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# ADVENTURES ON THE PLANET OF THE APES™

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DR. ZAIUS--  
THE HUMANS HAVE  
LEARNED OUR MOST  
CLOSELY-GUARDED  
**SECRET!**

THEN  
OPEN FIRE,  
SOLDIERS!

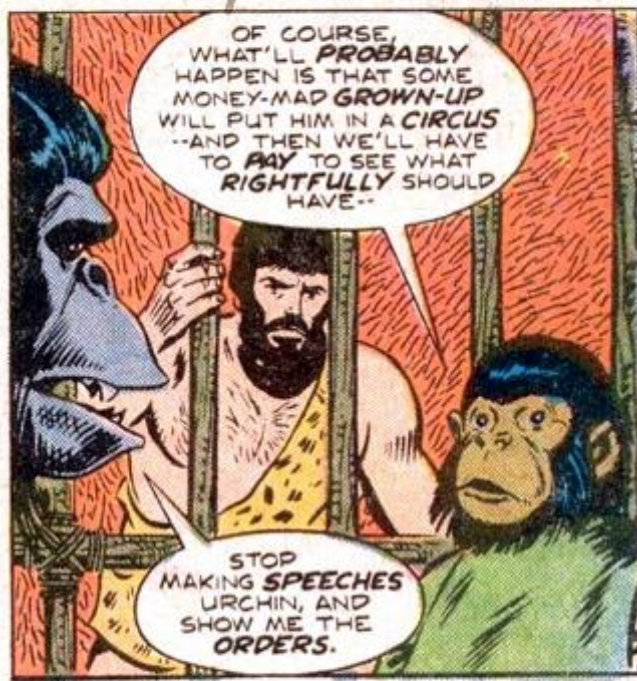
THEY MUST NOT  
BE PERMITTED  
TO LEAVE HERE  
**ALIVE!**

**FURY IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!**



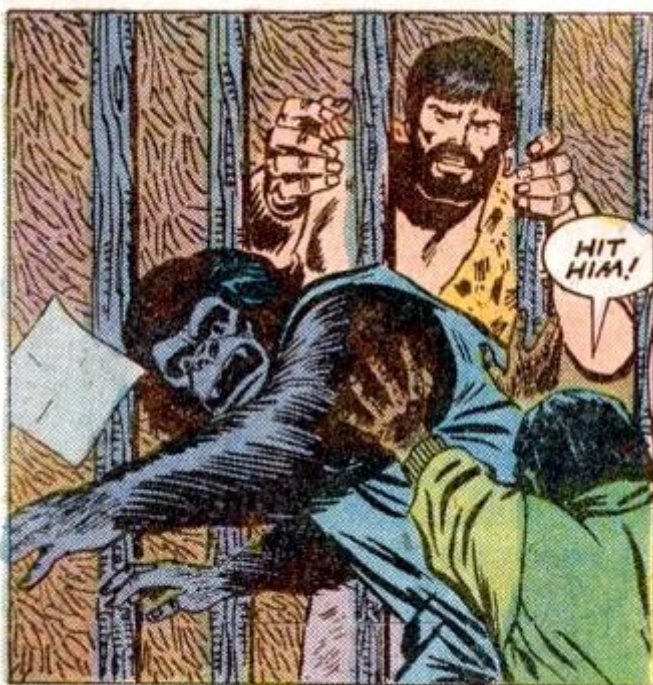
# INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

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ALTHOUGH I DO FEEL THAT IF IT EVER CAME DOWN TO THE QUESTION OF WHETHER SOMETHING LIKE YOU SHOULD BE PUBLIC OR PRIVATE PROPERTY--

COME ON. GET ME OUT OF HERE AND SAVE THE POLITICAL DISCUSSION FOR LATER.



ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE OUT.

NOW WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST--!



YES...



...BUT FIRST-- SHE COMES ALONG TOO.

ZIRA DOESN'T WANT YOUR FEMALE.

WELL I DO!



IF YOU INSIST. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY ORDERS FROM--

FINE. JUST LET HER OUT.



AND I WARN YOU --ZIRA PROBABLY WON'T LIKE THIS...

YOU LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT. WHERE IS ZIRA ANYWAY?

JUST OUTSIDE IN THE COMPOUND --COME ON.





I'VE GOT HIM, AUNT ZIRA.

SO I SEE LUCAS. BUT I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING THE OTHER ONE.



HE WOULDN'T LEAVE HER.

OH, ALL RIGHT.

GET IN THE WAGON, TAYLOR--AND HURRY.



NOW, LISTEN, ZIRA--

TAYLOR, JUST SHUT UP AND WE MAY GET AWAY WITH THIS. REMEMBER THAT ALL MEN LOOK ALIKE TO MOST APES...

SO JUST SWALLOW YOUR PRIDE AND GET IN THE WAGON. IT WON'T KILL YOU TO ACT LIKE AN ANIMAL UNTIL WE'RE SAFE.



I GUESS IT WON'T AT THAT, ZIRA...



... BECAUSE IT CERTAINLY HASN'T HURT YOU TO ACT LIKE A HUMAN.



SO LET'S GET ON WITH YOUR BLESSED MONKEY BUSINESS.

GIDDAP!



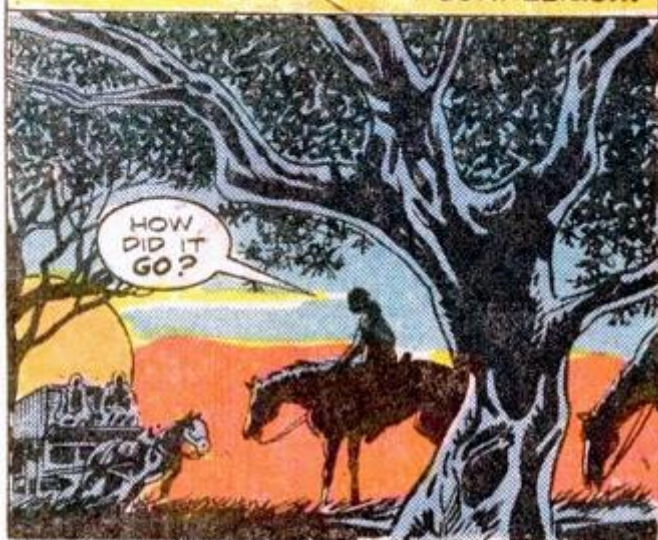








DAWN: AND ZIRA'S WAGON ROLLS INTO A LUSH GROVE-- THE PREDETERMINED SITE FOR HER RENDEZVOUS WITH CORNELIUS...



HOW DID IT GO?

THERE WAS ONE BAD MOMENT --WHEN SOME HUNTERS STOPPED US.

YES, BUT I CLEVERLY MANAGED TO PERSUADE THEM THAT OUR BEASTS HAD RABIES--THAT SENT THEM RUNNING!



LUCIUS-- HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BOAST LIKE THAT?

OH, LET THE LAD BASK IN HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT, ZIRA. IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE FOR HIM TO--



GET US OUT OF HERE!!

OH MY --I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN...

LUCIUS, OPEN THE TAIL-GATE FOR TAYLOR AND HIS MATE.



WELL, TAYLOR --WE'RE ALL FUGITIVES NOW.

DO YOU HAVE ANY WEAPONS?

THE BEST. BUT WE WON'T NEED THEM...



JUST THE SAME, I WANT ONE.

LOOK HERE, TAYLOR, I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS EXPEDITION AND--





THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH.  
BUT YOU'RE NO LONGER  
IN CHARGE OF ME, AND I  
DON'T MEAN TO BE  
CAPTURED AGAIN.

AS YOU WISH  
... BUT I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
THINK YOU'LL  
NEED A  
WEAPON  
FOR.

FOR A TREK THROUGH THE **FORBIDDEN  
ZONE**. ZAIUS SEEMS TO THINK THERE'S  
ANOTHER **JUNGLE** BEYOND IT. THAT'S  
WHAT NOVA AND I'LL TRY FOR.  
WHAT ABOUT YOU?

CORNELIUS AND I  
HAVE BEEN INDICTED FOR  
**HERESY**. UNLESS WE CAN PROVE  
OUR THEORIES, WE DON'T STAND A  
CHANCE OF ACQUITTAL.

THEN  
YOU'RE GOING  
**BACK TO THE  
FORBIDDEN  
ZONE...**?

YES-- TO THE DIGGINGS I WORKED  
AT A YEAR AGO. IT'S A TWO-DAY RIDE  
ACROSS THE **EASTERN DESERT**, NEAR  
WHERE YOU CLAIM YOU LANDED FROM  
THAT **PLANET OF YOURS**.

YOU  
STILL DON'T  
BELIEVE ME,  
DO YOU?

IT'S A LONG  
**DETOUR** TO THAT  
LAKE YOU SAY YOU  
CRASHED INTO. IF WE  
WENT THERE, WHAT  
PROOF WOULD WE  
FIND?

NOTHING **MUCH**.  
THE REMNANTS OF  
A **LIFE RAFT**. MAYBE  
A PITIFULLY SMALL  
**FLAG...**

...THE  
PRECIOUS  
**EMBLEM** OF MY  
COUNTRYMEN.

SORRY TAYLOR.  
THE TERRAIN AROUND  
THAT LAKE IS **POISON-  
OUS**. THERE'S NO FRESH  
WATER, NO VEGETATION--  
**NOTHING**.

I  
KNOW...

NEVERTHELESS, I THANK  
YOU FOR **SAVING US**. YOU'LL  
BE IN **TROUBLE** FOR IT.

WE'VE BEEN  
IN **TROUBLE** SINCE  
THE MOMENT WE **MET**  
YOU, TAYLOR.







AFTER SEVERAL HOUR'S JOURNEY, THE TERRAIN WITHERS FROM LUSH FOREST TO FLAT SAVANNAH... AND ULTIMATELY TO A BLEAK AND BARREN LANDSCAPE OF DRY WASH AND SPARSE TAMARISKS...



THOSE SCARECROWS, AUNT ZIRA-- WHO PUT THEM UP?

THE HUNT CLUB.

TO SCARE OFF HUMANS?



TO SCARE US, TOO. WE'RE ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN ZONE NOW.

THE SCARECROWS FRIGHTEN YOU, DON'T THEY, NOVA?

DON'T WORRY --THEY WON'T BITE YOU WITH ME AROUND.



AND THE STRANGE CARAVAN MOVES ON UNDER THE STEADILY RISING SUN...

...CROSSING THE TIP OF A SWEEPING DESERT BY NOON...



... AND REACHING A DEEP GORGE SLICED FROM A FLAT TABLELAND OF SOLID ROCK AS THEIR AFTERNOON SHADOWS BEGIN TO LENGTHEN.

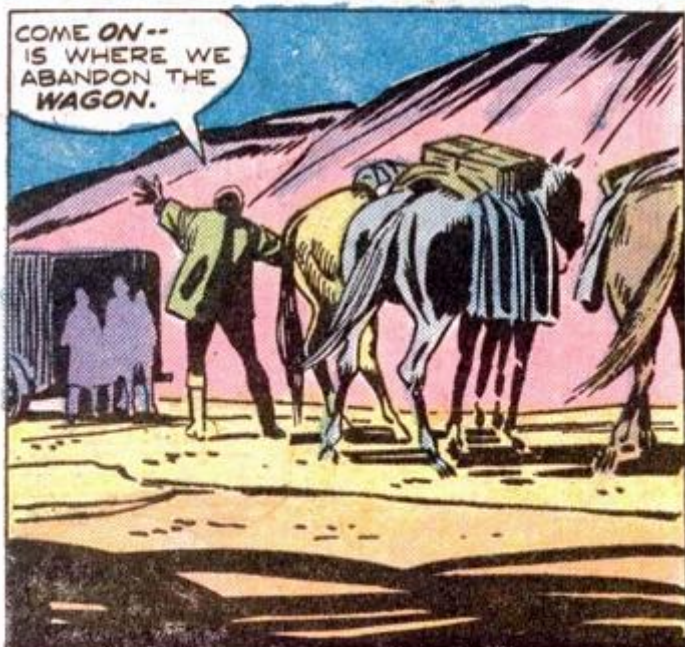
WE MAY AS WELL STOP HERE FOR A REST --AT LEAST IT'S GOT A VIEW.













THEN, BY NIGHTFALL,  
CORNELIUS' FORMER ENCAMP-  
MENT IS REACHED...

BUT, DISSUADED  
BY DARKNESS AND  
FATIGUE, THE  
SMALL GROUP AGREES  
TO DELAY THEIR  
INITIAL INVESTIGA-  
TIONS IN FAVOR  
OF SLEEP--



--AND THE LIGHT OF DAWN.

WELL, NOVA, IN  
JUST A **SECOND**  
OR TWO, WE'LL SEE  
HOW YOU LIKE--



-- MY UNADORNED  
FACE.

A LITTLE  
NICKED... BUT NOT  
ALL THAT UGLY,  
EH...?



WHY DID  
YOU DO THAT?  
SCRAPE OFF  
YOUR HAIR?

IN MY  
WORLD-- BE-  
FORE I LEFT  
IT, ANYWAY--  
ONLY YOUNGSTERS  
OF YOUR AGE,  
LUCIUS, WORE  
THEIR HAIR  
UNSCRAPED.

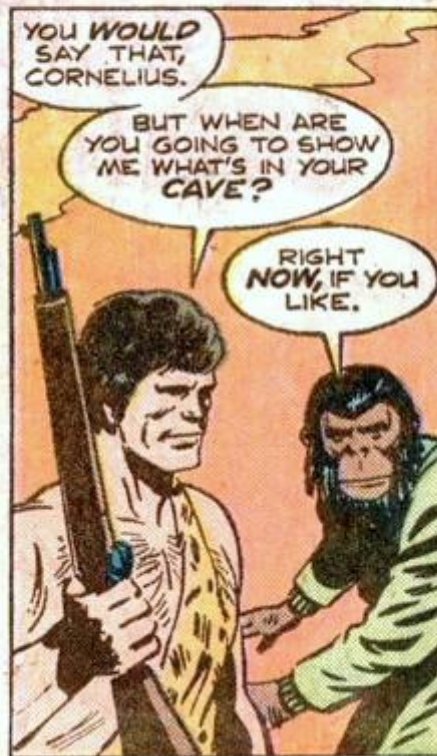
STILL, IT  
MAKES YOU  
LOOK SOMEHOW...  
LESS INTELLI-  
GENT.



YOU WOULD  
SAY THAT,  
CORNELIUS.

BUT WHEN ARE  
YOU GOING TO SHOW  
ME WHAT'S IN YOUR  
CAVE?

RIGHT  
NOW, IF YOU  
LIKE.







DO YOU  
HEAR  
THAT--?

SOUNDS  
LIKE  
HORSES....!



IT'S  
DOCTOR  
ZAIUS--!

NOT TO  
MENTION THE  
MEANEST-LOOKING  
BUNCH OF **GORILLAS**  
I'VE SEEN ON THIS  
PLANET  
YET.



LUCIUS--  
DON'T FIRE  
AT THEM!



YOU'RE  
ALL UNDER  
ARREST.

AND YOU,  
LUCIUS-- YOU  
SEDITIONARY LITTLE  
SCOUNDREL--PUT  
DOWN THAT  
RIFLE.



DO AS  
HE SAYS,  
LUCIUS.

OH, ALL  
RIGHT.

THAT'S  
BETTER. NOW,  
I MUST INFORM  
ALL OF YOU  
THAT--



STOP  
RIGHT THERE,  
ZAIUS!

















OKAY, COME ON UP TO THE CAVE.



SORRY, LUCIUS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY DOWN **THERE** AND GUARD THE HORSES.

ALWAYS GIVING ORDERS, JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER ADULT.



RELAX-- YOU'LL SEE IT ALL LATER.

AND REMEMBER, DR. ZAIUS... DON'T TRY ANYTHING...



ON MY WORLD, CAVES WERE VERY SIMILAR TO TOMBS.



WELL, THIS IS YOUR PRECIOUS CAVE, CORNELIUS --PRESENT YOUR EVIDENCE.

WELL, SIR... IT WAS AT **THIS** LEVEL I DISCOVERED TRACES OF AN EARLY APE CREATURE-- A STAGE OF **PRIMITIVE BARBARISM**, REALLY --DATING BACK ROUGHLY THIRTEEN-HUNDRED YEARS...



AND IT WAS HERE I FOUND CUTTING TOOLS AND ARROWHEADS...AS WELL AS THE FOSSILIZED BONES OF CARNIVOROUS GORILLAS...





BUT THE ARTIFACTS LYING AT YOUR FEET WERE FOUND AT A **DEEPER** LEVEL. AND **THAT'S THE PARADOX--** THE MORE ANCIENT CULTURE IS THE MORE **ADVANCED**.

ADMITTEDLY, MANY OF THESE OBJECTS ARE **UNIDENTIFIED**, BUT THEY WERE CLEARLY FASHIONED BY BEINGS WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF **METALLURGY**.



**INDEED**, THE VERY FACT THAT THESE TOOLS ARE **UNKNOWN** TO US COULD SUGGEST A CULTURE WHICH IS IN CERTAIN WAYS ALMOST **EQUAL** TO OUR OWN. SOME OF THE EVIDENCE IS **UNCONTESTABLE--**

DON'T SPEAK TO ME IN **ABSOLUTES!** THE EVIDENCE IS **CONTESTABLE--!**



TO **BEGIN** WITH, YOUR METHODS OF DATING THE PAST ARE **CRUDE**, TO SAY THE **LEAST**. THERE ARE GEOLOGISTS ON MY STAFF WHO WOULD **LAUGH** AT YOUR SPECULATIONS.

PERHAPS THAT'S WHY THEY'RE ON YOUR STAFF.



**SECONDLY**, IF THESE TOOLS, AS YOU CALL THEM, ARE **UNIDENTIFIED... WHY** ARE THEY INTRODUCED AS "EVIDENCE" OF **ANYTHING?**



BUT THERE'S THE **DOLL**, SIR.

WHAT? WHAT "DOLL"?



RIGHT THERE --THE **HUMAN DOLL**.



WHAT'S THE **MATTER**, ZAIUS-- MONKEY GOT YOUR TONGUE?

NEXT ISSUE!

THE **SHOCKING SECRET** OF THE **PLANET OF THE APES**