IT'S LATE AT NIGHT AT A WEST COAST AIRPORT... A TRANSCONTINENTAL CRUISER IS PICKED UP BY THE FIELD LIGHTS AS IT COMES IN FOR A LANDING... ALL IS QUIET AROUND THE HANGARS... NOW AS AIRBOY WALKS TOWARD HIS BIRDPLANE HE FEELS A CERTAIN UNEASINESS—AND FOR VERY GOOD REASON—BECAUSE FROM THE SHADOWS HE'S WATCHED BY TWO SMALL ROUGH CHARACTERS...

...LET'S SEE NOW... FLYING ON THE BEAM I SHOULD HIT CHICAGO AT ABOUT 1:15... REFUEL AND THEN... HMM... DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES ME FEEL SO JITTERY...

I ALMOST FEEL AS IF SOMEONE'S WATCHING ME... LIKE A BIRD WHEN A CAT'S STALKING IT... MAYBE MY IMAGINATION... PLAYING TRICKS ON ME...

AS AIRBOY CLIMBS INTO THE COCKPIT A NOISELESS FIGURE SLINKS PAST THE TAIL OF THE BIRDPLANE...

...LET'S GO, OLD GIRL... WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH A LANDING STRIP IN NEW YORK IN THE MORNING...
AIRBOY is about to take off... when...

Huh??

Do not move, or this dart javelin will...

Before he can take the next breath, a wrench clips Airboy from the other side...

Ughhh...

Airboy's two dwarfish kidnappers roll him to the back of the plane... they tie him up... then one grabs the controls and sends the birdplane streaking into the dark sky...

Hour after hour, with her powerful jet engines pulsing at full throttle the birdplane wings through the night...

Shortly before dawn Airboy stirs....

...can't move... boy--

These two little gorillas got me tied... hmm... the compass... we're headed due west... out across the Pacific...

Then... in the early morning light Airboy blinks at sight of a monstrous form that slowly moves out of a cloud....

The birdplane pilot jabbers excitedly to his companion in a strange tongue... then he sends the birdplane down in a tight spiral behind the strange giant of the skies...

What in the...!!

What is that ??

Looks like an old ship floating in the sky!!
IT'S A VOLCANIC ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC... AND NOW THE BIRDPLANE LANDS ON A LAVA STRIP...

Hmm... these babies sure know their navigation... on this course this would seem to be little Fondu Island... supposed to be uninhabited... can't see anymore of that nightmarish flying ship...

...but as Airboy is roughly hauled from the birdplane and brought before a strange helmeted figure...

Do you know me, Airboy? By your expression...

No!!... it can't be!!... Keller!!... the fantastic eastern man of mystery!!... so you of all guys were behind this little kidnap job!!

The weird Keller barks an oriental order... and Airboy is rammed into a crude iron cage...

Hey... what th!!...

With block and tackle the cage soon swings from the top of a high circular wall... I'm a helpless pigeon... whether I like it or not!!

Airboy's cage hangs in a row of others... some are empty... others hold sun-blackened prisoners... then Airboy hears a shout...

Airboy!!... is that you??... it's me!!... Jimmy Collins!!

Jimmy!!... I thought you cracked up and were missing on that trans-pacific hop?!!

Yeah... but Keller's nice little goons picked me up... I've been here six months now... this thing is crazy... these guys have ceremonial air fights... I've been in six of them!!... wait'll you get a load of it... there's another one due today... you're just in time... but I think I'm out of luck... they're getting wise to my private style of fighting...

What are you talking about? I don't get it!!
BEFORE COLLINS CAN ANSWER, HIS CAGE IS
SUDDENLY LOWERED....  ...WAIT'LL YOU SEE
THIS ROMAN SPECTACLE, AIRBOY!!!... THE
CROWD IS COMING NOW.... I'M GONNA
FIGHT AGAIN... LISTEN... TRY A TIGHT
FIGURE EIGHT... IT'S WORKED
FOR ME SIX TIMES...

I DON'T GET YOU...

WITH UNEASY WONDER AIRBOY NOW LOOKS THE
OTHER WAY... AND A STARTLING SIGHT GREETED
HIM... FOR INSIDE THE OLD VOLCANO IS A GREEK-
LIKE COISSEUM... WITH TIERS OF SEATS... AND
A MULTITUDE IS FILLING IN....

WOW!!! HOW
D'YA LIKE THAT!!!... WHAT A LAY-OUT!!!
AND THIS ISLAND WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
DESERTED!!!... WHAT IS THIS??... AND WHAT'S
THIS FIGHTING BUSINESS JIMMY TALKS ABOUT...

THEN... AT HIGH NOON AIRBOY IS
LOWERED TO THE GROUND...

OH- OH!!... LOOKS
LIKE I'M BEING
INVITED TO THE SHOW...

ARMED GUARDS IN STRANGE TRAPPINGS ESCORT
AIRBOY INTO THE AMPHITHEATER AND THROUGH THE
THROGS TO THE ROYAL BOX...

WELL, AIRBOY, YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME FOR THE SHOW! AN
AMERICAN NAMED COLLINS
IS IN THE FINALS TODAY...

FINALS? COLLINS?
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT, KELLER?

BUT AIRBOY'S QUESTION IS DROWNED IN A ROAR FROM THE CROWD! CLAPPING Cymbals HAVE
HERALDED IN TWO GROTESQUE, GILDED AIR SHIPS...

THE FIRST CONTEST, AIRBOY...
A DUEL BETWEEN MY TWO
LARGEST AIR GALLEYS!! WATCH
CLOSER, AIRBOY... CLOSER!
The huge craft maneuver for position, then one sees its chance and rams!!

Bravo, Nuntac, Bravo! Nuntac commands my dragon ship, Airboy! He's almost as good as his tutor! Nobody would suspect that I, Anton Keller, World's Greatest Flyer, could create such a spectacle, eh, Airboy? Ha-ha! But in twenty-five years I've taught 'em everything! ...to build, to fly! Yes, smart people, these islanders. Even added touches of their own design.

It's cruel as that stunt you pulled years ago at an air show! They still splash your picture in the papers, Keller!

Famous, am I? Ha-ha! About time! If they'd appreciated me before, I wouldn't have shot down those two planes... or strafed the audience! Ha-ha-ha!

He's stark raving mad, and he's got these poor natives blood-crazy too! Oh-oh! One of those ships is done for!

The battered hulk and its crew of doomed men crash into the center of the natural amphitheatre...

It's like the ancient Romans... gladiators... gladiators of the air!!
Again the cymbals crash to announce another combat... Now here should be a fight, Airboy! Nuntac against Jimmy Collins. You outside pilots are good to train my boys, of course you're not accustomed to our craft, but it's good entertainment!... Now watch, Airboy! I want you to be a star performer...

And as Airboy looks on, the two aces circle cautiously, looking for an opening...

Then Collins tries a tight spiral, but Nuntac outguesses him and Rams...

The two ships lock in the air long enough for Collins to dash across his wing and hurl Nuntac to his death...

The crowd... They're roaring! They approve! No! No! Foul! Foul! Tell the galleys to destroy Collins!

Not while I can help it! I'll call Birdie on the remote control dial!

A mile away the birdplane receives its master's summons and sweeps into flight...
SECONDS LATER THE BIRDPLANE FLASHES ACROSS THE ARENA, BRUSHING ASIDE HIS SURPRISED GUARDS, AIRBOY MAKES A WELL-TIMED LEAP...

AND BY THE TIME AIRBOY GAINS THE COCKPIT, THE TWO AIR GALLEYS ARE CLOSING IN ON COLLINS....

BUT THE LEAD SHIP'S COMMANDER HAS NOW SPOTTED AIRBOY...

FLIES ONCE MORE! CIRCLE BACK!...

THE NEWCOMER LOOSE THE THUNDER JAVELINS!

A BROADSIDE OF SPEAR-LIKE TORCHES BLISTERS PAST THE BIRDPLANE...

MISSED!! ALL RIGHT... YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

GUNS BLAZING, THE BIRDPLANE DIVES STRAIGHT AT THE CUMBERSOME GALLEY... IT'S A SURE HIT...

WHILE IN THE STANDS BELOW...

THE FOOLS! THEY'RE ALL CHEERING HIM! MY... MY POWER WILL BE SHATTERED UNLESS... YES! I MUST GET TO MY FIGHTER!!
Meanwhile the remaining galley has grappled Collins's craft... but before they can board, the birdplane comes to a flapping standstill overhead... and Airboy leaps...

Give it to 'em, Collins! Make for the controls!

The fight brings Airboy to the tiller... he puts the galley into a fast roll to dump out the surprised crew, and then...

Another fighter! It... it's Keller!!

Airboy puts the helm hard over and the wooden dragon swings to meet the attack...

As the locked craft plummet, earthward, the birdplane settles above... Collins and Airboy have only to scramble aboard...

And soon a Pacific sunset finds them winging home....

That's it, Airboy! Keller was mad... but he knew enough to build only short range planes, so nobody could escape... and now that he's dead, I'm sure those people will throw out the air battles he sneaked into their life......

I hope so, Jimmy! But the U.S.A. will want to know... there's still a bunch of captive pilots to free...
The strange things that moved in distant dark corners of the world meant little to the Marle family... for they were country people of the U.S. and hunting was their big sport... but now young Dick Marle is going to put up his gun for the time being... he has the chance to take a trip to Haiti with Captain Harris... and below we see him as he talks with his brothers.

Well, I guess you won't be hunting rabbits with us for a while, Dick... I still don't see why you signed with Cap'n Harris to sail down to Haiti! There ain't no rabbits there!

That doesn't matter to me! I want to see some of this world 'fore I settle down—but don't worry, I'll be back—and with some souvenirs!

Where's Dick, Pa? The captain'll be calling for him soon!

Then—later that day... He came back from hunting with a toothache—you know where to find him when he's ailing, Maw!
YES... SINCE HE WAS SMALL HE'S GONE TO THAT OLD BED IN HIS ROOM AT THE FIRST SIGN OF PAIN—SEEMS TO COMFORT HIM! I'D BETTER CALL HIM SO HE'LL BE READY IN TIME!

HOW'S THE TOOTH, SON?

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I ALWAYS FEEL BETTER IN THIS BED! I GUESS I'LL COME BACK EVEN WHEN I'M READY TO DIE!

DON'T TALK OF DYIN', DICK... HERE, TAKE THIS RING AND WEAR IT AS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY! NOW YOU'D BETTER HURRY... THE SHIP YOU'RE SAILING ON WON'T WAIT FOR YOU!

THANKS, DAD... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

MONTHS PASS AND... THERE, I GOT ANOTHER OF THOSE PESKY RABBITS! BOY— I'LL BET DICK MISSES THIS KIND OF LIFE!

YEAH! BUT HE SAID HE'D BE BACK PRETTY SOON!

BAM

BUT MEANWHILE, IN FAR-OFF HAITI...

LOOK, DICK... IF YOU GOT ANY IDEAS OF SHOOTING THAT RABBIT— FORGET THEM! THEY'RE SACRED TO THE NATIVES AROUND HERE! THEY BELIEVE THAT IF YOU SHOOT A RABBIT— YOU DESTROY A HUMAN SOUL!

THEY MIGHT BELIEVE IT BUT I DON'T! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THERE WERE RABBITS HERE— MY BROTHERS ARE GOING TO BE SURPRISED WHEN I BRING ONE BACK!

NO! NO! BWANAY ALLAY INTOONAH!

BWANAY ALTOONAH ANBAGO!

WHAT'S DOUBLE TALK MEAN?

HE SAID THAT IF YOU DESTROYED THE SOUL OF ONE OF HIS PEOPLE... HE'LL DESTROY YOU!
LATER THAT EVENING...

THE NATIVES TOLD ME THE CHIEF'S SON DIED TODAY! THEY THINK YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE BECAUSE YOU SHOT THAT RABBIT! LISTEN... THOSE DRUMS MEAN TROUBLE!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

BUT THAT NIGHT, THE DRUMS BEAT LOUDER... LOUDER AND SEEM TO CAST A STRANGE SPELL OVER RICHARD MARLE...

YES... I HEAR... I WILL DO AS YOU SAY...

YOU SEND FOR ME... I COME...

THEN SUDDENLY HE AWAKES... TO FIND HIMSELF LOST DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...

WHERE AM I?...

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

THOSE DRUMS--THEY'RE AFTER ME... GOT TO GET AWAY!!!

BOOM BOOM

THOSE DRUMS--THEY'RE ON THE SIDE, TOO!! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!!

NOW THEY'RE ALL OVER... AND COMING CLOSER!! HELP! HELP!

BOOM BOOM BOOM
Suddenly, a group of strangely-masked natives appears...

Please... I... I didn't mean you harm! I...

That clay figure—on one side it's the face of a rabbit—but on the other side...

...it... it's a likeness of me!!

But then... wha... he broke that image of me, and... and the rest of them act as if I was destroyed with it... well, anyway—now's my chance to get away.

And after many hours...

The village—At last!! It's a good thing we sail today—I couldn't take another day on this island!!

Then days later, at Dick's home...

Wow! Look at that big one... what a target!

Nice shooting! C'mon—let's go pick him up!!

That's funny! Never saw one survive a direct hit from a rifle slug!

It couldn't have gotten far, let's follow the tracks!
LOOK! IT... IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE RIGHT FOR OUR HOUSE.

LOOKS LIKE IT WENT INSIDE! GUESS IT REALLY WANTS US TO HAVE ITS SKIN. LET'S ASK MA... MAYBE SHE SAW IT!

YES! A RABBIT DASHED INTO THE HOUSE... AND WENT UPSTAIRS!

LOOK... BLOOD STAINS.... THEY-- THEY LEAD TO DICK'S ROOM! WAIT OUTSIDE, MA-- WE'LL GET IT!

BUT MA DOESN'T WAIT OUTSIDE, AND... MA... MA... LOOK... ON ITS PAW... SOMETHING SHINING!

IT'S IN... IN DICK'S BED! BUT-- WHY DID IT COME HERE TO DIE?

IT... IT... LOOKS LIKE A RING... A RING?... WAIT-- I WANT TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THAT....

IT... IT'S DICK'S RING!! MY SON...
Far below the surface of the earth and right beneath the world famous San Remo Gambling Casino are vast natural caves... their wonder attracts visitors from all over the world... and now another party listens to a guide...

This is the Devil's Ballroom... 436 feet high... a half mile long... with cubic dimensions of...

What's that??... sounds like thunder...

Jules... take the party to the surface... I'll go and find out what it is... sounds like it's coming from the Blue Grotto...

Be careful, Anton... the grotto is half flooded...

Anton carefully moves toward the sound...

... then deep in the blue grotto the guide comes upon a great shaggy figure that weekly pounds for help... it is nature's mighty heap, trapped by a shifting stone...
GOODNESS... WHAT IS THIS THING... THIS MONSTER... IT SEEMS LIKE A TREE WITH LIFE... IT MUST HAVE FALLEN DOWN THROUGH THE RIFT FROM THE SURFACE... BUT NO LIVING THING COULD SURVIVE SUCH A FALL... IT MAY ATTACK ME... BUT I CANNOT SEE IT SUFFER... I MUST HELP IT...

AND WITH A FEELING OF PITY OUTWEIGHING HIS FEAR, ANTON WORKS TO RAISE THE ROCK THAT HOLDS THE HEAP...

... THERE YOU ARE... BIG FELLOW... ONCE MORE NOW AND...

THE MONSTER IS FREE... AND ANTON NEARLY DIES OF FRIGHT AS A GREAT PAW CLUTCHES HIS SHOULDER...

... BUT THE HEAP ONLY LEADS THE TERRIFIED GUIDE TO THE WALL OF THE GROTTO... AND POINTS TO A GREAT WIDENING CRACK...

N... NO!!... NO!!!

OHHH... A GREAT NEW SURFACE CRACK... I UNDERSTAND SHAGGY FRIEND... AND THIS IS VERY GOOD TO KNOW... THANKS TO YOU...

ANTON MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE...

HE FIRST GOES TO HIS HUMBLE HOME AND SPEAKS TO HIS WIFE...

MARTHA!!... WHERE IS OUR DAUGHTER MARIE?... I WANT HER TO RUN UP TO THE CASINO WITH A WARNING TO CABETTE...

THE CHILD HAS ALREADY GONE THERE... TO ASK THEM IF THEY CAN SPARE US BREAD FOR A DAY OR TWO... THEY HAVE SO MUCH... AND WE ARE WITHOUT A PENNY...

... AND AS THE YOUNG MARIE MOUNTS THE STEPS TO THE BRIGHTLY LIGHTED GAMBLING PALACE...
At the casino door Marie encounters a fashionable couple...

Poor child... so you come here to ask for bread? Well, little Cinderella... I have a better idea... and a hunch... here is fifty francs... come... put it on the roulette wheel... perhaps...

But, madam... I do not wish to gamble please... my parents...

Nonsense! You have heard me... come... it is a pleasure of mine... fifty francs... it may lead to a lot of bread...

Against her will the young girl is now at the gambling table...

Here... play '8 red, Cinderella... and I will bet two thousand... on the same...

The croupier spins the wheel... the little ball does its crazy dance... the wheel slows and comes to a stop...

8 red!! 8 red!!

We win!

It's wonderful... madam... but please... can't I go now...?

Little fool?... with such luck?... of course not... you must play for me, child... after all, I could tell the police that you stole that fifty francs...

After several more winning plays the proprietor realizes that Marie's luck is the kind that can break the bank...

Here... here is the bread that this tattered child came for... after all, she is not a member of this club... stop this nonsense and go at once, girl!

Meanwhile outside... as the father Anton comes for his daughter and is repulsed by a doorman...

My child!... She is in there!... This place of evil may go into the ground at any moment... many of you deserve it... but I want my child...

Silence. Cursed fool!!!... or you will be dealt with more severely!
AS ANTON FALLS BACK INTO A BUSH HE FEELS THE TOUCH OF A POWERFUL FAMILIAR HAND...

MY CHILD! I WANT MY CHILD! I KNOW THE HAND OF ILL-LUCK IS ON THAT PLACE!

SHAGGY ONE!... IT'S YOU AGAIN!... MY CHILD!... IF YOU COULD ONLY HELP ME TO GET TO MY CHILD...

THEN... AS THE HEAP POINTS, A FRIGHTENING THING MEETS THE FATHER'S EYES... IT'S A MENACING CRACK THAT CREEPS FROM THE BUILDING'S BASE...

THEN... IN THE NEXT INSTANT THERE'S A RUMBLING ROAR, THE GROUND OPENS, AND SLOWLY INTO THE BLACKNESS SINKS THE GAILY LIGHTED HOUSE OF CHANCE...

DOWN, DOWN... AND NOW SWALLOWED BY THE COLD BLACKNESS THE STILL-LIT PALACE PRESENTS AN ERRANT SIGHT AS IT SETTLES ON THE CAVERN FLOOR WITH ITS LIGHTS STILL OPERATING FROM ITS INDEPENDENT POWER SOURCE...

THE THOUGHT OF BEING BURIED ALIVE BRINGS PANIC TO THE GAMBLERS...

WHILE ON THE SURFACE THE FRANTIC ANTON CLAWS DESPERATELY AT LOOSE EARTH AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT... AND A FEW FEET AWAY STANDS THE CALM, MUTE HEAP...

MY CHILD!!... MY CHILD!!... LOOK, SHAGGY ONE... LOOK HOW THE LIGHTS STILL BURN... LIKE AN EVIL BRIGHTNESS THAT CAN'T BE SMOTHERED!!
AGAIN THE HEAP PLACES A BIG HAND ON THE GRIEF-STRICKEN FATHER AND GUIDES HIM TO A CLIFF OPENING...

BUT NOW THE HEAP TAKES ANTON THROUGH A DARK HAZARDOUS PASSAGE...

DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE EARTH THEY GO... AND NOW THEY REACH A CAVERN THAT SEEMS TO GROW LIGHTER...

SHAGGY ONE...!

THIS PASSAGE WAS STRANGE TO ME... BUT WAIT... THERE SEEMS TO BE LIGHT... IS IT POSSIBLE WE ARE NEAR THE SUNKEN CASINO?... HAVE YOU TAKEN ME TO MY CHILD?...

THE HEAP GOES TO THE WALL WHERE A BRIGHT CRACK APPEARS... AND TEARING THROUGH THE ROCK HE REVEALS AN EERIE PICTURE TO THE ASTONISHED ANTON...

THE... THE CASINO!!... ITS LIGHTS STILL AS BRIGHT AS EVER!!

THEN THE TERRIFIED CAPTIVES OF THE CASINO ARE TREATED TO FURTHER SHOCK AS THE GREAT HEAP SHAMBLES IN WITH THE OLD GUIDE...

OHHH... MERCY... W-HAVE WHAT IS IT??

MARIE!!... M-MY CHILD!!... YOU ARE SAFE...

QUICKLY, MARIE... THE GREAT SHAGGY ONE WILL HOLD THESE OTHERS BACK... WE CAN GET OUT SAFELY...

BUT THE PROPRIETOR CABETTE DRAWS A GUN... AND HIS SEVERAL WOLF-LIKE DOGS ARE AT HIS SIDE...

NO FATHER... WE MUST THINK OF THE OTHERS TOO... WE MUST HELP THEM ALONG WITH US...

MONSTER OR NO MONSTER, THIS GUN AND THESE DOGS SAY THAT I GO FIRST OUT OF HERE!!... LEAD ON, OLD MAN...
NOW, LISTEN TO ME... IF ANYONE MOVES, THOSE DOGS WILL BE AT HIS THROAT!... WELL, OLD MAN... DO YOU LEAD ME OUT?... OR DOES YOUR DAUGHTER DIE?

YES... YES... I WILL LEAD YOU OUT...

GRUDGINGLY, THE HEAP MOVES BACK TO MAKE WAY... BUT THE CROUPIER NOW BARKS A SHARP COMMAND...

JUST A MINUTE, M'SIUR CABETTE!... YOU ONLY THINK YOU ARE GOING... I TOO HAVE A GUN... AT YOUR BACK!

BUT CABETTE IS FASTER WITH A GUN... THE CROUPIER IS DEAD IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

UNSEEN BY THE GAMBLER, THE HEAP MOVES NOISELESSLY TOWARD HIM...

THE DOGS GO FOR THE HEAP... THE GAMBLER THINKS THEY'VE TURNED AGAINST HIM... AND HE FIRES WILDLY AT HIS SNARLING PROTECTORS...

BACK!... BACK!... YOU UNFAITHFUL BRUTES! SO YOU WOULD ATTACK ME THE MINUTE YOU THINK THE CHANCE IS RIGHT!

THE CRACKLING SHOTS SET UP THE SENSITIVE VIBRATION THAT STARTS A DULL RUMBLING... IN THE NEXT INSTANT. THE WALLS ARE CAVING IN...

NO!... NO!... OHHH...

BANG! BANG!
The Gamblor has no chance as he's trapped by falling rock...

But the mighty heap braces himself at an exit point... and with tons of rock on his back he keeps open a small escape passage...

The girl Marie calls to the terrified survivors...

Come one at a time... and you can all thank the shaggy one for your life as you pass through...

A few minutes later... as everyone has passed safely to the outside...

Our great strong friend... he cannot come from there alive... we owe him so much... I cannot turn my back on him... I am going in again to see...

But Anton barely speaks when there is a rumble of falling rock inside the cave... then to their surprise the heap shambles out... and in one of his great paws he carries a white object...

The heap goes right to the girl Marie... and in her hands he places a loaf of bread... then the monster calmly turns, and is soon gone again...

L... look!!... n-no!... how did he ever get free?

My loaf of bread!... through all this trouble the shaggy one thought of such a simple thing...

Yes... because he wished to remind you of the importance of simple and pure things... and that they are the real bread of life...
THE ESKIMOS NEVER CARED MUCH FOR THE WHITE MAN'S GUN... THEIR WEAPONS AND HUNTING METHODS WERE THOSE OF THEIR ANCESTORS... BUT YOUNG TATO WANTED TO BE A BIG MAN IN HIS VILLAGE... AND ESPECIALLY IN THE EYES OF THE FAIR MALUA... SO NOW AS HE RETURNS FROM A TRADING POST HE FINDS MALUA TALKING WITH HIS RIVAL ONOOK... 

WAIT, MALUA!.. YOU CANNOT MARRY ONOOK UNTIL YOU SEE THE PRESENTS I HAVE BROUGHT FOR YOU! 

DO NOT LISTEN, MALUA!! TATO IS A BOASTFUL WEAKLING!!

OOH... HOW BEAUTIFUL, TATO!

BAH! THEY ARE BUT CHEAP TRINKETS FROM THE TRADING POST!

I HAVE MORE THAN TRINKETS! LOOK! I SHALL BE THE GREATEST HUNTER OF ALL!!

A THUNDER-STICK!!
But I am still the best hunter, Tato! Your thunder gun does not frighten me!

No! Stop... both of you!

Listen! What is that?

Yi!!! It is the great bear! He comes to raid!

Hide on the cliff, Malua, while I go for my spear!

Help... help! He'll kill us all!

I... I cannot look back! Is he after me?

Calm yourself, Tato! The bear is more interested in your gun!

If I only had my gun now!

You had it once - but here comes Onook with his spear!

Run, bear... run!
DID YOU SEE HOW I CHASED THE BEAR, MALUA?

BAH! IT WAS MY GUN THAT MADE HIM RUN!

WAIT! IF I MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU, I WILL WED THE ONE WHO SLAYS THE BEAR!

THEN YOU WILL SOON MARRY ME, MALUA!

AND SO...

GOOD LUCK, MY BRAVE HUNTERS!

LATER...

YOU ARE A FOOL, ONOOK, TO HIDE A SEAL-BONE SPRING IN A BALL OF MEAT AND HOPE THE BEAR SWALLOWS IT! MY GUN WILL KILL HIM FIRST!

WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY FATHER IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

TATO IS RIGHT! HIS GUN WILL KILL THE BEAR BEFORE MY SEAL-BONE SPRING CAN WORK! HMMM! HE SLEEPS SOUNDLY!

I WOULD LIKE TO TRY THE THUNDER GUN MYSELF! I WILL BORROW IT FOR A FEW MINUTES!
Suddenly... That noise! It is my gun! Onook has stolen my gun!

BOOM BOOM

Tato! I am hurt! Quick... surprise the bear with the spring-bait and spear!

M... Me?

Help me, Onook! Help me!

The bait... roll out the bait!

Roll it, coward!

H... here! Tasty seal meat! Eat...

(Gulp)

Come back, weakling... come back! The bear swallowed the bait and is sick!

But... but is he very sick?

Spear him! He cannot hurt you now!
LOOK! THE BEAR DIES! YOU ARE A MISERABLE COWARD, TATO! WHY DON'T YOU KILL IT?

I WILL KILL IT NOW, ONOOK! CALL ME A COWARD, WILL YOU?

YOU FOOL! THE BEAR IS ALREADY DEAD!

LATER...

COME GREET YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND, MALUA! ONOOK... ONOOK! HE IS HURT!

WELL, MALUA, YOU SEE NOW WHO IS THE BEST HUNTER!

BUT... BUT WHAT OF ONOOK?

ONOOK WAS HURT BY THE BEAR, MALUA... BUT I KILLED IT!

HE... HE IS RIGHT, MALUA. HE KILLED THE BEAR WITH MY SPRING BAIT!

SPRING BAIT?... BUT TATO HAD A GUN... I THINK I HAD BETTER HEAR THE WHOLE STORY BEFORE I CHOOSE A HUSBAND!

AND WHEN THE STORY IS TOLD......

BUT, MALUA... YOU CANNOT CHOOSE ONOOK!! I KILLED THE BEAR....

I WILL NOT BE WIFE TO A COWARD, TATO!! IT WAS ONOOK'S COURAGE THAT KILLED HIM... COME, ONOOK....