

Law of the Jungle

Being an unlikely crossover of genres

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Quentin Collins couldn't really define the noise he heard. He only knew that it had awakened him from a sound sleep. The dark room about him was empty, but there it was again, a muffled rustling or snuffling. Quentin perceived that it came from outside his window, which was rather absurd, since he was two stories up. Still, he couldn't dismiss the

sound and snapped on his bedside lamp.

He was startled by a vague dark shape with eyes that flashed red in the lamp's glow, then it was gone.

Heart pounding, Quentin was about to go to the window when there came an insistent knocking at his door.

"Quentin!" It was Roger, his cousin. "I must talk to you at once."

Putting aside his horrific vision, Quentin snatched up a robe from a nearby chair and hastily donned it. He opened the door to permit Roger to enter. Roger was also enrobed, his feet in slippers. Roger rubbed the back of his neck and ran his fingers through his thin blonde hair before beginning.

"I just got a call from London," Roger explained. "Very enthusiastic. So much so, the fellow didn't realize it was the middle of the night here."

"A friend of yours?" Quentin asked.

"No, no. He has a business proposition. He is interested in buying fish. Apparently our prices are competitive with British canneries. What with this recession after Watergate, we could use the business."

"Okay, he wants canned salmon. He called you in the middle of the night for that?"

"Well, it's more than that. He wants to fly over here and inspect the facility. He'll be here by tomorrow night."

"You got me up for this?" Quentin decided he needed a drink and the decanter by his lamp called to him. Refilling a small goblet he had used for a night-cap, Quentin tossed down the brandy.

"We have got to make plans," Roger pointed out.

"The cannery has to be cleaned, and we have to ready the guest rooms. With David in college, you're my best hope. Barnabas hasn't been the same since he had that fit of depression in 1971."

Yes, thought Quentin, *he has been morose and reclusive since losing Angelique when he traveled time to 1840.*

"I'll have a talk with him," Quentin offered. "We're going to need all the help we can get."

"Good man. Well, I'll let you get back to sleep." With that, Roger departed.

Quentin disrobed and returned to bed, but sleep was elusive after the sighting of that face. He reached again for the brandy.



"Edward is driving me crazy," Quentin told Barnabas in an exasperated voice. They were in the sitting room of the Old House, with slanting bars of afternoon sunlight framing Barnabas' angular figure.

"Don't you mean Roger?" Barnabas corrected in a distracted manner.

"Yes, yes," Quentin agreed, waving a hand in the air before refilling his brandy snifter. "The two resemble each other so much, just as you say that I resemble my namesake."

"Part of the family curse," Barnabas mumbled. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Snap out of this funk you have been in and help me deal with Roger and his rich guest."

"Very well," Barnabas nodded slowly. "Activity

will be good for me, I suppose. Who is this English millionaire?"

"He's more than that, he's a viscount. He and his wife will be joining us for dinner. By the way, his name is John Clayton, Lord Greystoke."

"That name seems somehow familiar," Barnabas murmured.



Roger was satisfied that Mrs. Johnson had prepared the meal to perfection, and that the household was in tip-top shape. He felt immense relief as he took his seat at the head of the dinner table and surveyed his guests. Elizabeth, Carolyn, Quentin, Barnabas, Julia Hoffman, Elliot Stokes, and finally, Lord and Lady Greystoke. Roger had found them both to be delightful people, possessed of all the grace and charm of nobility, but without the snobbery still pervasive in English society.

Jane Clayton, Lady Greystoke, was a product of America, coming from Baltimore. She was a lithe blonde woman, possessing reservoirs of inner strength behind her seeming gentility. Her husband appeared to be the pinnacle of human perfection. The hands that protruded from his cuffs were bronzed and corded, and he moved with the grace of a panther. His handsome face was marked only by a scar that made a jagged line between his strong gray eyes and his hairline.

"Steak Tartare," Stokes was saying, "an unusual dish, if I may so comment, my lord."

"My system does not enjoy the preparation of

most meats," Lord Greystoke said evenly.

"You seem the picture of health, sir," Roger complimented. "Certainly you are not beset by a weak stomach."

"I am sorry if I misled you into thinking so," Clayton stated. "My stomach is fine. I just prefer my meat less cooked."

Roger decided to probe the matter no farther. English nobility tended to be eccentric, and if Greystoke wanted to eat his meat nearly raw, so be it. The dinner conversation turned to other matters, and soon they retired to the drawing room. Quentin offered everyone a brandy, with only Lord Greystoke refusing. Roger wondered if Greystoke really did have a weak stomach, turning up his nose at alcohol as well as fried foods.

They discussed the impending fish deal, and then it was time for bed. Carolyn showed the Greystokes to their room while Roger saw Stokes out. The evening had gone well. Clayton seemed satisfied with Roger's proposal, and a tour of the cannery on the morrow should settle the matter. Feeling more jubilant than he had been in years, Roger went off to a peaceful slumber, with visions of English pound notes flowing over the Atlantic.



Quentin sat bolt upright as a scream shattered the night. He was still tying his robe around himself as he entered the hall. Roger was there, clad in pajamas, as well as Lord Greystoke, who was wearing only a set of briefs. If Quentin had thought the

man was in good shape before, this spectacle convinced him. Muscles rippled up and down Grey-stoke's physique like restless pythons. He crouched along the hallway like a bloodhound, black hair obscuring his face, before stopping at Carolyn's door.

"Here," he pointed. Then, in a motion so fast, Quentin could barely follow, Clayton wheeled on one foot and lashed out with the other, sending Carolyn's door slamming back as its lock shattered. Quentin could see around the bronze giant that the room was empty of human habitation. An open window framed by billowing curtains gave mute testimony.

"She has been taken," Clayton pronounced, and then his nose went up as he sniffed the air. "Bolgani!"

"Bless you!" Roger exclaimed.

"No, your daughter has been taken by a gorilla," Clayton stated. "There is not a moment to lose. Do you have a hunting knife?"

"A hunting knife? I think there is one in the library."

They went downstairs, and Quentin produced the knife from a drawer. It was old, but there was no rust and the edge was fairly keen. Clayton was satisfied and went to the foyer.

"If I have not returned by morning, send for the authorities," he instructed Roger. Then, throwing open the door, he was swallowed by the night.

"Is he crazy?" Roger wondered aloud. "Who does he think he is, running out there naked and armed only with a knife? Elmo of the Apes?"

"That is exactly who my husband is," came the voice of Lady Greystoke from the landing.



Elmo of the Apes paused beneath Carolyn's window. Studying his surroundings by the light of Goro the Moon, he then fell to the ground to look for any spoor. Sure enough, the misshapen footprint of a gorilla was imprinted in the dirt. Elmo saw that it led into the woods. Sprinting forward, Elmo followed, and soon was deep into the forest.

Suddenly, his nose picked up a new scent. It was not the scent of Bolgani, the gorilla, but it was similar. Perhaps another Bolgani had been sent to watch for any pursuit. Elmo swung into a nearby tree and continued his progress through the limbs with an ease born of many years practice. These were not the forests of his youth, where he learned his skills from Kala, the she-ape who raised him, but they were still trees, and Elmo felt the veneer of civilization fall from him as he travelled along. Soon, below him was a silent shape. This was the new scent he had picked up. Without thought, the apeman dropped down before the waiting creature.

"Where is the tarmangani she?" Elmo ordered in the language of the great apes.

"I do not have the white she-ape," the dark figure replied in the same language. "The bolgani took her to the den he shares with a tarmangani. Now, leave me alone."

"You will take me to the she," Elmo demanded. "I am Elmo, mighty hunter, mighty fighter."

Suddenly, the dark shape stood up, and it towered over Elmo by a good two feet. He estimated that the creature weighed upwards of six hundred

pounds. Still, he stood his ground. He had fought numerous apes, gorillas, men, lions, leopards, crocodiles, and even prehistoric beasts. Elmo did not flee from any foe.

"I am Tar-bur-tor," the creature replied, and stepped into the moonlight, "mighty hunter, mighty fighter, killer of wolf and bear."

This beast was unlike any that Elmo had encountered. He was taller and more erect than a gorilla, but his features suggested an ape's. The forehead sloped steeply over wide-set eyes, and flaring nostrils spread over the wide monkey-mouth. No neck separated head and torso, which was proportioned in a humanlike manner. The creature's body was covered with a thick, whitish fur whose stiff bristles were absent only at the face, hands, and feet.

"Then you would not prey upon helpless shes," Elmo challenged. "What can you tell me of the Bolgani and his master."

"The strange tarmangani has been here before, years ago," Tar-bur-tor explained. "He returned this time with two bolgani who do his bidding. Usually, he battles the tarmangani who can turn into a bat."

Elmo did not understand the last sentence, but pressed on. "Will you help me rescue the tarmangani she?"

"My people do not interfere with the tarmangani," the giant man-ape explained. "Long ago, we were known to associate with the red mangani, but we do not like the tarmangani and their thunder-sticks. We are few, and they are many. We stay deep in the forests and hunt only by night, even removing our dead so that the tarmangani do not realize we exist.

I am afraid, though, that the bolgani will be mistaken for one of us, and tarmangani will come to hunt us."

Elmo then realized that he was speaking to one of the legendary Sasquatch, or Bigfoot. He had made a discovery that would make him famous all over again, but he knew at once that he would never reveal what he learned, lest Tar-bur-tor's prediction came true and men would scour the woods.

"The trail grows cold," he remarked. "Can you at least tell me where the bolgani went?"

"His den sits near the big water," the Sasquatch offered. "The tarmangani has a helper, also. Beware."

"Have no fear, my new friend, I shall."



Warlock Nicholas Blair was pleased when he saw Zu-gash the gorilla enter by the secret basement passage to his house by the sea, bearing in his long arms Carolyn Stoddard Hawkes. Zu-gash, and his brother Yat-gash were an exceptional pair of lackeys, discovered when only babies in a remote portion of the Ituri Forest. There, explorers had found the wreckage of what appeared to have been a medieval English castle, destroyed by fire. All the apes in the vicinity seemed unusually intelligent, and the explorers swore that some of the apes talked.¹ The two gorilla babies were highly receptive to training, and could understand simple human commands. Nicholas

¹Note: for further details on this phenomenon, read *Tarzan and the Lion Man*, by Edgar Rice Burroughs

stole them from a research lab during a mission he was performing as one of his many probationary duties following his string of failures at Collinwood.

"Put her in those chains, Zu-gash," Nicholas commanded. The gorilla facilely chained Carolyn to the wall using a set of manacles for arms and legs. Nicholas surveyed her scantily clad body thusly displayed and chuckled, stroking his thin mustache with unfeigned glee. "I would have preferred to have Barnabas Collins in those chains, but I'll start small and work my way up. Well done, Zu-gash. Go and bring me another."

"Rak," agreed the gorilla, and lumbered back out the secret passage.

"Wellah!" came a voice from the stairs leading upward behind Nicholas. Blair turned to see his Arab companion, Kadour ben Eyad, descending. "So, you have stolen the Nasrany bint, eh?" White teeth gleamed in his swart face, causing his goatee to bristle.

"My first trophy," Nicholas confirmed. "Zu-gash will snatch them, and Yat-gash will watch them."

"Waugh," ben Eyad snorted. "Make sure that he only watches, and does not consume the bint."

"Don't worry, my friend, they know their orders." Nicholas rubbed his gloved hands with excitement. "This will be my final revenge on them all. I pulled this bit back in Paris about a hundred and fifty years ago. The ape was a lot stupider, though. I learned the hard way to get good help, which is why I hired you. Once we deliver up all these Collinses to the Master, I hope that we will both get a reward."

"You are too kind," ben Eyad fawned. "In truth,

the money you pay me will help me with my search for the fabled Amulet of Irem. Long have I sought this talisman from the city of pillars. Some say it is more powerful than the Diadem of the Flaming God of Opar."

"Well, I doubt that such a treasure is anywhere around here. Let us go upstairs and await Zu-gash's return. Yat-gash!" he called to the other ape. "Watch the prisoner while we are relaxing."

"Rak," acknowledged the other gorilla, walking on splayed feet and knuckles until he could easily watch Carolyn. She was still unconscious from her ordeal, hanging limply in the cruel iron confinements.

Suddenly, the window burst in, and a giant bronzed figure leaped to the floor, steel glinting in one fist.

"Give me the woman!" snarled Elmo of the Apes, the scar on his forehead livid. "Let her go, or you will all die!"

"Kill him," Blair ordered Yat-gash.

The gorilla rose up, hands thundering on his black chest.

"Kreegah!" warned Elmo in the language of the great apes. "Elmo bundolo!"

Slipping the knife into the waistband of his briefs, Elmo snatched up a long table and swung the heavy oak furniture as if it weighed no more than a baseball bat. It struck Yat-gash across his shoulder and head so hard that it splintered, sending the gorilla hurtling backward into some cabinets. As Yat-gash attempted to regain his senses, Elmo drew the knife and leaped.

Before he could fall upon Yat-gash, Nicholas Blair waved his hands and summoned up a wicked bolt of magic which enveloped the apeman like St. Elmo's fire. Wracked with pain, Elmo crumpled to the floor. Yat-gash, shaking off blood and splinters as he rose, dealt Elmo a terrific blow to the side of his head, sending him to oblivion. Gripping the apeman's head, Yat-gash prepared to twist it off.

"No!" Blair intervened. "This crazy man might be useful. Let us bind him and see what he knows about the Collinses."

Yat-gash looked disappointed, but he obeyed, picking up Elmo and depositing his limp form by an iron ring that jutted from one wall beneath another window.

"Billah!" ben Eyad swore, going over to examine the unconscious apeman. "This is not a crazy man. This is Elmo of the Apes. My grandfather fought him in Africa. They say he was raised by apes, and that he is immortal. Better to kill him, Malik Blair."

"You saw how easily I defeated him," the warlock pointed out. "We will have no more trouble from Elmo of the Apes."



Through the window under which the fallen Elmo now reposed, Tar-bur-tor watched the proceedings with sadness. The big tarmangani was the first human he had taken a liking to in his existence. It was a shame that he would be killed by the bolgani and their masters. Perhaps he should do something. He thought for a moment, and decided he needed

help from the tarmangani in the stone lairs. Yes, that would do. He would contact the tarmangani who could turn into a bat. Surely he was powerful enough to help.



Barnabas Collins was sitting by his fireplace reading a copy of the *Exorcist*. Someone had suggested that he read fiction for escapism. The novel terrified him, shocking his colonial sensibilities. How could people write about such things? What happened to stories of his day, like the *Canterbury Tales* and *Pilgrim's Progress*? Elliot Stokes had given him several books about modern life, but none of them held his attention for long. His mind kept wandering to his lost Angelique. She had replaced Josette in his thoughts these past months, and he mourned her death. Barnabas had never been lucky in love. One had jumped to her death, and another was shot by a rabid zealot.

Angelique's last gift had made her death even more tragic. Barnabas had been freed of his curse of vampirism, but now had nobody to share the sunlight with. The irony haunted him continually. Even in triumph, he suffered defeat. His thoughts were slipping into melancholy when he heard a sound at the door.

Grasping his beloved silver wolf's head cane, Barnabas Collins got up and went to the door. Throwing it open, he saw nothing but the blackness of night. Stepping just outside the doorway, he looked left and right, trying to discern movement among the dark boles of trees.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

Tar-bur-tor lumbered into the circle of light from the house's interior. Barnabas Collins took a step back when he viewed the eight-foot man-ape, and gripped his cane in preparation to fight for his life.

"What are you?" Barnabas challenged. "Who sent you?"

"I am Tar-bur-tor, mighty hunter, mighty fighter," replied Tar-bur-tor in the language of the great apes, which was, of course, incomprehensible to Barnabas. "I come because the tarmangani named Elmo has been captured by two bolgani and their tarmangani masters. Yud! Come!" To emphasize urgency, he waved over his shoulder.

"I cannot understand you," Barnabas said. "I take it you wish me to go with you."

"Come quickly!" Tar-bur-tor urged. "Change into a bat and fly!" He made an inquiring angle with his head and flapped his hands like wings.

"Fly?" Barnabas asked, flapping his hands in imitation of the creature. Tar-bur-tor nodded his head and pointed at Barnabas. "So, you know I was once a vampire, able to change into a bat. Alas, my anthropoid friend, I can no longer do that." He shook his head sadly. Tar-bur-tor would not be dissuaded, plucking at Barnabas' sleeve with a huge paw. "Very well, I shall follow you," Barnabas agreed, shutting the front door before plunging into the forest behind the Sasquatch.

After a harrying trip through the underbrush, Barnabas at last found himself looking at Blair house. Illuminated inside the living room, he could see figures move. Attempting to match his companion's

stealth, the two crept beneath the window. Tar-bur-tor stood guard while Barnabas peered into a gap between a hastily drawn shade and the windowsill.

Nicholas Blair was leaning against the mantle, drinking a brandy, and all the while talking to a dark Arabic-looking fellow in a bad suit.

"I am curious to see whom Zu-gash will bring back," Blair was saying in expansive tones, which allowed Barnabas to easily hear him. "Will it be pompous Roger, dried-up Elizabeth, the dissipated Quentin, or perhaps Dr. Hoffman, she of the gasping mouth and batting eyes? Any of them will be good for sacrifice. We can get rid of those, then get the rest."

"Wellah!" swore the Arab. "Blood will pour. As long as it is not mine, I am pleased. If only I could find the Amulet of Irem, I would truly be in paradise."

"Smile when you discuss that place," Blair warned him good-naturedly. "I do not speak highly of the competition or their environs."

Barnabas had heard enough. Blair and the Arab were up to something. He turned to his huge partner. "You will stay here," he commanded, pointing to the ground. "I will go and get some help. Do you understand?"

"Yes," grumbled Tar-bur-tor. "I will wait. Perhaps you will bring plenty of tarmangani and their thunder-sticks."

The man in the black clothes melted away in the night, and Tar-bur-tor settled back, wondering if the bolgani were as stupid as the tarmangani, since neither had scented his presence. Perhaps the wind favored him.



Elmo of the apes awoke slowly, his body stiff from pain. Involuntary contractions of his muscles due to Blair's magic blast made Elmo feel like he was awash with charley-horses. His wrists were bound with what felt like hemp rope. Moving forward, he found that the rope was tied to something behind him. A glance backward showed that something to be an iron ring set in the wall. He was still in the underground chamber, occupied by himself, the chained Carolyn, and Yat-gash, who sat on his haunches and idly wiped blood from his nose.

Then, with a sliding noise, a panel opened and in sprang Zu-gash, the other gorilla. This time, his catch was not unconscious and was fighting Zu-gash strenuously, though futilely. To Elmo's horror, it was his own mate, Jane. Anger began to well up in the ape-man's breast, but he gave no outward indication, content to lay recumbently, and hope that Yat-gash did not notice he was awake.

A door opened at the top of the landing, and down stepped his real foes. Nicholas Blair examined the tableau with amusement.

"Another blonde, Zu-gash?" Blair questioned. "Well, we know what he likes, and I can't say I blame him. I cured myself of my weakness for blondes, though I wish I could say the same about brunettes. Ah, Maggie! I wonder who's kissing her now?" This last line came out with a musical lilt. The Arab behind him scowled.

"Beard of the Prophet!" he swore. "A second

Nasrany bint! Is this one more of your Collinses, Malik Blair?"

"She is a stranger to me," Blair admitted. "Tie her to the altar, Zu-gash."

Zu-gash obeyed. First, ben Eyad went to the far corner of the chamber and removed a white sheet from a hidden altar. The altar was of crudely dressed stone, carved with magical runes. Zu-gash then unceremoniously dumped Lady Greystoke upon the stone, using one massive paw to hold her down, while thrusting her wrists and ankles one by one into previously tied loops of rope that could be tightened with a tug. Once secured, Jane Clayton continued to struggle.

Nicholas Blair approached the altar, and as he did so, he drew down from its hook a black robe which he donned. While he did this, ben Eyad lit several black candles set in holders on the four corners of the altar.

"So, whom do I have the pleasure of sacrificing?" Blair queried. "I hate to cast someone nameless into the Pit."

"I am Jane Clayton, witch doctor," she hissed. "My husband will tear out your heart if you harm me."

"Wellah!" snapped ben Eyad. "This is the wife of Elmo."

"Ha!" laughed Blair. "Good! Let him see how futile it is to meddle in my affairs. Shall we begin?"

With that, he raised high his arms and began to chant in an incomprehensible language. At one point, during which his implorations reached a high pitch, a stone circle before the altar fell away to reveal a glowing cavity. Heat made the air shimmer above the

pit, and a strong smell of sulphur struck Elmo's nostrils.

"Waugh," Zu-gash called to his partner. "I smell something like rotten eggs. Also, I smell another bolgani."

"Uah," nodded Yat-gash. "I can smell nothing since the tarmangani struck me. Shall we find him?"

"Yes. Our master is too stupid to find him."

Elmo had smelled Tar-bur-tor's presence as well. Through the concealment of hair falling over his eyes, he also saw that his knife was lying in one corner, unnoticed.

"Tar-bur-tor?" Elmo whispered.

"Here, Elmo," came an answering whisper from the broken window above him.

"We must attack, now!"

Elmo then stood up and exerted his jungle-trained muscles until his arms knotted like giant vines. With several sharp sounds, the hemp rope parted. Yat-gash and Zu-gash came alive, lumbering forward with arms high.

Then, a huge form dove headfirst through the window and smashed into the pair, allowing Elmo time to take up his knife. Tar-bur-tor clinched with the wounded Yat-gash, while Elmo ducked under Zu-gash's outstretched arms. With catlike agility, the apeman leaped upon Zu-gash's back, driving his knife deep into the huge gorilla's chest.

"*Elmo bundolo!*" the apeman snarled. "Elmo kills!"

With a shriek, Zu-gash attempted to throw off his attacker, but to no avail. The steel blade found his heart, and Zu-gash collapsed, dead. Rolling off the

still form, Elmo saw ben-Eyad approaching him with a drawn revolver. Before he could fire, the hidden door slid open to reveal Barnabas Collins and Elliot Stokes. Both men dodged to avoid the battle between Tar-bur-tor and Yat-gash, Stokes held something in his hand that glittered strangely on the end of a chain.

"Here is what you asked for, my Arab friend," Stokes called. "The amulet of Irem!"

"Give it to me, dog, or I shall cut you down!" ben Eyad snarled. He turned the pistol toward Stokes.

This was all Elmo needed. He grabbed the rope with which he had been tied and gave it a mighty pull. The iron ring set in the wall came free with a burst of masonry. Like an Olympic hammer thrower, Elmo swung the heavy ring and its staple in an arc, then released it. Ben Eyad turned, but could not avoid the missile. He flew backward, to tumble into the sulphurous pit with a scream. Stokes gave the amulet to Elmo. As he did, Tar-bur-tor rose from the limp form of Yat-gash.

"You won't defeat me," Blair called, after having been a spectator up to this point. He drew a long curved knife from his robe with one hand, and a crucifix with the other.

"If the apeman makes a move, I will kill his wife," Blair promised. "You, Barnabas, won't be able to approach me. As much as I abhor using a weapon of the competition, it serves my purpose."

Barnabas, cane at the ready, advanced a few steps closer, as did Elmo.

"Stay back!" Blair commanded. "Remember my powers."

"They won't work on Elmo," Stokes assured him. "He is protected by the Amulet of Irem. Ben Eyad was so close, yet so far. The amulet has been in my possession since it was given to me by a certain writer when I was a boy."

"And in case you haven't heard, I am no longer a vampire," Barnabas told him. Striking out with his cane, he dashed the knife from Blair's hand.

At this, Elmo shot forward and picked up Blair as if he were an infant. As he held him aloft, a dark shape stirred in the pit.

"I am waiting, Nicholas," came a deep, sinister voice from below. "Where is my sacrifice?"

"Here," the apeman offered. "You two deserve each other."

Blair's protests were lost as Elmo hurled him into the gaping pit. Immediately, it closed, leaving only the smell of brimstone to mark its existence. Elmo then unbound his wife and crushed her to his breast, covering her upturned lips with kisses.

"Well," grunted Stokes, in embarrassment, "let's go free Carolyn."

He and Barnabas did so, after finding a ring of keys on the same hook that Blair had hung his robe upon. She collapsed in Barnabas' arms after staring at the bloody form of Tar-bur-tor.

"This has not been a good night for her," said Barnabas in a rare show of understatement. "I will suggest Julia prescribe a sedative."

"An excellent suggestion," Stokes agreed. "Now, where did our anthropoid ally come from?"

"Tar-bur-tor?" Elmo asked, leading his wife to where they stood regarding the immense Sasquatch.

"He is a local, though I ask that you keep it a secret."

"We Collinses do that quite well," Barnabas informed him, shifting Carolyn as her weight became tiresome. "I hope this activity will not turn you against Roger's business proposal."

"To the contrary," Elmo assured him, "this is the most fun I have had in years. The jungle is not what it used to be." Then he turned to his fighting companion and spoke in the language of the great apes, to the amazement of Stokes and Barnabas. "Are you well, Tar-bur-tor?"

"Yes, Elmo," the Sasquatch revealed. "The bolgani was not as strong as I, though he was a clever fighter, and I shall suffer from his blows and fangs for some time. We have won a great victory, both we and the tarmanganis."

"True," the apeman admitted. "Let us proclaim it."

At that, the two, apeman and man-ape, threw back their heads and uttered blood-curdling shrieks of victory. Then, Tar-bur-tor painfully shambled away to disappear back into the darkness.

"One thing puzzles me," Elmo demanded of Stokes. "It is a huge coincidence that you appeared with the very amulet that ben Eyad was seeking." As he said this, he removed the gold-colored medallion with its wavy lettering and gave it back to the professor. Stokes chuckled as he turned the amulet on its chain.

"This thing?" Stokes said. "It's just a hippie medallion one of my students gave me back in the sixties." Indeed, the wavy writing said: Love and Peace. "However, ben Eyad was so excited, he failed

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to notice. Like the Beatles said, 'All you need is Love'."

"And Peace," Jane pointed out, and they all had a good laugh over it.