

# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**



MicMac

## 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**

**Edgar Rice Burroughs**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

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# Introdução

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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.

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Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, 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 e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

## Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

### **Como usar o glossário**

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

### **Sobre este livro**

Neste quinto romance da série Tarzan de Edgar Rice Burroughs, o homem-macaco retorna à cidade perdida de Opar, uma antiga colônia da Atlântida, para reabastecer as reservas de ouro de sua propriedade africana. A história começa com Tarzan viajando para Opar, onde encontra a alta sacerdotisa La, dividida entre seu amor por ele e seu dever de sacrificá-lo ao Deus Flamejante. Enquanto isso, em sua casa na selva, uma banda de saqueadores árabes liderada pelo vilão Achmet Zek ataca o bangalô de Tarzan, sequestrando sua esposa Jane e seu amigo Mugambi. Tarzan, após sobreviver a uma armadilha de La, escapa de Opar com um saco de joias, mas sofre um golpe na cabeça que causa amnésia. Vagando pela selva como um homem selvagem, ele perde a memória e sua identidade civilizada. A narrativa alterna entre a existência primitiva de Tarzan e o sofrimento de Jane e Mugambi, levados ao forte dos saqueadores. Uma subtrama envolve o ganancioso belga Albert Werper, que conspira com Achmet Zek para roubar as joias. O tom é aventureiro e dramático, mesclando ação na selva com tensão

romântica. O cenário muda da opulenta e perigosa cidade de Opar para a densa selva africana e o acampamento dos saqueadores. O conflito central gira em torno da luta de Tarzan para recuperar a memória e resgatar seus entes queridos, enquanto as joias de Opar servem como catalisador para ganância e traição.

### **Nota editorial**

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## Belgian and Arab

**Pt/En** Lieutenant Albert Werper was lucky to avoid being fired from the army because of his family name, even though he had done something bad. At first, he was happy to be sent to a remote post in the Congo instead of being punished by a military court, which he deserved. However, after six months of boring, lonely, and isolated life, he started to feel differently. He often felt sorry for himself and began to hate the people who sent him there, even the ones he had first been thankful to for saving him from shame.

**Pt/En** He missed his fun life in Brussels and felt angry about the sins that made him leave that city. As time passed, he started to blame his captain, who was his boss in the Congo, for his exile.

**Pt/En** The captain was a quiet man who did not inspire affection in his subordinates. However, the black soldiers under his command respected and feared him.

**Pt/En** Werper often sat for hours looking angrily at his captain. They would sit on the porch of their shared living quarters, smoking cigarettes in silence. The lieutenant's hatred grew so strong it became like a sickness. He thought the captain's quietness was a way to insult him because of his past mistakes. He believed his captain looked down on him, and he became very angry inside. One evening, his anger turned into a desire to kill. He touched the gun at his side, his eyes narrowed, and his eyebrows came together. Finally, he spoke.

**Pt/En** He shouted that he had been insulted for the last time. He jumped up and said he was an officer and a gentleman and would not accept this treatment anymore. He called his captain a pig and demanded an explanation.

**Pt/En** The captain looked surprised and turned to his junior officer. He had seen men before who seemed to have 'jungle madness'. This was a madness caused by being alone, thinking too much, and maybe having a fever.

**Pt/En** The captain stood up and reached out to put his hand on the other man's shoulder. He wanted to say some calm advice, but he did not get the chance. Werper thought the captain was trying to attack him.

Werper had his gun ready. As the captain took one step, Werper shot him. The captain fell down without a sound. As he fell, Werper suddenly understood what he had done and how others would see his action.

**Pt/En** Werper heard soldiers shouting nearby and running towards him. He knew they would catch him. If they did not kill him, they would take him to a military court where he would be punished just as surely.

**Pt/En** Werper did not want to die. He wanted to live more than ever, even though he had just lost his right to live. The soldiers were getting closer. He wondered what to do. He looked around for a good reason for his crime, but he only saw the body of the man he had shot for no good reason.

**Pt/En** In fear, Werper ran away from the soldiers. He ran across the yard, still holding his gun. A guard at the gates stopped him. Werper did not stop to talk or use his authority. He just shot the innocent guard. A moment later, Werper ran through the gates and disappeared into the dark jungle. Before he left, he took the rifle and ammunition from the dead guard.

**Pt/En** Werper ran deep into the wild forest all night. He heard lions sometimes and stopped to listen, but he kept going with his rifle ready. He was more afraid of the people hunting him from behind than the dangerous animals in front.

**Pt/En** Daylight came, but the man continued to walk. He was so scared of being caught that he forgot he was hungry or tired. He only wanted to escape. He did not stop to rest or eat until he felt safe. He kept walking until he fell down and could not get up. He was too exhausted to know how long he had been running or that he had reached his limit.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek, an Arab, found him in this state. Achmet's men wanted to kill their enemy immediately. But Achmet decided to question the Belgian man first. He thought it would be better to ask questions before killing him.

**Pt/En** So, they took Lieutenant Albert Werper to Achmet's tent. Slaves gave him small amounts of wine and food until he woke up. When he opened his eyes, he saw unfamiliar dark-skinned men around him. Outside the tent, he saw an Arab. He did not see any of his own soldiers.

**Pt/En** The Arab looked at Werper, who was now awake. Then, the Arab entered the tent.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek announced who he was. He asked the other person who they were, what they were doing in his country, and where their soldiers were.

**Pt/En** Werper was shocked to hear the name Achmet Zek. He realized he was caught by a very dangerous criminal who hated Europeans, especially Belgians. The Belgian army had fought Achmet Zek and his men for a long time, but without success. Neither side ever asked for or gave mercy.

**Pt/En** However, Werper saw a small chance for himself in Achmet Zek's hatred for Belgians. Werper was also an outlaw. He decided to use this common ground to his advantage.

**Pt/En** Werper replied that he had been looking for Achmet Zek. He said his own people had turned against him and wanted to kill him. Werper explained that he knew Achmet Zek would protect him because they both hated the same enemies. He offered to join Achmet Zek, saying he was a trained soldier who could fight.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek looked at Werper silently. He thought that Werper was probably lying. But if Werper was telling the truth, his offer was worth considering. Achmet Zek knew that good fighters, especially trained European officers, were hard to find.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek scowled, and Werper felt his heart sink. However, Werper did not know Achmet Zek well. Achmet Zek often scowled when others might smile, and smiled when others might scowl.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek told Werper that he would kill him if he lied. Achmet Zek asked Werper what he expected to receive for his services, other than his life.

**Pt/En** Werper replied that he first wanted only to be kept safe. He said that later, if he proved to be more valuable, they could agree on other terms. Werper's main goal at that moment was to stay alive. So, they made an agreement, and Lieutenant Albert Werper joined the group of Achmet Zek, who was known for ivory and slave trading.

**Pt/En** For many months, the runaway Belgian soldier rode with the wild raider. He fought with great energy and cruelty, just like the other dangerous men in the group. Achmet Zek watched his new man closely. He was increasingly pleased and began to trust Werper more, giving him more freedom to act on his own.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek shared many of his plans with the Belgian. Finally, he told Werper about a special plan he had wanted to carry out for a long time but had never had the chance. Achmet Zek believed that with the help of a European, the plan could be easily done. He then tested Werper's thoughts on it.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked if the listener had heard of a man called Tarzan.

**Pt/En** Werper nodded and said that he had heard of Tarzan, but he did not know him.

**Pt/En** The Arab continued that because of Tarzan, they could not trade safely or make much money. He explained that Tarzan had fought them for years, making them leave rich areas and helping the local people fight back. The Arab thought that if they could find a way to make Tarzan pay them gold, they would get revenge and also get back money they had lost because Tarzan protected the natives.

**Pt/En** Werper took out a cigarette from a decorated case and lit it.

**Pt/En** Werper asked if the Arab had a plan to make Tarzan pay.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek said that Tarzan had a wife who was said to be very beautiful. He suggested that they could sell her for a lot of money if it was too hard to get ransom from Tarzan.

**Pt/En** Werper thought about it. He did not want to sell a white woman into slavery. He looked at Achmet Zek and saw that the Arab knew he did not like the plan. Werper knew his life was in danger if he refused, because Achmet Zek did not value the life of a non-believer highly. Werper loved his own life. He thought that the woman was a stranger to him, and if he did not help Achmet Zek, the Arab would have him killed.

**Pt/En** The Arab quietly said that Werper seemed unsure.

**Pt/En** Werper lied and said he was only thinking about how successful the plan would be and what his payment would be. He told Achmet Zek

that because he was European, he could get close to the woman and her family, and that Achmet Zek had no one else who could do that. He said the risk would be high and that he should be paid well.

**Pt/En** The man who was raiding felt relieved and smiled.

**Pt/En** Achmet Zek told Werper that he spoke well and would be paid. They sat together in Achmet's tent and spoke quietly for a long time, planning how to do something. Both men were tall with beards. Werper dressed like Achmet, so he looked like an Arab too. Werper went to his own tent late at night.

**Pt/En** The next day, Werper cleaned his Belgian uniform to hide its military origin. Achmet Zek found a pith helmet and a European saddle from his collection of stolen goods. He also gathered porters, soldiers, and tent workers from his slaves and followers to create a small group for a big game hunter. Werper then led this group away from the camp.

## On the Road To Opar

**Pt/En** Two weeks later, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was riding back from checking his large African land. He saw the start of a group of men crossing the flat land between his house and the forest.

**Pt/En** He stopped his horse and watched the small group as it came out from behind a low hill. His sharp eyes saw the sun shining on the white helmet of a man on a horse. He thought a lost European hunter was coming to visit him. So, he turned his horse and rode slowly to meet the new person.

**Pt/En** About thirty minutes later, he was walking up the steps to the porch of his house. He introduced M. Jules Frecoult to Lady Greystoke.

**Pt/En** M. Frecoult explained that he was completely lost. His main guide had never been in that area before, and the other guides knew even less about the land. The guides had left them two days earlier. He felt very lucky to have found help by chance. He said he did not know what he would have done if he had not found them.

**Pt/En** It was decided that Frecoult and his group would stay for several days until they were rested. Then, Lord Greystoke would give them guides to lead them back safely to a place Frecoult's main guide knew well.

**Pt/En** Werper pretended to be a French gentleman who had a lot of free time. This made it easy for him to trick his host and become friends with Tarzan and Jane Clayton. However, the longer he stayed, the less sure he was that he could easily achieve his goals.

**Pt/En** Lady Greystoke never rode far from their house alone. Also, the strong loyalty of the fierce Waziri warriors, who were part of Tarzan's group, made it seem impossible to kidnap her by force or to bribe the Waziri.

**Pt/En** A week passed, and Werper felt he was no closer to finishing his plan than when he arrived. But at that exact moment, something happened that gave him new hope. It also made him think about getting an even bigger reward than just money for a woman.

**Pt/En** A messenger brought the mail, and Lord Greystoke spent the afternoon in his study reading and replying to letters. He seemed worried during dinner. Later, he went to his room, and Lady Greystoke followed him soon after. Werper heard them talking seriously from the veranda. He understood that something important was happening. He quietly got up and hid in the shadows of the plants near the bungalow. He moved silently to a spot under the window of the room where Lord and Lady Greystoke were sleeping.

**Pt/En** Werper listened at the window and heard Lady Greystoke speaking. Her words made him very excited.

**Pt/En** Lady Greystoke said she had always worried about the company's financial situation. She found it hard to believe they failed with such a large amount of money, unless someone had acted dishonestly.

**Pt/En** Tarzan replied that he suspected dishonesty was the cause. He stated that he had lost everything. He explained that his only option was to go back to Opar to get more money.

**Pt/En** Lady Greystoke cried out, calling him John. Werper could hear her voice shaking. She asked if there was any other way. She said she could not imagine him going back to that terrible city. She would prefer to live in poverty forever rather than have him face the dangerous and frightening journey to Opar.

**Pt/En** Tarzan laughed and told Jane she did not need to be afraid. He said he could take care of himself. He also explained that the Waziri warriors who would go with him would make sure he was safe.

**Pt/En** Jane reminded Tarzan that the Waziri had run away from Opar once and left him alone.

**Pt/En** Tarzan answered that they would not run away again. He said they were very ashamed and were coming back when he met them.

**Pt/En** The woman insisted that there must be another way.

**Pt/En** He replied that there was no easier way to get another fortune than to go to Opar's treasure vaults and take it. He told Jane he would be very careful, and the people of Opar would probably not know he had been there again to take more treasure, as they did not know about it or its value.

**Pt/En** Lady Greystoke understood from his serious tone that she could not argue more. So, she stopped talking about it.

**Pt/En** Werper stayed and listened for a little while. He felt sure he had heard everything he needed to know. He was also afraid someone would find him. So, he went back to the veranda. There, he smoked many cigarettes quickly before going to bed.

**Pt/En** The next morning at breakfast, Werper said he wanted to leave early. He asked Tarzan for permission to hunt big animals in the Waziri country on his way. Lord Greystoke easily gave him permission.

**Pt/En** The Belgian took two days to get ready. Then he left with his group, and a single Waziri guide that Lord Greystoke had lent him. The group only marched a short distance before Werper pretended to be sick. He said he would stay there until he felt better. Since they had only gone a short way from the Greystoke house, Werper sent the Waziri guide away. He told the guide he would call for him when he was ready to continue. After the Waziri left, Werper called one of Achmet Zek's trusted men. He sent this man to watch for Tarzan's departure. He told the man to return immediately to tell Werper which way Tarzan went.

**Pt/En** The Belgian did not wait long. The next day, his messenger returned. He brought news that Tarzan and fifty Waziri warriors had left early that morning, going towards the southeast.

**Pt/En** Werper wrote a long letter to Achmet Zek. Then, he called his head man and gave him the letter.

**Pt/En** Werper told his head man to send a runner immediately to Achmet Zek with the letter. He also said to stay in the camp and wait for more instructions from Achmet Zek or himself. If anyone came from the Englishman's bungalow, they should be told that Werper was very ill and could not see anyone. Finally, Werper asked for six strong porters and six brave soldiers so he could follow the Englishman and find where his gold was hidden.

**Pt/En** Tarzan, wearing only a loin cloth and carrying his favorite weapons, led his loyal Waziri towards the old city of Opar. At the same time, Werper, the renegade, followed Tarzan's path during the day and camped near him at night.

**Pt/En** As they traveled, Achmet Zek rode south towards the Greystoke farm with all his followers.

**Pt/En** For Tarzan, the trip was like a holiday. He did not like the rules of civilization and took off his European clothes whenever he could. He stayed close to civilization only because of a woman's love. Tarzan felt that civilization was not good because it was based on greed for peace, comfort, and protecting property. He believed that art, music, and literature had survived despite civilization, not because of it.

**Pt/En** He often said that great and beautiful ideas come from difficult situations, like fighting, survival, hunger, death, and danger. He believed that facing nature's powerful forces brings out the best qualities in people.

**Pt/En** Tarzan felt like he was returning to nature after being away for a long time. His Waziri *helpers* were more civilized than him. They cooked food and *avoided* certain things Tarzan ate. Because of this, Tarzan sometimes ate cooked meat instead of raw, and he hunted with weapons instead of using his teeth. But he strongly desired to hunt and eat fresh meat like he did when he was a *child*, feeling the call of the wild.

# The Call of the Jungle

**Pt/En** One night, Tarzan felt strong, wild feelings. He lay awake in his small protective shelter. A guard watched the fire because dangerous animals were nearby. The sounds of big cats and other jungle animals made his wild feelings stronger. He could not sleep. After an hour, he quietly got up. While the Waziri were not looking, he climbed over the wall, swung into a large tree, and disappeared into the jungle.

**Pt/En** At first, Tarzan moved quickly and happily through the trees, swinging between them. Then, he climbed higher to the top branches where the moon was bright and a gentle breeze blew. He stopped there. He wanted to make the sound of a great ape, but he stayed quiet so he would not wake his Waziri, who knew this sound well.

**Pt/En** After that, Tarzan moved more slowly and carefully because he was hunting. He climbed down to the dark jungle floor. He smelled the ground and found a large animal path. He then smelled the fresh tracks of a deer. Tarzan's mouth watered, and he made a low sound. He was no longer like a civilized person; he was a wild hunter. He followed the deer's scent, using his amazing senses to track it through the smells of other animals. He could still smell the deer's scent clearly.

**Pt/En** Tarzan smelled a deer nearby and climbed into the trees to watch. He found the deer, named Bara, at the edge of a clearing. Tarzan quietly moved above the deer. He held his father's hunting knife and felt like a hunter. He jumped onto Bara's back. The deer fell down, and Tarzan quickly killed it with his knife. As Tarzan stood over the dead deer to shout, the wind brought a new smell. It was Numa, the lion. Numa walked into the clearing and looked at Tarzan and the deer. Numa was also hungry because he had not caught any food that night.

**Pt/En** Tarzan made a warning sound. Numa answered but did not come closer. Numa waved his tail slowly. Tarzan sat on his kill and cut off a large piece of meat. Numa watched with anger as Tarzan ate and made his warning sounds. Numa had never met Tarzan before and was confused. Tarzan looked and smelled like a man, and Numa knew that humans were easy to catch, even if they did not taste the best. But Tarzan's growls sounded like a strong enemy, which made Numa hesitate. Numa was very hungry and wanted the meat. Tarzan watched

Numa carefully. Suddenly, Numa's tail stood up straight. Tarzan knew this meant Numa would attack. Tarzan grabbed the rest of the deer's meat in his mouth and jumped into a tree. Numa charged at him very fast.

Pt/En Tarzan escaped into the trees, but he was not afraid. In the jungle, things are different. If Tarzan had been very hungry, he might have fought the lion. He had fought lions before. But tonight, he was not hungry and had more meat than he could eat. Tarzan was angry that Numa was eating his kill. He decided to punish the lion. Tarzan swung to a nearby tree with large, hard fruits. He began throwing the fruits at Numa. Numa roared loudly. Tarzan threw the fruits as fast as he could. Numa could not eat because of the fruits hitting him. He could only roar, growl, and try to dodge. Numa was forced to leave the deer's body. He walked away, roaring angrily. Then, Numa stopped in the middle of the clearing. Tarzan saw Numa lower his head, crouch down, and his tail move. Numa was moving slowly and carefully toward the trees on the other side.

Pt/En Tarzan became alert. He smelled the air. He wondered what had made Numa leave so quietly. As Numa disappeared, Tarzan smelled something else on the wind: the strong scent of a man. Tarzan hid the rest of the deer meat in a tree. He wiped his hands and followed Numa. A wide path led into the forest. Numa walked near the path, and Tarzan moved through the trees above him. Both Tarzan and Numa saw their target at almost the same time. They knew it was a black man. They could smell that it was a stranger, an old male. Tarzan's nose told him it was an old man, who was wrinkled, thin, and had many scars. He wore strange clothes, a hyena skin on his shoulders, and a dried head on his own head. Tarzan knew this was a witch-doctor. He waited for Numa to attack, feeling happy because he did not like witch-doctors. But just as Numa attacked, Tarzan remembered that Numa had stolen his kill earlier, and he thought revenge would be satisfying.

Pt/En The black man first knew he was in danger when he heard branches breaking. Numa charged out of the bushes onto the path, only twenty yards away. The man turned and saw the lion running toward him. Numa grabbed him. At the same moment, Tarzan dropped from a branch onto the lion's back. He stabbed Numa with his knife behind the shoulder. Tarzan grabbed the lion's mane with one hand, bit Numa's neck, and wrapped his legs around the lion's body. Numa roared in pain and anger.

He stood up and fell backward onto Tarzan. But Tarzan held on tightly and stabbed Numa again and again with his knife. Numa rolled over and over, trying to reach Tarzan with his claws and teeth. Tarzan was hit and bruised, covered in Numa's blood and dirt from the ground. He did not stop fighting fiercely. If he had let go, the lion would have hurt him badly. The witch-doctor lay nearby, hurt and bleeding. He watched the fight between the two jungle lords. He mumbled strange words to his demons.

**Pt/En** At first, the old man was sure the strange white man would be killed by the strong lion, Simba. But then, he began to have doubts. He saw the man fighting the lion and holding his own. Suddenly, the old man remembered something from long ago. He remembered seeing a young, white person swinging through the trees with a group of large apes. This memory made him very afraid, as if he believed in ghosts or spirits.

**Pt/En** The witch-doctor now believed the jungle god would win the fight against Simba. He was more scared of the winner than he had been of the lion. He watched the lion get weaker from losing blood. He saw the lion's legs shake and then fall. The jungle god stood over the dead lion, put a foot on its body, and cried out loudly towards the moon. This sound made the witch-doctor feel very cold with fear.

# Prophecy and Fulfillment

**Pt/En** Tarzan then looked at the old man. He had killed the lion, Numa, not to save the man, but because he was angry with the lion. But now, seeing the old man hurt and dying, Tarzan felt a little pity. When he was younger, he would have killed the witch-doctor without thinking. However, living with people had made him a little softer, though he was still strong. He saw the old man suffering, so he bent down, checked his wounds, and stopped the bleeding.

**Pt/En** The old man asked in a voice that shook, who Tarzan was.

**Pt/En** The ape-man answered that he was Tarzan, Tarzan of the Apes. He said this with more pride than if he had said he was John Clayton, Lord Greystoke.

**Pt/En** The witch-doctor shook and closed his eyes. When he opened them, he seemed ready for any bad thing that might happen to him from the feared forest demon. He asked why Tarzan did not kill him.

**Pt/En** Tarzan asked why he should kill the witch-doctor. He explained that the witch-doctor had not harmed him, and was already dying because the lion, Numa, had killed him.

**Pt/En** The old man sounded surprised and did not believe Tarzan. He asked again if Tarzan would not kill him.

**Pt/En** Tarzan replied that he would save the witch-doctor if he could, but it was not possible. He asked why the witch-doctor thought he would kill him.

**Pt/En** The old man was quiet for a moment. He gathered his courage and said he knew Tarzan from long ago. He remembered Tarzan when he lived in the jungle near Mbonga, the chief. The witch-doctor was already a witch-doctor when Tarzan killed Kulonga and others, and stole from their huts and poison pot. He finally remembered Tarzan as the white-skinned ape who lived with other apes and made life difficult for Mbonga's village. He called Tarzan the forest god, the Munango-Keewati, for whom they left food outside their gates. Before he died, he asked Tarzan if he was a man or a devil.

**Pt/En** Tarzan laughed and said he was a man.

**Pt/En** The old man sighed and told Tarzan he had tried to save him from Simba. He said he would reward Tarzan because he was a great witch-doctor. He warned Tarzan that bad days were coming and a god greater than him would strike him down. He told Tarzan to turn back before it was too late, as danger was ahead and behind, but greater danger was in front. Then the old man took a breath, fell down, and died. Tarzan wondered what the witch-doctor had seen.

**Pt/En** It was late when Tarzan returned to his warriors. No one saw him leave or come back. He thought about the witch-doctor's warning before he slept and again when he woke. But he did not turn back because he was not afraid. If he had known the danger to someone he loved, he would have rushed to her side and left the gold of Opar hidden.

**Pt/En** That morning, another white man, Werper, thought about something he heard during the night. He almost stopped his journey and turned back. Werper was a murderer. He heard a terrible sound from far away on the trail ahead. It was Tarzan's victory cry to the moon after fighting Goro. Werper trembled and hid his face. He trembled again the next day when he remembered the sound. He would have turned back from the danger the sound seemed to mean, but he was more afraid of his master, Achmet Zek.

**Pt/En** So Tarzan continued towards the ruins of Opar. Behind him, Werper followed like a jackal. Only God knew what would happen to each of them.

**Pt/En** Tarzan stopped at the edge of an empty valley. He could see the city of Opar with its golden buildings. He decided to go to the treasure room alone that night. He wanted to be very careful during his trip.

**Pt/En** When it became dark, Tarzan left. Werper, who had climbed the rocks alone and hidden all day, followed Tarzan secretly. Werper hid behind rocks as he followed Tarzan towards Opar. He was going to the treasure vault, which was in a large rock outside the city walls.

**Pt/En** Werper watched Tarzan climb up the big rock easily. Werper was very scared as he climbed too. He was sweating and afraid, but he wanted the treasure. He followed Tarzan to the top of the rocky hill.

**Pt/En** Tarzan was not there. Werper hid behind some rocks. He did not see or hear Tarzan. So, Werper started to look around the area. He

hoped to find the treasure quickly so he could leave before Tarzan came back. Werper only wanted to find the gold. He planned to return later with his men to take it.

**Pt/En** Werper found a small opening that led down into the rock. There were old steps made of stone. He walked to the dark entrance of the tunnel where the steps went, but he stopped. He was afraid to go inside because Tarzan might be coming back.

**Pt/En** Tarzan, the ape-man, walked along a rocky path. He reached an old wooden door and entered a room full of treasure. This room held many gold bars, which were once kept for the rulers of a large continent that is now under the Atlantic Ocean.

**Pt/En** The underground room was very quiet. There was no sign that anyone else had found the hidden treasure since Tarzan was last there.

**Pt/En** Tarzan felt happy with what he saw. He turned and walked back the way he came, towards the top of the hill. Werper watched Tarzan leave the dark stairs and walk towards the edge of the hill. The Waziri warriors were waiting there for their leader's signal. Then, Werper quietly left his hiding spot, went down into the dark entrance, and disappeared.

**Pt/En** Tarzan stood at the edge of the hill and made a loud lion's roar. He roared twice more. After a few minutes, a replying roar was heard from far away across the valley. It was Basuli, the chief of the Waziri, who had heard Tarzan and answered.

**Pt/En** Tarzan went back to the treasure room. He knew his Waziri warriors would arrive soon to help carry away more of the valuable gold bars from Opar. For now, he planned to carry as much gold as he could to the top of the hill himself.

**Pt/En** Tarzan made six trips in five hours. By the time Basuli arrived, Tarzan had moved forty-eight gold bars to the edge of a large rock. He carried very heavy loads, enough to make two normal men tired, but he did not seem tired himself. He also helped his warriors climb to the top of the hill using a rope.

**Pt/En** Tarzan went back to the treasure room six times. Each time, Werper, a Belgian man, hid in the dark shadows. This time, Tarzan brought fifty fighting men with him. They helped carry the gold bars

because they respected Tarzan. They moved fifty-two more bars, making a total of one hundred bars that Tarzan planned to take.

**Pt/En** As the last of the Waziri warriors left the room, Tarzan looked back at the many treasures. He had taken many bars, but the room still looked full. Before he put out the candle he used to see in the dark room, Tarzan remembered the first time he found this treasure chamber. He had found it by accident when he was running away from the pits under the temple, where La, the High Priestess, had hidden him.

**Pt/En** He remembered being on the altar in the temple, ready to be sacrificed. La stood over him with a knife. The priests and priestesses were excited, waiting to drink the blood of their victim to honor their god. They were ready for the first drops of blood to fill their golden cups.

**Pt/En** Tarzan clearly remembered the violent interruption by Tha, a crazy priest. The followers ran away from the priest's madness. The priest attacked La, and Tarzan fought the angry man. Tarzan killed the priest, leaving him dead at the feet of La, whom the priest had tried to harm.

**Pt/En** Tarzan thought about La and the ruined city. He wondered if she had been forced to marry one of the strange priests. He felt this would be a terrible future for her. He then put out the candle and left the room.

**Pt/En** A spy waited behind Tarzan. The spy had found the secret he was looking for. Now he could go back to his followers, lead them to the treasure room, and take all the gold they could carry.

**Pt/En** The Waziri reached the end of the tunnel and walked up towards the fresh air and the stars. Tarzan stopped thinking and slowly followed them.

**Pt/En** Werper stood up in the dark and stretched his stiff muscles. He touched a gold bar and picked it up. He held it tightly, feeling very happy about having it.

**Pt/En** Tarzan imagined returning home happily to his loved ones. But then he remembered the old witch-doctor's warning, which spoiled his happy thoughts.

**Pt/En** In just a few seconds, both men lost their hopes. One man was so scared he forgot about wanting treasure. The other man was hit on the head by a sharp rock, and he could not remember anything from his past.

# The Altar of the Flaming God

**Pt/En** As Tarzan turned to leave, the ground shook suddenly. The walls of the narrow path broke apart, and large rocks fell from the ceiling. The path was blocked. A piece of rock hit Tarzan, and he fell back against the door to the treasure room. His weight opened the door, and he rolled inside.

**Pt/En** The earthquake caused less damage in the large room where the treasure was. Some gold bars fell from high shelves, a small piece of the ceiling fell to the floor, and the walls cracked but did not fall down.

**Pt/En** There was only one earthquake. Werper fell down but was not hurt. He stood up and walked towards the end of the room. He looked for the candle that Tarzan had left on a gold bar.

**Pt/En** The Belgian used many matches to find the candle. When the weak light appeared, he felt relieved. The complete darkness had made his situation feel much more frightening.

**Pt/En** As the man got used to the light, he looked at the door. He wanted to escape from the dark place. Near the door, he saw the body of a large, naked man lying on the floor. Werper felt scared he might be seen. But he saw that the other man, the Englishman, was dead. A lot of blood had come from a big cut on the man's head.

**Pt/En** The Belgian quickly jumped over the dead body. He did not stop to help the man, who might still have been alive. He ran towards the passage and safety.

**Pt/En** But his hope to escape did not last long. Just outside the door, the passage was blocked by many broken rocks. He turned back into the room with the treasure. He took the candle and searched the room carefully. He found another door at the other end of the room. It opened with a creak. Behind it was another narrow passage. Werper walked along it and climbed stone steps to a corridor that was twenty feet higher than the first. The candle showed him the way. Soon, he was glad he had the simple light. It showed him a large, open pit that seemed to end the tunnel just in time.

**Pt/En** In front of him was a round, deep hole. He held the candle over it and looked down. Far below, he saw light reflecting from water. It was a

well. He held the candle up high and looked across the dark space. On the other side, he saw the tunnel continued. But he wondered how he could cross the large gap.

**Pt/En** He stood there, looking at the distance to the other side and thinking if he should try to jump. Suddenly, he heard a loud, piercing scream. The sound became quieter until it ended with sad moans. The voice sounded partly human, but very strange and terrible, like a lost soul suffering in hell.

**Pt/En** The Belgian man felt scared and looked up. He thought the scream came from above him. He saw an opening high up and the sky with bright stars.

**Pt/En** The frightening cry stopped his idea of calling for help. He thought no people could live where such a voice came from. He was afraid to show himself to whoever was above. He regretted starting his mission and wished he was back with Achmet Zek. He would have given himself up to the Congo authorities to escape his terrible situation.

**Pt/En** He listened, but the cry did not happen again. He decided to try a dangerous jump. He ran twenty paces and then jumped up and out over the gap, trying to reach the other side.

**Pt/En** He held a flickering candle. As he jumped, the wind blew it out. He fell through the dark, reaching out to grab something if he missed the hidden ledge.

**Pt/En** His knees hit the edge of the opening at the end of the tunnel. He slipped but grabbed for a moment. He managed to hang partly inside and partly outside the opening, but he was safe. For a few minutes, he stayed still, weak and sweating. Finally, he carefully pulled himself fully into the tunnel. He lay on the floor, trying to calm his shaken nerves.

**Pt/En** When Tarzan's knees hit the edge of the tunnel, he dropped his candle. He hoped it had fallen onto the passageway floor, not back into the deep well. He got on his hands and knees and searched carefully for the small candle. It now seemed much more important to him than all the treasure of Opar.

**Pt/En** When he finally found the candle, he held it tightly and cried from exhaustion. He lay there shaking for a long time. Then, he sat up and used a match to light the rest of the candle. The light helped him feel

calmer. He continued along the tunnel, looking for a way out. He was still scared by a strange cry he had heard from the well above, and even his own quiet movements made him tremble.

Pt/En He walked a short distance but soon found a wall blocking the tunnel completely. He wondered why it was there, as Werper was an intelligent man. He thought the tunnel must continue behind the wall and that someone had blocked it long ago for a secret reason. Tarzan examined the wall and was happy to find the stones were loose and not held by cement. He removed the stones one by one until he made a hole big enough to crawl through into a large room. Another door blocked his way, but he opened that too. He entered a long, dark hallway. Before he went far, his candle burned down and hurt his fingers. He dropped it, and it went out.

Pt/En Now Tarzan was in complete darkness. He felt terror again. He could not know what dangers were ahead. He felt he was still very far from being free, as the complete lack of light in an unknown place made him feel very sad and worried.

Pt/En He moved slowly, feeling the walls with his hands and testing the floor with his feet before each step. He did not know how long he crawled like this. He felt the tunnel was endless. Tired from his efforts, fear, and lack of sleep, he decided to lie down and rest before moving on.

Pt/En He woke up in the dark. He did not know how long he had slept, but he felt refreshed and hungry, which showed he had slept for some time.

Pt/En He began to move forward in the dark again. After a short distance, he entered a room. Light came from an opening in the ceiling, and concrete steps led down to the floor of the room.

Pt/En Looking up through the opening, he could see sunlight on large columns covered with vines. He heard only the sound of the wind in the trees, birds, and monkeys.

Pt/En He walked up the steps and found himself in a round courtyard. In front of him was a stone altar with dark red stains. He did not think about the stains then, but he would later understand their terrible meaning.

**Pt/En** Near the opening he had come through, he saw doors leading out of the courtyard. There were balconies above. Monkeys and birds were there, but no people. He felt relieved and took a step towards an exit. Suddenly, many doors opened, and a group of frightening men rushed into the courtyard towards him.

**Pt/En** These were the priests of Opar's Flaming God. They were small, ugly, and looked like animals. Years before, these same men had taken Jane Clayton to a sacrificial altar in this place. The Belgian felt a strong fear because of their frightening appearance.

**Pt/En** He screamed and tried to run back to the dark rooms he had left. But the frightening men stopped him. They blocked his way and caught him. He fell to his knees and begged them to spare his life. However, they tied him up and threw him onto the floor inside the temple.

**Pt/En** What happened next was like what Tarzan and Jane had experienced before. The priestesses came with La, their High Priestess. Werper was placed on the altar. He was covered in cold sweat as La lifted the sharp, sacrificial knife above him. He heard the death song and looked at the golden cups, thinking the people would soon drink his blood.

**Pt/En** He wished he could lose consciousness before the knife cut him. Then, he heard a loud, terrible roar very close to him. The High Priestess lowered her knife, her eyes wide with fear. The priestesses screamed and ran away. The priests shouted with anger and fear. Werper turned his head to see what caused their panic. When he saw it, he also became very scared. A large lion was in the middle of the temple, and a victim was already hurt under its paws.

**Pt/En** The lion roared again and looked at the altar. La took a step forward, then stumbled and fainted onto Werper.

## The Arab Raid

**Pt/En** After the earthquake shock and their fear went away, Basuli and his warriors quickly went back into the passage. They were looking for Tarzan and two of their men who were also gone.

**Pt/En** They found the way blocked by rocks that were stuck and *twisted*. For two days, they worked hard to clear a path to their friends who were *trapped*. But after trying very hard, they only cleared a few yards of the passage. They also found the broken body of one of their men. They then believed that Tarzan and the other Waziri were dead under the rocks, too far away to be helped.

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## 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 sougning 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.

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## Belga e Árabe

**En** O tenente Albert Werper devia sua fuga da demissão unicamente ao prestígio do nome que havia desonrado. Inicialmente grato por ser enviado a um posto remoto no Congo em vez de enfrentar a corte marcial, ele se tornou amargo após seis meses de monotonia, isolamento e solidão. Começou a odiar aqueles que o haviam exilado, incluindo os próprios homens que um dia agradecera.

**En** Ele sentia falta da atmosfera animada de Bruxelas, assim como nunca se arrependeu dos pecados que o haviam tirado daquela cidade. Com o passar dos dias, seu ressentimento se concentrou no representante local da autoridade que o exilara—seu capitão e superior imediato.

**En** O capitão era um homem frio e taciturno que inspirava pouco afeto em seus subordinados, mas era respeitado e temido pelos soldados negros de seu pequeno comando.

**En** Werper passava horas encarando seu superior, distorcendo o silêncio natural do capitão em um insulto calculado. Seu ódio sem sentido transformou-se em mania, e uma noite sua raiva tornou-se homicida. Ele tocou o revólver em seu quadril, estreitou os olhos e finalmente falou.

**En** Ele gritou que havia sido insultado pela última vez, declarando-se um oficial e um cavalheiro que não toleraria mais tal tratamento, e exigiu satisfações do capitão, a quem chamou de porco.

**En** O capitão, com o rosto expressando surpresa, virou-se para seu subordinado. Ele já havia encontrado homens afligidos pela loucura da selva — uma condição nascida da solidão, do pensamento obsessivo e talvez de um toque de febre.

**En** Ele se levantou e estendeu a mão para colocá-la no ombro do outro homem, com a intenção de oferecer conselhos calmos. Mas Werper interpretou mal o gesto como um ataque. Antes que o capitão pudesse dar outro passo, Werper atirou, e o capitão caiu sem fazer som. Ao desabar, a névoa na mente de Werper se dissipou, e ele viu sua ação como os outros a julgariam.

**En** Ele ouviu gritos excitados vindos dos alojamentos dos soldados e o som de homens correndo em sua direção. Eles o capturariam e, se não o matassem ali mesmo, o levariam para o Congo para enfrentar um tribunal militar que certamente o condenaria, embora de forma mais ordenada.

**En** Werper não tinha desejo de morrer. Nunca se agarrara tão ferozmente à vida como naquele momento em que havia perdido completamente o direito a ela. Os homens se aproximavam. Ele olhou ao redor como se buscasse uma justificativa plausível para seu crime, mas encontrou apenas o corpo do homem que havia atirado sem motivo justo.

**En** Em desespero, ele se virou e fugiu dos soldados que se aproximavam. Correu pelo pátio, ainda segurando seu revólver. No portão, um sentinela tentou detê-lo. Sem dizer uma palavra ou tentar usar sua autoridade, Werper ergueu sua arma e atirou no homem inocente. Momentos depois, ele abriu os portões e desapareceu na selva escura, tendo antes tomado para si o rifle e os cintos de munição do sentinela.

**En** Durante a noite toda, Werper fugiu mais para dentro da selva. Ocasionalmente, o rugido de um leão o fazia parar e ouvir, mas com seu rifle pronto, ele continuava. Ele temia mais os homens que o perseguiram do que os animais selvagens à frente.

**En** O amanhecer finalmente chegou, mas Werper continuou andando. Ele estava com tanto medo de ser capturado que esqueceu sua fome e cansaço. Ele pensava apenas em escapar. Não ousava descansar ou comer até ter certeza de que ninguém o seguia. Ele cambaleou até cair e não conseguir se levantar. Não fazia ideia de quanto tempo havia fugido. Quando não pôde mais correr, perdeu a consciência de exaustão, sem saber que havia atingido seu limite.

**En** Dessa forma, Achmet Zek, o árabe, o encontrou. Os seguidores de Achmet queriam atravessar seu inimigo hereditário com uma lança, mas Achmet decidiu de outra forma. Preferiu interrogar o belga primeiro. É mais fácil interrogar um homem antes de matá-lo do que matá-lo primeiro e depois interrogá-lo.

**En** Então Achmet mandou carregar o Tenente Albert Werper para sua própria tenda. Escravos lhe deram pequenas quantidades de vinho e

comida até que ele recuperasse a consciência. Quando abriu os olhos, viu rostos negros estranhos ao seu redor e uma figura árabe do lado de fora da tenda. Não viu nenhum vestígio de seus próprios soldados.

**En** O árabe se virou e, vendo os olhos abertos do prisioneiro o observando, entrou na tenda.

**En** Achmet Zek anunciou sua identidade e exigiu saber o nome do estranho, seu propósito em seu território e o paradeiro de seus soldados.

**En** Werper reconheceu o nome Achmet Zek com alarme. Percebeu que havia caído nas mãos de um criminoso notório que desprezava todos os europeus, especialmente os belgas. O exército do Congo Belga havia lutado contra Achmet Zek e seus homens por anos sem sucesso, e nenhum dos lados jamais pediu ou ofereceu clemência.

**En** No entanto, Werper percebeu uma possível vantagem no ódio de Achmet Zek pelos belgas. Como Werper também era um pária e fora da lei, eles compartilhavam um inimigo comum. Werper resolveu explorar isso em seu próprio benefício.

**En** Werper afirmou que estava procurando por Achmet Zek. Ele explicou que seu próprio povo havia se voltado contra ele e estava tentando matá-lo. Ele acreditava que Achmet Zek o protegeria porque ambos odiavam os mesmos inimigos. Em troca, ofereceu seus serviços como soldado treinado.

**En** Achmet Zek estudou o europeu em silêncio, suspeitando que ele estava mentindo. Ainda assim, se o homem estava dizendo a verdade, sua oferta merecia consideração. Lutadores treinados eram raros, especialmente oficiais brancos com conhecimento militar, então a possibilidade era tentadora.

**En** Achmet Zek franziu a testa, e Werper sentiu seu coração apertar. No entanto, Werper não compreendia Achmet Zek: o homem era propenso a franzir a testa quando outros sorriam, e a sorrir quando outros franziriam a testa.

**En** Achmet Zek avisou Werper que, se ele tivesse mentido, o mataria a qualquer momento. Ele então perguntou que recompensa, além de sua vida, Werper esperava por seus serviços.

**En** Werper respondeu que inicialmente só queria seu sustento, e depois, se provasse valer mais, eles poderiam facilmente chegar a um acordo. Seu único desejo naquele momento era preservar sua vida. Assim, o acordo foi firmado, e o Tenente Albert Werper tornou-se membro do notório bando de saqueadores de marfim e escravos de Achmet Zek.

**En** Por meses, o belga renegado cavalgou com o selvagem saqueador. Ele lutava com abandono selvagem e crueldade viciosa, igualando-se completamente a seus companheiros desesperados. Achmet Zek mantinha um olhar atento sobre seu recruta, e sua crescente satisfação eventualmente levou a uma maior confiança no homem, o que por sua vez deu a Werper mais independência em suas ações.

**En** Achmet Zek compartilhou seus planos com o belga em grande medida, e finalmente revelou um esquema querido que ele há muito nutria, mas nunca tivera a chance de realizar. Com a ajuda de um europeu, no entanto, o assunto poderia ser facilmente realizado. Ele testou a reação de Werper.

**En** Ele perguntou se o ouvinte já tinha ouvido falar do homem conhecido como Tarzan.

**En** Werper assentiu e admitiu que tinha ouvido falar de Tarzan, mas não o conhecia pessoalmente.

**En** O árabe continuou explicando que, sem Tarzan, eles poderiam realizar seu comércio em segurança e com grande lucro. Ele disse que Tarzan os combatia há anos, expulsando-os das partes mais ricas do país, assediando-os e armando os nativos para que pudessem resistir quando os comerciantes chegassem. Tarzan era muito rico. Se conseguissem uma forma de obrigá-lo a pagar uma grande quantia em ouro, eles não apenas se vingariam, mas também seriam compensados pelos lucros que haviam perdido por causa da proteção de Tarzan aos nativos.

**En** Werper tirou um cigarro de um estojo com joias e o acendeu.

**En** Ele então perguntou se o árabe tinha um plano para fazer Tarzan pagar.

**En** Achmet Zek respondeu que Tarzan tinha uma esposa que diziam ser muito bonita. Ele sugeriu que ela renderia um alto preço mais ao norte se achassem muito difícil obter resgate de Tarzan.

**En** Werper pensou profundamente. Achmet Zek esperava sua resposta. O pouco de bom que restava em Albert Werper sentia repulsa pela ideia de vender uma mulher branca para a escravidão em um harém muçulmano. Quando ele olhou para Achmet Zek, viu os olhos do árabe se estreitarem e adivinhou que o outro sabia de sua oposição. Recusar significaria a morte, pois o árabe valorizava a vida de um descrente menos que a de um cachorro. Werper amava a vida. A mulher não era nada para ele — era europeia, parte da sociedade, enquanto ele era um pária. Ela era sua inimiga natural. Se ele não ajudasse, Achmet Zek o mataria.

**En** O árabe murmurou que Werper hesitava.

**En** Werper mentiu, dizendo que estava apenas considerando as chances de sucesso e seu pagamento. Ele argumentou que, como europeu, poderia entrar na casa e na mesa deles, e que Achmet Zek não tinha mais ninguém que pudesse fazer tanto. O risco era grande, então ele deveria ser bem pago.

**En** Um sorriso de alívio cruzou o rosto do saqueador.

**En** Achmet Zek elogiou Werper e garantiu a ele o pagamento. Eles então se sentaram juntos em um tapete na tenda de Achmet para planejar seu esquema, conversando em voz baixa até tarde. Ambos os homens eram altos e barbados; o europeu, apesar de sua origem, tinha sido moldado pelo tempo para se assemelhar a um árabe, até mesmo nas roupas. Finalmente, Werper se levantou e se retirou para sua própria tenda.

**En** No dia seguinte, Werper examinou cuidadosamente seu uniforme belga, removendo quaisquer vestígios que pudessem revelar sua natureza militar. Achmet Zek forneceu um capacete de cortiça e uma sela europeia de seu saque, e reuniu carregadores, askaris e moços de tenda de seus escravos e seguidores para formar um safári modesto adequado para um caçador de grandes animais. Werper então liderou esse grupo para fora do acampamento.

## A Caminho de Opar

**En** Duas semanas depois, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, estava voltando de inspecionar sua vasta propriedade africana quando notou a frente de uma coluna atravessando a planície entre seu bangalô e a floresta a noroeste.

**En** Ele parou seu cavalo e observou o grupo enquanto emergia de uma depressão oculta. Seus olhos aguçados captaram o reflexo do sol no capacete branco de um homem montado. Acreditando ser um caçador europeu errante em busca de hospitalidade, ele virou seu cavalo e cavalgou lentamente para cumprimentar o recém-chegado.

**En** Meia hora depois, ele estava subindo os degraus para a varanda de seu bangalô, onde apresentou M. Jules Frecoult a Lady Greystoke.

**En** M. Frecoult explicou que havia se perdido completamente. Seu guia principal não conhecia a região, e os guias locais que contrataram se mostraram ainda menos experientes. Esses guias os abandonaram há dois dias. Ele se considerou extremamente sortudo por ter encontrado ajuda tão inesperadamente e admitiu que não sabia como teria conseguido sem encontrá-los.

**En** O grupo concordou que Frecoult e seus companheiros ficariam alguns dias para descansar completamente. Depois disso, Lord Greystoke forneceria guias para escoltá-los em segurança de volta ao território que o chefe dos guias de Frecoult conhecia bem.

**En** Ao fingir ser um rico francês com bastante tempo livre, Werper teve pouca dificuldade em enganar seu anfitrião e ganhar a confiança de Tarzan e Jane Clayton. No entanto, quanto mais tempo permanecia, menos confiante ficava de que seu plano pudesse ser executado facilmente.

**En** Lady Greystoke nunca se aventurava sozinha longe do bangalô. Além disso, os ferozes guerreiros Waziri, profundamente leais a Tarzan, tornavam qualquer plano de sequestrá-la à força ou por suborno quase impossível.

**En** Uma semana se passou, e Werper parecia não estar mais perto de alcançar seu objetivo do que quando chegara. No entanto, naquele exato momento, algo aconteceu que renovou seu otimismo e direcionou seus

pensamentos para um prêmio ainda maior do que um resgate por uma mulher.

**En** Um mensageiro chegou com a correspondência semanal, e Lorde Greystoke passou a tarde em seu escritório, lendo e respondendo cartas. Ele parecia preocupado durante o jantar e, mais tarde, se desculpou para se retirar, logo seguido por Lady Greystoke. Werper, sentado na varanda, ouviu-os falando intensamente. Percebendo que algo incomum estava acontecendo, ele saiu silenciosamente de sua cadeira e, permanecendo na sombra dos arbustos grossos, moveu-se silenciosamente até um ponto sob a janela do quarto deles.

**En** Ele ouviu atentamente, e sua excitação cresceu ao captar as primeiras palavras. Quando ele se aproximou, Lady Greystoke já estava falando.

**En** Ela expressou seu medo de longa data de que a empresa era instável e achou difícil acreditar que a falência envolvesse uma quantia tão grande, a menos que houvesse alguma negociação desonesta.

**En** Tarzan concordou que suspeitava de desonestidade, mas, qualquer que fosse a causa, ele havia perdido tudo e não via outra escolha senão retornar a Opar em busca de mais riquezas.

**En** Lady Greystoke exclamou consternada, perguntando se realmente não havia alternativa. Ela disse que não suportava a ideia de ele voltar àquela cidade terrível; preferiria viver na pobreza para sempre a vê-lo enfrentar os terríveis perigos de Opar.

**En** Tarzan riu e disse a ela que não havia motivo para ter medo. Ele disse que era perfeitamente capaz de cuidar de si mesmo e, mesmo que não fosse, os Waziri que o acompanhariam garantiriam sua segurança.

**En** Ela lembrou a ele que os Waziri já haviam fugido de Opar e o abandonado à própria sorte.

**En** Ele respondeu que eles não fariam isso de novo. Explicou que eles estavam profundamente envergonhados e estavam voltando quando ele os encontrou.

**En** A mulher insistiu que devia haver alguma outra maneira.

**En** Ele respondeu que não havia outro método tão fácil para obter outra fortuna quanto ir aos cofres do tesouro de Opar e trazê-lo. Ele

garantiu a Jane que seria muito cuidadoso, e os habitantes de Opar provavelmente nunca saberiam que ele estivera lá novamente para pegar mais tesouro, pois ignoravam sua existência e valor.

**En** O tom dele foi tão definitivo que Lady Greystoke entendeu que continuar argumentando seria inútil, então ela desistiu do assunto.

**En** Werper ficou e ouviu brevemente. Acreditando que tinha ouvido tudo o que precisava e ansioso para não ser pego, ele voltou para a varanda, onde fumou muitos cigarros rapidamente antes de ir para a cama.

**En** No café da manhã da manhã seguinte, Werper disse que planejava partir cedo e perguntou a Tarzan se poderia caçar animais de grande porte no país Waziri no caminho. Lord Greystoke deu sua permissão de bom grado.

**En** O belga levou dois dias para terminar seus preparativos. Finalmente, ele partiu com seu safári, acompanhado por um único guia Waziri que Lord Greystoke lhe emprestou. Após uma marcha muito curta, Werper fingiu estar doente e disse que ficaria onde estava até se recuperar. Como eles tinham ido apenas uma curta distância da casa dos Greystoke, Werper dispensou o guia Waziri, dizendo-lhe que mandaria buscá-lo quando estivesse pronto para seguir em frente. Depois que o Waziri saiu, Werper chamou um dos homens de confiança de Achmet Zek à sua tenda e o enviou para observar a partida de Tarzan. O homem deveria voltar imediatamente e dizer a Werper quando Tarzan partisse e em que direção ele foi.

**En** O belga não precisou esperar muito. No dia seguinte, seu mensageiro voltou com a notícia de que Tarzan e um grupo de cinquenta guerreiros Waziri haviam partido no início da manhã em direção ao sudeste.

**En** Após compor uma longa carta para Achmet Zek, Werper convocou seu capataz e entregou-lhe a carta.

**En** Werper instruiu o chefe a enviar um mensageiro imediatamente a Achmet Zek com a carta, a permanecer no acampamento aguardando novas ordens e a dizer que estava muito doente para ver alguém se visitantes chegassem do bangalô do inglês. Ele então exigiu seis carregadores e seis askaris – os mais fortes e corajosos do safari – para

que pudesse seguir o inglês e descobrir onde seu ouro estava escondido.

**En** Assim, enquanto Tarzan, vestido apenas com uma tanga e armado de maneira primitiva como tanto amava, liderava seus leais Waziri em direção à cidade morta de Opar, o renegado Werper seguia seu rastro durante os longos e quentes dias e acampava perto dele todas as noites.

**En** Enquanto isso, Achmet Zek cavalgou com todo o seu séquito em direção ao sul, para a fazenda Greystoke.

**En** Para Tarzan, esta expedição era como um feriado. Sua civilização era apenas uma fina camada superficial, da qual ele se desfazia com prazer junto com suas roupas europeias desconfortáveis sempre que surgia uma desculpa razoável. Apenas o amor de uma mulher o mantinha até na aparência de vida civilizada — uma condição pela qual a familiaridade gerara desprezo. Ele odiava suas falsidades e hipocrisias e, com a visão clara de uma mente não corrompida, enxergava o núcleo podre: a ganância covarde por paz, conforto e a proteção da propriedade. Ele negava veementemente que a arte, a música e a literatura tivessem prosperado com ideais tão debilitantes, insistindo, em vez disso, que elas haviam perdurado apesar da civilização.

**En** Ele costumava dizer que a verdadeira beleza e as ideias nobres nascem no conflito e no perigo, não no conforto e na covardia. Ele acreditava que enfrentar as forças mais poderosas da natureza revela o melhor da humanidade.

**En** Tarzan se sentia como um amante retornando à natureza após uma longa separação. Seus Waziri eram mais civilizados do que ele; eles cozinhavam a carne e evitavam alimentos que ele comia crus. Às vezes, ele seguia os costumes deles, usando armas em vez de sua força e dentes. Mas o chamado de sua criação selvagem ficou forte demais. Ele começou a desejar sangue fresco e a emoção da caça, a única vida que conhecera em seus primeiros vinte anos.

## O Chamado da Selva

**En** Uma noite, Tarzan ficou acordado deitado no cercado de espinhos do acampamento, que mal os protegia dos predadores da selva. Um guerreiro sonolento vigiava o fogo, enquanto grandes felinos rosnavam na escuridão. Os sons da selva despertaram a selvageria dentro dele. Depois de uma hora, ele se levantou silenciosamente, escalou a muralha e desapareceu em uma árvore sem que seus Waziri percebessem.

**En** Primeiro, ele correu pelos galhos do meio, balançando-se imprudentemente entre as árvores. Depois, subiu mais alto, onde a lua brilhava e uma brisa soprava. Ele ficou lá com o rosto voltado para a lua, querendo soltar o grito de um gorila, mas ficou em silêncio para não acordar os Waziri, que conheciam bem aquele som.

**En** Agora ele se movia mais lentamente e com cautela, porque estava caçando. Ele desceu até o chão escuro da selva e farejou o solo, encontrando uma trilha de caça. Suas narinas captaram o cheiro fresco de um cervo. Ele rosnou de desejo, livrando-se de todos os resquícios de civilização. Ele se tornou o caçador primitivo, seguindo o cheiro do cervo com habilidade sobre-humana, ignorando os odores de outros animais.

**En** O cheiro de um cervo disse a Tarzan que sua presa estava perto. Ele se moveu para as árvores em um galho mais baixo, onde podia observar o chão. Logo ele viu Bara, o cervo, alerta na borda de uma clareira iluminada pela lua. Tarzan rastejou silenciosamente pelas árvores até ficar diretamente acima do cervo. Ele segurava a faca de caça de seu pai, movido pela sede de sangue do caçador. Por um momento ele se equilibrou acima do animal desconfiado, então caiu sobre suas costas. O impacto jogou o cervo de joelhos, e antes que ele pudesse se levantar, a faca de Tarzan encontrou seu coração. Enquanto ele ficava sobre sua presa abatida, pronto para gritar sua vitória, o vento trouxe um cheiro que o fez congelar. Seus olhos se voltaram para a fonte, e a grama se abriu para revelar Numa, o leão, entrando majestosamente na clareira. Numa olhou para Tarzan com inveja, pois não havia comido naquela noite.

**En** Um rugido de aviso saiu do homem-macaco. Numa respondeu, mas não avançou. Em vez disso, ficou balançando o rabo suavemente para frente e para trás. Tarzan agachou-se sobre sua presa e cortou um

pedaço generoso de uma coxa. O leão observava com crescente ressentimento e raiva enquanto, entre bocados, o homem-macaco soltava seus avisos selvagens. Este leão em particular nunca havia encontrado Tarzan antes e estava muito confuso. A criatura parecia e cheirava como um homem, e Numa já havia provado carne humana e sabia que era fácil de obter, embora não fosse a mais saborosa. No entanto, os rugidos bestiais deste ser estranho o lembravam de oponentes ferozes e o faziam hesitar, enquanto sua fome e o cheiro do veado o levavam quase à loucura. Tarzan continuava observando, entendendo o que se passava na pequena mente do carnívoro. Foi bom que ele o fizesse, pois finalmente Numa não aguentou mais. Seu rabo ergueu-se reto, e naquele instante o cauteloso homem-macaco, sabendo bem o que o sinal significava, agarrou o restante da carne de veado com os dentes e saltou para uma árvore próxima enquanto Numa investia contra ele com a velocidade e quase o peso de um trem expresso.

**En** A retirada de Tarzan não demonstrou medo. A vida na selva segue regras diferentes. Se Tarzan estivesse faminto, ele teria ficado e enfrentado o ataque do leão. Ele já tinha feito isso antes. Mas naquela noite ele não estava com fome e tinha mais carne crua do que podia comer. No entanto, ele não estava calmo ao ver Numa comendo sua presa. A arrogância do leão precisava ser punida. Então Tarzan decidiu tornar a vida do grande felino miserável. Ele balançou para uma árvore próxima que tinha frutas grandes e duras, ágil como um esquilo. Então começou um bombardeio que fez Numa rugir com uma fúria que sacudiu a terra. Tarzan jogou as frutas duras uma após a outra o mais rápido que pôde. O leão não conseguia comer sob aquela saraivada de projéteis; só podia rugir, rosnar e desviar. Eventualmente, ele foi expulso da carcaça de Bara, o veado. Ele foi embora rugindo e ressentido, mas no meio da clareira sua voz parou de repente. Tarzan viu a grande cabeça baixar e se achatá-la, o corpo se agachar e a longa cauda tremer enquanto a fera se arrastava cautelosamente em direção às árvores do lado oposto.

**En** Tarzan imediatamente ficou alerta. Ele ergueu a cabeça e farejou a brisa lenta da selva, perguntando-se o que havia atraído Numa para longe tão silenciosamente. Enquanto o leão desaparecia entre as árvores além da clareira, Tarzan captou no vento descendente a explicação: o forte cheiro de um homem alcançou suas narinas sensíveis. Ele escondeu o restante da parte traseira do veado na forquilha de uma árvore, limpou as palmas gordurosas nas coxas nuas e

balançou-se em perseguição a Numa. Uma trilha larga e bem batida de elefantes levava da clareira para a floresta. Numa esgueirava-se paralelo a ela, enquanto Tarzan se movia pelas árvores acima, uma sombra de espectro. Tanto o gato selvagem quanto o homem selvagem viram a presa de Numa quase simultaneamente, embora já soubessem antes que ela aparecesse que era um homem negro. Suas narinas sensíveis lhes haviam dito isso, e as de Tarzan tinham discernido ainda que o cheiro era de um estranho velho do sexo masculino — pois raça, sexo e idade têm cada um seu cheiro distintivo. Era um velho seguindo sozinho pela selva sombria: um velhinho enrugado e ressecado, horrivelmente cicatrizado e tatuado, estranhamente vestido com a pele de uma hiena sobre os ombros e a cabeça seca montada sobre seu crânio grisalho. Tarzan reconheceu as marcas de um médico-feiticeiro e aguardou o ataque de Numa com prazerosa antecipação, pois não tinha amor por médicos-feiticeiros. Mas no instante em que Numa atacou, o homem-macaco lembrou-se de repente de que o leão havia roubado sua caça minutos antes, e pensou que a vingança seria doce.

**En** O primeiro sinal de perigo que o homem negro teve foi o som de galhos quebrando quando Numa irrompeu pelos arbustos na trilha de caça, a menos de vinte metros atrás dele. Ele se virou e viu um leão enorme com uma juba preta correndo em sua direção. Antes que pudesse reagir, Numa o agarrou. No mesmo momento, Tarzan saltou de um galho acima e caiu nas costas do leão. Ao aterrissar, cravou a faca no lado do leão, atrás do ombro esquerdo. Enfiou os dedos na juba do leão, mordeu seu pescoço e envolveu suas pernas poderosas ao redor do corpo do animal. Numa rugiu de dor e fúria, empinou-se e caiu para trás sobre Tarzan. Mas o homem-macaco segurou firmemente e continuou a esfaquear o leão repetidamente. Numa rolou de um lado para o outro, arranhando e mordendo o ar, tentando desesperadamente alcançar a criatura em suas costas. Várias vezes Tarzan quase perdeu a pegada. Ele estava espancado, machucado e coberto de sangue e terra, mas nunca diminuiu a ferocidade de seu ataque. Se ele tivesse afrouxado seu aperto por um momento, estaria ao alcance das garras e dentes do leão, e isso teria encerrado a vida deste lorde inglês nascido na selva. Onde ele havia caído sob o salto do leão, o feiticeiro jazia, rasgado e sangrando, incapaz de se arrastar. Ele assistiu à terrível batalha entre esses dois senhores da selva. Seus olhos fundos brilhavam e seus lábios enrugados se moviam sobre gengivas

desdentadas enquanto murmurava estranhas invocações aos espíritos de seu culto.

**En** Inicialmente, o velho estava confiante de que o estranho homem branco seria morto por Simba, o leão. Mas à medida que a batalha continuava, sua certeza vacilou. Ele testemunhou o homem se segurando contra a força do leão, e uma vaga memória se mexeu. Fracamente, ele lembrou de uma visão de um jovem de pele branca balançando entre as árvores com um grupo de grandes macacos. Essa lembrança o encheu de um medo supersticioso.

**En** As dúvidas do feiticeiro se dissiparam, mas agora ele temia que o deus da selva matasse Simba, e ele estava mais aterrorizado com a ira do vencedor do que com a do leão. Ele observou o leão enfraquecer pela perda de sangue, seus membros tremendo e colapsando. Finalmente, o leão caiu e não se levantou. O deus da selva se ergueu sobre a carcaça, colocou um pé sobre ela e soltou um grito horrível para a lua, gelando o sangue do feiticeiro.

## Profecia e Cumprimento

**En** Tarzan então se virou para o homem. Ele não havia matado o leão para salvar o negro; fizera isso por vingança. Mas ao ver o velho homem indefeso e morrendo, um sentimento de piedade se agitou em seu coração selvagem. Em sua juventude, ele teria matado o feiticeiro sem hesitação, mas a civilização o tinha amolecido, embora não o suficiente para torná-lo covarde. Ele se abaixou, examinou os ferimentos e estancou o sangramento.

**En** Com uma voz trêmula, o velho perguntou quem era Tarzan.

**En** O homem-macaco respondeu que era Tarzan, Tarzan dos Macacos, e disse isso com mais orgulho do que se tivesse se anunciado como John Clayton, Lorde Greystoke.

**En** O feiticeiro tremeu e fechou os olhos. Quando os abriu, sua expressão mostrava aceitação de qualquer fim terrível que o aguardasse pelas mãos do temido demônio da floresta. Ele perguntou a Tarzan por que não o matava.

**En** Tarzan respondeu que não tinha motivo para matar o feiticeiro, que não lhe fizera mal algum e já estava morrendo devido ao ataque do leão Numa.

**En** A voz trêmula do velho expressou surpresa e incredulidade diante da declaração de Tarzan de que não o mataria.

**En** Tarzan respondeu que salvaria o feiticeiro se fosse possível, mas não era, e então perguntou por que o homem pensara que seria morto.

**En** Após um momento de silêncio, o velho reuniu coragem e falou. Disse que havia reconhecido Tarzan de muito tempo atrás, quando Tarzan vagava pela selva perto da aldeia do chefe Mbonga. Naquela época, o feiticeiro já praticava sua arte quando Tarzan matou Kulonga e outros, e saqueou suas cabanas e o pote de veneno. Por fim, lembrou-se de Tarzan como o macaco de pele branca que vivia entre os macacos peludos e tornava a vida difícil para o povo de Mbonga — o deus da floresta, Munango-Keewati, para quem deixavam comida do lado de fora de seus portões. Antes de morrer, perguntou a Tarzan se ele era um homem ou um demônio.

**En** Tarzan riu e declarou que era um homem.

**En** O velho suspirou e balançou a cabeça. Ele disse a Tarzan que, porque Tarzan havia tentado salvá-lo de Simba, ele o recompensaria. Ele afirmou ser um grande feiticeiro e advertiu Tarzan que dias ruins estavam por vir, que um deus maior que Tarzan se levantaria e o derrubaria. Ele instou Tarzan a voltar antes que fosse tarde demais, dizendo que o perigo estava tanto à frente quanto atrás, mas maior à frente. Então ele fez uma pausa, ofegou, desabou e morreu. Tarzan se perguntou o que mais o feiticeiro tinha visto.

**En** Tarzan retornou ao seu acampamento tarde da noite sem ser visto. Ele pensou no aviso do feiticeiro antes de dormir e novamente ao acordar. No entanto, ele não voltou atrás porque não tinha medo. Se ele soubesse do perigo que ameaçava alguém que ele mais amava, teria corrido para o lado dela e deixado o ouro de Opar para sempre escondido.

**En** Naquela manhã, outro homem branco chamado Werper, um assassino, refletiu sobre um som que ouvira durante a noite. O som, que vinha de muito à frente na trilha, o encheu de terror — um grito diferente de qualquer coisa que ele já havia imaginado. Era o grito de vitória de Tarzan após derrotar Goro, a lua. Werper tremera então e escondera o rosto. Mesmo à luz do dia, a lembrança o fazia tremer. Ele teria recuado do perigo desconhecido, mas temia ainda mais seu mestre Achmet Zek.

**En** Assim, Tarzan avançou em direção à cidade arruinada de Opar, enquanto Werper o seguia como um chacal por trás. Só Deus sabia que destino aguardava cada um deles.

**En** Tarzan fez uma pausa na beira do vale árido, contemplando os domos dourados e as torres de Opar. Ele decidiu prosseguir sozinho até o cofre do tesouro naquela noite, movendo-se com cautela, pois pretendia ser muito cuidadoso ao longo de toda essa jornada.

**En** Quando a escuridão caiu, Tarzan partiu. Werper, que havia escalado os penhascos sozinho e se escondido entre as rochas o dia todo, seguiu-o secretamente. O terreno rochoso entre o vale e a grande colina de granito fora das muralhas da cidade proporcionou bastante cobertura enquanto Werper rastejava atrás de Tarzan em direção a Opar.

**En** Werper observou o gigante homem-macaco escalar agilmente a face da rocha. Então, aterrizado, mas movido pela ganância, ele mesmo iniciou a perigosa subida, suando e tremendo, até alcançar o topo da colina rochosa.

**En** Tarzan não estava em lugar nenhum. Werper se escondeu atrás de uma pedra, mas quando não ouviu nada, saiu para procurar a área sistematicamente. Ele esperava encontrar o tesouro rapidamente e escapar antes que Tarzan voltasse, planejando depois trazer seus homens para levar o máximo de ouro possível.

**En** Ele descobriu uma abertura estreita com degraus de granito desgastados que levavam ao interior da colina. Ele foi até a escura entrada do túnel, mas parou ali, com medo de entrar caso encontrasse Tarzan voltando.

**En** Tarzan, muito à frente de Werper, bateu o caminho ao longo do túnel rochoso até chegar à antiga porta de madeira. Logo ele estava dentro da sala do tesouro, onde há muito tempo mãos mortas haviam organizado altas fileiras de barras de ouro para os governantes de um grande continente que agora jaz sob o Oceano Atlântico.

**En** Nenhum som perturbou o silêncio do cofre subterrâneo. Não havia sinal de que alguém mais tivesse encontrado o tesouro esquecido desde a última visita de Tarzan.

**En** Satisfeito, Tarzan se virou e voltou em direção ao topo da colina. Werper, escondido atrás de uma rocha de granito saliente, observou Tarzan subir das escadas escuras e caminhar até a borda da colina com vista para o vale, onde os Waziri esperavam pelo sinal de seu mestre. Então Werper deslizou silenciosamente de seu esconderijo, desceu para a entrada escura e desapareceu.

**En** Tarzan parou na borda da colina e soltou um rugido alto semelhante ao de um leão. Ele repetiu o chamado duas vezes em intervalos regulares, depois ficou ouvindo em silêncio. Depois que os ecos do terceiro rugido se dissiparam, um rugido de resposta fraco veio de longe, do outro lado do vale—uma, duas, três vezes. Basuli, o chefe Waziri, tinha ouvido e respondido.

**En** Tarzan voltou para o cofre do tesouro, sabendo que em algumas horas seus guerreiros Waziri se juntariam a ele para carregar outra

fortuna nas barras de ouro de formato estranho de Opar. Enquanto isso, ele carregaria o máximo possível do metal precioso para o topo da colina.

**En** Nas cinco horas antes de Basuli chegar ao kopje, Tarzan fez seis viagens, transportando um total de quarenta e oito lingotes até a borda do grande rochedo. Cada carga teria exaurido dois homens comuns, mas seu corpo gigantesco não mostrava sinais de fadiga. Em seguida, ajudou seus guerreiros negros a escalar o topo da colina usando a corda que haviam trazido.

**En** Seis vezes Tarzan voltou à câmara do tesouro, e cada vez o belga, Werper, encolhia-se nas sombras escuras. Nesta sétima visita, o homem-macaco trouxe cinquenta homens de guerra, que voluntariamente se tornaram carregadores por devoção a ele. Eles carregaram mais cinquenta e dois lingotes, elevando o total para cem que Tarzan pretendia levar.

**En** Enquanto o último dos Waziri saía, Tarzan se virou para dar uma última olhada na imensa riqueza, pouco diminuída por suas duas incursões. Antes de apagar a vela que havia iluminado brevemente a escuridão antiga, ele lembrou de sua primeira entrada no cofre: uma descoberta ao acaso enquanto fugia dos poços sob o templo, onde La, a Alta Sacerdotisa dos Adoradores do Sol, o havia escondido.

**En** Ele se lembrou de estar deitado no altar de sacrifício enquanto La ficava sobre ele com um punhal erguido. Os sacerdotes e sacerdotisas, em um frenesi de fanatismo, aguardavam o primeiro fluxo de seu sangue para encher seus cálices dourados e beber à glória de seu Deus Flamejante.

**En** A violenta interrupção por Tha, o sacerdote louco, veio vividamente à sua mente: os adoradores fugindo da sede de sangue da criatura, o ataque brutal a La, e seu próprio papel na tragédia, lutando contra o enfurecido Opariano e deixando-o morto aos pés da sacerdotisa que ele havia tentado violar.

**En** Tarzan ficou parado olhando para o ouro e lembrou-se de muitas coisas. Ele se perguntou se La ainda governava a cidade em ruínas. Será que ela fora forçada a se casar com um sacerdote? Esse seria um destino terrível para alguém tão bonito. Ele balançou a cabeça, apagou a vela e saiu.

**En** Atrás dele, o espião esperava. Ele havia descoberto o segredo que viera buscar. Agora poderia voltar para seus homens e levá-los ao tesouro para carregar todo o ouro que pudessem.

**En** Os Waziri haviam chegado ao fim do túnel e estavam subindo em direção ao ar fresco e à luz das estrelas. Tarzan finalmente parou de pensar e os seguiu lentamente.

**En** Pelo que pensou ser a última vez, Tarzan fechou a porta maciça. Na escuridão, Werper esticou seus músculos doloridos. Ele estendeu a mão e acariciou um lingote de ouro, ergueu-o, pesou-o e o segurou contra o peito em um deleite ganancioso.

**En** Tarzan sonhou com um feliz retorno para casa, de ser abraçado por entes queridos. Mas a lembrança do aviso do velho feiticeiro perturbou esse sonho.

**En** Em apenas alguns segundos, as esperanças de ambos os homens foram destruídas. Um homem ficou tão apavorado que esqueceu sua própria ganância, enquanto o outro foi atingido na cabeça por um pedaço afiado de rocha, causando um ferimento profundo que o fez perder toda a memória do passado.

## O Altar do Deus Flamejante

**En** Quando Tarzan se afastou da porta fechada para seguir em direção ao mundo exterior, o terremoto atingiu sem aviso. Em um instante, a calma estabilidade desapareceu. A passagem estreita tremeu violentamente; suas paredes racharam e desmoronaram. Grandes blocos de granito caíram do teto, bloqueando o caminho, e as paredes desabaram para dentro. Um pedaço do teto atingiu Tarzan, jogando-o de volta contra a porta da sala do tesouro. Seu peso a abriu, e ele caiu para dentro, rolando no chão.

**En** A grande sala que continha o tesouro sofreu menos danos com o terremoto. Algumas barras de ouro caíram das pilhas mais altas, um único pedaço do teto de rocha se soltou e caiu no chão, e as paredes racharam, mas permaneceram de pé.

**En** Apenas um choque ocorreu; nenhuma réplica veio para piorar os danos. Werper, jogado ao chão pela súbita e violenta perturbação, levantou-se cambaleando quando percebeu que não estava ferido. Tateando o caminho em direção ao extremo oposto da câmara, ele procurou a vela que Tarzan deixara, presa na própria cera na ponta de uma barra de ouro que se projetava de uma pilha.

**En** Depois de riscar muitos fósforos, o belga finalmente encontrou a vela. Quando sua luz fraca dissipou a escuridão completa ao seu redor, ele soltou um suspiro nervoso de alívio, já que a escuridão impenetrável havia tornado sua situação ainda mais assustadora.

**En** À medida que seus olhos se ajustavam à luz, o homem olhou em direção à porta, seu único pensamento agora era escapar daquele túmulo terrível. Lá ele viu o corpo do gigante nu caído no chão, bem na entrada. Werper recuou de repente com medo de ser descoberto, mas um segundo olhar o convenceu de que o inglês estava morto. Um grande ferimento na cabeça do homem havia deixado uma poça de sangue se acumular no chão de concreto.

**En** O belga saltou rapidamente sobre o corpo prostrado de seu antigo anfitrião e, sem pensar em ajudar o homem que ainda poderia estar vivo, disparou pelo corredor em direção à segurança.

**En** Mas suas esperanças renovadas logo se desvaneceram. Logo além da porta, ele encontrou a passagem completamente bloqueada por massas impenetráveis de rocha despedaçada. Ele voltou e reentrou no cofre do tesouro. Pegando a vela, começou uma busca sistemática pela sala e logo descobriu outra porta na extremidade oposta, que rangeu ao se abrir sob seu peso. Além dela, havia outra passagem estreita. Ele subiu degraus de pedra até um corredor vinte pés acima do primeiro. A vela bruxuleante mostrou-lhe, bem a tempo, um poço profundo que parecia terminar o túnel.

**En** Diante dele havia uma abertura circular. Ele segurou a vela sobre ela e olhou para baixo, vendo a luz refletida de uma poça d'água muito abaixo. Ele havia chegado a um poço. Erguendo a vela acima da cabeça, olhou através do vazio negro e viu o túnel continuar do lado oposto. Mas como ele cruzaria a lacuna?

**En** Enquanto ele estava ali medindo a distância até o lado oposto e se perguntando se ousaria dar um salto tão grande, um grito agudo rompeu de repente seus ouvidos assustados, diminuindo gradualmente até uma série de gemidos lúgubres. A voz parecia parcialmente humana, mas tão hedionda que poderia ter vindo de uma alma perdida se contorcendo nos fogos do inferno.

**En** O belga tremeu e olhou para cima com medo, pois o grito parecia vir de cima. Ele viu uma abertura bem no alto e um pedaço de céu colorido de rosa por estrelas brilhantes.

**En** O grito aterrorizante apagou sua ideia ainda incipiente de pedir ajuda. Ele acreditou que nenhum humano poderia viver onde existia uma voz assim. Não ousou se revelar para quaisquer seres que vivessem acima. Amaldiçoou-se por ser um tolo por ter começado essa missão. Desejou estar de volta, em segurança, no acampamento de Achmet Zek e quase teria acolhido a chance de se render às autoridades do Congo se isso pudesse resgatá-lo de sua terrível situação.

**En** Ele ouviu com medo, mas o grito não se repetiu. Impelido a uma ação desesperada, preparou-se para pular sobre o abismo. Ele recuou vinte passos, correu e, na beira do poço, saltou para cima e para fora, tentando alcançar o outro lado.

**En** Em sua mão, ele segurava uma vela crepitante, mas o fluxo de ar ao saltar apagou-a. Na escuridão total, ele voou pelo ar, estendendo a mão para agarrar algo caso seus pés errassem a borda invisível.

**En** Seus joelhos bateram na borda da porta na extremidade oposta do túnel rochoso. Ele escorregou para trás, agarrou-se desesperadamente por um momento e finalmente ficou pendurado metade dentro e metade fora da abertura, mas estava a salvo. Por vários minutos, ele não ousou se mover, deitado fraco e suando. Por fim, puxou-se cautelosamente para dentro do túnel e deitou-se esticado no chão, lutando para recuperar o controle de seus nervos estilhaçados.

**En** Quando seus joelhos alcançaram a borda do túnel, ele perdeu o controle da vela. Ele esperava que ela tivesse caído no chão do corredor, em vez de voltar para o poço. Ele se levantou e procurou o pequeno cilindro, que agora parecia mais valioso para ele do que todo o tesouro de Opar.

**En** Quando finalmente encontrou a vela, ele a abraçou e desabou, chorando de exaustão. Depois de ficar tremendo por um tempo, ele sentou-se, acendeu o toco de vela restante com um fósforo e se sentiu mais calmo. Ele continuou pelo túnel, mas o grito terrível vindo do poço ainda o aterrorizava.

**En** Após uma curta distância, ele encontrou uma parede bloqueando completamente o túnel. Ele ficou intrigado, pois um túnel sem saída não fazia sentido. Ele examinou a alvenaria e descobriu que as pedras estavam soltas. Ele as removeu, criando uma abertura, e rastejou para dentro de uma câmara baixa. Uma porta além cedeu, e ele entrou em um longo corredor escuro. Antes que fosse longe, sua vela queimou até o fim e ele a deixou cair, apagando a luz.

**En** Agora ele estava na escuridão absoluta, e o medo pesava fortemente sobre ele. Ele não conseguia adivinhar que perigos o aguardavam, mas acreditava que ainda estava tão longe da liberdade quanto antes. A escuridão completa em ambientes desconhecidos é profundamente desanimadora.

**En** Ele avançou lentamente, usando as mãos nas paredes e testando o chão com os pés antes de cada passo. Ele sentiu que o túnel era interminável. Exausto por seus esforços, pelo terror e pela falta de sono, decidiu deitar-se e descansar antes de continuar.

**En** Ele acordou e viu que a escuridão não havia mudado. Não conseguia dizer se havia dormido por um segundo ou um dia inteiro, mas o fato de se sentir revigorado e com fome provava que havia descansado por um tempo.

**En** Ele retomou seu avanço cauteloso, mas logo entrou em um cômodo iluminado por uma abertura no teto. Uma escada de concreto descia daquela abertura até o chão da câmara.

**En** Através da abertura acima, Werper viu a luz do sol em enormes colunas cobertas de trepadeiras. Ele ouviu atentamente; os únicos sons eram o vento nas folhas, o canto dos pássaros e a tagarelice dos macacos.

**En** Ele subiu as escadas sem medo e se viu em um pátio circular. Bem na frente dele estava um altar de pedra marcado com manchas cor de ferrugem. Naquele momento, Werper não se perguntou o que eram, mas depois sua terrível origem se tornou muito clara.

**En** Perto da abertura no chão atrás do altar, o belga notou várias portas ao nível do solo. Acima, varandas abertas circundavam o pátio. Macacos corriam pelas ruínas, e pássaros coloridos voavam entre as colunas e as altas galerias; não havia sinal de pessoas. Werper sentiu alívio e suspirou como se um peso tivesse sido retirado. Ele começou a se dirigir a uma saída, mas então parou, atordoado e aterrorizado, porque naquele mesmo momento uma dúzia de portas se abriu e uma multidão de homens aterrorizantes correu em sua direção.

**En** Os sacerdotes do Deus Flamejante de Opar eram os mesmos homens pequenos e grotescos que haviam arrastado Jane Clayton até o altar anos antes. Seus braços longos, pernas curtas, olhos maus e testas baixas lhes davam uma aparência animal que aterrorizava o belga.

**En** Ele gritou e tentou recuar para os corredores escuros, mas os homens bloquearam seu caminho e o capturaram. Apesar de seus apelos por misericórdia, eles o amarraram e o jogaram no chão do templo.

**En** A cena repetiu o que Tarzan e Jane haviam experimentado. As sacerdotisas chegaram com La, a Alta Sacerdotisa. Eles colocaram Werper sobre o altar. Enquanto La erguia a faca, ele suava de terror,

ouvindo o cântico da morte e vendo as taças de ouro que logo conteriam seu sangue.

**En** Ele desejou desmaiar antes que a lâmina atingisse, mas então um rugido terrível soou. La abaixou a faca, horrorizada. As sacerdotisas fugiram e os sacerdotes gritaram de medo e raiva. Werper viu um enorme leão no templo, com uma vítima já morta sob suas patas, e também ficou aterrorizado.

**En** O leão rugiu novamente e olhou fixamente para o altar. La tropeçou e desmaiou sobre Werper.

## O Ataque Árabe

**En** Após o choque inicial do terremoto diminuir, Basuli e seus guerreiros correram de volta para o corredor para procurar Tarzan e dois de seus próprios homens que também estavam desaparecidos.

**En** Eles encontraram o caminho bloqueado por rochas retorcidas e esmagadas. Por dois dias eles trabalharam duro para abrir caminho até seus companheiros presos. No entanto, após grande esforço, eles haviam descoberto apenas alguns metros da passagem bloqueada e encontraram o corpo despedaçado de um de seus homens. Eles então tiveram que aceitar que Tarzan e o outro Waziri também estavam mortos sob a rocha mais adentro, além de qualquer esperança de resgate.

# Belgian and Arab

## Pt/En

### Português

O tenente Albert Werper devia sua fuga da demissão unicamente ao prestígio do nome que havia desonrado. Inicialmente grato por ser enviado a um posto remoto no Congo em vez de enfrentar a corte marcial, ele se tornou amargo após seis meses de monotonia, isolamento e solidão. Começou a odiar aqueles que o haviam exilado, incluindo os próprios homens que um dia agradecera.

### 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.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele sentia falta da atmosfera animada de Bruxelas, assim como nunca se arrependeu dos pecados que o haviam tirado daquela cidade. Com o passar dos dias, seu ressentimento se concentrou no representante local da autoridade que o exilara—seu capitão e superior imediato.

### 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O capitão era um homem frio e taciturno que inspirava pouco afeto em seus subordinados, mas era respeitado e temido pelos soldados negros de seu pequeno comando.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper passava horas encarando seu superior, distorcendo o silêncio natural do capitão em um insulto calculado. Seu ódio sem sentido transformou-se em mania, e uma noite sua raiva tornou-se homicida. Ele tocou o revólver em seu quadril, 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele gritou que havia sido insultado pela última vez, declarando-se um oficial e um cavalheiro que não toleraria mais tal tratamento, e exigiu satisfações do capitão, a quem chamou de 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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O capitão, com o rosto expressando surpresa, virou-se para seu subordinado. Ele já havia encontrado homens afligidos pela loucura da selva — uma condição nascida da solidão, do pensamento obsessivo e talvez de um toque 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele se levantou e estendeu a mão para colocá-la no ombro do outro homem, com a intenção de oferecer conselhos calmos. Mas Werper interpretou mal o gesto como um ataque. Antes que o capitão pudesse dar outro passo, Werper atirou, e o capitão caiu sem fazer som. Ao desabar, a névoa na mente de Werper se dissipou, e ele viu sua ação como os outros a julgariam.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele ouviu gritos excitados vindos dos alojamentos dos soldados e o som de homens correndo em sua direção. Eles o capturariam e, se não o matassem ali mesmo, o levariam para o Congo para enfrentar um tribunal militar que certamente o condenaria, embora de forma mais ordenada.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper não tinha desejo de morrer. Nunca se agarrara tão ferozmente à vida como naquele momento em que havia perdido completamente o direito a ela. Os homens se aproximavam. Ele olhou ao redor como se buscasse uma justificativa plausível para seu crime, mas encontrou apenas o corpo do homem que havia atirado sem motivo justo.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Em desespero, ele se virou e fugiu dos soldados que se aproximavam. Correu pelo pátio, ainda segurando seu revólver. No portão, um sentinela tentou detê-lo. Sem dizer uma palavra ou tentar usar sua autoridade, Werper ergueu sua arma e atirou no homem inocente. Momentos depois, ele abriu os portões e desapareceu na selva escura, tendo antes tomado para si o rifle e os cintos de munição do sentinela.

## 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.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Durante a noite toda, Werper fugiu mais para dentro da selva. Ocasionalmente, o rugido de um leão o fazia parar e ouvir, mas com seu rifle pronto, ele continuava. Ele temia mais os homens que o perseguiam 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.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O amanhecer finalmente chegou, mas Werper continuou andando. Ele estava com tanto medo de ser capturado que esqueceu sua fome e cansaço. Ele pensava apenas em escapar. Não ousava descansar ou comer até ter certeza de que ninguém o seguia. Ele cambaleou até cair e não conseguir se levantar. Não fazia ideia de quanto tempo havia fugido. Quando não pôde mais correr, perdeu a consciência de exaustão, sem saber que havia atingido seu limite.

## 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Dessa forma, Achmet Zek, o árabe, o encontrou. Os seguidores de Achmet queriam atravessar seu inimigo hereditário com uma lança, mas Achmet decidiu de outra forma. Preferiu interrogar o belga primeiro. É mais fácil interrogar um homem antes de matá-lo do que matá-lo primeiro e depois interrogá-lo.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Então Achmet mandou carregar o Tenente Albert Werper para sua própria tenda. Escravos lhe deram pequenas quantidades de vinho e comida até que ele recuperasse a consciência. Quando abriu os olhos, viu rostos negros estranhos ao seu redor e uma figura árabe do lado de fora da tenda. Não viu nenhum vestígio de seus próprios 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O árabe se virou e, vendo os olhos abertos do prisioneiro o observando, entrou na tenda.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek anunciou sua identidade e exigiu saber o nome do estranho, seu propósito em seu território e o paradeiro de 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?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper reconheceu o nome Achmet Zek com alarme. Percebeu que havia caído nas mãos de um criminoso notório que desprezava todos os europeus, especialmente os belgas. O exército do Congo Belga havia lutado contra Achmet Zek e seus homens por anos sem sucesso, e nenhum dos lados jamais pediu ou ofereceu clemência.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No entanto, Werper percebeu uma possível vantagem no ódio de Achmet Zek pelos belgas. Como Werper também era um pária e fora da lei, eles compartilhavam um inimigo comum. Werper resolveu explorar isso em seu próprio benefício.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper afirmou que estava procurando por Achmet Zek. Ele explicou que seu próprio povo havia se voltado contra ele e estava tentando matá-lo. Ele acreditava que Achmet Zek o protegeria porque ambos odiavam os mesmos inimigos. Em troca, ofereceu seus serviços como soldado treinado.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek estudou o europeu em silêncio, suspeitando que ele estava mentindo. Ainda assim, se o homem estava dizendo a verdade, sua oferta merecia consideração. Lutadores treinados eram raros, especialmente oficiais brancos com conhecimento militar, então a possibilidade era tentadora.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek franziu a testa, e Werper sentiu seu coração apertar. No entanto, Werper não compreendia Achmet Zek: o homem era propenso a franzir a testa quando outros sorriam, e a sorrir quando outros franziriam a testa.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek avisou Werper que, se ele tivesse mentido, o mataria a qualquer momento. Ele então perguntou que recompensa, além de sua vida, Werper esperava por seus serviços.

### **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?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper respondeu que inicialmente só queria seu sustento, e depois, se provasse valer mais, eles poderiam facilmente chegar a um acordo. Seu único desejo naquele momento era preservar sua vida. Assim, o acordo foi firmado, e o Tenente Albert Werper tornou-se membro do notório bando de saqueadores de marfim e escravos de 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Por meses, o belga renegado cavalgou com o selvagem saqueador. Ele lutava com abandono selvagem e crueldade viciosa, igualando-se completamente a seus companheiros desesperados. Achmet Zek mantinha um olhar atento sobre seu recruta, e sua crescente satisfação eventualmente levou a uma maior confiança no homem, o que por sua vez deu a Werper mais independência em suas ações.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek compartilhou seus planos com o belga em grande medida, e finalmente revelou um esquema querido que ele há muito nutria, mas nunca tivera a chance de realizar. Com a ajuda de um europeu, no entanto, o assunto poderia ser facilmente realizado. Ele testou a reação de Werper.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele perguntou se o ouvinte já tinha ouvido falar do homem conhecido como Tarzan.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper assentiu e admitiu que tinha ouvido falar de Tarzan, mas não o conhecia pessoalmente.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O árabe continuou explicando que, sem Tarzan, eles poderiam realizar seu comércio em segurança e com grande lucro. Ele disse que Tarzan os combatia há anos, expulsando-os das partes mais ricas do país, assediando-os e armando os nativos para que pudessem resistir quando os comerciantes chegassem. Tarzan era muito rico. Se conseguissem uma forma de obrigá-lo a pagar uma grande quantia em ouro, eles não apenas se vingariam, mas também seriam compensados pelos lucros que haviam perdido por causa da proteção de Tarzan aos nativos.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper tirou um cigarro de um estojo com joias e o acendeu.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele então perguntou se o árabe tinha um plano para fazer Tarzan pagar.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek respondeu que Tarzan tinha uma esposa que diziam ser muito bonita. Ele sugeriu que ela renderia um alto preço mais ao norte se achassem muito difícil obter resgate de Tarzan.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper pensou profundamente. Achmet Zek esperava sua resposta. O pouco de bom que restava em Albert Werper sentia repulsa pela ideia de vender uma mulher branca para a escravidão em um harém muçulmano. Quando ele olhou para Achmet Zek, viu os olhos do árabe se estreitarem e adivinhou que o outro sabia de sua oposição. Recusar significaria a morte, pois o árabe valorizava a vida de um descrente menos que a de um cachorro. Werper amava a vida. A mulher não era nada para ele — era europeia, parte da sociedade, enquanto ele era um pária. Ela era sua inimiga natural. Se ele não ajudasse, Achmet Zek o mataria.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O árabe murmurou que Werper hesitava.

### **Original English**

"You hesitate,"murmured the Arab.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper mentiu, dizendo que estava apenas considerando as chances de sucesso e seu pagamento. Ele argumentou que, como europeu, poderia entrar na casa e na mesa deles, e que Achmet Zek não tinha mais ninguém que pudesse fazer tanto. O risco era grande, então ele deveria ser bem pago.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um sorriso de alívio cruzou o rosto do saqueador.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Achmet Zek elogiou Werper e garantiu a ele o pagamento. Eles então se sentaram juntos em um tapete na tenda de Achmet para planejar seu esquema, conversando em voz baixa até tarde. Ambos os homens eram altos e barbados; o europeu, apesar de sua origem, tinha sido moldado pelo tempo para se assemelhar a um árabe, até mesmo nas roupas.

Finalmente, Werper se levantou e se retirou 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

No dia seguinte, Werper examinou cuidadosamente seu uniforme belga, removendo quaisquer vestígios que pudessem revelar sua natureza militar. Achmet Zek forneceu um capacete de cortiça e uma sela europeia de seu saque, e reuniu carregadores, askaris e moços de tenda de seus escravos e seguidores para formar um safári modesto adequado para um caçador de grandes animais. Werper então liderou esse 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.

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## On the Road To Opar

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Duas semanas depois, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, estava voltando de inspecionar sua vasta propriedade africana quando notou a frente de uma coluna atravessando a planície entre seu bangalô e a floresta a noroeste.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele parou seu cavalo e observou o grupo enquanto emergia de uma depressão oculta. Seus olhos aguçados captaram o reflexo do sol no capacete branco de um homem montado. Acreditando ser um caçador europeu errante em busca de hospitalidade, ele virou seu cavalo e cavalgou lentamente para cumprimentar o recém-chegado.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Meia hora depois, ele estava subindo os degraus para a varanda de seu bangalô, onde apresentou M. 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

M. Frecoult explicou que havia se perdido completamente. Seu guia principal não conhecia a região, e os guias locais que contrataram se mostraram ainda menos experientes. Esses guias os abandonaram há dois dias. Ele se considerou extremamente sortudo por ter encontrado ajuda tão inesperadamente e admitiu que não sabia como teria conseguido sem encontrá-los.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O grupo concordou que Frecoult e seus companheiros ficariam alguns dias para descansar completamente. Depois disso, Lord Greystoke forneceria guias para escoltá-los em segurança de volta ao território que o chefe dos guias de Frecoult conhecia bem.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ao fingir ser um rico francês com bastante tempo livre, Werper teve pouca dificuldade em enganar seu anfitrião e ganhar a confiança de Tarzan e Jane Clayton. No entanto, quanto mais tempo permanecia, menos confiante ficava de que seu plano pudesse ser executado facilmente.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lady Greystoke nunca se aventurava sozinha longe do bangalô. Além disso, os ferozes guerreiros Waziri, profundamente leais a Tarzan, tornavam qualquer plano de sequestrá-la à força ou por suborno quase impossível.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma semana se passou, e Werper parecia não estar mais perto de alcançar seu objetivo do que quando chegara. No entanto, naquele exato momento, algo aconteceu que renovou seu otimismo e direcionou seus pensamentos para um prêmio ainda maior do que um resgate por 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um mensageiro chegou com a correspondência semanal, e Lorde Greystoke passou a tarde em seu escritório, lendo e respondendo cartas. Ele parecia preocupado durante o jantar e, mais tarde, se desculpou para se retirar, logo seguido por Lady Greystoke. Werper, sentado na varanda, ouviu-os falando intensamente. Percebendo que algo incomum estava acontecendo, ele saiu silenciosamente de sua cadeira e, permanecendo na sombra dos arbustos grossos, moveu-se silenciosamente até um ponto sob a janela do quarto deles.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele ouviu atentamente, e sua excitação cresceu ao captar as primeiras palavras. Quando ele se aproximou, Lady Greystoke já estava falando.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela expressou seu medo de longa data de que a empresa era instável e achou difícil acreditar que a falência envolvesse uma quantia tão grande, a menos que houvesse alguma negociação 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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan concordou que suspeitava de desonestidade, mas, qualquer que fosse a causa, ele havia perdido tudo e não via outra escolha senão retornar a Opar em busca de mais riquezas.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lady Greystoke exclamou consternada, perguntando se realmente não havia alternativa. Ela disse que não suportava a ideia de ele voltar àquela cidade terrível; preferiria viver na pobreza para sempre a vê-lo enfrentar os terríveis perigos 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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan riu e disse a ela que não havia motivo para ter medo. Ele disse que era perfeitamente capaz de cuidar de si mesmo e, mesmo que não fosse, os Waziri que o acompanhariam garantiriam sua segurança.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela lembrou a ele que os Waziri já haviam fugido de Opar e o abandonado à própria sorte.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele respondeu que eles não fariam isso de novo. Explicou que eles estavam profundamente envergonhados e estavam voltando quando ele os encontrou.

### **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."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A mulher insistiu que devia haver alguma outra maneira.

**Original English**

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

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele respondeu que não havia outro método tão fácil para obter outra fortuna quanto ir aos cofres do tesouro de Opar e trazê-lo. Ele garantiu a Jane que seria muito cuidadoso, e os habitantes de Opar provavelmente nunca saberiam que ele estivera lá novamente para pegar mais tesouro, pois ignoravam sua existência e valor.

**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."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O tom dele foi tão definitivo que Lady Greystoke entendeu que continuar argumentando seria inútil, 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper ficou e ouviu brevemente. Acreditando que tinha ouvido tudo o que precisava e ansioso para não ser pego, ele voltou para a varanda, onde fumou muitos cigarros rapidamente 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No café da manhã da manhã seguinte, Werper disse que planejava partir cedo e perguntou a Tarzan se poderia caçar animais de grande porte no país Waziri no caminho. Lord Greystoke deu sua permissão de bom grado.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O belga levou dois dias para terminar seus preparativos. Finalmente, ele partiu com seu safári, acompanhado por um único guia Waziri que Lord Greystoke lhe emprestou. Após uma marcha muito curta, Werper fingiu estar doente e disse que ficaria onde estava até se recuperar. Como eles tinham ido apenas uma curta distância da casa dos Greystoke, Werper dispensou o guia Waziri, dizendo-lhe que mandaria buscá-lo quando estivesse pronto para seguir em frente. Depois que o Waziri saiu, Werper chamou um dos homens de confiança de Achmet Zek à sua tenda e o enviou para observar a partida de Tarzan. O homem deveria voltar imediatamente e dizer a Werper quando Tarzan partisse e em que direção ele foi.

### 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O belga não precisou esperar muito. No dia seguinte, seu mensageiro voltou com a notícia de que Tarzan e um grupo de cinquenta guerreiros Waziri haviam partido no início da manhã em direção ao 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Após compor uma longa carta para Achmet Zek, Werper convocou seu capataz e entregou-lhe a carta.

### 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper instruiu o chefe a enviar um mensageiro imediatamente a Achmet Zek com a carta, a permanecer no acampamento aguardando novas ordens e a dizer que estava muito doente para ver alguém se visitantes chegassem do bangalô do inglês. Ele então exigiu seis carregadores e seis askaris – os mais fortes e corajosos do safari – para que pudesse seguir o inglês e descobrir onde seu ouro estava escondido.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Assim, enquanto Tarzan, vestido apenas com uma tanga e armado de maneira primitiva como tanto amava, liderava seus leais Waziri em direção à cidade morta de Opar, o renegado Werper seguia seu rastro durante os longos e quentes dias e acampava perto dele todas as noites.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Enquanto isso, Achmet Zek cavalgou com todo o seu séquito em direção ao sul, para a fazenda Greystoke.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Para Tarzan, esta expedição era como um feriado. Sua civilização era apenas uma fina camada superficial, da qual ele se desfazia com prazer junto com suas roupas europeias desconfortáveis sempre que surgia uma desculpa razoável. Apenas o amor de uma mulher o mantinha até na aparência de vida civilizada — uma condição pela qual a familiaridade gerara desprezo. Ele odiava suas falsidades e hipocrisias e, com a visão clara de uma mente não corrompida, enxergava o núcleo podre: a ganância covarde por paz, conforto e a proteção da propriedade. Ele negava veementemente que a arte, a música e a literatura tivessem prosperado com ideais tão debilitantes, insistindo, em vez disso, que elas haviam perdurado apesar da civilização.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele costumava dizer que a verdadeira beleza e as ideias nobres nascem no conflito e no perigo, não no conforto e na covardia. Ele acreditava que enfrentar as forças mais poderosas da natureza revela o melhor da humanidade.

### **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."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan se sentia como um amante retornando à natureza após uma longa separação. Seus Waziri eram mais civilizados do que ele; eles cozinhavam a carne e evitavam alimentos que ele comia crus. Às vezes, ele seguia os costumes deles, usando armas em vez de sua força e dentes. Mas o chamado de sua criação selvagem ficou forte demais. Ele começou a desejar sangue fresco e a emoção da caça, a única vida que conhecera em seus primeiros vinte anos.

### **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 mallow, 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.

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# **The Call of the Jungle**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma noite, Tarzan ficou acordado deitado no cercado de espinhos do acampamento, que mal os protegia dos predadores da selva. Um guerreiro sonolento vigiava o fogo, enquanto grandes felinos rosnavam na escuridão. Os sons da selva despertaram a selvageria dentro dele. Depois de uma hora, ele se levantou silenciosamente, escalou a muralha e desapareceu em uma árvore sem que seus Waziri percebessem.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Primeiro, ele correu pelos galhos do meio, balançando-se imprudentemente entre as árvores. Depois, subiu mais alto, onde a lua brilhava e uma brisa soprava. Ele ficou lá com o rosto voltado para a lua, querendo soltar o grito de um gorila, mas ficou em silêncio para não acordar os Waziri, que conheciam bem aquele som.

### **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.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Agora ele se movia mais lentamente e com cautela, porque estava caçando. Ele desceu até o chão escuro da selva e farejou o solo, encontrando uma trilha de caça. Suas narinas captaram o cheiro fresco de um cervo. Ele rosnou de desejo, livrando-se de todos os resquícios de civilização. Ele se tornou o caçador primitivo, seguindo o cheiro do cervo com habilidade sobre-humana, ignorando os odores de outros animais.

**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.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O cheiro de um cervo disse a Tarzan que sua presa estava perto. Ele se moveu para as árvores em um galho mais baixo, onde podia observar o chão. Logo ele viu Bara, o cervo, alerta na borda de uma clareira iluminada pela lua. Tarzan rastejou silenciosamente pelas árvores até ficar diretamente acima do cervo. Ele segurava a faca de caça de seu pai, movido pela sede de sangue do caçador. Por um momento ele se equilibrou acima do animal desconfiado, então caiu sobre suas costas. O impacto jogou o cervo de joelhos, e antes que ele pudesse se levantar, a faca de Tarzan encontrou seu coração. Enquanto ele ficava sobre sua presa abatida, pronto para gritar sua vitória, o vento trouxe um cheiro que

o fez congelar. Seus olhos se voltaram para a fonte, e a grama se abriu para revelar Numa, o leão, entrando majestosamente na clareira. Numa olhou para Tarzan com inveja, pois não havia comido 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Um rugido de aviso saiu do homem-macaco. Numa respondeu, mas não avançou. Em vez disso, ficou balançando o rabo suavemente para frente e para trás. Tarzan agachou-se sobre sua presa e cortou um pedaço generoso de uma coxa. O leão observava com crescente ressentimento e raiva enquanto, entre bocados, o homem-macaco soltava seus avisos selvagens. Este leão em particular nunca havia encontrado Tarzan antes e estava muito confuso. A criatura parecia e cheirava como um homem, e Numa já havia provado carne humana e sabia que era fácil de obter, embora não fosse a mais saborosa. No entanto, os rugidos bestiais deste ser estranho o lembravam de oponentes ferozes e o faziam hesitar, enquanto sua fome e o cheiro do veado o levavam quase à loucura. Tarzan continuava observando, entendendo o que se passava na pequena

mente do carnívoro. Foi bom que ele o fizesse, pois finalmente Numa não aguentou mais. Seu rabo ergueu-se reto, e naquele instante o cauteloso homem-macaco, sabendo bem o que o sinal significava, agarrou o restante da carne de veado com os dentes e saltou para uma árvore próxima enquanto Numa investia contra ele com a velocidade e quase o peso de um trem expresso.

### 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

A retirada de Tarzan não demonstrou medo. A vida na selva segue regras diferentes. Se Tarzan estivesse faminto, ele teria ficado e enfrentado o ataque do leão. Ele já tinha feito isso antes. Mas naquela noite ele não estava com fome e tinha mais carne crua do que podia comer. No entanto, ele não estava calmo ao ver Numa comendo sua presa. A arrogância do leão precisava ser punida. Então Tarzan decidiu tornar a vida do grande felino miserável. Ele balançou para uma árvore próxima que tinha frutas grandes e duras, ágil como um esquilo. Então começou um bombardeio que fez Numa rugir com uma fúria que sacudiu a terra. Tarzan jogou as frutas duras uma após a outra o mais rápido que pôde. O leão não

conseguia comer sob aquela saraivada de projéteis; só podia rugir, rosnar e desviar. Eventualmente, ele foi expulso da carcaça de Bara, o veado. Ele foi embora rugindo e ressentido, mas no meio da clareira sua voz parou de repente. Tarzan viu a grande cabeça baixar e se achatar, o corpo se agachar e a longa cauda tremer enquanto a fera se arrastava cautelosamente em direção às árvores do lado oposto.

### 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Tarzan imediatamente ficou alerta. Ele ergueu a cabeça e farejou a brisa lenta da selva, perguntando-se o que havia atraído Numa para longe tão silenciosamente. Enquanto o leão desaparecia entre as árvores além da clareira, Tarzan captou no vento descendente a explicação: o forte cheiro de um homem alcançou suas narinas sensíveis. Ele escondeu o restante da parte traseira do veado na forquilha de uma árvore, limpou as palmas gordurosas nas coxas nuas e balançou-se em perseguição a Numa. Uma trilha larga e bem batida de elefantes levava da clareira para a floresta. Numa esgueirava-se paralelo a ela, enquanto Tarzan se movia pelas

árvores acima, uma sombra de espectro. Tanto o gato selvagem quanto o homem selvagem viram a presa de Numa quase simultaneamente, embora já soubessem antes que ela aparecesse que era um homem negro. Suas narinas sensíveis lhes haviam dito isso, e as de Tarzan tinham discernido ainda que o cheiro era de um estranho velho do sexo masculino — pois raça, sexo e idade têm cada um seu cheiro distintivo. Era um velho seguindo sozinho pela selva sombria: um velhinho enrugado e ressecado, horrivelmente cicatrizado e tatuado, estranhamente vestido com a pele de uma hiena sobre os ombros e a cabeça seca montada sobre seu crânio grisalho. Tarzan reconheceu as marcas de um médico-feiticeiro e aguardou o ataque de Numa com prazerosa antecipação, pois não tinha amor por médicos-feiticeiros. Mas no instante em que Numa atacou, o homem-macaco lembrou-se de repente de que o leão havia roubado sua caça minutos antes, e pensou que a vingança seria 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.

## Pt/En

### Português

O primeiro sinal de perigo que o homem negro teve foi o som de galhos quebrando quando Numa irrompeu pelos arbustos na trilha de caça, a menos de vinte metros atrás dele. Ele se virou e viu um leão enorme com uma juba preta correndo em sua direção. Antes que pudesse reagir, Numa o agarrou. No mesmo momento, Tarzan saltou de um galho acima e caiu nas costas do leão. Ao aterrissar, cravou a faca no lado do leão, atrás do ombro esquerdo. Enfiou os dedos na juba do leão, mordeu seu pescoço e envolveu suas pernas poderosas ao redor do corpo do animal. Numa rugiu de dor e fúria, empinou-se e caiu para trás sobre Tarzan. Mas o homem-macaco segurou firmemente e continuou a esfaquear o leão repetidamente. Numa rolou de um lado para o outro, arranhando e mordendo o ar, tentando desesperadamente alcançar a criatura em suas costas. Várias vezes Tarzan quase perdeu a pegada. Ele estava espancado, machucado e coberto de sangue e terra, mas nunca diminuiu a ferocidade de seu ataque. Se ele tivesse afrouxado seu aperto por um momento, estaria ao alcance das garras e dentes do leão, e isso teria encerrado a vida deste lorde inglês nascido na selva. Onde ele havia caído sob o salto do leão, o feiticeiro jazia, rasgado e sangrando, incapaz de se arrastar. Ele assistiu à terrível batalha entre esses dois senhores da selva. Seus olhos fundos brilhavam e seus lábios enrugados se moviam sobre gengivas desdentadas enquanto murmurava estranhas invocações aos espíritos de seu culto.

### 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Inicialmente, o velho estava confiante de que o estranho homem branco seria morto por Simba, o leão. Mas à medida que a batalha continuava, sua certeza vacilou. Ele testemunhou o homem se segurando contra a força do leão, e uma vaga memória se mexeu. Fracamente, ele lembrou de uma visão de um jovem de pele branca balançando entre as árvores com um grupo de grandes macacos. Essa lembrança o encheu de um medo supersticioso.

### **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.

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## Pt/En

### Português

As dúvidas do feiticeiro se dissiparam, mas agora ele temia que o deus da selva matasse Simba, e ele estava mais aterrorizado com a ira do vencedor do que com a do leão. Ele observou o leão enfraquecer pela perda de sangue, seus membros tremendo e colapsando. Finalmente, o leão caiu e não se levantou. O deus da selva se ergueu sobre a carcaça, colocou um pé sobre ela e soltou um grito horrível para a lua, gelando o sangue do feiticeiro.

### 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.

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# Prophecy and Fulfillment

## Pt/En

### Português

Tarzan então se virou para o homem. Ele não havia matado o leão para salvar o negro; fizera isso por vingança. Mas ao ver o velho homem indefeso e morrendo, um sentimento de piedade se agitou em seu coração selvagem. Em sua juventude, ele teria matado o feiticeiro sem hesitação, mas a civilização o tinha amolecido, embora não o suficiente para torná-lo covarde. Ele se abaixou, examinou os ferimentos e estancou 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.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Com uma voz trêmula, o velho perguntou quem era Tarzan.

#### **Original English**

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

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O homem-macaco respondeu que era Tarzan, Tarzan dos Macacos, e disse isso com mais orgulho do que se tivesse se anunciado como 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."

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O feiticeiro tremeu e fechou os olhos. Quando os abriu, sua expressão mostrava aceitação de qualquer fim terrível que o aguardasse pelas mãos do temido demônio da floresta. Ele perguntou a Tarzan por que não o matava.

#### **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.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Tarzan respondeu que não tinha motivo para matar o feiticeiro, que não lhe fizera mal algum e já estava morrendo devido ao ataque do leão Numa.

#### **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."

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

A voz trêmula do velho expressou surpresa e incredulidade diante da declaração de Tarzan de que não o mataria.

#### **Original English**

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

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Tarzan respondeu que salvaria o feiticeiro se fosse possível, mas não era, e então perguntou por que o homem pensara que seria morto.

#### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Após um momento de silêncio, o velho reuniu coragem e falou. Disse que havia reconhecido Tarzan de muito tempo atrás, quando Tarzan vagava pela selva perto da aldeia do chefe Mbonga. Naquela época, o feiticeiro já praticava sua arte quando Tarzan matou Kulonga e outros, e saqueou suas cabanas e o pote de veneno. Por fim, lembrou-se de Tarzan como o macaco de pele branca que vivia entre os macacos peludos e tornava a vida difícil para o povo de Mbonga — o deus da floresta, Munango-Keewati, para quem deixavam comida do lado de fora de seus portões. Antes de morrer, perguntou a Tarzan se ele era 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?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan riu e declarou que era um homem.

### **Original English**

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

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O velho suspirou e balançou a cabeça. Ele disse a Tarzan que, porque Tarzan havia tentado salvá-lo de Simba, ele o recompensaria. Ele afirmou ser um grande feiticeiro e advertiu Tarzan que dias ruins estavam por vir, que um deus maior que Tarzan se levantaria e o derrubaria. Ele instou Tarzan a voltar antes que fosse tarde demais, dizendo que o perigo estava tanto à frente quanto atrás, mas maior à frente. Então ele fez uma pausa, ofegou, desabou e morreu. Tarzan se perguntou o que mais o feiticeiro tinha 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan retornou ao seu acampamento tarde da noite sem ser visto. Ele pensou no aviso do feiticeiro antes de dormir e novamente ao acordar. No entanto, ele não voltou atrás porque não tinha medo. Se ele soubesse do perigo que ameaçava alguém que ele mais amava, teria corrido para o lado dela e deixado o ouro de Opar para sempre escondido.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Naquela manhã, outro homem branco chamado Werper, um assassino, refletiu sobre um som que ouvira durante a noite. O som, que vinha de muito à frente na trilha, o encheu de terror — um grito diferente de qualquer coisa que ele já havia imaginado. Era o grito de vitória de Tarzan após derrotar Goro, a lua. Werper tremera então e escondera o rosto. Mesmo à luz do dia, a lembrança o fazia tremer. Ele teria recuado do perigo desconhecido, mas temia ainda mais seu mestre Achmet Zek.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Assim, Tarzan avançou em direção à cidade arruinada de Opar, enquanto Werper o seguia como um chacal por trás. Só Deus sabia que destino aguardava 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan fez uma pausa na beira do vale árido, contemplando os domos dourados e as torres de Opar. Ele decidiu prosseguir sozinho até o cofre do tesouro naquela noite, movendo-se com cautela, pois pretendia ser muito cuidadoso ao longo de toda essa 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando a escuridão caiu, Tarzan partiu. Werper, que havia escalado os penhascos sozinho e se escondido entre as rochas o dia todo, seguiu-o secretamente. O terreno rochoso entre o vale e a grande colina de granito fora das muralhas da cidade proporcionou bastante cobertura enquanto Werper rastejava atrás de Tarzan em direção 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Werper observou o gigante homem-macaco escalar agilmente a face da rocha. Então, aterrorizado, mas movido pela ganância, ele mesmo iniciou a perigosa subida, suando e tremendo, até alcançar o topo da colina rochosa.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan não estava em lugar nenhum. Werper se escondeu atrás de uma pedra, mas quando não ouviu nada, saiu para procurar a área sistematicamente. Ele esperava encontrar o tesouro rapidamente e escapar antes que Tarzan voltasse, planejando depois trazer seus homens para levar o máximo de ouro possível.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele descobriu uma abertura estreita com degraus de granito desgastados que levavam ao interior da colina. Ele foi até a escura entrada do túnel, mas parou ali, com medo de entrar caso encontrasse 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan, muito à frente de Werper, tateou o caminho ao longo do túnel rochoso até chegar à antiga porta de madeira. Logo ele estava dentro da sala do tesouro, onde há muito tempo mãos mortas haviam organizado altas fileiras de barras de ouro para os governantes de um grande continente que agora 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nenhum som perturbou o silêncio do cofre subterrâneo. Não havia sinal de que alguém mais tivesse encontrado o tesouro esquecido desde a última visita de Tarzan.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Satisfeito, Tarzan se virou e voltou em direção ao topo da colina. Werper, escondido atrás de uma rocha de granito saliente, observou Tarzan subir das escadas escuras e caminhar até a borda da colina com vista para o vale, onde os Waziri esperavam pelo sinal de seu mestre. Então Werper deslizou silenciosamente de seu esconderijo, desceu para a entrada 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan parou na borda da colina e soltou um rugido alto semelhante ao de um leão. Ele repetiu o chamado duas vezes em intervalos regulares, depois ficou ouvindo em silêncio. Depois que os ecos do terceiro rugido se dissiparam, um rugido de resposta fraco veio de longe, do outro lado do vale—uma, duas, três vezes. Basuli, o chefe Waziri, tinha ouvido e respondido.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan voltou para o cofre do tesouro, sabendo que em algumas horas seus guerreiros Waziri se juntariam a ele para carregar outra fortuna nas barras de ouro de formato estranho de Opar. Enquanto isso, ele carregaria o máximo possível do metal precioso para o topo da colina.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nas cinco horas antes de Basuli chegar ao kopje, Tarzan fez seis viagens, transportando um total de quarenta e oito lingotes até a borda do grande rochedo. Cada carga teria exaurido dois homens comuns, mas seu corpo gigantesco não mostrava sinais de fadiga. Em seguida, ajudou seus guerreiros negros a escalar o topo da colina usando a corda que haviam trazido.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Seis vezes Tarzan voltou à câmara do tesouro, e cada vez o belga, Werper, encolhia-se nas sombras escuras. Nesta sétima visita, o homem-macaco trouxe cinquenta homens de guerra, que voluntariamente se tornaram carregadores por devoção a ele. Eles carregaram mais cinquenta e dois lingotes, elevando o total para cem que Tarzan pretendia levar.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Enquanto o último dos Waziri saía, Tarzan se virou para dar uma última olhada na imensa riqueza, pouco diminuída por suas duas incursões. Antes de apagar a vela que havia iluminado brevemente a escuridão antiga, ele lembrou de sua primeira entrada no cofre: uma descoberta ao acaso enquanto fugia dos poços sob o templo, onde La, a Alta 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele se lembrou de estar deitado no altar de sacrifício enquanto La ficava sobre ele com um punhal erguido. Os sacerdotes e sacerdotisas, em um frenesi de fanatismo, aguardavam o primeiro fluxo de seu sangue para encher seus cálices dourados 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A violenta interrupção por Tha, o sacerdote louco, veio vividamente à sua mente: os adoradores fugindo da sede de sangue da criatura, o ataque brutal a La, e seu próprio papel na tragédia, lutando contra o enfurecido Opariano e deixando-o morto aos pés da sacerdotisa que ele havia tentado violar.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan ficou parado olhando para o ouro e lembrou-se de muitas coisas. Ele se perguntou se La ainda governava a cidade em ruínas. Será que ela fora forçada a se casar com um sacerdote? Esse seria um destino terrível para alguém tão bonito. Ele balançou a cabeça, apagou a vela e saiu.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Atrás dele, o espião esperava. Ele havia descoberto o segredo que viera buscar. Agora poderia voltar para seus homens e levá-los ao tesouro para carregar todo o ouro que pudessem.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Os Waziri haviam chegado ao fim do túnel e estavam subindo em direção ao ar fresco e à luz das estrelas. Tarzan finalmente parou de pensar e os seguiu lentamente.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Pelo que pensou ser a última vez, Tarzan fechou a porta maciça. Na escuridão, Werper esticou seus músculos doloridos. Ele estendeu a mão e acariciou um lingote de ouro, ergueu-o, pesou-o e o segurou contra o peito em um deleite 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tarzan sonhou com um feliz retorno para casa, de ser abraçado por entes queridos. Mas a lembrança do aviso do velho feiticeiro perturbou esse sonho.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Em apenas alguns segundos, as esperanças de ambos os homens foram destruídas. Um homem ficou tão apavorado que esqueceu sua própria ganância, enquanto o outro foi atingido na cabeça por um pedaço afiado de rocha, causando um ferimento profundo que o fez perder toda a memória do passado.

### **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.

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# **The Altar of the Flaming God**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando Tarzan se afastou da porta fechada para seguir em direção ao mundo exterior, o terremoto atingiu sem aviso. Em um instante, a calma estabilidade desapareceu. A passagem estreita tremeu violentamente; suas paredes racharam e desmoronaram. Grandes blocos de granito caíram do teto, bloqueando o caminho, e as paredes desabaram para dentro. Um pedaço do teto atingiu Tarzan, jogando-o de volta contra a porta da sala do tesouro. Seu peso a abriu, e ele caiu para dentro, rolando no chão.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A grande sala que continha o tesouro sofreu menos danos com o terremoto. Algumas barras de ouro caíram das pilhas mais altas, um único pedaço do teto de rocha se soltou e caiu no chão, e as paredes racharam, mas permaneceram de pé.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Apenas um choque ocorreu; nenhuma réplica veio para piorar os danos. Werper, jogado ao chão pela súbita e violenta perturbação, levantou-se cambaleando quando percebeu que não estava ferido. Tateando o caminho em direção ao extremo oposto da câmara, ele procurou a vela que Tarzan deixara, presa na própria cera na ponta de uma barra de ouro que se projetava de uma pilha.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois de riscar muitos fósforos, o belga finalmente encontrou a vela. Quando sua luz fraca dissipou a escuridão completa ao seu redor, ele soltou um suspiro nervoso de alívio, já que a escuridão impenetrável havia tornado 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

À medida que seus olhos se ajustavam à luz, o homem olhou em direção à porta, seu único pensamento agora era escapar daquele túmulo terrível. Lá ele viu o corpo do gigante nu caído no chão, bem na entrada. Werper recuou de repente com medo de ser descoberto, mas um segundo olhar o convenceu de que o inglês estava morto. Um grande ferimento na cabeça

do homem havia deixado uma poça de sangue se acumular no chão 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O belga saltou rapidamente sobre o corpo prostrado de seu antigo anfitrião e, sem pensar em ajudar o homem que ainda poderia estar vivo, disparou pelo corredor em direção 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.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Mas suas esperanças renovadas logo se desvaneceram. Logo além da porta, ele encontrou a passagem completamente bloqueada por massas impenetráveis de rocha despedaçada. Ele voltou e reentrou no cofre do tesouro. Pegando a vela, começou uma busca sistemática pela sala e logo descobriu outra porta na extremidade oposta, que rangeu ao se abrir sob seu peso. Além dela, havia outra passagem estreita. Ele subiu degraus de pedra até um corredor vinte pés acima do primeiro. A vela bruxuleante mostrou-lhe, bem a tempo, um poço profundo que parecia terminar o túnel.

### 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diante dele havia uma abertura circular. Ele segurou a vela sobre ela e olhou para baixo, vendo a luz refletida de uma poça d'água muito abaixo. Ele havia chegado a um poço. Erguendo a vela acima da cabeça, olhou através do vazio negro e viu o túnel continuar do lado oposto. Mas como ele cruzaria a lacuna?

### **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?

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Enquanto ele estava ali medindo a distância até o lado oposto e se perguntando se ousaria dar um salto tão grande, um grito agudo rompeu de repente seus ouvidos assustados, diminuindo gradualmente até uma série de gemidos lúgubres. A voz parecia parcialmente humana, mas tão hedionda que poderia ter vindo de uma alma perdida se contorcendo nos fogos 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O belga tremeu e olhou para cima com medo, pois o grito parecia vir de cima. Ele viu uma abertura bem no alto e um pedaço de céu colorido de rosa 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O grito aterrorizante apagou sua ideia ainda incipiente de pedir ajuda. Ele acreditou que nenhum humano poderia viver onde existia uma voz assim. Não ousou se revelar para quaisquer seres que vivessem acima. Amaldiçoou-se por ser um tolo por ter começado essa missão. Desejou estar de volta, em segurança, no acampamento de Achmet Zek e quase teria acolhido a chance de se render às autoridades do Congo se isso pudesse resgatá-lo de sua terrível situação.

### **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.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele ouviu com medo, mas o grito não se repetiu. Impelido a uma ação desesperada, preparou-se para pular sobre o abismo. Ele recuou vinte passos, correu e, na beira do poço, saltou para cima e para fora, tentando alcançar o 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.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Em sua mão, ele segurava uma vela crepitante, mas o fluxo de ar ao saltar apagou-a. Na escuridão total, ele voou pelo ar, estendendo a mão para agarrar algo caso seus pés errassem a borda invisível.

**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.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Seus joelhos bateram na borda da porta na extremidade oposta do túnel rochoso. Ele escorregou para trás, agarrou-se desesperadamente por um momento e finalmente ficou pendurado metade dentro e metade fora da abertura, mas estava a salvo. Por vários minutos, ele não ousou se mover, deitado fraco e suando. Por fim, puxou-se cautelosamente para dentro do túnel e deitou-se esticado no chão, lutando para recuperar o controle de seus nervos estilhaçados.

**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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando seus joelhos alcançaram a borda do túnel, ele perdeu o controle da vela. Ele esperava que ela tivesse caído no chão do corredor, em vez de voltar para o poço. Ele se levantou e procurou o pequeno cilindro, que agora parecia mais valioso para ele do que todo o tesouro 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando finalmente encontrou a vela, ele a abraçou e desabou, chorando de exaustão. Depois de ficar tremendo por um tempo, ele sentou-se, acendeu o toco de vela restante com um fósforo e se sentiu mais calmo. Ele continuou pelo túnel, mas o grito terrível vindo do poço ainda o aterrorizava.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Após uma curta distância, ele encontrou uma parede bloqueando completamente o túnel. Ele ficou intrigado, pois um túnel sem saída não fazia sentido. Ele examinou a alvenaria e descobriu que as pedras estavam soltas. Ele as removeu, criando uma abertura, e rastejou para dentro de uma câmara baixa. Uma porta além cedeu, e ele entrou em um longo corredor escuro. Antes que fosse longe, sua vela queimou até o fim e ele a deixou cair, apagando a luz.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Agora ele estava na escuridão absoluta, e o medo pesava fortemente sobre ele. Ele não conseguia adivinhar que perigos o aguardavam, mas acreditava que ainda estava tão longe da liberdade quanto antes. A escuridão completa em ambientes desconhecidos é profundamente desanimadora.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele avançou lentamente, usando as mãos nas paredes e testando o chão com os pés antes de cada passo. Ele sentiu que o túnel era interminável. Exausto por seus esforços, pelo terror e pela falta de sono, decidi deitar-se 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele acordou e viu que a escuridão não havia mudado. Não conseguia dizer se havia dormido por um segundo ou um dia inteiro, mas o fato de se sentir revigorado e com fome provava que havia descansado por um tempo.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele retomou seu avanço cauteloso, mas logo entrou em um cômodo iluminado por uma abertura no teto. Uma escada de concreto descia daquela abertura até o chão da câmara.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Através da abertura acima, Werper viu a luz do sol em enormes colunas cobertas de trepadeiras. Ele ouviu atentamente; os únicos sons eram o vento nas folhas, o canto dos pássaros e a tagarelice 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 sougning of the wind through leafy branches, the hoarse cries of birds, and the chattering of monkeys.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele subiu as escadas sem medo e se viu em um pátio circular. Bem na frente dele estava um altar de pedra marcado com manchas cor de ferrugem. Naquele momento, Werper não se perguntou o que eram, mas depois sua terrível origem se tornou muito clara.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Perto da abertura no chão atrás do altar, o belga notou várias portas ao nível do solo. Acima, varandas abertas circundavam o pátio. Macacos corriam pelas ruínas, e pássaros coloridos voavam entre as colunas e as altas galerias; não havia sinal de pessoas. Werper sentiu alívio e suspirou como se um peso tivesse sido retirado. Ele começou a se dirigir a uma saída, mas então parou, atordoado e aterrorizado, porque naquele mesmo momento uma dúzia de portas se abriu e uma multidão de homens aterrorizantes 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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Os sacerdotes do Deus Flamejante de Opar eram os mesmos homens pequenos e grotescos que haviam arrastado Jane Clayton até o altar anos antes. Seus braços longos, pernas curtas, olhos maus e testas baixas lhes davam uma aparência animal que aterrorizava o belga.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele gritou e tentou recuar para os corredores escuros, mas os homens bloquearam seu caminho e o capturaram. Apesar de seus apelos por misericórdia, eles o amarraram e o jogaram no chão do templo.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A cena repetiu o que Tarzan e Jane haviam experimentado. As sacerdotisas chegaram com La, a Alta Sacerdotisa. Eles colocaram Werper sobre o altar. Enquanto La erguia a faca, ele suava de terror, ouvindo o cântico da morte e vendo as taças de ouro que logo conteriam seu sangue.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele desejou desmaiar antes que a lâmina atingisse, mas então um rugido terrível soou. La abaixou a faca, horrorizada. As sacerdotisas fugiram e os sacerdotes gritaram de medo e raiva. Werper viu um enorme leão no templo, com uma vítima já morta sob suas patas, e também ficou aterrorizado.

### **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.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O leão rugiu novamente e olhou fixamente para o altar. La tropeçou e desmaiou 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.

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# The Arab Raid

## Pt/En

### Português

Após o choque inicial do terremoto diminuir, Basuli e seus guerreiros correram de volta para o corredor para procurar Tarzan e dois de seus próprios homens que também estavam 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.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Eles encontraram o caminho bloqueado por rochas retorcidas e esmagadas. Por dois dias eles trabalharam duro para abrir caminho até seus companheiros presos. No entanto, após grande esforço, eles haviam descoberto apenas alguns metros da passagem bloqueada e encontraram o corpo despedaçado de um de seus homens. Eles então tiveram que aceitar que Tarzan e o outro Waziri também estavam mortos sob a rocha mais adentro, além de qualquer esperança de resgate.

### 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.

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# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **achieve** ə'tʃi:v (1 occurrence)

**Português:** alcançar

**Simple English:** To successfully do or finish something.

**Example:** *She worked hard to achieve her goal.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, the longer he stayed, the less sure he was that he could easily achieve his goals. [Back to B1](#)

## **advice** əd'vaɪs (1 occurrence)

**Português:** conselho

**Simple English:** A suggestion about what someone should do.

**Example:** *She gave me good advice about studying.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He wanted to say some calm advice, but he did not get the chance. [Back to B1](#)

## **ago** ə'gəʊ (6 occurrences)

**Português:** atrás

**Simple English:** A time before now.

**Example:** *She moved here three years ago.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Suddenly, the old man remembered something from long ago. [Back to B1](#)

2. He gathered his courage and said he knew Tarzan from long ago. [Back to B1](#)

3. He thought the tunnel must continue behind the wall and that someone had blocked it long ago for a secret reason. [Back to B1](#)

4. Even though their faces had seemed familiar to him just a short time ago, he did not remember anything about them.

5. Opar was made up of people who came from Atlantis long ago.

**agree** ə'grɪ: (4 occurrences)

**Português:** concordar

**Simple English:** to have the same opinion

**Example:** *She pretended to agree with Mbonga.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said that later, if he proved to be more valuable, they could agree on other terms. [Back to B1](#)
2. The woman moved her head to show she did not agree.
3. He asked them to agree to peace between him and La.
4. As they stood near the entrance, Werper warned Jane to agree with anything he said to the raiders.

**amazing** ə'meɪzɪŋ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** incrível

**Simple English:** very surprising or great

**Example:** *It was an amazing fight.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He followed the deer's scent, using his amazing senses to track it through the smells of other animals. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, he saw something amazing: the naked giant who threw the spear was running towards the big lion.
3. But fear can help people do amazing things.

**amount** ə'maʊnt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** quantidade

**Simple English:** A quantity of something.

**Example:** *The amount of water is enough.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She found it hard to believe they failed with such a large amount of money, unless someone had acted dishonestly. [Back to B1](#)

### **amounts** ə'maʊnts (2 occurrences)

**Português:** quantidades

**Simple English:** How much of something there is.

**Example:** *He counted the amounts of money carefully.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Slaves gave him small amounts of wine and food until he woke up. [Back to B1](#)
2. He wanted to stop looking for adventure, but Tarzan kept him interested by telling him about the large amounts of food in the village of Tarmangani.

### **angrily** 'æŋgrɪli (10 occurrences)

**Português:** com raiva

**Simple English:** In a way that shows anger.

**Example:** *He spoke angrily about the problem.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Werper often sat for hours looking angrily at his captain. [Back to B1](#)
2. He walked away, roaring angrily. [Back to B1](#)
3. Tarzan watched as the lion looked angrily at the woman and the man.
4. The Waziri looked around angrily for a few minutes.
5. A tall black man lifted his spear and shouted angrily.

### **anymore** ,ɛni'mɔ:r (5 occurrences)

**Português:** mais

**Simple English:** No longer; not now.

**Example:** *I don't live there anymore.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He jumped up and said he was an officer and a gentleman and would not accept this treatment anymore. [Back to B1](#)
2. If Werper was like that, Tarzan did not want to know him anymore.
3. While she was thinking these scary thoughts, she suddenly felt that the ropes on her wrists and ankles were not hurting her anymore.
4. When he could not hear them anymore, he turned right and rode into the forest.

5. Then, they stopped because they were not interested anymore.

**area** 'ɛəriə (23 occurrences)

**Português:** área

**Simple English:** a space or part of a place

**Example:** *She ran across a small open area.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His main guide had never been in that area before, and the other guides knew even less about the land. [Back to B1](#)
2. So, Werper started to look around the area. [Back to B1](#)
3. It had no walls because the area was safe, and the master did not expect an attack.
4. He sent some to other parts of the area around the house.
5. Achmet Zek then broke down part of the fence and brought his attackers inside the area.

**areas** 'ɛəriəz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** áreas

**Simple English:** Parts of a place or land.

**Example:** *The hills and flat areas rose from the ocean.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that Tarzan had fought them for years, making them leave rich areas and helping the local people fight back. [Back to B1](#)

**army** 'ɑ:ɹmi (3 occurrences)

**Português:** exército

**Simple English:** A large group of soldiers.

**Example:** *He joined the army last year.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lieutenant Albert Werper was lucky to avoid being fired from the army because of his family name, even though he had done something bad. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Belgian army had fought Achmet Zek and his men for a long time, but without success. [Back to B1](#)

3. He explained that Achmet Zek had a large and dangerous army and was moving quickly south.

**arrive** əˈraɪv (1 occurrence)

**Português:** chegar

**Simple English:** to come to a place

**Example:** *People would arrive soon.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He knew his Waziri warriors would arrive soon to help carry away more of the valuable gold bars from Opar. [Back to B1](#)

**avoid** əˈvɔɪd (6 occurrences)

**Português:** evitar

**Simple English:** To stay away from something.

**Example:** *She avoided the dangerous street.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lieutenant Albert Werper was lucky to avoid being fired from the army because of his family name, even though he had done something bad. [Back to B1](#)

2. Tarzan quickly moved to avoid the lion's paws.

3. She thought about ending her life only as a last choice to avoid shame.

4. To avoid being captured again by the raider, Werper told Abdul Mourak to stop chasing them.

5. Werper warned that the Abyssinians were likely coming to attack their camp and that they all needed to escape quickly to avoid the same fate as Achmet Zek.

**avoided** əˈvɔɪdɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** evitado

**Simple English:** Stayed away from something bad or dangerous.

**Example:** *The trouble might still be avoided.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They cooked food and avoided certain things Tarzan ate. [Back to B1](#)

**beards** *biærdz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** barbas

**Simple English:** Hair growing on a man's chin and cheeks.

**Example:** *Both men had long beards.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Both men were tall with beards. [Back to B1](#)

**blame** */bleɪm/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** culpar; culpa; responsabilizar

**Simple English:** To say or feel someone is responsible for a problem.

**Example:** *It's easy to blame others when things go wrong, but we should take responsibility too.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As time passed, he started to blame his captain, who was his boss in the Congo, for his exile. [Back to B1](#)

**blew** *blu:* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** soprou

**Simple English:** moved air

**Example:** *A light wind gently blew the dust.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, he climbed higher to the top branches where the moon was bright and a gentle breeze blew. [Back to B1](#)
2. As he jumped, the wind blew it out. [Back to B1](#)
3. Mohammed Beyd said that was good, and blew a small puff of blue smoke straight in front of him.

**boss** *bɒs* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** chefe

**Simple English:** a person in charge at work

**Example:** *My boss gave me more work today.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As time passed, he started to blame his captain, who was his boss in the Congo, for his exile. [Back to B1](#)

2. This would make it less likely for him to be sent back if his true identity and his crime against his boss were discovered.

### **checked** *tʃekt* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** verificou

**Simple English:** looked carefully to see if everything is okay

**Example:** *He checked his wife for injuries.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He saw the old man suffering, so he bent down, checked his wounds, and stopped the bleeding. [Back to B1](#)
2. He checked the hut, but it was empty.
3. He had checked the trail before by smelling it.
4. After they had checked him, the apes turned their attention back to the other survivor.

### **checking** *ˈtʃekɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** verificando

**Simple English:** looking carefully to be sure

**Example:** *He was checking the branches to be sure they were strong.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Two weeks later, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was riding back from checking his large African land. [Back to B1](#)

### **child** *tʃaɪld* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** criança

**Simple English:** a young boy or girl

**Example:** *The child is learning to read.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But he strongly desired to hunt and eat fresh meat like he did when he was a child, feeling the call of the wild. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, Tarzan of the Apes had learned to use his senses much better than other people since he was a child.

**cigarette** ,sɪgə'ret (3 occurrences)

**Português:** cigarro

**Simple English:** a small roll of tobacco that people smoke

**Example:** *He lit a cigarette after dinner.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Werper took out a cigarette from a decorated case and lit it. [Back to B1](#)
2. Werper, feeling less tired, sat back in his old chair to smoke a cigarette before sleeping.
3. Then, he took a cigarette from its case, lit it, and stood up.

**cigarettes** ,sɪgə'rets (2 occurrences)

**Português:** cigarros

**Simple English:** small rolls of tobacco that people smoke

**Example:** *They smoked cigarettes on the porch.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They would sit on the porch of their shared living quarters, smoking cigarettes in silence. [Back to B1](#)
2. There, he smoked many cigarettes quickly before going to bed. [Back to B1](#)

**confused** /kən'fju:zd/ (11 occurrences)

**Português:** confuso; confundido; baralhado

**Simple English:** Feeling uncertain because something is unclear or hard understand.

**Example:** *He felt confused after reading the instructions multiple times without clarity.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Numa had never met Tarzan before and was confused. [Back to B1](#)
2. He seemed confused and did not seem to recognize them.
3. Tarzan looked confused.
4. He was confused.
5. Tarzan was confused for a moment.

**considering** *kən'sɪdərɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** considerando

**Simple English:** Thinking about something before making a decision.

**Example:** *His offer was worth considering.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But if Werper was telling the truth, his offer was worth considering. [Back to B1](#)

**creak** *kri:k* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** rangido

**Simple English:** A long, high sound from something old or wooden moving.

**Example:** *The door opened with a creak.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It opened with a creak. [Back to B1](#)

**cups** *kʌps* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** copos

**Simple English:** Small containers used for drinking.

**Example:** *Drops of blood filled their golden cups.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They were ready for the first drops of blood to fill their golden cups. [Back to B1](#)
2. He heard the death song and looked at the golden cups, thinking the people would soon drink his blood. [Back to B1](#)
3. He wanted to catch Tarzan's blood in golden cups, as was the custom in Opar.

**decorated** *'dekəreɪtɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** decorado

**Simple English:** made to look nice with objects or colors

**Example:** *The room was decorated with flowers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Werper took out a cigarette from a decorated case and lit it. [Back to B1](#)

2. The pouch was decorated with feathers and a fringe, and Chulk liked it very much.

**dishonesty** *dis'ɒnɪsti* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** desonestidade

**Simple English:** the act of being dishonest

**Example:** *Dishonesty can cause problems in friendship.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Tarzan replied that he suspected dishonesty was the cause. [Back to B1](#)

**exact** *ɪg'zækt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** exato

**Simple English:** completely correct or precise

**Example:** *Please tell me the exact time of the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But at that exact moment, something happened that gave him new hope.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Even though there were no marks to show where the gems were buried, and the area looked the same as other parts of the meadow, the ape-man went straight to the exact spot where he had hidden his treasure.

**exile** *'eksəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** exílio

**Simple English:** When someone lives far from home, often for punishment

**Example:** *He lived in exile after leaving the country.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As time passed, he started to blame his captain, who was his boss in the Congo, for his exile. [Back to B1](#)

**eyebrows** *'aɪ,braʊzɪz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sobrancelhas

**Simple English:** The lines of hair above your eyes.

**Example:** *His eyes shone from under thick eyebrows.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He touched the gun at his side, his eyes narrowed, and his eyebrows came together. [Back to B1](#)

**favorite** 'feɪvərɪt (2 occurrences)

**Português:** favorito

**Simple English:** liked the most

**Example:** *Soccer is his favorite sport.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Tarzan, wearing only a loin cloth and carrying his favorite weapons, led his loyal Waziri towards the old city of Opar. [Back to B1](#)
2. He even thought that cities in America were not as good as his favorite city, Brussels.

**financial** /fə'nænʃəl/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** financeira

**Simple English:** Related to money, banking, or economic management.

**Example:** *She is studying financial management at university to become an accountant.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lady Greystoke said she had always worried about the company's financial situation. [Back to B1](#)

**fun** fʌn (1 occurrence)

**Português:** diversão

**Simple English:** Enjoyment and pleasure.

**Example:** *He sometimes killed for fun.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He missed his fun life in Brussels and felt angry about the sins that made him leave that city. [Back to B1](#)

## gap *gæp* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** hiato

**Simple English:** A space or opening between two things.

**Example:** *There is a big gap between the two walls.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But he wondered how he could cross the large gap. [Back to B1](#)
2. He ran twenty paces and then jumped up and out over the gap, trying to reach the other side. [Back to B1](#)

## gentle */'dʒɛntl/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** gentil; suave; delicado

**Simple English:** Showing kindness and empathy toward others.

**Example:** *The gentle puppy played softly with the children in the yard.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, he climbed higher to the top branches where the moon was bright and a gentle breeze blew. [Back to B1](#)

## grab */græb/* (5 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.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He fell through the dark, reaching out to grab something if he missed the hidden ledge. [Back to B1](#)
2. He pushed the man away and then moved past others who tried to grab him.
3. He wanted to grab her soft skin with his hands.
4. He also saw Mohammed Beyd grab her by the throat and push her back onto the blankets.
5. Werper tried to grab his throat, but Mohammed Beyd pushed his hands away.

**hallway** 'hɔ:lweɪ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** corredor

**Simple English:** A long, narrow space inside a building.

**Example:** *The book is on the table in the hallway.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He entered a long, dark hallway. [Back to B1](#)

**helpers** 'hɛlpəz (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ajudantes

**Simple English:** People who help others.

**Example:** *He hunted a lion with many helpers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His Waziri helpers were more civilized than him. [Back to B1](#)
2. As she reached the bushes there, Achmet Zek and his two helpers caught her.

**increasingly** /ɪn'kri:sɪŋli/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cada vez mais; crescente; progressivamente

**Simple English:** Gradually growing in degree, extent, or frequency over time.

**Example:** *The weather is becoming increasingly unpredictable in recent years.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was increasingly pleased and began to trust Werper more, giving him more freedom to act on his own. [Back to B1](#)

**inspire** /ɪn'spaɪər/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** inspirar

**Simple English:** To cause something to be created by giving ideas.

**Example:** *The author wanted to inspire young readers with her adventurous stories.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The captain was a quiet man who did not inspire affection in his subordinates. [Back to B1](#)

**introduced** *ˌɪntrəˈdʒuːst* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** apresentar

**Simple English:** told someone your name

**Example:** *Toog introduced himself saying he was strong.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He introduced M. Jules Freccolt to Lady Greystoke. [Back to B1](#)

**isolated** *ˈaɪsəleɪtɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** isolado

**Simple English:** Far away from other people or things.

**Example:** *He felt lonely and isolated on the island.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, after six months of boring, lonely, and isolated life, he started to feel differently. [Back to B1](#)

**jump** *dʒʌmp* (20 occurrences)

**Português:** pular

**Simple English:** to move by pushing yourself up

**Example:** *He tried hard to jump away.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He stood there, looking at the distance to the other side and thinking if he should try to jump. [Back to B1](#)
2. He decided to try a dangerous jump. [Back to B1](#)
3. It was about to jump when it saw Tarzan.
4. Werper, who was on the altar and could not move, saw the lion getting ready to jump on him.
5. Then it got ready to jump, pulling its back legs under it and moving its tail from side to side.

## **jumped** *dʒʌmp* (46 occurrences)

**Português:** pulou

**Simple English:** moved quickly upwards or forwards

**Example:** *He jumped over the wall easily.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He jumped up and said he was an officer and a gentleman and would not accept this treatment anymore. [Back to B1](#)
2. He jumped onto Bara's back. [Back to B1](#)
3. Tarzan grabbed the rest of the deer's meat in his mouth and jumped into a tree. [Back to B1](#)
4. The Belgian quickly jumped over the dead body. [Back to B1](#)
5. He ran twenty paces and then jumped up and out over the gap, trying to reach the other side. [Back to B1](#)

## **kidnap** *'kɪd,næp* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sequestrar

**Simple English:** To take someone away by force and keep them.

**Example:** *The villain tried to kidnap the princess.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Also, the strong loyalty of the fierce Waziri warriors, who were part of Tarzan's group, made it seem impossible to kidnap her by force or to bribe the Waziri. [Back to B1](#)

## **lack** *læk* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** falta; ausência; faltam

**Simple English:** To be without enough of something needed or desired.

**Example:** *He lacks the skills necessary for this job application.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He felt he was still very far from being free, as the complete lack of light in an unknown place made him feel very sad and worried. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tired from his efforts, fear, and lack of sleep, he decided to lie down and rest before moving on. [Back to B1](#)

### **local** 'loukəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** local

**Simple English:** from the nearby place

**Example:** *The local people live in this village.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that Tarzan had fought them for years, making them leave rich areas and helping the local people fight back. [Back to B1](#)
2. The local people watched in surprise as the strong, naked man jumped easily into a tree and disappeared, taking their prisoner with him.

### **lot** lot (11 occurrences)

**Português:** muito

**Simple English:** A large amount or number.

**Example:** *They could sell her for a lot of money.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He suggested that they could sell her for a lot of money if it was too hard to get ransom from Tarzan. [Back to B1](#)
2. Werper pretended to be a French gentleman who had a lot of free time. [Back to B1](#)
3. A lot of blood had come from a big cut on the man's head. [Back to B1](#)
4. He was not sure if it was enemies, but he had a lot of experience in Africa.
5. She felt a lot of love for him, like she had for a long time.

### **lucky** 'lʌki (3 occurrences)

**Português:** sortudo

**Simple English:** having good luck

**Example:** *He felt lucky to win the prize.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lieutenant Albert Werper was lucky to avoid being fired from the army because of his family name, even though he had done something bad. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt very lucky to have found help by chance. [Back to B1](#)
3. He thought about how lucky he was to have escaped.

## **marry** 'mæri (6 occurrences)

**Português:** casar

**Simple English:** To become husband and wife legally.

**Example:** *She had to marry Cadj.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He wondered if she had been forced to marry one of the strange priests.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. She knew she would have to marry one of them to continue the line of priestesses, unless someone else came to Opar.
3. Even if duty or religion told her to marry one, she would not have loved him.
4. La looked at Tarzan, thinking how handsome and perfect he was, especially compared to the men she might have to marry.
5. She saw the High Priest, who was supposed to marry her, get ready with a burning torch.

## **maybe** 'meɪbi (6 occurrences)

**Português:** talvez

**Simple English:** Possibly or perhaps.

**Example:** *Maybe he had a fever because he was alone.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This was a madness caused by being alone, thinking too much, and maybe having a fever. [Back to B1](#)
2. Maybe a hit on his head had made him less aware for a short time.
3. His freedom and maybe his life depended on him succeeding.
4. He thought that maybe he could pay Achmet Zek to let him go.
5. She thought the lion would eat her after it finished the ape, or maybe hyenas or other jungle animals would find her first.

## **mistakes** mi'steɪks (1 occurrence)

**Português:** erros

**Simple English:** Errors or wrong actions.

**Example:** *They worked quickly without mistakes.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought the captain's quietness was a way to insult him because of his past mistakes. [Back to B1](#)

### **non** *nɔn* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** não (prefixo)

**Simple English:** Used to say someone or something is not included in a group.

**Example:** *Achmet Zek did not value the life of a non-believer.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Werper knew his life was in danger if he refused, because Achmet Zek did not value the life of a non-believer highly. [Back to B1](#)

### **Ocean** *'oufən* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** oceano

**Simple English:** A very large area of salt water between continents.

**Example:** *The continent is now under the Atlantic Ocean.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This room held many gold bars, which were once kept for the rulers of a large continent that is now under the Atlantic Ocean. [Back to B1](#)
2. While they worked, they sang old songs in a language from a lost continent under the Atlantic Ocean.

### **option** *'ɒpfən* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** opção

**Simple English:** A choice you can make.

**Example:** *His only option was to go back to get more money.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that his only option was to go back to Opar to get more money. [Back to B1](#)
2. The raider replied that he would sell the woman in the north, saying it was the only option and she would get a good price.

## payment *'peɪmənt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pagamento

**Simple English:** Money given for work or something you buy.

**Example:** *Werper thought about what his payment would be.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Werper lied and said he was only thinking about how successful the plan would be and what his payment would be. [Back to B1](#)

## plants *plænts* (13 occurrences)

**Português:** plantas

**Simple English:** living things like trees and flowers

**Example:** *The garden has many different plants.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He quietly got up and hid in the shadows of the plants near the bungalow. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jane Clayton looked past the neat garden and the colorful plants.
3. A dangerous animal moved quietly through the plants.
4. The plants opened near where Tarzan slept, and a large lion's head showed.
5. Tarzan woke up because he heard the lion hitting its tail against the plants.

## porch *portʃ* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** varanda

**Simple English:** A covered area at the front or back of a house.

**Example:** *We sat on the porch and watched the sunset.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They would sit on the porch of their shared living quarters, smoking cigarettes in silence. [Back to B1](#)
2. About thirty minutes later, he was walking up the steps to the porch of his house. [Back to B1](#)
3. Lady Greystoke was on the porch with a rifle.
4. They rode past the porch, shooting at the Waziri.
5. The big black man finally reached the porch, rolled down the steps, and crawled into the safe, cool bushes nearby.

**prefer** *prɪ'fɜr* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** preferir

**Simple English:** To like one thing more than another.

**Example:** *I prefer tea to coffee.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She would prefer to live in poverty forever rather than have him face the dangerous and frightening journey to Opar. [Back to B1](#)

**probably** *'prɑ:bəbli* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** provavelmente

**Simple English:** Used to say that something is likely true.

**Example:** *He probably forgot the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought that Werper was probably lying. [Back to B1](#)

2. He told Jane he would be very careful, and the people of Opar would probably not know he had been there again to take more treasure, as they did not know about it or its value. [Back to B1](#)

3. He also said that the Abyssinians probably took the gold Achmet Zek wanted.

4. He thought they were probably stopping to rest for the night.

**quietness** *'kwaiətnəs* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** silêncio

**Simple English:** the state of making little or no noise

**Example:** *The quietness of the gorilla-men was scary.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought the captain's quietness was a way to insult him because of his past mistakes. [Back to B1](#)

2. He could catch these animals using quietness, cleverness, and a simple stick he made from a tree branch.

**reflecting** *ɾɪ'flɛktɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** refletindo

**Simple English:** Sending back light or an image from a surface.

**Example:** *The sun is reflecting off the water.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Far below, he saw light reflecting from water. [Back to B1](#)

**runaway** *'ɾʌnə,weɪ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** fugitivo

**Simple English:** Someone who leaves suddenly and secretly.

**Example:** *The runaway child was found by the police.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. For many months, the runaway Belgian soldier rode with the wild raider.  
[Back to B1](#)

**scared** *skɛərd* (40 occurrences)

**Português:** com medo

**Simple English:** Feeling afraid or frightened.

**Example:** *The man felt scared and helpless when he thought about their serious situation.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was so scared of being caught that he forgot he was hungry or tired.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. He was more scared of the winner than he had been of the lion. [Back to B1](#)
3. Werper was very scared as he climbed too. [Back to B1](#)
4. One man was so scared he forgot about wanting treasure. [Back to B1](#)
5. Werper felt scared he might be seen. [Back to B1](#)

**scars** *skɑ:rz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cicatrizes

**Simple English:** Marks left on skin after a wound heals.

**Example:** *The old man had many scars on his face.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Tarzan's nose told him it was an old man, who was wrinkled, thin, and had many scars. [Back to B1](#)

**shelves** *ʃɛlvz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** prateleiras

**Simple English:** Flat boards where things are stored or displayed.

**Example:** *Gold bars fell from the high shelves.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Some gold bars fell from high shelves, a small piece of the ceiling fell to the floor, and the walls cracked but did not fall down. [Back to B1](#)

**shout** *ʃaʊt* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** gritar

**Simple English:** to say something very loudly

**Example:** *He did not shout after winning the game.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As Tarzan stood over the dead deer to shout, the wind brought a new smell. [Back to B1](#)

2. Usually, he would fight and shout at dangerous animals.

3. She did not shout or move until she had seen everything around her.

4. Werper tried to shout and ask for his life, but he could not speak because Tarzan's fingers were stopping him.

**shouted** *'ʃaʊtɪd* (21 occurrences)

**Português:** gritou

**Simple English:** Spoke very loudly.

**Example:** *He shouted to get his friends' attention.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He shouted that he had been insulted for the last time. [Back to B1](#)
2. The priests shouted with anger and fear. [Back to B1](#)
3. The attackers raised their rifles to shoot, but Achmet Zek shouted a command to stop them.
4. Tarzan stood up, put his foot on the dead lion, and shouted loudly towards the sky.
5. Large apes shouted and threatened them.

**sick** *sɪk* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** doente

**Simple English:** ill or not healthy

**Example:** *She stayed home because she was sick.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The group only marched a short distance before Werper pretended to be sick. [Back to B1](#)
2. Werper did not care what Achmet Zek would do with Lady Greystoke because her husband was sick.

**sickness** *'sɪknəs* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** doença

**Simple English:** being ill or unhealthy

**Example:** *Their ancestors passed on sickness to their children.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The lieutenant's hatred grew so strong it became like a sickness. [Back to B1](#)

**spare** *spɛər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** perdoar

**Simple English:** To not harm or kill someone.

**Example:** *He begged them to spare his life.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He fell to his knees and begged them to spare his life. [Back to B1](#)

**special** 'spɛʃəl (3 occurrences)

**Português:** especial

**Simple English:** different and better than usual

**Example:** *Teeka was beautiful in a special way.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Finally, he told Werper about a special plan he had wanted to carry out for a long time but had never had the chance. [Back to B1](#)
2. When he moved closer to her in the open space where Arabs had captured her, he smelled her special scent again.
3. Tarzan replied that he saw the Arab throw the pebbles away because they were not special.

**spoiled** spɔɪld (1 occurrence)

**Português:** estragado

**Simple English:** damaged or made worse

**Example:** *His face was not spoiled by bad habits.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But then he remembered the old witch-doctor's warning, which spoiled his happy thoughts. [Back to B1](#)

**stabbed** stæbd (2 occurrences)

**Português:** esfaqueado

**Simple English:** pushed a sharp object into something

**Example:** *She stabbed the knife into the box.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He stabbed Numa with his knife behind the shoulder. [Back to B1](#)
2. But Tarzan held on tightly and stabbed Numa again and again with his knife. [Back to B1](#)

**stairs** *steərz* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** escadas

**Simple English:** a set of steps for going from one level to another

**Example:** *He went up the stairs to his room.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Werper watched Tarzan leave the dark stairs and walk towards the edge of the hill. [Back to B1](#)
2. The passage ended at the bottom of some stairs.
3. The stairs turned many times and led to a small, round room.
4. Tarzan held his spear tighter and went up the stairs.

**subordinates** *sə'bo:rdənɪts* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** subordinados

**Simple English:** people who work under someone else

**Example:** *The manager gave orders to his subordinates.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The captain was a quiet man who did not inspire affection in his subordinates. [Back to B1](#)

**taste** *teɪst* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sabor

**Simple English:** the flavor of something when you eat or drink it

**Example:** *This soup has a sweet taste.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Tarzan looked and smelled like a man, and Numa knew that humans were easy to catch, even if they did not taste the best. [Back to B1](#)

**testing** *'testɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** testando

**Simple English:** checking or trying to find out about something

**Example:** *She is testing the new shoes for comfort.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He moved slowly, feeling the walls with his hands and testing the floor with his feet before each step. [Back to B1](#)

**thirty** 'θɜ:rti (5 occurrences)

**Português:** trinta

**Simple English:** the number 30

**Example:** *She is thirty years old.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. About thirty minutes later, he was walking up the steps to the porch of his house. [Back to B1](#)
2. About thirty minutes later, a tall, naked man was swinging through the trees.
3. About thirty minutes later, Mugambi was brought back by the soldiers.
4. About thirty minutes later, the group turned north and continued in that direction for the rest of their journey.
5. About thirty minutes later, Tarzan and Jane found a large group of Waziri warriors led by Basuli.

**track** /træk/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** faixa; pista; trilha

**Simple English:** Path or course used by vehicles or trains.

**Example:** *The train travels on the track through the mountains.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He followed the deer's scent, using his amazing senses to track it through the smells of other animals. [Back to B1](#)

**trapped** træpt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** preso

**Simple English:** caught and unable to escape

**Example:** *The animals were trapped in the cage.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. For two days, they worked hard to clear a path to their friends who were trapped. [Back to B1](#)

**twisted** 'twɪstɪd (2 occurrences)

**Português:** torcido

**Simple English:** bent and not straight

**Example:** *The road was twisted and difficult to drive.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They found the way blocked by rocks that were stuck and twisted. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tarzan pulled its head back strongly, twisted its neck, and the deer was dead.

**ugly** 'ʌɡli (6 occurrences)

**Português:** feio

**Simple English:** not attractive or pleasant to see

**Example:** *The broken chair looked ugly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They were small, ugly, and looked like animals. [Back to B1](#)
2. Before Tarzan came, La had only known the strange, ugly men of her city.
3. She could never have loved the ugly priests of Opar.
4. The ugly little men held their knives and clubs, waiting for the ape to come back.
5. He was ugly and looked happy to cause pain.

**unsure** ʌn'ʃʊə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not sure or confident about something

**Example:** *I was unsure about which road to take.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Arab quietly said that Werper seemed unsure. [Back to B1](#)

**winner** *'winər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** vencedor

**Simple English:** the person or thing that wins

**Example:** *He was more scared of the winner than he had been of the lion.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was more scared of the winner than he had been of the lion. [Back to B1](#)

**woke** *wouk* (17 occurrences)

**Português:** acordaram

**Simple English:** to stop sleeping

**Example:** *They woke early in the morning.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Slaves gave him small amounts of wine and food until he woke up. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought about the witch-doctor's warning before he slept and again when he woke. [Back to B1](#)
3. He woke up in the dark. [Back to B1](#)
4. When he woke up, it was very dark.
5. During the fight, La woke up.

**yard** *jard* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pátio

**Simple English:** an open area outside a building

**Example:** *They looked over the small yard.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He ran across the yard, still holding his gun. [Back to B1](#)