



GO ON!
YOU HAVE
TO!



I'M NOT
SIGNING
THAT!

EVEN IF
I DID, IT WOULDN'T
MATTER. TARZAN'S
NOT DEAD!



YOU THINK
HE SURVIVED A
SHOOTING AND
A DROWNING,
YOU'RE DAFT.

HE'S DEAD,
ALRIGHT.

THEN
WHERE'S HIS
BODY?



YOU JUST
SIGN OVER WHAT
HE'S GOT IN AFRICA,
AND LET ME WORRY
ABOUT EVERYTHING
ELSE.

NO!



YOU DON'T, HE'LL SEE
THAT YOU'RE KEPT HERE
UNTIL THE CLOCK RUNS
OUT. THAT'S
SEVEN YEARS, JANE. YOU
REALLY THINK YOU CAN
HOLD OUT THAT LONG?



LEAVE HER
WITH THE PEN
AND THE FORM
FOR A WHILE
TO THINK IT
OVER.



AFTER ALL,
THERE MIGHT HAVE
BEEN SOME **NEW**
DEVELOPMENTS
BY THE TIME WE
GET BACK...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I PRESENT...

**SHEENA,
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE!**



LATER THAT NIGHT.



LET'S GET YOU FED.

YOU BOTH DID VERY WELL TONIGHT.

I HAVE TO WONDER WHAT WE'RE ACCOMPLISHING WITH THIS, THOUGH.

THE CROWD IS AMUSED...

BUT I AM SHEENA, BORN OF THE JUNGLE.

AND YOU ARE CHEETAH, MEANT FOR THE TREES, NOT THE CIRCUS. WE ARE NOT CREATURES TO BE LAUGHED AND POINTED AT.

OO-OO



IT'S MY FAULT YOU ARE HERE, AND NOW WE ARE, ALL THREE, SO VERY FAR FROM WHERE WE SHOULD BE.

IF TARZAN'S REALLY DEAD, HOW WILL I EVER DISCOVER THE WAY BACK?

ARE WE DOOMED TO GROW OLD AND DIE HERE IN THIS GREY CITY, WHILE OUR GREEN LANDS ARE LAID WASTE?



AT LEAST YOUR FEET ARE STILL LOOKING GOOD. NO CRACKS, DESPITE HOW HARD THE EARTH IS HERE.

I AM SORRY ABOUT THE SHACKLE. BUT I AM AFRAID YOU WILL HAVE TO WEAR IT A WHILE LONGER.



EAT YOUR FILL AND KEEP UP YOUR STRENGTH. I WILL CONTINUE TO LOOK FOR THE ANSWER.



AND YOU, LITTLE FRIEND. I HOPE YOU BEAR ME NO ILL WILL.



CHEETAH! WAIT!

EEH-EE-EEH!



OO-EE-EHH!

?



CHEETAH, PLEASE DON'T GO!