

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

JUST THE CONSTANT CHATTERING OF ALL THESE CURSED SQUIRRELS.

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

AND THE MONKEYS.

AND THE BUGS.

AND THE--

GAH!

JIIIIIIIIII

WHI-WHUMPPE

JIIIIIIIIII

GRAAA--!





AHHH!  
NO!



AARGHH!



HE'S  
HERE!  
CONTACT  
MING! TELL  
HIM IT'S  
TRUE!



HE'S...  
HE'S  
REAL.

GWAH  
GWAH  
GWAH!

"JUNGLE...JIM...  
IS...REAL."



AND YOU BELIEVE THESE RIDICULOUS TALES OF JUNGLE JIM?

JUNGLE JIM HAS BEEN ALIVE FOR CENTURIES. JUNGLE JIM IS THIRTY FEET TALL. THE CREATURES OF THE FOREST ARE JUNGLE JIM'S TO COMMAND.

ALL THESE STORIES COULD BE NOTHING MORE THAN FABLE. GIVE A MAN A FEW DRINKS AND A MAN BECOMES A MYTH, AND A MYTH BECOMES A MONSTER, AND--



I NEED A MONSTER, PRINCE BARIN.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I NEED.



WILL YOU HELP ME?

I'M A PRINCE, NOT A MONSTER. BUT...



...COME THIS WAY.





THUN AND KUGOR WERE TWO OF MY BEST TRACKERS BEFORE THUN BECAME SO HAIRY AND KUGOR TURNED INTO A PILE OF HORNS AND MUSCLE.

WE'RE STILL YOUR BEST TRACKERS.

MY ADORABLE FACE DOESN'T MATTER IN THE JUNGLE.

WHO DO YOU NEED TRACKED?



SOME HOUSEWIFE WITH HER HUSBAND OFF PLANET? ANOTHER ALLURING BARMAID WHO--

AHEM!

MEN, LILLE DEVRILLE HAS A LITTLE PROBLEM, AND ...

...SHE NEEDS TO FIND JUNGLE JIM.



YOU'RE KIDDING.

