



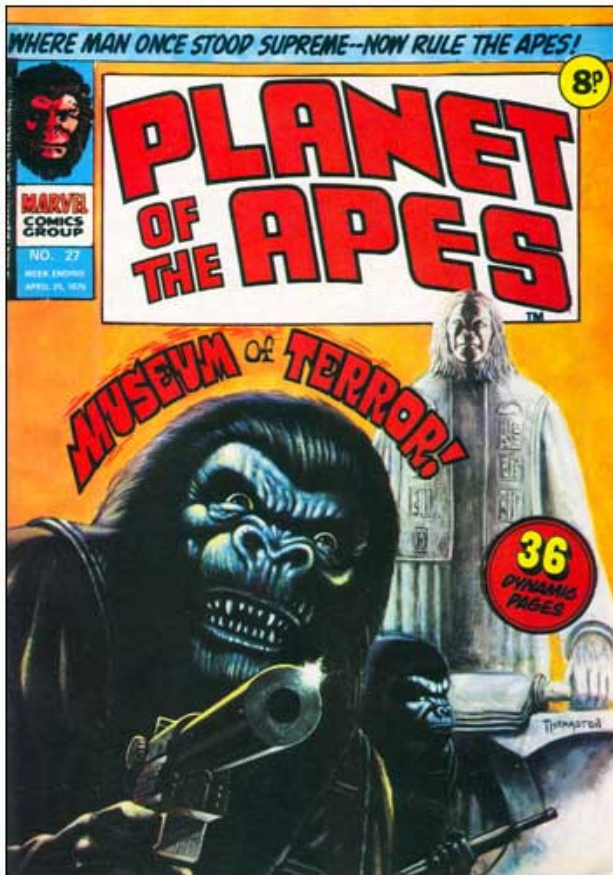
Apeslayer Saga, Parts 5-8

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- *Planet of the Apes* #30 (U.K.—May 17, 1975): "Apeslayer Dies at Dawn"



The MUSEUM

TERROR!

THE FUTURE:

WATCH IT, APESLAYER--THE GENERAL'S MAN ALMOST GOT YOU.

A TIME OF DEATH.

DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE SIMIAN INVADERS!

DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THEIR MINDLESS PUPPET SLAVES.

DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE HUMAN'S CHAMPION.

THE MAN OTHER MEN CALL--
APESLAYER!

THEN LET THEM TRY, MALA-- AND WE'LL SHOW THEM HOW FREEMEN FIGHT.



TOO LONG HAVE THE GENERALS HAD THEIR WAY-- NOW IS THE TIME FOR US--

--WHAT?!

ZWHTFH



NO SUCH *LUCK*, APESLAYER-- OUR *ENERGY GUNS* HAVE RUN DRY, WHAT NOW?

TOO MANY OF THE GENERAL'S MEN FOR THE *TWO* OF US, MALA--



--SO WE'D BETTER IMPROVISE.

IN THIS BUILDING, BROTHER-- QUICKLY...



...BEFORE THEIR MASTERS REALIZE WHAT THIS PLACE IS:



- A MUSEUM-- -- FILLED WITH ALL THE WEAPONS MAN HAS EVER CREATED.

APESLAYER-- DOWN!

BANG

THANKS, BROTHER.





SUCH VIOLENT THOUGHTS FROM SLAVES--

DIDN'T THE GENERALS WARN YOU THAT THINKING CAN SOMETIMES BE DANGEROUS--

-- IF NOT FATAL?

ARGHHHH!

CRASH!



IN *HERE*-- I'VE TRAPPED THE BLACK ONE HERE.

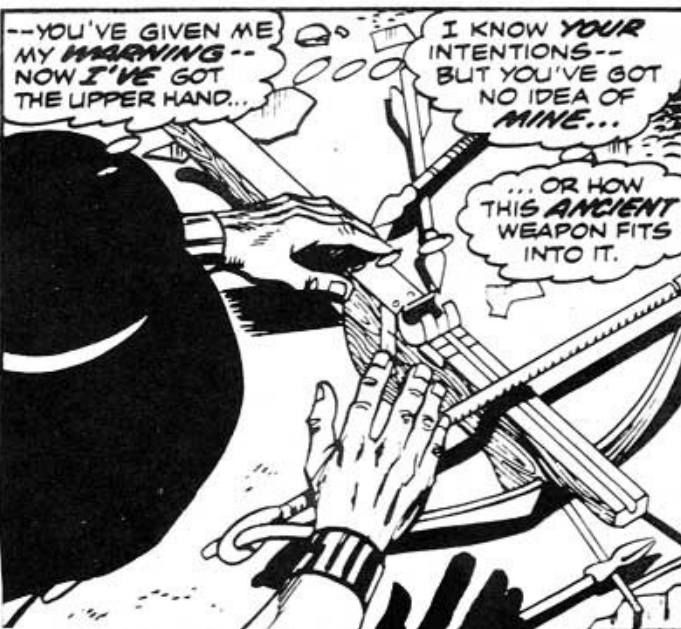
A WHOLE LOT OF GOOD IT WILL DO WITH YOUR AIM, SLAVE--



I'LL KILL YOU SOON ENOUGH, BLACK--!

VERY WELL THEN, SLAVE--

MY ORDERS ARE TO KEEP THE RED-HAIRED ONE ALIVE-- NOT YOU.



--YOU'VE GIVEN ME MY WARNING-- NOW I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND...

I KNOW YOUR INTENTIONS-- BUT YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA OF MINE...

...OR HOW THIS ANCIENT WEAPON FITS INTO IT.



HA! YOU RUN-- GOOD!

YOU MAKE IT EASIER TO DESTROY YOU, BLACK!

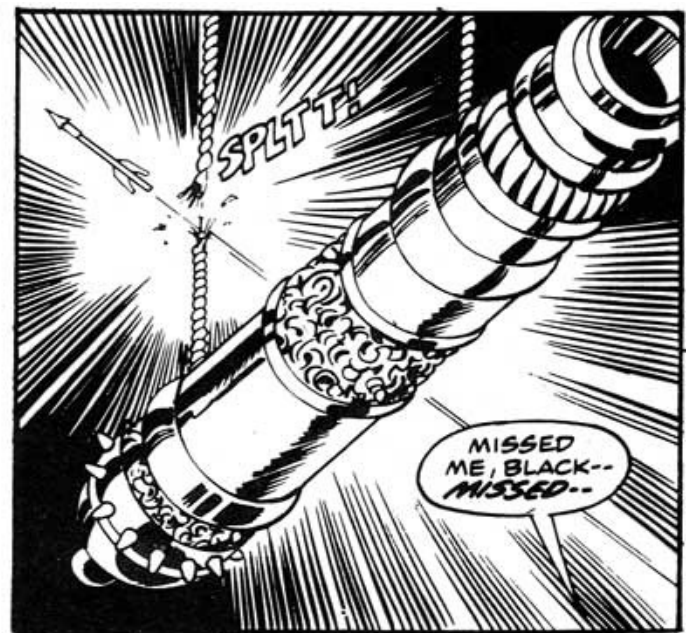


KEEP TALKIN' SLAVE-- KEEP RILIN' ME UP--



-- ENOUGH TO MAKE ME AIM REAL GOOD--

TWING!



SPLTT!

MISSED ME, BLACK-- MISSED--



YOU MAY HAVE LOST YOUR CHANCE -- BUT I SWEAR I'LL NOT LOSE MINE.



SPLAT!

PERHAPS YOUR MASTER DOESN'T LIKE SWEARING, SLAVE.



MALA!

SO THERE YOU ARE, APESLAYER-- I'D BEEN WONDERING WHERE YOU HAD DISAPPEARED TO--



WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ENDING THE LIFE OF A TRAITOR, MALA--



ARE YOU MAD?
I'M NO TRAITOR.

NOT
YOU,
BROTHER--



-- THE ONE *BEHIND*
YOU-- THE TRAITOR
WHO *SOLD* HIS HUMAN
HERITAGE TO APES--

-- WHO *BOWS*
TO SIMIAN
GODS--

-- THAT
TRAITOR,
MALA--
THAT
TRAITOR!



BUT THEY'LL
SOON *BOW* NO
MORE-- NOT
ONCE OUR
MEN FIND THE
GENERALS--

-- AND
DESTROY
THEM!

THIS
APESLAYER
SWEARS!



SPEAK, SLAVE--
TELL ME WHERE
THE GENERALS
HIDE--

-- TELL ME WHERE
THEY *STORE*
THEIR *WEAPONS*--
THEIR *SUPPLIES*.

... PLACE...
THEY
CALLED IT...



WRONG, BROTHER-- I NOW KNOW WHERE THEIR WEAPONS ARE HIDDEN--

--AND TONIGHT WE SHALL INVAD^E THEIR GUARDED STRONGHOLD--



BUT FIRST-- THIS MUSEUM IS INTERESTING. THERE MAY BE THINGS HERE WE CAN SOME-DAY USE.

PERHAPS EVEN SOME NEW CLOTHING?

THAT CLANKS WITH EVERY STEP YOU TAKE?

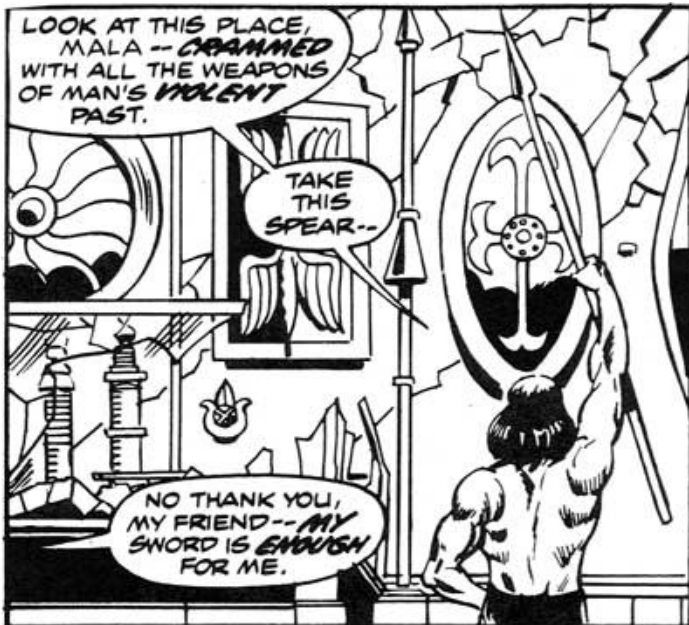


YOU KNOW YOUR PROBLEM, MALA? YOU STILL THINK LIKE THE DIRT-CRAWLER YOU ARE.

TO THINK YOU WERE THE SECOND-BEST GLADIATOR IN THE SIMIAN'S ARENA GAMES--

-- RIGHT BEHIND ME, OF COURSE.

IF YOU EVER WISH TO DEFEND YOUR TITLE, APESLAYER-- YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND ME.



LOOK AT THIS PLACE, MALA -- CRAMMED WITH ALL THE WEAPONS OF MAN'S VIOLENT PAST.

TAKE THIS SPEAR--

NO THANK YOU, MY FRIEND-- MY SWORD IS ENOUGH FOR ME.



YOUR SWORD IS FOR SLAYING RITTENS, NOT APES!

NOW THIS -- THIS IS AS FINE AN EDGED BLADE AS I'VE EVER SEEN.



WITH THIS AND A NEW WARRIOR'S UNIFORM, I FEEL I COULD LAY WASTE TO THE ENTIRE SIMIAN ARMIES.

THEN TRY THESE CLOTHINGS ON FOR SIZE, BROTHER.



NOW, MALA -- WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THIS?

WHAT GENERAL OR APE MACHINE COULD NOW STAND BEFORE--

--APESLAYER!



ONE HOUR MORE THEY SPEND IN THIS HALF-CRUMBLING MUSEUM, SEARCHING THROUGH TIME-EATEN DEBRIS FOR WEAPONS...

... AND FINDING A FEW THEY MAY EVENTUALLY USE, THEY LEAVE.

TIME TO RETURN TO STATEN, AND SHARE OUR NEW-FOUND WEALTH WITH THE BROTHERS...

EASIER SAID THAN DONE-- OR DID YOU FORGET OUR BOAT WAS DESTROYED BY THE GENERALS?



THUS WE IMPROVISE AGAIN, MALA-- OR DID YOUR MOSS-LADEN MIND NOT RECOGNIZE WHAT THAT VEHICLE IS?

A MOTOR-CAR FROM BEFORE? WHAT GOOD IS THAT WHEN ITS POWER-SOURCE MUST BE DEAD?



AS DEAD AS ITS PREVIOUS OWNER OBVIOUSLY IS.

THE GENERAL EXPLAINED SOME MECHANICS TO ME, BROTHER-- PERHAPS IT WILL BE ENOUGH TO START THIS THING MOVING.

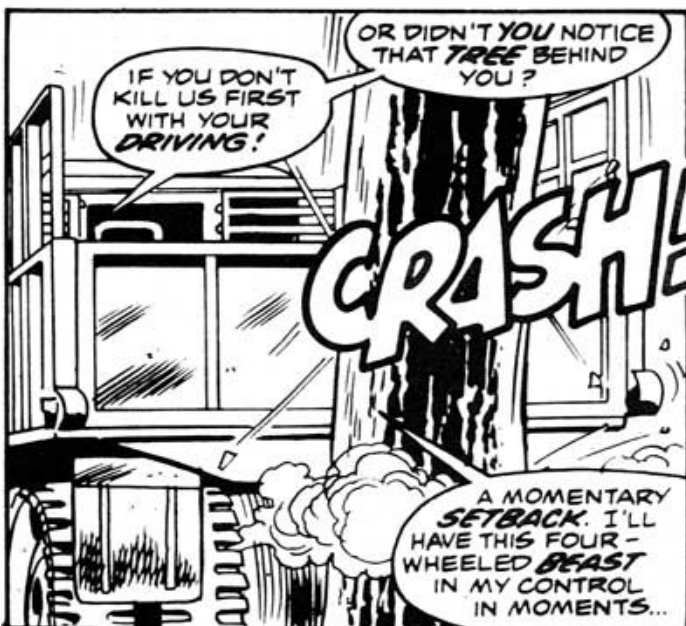
DON'T PLACE YOUR LIFE ON IT, APESLAYER.



WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID, MY FRIEND? OR ARE YOU ABOUT TO EAT YOUR OWN FOOLISH WORDS?

THE MOTOR TURNS.

SOON WE'LL BE HOME... BACK WITH THE OTHERS.



IF YOU DON'T KILL US FIRST WITH YOUR DRIVING!

OR DIDN'T YOU NOTICE THAT TREE BEHIND YOU?

CRASH!

A MOMENTARY SETBACK. I'LL HAVE THIS FOUR-WHEELED BEAST IN MY CONTROL IN MOMENTS...



ABOUT TIME, APESLAYER IT'S ONLY BEEN TWO HOURS.

MALA,, REMIND ME OF THIS CONVERSATION THE NEXT TIME THE GENERAL'S MEN HAVE YOU TRAPPED.

SO I DON'T FORGET TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY AND LET THEM HAVE YOU.

NEXT: THE WARLORD STRIKES!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**TM

AIRPORT of DEATH!

THE BATTLE IN THE MUSEUM IS OVER, APESLAYER AND MALA ARE THE VICTORS ONCE AGAIN...

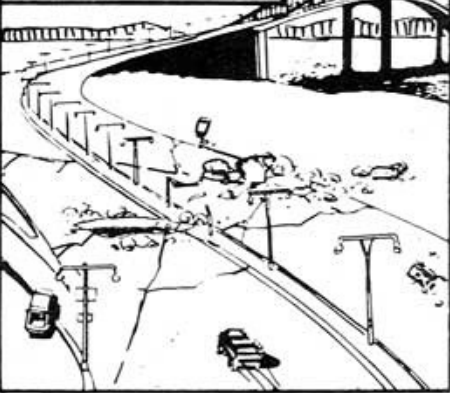
OUR INTREPID SIMIAN-FIGHTERS RETURN TO THEIR BASE OFF STATEN ISLAND...



MARV WOLFMAN * HERB TRIMPE * FRANK GIACOIA * ROY THOMAS
STORY ART INKS EDITOR

DOWN THE BATTERED REMNANTS OF BROOKLYN'S BELT PARKWAY, TOWARDS THE VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE TO STATEN ISLAND, APESLAYER AND MALA RIDE...

... AND ALL THE WHILE THEY TRAVEL THEY HEAR A HARSH CRACKLING STATIC...



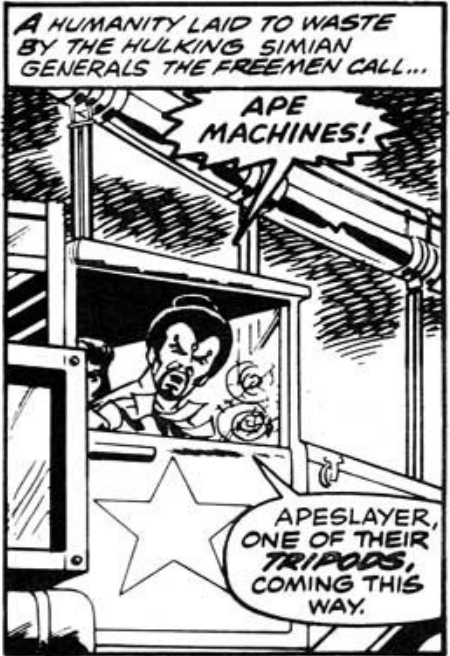
... THE STATIC OF A RADIO STILL TUNED FOR SOUND RECEIVING...

... BUT RECEIVING NOTHING FROM A HUMANITY LONG DEAD!



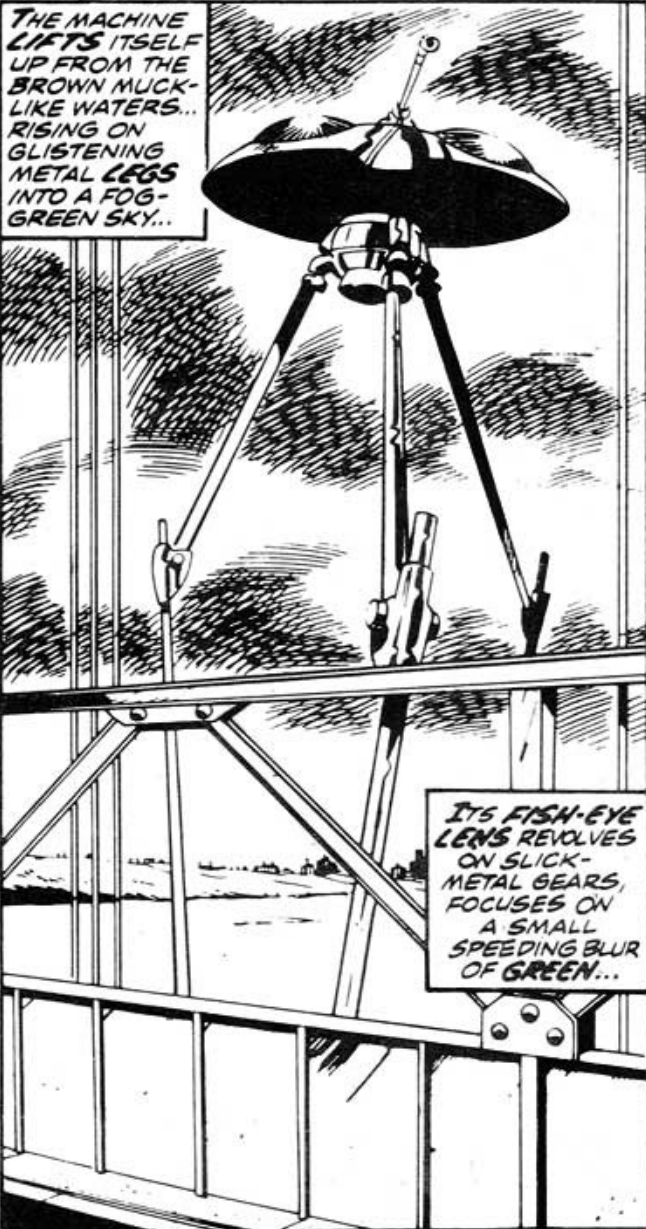
A HUMANITY LAID TO WASTE BY THE HULKING SIMIAN GENERALS THE FREEMEN CALL...

APE MACHINES!



APESLAYER, ONE OF THEIR TRIPODS, COMING THIS WAY.

THE MACHINE LIFTS ITSELF UP FROM THE BROWN MUCK-LIKE WATERS... RISING ON GLISTENING METAL LEGS INTO A FOG-GREEN SKY...



ITS FISH-EYE LENS REVOLVES ON SLICK-METAL GEARS, FOCUSES ON A SMALL SPEEDING BLUR OF GREEN...

... AND THEN BLASTS ITS HEAT RAY LOOSE!



ONCE THE VERRAZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE WAS THE LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE ON EARTH, SPANNING 4,260 FEET BETWEEN THE BROOKLYN SHORES AND STATEN ISLAND...



HOLD TIGHT, MALA... HOLD.

AND WHAT TOOK MAN YEARS TO BUILD, THE GREAT SIMIAN MACHINE DESTROYS IN ONE HELL-SEARING SECOND...

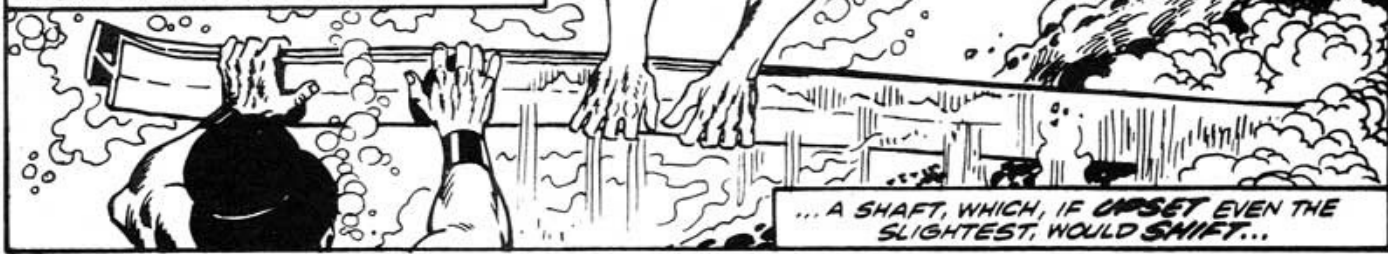
WE'LL HIT WATER IN MOMENTS.

THEN, AT THE LAST SECOND, THE TWO FREEMEN DIVE-- AND CUT THE MIERD WATERS CLEANLY...

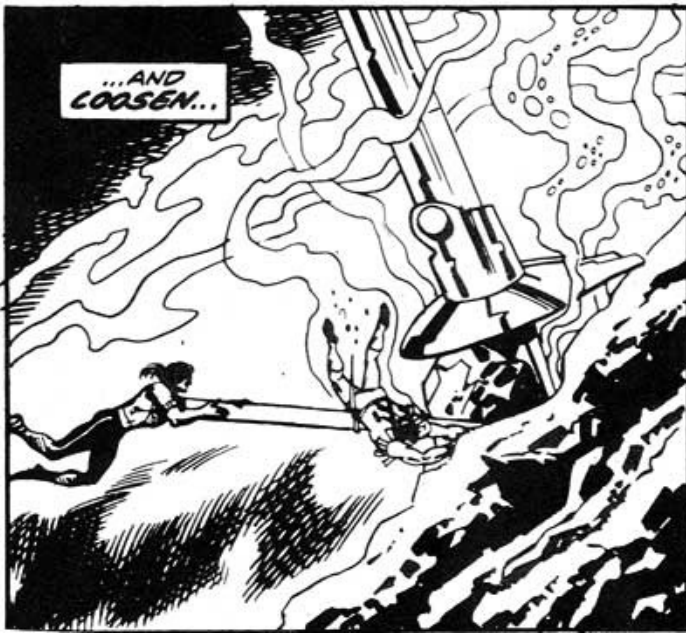


FOR LONG MOMENTS THEY HOLD THEIR BREATH, EXPLORING, SEARCHING FOR ANY WEAKNESSES THE GIANT LESS MAY HAVE...

AND THEIR TRAINED EYES SPOT IT AT THE SAME INSTANT-- THE DELICATE FOOT IS PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY UPON A SANDSTONE SHAFT...



... A SHAFT, WHICH, IF UPSET EVEN THE SLIGHTEST, WOULD SHIFT...



...AND LOOSEN...



...AND CRUMBLE...

... AND THEN FINALLY COLLAPSE...



... AS THE MACHINE COLLAPSES WHEN ITS GROUND SLIPS FROM UNDER IT.



PERHAPS, IF THEIR EARS WERE TUNED TO A WAVELENGTH FAR ABOVE THEIR OWN, APESLAYER AND MALA WOULD HEAR THE SHARP, PIERCING SCREAM THE TRAPPED SIMIAN INVADER SCREECHES...



... BUT AS THEY CAN NOT, ALL THEY DO HEAR IS THE DULL THUD OF METAL SLICING WATER.

: GASP: WE DID IT, BROTHER-- WE'VE DESTROYED A MASTER.

ONLY ONE OF MANY, SIMIAN-- OUR VICTORY IS NOT YET COMPLETE.



AND IT SHALL NOT BE TOTAL TILL WE'VE DESTROYED THEM ALL.

YOU'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE, APESLAYER-- AND ONE TRIPOD, PLUS OUR LIVES, PLUS THE WEAPONS I'VE SALVAGED IS STILL A VERY GOOD BEGINNING.



I CAN NOT DISAGREE THERE, BROTHER. THE WEAPONS ARE OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE FOR OUR INVASION OF THE KEEPER'S STRONGHOLD.

AN INVASION THAT BEGINS-- TONIGHT!







I NEED NOT REMIND YOU, GENERALS, THAT WHEN YOU TOOK OTHER SCIENTISTS AND TORTURED THEM INTO BECOMING YOUR OBEDIENT KEEPERS--

--I CAME TO YOU WILLINGLY.



I WANT *MINE* TO BE THE HAND WHICH CRUSHES APESLAYER--

I WANT HIM TO FALL BEFORE ME-- BEFORE-- BEFORE--

--THE WARLORD!



ARE YOU *SURE* THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE, APESLAYER-- I THOUGHT THERE WERE *NO* GENERALS IN THIS PART OF THE CITY.

THEY ARE HERE, MALA-- BELIEVE ME.



TOO MANY YEARS HAD I BEEN HELD CAPTIVE BY THE GENERALS AND THEIR MURDEROUS MASTERS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR STINKING SMELL --

-- YES, BROTHER -- THE SIMIANS ARE HERE. LET THERE BE *NO* DOUBT.



IN ONE OF THOSE ANCIENT HANGARS THEY WAIT FOR US. THUS IT IS *OUR* WAY TO COME SILENTLY.

WHAT PLACE IS THIS, APESLAYER?

WHERE THE APES' SLAVE TOLD US THEIR WEAPONS WERE HIDDEN-- AT THE OLD LAGUARDIA AIRPORT--

-- OR, AT LEAST SO APESLAYER SUPPOSES.





FOR A MOMENT
THEY PART,
AND HATRED
SWELLS WITHIN
THE BREAST OF
THEM BOTH.

FOR APESLAYER: HIS IS THE
HATRED OF THIS THING IN-
HUMAN-- THIS TRAITOR TO
THE CAUSE
OF EARTH.



FOR THE WARLORD:
HIS IS THE HATRED OF
MINDLESS, SEETHING,
VENGEANCE...

VENGEANCE: CONSIDER
IT FOR A MOMENT, TO SEEK
RETRIBUTION; TO INFLICT
PUNISHMENTS FOR THINGS
ALREADY PAST.



AGAIN: FOR WARLORD:
VENGEANCE FOR DESTRUCTION
TO HIS BODY.

BUT VENGEANCE BUILDS
IN APESLAYER, TOO--
VENGEANCE FOR
DESTRUCTION TO
HIS WORLD.



AND SEEKING
HIS
VENGEANCE,
APESLAYER
STRIKES!

AND
FALLS.

YOU FORGET,
APESLAYER--IT
WAS MY MEN
WHO TAUGHT
YOU THE WAYS
OF BATTLE
IN THE ARENA--

--AND I WAS
THEIR
MASTER--

--AS I
AM NOW
YOURS!







WHERE'S YOUR
FLIPPANT
BRASHNESS
NOW, APESLAYER?

WHERE'S THAT **STUBBORN**
QUALITY WITHIN YOU THAT
MAKES THE FREEMEN
BATTLE SO BRAVELY?

OR HAVE
I **PROVEN**
AT LAST...



...THAT YOU
SO-CALLED
FREEMEN ARE
JUST **MEAK**,
FOOLISH
COWARDS!



NOW, AS FOR THE **REST**
OF YOU-- YOU CAN **JOIN**
YOUR 'PRECIOUS'
LEADER--

--IN THE **ARENA OF MUTANTS!**

NEXT
ISSUE.
AND DON'T
BE LATE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**TM

DON MCGREGOR
WRITER

HERB TRIMPE
ARTIST

YOLANDE PIJCKE
INKER

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

The **MUTANT SLAYERS!**

THE TIME IS THE FUTURE,
AND SOME THINGS
HAVE CHANGED.

APES HAVE CONQUERED THE
EARTH, RULING TYRANNICALLY,
DEDICATED TO DESTROYING
WHAT FEW GROUPS OF
FREEMEN STILL EXIST!

AND MANY OF EARTH'S
SCIENTISTS HAVE BECOME
GENERALS, A QUIANT
TITLE GIVEN THEM BY
THEIR EXTRA-
TERRESTRIAL
MASTERS.

YOU'VE
TRAINED YOUR
SLAVES TO
BE SHEEP,
WARLORD--

--BUT AFTER TODAY
YOUR FLOCK WILL
WISH THEY'D NEVER
HEARD THE NAME
APESLAYER!

THE TIME IS THE FUTURE,
AND SOME THINGS
HAVE CHANGED.

ONE LEADER OF A NEWLY FOUNDED GROUP OF FREEMEN,
KNOWN BY THE NAME OF APESLAYER, FIGHTS FOR HIS
LIFE AND HIS CAUSE.

THE TIME IS THE FUTURE,
AND THEN AGAIN,
SOME THINGS HAVEN'T
CHANGED AT ALL!

THE LABORATORY WALLS ECHO WITH THE SOUND OF APESLAYER'S BATTLE--

--AND TWO FIGURES STAND WATCHING, OBLIVIOUS TO THE MUTATIONS, BOTH GENETIC AND THOSE THAT ARE ARTIFICIALLY INDUCED, THAT SQUEAL IN OUTRAGE AT THEIR CAPTIVITY.

SO NOW YOUR PERSONAL DEVIL SHOUTS TAUNTS AT YOU, EH, WARLORD?

IT'S RUMOURED YOU WAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT-- SCREAMING HIS NAME, REMEMBERING THE DAY HE FIRST ESCAPED FROM THE MASTERS AND DESTROYED YOUR ARM AND FACE IN THE PROCESS!

SANDRA SIMIAN, YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE MARTIANS' FOREMOST MOLECULAR BIOLOGISTS--

--AND YOU MAY BE IN CHARGE OF THIS ALTERATION DIVISION--

--BUT APESLAYER WOULD STILL YOUR SARCASM WITH ONE FIST!

NOW, MY SLAVES, BRING APESLAYER TO HIS KNEES! NOW!!

THE LIKES OF THESE WON'T EVER BRING ME DOWN, WARLORD--

--YOU OF ALL THE SIMIAN MORBS HAVE SEEN ME RIP APART THESE TYPES BEFORE!

HE'S RIGHT! AND IF YOU LIVED UP TO YOUR NAME, WARLORD, YOU'D KNOW IT!

LUCKILY, WE HAVE AN ELITE FORCE ON DETAIL HERE--

--A FORCE SKILLED IN SUBDUING REBELS-- EVEN ONE AS FEROCIOUS AS YOUR RED-NAMED "FRIEND,"

NOW, SQUADRON, WE'VE GIVEN THE WARLORD HIS CHANCE-- SHOW HIM WHAT A WELL-TRAINED UNIT CAN DO!

YOU SEE WHAT HE'S DOIN' TO KRE-KOR?

I SEE IT. I SEE IT.

BEFORE APESLAYER CAN MOVE AWAY FROM THE LAST OF THE WARLORD'S SLAVES, SAN SIMIAN'S TROOPS HIT HIM--



--EXPERTLY--

--AND SAVAGELY--!

ARRGH!!

SO THE BATTLE BARELY ENDS BEFORE IT BEGINS ANEW!

2.



AH, MY BROTHER MALA WILL BE SORRY HE MISSED SUCH COMBAT AS THIS!

WAIT.



WAIT, NOTHING!

YOUR SUPERIORS LAID THEIR TRAP-- BAITING MY BAND WITH FALSE STORIES OF A WEAPON DEPOT AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT--

--YOUR PEOPLE HAVE SHIPPED US FROM THERE LIKE CATTLE--



--AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF IT.

I'LL TEAR THIS PLACE APART TO FIND MALA, AND THE REST OF MY FREEMEN!

AND I'LL START WITH YOU, APE-SCUM!

BUT I'LL FINISH WITH THE WARLORD!

YOUR TECHNICIANS SHOULD HAVE KEPT HIM SEDATED, SAN SIMIAN, I WARNED YOU HE WAS DANGEROUS!

YOU WOULDN'T LOOK SO SMUGLY SUPERIOR IF YOU'D SEEN HIM IN THOSE EARLY DAYS, WHEN HE WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A CHILD.

--THE GENERALS WOULD SEND HIM INTO THE ARENAS TO BATTLE AGAINST OTHER HUMANS, AND HIS UNDIRECTED FEROCITY WOULD AMUSE THEM--

--YOU COULD HEAR IT IN THEIR SIRENLIKE HOWLS!

THEY NEVER LISTENED WHEN I TOLD THEM THAT ONE DAY HE WOULD RAISE THAT ARM AGAINST THEM.

I COULD HAVE BROKEN HIM BACK THEN... I SHOULD HAVE BROKEN HIM, THEN, BEFORE HE ESCAPED. THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH!

SAN SIMIAN WATCHES WITH COOL TURQUOISE EYES, EYES ACCUSTOMED TO VIOLENCE, EYES WHICH DO NOT REACT TO THE BRUTALITIES THAT OCCUR BELOW...

AND NO ONE ACTS MORE VIOLENTLY THAN THE WARLORD, WITNESS!

YOU'VE SHOUTED YOUR LAST THREATS, APESLAYER

--BY DAY'S END YOUR ARROGANT MOUTH WILL BE STILLED!

BEFORE APESLAYER CAN TURN TOWARD THE HARSH VOICE, THE WARLORD STRIKES MERCILESSLY.

ONCE!

KRUNK!

TWICE!

APESLAYER WHO HAS LIVED A LIFETIME OF TORMENT, BUCKLES UNDER THE SPLINTERING PAIN.

THUD!

A THIRD TIME THE METAL ARM DESCENDS--AND THE LONG HAIR IS LITTLE SHIELD FOR THE SCALP BENEATH!

WOK!

APESLAYER NEVER FEELS THE FOURTH BLOW!

POK!

THE PAIN COMES BACK SLOWLY TO APESLAYER AND HE WELCOMES IT... PAIN IS A FAMILIAR SENSATION... BUT THE BRIGHT LIGHTS ABOVE... ARE NOT!



AND THE SCENT OF ANTISEPTICS FILLS HIM WITH FEAR!

I'M GLAD YOU'VE AWAKENED, APESLAYER.

I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS ANY OF THIS.

YOU WON'T ASK ME WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO YOU, WILL YOU, APESLAYER-- NO SIGN OF WEARINESS, RIGHT,?

WELL, YOU'LL WHIMPER BEFORE THIS IS THROUGH! DO YOU REMEMBER THE DAYS YOU MOCKED YOUR MASTERS BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT YOU WEAKLING HUMANS DESERVED TO BE OUR MASTERS?



WELL, APESLAYER HUMANS DESERVE NOTHING-- AND THEY SHALL GET NOTHING!

APES ARE THE MASTERS, APESLAYER, AND WE WILL HOLD THIS PLANET AS OURS! UNDERSTAND?



UNDERSTAND?

NOT LIKELY!

YOU NEVER QUIT, APESLAYER, BUT LOOK ABOUT YOU, LOOK UPON THE PAST EXPERIMENTS CARRIED OUT ON THIS TABLE--

--THOSE PITIFUL CREATURES ARE THE REJECTS, THE FAILURES...



...BUT EACH GENETIC TAILORING UPON THESE HUMANS BRINGS US CLOSER TO ACHIEVING A WORKABLE TOTAL CONTROL.

VERY SOON, THEY'LL OPERATE ON YOU... AND BEING AS TOUGH AS YOU ARE...

I DOUBT YOU'LL NEED ANY ANESTHETIC WHILE THEIR LASERS BURN INTO YOU!





WARLORD, WAIT

YOU'RE LETTING THIS FANATICAL DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE TURN APESLAYER INTO A GUINEA PIG--AND WE'VE ENOUGH OF THOSE HERE!

WE CAN MAKE BETTER USE OF APE-SLAYER.



LOOK, LADY-- ONCE THEY KEPT HIM ALIVE FOR SPORT--AND WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT TURNED OUT!

I LOST MORE THAN THIS ARM... I LOST THOSE YEARS WHERE THEY PERFORMED THEIR EXPERIMENTS IN PROSTHETICS...

YOU THINK I'M A FANATIC-- YOU DON'T KNOW APESLAYER.

KEEP HIM ALIVE-- KEEP HIM WHOLE-- AND HE'LL BURY US ALL!



HE CAN ALSO LEAD US TO OTHER GROUPS OF FREEMEN. YOU KNOW HOW THEY BAND ABOUT HIM.

YOU THINK THAT CHARISMA OF HIS WILL BE WASTED ON ONE SMALL GROUP OF REBELS LIKE THE ONES WE IMPRISONED?

THINK ABOUT THAT, WARLORD!



AND, SPEAKING OF THAT SMALL BAND!



MALA-- YOU SOME KINDA CRAZY NUT!

THIS ONE TELL YOU-- SHOULDERS AINT BUILT FOR BATTERIN' RAMS! NO, THEY AIN'T.

WHY IS IT, YOU ALWAYS COME ON AS A SECOND-RATE ECHO, ARROW?

HE'S RIGHT, MALA







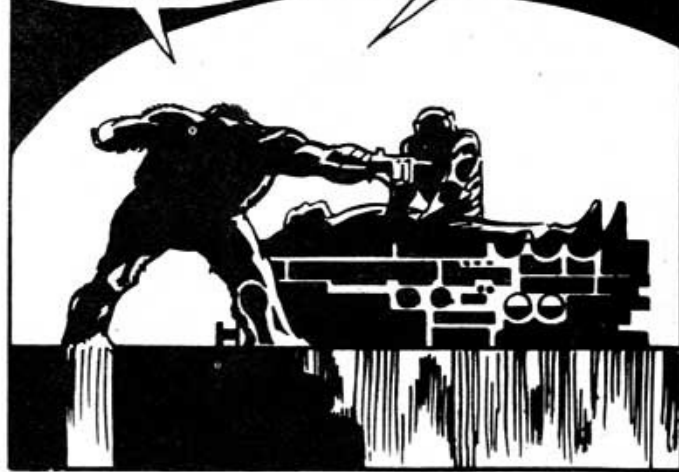
THOSE ARTERIES PULSE UNDER HIS FINGERTIPS BRIEFLY--AND THE WARLORD'S PANIC SENDS ITS MESSAGE THROUGH THOSE VESSELS--



-- UNTIL THE MECHANICAL ARM COMES INTO PLAY AGAIN, CRUSHING INTO ITS VICTIM!

IN A MOMENT --GASP-- YOU'LL FEEL --GASP-- THAT SURGICAL LASER CUT INTO YOUR FLESH!

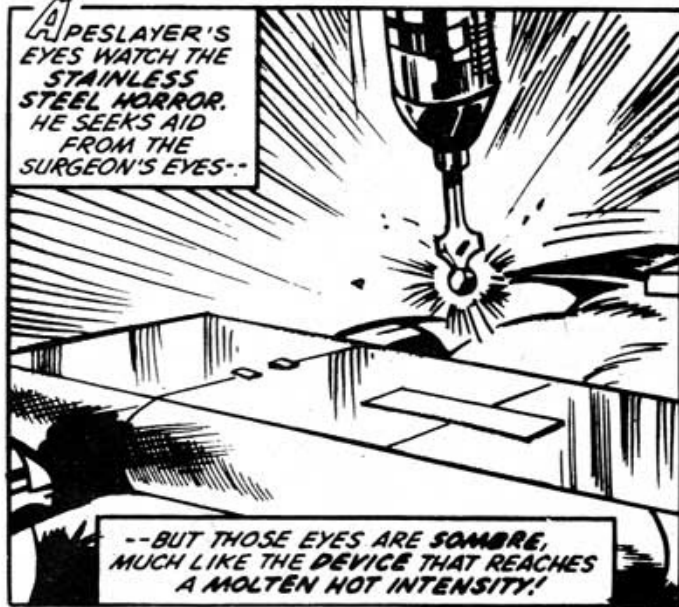
YOUR SCREAMS WILL EVEN REACH THE APE LEADERS IN WASHINGTON!



APESLAYER'S EYES WATCH THE STAINLESS STEEL HORROR. HE SEEKS AID FROM THE SURGEON'S EYES--



THE CLAMP IS REPLACED ABOUT HIS ARM AND REFORFITTED. THEN, THE SURGEONS FORM A PROCESSION, ONE THAT REMINDS APESLAYER MORE OF DEATH THAN LIFE!



-- BUT THOSE EYES ARE SOMBRE, MUCH LIKE THE DEVICE THAT REACHES A MOLTEN HOT INTENSITY!

SCREAM, APESLAYER!

SHOW US ALL, APESLAYER, YOU KNOW HOW TO SCREAM!

IT'LL FEEL SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU LET YOUR AGONY FILL THE ROOM.



AND IT IS ONLY THE WARLORD'S WORDS THAT HELP HIM IGNORE THE SEARING, CAUTERIZING, TECHNOLOGICAL WEAPON!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**TM

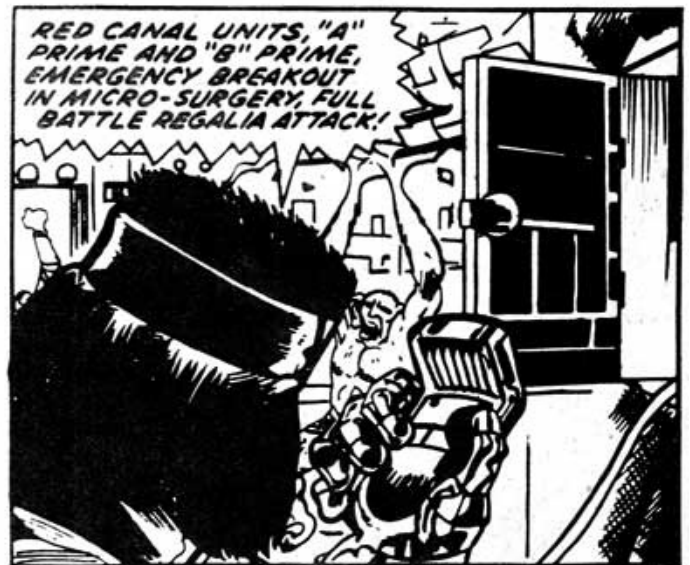
APESLAYER DIES AT DAWN!

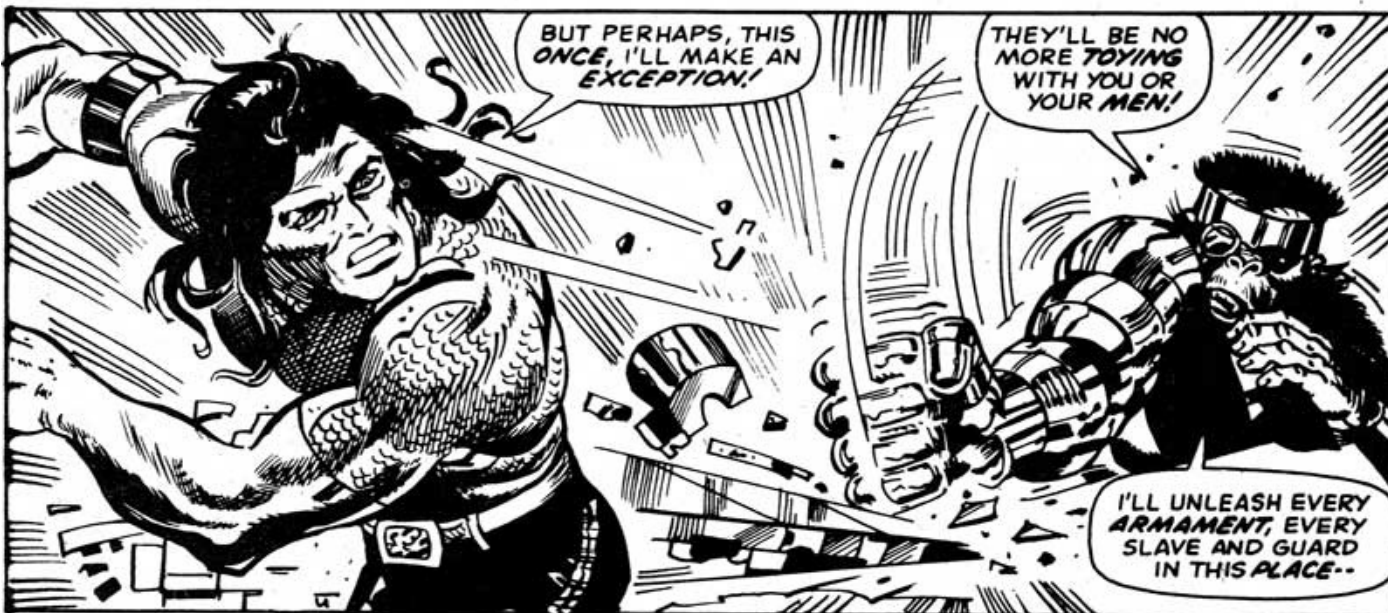
SCREAM
APESLAYER!

IT'LL FEEL SO
MUCH BETTER
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AGONY FILL THE
ROOM!

THE WARLORD STRIKES!
CAPTURED IN THE
APE PIT, APESLAYER IS
FORCED TO PARTAKE IN
GENETIC EXPERIMENTS!

BUT DON'T TAKE
OUR WORD FOR IT
THE ACTION BEGINS
ON THE NEXT PAGE!







WHERE ARE YOU LEADING US TO?

THE NAME WOULD MEAN NOTHING TO YOU.

PLAYING FIELD

ANSWER ME, WITCH, OR I'LL TWIST YOUR PRETTY BLACK HAIR TILL YOUR LIPS PLEAD TO TELL IT!



AND THAT WOULD BE THE LAST FOOLHARDY DEED YOU'D EVER ATTEMPT!

STAY, ZOM! I'LL NOT NEED YOUR HELP TO HANDLE HIM.

BUT THERE'S NO REASON NOT TO TELL YOU--IT WAS ONCE KNOWN AS--

GRRR

YANKEE STADIUM.
THIS HAD BEEN A PLACE OF DREAMS. IT WAS MORE THAN A BASEBALL FIELD, THE DREAMS IT INSPIRED TRANSCENDED CONCRETE.



A GUN METAL SKY HOVERS ABOVE THE ARENA, GIVING IT A SELF-CONTAINED ATMOSPHERE.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SCREAMS OF PHANTOM CROWDS PERVADE THE AMPHI-THEATER. IN THE DAYS OF THOSE SCREAMS, HARDLY ANY OF THE SCREAMERS SAW THE SOOT OR THE GRIME--

--FOR THIS WAS A PLACE OF SUMMER AFTERNOONS-- AND THE ONLY REMINDER OF THAT ARE THE MUSTARD STAINS PERMANENTLY EMBEDDED INTO THE BLEACHERS!



APESLAYER STRIDES OUT INTO THE FIELD ALMOST REVERENTLY, AND STRIKES A POSE THAT IS REMINISCENT OF AN EARLIER HUMAN LEGEND--

THERE APPEARS ONLY ONE EXIT--

--BABE RUTH, FROM A TIME IN THE EARLY 1930'S--



--A TIME NOW SEPARATED MORE BY EVENTS THAN YEARS.

BUT BABE RUTH IS ONLY A NAME IN FADED PRINT TO APESLAYER, AND HE MOVES ACROSS THE OPPRESSIVELY SILENT GREENS-WARD--

--AND IT APPEARS A MUCH EASIER ESCAPE THAN I'D HOPED FOR!



--AND HE DOES NOT GESTURE TO PREDICT A GRAND SLAM HOME RUN TO AMAZED CROWDS, FOR THIS PLACE HAS BEEN PHYSICALLY CHANGED, ALSO.

MALA, KEEP THE REST BACK UNTIL--

APESLAYER WONDERS ABOUT THE DEADLY SPIKES THAT THRUST FROM THE WOUND OF EARTH--



--BUT HE ONLY HAS A MOMENT TO CONSIDER THEM!

--I MAKE SURE--

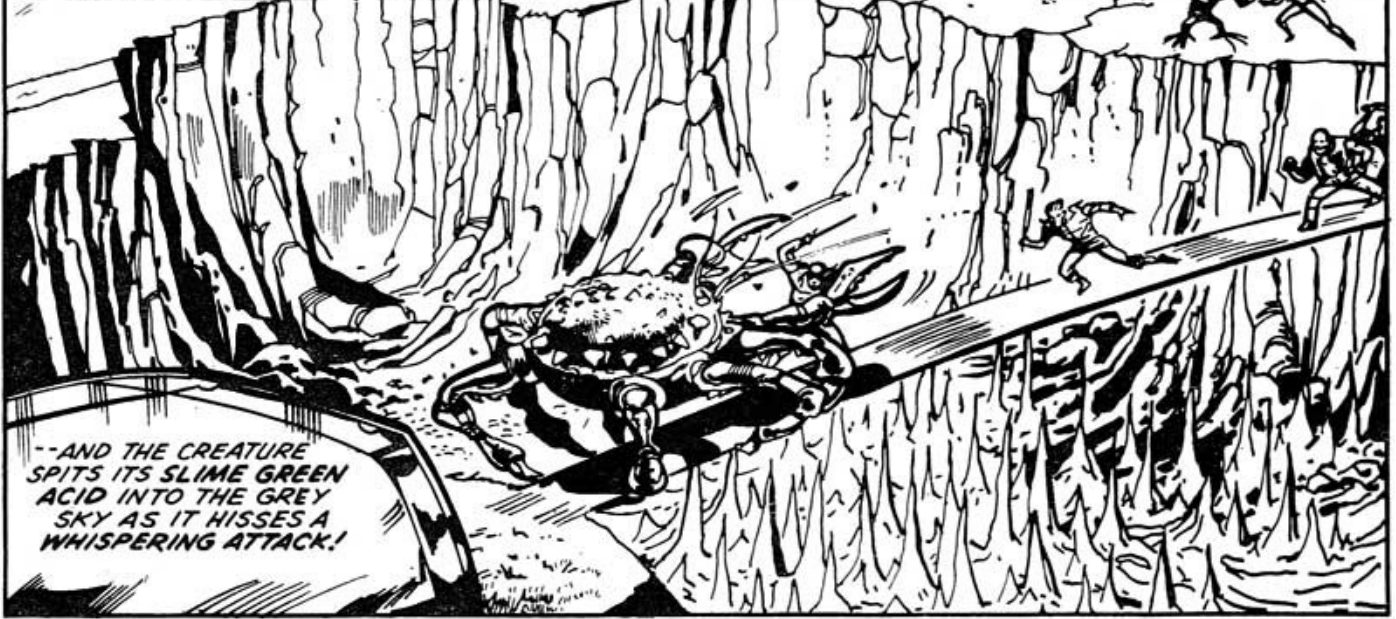
WHAT DEMON- S IRED THING IS THIS?



IT IS A WICKED LOOKING MONSTROSITY, AND IN A WORLD WHERE THE LAWS OF EVOLUTION HAVE BEEN SHREDDED, THERE ARE MANY MEANS FOR ITS CREATION!

SCRABBLING, IT LUMBERS OUT ONTO THE PATHWAY, SPILLING A CORROSIVE SUBSTANCE THAT APESLAYER KNOWS, INSTINCTIVELY, WILL EAT THROUGH FLESH AND BONE!

A APESLAYER HEFTS HIS SWORD, DODGING UNDER THE HUGE, SERRATED PINCHERS THAT SLICE THE AIR--



--AND THE CREATURE SPITS ITS SLIME GREEN ACID INTO THE GREY SKY AS IT HISSES A WHISPERING ATTACK!

B BEFORE ARROW CAN MOVE, THE LIQUID HITS HIM WITH SCALDING IMPACT!



AND THERE IS A SOUND IN HIS EARS HE WILL NEVER FORGET--

--THAT OF HIS FLESH DISSOLVING UNDER THE CAUSTIC FLUID!

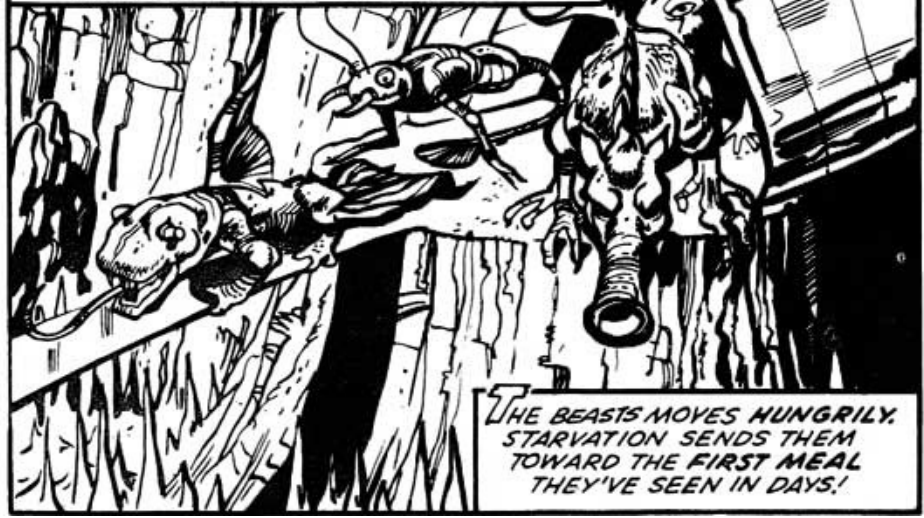
A APESLAYER HEARS THE AGONIZED MOAN BEHIND HIM--



--JUST AS ONE OF THOSE CRUEL PINCHERS CLOSE VICE-LIKE ABOUT HIS WAIST!

MALA --ANY TIME YOU FEEL LIKE TAKING A PART IN THIS-- I'D GREATLY APPRECIATE IT!

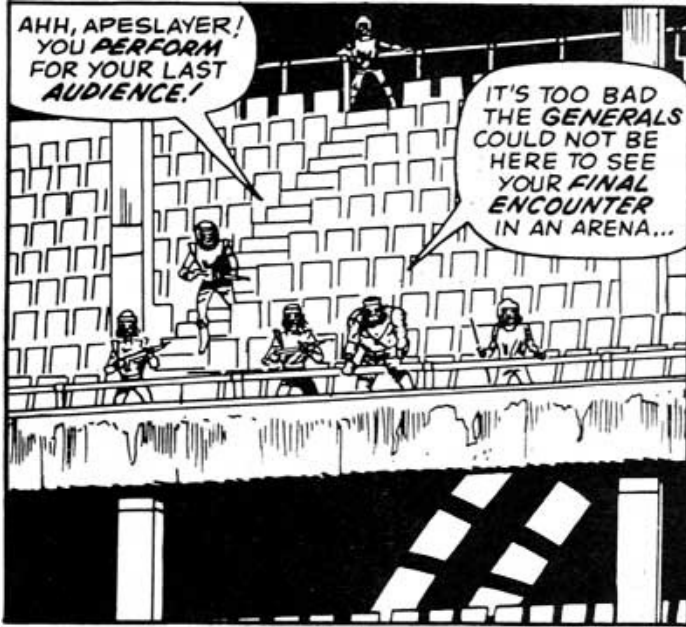
BUT MALA AND THE OTHER FREEMEN ARE BROUGHT UP SHORT AS THE DARK ENTRANCE GIVES UP MORE OF ITS BROOD--



THE BEASTS MOVE HUNGRILY. STARVATION SENDS THEM TOWARD THE FIRST MEAL THEY'VE SEEN IN DAYS!

SOCRATES DON'T BELIEVE THIS! HE REALLY DON'T!





AHH, APESLAYER!
YOU *PERFORM*
FOR YOUR LAST
AUDIENCE!

IT'S TOO BAD
THE GENERALS
COULD NOT BE
HERE TO SEE
YOUR *FINAL*
ENCOUNTER
IN AN ARENA...



...BUT THEN IT'S
FITTING THAT
YOU SHOULD
DIE HERE, IN
THE TYPE OF
PLACE IN
WHICH YOU'VE
SPENT MOST OF
YOUR *LIFE!*

SPITTING AND
GROWLING,
SWEATING AND
KILLING,
RALLYING MEN
AND WOMEN
ABOUT YOU...

ALL
THAT...
ENDS
NOW!



A WHIP-LIKE TONGUE, MOIST
WITH SALIVA, SNAKES TOWARD
MALA--

...AND HE
STANDS
FIRM,
RELEASING
THE
TENSION
ON HIS
CROSS-
BOW!

FOUR
ARROWS
CARVE
INTO THE
SOFT
UNDERSIDE
OF THE
CREATURE,
AND ITS
DEATH
ROARS
SHATTER
THE AIR.

A.S.
WHEN
YOU
MAKE A
MISTAKE
--YOU DO
IT UP
RIGHT!



IF THE FREEMEN'S WAY
OF LIFE SUSTAINED
ROUTINE AND SECURITY,
THEY WOULD NOT REACT
SO QUICKLY TO DEFEND
THEMSELVES...

SOCRATES SAY, HE
CERTAINLY DOES...
CERTAINLY DOES!



...BUT THE ONLY ROUTINE
THEY HAVE KNOWN IS
NOMADIC SURVIVAL...

...A DESTRUCTIVE DAILY
GAME AGAINST APE
OVERSEERS, WHO TRAVEL
IN THUNDERING, HUGE
MACHINES THAT TRAMPLE
THE LAND!



ZOM! THE RED
HAISED ONE
NEEDS HELP!

GO TO HIM! HURT
THE CREATURE, ZOM.
HURT IT!

A LOOK PASSES BETWEEN ZOM AND SAN SIMIAN, A SILENT COMMUNICATION NONE OF THE FREEMEN WOULD UNDERSTAND.



THERE IS AN ODD AFFINITY BETWEEN THESE TWO, SOMEHOW MORE THAN MASTER AND PET!

WHATEVER SPARKS THAT AFFINITY, IT SENDS GROK LOPING OVER THE GRASS!

AND GROK DOES AS SAN SIMIAN ASKS! HE HURTS THE CREATURE!

WHICH GIVES APESLAYER THE CHANCE TO MORE THAN JUST HURT IT!



WHE SLASHES DOWN, STABBING HIS BLADE THROUGH THE THIN, CRUSTY SURFACE UNDER THE CHIN--

WATCH YOURSELF, FRIEND--



THAT CREATURE'S LIFE ESSENCE LIES SMOLDERING OVER THE GROUND--IT WOULDN'T DO TO TOUCH IT!



AGAIN--AND AGAIN! IT IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE THAT NEVER ENDS--

--EACH WAKENING ADDS ANOTHER DIMENSION TO THE TERROR!



DIE, APESLAYER DIE!

THE WARLORD HURTTLES INTO THE ARENA--AND ONCE AGAIN THE TWO ADVERSARIES CLASH!

RED CANAL UNITS AND FREEMEN ALIKE STAND STILL. IT IS THE LAST BATTLE OF THE DAY AND THEY ALL KNOW IT!



IT IS A HOLLOW ATTACK, ALL YELLING AND GESTURING--

--AS IF THE WARLORD KNOWS IT IS AN EFFORT DOOMED TO FAILURE--



--BUT HAS ATTACKED BECAUSE THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE LEFT TO DO!

APE SLAYER TURNS THE MOMENTUM BEHIND THE WARLORD'S RUSH TO HIS ADVANTAGE--



--AND THAT COMPUTERIZED LIMB STRIKES A PUDDLE OF CONGEALING ACID, ACID THAT HAS TURNED THE GRASS BROWN AND POCK-MARKED THE EARTH!



APE SLAYER HOLDS FIRMLY, AND THE GLEAMING SURFACE OF THAT METAL SIZZLES!

APE SLAYER PLEASE...



--HOLDS IT FIRMLY UNTIL IT DISINTEGRATES, AND ONLY MOULDERING ASH IS LEFT.

PLEASE, DON'T ...

DON'T DO THIS!



MY ARM! YEARS... IT TOOK YEARS OF PAIN TO BUILD THAT ARM...

I DO WHAT I MUST OUT OF NECESSITY, WARLORD--BUT IT'S PASSING STRANGE THAT YOU SPEAK OF MERCY WHEN YOU'VE SPENT A LIFE-TIME INFLECTING PAIN!

THAT'S THE SECOND ARM I'VE TAKEN FROM YOU, WARLORD--!

CONTINUE TO ENSLAVE MEN, CROSS MY PATH AGAIN--

--AND ALL YOUR SHOUTS FOR MERCY

WILL NOT SAVE YOU!

... BACK AGAIN ...

...AGAIN...



THAT'S A PRETTY SPEECH, A.S., BUT IF WE DON'T HUSTLE IT, THE SIMIANS'LL HAVE THEIR ENGINES OF DEATH, THE TRIPODS, BREATHING ON OUR BACKS!

YOUR WORDS ARE WELL TAKEN, MALA. WE'LL FLEE OVER THE BLEACHERS.

IT SEEMS A SAFER EXIT!

WOULDA BEEN NICE IF YOU'D THOUGHT OF THAT THE FIRST TIME AROUND.



MINUTES LATER, THE SOLEMN GROUP STANDS WITHIN THE CRUMBLING STRUCTURE OF A SUBWAY PLATFORM.

AN ANCIENT SIGN READS: 161ST ST. IT IS A SIGN WITHOUT ANY MEANING.

AND I, FOR ONE, WOULD LIKE TO HEAR EXACTLY WHY YOU RELEASED ME AND MY MEN, SAN SIMIAN.

I HAD MY REASONS, APESLAYER.

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HIDE HERE UNTIL THE MANHUNT DIES DOWN.

AND THEY'RE OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE. YOU'RE FREE! THAT'S ALL THAT SHOULD CONCERN YOU.



A.S., ARROW WILL NEED SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION. THAT ACID'S DONE A NUMBER ON HIM.

PERHAPS OUR SAVIORESS CAN AID HIM--

-- AND PERHAPS I CAN FORGET ALL THIS SENSELESS WASTE ABOUT US!



SOCRATES CAN SEE SUMTHIN' BOTHERIN' MR. APESLAYER.

JUST A PIECE OF QUICKSILVER, THAT'S ALL.

WHEN THIS IS OVER, WHEN GROUPS SUCH AS OURS HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE--

-- WE WILL COME BACK HERE-- AND THIS PLACE WILL BECOME AS IT WAS--

-- A PLACE OF SUMMER AFTERNOONS!

SOCRATES DON'T UNDERSTAND--

-- BUT IT SOUNDS AWFUL PRETTY. AWFUL PRETTY.

NEXT:
BEGINNING AN ALL NEW APES BLOCK BUSTER...
"KINGDOM
 ON AN
ISLAND
 OF THE
APES"