

Simple English: Being in a dangerous situation and acting without care.

Example: *In a desperate attempt, he jumped into the water to save her.*

Uses in this book:

1. At last he made a desperate plan and prepared to jump across the gap. [Back to B1](#)

dishonest /dɪs'ɒnɪst/ (1 occurrence)

Português: desonesto

Simple English: Not truthful or trustworthy, often engaging in immoral behavior.

Example: *Being dishonest can damage trust in personal relationships significantly.*

Uses in this book:

1. "But it seems hard to believe they failed for such a huge sum, unless there was some dishonest trick." [Back to B1](#)

Dozen /'dʌzən/ (8 occurrences)

Português: dúzia; dezenas; doze

Simple English: A group of twelve items or units together.

Example: *I bought a dozen eggs for the cake I am baking.*

Uses in this book:

1. He took a step toward one exit, then stopped in fear and surprise, because at the same moment a dozen doors opened in the wall and a crowd of terrible men rushed at him. [Back to B1](#)

drag /dræg/ (14 occurrences)

Português: arrastar; arrasto; desloque

Simple English: To move digital items on a screen by holding the mouse button.

Example: *You can drag the icon to the desktop for easier access.*

Forms in this book: dragged, dragging

Uses in this book:

1. They were the priests of the Flaming God of Opar, the same ugly little men who had once dragged Jane Clayton to the sacrifice altar in this very place.

[Back to B1](#)

educated /'ɛdʒu,keɪtɪd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: educado; instruídos; culta

Simple English: Having received a good or formal education.

Example: *She is very educated and knows a lot about history.*

Uses in this book:

1. Werper was educated and intelligent, and his military training had taught him to think clearly. [Back to B1](#)

estate (2 occurrences)

Português: propriedade; patrimônio; bens

Simple English: land, property, or all possessions of a person

Example: *The family sold the estate.*

Uses in this book:

1. Two weeks later, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was riding back from checking his large African estate. [Back to B1](#)

evil /'i:vəl/ (9 occurrences)

Português: mal; maligno; maldade

Simple English: Cruel and taking pleasure in causing harm to others.

Example: *In the story, the evil character plotted to destroy the village.*

Uses in this book:

1. Their long arms, short crooked legs, close-set evil eyes, and low foreheads made them look almost like animals. [Back to B1](#)
2. His eyes fell on the golden cups, where the evil worshippers would soon drink his warm blood. [Back to B1](#)

excuse /ɪk'skju:s/ (3 occurrences)

Português: desculpa; Desculpe; perdoe

Simple English: To forgive someone for an error or offense.

Example: *Please excuse my mistake; I didn't mean to offend anyone.*

Forms in this book: excuse, excuses

Uses in this book:

1. He looked around, as if searching for some real excuse for his crime, but he could see only the body of the man he had shot for no reason. [Back to B1](#)
2. Civilization was only a thin cover for him, and he was glad to take off his uncomfortable European clothes whenever he had a good excuse. [Back to B1](#)

Failure /'feɪljər/ (2 occurrences)

Português: falha; fracasso; insuficiência

Simple English: Absence of success or unsuccessful result of effort.

Example: *The project was considered a failure due to poor planning and execution.*

Forms in this book: failure, failures

Uses in this book:

1. He took the captain's natural quietness as a deliberate insult for his past failures. [Back to B1](#)

firm /fɜ:rm/ (3 occurrences)

Português: firme; empresa; escritório

Simple English: A company or business, often owned by two or more partners.

Example: *He works at a law firm that specializes in family law.*

Forms in this book: firm, firmly

Uses in this book:

1. "But there must be some other way," the woman said firmly. [Back to B1](#)

former /'fɔ:rmə/ (5 occurrences)

Português: antigo; ex; anterior

Simple English: Referring to the first of two mentioned people or things.

Example: *The former president gave a speech at the ceremony yesterday.*

Uses in this book:

1. For months, the former Belgian rode with the savage raider. [Back to B1](#)

fortune /'fɔ:rtʃən/ (5 occurrences)

Português: fortuna; sorte; fonseca

Simple English: Very large sum of money or valuable assets.

Example: *She inherited a fortune from her grandparents and became very wealthy.*

Uses in this book:

1. "There is no easier way to get another fortune than to go to the treasure vaults of Opar and bring it away," he replied. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tarzan went back toward the treasure vault, knowing that in a few hours his men would come to help carry away another fortune in Opar's strange golden bars. [Back to B1](#)

fully /'fʊli/ (7 occurrences)

Português: totalmente; plenamente; inteiramente

Simple English: To the greatest possible extent or degree.

Example: *Please make sure to fully complete the application form before submitting.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was decided that Frecoult and his group would stay for several days, or until they were fully rested. [Back to B1](#)
2. Just outside the doorway, the passage was fully blocked by piles of broken rock. [Back to B1](#)
3. Then he carefully pulled himself fully into the tunnel and lay flat on the floor, trying to calm his shattered nerves. [Back to B1](#)

grab /græb/ (16 occurrences)

Português: agarrar; pegue; pegar

Simple English: To take someone or something suddenly or violently.

Example: *She decided to grab her bag and leave quickly.*

Forms in this book: grab, grabbed, grabbing

Uses in this book:

1. He grabbed the long mane with his right hand, bit into Numa's neck, and wrapped his strong legs around the beast's body. [Back to B1](#)
2. Werper followed, grabbing at the stone in fear. [Back to B1](#)
3. He slipped back, grabbed wildly, and at last hung half inside and half outside the opening, but he was safe. [Back to B1](#)

harm /hɑ:rm/ (11 occurrences)

Português: prejudicar; dano; mal

Simple English: To physically hurt or damage someone or something.

Example: *The storm could harm crops and cause flooding in low areas.*

Forms in this book: harm, harmed, harms

Uses in this book:

1. "I can take care of myself quite well, and if I could not, the Waziri who go with me will make sure nothing harms me." [Back to B1](#)
2. "You have not harmed me, and you are already dying. [Back to B1](#)

hearing /'hiəriŋ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: audiência; ouvir; escutando

Simple English: Ability to perceive sounds or voices through ears.

Example: *His hearing is so sharp that he can hear whispers.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lady Greystoke was speaking when Werper came within hearing. [Back to B1](#)

hell /hɛl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: inferno; diabolos; droga

Simple English: The location where sinners face eternal punishment according to Christianity.

Example: *Some believe that hell is a place of unimaginable pain and suffering.*

Uses in this book:

1. The voice sounded partly human, but it was so horrible that it might have come from a lost soul suffering in the fires of hell. [Back to B1](#)

hesitate /'hezɪteɪt/ (5 occurrences)

Português: hesitar; duvidar

Simple English: To pause before acting due to uncertainty or nervousness.

Example: *She always hesitates before making an important decision about her career.*

Forms in this book: hesitate, hesitated, hesitating

Uses in this book:

1. "You are hesitating," the Arab said softly. [Back to B1](#)
2. Even the strong ape-man hesitated to show his true wants before them, because hypocrisy is hard to escape. [Back to B1](#)
3. But the strange creature's growls reminded him of dangerous enemies, and that made him hesitate. [Back to B1](#)

ideal (1 occurrence)

Português: ideal; perfeito; adequado

Simple English: perfect or most suitable

Example: *This room is ideal for studying.*

Uses in this book:

1. "Show me the rich coward," he often said, "who ever began a beautiful ideal.

[Back to B1](#)

inner /'ɪnər/ (4 occurrences)

Português: interior; íntimo

Simple English: Situated inside of something else; internal or central.

Example: *She found peace in her inner thoughts during her quiet meditation practice.*

Uses in this book:

1. He fell to his knees and begged for his life, but they tied him up and threw him onto the floor of the inner temple. [Back to B1](#)

junior /'dʒuːniər/ (1 occurrence)

Português: Junior; Jr; calouro

Simple English: Lower in age, rank, or position.

Example: *He is a junior member of the team.*

Uses in this book:

1. The captain looked surprised and turned toward his junior officer. [Back to B1](#)

literature /'lɪtərətʃər/ (1 occurrence)

Português: literatura; bibliografia

Simple English: Writings or books produced on a specific subject or topic.

Example: *The literature on psychology is vast and continuously evolving today.*

Uses in this book:

1. He did not agree that art, music, and literature were made strong by these weak ideas. [Back to B1](#)

load /loud/ (10 occurrences)

Português: carga; carregar; carregamento

Simple English: To fill a space with items in an efficient way.

Example: *They need to load the boxes onto the truck for delivery today.*

Forms in this book: load, loaded, loads

Uses in this book:

1. On each trip he carried a load that would have worn out two ordinary men, but his giant body showed no tiredness. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then the ape-man returned again, this time with fifty fighting men who were now carrying loads for him because they loved and respected him. [Back to B1](#)
3. He sighed as if a heavy load had been lifted from him. [Back to B1](#)

Master /'mæstər/ (25 occurrences)

Português: mestre; dominar; patrão

Simple English: Highly skilled person in an art, often historically recognized.

Example: *Vincent van Gogh is considered a master of post-impressionist painting.*

Forms in this book: master, master's, masters

Uses in this book:

1. With his arm raised, he was ready to cry out like a bull ape, but he stayed silent so he would not wake his faithful Waziri, who knew their master's terrible call very well. [Back to B1](#)
2. He would have turned back from the unknown danger the sound seemed to warn of, but he was even more afraid of Achmet Zek, his master. [Back to B1](#)
3. That edge faced the valley, where the Waziri waited for their master's signal. [Back to B1](#)

military /'mɪlɪˌtəri/ (5 occurrences)

Português: militar; exército; armadas

Simple English: Armed forces of a nation responsible for defense and war.

Example: *The military protects our country from external threats every day.*

Uses in this book:

1. They would catch him, and if they did not kill him, they would take him down the Congo to a military court that would do the same thing in a more proper

way. [Back to B1](#)

2. If he did, the idea was worth thinking about, because fighting men were never too many, especially white men with a European officer's military training and knowledge. [Back to B1](#)

3. He removed anything that showed it had been made for military use. [Back to B1](#)

4. He wished he were back in Achmet Zek's camp, and he would almost have given himself to the Congo military authorities if that could save him from this awful danger. [Back to B1](#)

5. Werper was educated and intelligent, and his military training had taught him to think clearly. [Back to B1](#)

mission /'mɪʃən/ (1 occurrence)

Português: missão

Simple English: A specific operation carried out in outer space.

Example: *The mission aims to gather data about Jupiter's atmosphere and moons.*

Uses in this book:

1. He cursed himself for being a fool to begin such a mission. [Back to B1](#)

mixed /mɪkst/ (10 occurrences)

Português: misto; misturado; mixado

Simple English: Consisting of different types combined together.

Example: *The salad was a mixed variety, containing both leafy greens and colorful vegetables.*

Uses in this book:

1. From a mixed group of stolen goods, Achmet Zek got a pith helmet and a European saddle. [Back to B1](#)

2. The cries and coughs of the big cats, mixed with the many sounds of the jungle, stirred the savage spirit in this savage English lord. [Back to B1](#)

mount /maʊnt/ (5 occurrences)

Português: montagem; montar; monte

Simple English: To increase gradually over time, especially intensity or frequency.

Example: *The tension began to mount as the deadline approached quickly.*

Forms in this book: mount, mounted

Uses in this book:

1. His sharp eyes caught sunlight shining on the white helmet of a mounted man. [Back to B1](#)

nerve /nɜːrv/ (3 occurrences)

Português: nervo; coragem; descaramento

Simple English: Long thread-like structure transmitting messages between brain, body.

Example: *The nerve sends signals from the hand to the brain quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then he carefully pulled himself fully into the tunnel and lay flat on the floor, trying to calm his shattered nerves. [Back to B1](#)

otherwise /'ʌðərwaɪz/ (3 occurrences)

Português: caso contrário; senão; contrariamente

Simple English: If not, then a different result would occur.

Example: *You must hurry; otherwise, you'll miss the train.*

Uses in this book:

1. Achmet's men wanted to kill their old enemy with a spear, but Achmet decided otherwise. [Back to B1](#)

pace /peɪs/ (5 occurrences)

Português: ritmo; passo; palma

Simple English: The speed at which someone moves or runs.

Example: *She maintained a steady pace during the long marathon run.*

Forms in this book: pace, paced, paces

Uses in this book:

1. Now he could return at his own pace to his waiting men, bring them to the treasure vault, and take away all the gold they could carry. [Back to B1](#)
2. He went back twenty paces, ran forward, and at the edge of the well leaped up and out, trying to reach the other side. [Back to B1](#)

partly /'pɑ:rtli/ (7 occurrences)

Português: parcialmente

Simple English: To some degree; not completely or wholly.

Example: *The event was partly successful, but improvements are needed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tarzan stayed partly civilized because a woman loved him, but he had grown tired of civilization. [Back to B1](#)
2. The voice sounded partly human, but it was so horrible that it might have come from a lost soul suffering in the fires of hell. [Back to B1](#)

passage /'pæsidʒ/ (12 occurrences)

Português: passagem; trecho

Simple English: A narrow corridor giving access to rooms or areas.

Example: *The passage led us to the library at the end of the hall.*

Forms in this book: passage, passages

Uses in this book:

1. Far ahead of him, the ape-man made his way through the rocky passage until he reached the old wooden door. [Back to B1](#)
2. The sides of the narrow passage split and broke apart. [Back to B1](#)
3. Without thinking about helping him, or even wondering if he was still alive, he rushed toward the passage and safety. [Back to B1](#)
4. Just outside the doorway, the passage was fully blocked by piles of broken rock. [Back to B1](#)
5. Beyond it was another narrow passage. [Back to B1](#)
6. Soon he got down on hands and knees and searched hard for it, hoping it had fallen on the passage floor and not back into the deep well. [Back to B1](#)

picture (6 occurrences)

Português: foto; imagem; retrato

Forms in this book: picture, pictures

Uses in this book:

1. It was like a faded picture from long ago: a slim white youth swinging through the trees with a band of huge apes. [Back to B1](#)

preparation (1 occurrence)

Português: preparação; planejamento; treino

Simple English: the act of getting ready

Example: *Preparation for the exam took weeks.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Belgian spent two days making his preparations, but at last he left with his safari and one Waziri guide whom Lord Greystoke had lent him. [Back to B1](#)

price /praɪs/ (5 occurrences)

Português: preço

Simple English: The amount of money something costs.

Example: *The price is too high.*

Uses in this book:

1. If we cannot get ransom money from this Tarzan, she would bring a very high price farther north." [Back to B1](#)

protection /prəˈtɛkʃən/ (6 occurrences)

Português: proteção; defesa

Simple English: The act of keeping people or things safe from harm.

Example: *Wearing a helmet is essential for your protection while cycling.*

Uses in this book:

1. Driven by these strong but unclear feelings, the ape-man stayed awake one night in the small thorn boma that gave his group some protection from the great jungle cats. [Back to B1](#)

rank /ræŋk/ (3 occurrences)

Português: rank; classificação; classificar

Simple English: The level or position someone holds in the armed forces.

Example: *His rank increased after he demonstrated exceptional leadership in battle.*

Forms in this book: rank, ranks

Uses in this book:

1. Werper did not try to talk or use his rank. [Back to B1](#)
2. All signs of human rank fell away from him. [Back to B1](#)

recover /rɪ'kʌvər/ (7 occurrences)

Português: recuperar

Simple English: To regain full health after illness, injury, or surgery.

Example: *She hopes to recover quickly after her surgery next week.*

Forms in this book: recover, recovered

Uses in this book:

1. The group made only one short march when Werper pretended to be ill and said he would stay where he was until he recovered. [Back to B1](#)

regret /rɪ'grɛt/ (4 occurrences)

Português: arrepender; arrependimento; me arrependo

Simple English: To feel sorrow or longing for something lost or missed.

Example: *I regret not studying harder for my exams last year.*

Uses in this book:

1. As a young man, he would have killed the witch-doctor without any regret. [Back to B1](#)

relief /rɪ'li:f/ (6 occurrences)

Português: alívio; relevo; socorro

Simple English: Comfort after something upsetting or worrying finishes or improves.

Example: *The relief I felt when the exam was over was incredible.*

Uses in this book:

1. A look of relief came over the raider's face. [Back to B1](#)
2. He breathed a shaky sigh of relief, because the terrible blackness had made his situation feel even worse. [Back to B1](#)

represent /ˌrɛprɪˈzɛnt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: representam; constituem

Simple English: To stand for or symbolize something else abstractly or visually.

Example: *In the event, she will represent our team as the leader.*

Uses in this book:

1. As time passed, his anger focused on the man who represented the power that had exiled him: his captain and direct superior. [Back to B1](#)

reward (8 occurrences)

Português: recompensa; prêmio; benefício

Simple English: something given for good work or behaviour

Example: *The child received a reward for helping.*

Uses in this book:

1. What reward do you expect for your work, except your life?" [Back to B1](#)
2. "I was only thinking about our chances of success," Werper lied, "and about my reward. [Back to B1](#)
3. But then something happened that gave him new hope and made him think of an even bigger reward than a woman's ransom. [Back to B1](#)
4. "For that, I will reward you. [Back to B1](#)

satisfied /ˈsætɪsfaɪd/ (6 occurrences)

Português: satisfeito; satisfez; atendidas

Simple English: Content or pleased with a result, outcome, or situation.

Example: *After finishing the project, I felt satisfied with my hard work.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tarzan was satisfied, so he turned and went back toward the top of the kopje. [Back to B1](#)

sense /sens/ (11 occurrences)

Português: sentido; senso; sensação

Simple English: Natural ability to perceive touch, sight, taste, smell.

Example: *My sense of smell helps me enjoy food more.*

Forms in this book: sense, sensed, senses

Uses in this book:

1. He followed the trail into the wind with a sense of smell far beyond that of ordinary people. [Back to B1](#)
2. A dead-end tunnel like this made no sense. [Back to B1](#)

shadow /'ʃædɔʊ/ (11 occurrences)

Português: sombra; sombrear

Simple English: Dark shape made when an object blocks light.

Example: *The tree cast a long shadow on the ground during the sunset.*

Forms in this book: shadow, shadows

Uses in this book:

1. He understood that something important was happening, so he quietly got up, stayed in the shadows of the bushes around the bungalow, and moved silently to a place under the window of the room where his host and hostess slept. [Back to B1](#)
2. Numa moved beside it, and Tarzan went above him through the trees like a shadow. [Back to B1](#)
3. Six times he had gone back to the treasure chamber, and six times Werper, the Belgian, had hidden in the dark shadows at the far end of the long vault. [Back to B1](#)

Shock /ʃɑ:k/ (11 occurrences)

Português: choque; chocar; chocante

Simple English: To greatly surprise or upset someone unexpectedly.

Example: *The sudden news of the accident shocked everyone in the room.*

Forms in this book: shock, shocking

Uses in this book:

1. There was only one shock, and no second one came to finish the destruction. [Back to B1](#)

2. After the first shock of the earthquake had passed, Basuli and his warriors hurried back into the passageway. [Back to B1](#)

shocked /ʃɒkt/ (9 occurrences)

Português: chocado; chocados; choc

Simple English: Very surprised or upset from something unexpected.

Example: *I was shocked to hear about the sudden cancellation of the event.*

Uses in this book:

1. "You would not kill me?" The old voice sounded shocked and unable to believe it. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was shocked. [Back to B1](#)

silk /sɪlk/ (5 occurrences)

Português: seda; sedas

Simple English: Smooth soft fabric made from silkworm threads.

Example: *Her silk blouse had a luxurious feel and a beautiful shine under the light.*

Forms in this book: silk, silks

Uses in this book:

1. Now let us sit together and plan how best to do it." The two men sat on a soft rug under the faded silks of Achmet's once rich tent and talked in low voices far into the night. [Back to B1](#)

soul /soʊl/ (4 occurrences)

Português: alma

Simple English: The spiritual essence of a person, considered immortal in many beliefs.

Example: *She believes that her grandmother's soul is always watching over her.*

Forms in this book: soul, souls

Uses in this book:

1. The voice sounded partly human, but it was so horrible that it might have come from a lost soul suffering in the fires of hell. [Back to B1](#)

split /splIt/ (4 occurrences)

Português: dividir; divisão; rachar

Simple English: To divide into parts or separate sections or groups.

Example: *We need to split the group into smaller teams for the project.*

Uses in this book:

1. The sides of the narrow passage split and broke apart. [Back to B1](#)

Stable /'steɪbəl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: estável; estábulo; estabilidade

Simple English: Farm building designed to house horses or livestock.

Example: *The horses live in a stable near the big red barn.*

Uses in this book:

1. "I always feared the company might not be stable," she said. [Back to B1](#)

stiff /stɪf/ (6 occurrences)

Português: rígida; dura; duro

Simple English: Not flexible; difficult to bend or change shape.

Example: *After the long flight, my neck felt stiff and uncomfortable.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the darkness behind him, Werper stood up and stretched his stiff muscles.
[Back to B1](#)

stretch /stretʃ/ (8 occurrences)

Português: esticar; estiramento; trecho

Simple English: To extend body or body parts to full length.

Example: *Before running, it is important to stretch your muscles properly.*

Forms in this book: stretch, stretched, stretching

Uses in this book:

1. In the darkness behind him, Werper stood up and stretched his stiff muscles.
[Back to B1](#)

strike /straɪk/ (9 occurrences)

Português: Strike; greve; golpear

Simple English: To stop working to protest conditions at work.

Example: *Workers may strike if their pay is too low and unfair.*

Forms in this book: strike, striking

Uses in this book:

1. A god greater than you will rise and strike you down. [Back to B1](#)
2. By striking many matches, the Belgian finally found what he wanted. [Back to B1](#)

struggle /'strʌgl/ (12 occurrences)

Português: luta; lutar; esforço

Simple English: A great effort to fight back or break free.

Example: *He had to struggle against the strong current to swim back to the shore.*

Forms in this book: struggle, struggled

Uses in this book:

1. In war, in the struggle to survive, in hunger, danger, and death, and in the sight of God shown through Nature's greatest powers, the best things in the human heart and mind are born." [Back to B1](#)
2. Then Tha attacked La, and Tarzan took part in the fierce struggle. [Back to B1](#)

subject /səb'dʒekt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: assunto; sujeito; objecto

Simple English: The topic being discussed or studied.

Example: *History is my favorite subject.*

Uses in this book:

1. The final sound of his voice told Lady Greystoke that more argument would not help, so she gave up the subject. [Back to B1](#)

suspect /sə'spekt/ (3 occurrences)

Português: suspeito; suspeitar; desconfiar

Simple English: To think someone may have committed a crime.

Example: *I suspect he took the money when nobody was looking.*

Forms in this book: suspect, suspected

Uses in this book:

1. "That is what I suspect," Tarzan replied. [Back to B1](#)

swear /swɛər/ (1 occurrence)

Português: juro; jurar; juram

Simple English: To assert strongly that something is true or binding.

Example: *I swear I saw her at the concert last night without a doubt.*

Uses in this book:

1. Swearing, he dropped it on the floor, where it sputtered and went out. [Back to B1](#)

track /træk/ (5 occurrences)

Português: faixa; pista; trilha

Simple English: Path or course used by vehicles or trains.

Example: *The train travels on the track through the mountains.*

Forms in this book: track, tracks

Uses in this book:

1. Even the strong smells of meat-eating animals could not hide Bara's track from him. [Back to B1](#)

trip /trip/ (8 occurrences)

Português: viagem; desengate; tropeçar

Simple English: A journey.

Example: *We took a trip to Rome.*

Forms in this book: trip, tripped, trips

Uses in this book:

1. To Tarzan of the Apes, the journey felt like a holiday trip. [Back to B1](#)

2. He made six trips in the five hours before Basuli reached the kopje. [Back to B1](#)
3. On each trip he carried a load that would have worn out two ordinary men, but his giant body showed no tiredness. [Back to B1](#)

Trouble /'trʌbəl/ (21 occurrences)

Português: problemas; apuros; sarilhos

Simple English: Situation causing difficulty or distress.

Example: *She was in trouble after forgetting to do her homework again.*

Forms in this book: trouble, troubled, troubles, troubling

Uses in this book:

1. "For years he has fought us, driven us from the richest part of the country, troubled us, and armed the natives so they can fight us when we come to 'trade.' He is very rich. [Back to B1](#)
2. As a French gentleman with no work, Werper had little trouble fooling his host and making himself liked by both Tarzan and Jane Clayton. [Back to B1](#)

trust /trʌst/ (16 occurrences)

Português: confiar; confiança; fideicomisso

Simple English: To believe someone is honest or reliable.

Example: *I trust her completely.*

Forms in this book: trust, trusted, trusting

Uses in this book:

1. In time, he trusted him more, and Werper was given more freedom to act on his own. [Back to B1](#)
2. Achmet Zek trusted the Belgian a great deal, and at last he shared a special plan with him. [Back to B1](#)
3. After the guide left, the Belgian called one of Achmet Zek's trusted blacks to his tent and sent him to watch for Tarzan's departure. [Back to B1](#)

uncomfortable /ʌnˈkʌmfərtəbl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: desconfortável; incômodo; constrangido

Simple English: Feeling uneasy, embarrassed, or anxious about a situation.

Example: *He felt uncomfortable speaking in front of the large audience.*

Uses in this book:

1. Civilization was only a thin cover for him, and he was glad to take off his uncomfortable European clothes whenever he had a good excuse. [Back to B1](#)

unconscious /ʌnˈkɒnjəs/ (7 occurrences)

Português: inconsciente; desmaiado; subconsciente

Simple English: Unresponsive and unaware of surroundings, usually from an injury.

Example: *He was unconscious after the fall and required immediate medical attention.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the end, total exhaustion made him unconscious. [Back to B1](#)

unknown (2 occurrences)

Português: desconhecido

Uses in this book:

1. He would have turned back from the unknown danger the sound seemed to warn of, but he was even more afraid of Achmet Zek, his master. [Back to B1](#)

upper /ˈʌpər/ (3 occurrences)

Português: superior; alta; alto

Simple English: Located above something else of the same type.

Example: *The upper floor of the building has the best view of the city.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then he climbed higher into the thinner, moving branches of the upper level, where the moon shone on him and small winds moved the air, but death waited in every weak branch. [Back to B1](#)
2. A few gold bars fell from the upper stacks. [Back to B1](#)

victory /'vɪktəri/ (7 occurrences)

Português: vitória; triunfo

Simple English: Success achieved in war, competition, or other contest.

Example: *The victory in the final race brought joy to the entire team.*

Uses in this book:

1. As Tarzan rose on the dead body to cry his victory to the moon, the wind brought him a smell that stopped him at once. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had heard the victory cry of the bull ape when Tarzan shouted it at Goro, the moon. [Back to B1](#)

violence /'vaɪələns/ (1 occurrence)

Português: violência

Simple English: Intentional harm or intimidation against others.

Example: *Violence in movies can desensitize viewers to real-life harm and suffering.*

Uses in this book:

1. He fought with wild energy and cruel violence, equal to the other outlaws. [Back to B1](#)

wealth (7 occurrences)

Português: riqueza; fortuna; bens

Simple English: a large amount of money or valuable things

Example: *The family gained wealth through trade.*

Uses in this book:

1. There was no sign that anyone had found the lost wealth since Tarzan last came there. [Back to B1](#)
2. The little tallow candle now seemed more precious to him than all the great wealth of the stored ingots of Opar. [Back to B1](#)

wise /waɪz/ (7 occurrences)

Português: sábio; sensato; prudente

Simple English: Having deep knowledge and experience; capable of giving good advice.

Example: *My grandfather is wise; he gives the best advice based on his experience.*

Forms in this book: wise, wisely, wiser

Uses in this book:

1. Tarzan watched every move, and that was wise. [Back to B1](#)

wrap /ræp/ (6 occurrences)

Português: envoltório; embrulhar; enrole

Simple English: To cover an object in paper, fabric, or material.

Example: *I will wrap the gift carefully before the party starts.*

Uses in this book:

1. He grabbed the long mane with his right hand, bit into Numa's neck, and wrapped his strong legs around the beast's body. [Back to B1](#)
2. Above him, through the opening, Werper could see sunlight on great columns wrapped in vines. [Back to B1](#)