

MY DARLEENG,
BEALTEEFUL
TEENG--YOU FILL
MY LIPS WITH DE
LOVE WORDS.



Ahhh,
DE LOVE
WORDS.



Shhmmnght
LET ME
GO, YOU
LUNATIC!

TUT AND TUT,
MY DARLEENG--
DIS IS YOUR NEW
PALACE, AND YOU
WILL BE MY QUEEN.
DE BRIDE OF KING
LOUIS OF DE
BANDAR.

GAZE UPON
ALL OF DIS
AND CALL IT
YOUR OWN.

MY
TRIBE.

MY
TREASURE.

MY
EVERY-
TING.



BANDAR LOG. I NEVER WANTED TO GO NEAR THAT DEN OF MADNESS AGAIN.

OUR TREAD MUST BE LIGHT. WE DO NOT WANT TO DISTURB THE RIVER OF SCALES.

AND YET, WE HAVE TO IF AKILI IS TO BE RESCUED, MOWGLI!

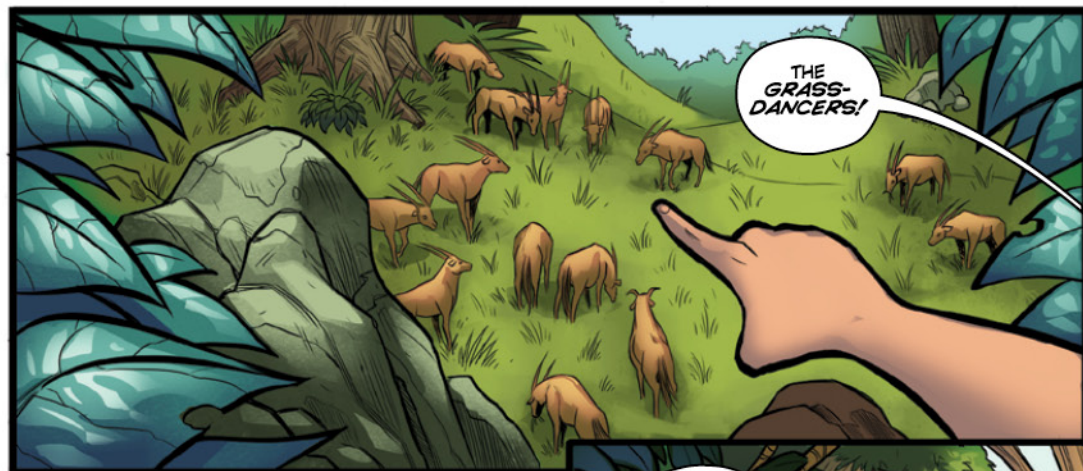


UK-KU-KU-KU-KU

KAR'S HUNGER IS NOT PICKY. HE WILL DINE ON ANYTHING HE CAN GET HIS JAWS AROUND.

SO WE NEED TO BE STEALTHY.

OR MAYBE... JUST THE OPPOSITE.



THE GRASS-DANCERS!



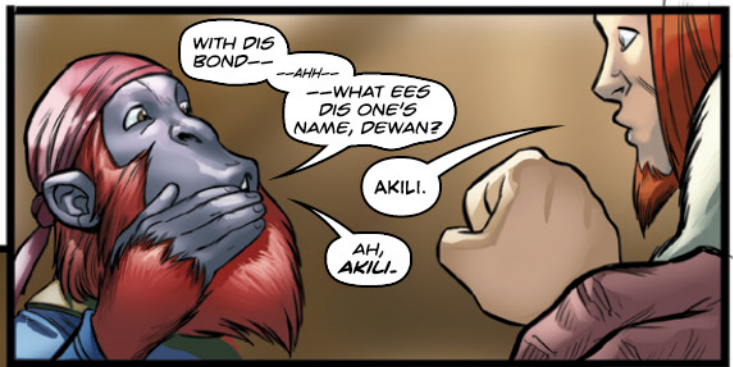
THE GRASS-DANCERS ARE MINDLESS GRAZERS. THEY CANNOT SEE PAST THE NOSE ON THEIR FACES. THEY WANT NO PART IN THIS WAR OR ANYTHING ELSE.

BAGHEERA IS RIGHT. THEY CERTAINLY DO NOT WANT ANY PART OF RESCUING AKILI. AND THEY CANNOT BE REASONED WITH AS THEIR MAWS ARE FILLED WITH LEAVES AND WEEDS.

WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO REASON WITH THEM--



--BUT THEY CAN STILL BE USED!



HAAA-YEEEE-AHHHH!!

BRUM

BRUM
BRUM
BRUM

BRUM

