

JUNGLE
ACTION

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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JUNGLE ACTION™ FEATURING:

THE BLACK PANTHER™

STRIKE, MY PETS!
**STRIKE--
AND SLAY!**

THE BLACK
PANTHER
MUST
DIE!

AND--IF I
DON'T MOVE
EVEN FASTER
THAN THOSE
VIPERS--

--THAT'S
JUST WHAT'LL
HAPPEN!

BUCKLER
& JANSON

VENOMM
IS HIS NAME--
AND
MURDER
IS HIS GAME!



STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE BLACK PANTHER!**™

**PANTHER'S
RAGE
CONTINUES...**

**THE BLACK PANTHER IS BACK-- BACK
IN WAKANDA-- BUT IT IS NOT A
JOYOUS RETURN--**



**-- FOR THIS HIDDEN JUNGLE PARADISE
WHERE HE IS KNOWN AS T'CHALLA,
KING OF THE WAKANDAS, IS NOT THE
LAND HE LEFT!**

**THE PANTHER'S RULE IS THREATENED
BY ERIK KILLMONGER!**



**KILLMONGER-- A VIOLENT LEADER WHO
HAS ARISEN FROM ONE OF THE NUMEROUS
MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENTS SURROUNDING
CENTRAL WAKANDA!**

**A TOP WARRIOR FALLS, THE PANTHER
AND KILLMONGER CLASH FOR THE
FIRST TIME-- A CONFLICT THAT ENDS
ABRUPTLY--**



**-- AND IS PERHAPS, THE LAST SUCH CONFLICT
THE PANTHER WILL EVER HAVE!**

**GOOD BYE,
GREAT
AND
MIGHTY
KING!**

**YOU'VE
RETURNED TO
THE
LAND OF
YOUR
BIRTH--**

**-- ONLY
TO
DIE
HERE!**

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THE PANTHER HAS ALWAYS
RESPECTED THE MAGNETIC
POWER OF HARRIS FALLS.

HE HAS EARLY MEMORIES
OF THIS CRUELLY
BEAUTIFUL DOWNWARD
PLUNGE OF WOOD.

THE THUNDERING SHEEP OF
WATER BATTERS THE PANTHER
WITH UNDISSENTING PUNY. AND HE
IS A LIVING ENTITY EUN AMOK!

AN IMAGE FLASHES THROUGH THE SPIRAL OF
WATER, AND IT IS THAT OF HIS FATHER, TONKA,
YOUNGER AND WHEN HE WAS BUT FOUR YEARS OLD--

--AND HIS FATHER'S
WOES COME TO HIM
THROUGH THE DREAFFING
ROAR OF THE CASCADE--

--THAT HE SHOULD NOT FEAR
THIS RAGING SPECTACLE--

--BUT THAT HE MUST
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE
ITS FORCE!

HE HAS UNDERGONE
MANY STERN, SILENT,
SACRED HINDRYDAY
CEREMONIES TO
BECOME THAT WHICH
HE IS-- THE BLACK
PANTHER, KING OF
THE REGIMENTS--

--AND NOW THROUGH THE
BRUTAL CURRENT FLOODS
HE LEANS WITH
SUPPORTING FORCE--

--HE DOES WHAT LITTLE HE CAN
TO SAVE HIMSELF!

HE KICKS OFF THE JAGGED MOSS
COVERED ROCKS THAT HE USES
THE CHURRING, FOAMING SURFACE--
TRYING TO CONTROL HIS
PANIC AND NEED FOR AIR--

THE SAVAGE DESCENT CONTINUES--

--UNTIL HE GUARDIES THE
FINAL UPWARD ROCKS, BECOMING
POINTING UP LIKE ETERNAL
GRANITE SPIRES THAT HAVE
WAITED PATIENTLY--

--TO PIERCE HIS FLESH
AND END HIS LIFE!

COME,
KAZIBE
AND
WAKETE!

WE MUST TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THE
CONFUSION
THAT WILL ARISE
OVER THEIR
QUESTIONS
DEATH!

LONG
BROTHERS
ARE AWARE
OF IT--

--WE SHALL HIT
THEM WITH THE MOST
SHOCKING EVENT
OF ALL!

DEATH REGIMENTS

BENEATH

WAKANDA

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

**MONICA
LYNNE
LOOKS FOR
THE FIRST
TIME UPON
THE RIVER
OF GRACE
AND WISDOM--**

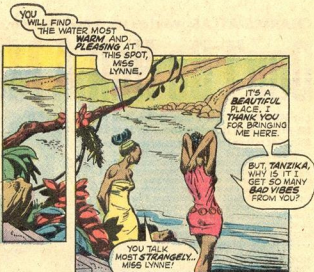
**--AND THE LYRICAL
SINGER SHE ONCE
WAS SEES UNDER THE
IDYLIC, SMOOTHLY
FLOWING CURRENT--**

**--AND SHE UNDERSTANDS
WHY THE RIVER WAS SO NAMED.**

**SHE LISTENS TO THE
MOVEMENT OF THE
WATER: THE WAY SHE WANTED
OTHERS TO LISTEN TO HER
SONGS--**

--TO HEAR THE WORDS-- TO REALLY LISTEN.

**AND THEN THERE WAS A MAN WHO DID
LISTEN... AND THAT IS WHY SHE IS HERE!**



**THE WATER IS WARM AND EASES HER SENSE OF
ALIENATION...**

**... BUT ONLY FOR
A MOMENT!**



**TEARS FILL
MONICA'S
EYES--**



DUSK FALLS OVER THE ISOLATED VILLAGE OF NJADAKA, AND A SIBILANT, MUSICAL SOUND WAVERS IN THE HANGING AIR--

--REACHING INTO THE SHADE-STERRED HUTS WHERE THE SETTLEMENT'S INHABITANTS REACT SUSPICIOUSLY.

SOME GLANCE FEARFULLY TOWARD THE COLDLESS MAN WITH THE HIDEOUS FACE--

--AND SHUDDER!

BUT THE MAN WHO INTONES THAT WHISPERING CARESS MOVES SLOWLY AND HYPNOTICALLY, A HALF-ENTRANCED MYSTIC--

--WHO PLAYS TO HIS AUDIENCE!

HE KNOWS THESE REPTILES WELL--

--AND HE KNOWS THE VIPERS CANNOT HEAR ANY SOUND AT ALL!

IT IS ONLY CHEMICAL POTIONS, HYPNOTIC ABILITY, AND DEDICATED EXPERIMENTATION THAT MAKES THEM DOCILE AND MANAGEABLE--

--A POISON-FANGED ARSENAL, TRIGGERED AND AWAITING THE SILENT COMMAND OF HIS HANDS!

IT WAS A LONG-- BUT TRIUMPHANT TREK FROM WARRIOR FALLS, WAS IT NOT, TAYETE?

COME!

REST FOR A MOMENT.

YOU ARE WATCHING A MASTER AT WORK. IT'S SELDOM A SIGHT ONE GETS TO SEE HERE IN NJADAKA.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SEE IN A GUY THAT WRAPS THEM THINGS ABOUT HIM FOR RELAXATION!

WHY, SNAKES DON'T BOTHER YOU... DO THEY, TAYETE?

OF... OF COURSE NOT.

SO I THOUGHT.

COME, VENOM! YOUR ACT BECOMES MORE FLAMBOYANT EACH PERFORMANCE!

AND HE'LL FRIGHTEN THE CHILDREN... RIGHT, TAYETE?

PLUS AS MUCH AS \$2.00 to \$10.00 CASH EVERY WEEK!



**Print Your
Last Name
Plainly Here**



N'JADAKA--

I DISCARDED THAT NAME--IT'S NOW **KILLMONGER**. YOU SHOULD RECALL THAT, **HORATIO**!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BECAUSE I **CHOSE THIS NAME--**

--VENOMM!

IT'S A BITTER TASTE--

--AN' IT KEEPS **LINGERIN'** IN MY MIND.

I **PROMISED** YOU, FRIEND, A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD CARRY ON YOUR **REPTILIAN PRACTICES--**

--BUT ALSO A PLACE WHERE YOU WOULD BE **ACCEPTED**.

THAT PLACE IS **HERE!** THE TIME IS NOW!

I'VE HEARD THE **MELODY** BEFORE--

--NEVER CARED FOR THE **REFRAIN!**

THOSE AREN'T **IMPASSIONED PROMISES** FOR THE FOLLOWERS!

THE **ATTACK** UPON THE RIVER SITE AT **BLACK WARRIOR CREEK** DID NOT DIVERT OUR **MAJOR OBSTACLE**, THE **PANTHER**--

WE ARE ABOUT TO **HIT** THE **WAKANDANS** RIGHT WHERE THEY **LIVE!**

WHAT I **DON'T UNDERSTAND--**

--IS WHY YOU PUT THAT **ANEMIC FREAK** IN CHARGE OF THE **DEATH REGIMENTS** INSTEAD OF...

--AND AS A RESULT THE **WAKANDAN'S DARLING IDOL** IS NO LONGER ANY **OBSTACLE** AT ALL!

BUT, ENOUGH **ARROGANCE**. YOU SHOULD BE ON YOUR WAY TO THE **MINES**, **VENOMM!**

THAT'S NOT A QUESTION THAT **NEEDS** ANSWERING.

AND YOU SHOULD **BEMWARE**, **TAYETE**, LEST **VENOMM** EVER OVERHEAR YOUR **SENTIMENTS**.

HE DOES NOT WEAR THOSE **SERPENTS** AS **DECORATIONS!**

YOU, **TAYETE?**

IT IS A LONG, HOT WEEK IN CENTRAL WAKANDA--AND THERE IS A TENSE EXPECTANCY ABOUT THE CEREMONIAL CHAMBERS.

TORCHES FLARE NIGHTLY FROM THE ORNATELY CARVED TRANQUILITY TEMPLE... FLICKERING FLAMES THAT PAY TRIBUTE TO THE SLAIN WAKANDANS FROM BLACK WARRIOR CREEK!

AND THE PANTHER MENDS REMARKABLY FAST DURING THOSE DAYS.

AT WEEK'S END, HUGE TORTOISE SHELLS ARE SCRAPPED CLEAN AND FILLED WITH EXOTIC WAKANDAN DELICACIES, SMOKED OVER RITUALISTIC FIRES OF LAMENT!

TOYALLA LOOKS AT THE COURT ASSEMBLAGE:

TANZIKA, NOTING HER COOL INDIFFERENCE TOWARD...

...MONICA, WHO SEEMS AWARE THAT THE TRIBUNAL PRESENCE REGARDS HER AS AN INFERIOR OUTWORLDER.

TAKU, REMAINING STOC AND NEUTRAL--

--BUT W'KABI, HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, WAITS IMPATIENTLY--

--AND ZATAMA'S EYES SEETH WITH RIGHTEOUS REBELLION.

THEY ARE ALL WAITING FOR HIM TO SPEAK-- AS IF THEY THINK HE HAS ALL THE ANSWERS

I HAD HOPED THAT THE FIRST FEASTS UPON MY RETURN WOULD BE ONES OF GAIETY--

--BUT GAIETY HAS BECOME SOMETHING LOST TO OUR SHORES.

IF ONE MAN CAN STEAL SUCH AS THAT...

...THAT MAN IS... ERIK KILLMONGER!

"THOUGH, WHEN WE FIRST MET, I KNEW HIM AS N'JADAKA--NOT KILLMONGER. HE APPROACHED ME, W'KABI, WHILE I WAS IN MONICA'S HOMELAND--BUT HIS ORIGINS ARE WAKANDAN! HE TOLD ME THAT DURING KLAU'S INITIAL ATTACK UPON OUR SOIL--THAT HE HAD BADLY BEATEN

"DURING THE RAID THAT KILLED MY FATHER, KLAU'S MEN SAVAGELY DECIMATED THE SMALLER VILLAGE SITES, FORCING THE YOUNG MEN AWAY IN CHAINS, TO BE USED AS SLAVES IN MINING OUR VALUABLE VIBRANIUM ORE!

*SHOWN IN FANTASTIC FOUR #53.--ROY.

*N'JADAKA WAS AMONG THOSE CAPTURED!

"AS FOR MYSELF, I CAN RECALL LITTLE MORE THAN MY FATHER LYING AT MY FEET--HIS WARMTH FADING BENEATH MY HANDS."



"AND NOW THEY WERE WORDS HE WOULD NEVER HEAR!"

"AS MY FATHER'S BLOOD DRIED UPON MY HANDS, I DESTROYED KLAU'S EFFORTS TO STEAL OUR PRECIOUS VIBRANIUM METAL WHICH ABSORBS ALL ENERGY--"



"--BUT THE MERCENARY PAWNS KLAU HAD USED FLED, TURNING THOSE CAPTIVES INTO THEIR PAWNS!"

"N'JADAKA ESCAPED THEIR CLUTCHES AFTER REACHING AMERICAN SHORES--"



"--AND WAS UNDERSTANDABLY EMBITTERED AND DISPLACED--WITHOUT ANY IDEA HOW TO GET BACK TO THE HIDDEN LANDS OF WAKANDA."

"I HAD NEVER REALLY TOLD HIM I'D LOVED HIM-- I GUESS BECAUSE LOVE IS AN EMOTION WE ARE EMBARRASSED TO ADMIT. IT MAKES US VULNERABLE!"

WHEN I FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE AVENGERS, IN AMERICA, HE RECOGNIZED MY WAKANDAN COSTUME, AND CONTACTED ME!



"I BROUGHT HIM BACK WITH ME DURING THAT TIME WE HAD THE TROUBLE ON PANTHER ISLAND--AND HE VANISHED INTO THE WILDERNESS!"



NOW HE REAPPEARS WITH THE NAME ERIC KILLMONGER.

I CANNOT GUESS HOW HE HAS BECOME SO POWERFUL IN SO FEW YEARS--



-- BUT HE WILL PAY FOR THE SUFFERING HE HAS CAUSED!

VIOLENCE!! THAT'S ALWAYS YOUR ONLY ANSWER, T'CHALLA!

MY CHIEFTAIN, WHY DO YOU ALLOW ZATAMA'S DISRESPECT?



CALM YOUR-SELF W'KABI!

ZATAMA'S RADICAL DISPLAY IS OFT A HEALTHIER SIGN--

--THAN APATHY! FOR APATHY IS A SUBTLE KILLER!

THAT'S NO ANSWER, T'CHALLA!

PERHAPS, ZATAMA, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.



THE REMOTE COMMUNICATIONS UNIT SIGHTS MORE ACTIVITY AT WARRIOR FALLS-- PANICKY VOICES CLAIM THEY'VE SEEN--

WHAT'S WRONG, TAKU?

--A DEATHLY LEGION!

THEY ARE LED BY AN APPARITION -- A DEATH FIGURE WITH FLESH OF A CORPSE -- AND SERPENTS SPIRALLED ABOUT HIS BODY!

AS QUICKLY AS THEY APPEARED, THEY WERE GONE -- WITHOUT A TRACE!

-- ARE FAR DEEPER THAN PHYSICAL SCARS, MONICA.

W'KABI, DOUBLE THE GUARDS ABOUT THE ETERNAL PEAK --

KILLMONGER MUST NEVER EXTINGUISH THE FLAMES OF THAT SACRED MOUND!

T'CHALLA -- YOUR ISSAC HAYES GET-UP DON'T MAKE YOU JOHN SHAFT!

YOUR WOUNDS --



I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, KAZIBE --

TAYETE, DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD MOVE WITH STEALTH?



WHAT FOR? REMEMBER? THERE'S NO MORE... PANTHER DEVIL!



HE OUGHT TO THANK HIS GODS THAT KILLMONGER FINISHED HIM OFF!

SURE, TAYETE.

I'VE MANGLED HIM!



I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO...



...MERCIFUL!

GGHHAARRK



PERHAPS, THEN, I'LL NOT BE MERCIFUL EITHER.

KAZIBE... TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE!



THE DEATH REGIMENTS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US!

YOU'D BEST LET US GO!



SINCE YOU DEMAND IT!

DEATH REGIMENTS?

THEY'LL CERTAINLY BE OF MORE USE THAN EITHER OF YOU!

**A PRETERNATURAL HUSH
DESCENDS OVER THE
UNTAMED HIGHLAND--**

**--AS IF THE MYRIAD JUNGLE LIFE
SENSES WITH ANTENNAE, SCENT,
AND HIDDEN EYES, THE ESSENCE OF
DEATH PASSING BY--**

**--TERRIFYING SPECTERS THAT TREAD
MALEVOLENTLY INTO A SIDE INLET
CRUISED BY BLACK WARRIOR FALLS--**

**--BECOMING INCREASINGLY SPECTRAL
AS THE MIST SWALLOWS AND
DISTORTS THEIR OMINOUS FORMS!**

**THEY
HAVE BEEN
CALLED
DEATH
REGI-
MENTS--**

**--AND THEIR
NAME FITS
THEM WELL.**

**AND THIS IS AN ACT THEY
HAVE DONE MANY TIMES--**

--EXCEPT THIS TIME--

--THEY ARE NOT ALONE!

DESPITE THE FACT THAT TORN LIGAMENTS
AND BRUISED MUSCLES SIGNAL THEIR
ACHE--

--THE PANTHER
FOLLOWS!

HIS CAT-LIKE
EYES
REGISTER THE
ROCK HEAVY
WALLS--

--AND A STARTLING
PREMONITION TELLS HIM
WHILE THIS SHADOW-
FRAUGHT PASSAGE LEADS!

THE PANTHER MOVES OUT, MUCH LIKE HIS NAMESAKE--



--AND THOUGH THESE CAVERN WALLS WOULD NORMALLY MAGNIFY ALL SOUND--

--HIS PURSUIT IS ABSOLUTELY SILENT!

BUT AT
THE
TRAIL'S END,
THE SIGHT
THAT
SEARS
HIS EYES--



--IS EVEN MORE STAGGERING THAN HIS EARLIER FEAR!

IT'S AN IMMENSE
MINING OPERATION--

--BATHED IN EERIE
ILLUMINOSITY, THE
VALUABLE ORE
STREAKING THROUGH
THE STONE WALLS
RADIATING A
BLuish OVERCAST!



THE PANTHER
KNOWS HE IS
DIRECTLY
UNDER THE
SACRED
MOUND OF
VIBRANIUM--

--AND THAT
ALL THE
GUARDS
THAT
STAND
VIGILANCE
OVER THIS
SUBSTANCE
WHICH
ABSORBS
ALL
VIBRA-
TIONS--



-- WILL NEVER
REALIZE THAT
THE VERY MOUND
UPON WHICH THEY
STAND--

-- IS BEING
HOLLOWED OUT
BENEATH THEIR
FEET!



AND THEN THERE IS A
SINISTER SOUND--
JUST BEFORE A DOUBLE-
PRONGED BULLWHIP
RIPS ABOUT HIS THROAT
AND CHEST!

THE PANTHER HAS ONE
BLURRED IMAGE OF THE
MAN BEHIND HIM, AND KNOWS
THIS IS THE CORPSE WHO LEADS
THE DEATH REGIMENTS!

ELONGATED, SCALY SERPENTS
WRITHE ABOUT HIS BODY;
RETRACTILE, FORKED TONGUES
DARTING BETWEEN POISONOUS,
RECURVED TEETH!

BUT IT
IS THE
NEARLY
PALPABLE
HATRED
THE
PANTHER
SENSES
MOST--

--HATRED THAT
EXPRESSES ITSELF
ON A FACE SCARRED
SINCE INFANCY!

STATE-SIDE, HE HAD
BEEN KNOWN AS
HORATIO WALTERS, AND
WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, HE
THOUGHT THE NAME
QUITE POETIC-- UNTIL
SCORN AND DERISION
KILLED THE POETRY IN HIM!

DURING CHILDHOOD, REJECTION
WAS NOT SOMETHING HE COULD
UNDERSTAND... AND AS AN ADULT
IT BECAME A FORCE HE COULD
NOT FACE.

HE SPENT THOSE REMAINING YEARS BUILDING AN
IMMUNITY TO THE TOXIC EFFECT OF THESE
REPTILES THAT HAVE BECOME AS A SECOND SKIN TO HIM--

--A SECOND
READY SKIN
WAITING TO
STRIKE!

WELL, LOOK
WHAT I
CAUGHT
ME HERE!

KILLMONGER SAID WE
WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY
'BOUT YOU LURKIN'
AROUND ANY MORE--

--AND HE MIGHTA
BEEN WRONG ON
THAT ACCOUNT--

--BUT HE WON'T
BE WRONG MUCH
LONGER!

GUESS
AGAIN,
FRIEND!



THAT'S
NOT
POSSIBLE.

WHAT
YOU DID
JUST
ISN'T
POSSIBLE!

JUST AS YOU AREN'T
A WALKING CORPSE AS
MY LOOK-OUTS REPORTED...
THOUGH I CAN WELL
UNDERSTAND HOW THEY
MIGHT THINK SUCH!



PEOPLE BEEN
CALLIN' ME A
SIDESHOW
FREAK
SINCE I CAN
REMEMBER--

'CEPT NOW,
I CAN
STRIKE
BACK!

THE NAME'S
VENOMM,
PANTHER--

--AND AS
MY "PET'S"
FANGS
STRIKE--

--REMEMBER THAT
NAME-- REMEMBER IT
AS YOU SLOWLY DIE!

TWISTING
AGILELY TO
AVOID THE
DEADLY
LUNGE--

--THE
PANTHER
FEELS THE
LEDGE
CRUMBLE
BENEATH
HIS FEET!

NO AMOUNT OF ACROBATICS
WILL HELP SURVIVE
THIS FALL!



YOU JUST
KEEP ON
SURPRIZIN'
ME!

KILLMONGER
DIDN'T
EXAGGERATE
A BIT ABOUT
YOU!

BUT THERE'S
NOTHIN'
LEFT TO
GRAB ONTO
AFTER
THIS
EDGE--!



YOU CAN
TWIST
YOURSELF
INTO A
PRETZEL--

BUT IT
WON'T
DO YOU A
BIT 'A
GOOD!

YOU'RE A REAL
DEAD MAN THIS
TIME, PANTHER!

VENOM'S KORDS
RICOCHET
HAUNTINGLY OFF
THE CAVERN
WALLS--

--AND THEN
THE PANTHER
DOES WHAT
FEW OTHER
MEN WOULD
EVER
DARE
ATTEMPT!



HE LETS HIS FREE
HAND SWING
AWAY FROM HIS
LIFE-HOLD--

--AND FOR AN IMMENSE THREE
SECONDS IS HELD FROM DEATH BY
THE FOOT OF THE MAN THAT
INTENDS TO KILL HIM!



AND BEFORE
VENOM CAN
LIFT THAT FOOT, AND
LET THE ENEMY
SPLATTER UPON
THE STALAGMITES
BELOW--



--THE PANTHER HAS
REVERSED
POSITIONS!

DON'T BE
AFRAID OF
DYING
JUST YET,
VENOM--

--THOUGH
YOU MIGHT
WELL WISH
YOU HAD
BY THE
TIME I'M
FINISHED
WITH YOU!

I WON'T LET YOU
STEAL KILLMONGER'S
PROMISE!



I WON'T LET YOU
STEAL MY CHANCE
FOR RESPECT!



RESPECT!

SPEAK NOT
TO ME OF
RESPECT!



TALES OF THE JUNGLE

NOW YOU WILL LEAVE ALL CIVILIZATION BEHIND AND TRAVEL DEEP INTO THE UNKNOWN...INTO THE DENSE WILDERNESS NEVER TRAVELED BY MAN...INTO A WORLD OF PRIMITIVE LIFE! THIS IS THE HIDDEN SPHERE OF CREATION... THE LAND THAT WITNESSED...

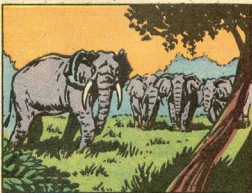
"THE FURY OF THE TUSK!"



BEWARE, ALL INTRUDERS! YOU ARE LOOKING AT **PONDO**, GIANT BULL ELEPHANT AND LORD OF HIS ENTOURAGE OF FEMALES! HE HAS RULED THEM FOR MANY YEARS AND RESENTS THE COMING OF A NEW RULER TO SUPPLANT HIM!



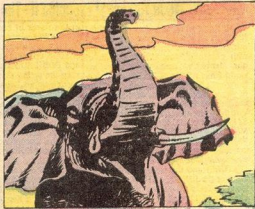
YES, PONDO WAS A BEAST OF GREAT POWER! HIS TUSKS WERE VAST AND STRONG AND HIS GREAT BODY SHOWED THE MAJESTIC STRENGTH WITHIN HIM! BUT PONDO HAD A SECRET THAT HE WAS AFRAID WOULD SOON BE DISCOVERED!



AND THE SECRET WAS THAT PONDO WAS AGED... AND FEARED TO MEET ANOTHER IN COMBAT! HE KNEW HIS SPEED AND HIS SKILL WERE GONE... AND THAT HIS STRENGTH WAS NOT ENOUGH TO ENDURE A LONG COMBAT AGAINST A YOUNGER ELEPHANT!



AND SO, TO COVER HIS FEARS, HE ROARED AND CHARGED AT EVERYTHING THAT MOVED! THIS WAS THE WAY HE HID HIS FEARS FROM EVEN HIMSELF AND MADE EVERY BEAST IN THE JUNGLE THINK HE WAS STILL AS MIGHTY AS EVER!



AND IT WORKED, TOO! BUT PONDO KNEW THAT IT WOULDN'T WORK FOREVER. THAT SOMEDAY HE WOULD BE CHALLENGED!

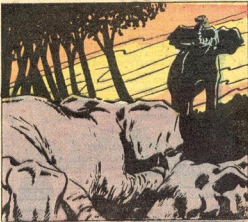
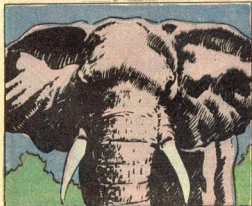
SO ANOTHER DAY PASSED AND NIGHT CAME AGAIN! PONDO BREATHED EASIER! ONCE MORE HE HAD ESCAPED THE CHALLENGE OF A YOUNGER FURY...

BUT WOULD HE HAVE RELAXED, IF HE KNEW THAT A PAIR OF BEADY EYES HAD BEEN WATCHING HIM FOR DAYS AND STAYING UPWIND OF THE HERD?

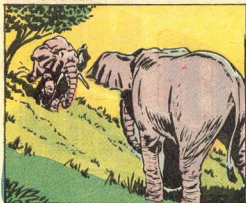


THIS WAS KINDU, A STRAY BULL FROM ANOTHER HERD! SMALLER THAN PONDO, HE WAS STILL FASTER AND MORE ALERT... AND AMBITIOUS! FOR DAYS, HE HAD STUDIED PONDO AND THOUGHT HE HAD DISCOVERED THE AGED ONE'S GRIM SECRET...

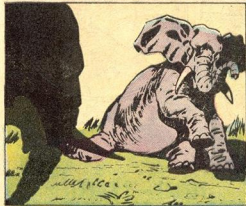
NOW THE INTRUDER SLEPT, TOO, GATHERING HIS STRENGTH FOR THE BATTLE! AND AT DAWN, PONDO HEARD THE CHALLENGE THAT COULD NO LONGER BE DENIED!



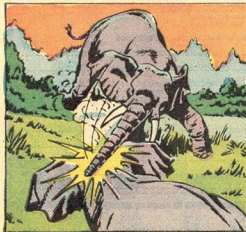
THIS TIME, PONDO DIDN'T BOTHER TO ROAR BACK! HE KNEW HE NEEDED EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH, IF HE HOPED TO HUGL BACK THIS CHALLENGE! SO HE LOWERED HIS PROUD, MASSIVE HEAD TO MEET THE ONRUSHING FURY OF THE TUSK!



PONDO STAGGERED UNDER THE SHOCK AND FELL BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES! THE YOUNGER BULL, FAST AND SURE, CHARGED ONCE AGAIN, HIS TUSKS READY FOR THE FINISH OF THE MONARCH OF THE HERD!



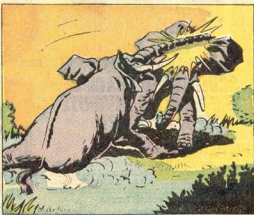
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE MIGHTY TRUNK SWUNG AND LANDED, STAGGERING THE YOUNG BULL WITH ITS FORCE!



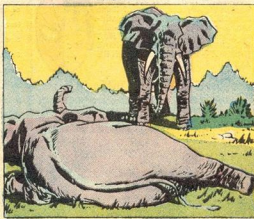
ONCE HE WOULD HAVE STEPPED ASIDE AT THE LAST MOMENT AND LET THE YOUNGER BULL RIP INTO THE SURROUNDING TREES! BUT ALL HE COULD DO NOW WAS ABSORB THE SHOCK WITH HIS BODY!



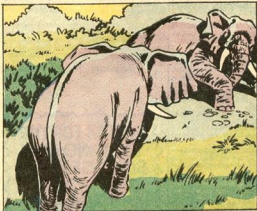
BUT THERE WAS STILL STRENGTH AND POWER LEFT IN PONDO! NOT MUCH, PERHAPS, BUT ENOUGH TO DELAY THE INEVITABLE!



AND KINDU FELL, NUMBED BY THE POWERFUL BLOWS... AND WAITING FOR THE STRONG TUSKS THAT HE KNEW WOULD BE THE DESTRUCTION OF HIMSELF AND HIS AMBITIONS!



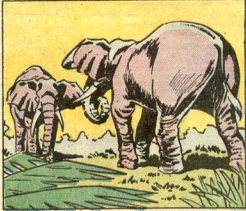
BUT THE CHARGE DON'T COME AND KINDU KNEW WHY! PONDO HAD SPENT HIMSELF GIVING THE BLOWS AND WAS TOO WEAK TO CONTINUE! ALL HE COULD WAS STAND THERE AND TRY TO FILL HIS LUNGS WITH AIR!



NOW KINDU HESITATED...WHY? DEEP IN THIS STRANGE WORLD IS...HONOR! AND KINDU CANNOT ATTACK A Foe TOO WEAK TO FIGHT BACK!

FOR KINDU IS A TRUE PRINCE OF THE JUNGLE AND WANTS ONLY THAT FOR WHICH HE HAS FOUGHT! THERE WILL BE OTHER FOES FOR THE YOUNG BULL...

BUT KINDU WAS YOUNG AND STRENGTH IS RESTORED QUICKLY TO THE YOUNG! IN MERE SECONDS, HE WAS READY TO COMMENCE THE ONSLAUGHT AND PONDO WAS AT HIS MERCY!



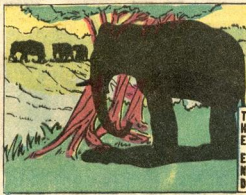
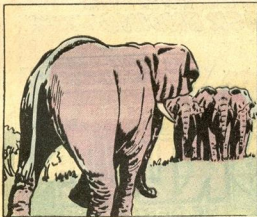
LET THIS ONE, WHO FOUGHT SO VALIANTLY, HAVE HIS FEW LAST YEARS OF GLORY UNCHALLENGED...



SO KINDU GAVE UP THE UNEVEN STRUGGLE, FILLED WITH ADMIRATION FOR PONDO'S COURAGE! AND PONDO RETURNED TO HIS FAMILY, THINKING THAT HIS MIGHT HAD CHASED AWAY THE YOUNG CHALLENGER!



AND HE RULED UNDISTURBED FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS OF HIS LIFE...UNCHALLENGED BY ANY OTHER CREATURE, THINKING THAT HIS POWER AND MIGHT WAS WHAT KEPT THEM AWAY! BUT DEEP IN THE JUNGLE WAS THE YOUNG BULL ELEPHANT, KEEPING GUARD FOR HIM AND MAKING SURE NO ONE DISTURBED THE PEACE OF PONDO!



T W E N D

JUNGLE RE-ACTIONS

46 MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

A Special Message from the Bullpen:
DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO WAKANDA?

Suppose you're an editorial assistant, just sitting there one day, proofing an issue of COMBAT KELLY or arguing with the production department about how many "D's" there are on Daredevil's costume, when a certain bright-eyed, blond-haired editor named ROY THOMAS walks into your office and says, "We've decided to do an all-original BLACK PANTHER strip in JUNGLE ACTION."

You react with instant enthusiasm. "Great," you say. "The Panther has always deserved a series of his own!"

Then the editor drops the bomb. "Oh, by the way...you're going to write it. And we need a synopsis tomorrow."

Before you can pick your lower jaw up from the floor, Roy has disappeared into that much-hallowed sanctum known as "Stan's office", having left you with the not inconsiderable task of creating an African nation—overnight. Out of your head! With only a few issues of FANTASTIC FOUR and THE AVENGERS to draw on for guidance. What do you do?

If you're DON MCGREGOR and RICH BUCKLER, you do what has been done in this issue and its predecessor of JUNGLE ACTION. You let your imagination run wild. You take what was basically a sidelight idea—the super-technological nation of Wakanda co-existing anachronistically with the primitive jungle—and you develop it into a full-blown culture with its own social structure, history and mythology, its own mores, taboos and values.

You ask yourself, what kind of geography and people surround a paradoxical wonderland like that? And you begin to develop notions about what kind of tribes and individuals would comprise Wakanda's friends—and foes. Which, in turn, leads you to malevolent menaces like Killmonger and Veronum. And so on. And on. And on. Once the creative wheels start spinning

as they have with this new series, they're hard to stop. And so you'll be seeing more of Wakanda in each and every episode of this precedent-shattering series.

Why precedent-shattering? Because of who the hero happens to be. Not an abandoned child raised by apes or lions or armadillos or whatever. Not an accidental visitor to this jungle paradise—but its king; not one of the restless natives of B-movie fame, but a man who has a logical reason to be there...because he was born there! THE BLACK PANTHER.

T'Challa, King of the Wakandan nation, heir to its land, son of its myths and its past, guardian of its future. Perhaps the first jungle hero who's not a foreign import. And that's one precedent which badly needed shattering.

T'Challa. Regal, sophisticated, even urbane—yet part of the world that birthed him, the diametrical opposite of the pulp-magazine white-man-or-woman-gone-wild-syndrome. T'Challa and his people are black men who have abandoned their roles as spear-carriers and safari boys to take up the tools of technology and use them to preserve and protect, rather than exploit, the continent called Africa.

You gotta admit: it's more than a little intriguing.

And these first two issues are only the beginning. Don and Rich are working closely together. Don hanging over Rich's drawing board, Rich peering over Don's shoulder at the typewriter, to make THE BLACK PANTHER one of the most unusual and interesting series of the seventies. KLAUS JANSON, Marvel's newest inker, hovers over both of them like some demented, starved vulture, wondering if they'll ever be satisfied enough to pass pages into his hands. And Stan, Roy and the rest of the Marvel Bullpen are pretty proud of the nation these two have created overnight.

But now it's up to you. To put it crassly, if you don't buy it, we don't get to produce it anymore. And if you don't write all kinds of letters about it,

we'll never know if you like it or not.

Thus, a pair of requests:

Put two dimes away in a very special place every two months, and please use them to share with us the Black Panther's adventures.

And put pencil, pen, typewriter, or even crayon to paper and tell us what you think of what we've done.

In return, we hereby pledge to knock you outta your gourd with some of the wildest jungle adventures ever to see print in the pages of a comic magazine. Fair 'nuff? Then, in the immortal words of some bygone yippie philosopher—DO IT!

For Stan, Roy, Don, Rich & the Bullpen
Sincerely,
Steve Gerber

WATCH FOR THE
EXCITING NEW
SURPRISES FROM
THE HOUSE
OF IDEAS, AS
MIGHTY
MARVEL
MOVES
AHEAD!

THE CONQUEROR IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE DESTROYER!



WE'RE CHANGING OUR NAME--
BUT NOT OUR GAME--
AS WE BEGIN A SOUL-SEARING
NEW CHAPTER IN THE
LEGEND-LADEN LIFE AND TIMES OF

KING KULL!

AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US NOW,
JUST WAIT'LL YOU CATCH OUR STUNNING
SHOCK ENDING TO THIS STORY
OF STORIES!

NOW ON SALE--WHEREVER
YOUR AWESTRUCK EYES BEHOLD THIS
LANDMARK TITLE-LOGO--!

KULL THE
DESTROYER

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

20¢ 11
NOV

FROM THE CREATOR OF CONAN!

KULL

THE DESTROYER