

TALES OF THE MACHO JUNGLE GUY

As Told To John "Bridge" Martin Over A Tub Of Strawberry Lemonade Some Time Back, But All Of It Was Recorded And Presented In 2017, Which Makes This Comment A Copyright Declaration, So Keep That In Mind.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 1: The Agony of De Feet

When I'm in the wild and I feel the call of nature, I just do my business wherever I happen to be.

But this day I was visiting a village and a decent respect to the opinions of mankind required that I use their primitive latrine. But as I stood there, I felt a sudden, piercing pain in the middle toe of my left foot.

"Ouch!" I said. "What the..." I looked down and just as I suspected there was a small viper with virulent venom, its needle-sharp fangs buried in my throbbing toe.

"Son of a gun," I swore. I stepped back from the one-holer where I could get a better look at the deadly denizen of the Dalai Darkwoods, the part of Africa I call home. The thing seemed to be sawing away at the phalanges to which it had attached itself, as if savoring the taste of toe jam. I brought my right foot around and placed it strategically behind its head, pinning it to the dirt floor, and then yanked my left foot away. Yes, it hurt a bit, but I'm the Macho Jungle Guy and I can put up with the pain. My

backward thrust caused his implanted fangs to break off and I could not but smile wickedly.

"Now you won't be able to eat anything but python puke," I snarled.

I kicked him into the corner and I swear if snakes could talk I would have heard him wailing pathetically.

That oughta teach the sneaky serpent, I thought.

Just another adventure of The Macho Jungle Guy. I'll show up from time to time in this listserv¹ so keep tuned, and learn what it is to be macho.

¹ A reference to ERB-List, a privately owned, open to all, email list. For info see <http://www.erblast.com>

This first series of Macho Jungle Guy reports were initially posted at ERB-List.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 2: How To Win Friends

Lions are a dangerous breed. They're the "King of Beasts" and can take out animals much bigger than themselves.

A lion attacks and maims with its claws, weight, teeth and determination, but it actually kills by biting the windpipe of its intended prey so that the animal can't breathe. I know it's not nice to laugh at the misfortunes of others, but it's kind of funny to see them do that to an elephant as one of the sabors has usually got the end of the pachyderm's trunk in its mouth while its sisters, and sometimes the hubby, are trying to do their own damage in various other spots.



However, I felt a bit sorry for Tantor today and I admit that I had an ulterior motive. Elephants never forget and I was mindful that if I did a favor for the great beast that it might be helpful to me someday.

The lions paid me no mind as I approached. They thought they could easily ignore a puny man-thing to concentrate on their big supper and perhaps go after me a bit later for dessert. Thus, I was able to come right up to mama lion as she had her fangs busily engaged with the end of Tantor's trunk. I was easily able to reach in and get good grips on both her top and bottom jaws and yank them opposite directions with a powerful flexing of my mighty muscles. I heard bones cracking and the lioness yowling in pain. Tantor, its sensitive proboscis now liberated, reacted like a tent which had had its stakes pulled -- collapsing, but collapsing with a deadly purpose. Once it hit the ground it started rolling in 360 revolutions, its great weight crushing each clinging lions between it and the ground.

I stood, watching the spectacle, my arms folded. When it was over, a bruised and bleeding Tantor ambled up to me and gave me a hug with its trunk, tears flowing from its tender eyes. Or was that lion saliva which seemed to be everywhere, mixed with blood?

I headed off the Savannah and back to my beloved jungle, jogging at a pace that I could keep up for hours. Tantor, one more potential ally in a jungle that contained constant deadly surprises.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 3: Hassling the Hyenas

The pack of hyenas was circling me, looking for opportunities to charge in and take nips out of me, building up to the kill.

Ugly things they were, perhaps one of the most loathsome looking animals to pollute the Serengeti. I couldn't help but laugh. They thought I was easy prey and they could already taste each savory bite of my flesh. Boy were they in for a surprise.

I dropped to my knees, knowing they would think it was a sign of submission, surrender and resignation. As I expected, they charged me from all directions. It was the work of but a moment to grab the scruff of the neck of the first one that came near and help it in the direction it was already heading while I myself nimbly stepped to the side. Once the beast was past me, it's tail was within my grasp.

So, I grasped it.

Then, rising to my feet once more, I began swinging the dirt ball in wide circular swaths, slugging the members of the oncoming pack while listening to the music of cracking skulls. It wasn't long before the ground around me was piled with hairy bodies, some dead, some in death throes, and some in throes of agony.

A pride of hungry lions was approaching as I finished laying out the feast for kings.

"Here, you worthless scavengers," I called to them. "If you're too lazy to hunt the succulent zebra

and tender gazelles today, you deserve the tough, carrion-fed meat of the hyena. Have at it."

To show my contempt, I turned my back and walked slowly away without a backward glance, listening to them quarreling with each other over who would get the first bite, although there was enough for all.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 4: The River of No Re-Churn

Crocodiles are one of the stupidest animals in Africa. They actually believe that if they float just below the surface, with only their eyes sticking up, that they can't be seen.

Well, duh! You can see eyes...unless you're stupider than the crocs!

There were five in the river ahead, a number easily determined by counting the five pairs of twin orbs jutting up from the slowly flowing surface here and there. I fitted an arrow to my bow and shot one in the eye, just for target practice. It reacted, as I expected, with rage, and began swimming toward the shore with the intention of glomming onto me with its gnarled, uneven teeth, badly in need of flossing and a visit with an able veterinarian dentist.

The other four crocs were coming, too, probably not to help him but to steal the prey of Ol' One-Eye, as he would henceforth be known, but only for a few more minutes, since I already had another arrow ready to twang. As I raised the bow to take aim, the lily-livered leviathan chickened out and sunk below the surface. But that only exacerbated his problems because his blood was leaking out of his damaged eye and his croc buddies could smell it. They immediately forgot about me and went for the easy meal in the water right next to them.

Ol' One-Eye was soon Ol' No-Eyes and soon there was no No-Eyes at all.

Making the world a better place, one dead croc at a time.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 5: Pelting the Panther



There are two ways to pelt a panther. One of those ways results in the addition of a new loin cloth for the wardrobe. But I wasn't in need of a replacement modesty shield this day, so I had in mind a different kind of pelting for the panther that seemed to think it was sneaking up on me.

I was enjoying the fact that it didn't realize I was well aware of its presence. Even though it was smart enough to stay downwind of me, it wasn't smart enough to know that my keen sense of hearing could pick out every pawfall on the tree limb down which it was creeping to take me by surprise. Finally, I tired of the game and leaped to my feet, spinning around to face the oncoming killer while loosing an overripe chunk of fruit straight at the animal's eyes. That was actually overkill, as my sudden movement alone

would have been sufficient to startle and frighten the cat into a defense and retreat. For cats are the same the world over. Even looking at a housecat cross-eyed usually makes it jumps about a foot as if you had whacked it with a rolled-up newspaper. Now with the fruit pelting it full-force, it was not only startled, but blinded and, with that combo, frightened. I stepped forward and gave it a shot in its thorax with my right foot, causing it to loosen its claw grip in the ancient aboreal giant and go plummeting to the ground, 40 feet below.

It was too disoriented to land on its feet and so it hit back first, losing all of the residual air in its lungs. As it hacked and coughed, trying to regain its breath, a curious python began slithering toward it.

I didn't stay to see what happened next, but I know I'll meet one of them again someday when I'm in a more murderous mood. For now, I was bored with the whole thing anyway. Time to head off for real adventure.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 6: No Escape for the Cape

There's a legend that if you walk right up to a cape buffalo, never losing eye contact, you can get close enough to slap it alongside the head and the buffalo will be so amazed at your temerity that it will do nothing.

That, of course, is a lot of baloney. In reality, it's a good way to get killed.



Although I seem to lead a charmed life, I am convinced that I am as mortal as any other man, and I had no desire to be killed by one of these monstrosities, but at the same time I was hungry for a good cape buffalo steak. And where a cape buffalo is concerned, you can get more than one steak. In fact, a fair-sized beast could probably keep you in meat for about five years if you carefully butchered it, wrapped and labeled the meat, and placed it in freezers back at the Jungle Manor, rather than trying to preserve it by burying it in the ground. That might work long enough for one meal later, but after that

you have the inevitable visits by tiny creatures which are perpetual practitioners of such predation.

And so, as the Macho Jungle Guy, I was going to take out this big boy the way any macho guy would, for macho applies not only to one's own muscular strength and skill, but also applies to one's precision use of weapons of destruction.

So I simply held out my hand and my bearer, Wazoo, quickly filled it with my .04-gauge elephant gun. I took careful aim (as a macho guy, I am an expert marksman) and needed but one round, dead center between the eyes. The thing didn't even let out a cry but simply dropped to the ground.

I ordered my askari to get it cut up and packed back to the estate, while the camp cook began to prepare the fire for roasting the one steak that I would enjoy for a quick picnic in the great outdoors.

Being the Macho Jungle Guy means being well-fed.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 7: For Whom the Trees Tremble

It was like a scene out of one of those old jungle movies. The natives were chanting some mumbo-jumbo, making utter fools of themselves. My ankles were each lashed to tall trees which were bent over double and held in that position by other ropes. Two tribesmen with machetes were approaching.

"Soon we cut ropes, O Dunbar of the Dalai," leered the chief. "Then you, Mighty Jungle Guy, become two not-so-mighty jungle guys."

"It's Macho Jungle Guy!" I roared. "Not Mighty. Of course, I am Mighty, too. But get my name right, you Dunce."

Two hours before, I had been minding my own business, strolling through the jungle, when I was confronted by 100 spear-wielding warriors of his tribe who claimed I had violated one of their superstitious sacred taboos by killing and eating a Tanganyika Turtle.

Killing? Heck, the ignoramus wasn't watching where it was going and walked right into my path, then stopped right beneath the next place I was planning to plant my foot.

What was I supposed to do with a turtle with a broken shell? Leave it for Army ants? I figured it would do a lot more good giving me strength for my continued domination of the Dalai Darkwoods.

Handling 100 spearmen would have been no problem for me, but it had been a clever distraction, with 200 bushmen coming up from behind and filling my back with enough arrows to turn me into a

danged porcupine. Even then I could have licked them all with one hand tied behind my back but the blasted things were laced with enough valerian to anesthetize an African aardvark that had been freshly strengthened by a raid on the headquarters of Uncle Milton's Ant Farm..

So I woke up tied to two trees. But was I worried? No. They don't call me The Macho Jungle Guy for no reason.

"Go ahead, cut the ropes. I'm sick of looking at you," I challenged them.

The chief blanched and gave a signal to his men, who chopped the restraining ropes with their long knives. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. The links in this case were the trees, the industrial-strength hand-woven ropes, and my muscular and powerful legs. The trees immediately sprung up. A lesser man would have developed a sudden split personality, but I simply flexed those leg muscles and both trees snapped like twigs. I was on my feet forthwith and began spinning like a whirling dervish. The tree tops, still attached to my legs, described huge arcs that began knocking down the surrounding natives.

The chief was in tears. "You wrecked our trees," he wailed. "Oh, the days and years of nurturing them to make them perfectly suited for this type of work. Ruined! Ruined!"

"And not only that," I said smugly, "but now you have to let me go. Because even the Law of the Jungle says that a man can't be made to suffer twice for the same crime."

"Loose him," snarled the chief.

It was time for me to go, but I had a last little bit of advice for them: "Think twice next time," I cautioned, "before you mess with the Macho Jungle Guy."

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 8: Outwitting the Uniceratops

I know I'll probably get some flack for this one but in the interest of total honesty I have to tell you about my conquering of the endangered black rhino.

You've probably heard the stories, of how poachers kill these beasts and saw off the horns to use to enhance the manhood of guys with inferiority complexes.

Well, the Macho Jungle Guy doesn't need "aids" like that. He is, after all, the Macho Jungle Guy.

But I didn't have a stuffed rhino head in my jungle lodge and I felt I really ought to have one to use as a conversation piece to impress visitors with the need to preserve these beautiful beasts.

In the great scheme of things, I felt the sacrifice of just one rhino for this noble cause was well justified.

I also wanted to give it every chance in the hunt and place myself on equal footing with him.

So, I strapped on a papier-mâché rhino horn to give myself the look and wrapped a dark grey ankle-length raincoat around my body, which was otherwise naked but for a loin cloth.

Rhinos have lousy eyesight but, such as his sight was, it was love at first sight for him when he saw me. He trotted up slowly, making a cooing sound the best he could, and stood there looking at me with his soulful eyes, his tongue hanging out, wagging what tail he had.

Hey, even macho guys need to have pets. So I decided a live rhino would do as well as a dead one. I patted him on the head and bade him follow. Now he

spends most of his time snoozing on the braided rug in front of the fireplace and he has learned to slip his horn inside my slippers to carry them when I command him to bring them to me.

His head may not be on my wall, but he still serves as a conversation piece for any who dare enter the lair of The Macho Jungle Guy.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 9: The ABCs of Vine-Swinging

Swinging on vines is an acceptable and popular mode of jungle travel, although one must be careful to pick a vine that is firmly enmeshed in the branches above and one that will bear the weight of the swinger.

That is, unless you're someone like me: the Macho Jungle Guy.

I move constantly through the jungle grabbing one vine after another and pay no attention whatsoever to whether it is sufficiently anchored to hold my weight.

You see it's a matter of elementary physics.

First of all, I am already in forward motion when I grab onto a vine. Second, once I have the vine in my muscular grasp my momentum causes me to continue to move forward.

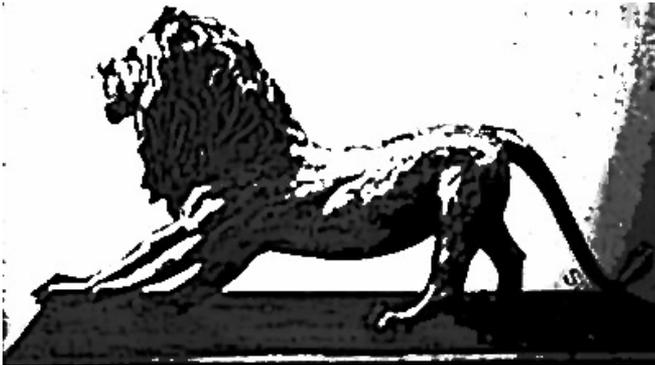
So, if the vine should break, I am already speeding along. It is then a simple matter to begin moving my powerful legs as if I were already on the ground, running. When I land, my legs are moving and they simply continue to move me along the ground, so that I quickly adapt to running on solid earth instead of empty air.

In other words, I -- the Macho Jungle Guy -- always hit the ground running when it is necessary to hit the ground at all.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 10: Clearing Out Clarence

They say that if you give a wild animal a cute name, and then somebody goes out and kills the danged thing, the public is going to be outraged.

This particular lion was afflicted with strabismus, which gave him kind of a goofy look for sure, and folks thought that because he looked kind of goofy that meant he was also friendly. But Clarence, as the public had named him, was actually a vicious killer. I mean, for Pete's sake, he was a lion, and lions have to eat. It so happens they eat freshly killed meat from animals they themselves have hunted and slain, and there's no way to turn one into a vegetarian.



Miss Constance Prudence, a Peace Corps lady who ran a rescue house for homeless kids, had a pet African mole rat named Moe and she freaked out one day when she stepped onto the veranda and there

was Clarence, licking himself to clean off the mole rat fur. Moe was nothing but a small pile of bloody bones and tufts of hair.

I decided to do something about it once and for all. Clarence suspected nothing, since he thought that I, the Macho Jungle Guy, was the friend of the animals...an image I sometimes cultivated so I could take the beasts by surprise. Clarence thought he was going to get petted but instead I got me two handfuls of him, one on his mangy and matted mane and the other on his bony back. I lifted him high over my head and slammed him down onto Constance's white picket fence that surrounded her orphanage station.

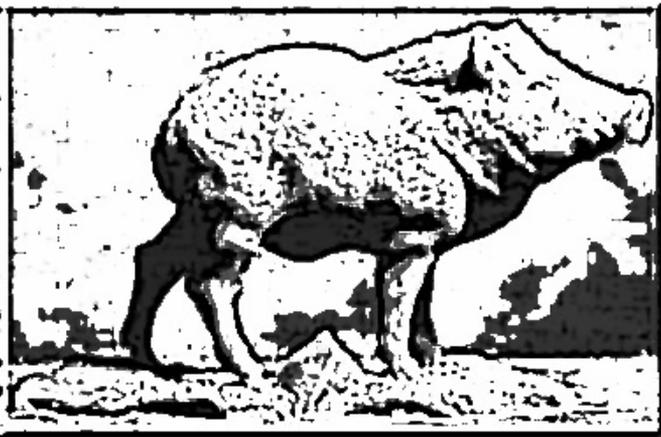
Clarence was extremely upset but there was nothing for him to do but die a horrible, grisly, prolonged death.

Constance gave me a grateful smile. I knew the gal secretly loved me and I think she was hoping for a kiss, but the Macho Jungle Guy lives in a totally different world than her and I knew it would never work. She'd have me pushing the kids in swings and painting her picket fence.

And there was no doubt that fence was about due for a new paint job.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 11: Tussling with Tusks

The warthog is equipped for defense with two curved tusks on its snout. But these offensive and defensive weapons are really of no value in keeping lions at bay. The *Phacochoerus Africanus* is constantly being stalked, slain and swallowed by lions, who have the common sense to attack the animal from behind.



I once watched a movie called "The Lion King" which was the most unbelievable portrayal of the Dark Continent that I ever seen: A lion hanging around with a warthog on a friendly basis and not trying to eat him? Don't make me laugh!

Being the Macho Jungle Guy, and much braver than a lion, I like an occasional stomach-full of warthog myself. But I don't approach this little monster from behind. No, full frontal, game-on for me.

I start with a handful of rocks which I use mainly to throw (with absolute accuracy, I might add) at the beast to make him mad enough to charge me. When he does, with lightning-like speed I sidestep his charge, moving to his side, and I pivot and swoop my left arm down to slip my wrist beneath his tusks and lift him up bodily. Then I circle my arm rapidly, like I'm a windmill, spinning him around until he's dizzy as a dodo. After several revolutions, I let him fly and he usually manages to break his neck when he hits the ground. But if I don't hear a snap, I'm on him like flies on a rotting carcass and I strangle him to death.

Now if you've ever gotten a good look at a wart-hog, you know they have mighty thick necks, so you can imagine the power it would take to get a good enough grip to strangle something like that.

Well, if you can even come close to imagining it, then you've got a bit of a conception of what the Macho Jungle Guy can do.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 12: Fine-Tuning a Ferocious Yell

A Macho Jungle Guy needs a macho jungle yell, one that can freeze the blood of any nearby animals or humans and give them a feeling of dread and impending doom unequaled by anything they have experienced before.

I had a pretty good yell to start with, born of years of experience in the jungle, but I wanted to make it even better. I have a high tolerance for pain and normally don't yell or scream at all when beset upon by moving or static assaults. So, I had to use my imagination to give voice to what I thought I might give voice to were I slightly weaker than I am.

First, I found a jungle lion trap with jagged metal jaws and stuck my foot in it on purpose to trip it and experience the pain. It did hurt but I could have stood it. Nonetheless, I pretended to be a bit of a sissy and let out with a cry.

Next, I walked into a cobra colony and deliberately provoked them, earning numerous defensive and offensive bites in the process. Several cobra bites will cause you a lot of pain and shock, and again I allowed myself to react verbally.

Finally, I deliberately taunted a testy Tantor until the enraged animal pinned me to the ground with its tusks and gored me enough to kill an average man. I did have to have myself stitched up a bit after that one, but I did it myself, using webbing from the deadly spud spider's nest and fashioning a needle from the thorn of the lethal uragoner plant.

I am an excellent mimic so I was able to take the sounds I made from all of these encounters, blend them with my already fearsome jungle cry, and come up with a rendition that is like nothing mortal man has ever heard.

What does it sound like?

Believe me, you don't ever want to find out.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 13: The Hippo and the Zippo

The hippopotamus probably has the biggest mouth in the jungle and even crocs know better than to get near it. They have to wait until one dies of natural causes before hauling its rotting carcass off to their private little hangouts where they can dine without too much interference from rival crocs.

These river horses or, by DNA link, land whales, can make a tasty dish when properly cooked; roasting the beast whole in a bulldozed barbecue pit is usually the best way.

I understand that some of our dear readers have soft-hearted sensibilities and don't want to see animals done away with, even though the Macho Jungle Guy usually (you'll note I said usually, not always) does them in quickly with methods designed to be immediately deadly. Some of my methods are unconventional, but I can guarantee you they are effective.

With that in mind, you have been warned. Read no further if you are easily offended. But remember, people have to eat, and I have an obligation to help feed members of the Wazoo Tribe.

So there I was one day, with Wazoo, chief of the Wazoo, explaining to me that the little children had little to eat. I got my Matchless Jungle Gal, Beulah, to help me out. She can drive a bulldozer and cook like nobody's business.

Then we found a hippo. It was bathing in the river, not a care in the world, but that's because it had no idea it was about to be slain by the Macho Jungle Guy. I had sneaked up to the river bank

through the tall grass and, when the hippo was facing exactly in my direction, I burst from the cover and made noise, waving my arms and splashing with my feet in the shallow water at the river's edge.

As I suspected, the hippo didn't like this at all, and gave out with a roar, opening his mouth wide enough to take in the Queen Elizabeth II, or at least Queen Elizabeth II herself.

And that was all I needed. I hauled out my cigarette lighter, lit the fuse of a stick of dynamite that Wazoo handed me, and tossed it with unerring accuracy into the gaping maw of the creature. The explosion scattered bits of hippo just about everywhere, including backward into the river where some hungry crocs were lurking, but enough of it remained intact that my native bearers were easily able to haul the bulk of the bloody carcass to shore and heft it up onto the sled, which was attached by cable to Beulah's bulldozer so she could drag it the rest of the way to the pit.



There would be roast hippo for all in a few hours, and afterward celebratory dancing in honor of yet another triumph by the Macho Jungle Guy.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 14: Snake-Kabobs

Circuses have lion "tamers" and tiger "trainers" but you don't find any circus acts with pythons doing tricks.

And of course, the lions aren't really tame and neither are the tigers. Controlled would be a better word. But you can't train, let alone control, a python, unless you have maybe six guys or more to grab a section and then it's not doing any tricks unless you call squirming a trick.

I don't care much for any snake, let alone a python, But as the Macho Jungle Guy, I am expected to know how to handle them and, by handle, I don't mean picking them up and draping them prettily over my shoulders. I mean something more like man-handling them and letting them know who's boss, even if their pea brains can't really absorb the fact that they have been handled.

My favorite way of going after a python, or any snake for that matter, is just with the traditional spear. I usually stick it into a small game animal when I'm in snake territory, to get a little blood and fur on it, and then hold it out in front of me to attract snakes. When the snake opens his mouth to grab a bite of what it thinks is a meal, that's when I jam it forward and skewer the snake right through its pie hole. The next step is to swing the spear up, the snake attached, and then slam it down on the turf. That's usually enough to take the vinegar out of any snake but I always carry a sharp ax in case any other convincing is necessary.

I can then push the stake in further, if need be, and jam an apple or some tomatoes in its mouth and lay it across the licking flames of a roaring fire for my special recipe of snake-kabob.

I don't think snakes do much communicating with other snakes but somehow the word seems to be getting around. I'm seeing fewer and fewer snakes these days, partly because I'm killing a lot of them and partly because, when they know it's me coming, they turn tail and skedaddle.

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 15 -- Tackling the Tiger

There are no tigers in Africa but that doesn't mean that the Macho Jungle Guy can't handle one of the banded beasts in a Dark Continent setting.

The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus wussed out, first by relegating its elephants to pasture when the performing pachyderms would have been much happier wearing ribbons and bangles and doing handstands on overturned wash-tubs. Then, when the gate suffered from plunging ticket sales, the biggest Big Top was struck for the last time ever.

Yet other circuses, such as the Tarzan Zerbini Circus, refused to go the P.C. route and have continued to thrive. Not only have they kept their elephants employed, but they've got Bruno Blazak to make rare tigers toe-the-line as well.

That is, until they toured in Africa one time and one of the great cats escaped.

That's where I, The Macho Jungle Guy, came in.

Tracking the beast was the easy part. All I had to do was follow an unfamiliar scent, and it was fairly easy to do because "My Lord the Tiger" liked to mark



his territory and he apparently thought he was master of all he surveyed as he was constantly spraying.

My first thought when I finally caught sight of him was that it would be fun, as well as interesting, to take a tiger by the tail. But since that was kind of a cliché, as well as a Buck Owens song, I decided on something different.

Tigers attack by charging right at you with their forelegs extended, claws moving like the pistons on a steam locomotive. The idea is to hit you with "shock and awe," do some serious damage with those claws, and then finish you off with a bite. All this can take as little as about 15 seconds. The flaw in their instinctive attack is that they don't really expect you to put up much resistance. But I, being a Macho Jungle Guy, was an expert boxer and I figured I could meet the assault of this mean machine with extended arms of my own, and I knew as many dodging, feinting and jab maneuvers as any animal. And, lead weights in boxing gloves may be forbidden by the Marquis of Queensbury, but not by the law of the jungle. Not only were my gloves loaded, but they were also made out of steel, so as to not be reduced to shreds with the first scratch of the claws.

Boy was that tiger surprised as I met his paws with heavy metal, which crushed most of his claws right at the start and I immediately followed that up with a couple of slams that were greeted by the sound of breaking bones, and then the coup de grace, a solid right to the side of his head, followed by an uppercut. I can tell you that a tiger's skull will crack just as readily as a human's, especially when hit with the force and precision that comes from the flying fists of the Macho Jungle Guy.

The beast was lying there whimpering in pain as the circus people carrying the stretcher caught up

with him. Give him six months for those bones to fully heal, I suggested, as they administered a sedative and strapped him onto the gurney.²

"He may not be able to tear and rend flesh for awhile, but he can take liquids until he's able to chew again," I told them. "I hear that even big pussycats like milk."³

² NAIROBI (PNN) Solicitors for Bagum Gagum Andsum LLC have filed four separate suits against Macho Jungle Guy for animal cruelty to an endangered species---a tiger---which is also a performance property for TZ Internationale (Tarzan Zer-bini Circus, et al) in Municipal Court. Each suit, one of which is Veterinary Expense, seeks the maximum in damages and, if the Plaintiffs prevail, will exceed Ksh 250,000. Respondent is represented by Mak M'day who denies all charges and in fact has filed a counter-suit regarding extraordinary neglect, egregious absent responsibility, reckless behavior, and cruelty to an endangered species. Parties will meet for the first time in Honorable Ima Badude's 15th Court 25 May 2018.

³ *Interview on Jungle2Nite*: "As the Macho Jungle Guy, I can always use a good laugh. So, I'm planning to show up for this legal farce, as if I really believed some court somewhere could actually exercise any authority over me. I'll be bringing three witnesses, the members of the world famous Nairobi Trio performing arts group, and they're liable to do a number on the plaintiff's heads!

"But should, by some fluke, these sharks actually win some kind of a judgment, the funny part will be seeing them trying to collect. Hah! The jungle is a big place and interlopers have been known to meet horrific fates. The lesson is, and always has been, don't monkey with the Macho Jungle Guy if you value your vitals."

The Macho Jungle Guy No. 16: Challenge of the Jungle

I know what's been on your mind. You're wondering if I'm really the Macho Jungle Guy you all know and love or if I'm some other guy. Well, I'll tell you, I'm not him. I really am Dunbar of the Dalai Darkwoods. That other guy lives over in the next country but he ranges far and wide, and sometimes has discovered lost cities.

In many ways, the other guy and I are alike but we also have differences. I don't wear a leopard-skin loincloth, but am usually clad in khaki shorts with lots of pockets that zip up to carry things I need all the time, such as my Zippo lighter. And I have metal clips hanging from some of the belt loops to fasten things, such as my array of Swiss Army Knives with various blades needed for different jungle operations.

But inevitably the question comes up, how would I -- the Macho Jungle Guy -- fare in a fight with the other macho jungle guy? Or, perhaps more tellingly stated, how would he do in a fight with me?

I have every confidence in my own abilities, of course. I have no doubt that I could beat that other jungle guy from pillar to post if there were pillars and posts in the jungle. However, there aren't. So, it looks as if that type of battle royal will never happen.

Believe me, I would love nothing more than the chance to show my superiority.

In fact, we almost met on the battlefield once, but unfortunately I had to leave right before the encounter because I suddenly remembered that I had left my elephant tied to the elevator and I needed to go

back and free the poor beast. I may be rough on some of the jungle animals, but I do treat my own servant animals with care and compassion.

But you have indeed asked a very good question concerning who would win.

I'm glad you asked that question.

They say you never learn if you don't ask questions.

And don't worry about whether you're afraid to ask your question because you think it might be a stupid question, because they also say that the only stupid question is the question that is not asked.

He who does not ask questions remains a fool forever and is afraid of learning.

Asking questions is also a good way to change the subject if you're ever confronted with a question you don't want to answer. That never happens to me, of course, but I pass on the wisdom as it may come in handy for you.

So I hope these words are encouraging ones for you.

Yes, by all means, ask questions.

Editor's Note: It is at this point that we must tell you that the adventures of The Macho Jungle Guy are brought to a close with the above episode. This has been an introductory series of accounts and has served its intended purpose. Yes, it is possible that the Macho Jungle Guy may return from time to time as circumstances warrant, or he may appear in an entire series of new adventures. Like all other things, it just depends. Should he return, you will be the first to know.