

ADVENTURES ON THE
PLANET OF THE APES

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SENSES-
SHATTERING
FIRST
ISSUE

ADVENTURES ON THE PLANET OF THE APES



BEGINNING NOW!

MIGHTY MARVEL'S ACTION-
PACKED ADAPTATION OF--
"PLANET OF THE APES!"

STAN LEE PRESENTS **PLANET OF THE APES!**

BEGINNING: MARVEL COMICS' 6-PART ADAPTATION OF TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S SCIENCE-FICTION MASTERPIECE...

STARS GLITTER LIKE FLOATING GEMS AGAINST THE BLACK VELVET BACKDROP OF SPACE. THE SHIMMERING BELT OF THE CONSTELLATION ORION SWEEPS ACROSS THE VOID WITH COLD MAJESTY.

PLANET OF THE APES

AND AN INSIGNIFICANT SPECK OF LIGHT GLIDES SILENTLY THROUGH THE STYGIAN NOTHINGNESS. THE SPECK IS A SHIP... AND AS SUCH REPRESENTS MAN'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT TO DATE...

... A FLIGHT TO THE STARS!

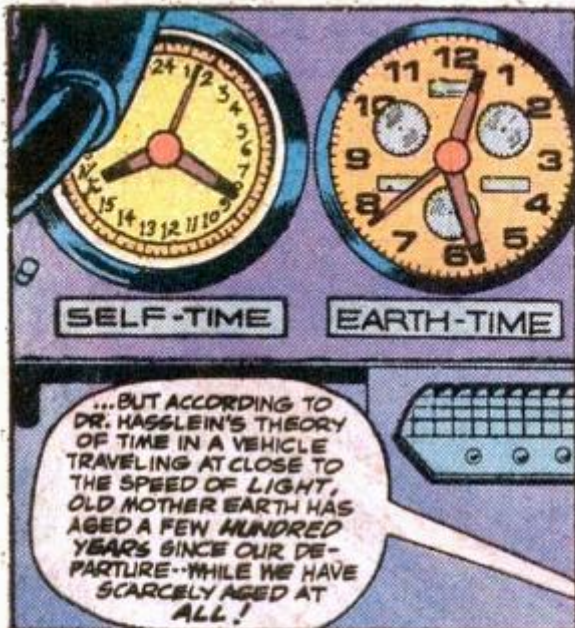
THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN SPEAKS:

"SO ENDS MY LAST SIGNAL UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION. WE ARE NOW ON AUTOMATIC DRIVE, A MERE ONE-HUNDRED-FIVE LIGHT YEARS FROM OUR BASE... AND AT THE MERCY OF EMOTIONLESS COMPUTERS, I'VE TUCKED IN MY CREW FOR THE LONG SLEEP. I'LL JOIN THEM PRESENTLY..."

...FOR, WITHIN THE HOUR WE SHALL COMPLETE THE SIXTH MONTH OF OUR FLIGHT FROM CAPE KENNEDY...

BY OUR TIME, THAT IS...

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...BUT ACCORDING TO DR. HASSELEIN'S THEORY OF TIME IN A VEHICLE TRAVELING AT CLOSE TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT, OLD MOTHER EARTH HAS AGED A FEW HUNDRED YEARS SINCE OUR DEPARTURE--WHILE WE HAVE SCARCELY AGED AT ALL!

DR. HASSELEIN'S THEORY MAY BE CORRECT. BUT THIS MUCH IS CERTAIN: THE MEN WHO SENT US ON THIS JOURNEY HAVE LONG SINCE MOULDERED IN FORGOTTEN GRAVES...

...AND THOSE, IF ANY, WHO WILL RECEIVE THIS MESSAGE ARE OF A DIFFERENT BREED, HOPEFULLY, A BETTER ONE.



EITHER WAY, MY THREE SLUMBERING COMPATRIOTS, IT'S BEEN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A HARD DAY'S NIGHT--



--AND TIME TO JOIN YOU IN HITTING THE GLASS SACK!



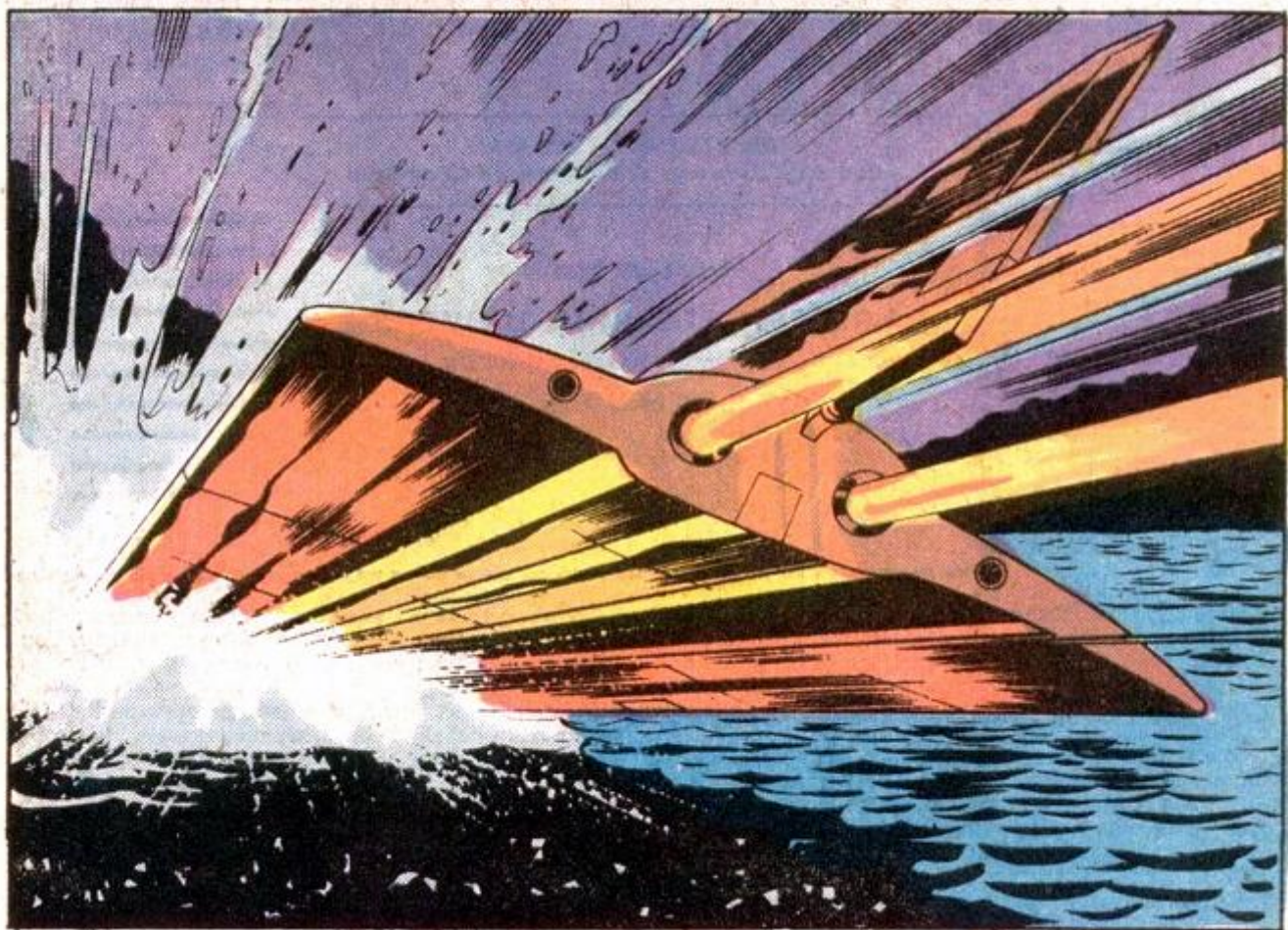
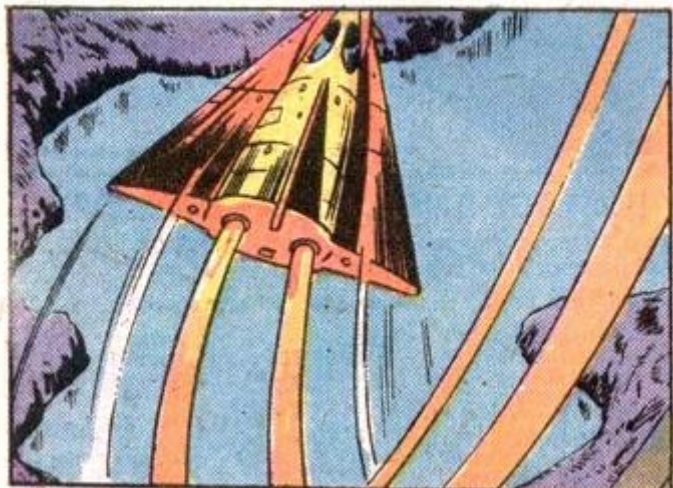
THE ALARM'LL GO OFF WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION...

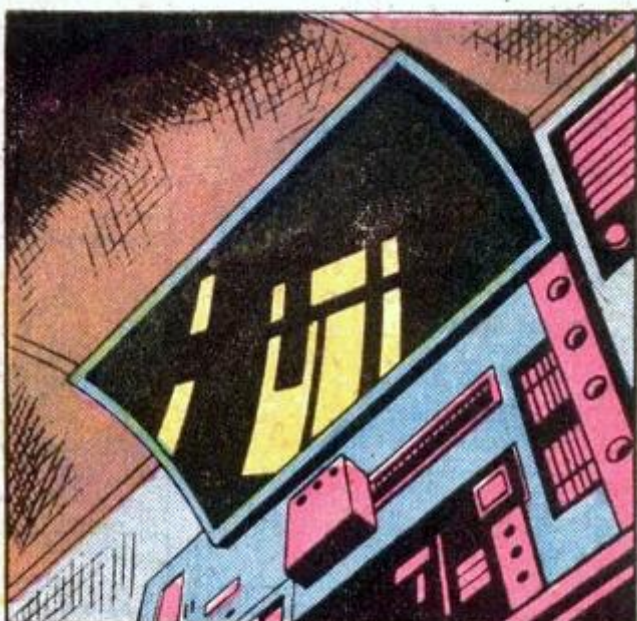
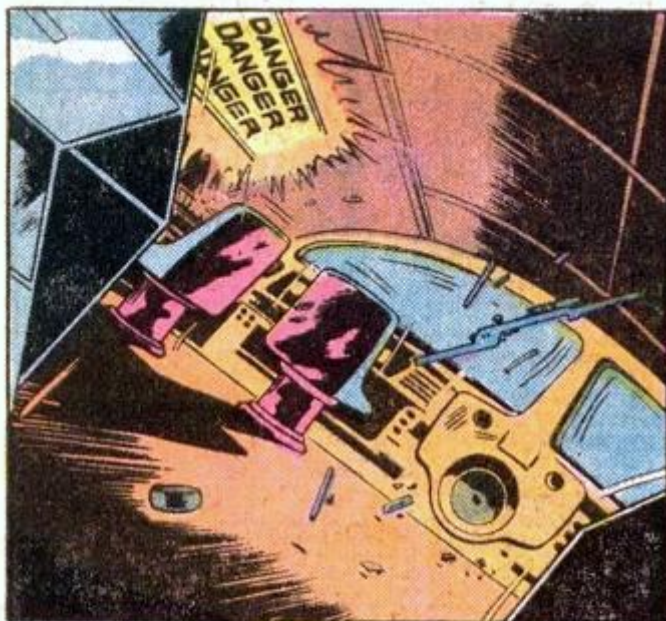


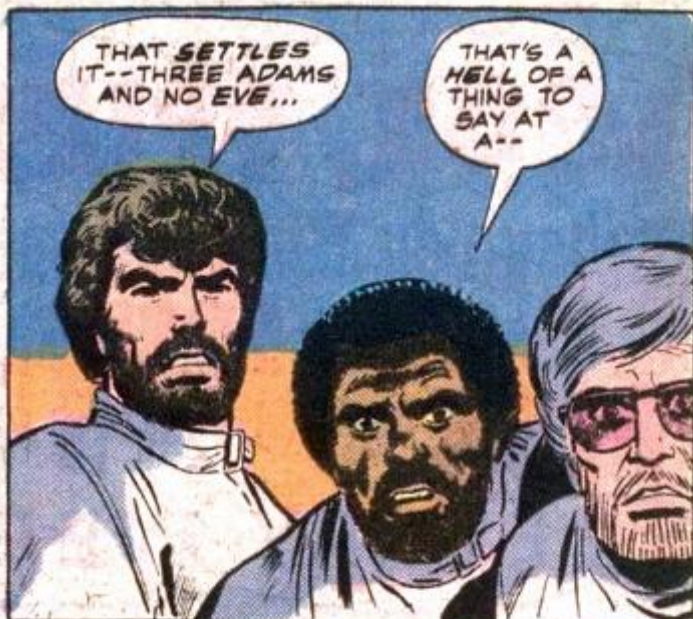
SO PLEASANT DREAMS, DODGE... LONDON...

...AND, OF COURSE, STEWART.









THAT SETTLES IT--THREE ADAMS AND NO EVE...

THAT'S A HELL OF A THING TO SAY AT A--



THERE GOES OUR PRIMARY POWER--WE'RE ON AUXILIARY NOW.



WATER--!

THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED, LANDON.

WE BETTER CHECK THE PORTHOLE...



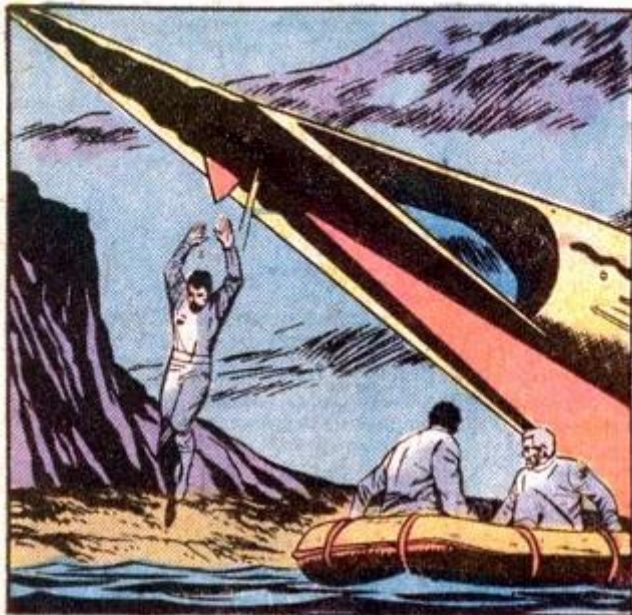
WE'RE IN THE SOUP ALL RIGHT... AND SINKING FAST.

DODGE-- TAKE A READING ON THE ATMOSPHERE! IT'S A CINCH WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY IN HERE AND BREATHE THE WATER.



IT'S BREATHABLE, TAYLOR.

OKAY THEN! BLOW THE HATCH BEFORE WE LOSE AUXILIARY POWER...





YEAH, BUT WHERE'S
HERE? YOU GOT
ANY NOTIONS AT
ALL, SKIPPER?

WE'RE SOME THREE-HUNDRED-
TWENTY LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH
ON AN UNNAMED PLANET IN ORBIT
AROUND A STAR IN THE
CONSTELLATION
ORION...



THAT
COULD BE
BELLATRIX
UP THERE!

TOO
RED
FOR
BELLA-
TRIX!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO
CHECK THE TAPES--SO YOU
DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE
WE ARE, DO YOU?

WHAT WENT
WRONG?

WE WEREN'T
PROGRAMMED
TO LAND IN
WATER--SO
WE'RE NOT
WHERE WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE.



THE QUESTION,
LONDON, IS NOT SO
MUCH WHERE WE
ARE AS WHEN WE
ARE.

NOW WHAT'S
THAT
SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?



IT MEANS WE'VE
HAD OUR RIP
VAN WINKLE
SNOOZE...

...AND NOW IT'S TIME
TO START EARNING
OUR BACK PAY.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE
A TIP FROM DODGE?
HE'S ALREADY BUSY
TAKING SOIL
SAMPLES.



WELL, AS FOR OUR INVENTORY...WE'VE GOT ONE PISTOL, TWENTY-FOUR ROUNDS OF AMMO, TWO MEDICAL KITS, ONE CAMERA, ONE TX9...

...AND ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER FOR THREE DAYS.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG IS A DAY?



GOOD QUESTION, DODGE.

LONDON--SNAP OUT OF IT AND CHECK YOUR COMMUNICATIONS KIT.



LONDON! I SAID JOIN THE EXPEDITION!



SORRY...



I WAS THINKING ABOUT... STEWART. WHAT D'YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED?

AIR LEAK. DIED IN HER SLEEP.

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY CUT UP ABOUT IT!



IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR MOURNING -- SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEARLY A YEAR.

THEN... WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

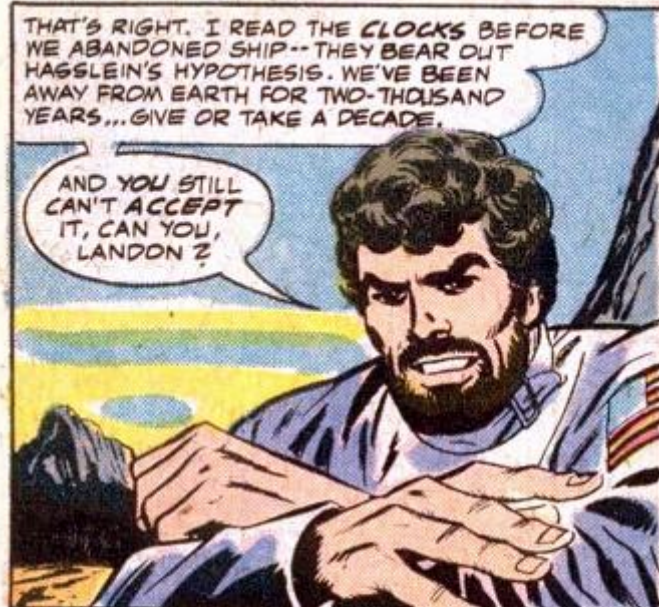
BY OUR TIME.



IN FACT, YOUR HAIR'S GONE GRAY, LONDON...

...BUT APART FROM THAT, YOU LOOK PRETTY CHIPPER FOR A MAN WHO'S TWO-THOUSAND-THIRTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

TWO-THOUSAND...





WELL, LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY'S IN REASONABLY GOOD SHAPE!

WATER CHECK, DODGE?

EIGHT OUNCES LEFT, TAYLOR. EIGHT OUNCES TO GET US THROUGH THIS CRAZY HELL MASQUERADING AS A PLANET!

IT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP-- THERE'S A MANTLE OF DUST AROUND THIS PLANET AND YET IT'S AS HUMID AS A JUNGLE. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, AND YET NO RAIN. CLOUD COVER EVERY NIGHT AND THAT WEIRD LUMINOSITY... AND YET NO MOON!

IF ONLY WE COULD GET A FIX ON THE STARS...

WHAT WOULD YOU LEARN? I'VE TOLD YOU WHERE YOU ARE AND WHEN YOU ARE.

WHY? BECAUSE HE'S MORE THAN THREE-HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS FROM HIS PRECIOUS LITTLE HOME-PLANET? BECAUSE HIS LOVED ONES HAVE BEEN DEAD AND FORGOTTEN FOR TWENTY CENTURIES?

ALL RIGHT ALREADY, TAYLOR--

TAYLOR... QUIT RIDING HIM.

ALL RIGHT NOTHING, YOU PITIFUL FOOL. THERE'S ONLY ONE REALITY LEFT. WE'RE HERE AND IT'S NOW. YOU GET A HOLD ON THAT AND QUIT FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF, OR YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD.

I'M PREPARED TO DIE!



OH, HE'S PREPARED TO DIE. ISN'T THAT NOBLE AND COURAGEOUS?! CHALK UP ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE HUMAN SPIRIT!

GET OFF MY BACK, TAYLOR.



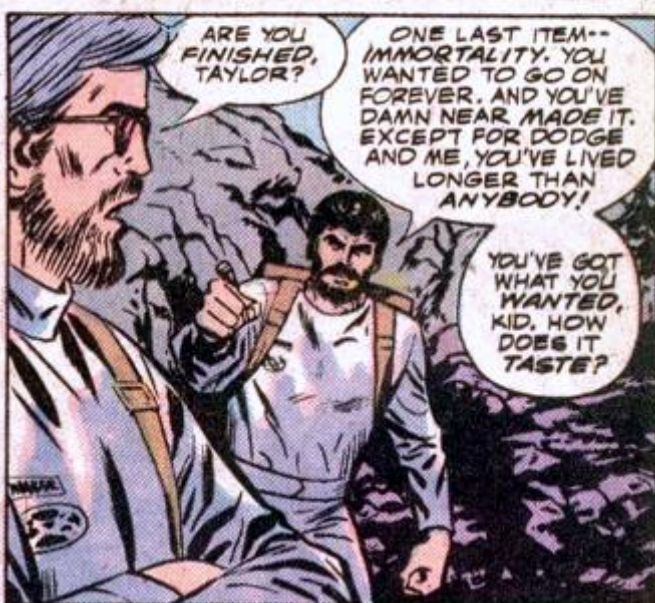
SURE, BUT BEFORE I GET OFF FOR GOOD, JUST CLEAR UP ONE QUESTION-- WHY DID YOU COME ALONG AT ALL? YOU VOLUNTEERED. WHY?

I'LL TELL YOU-- THEY NOMINATED YOU FOR THE BIG ONE AND YOU COULDN'T TURN IT DOWN WITHOUT LOSING YOUR ALL-AMERICAN STANDING.



AND THE GLORY-- DON'T FORGET THAT. THERE'S A LIFE-SIZED BRONZE STATUE OF YOU SOMEWHERE, LONDON. OH, IT'S PROBABLY TURNED GREEN BY NOW, AND NO-BODY CAN READ THE NAME-PLATE...

... BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID WE FORGET OUR HEROES.



ARE YOU FINISHED, TAYLOR?

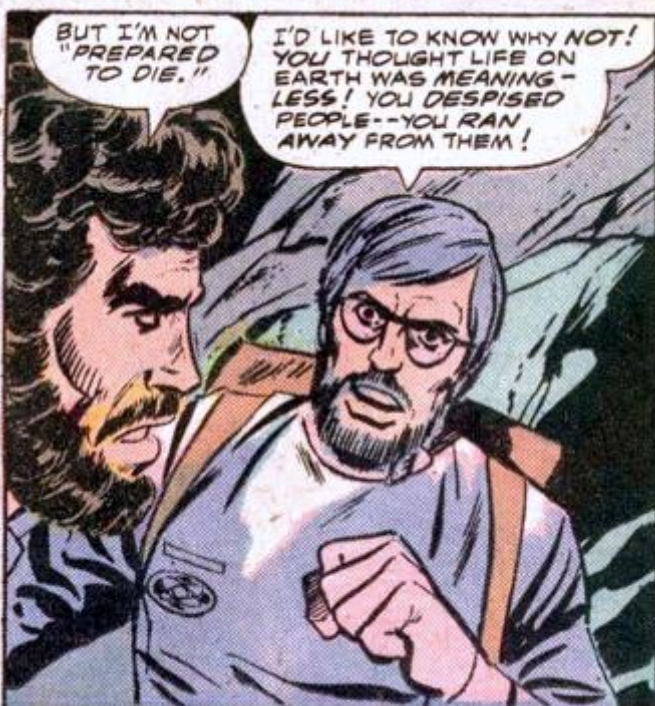
ONE LAST ITEM-- IMMORTALITY. YOU WANTED TO GO ON FOREVER. AND YOU'VE DAMN NEAR MADE IT. EXCEPT FOR DODGE AND ME, YOU'VE LIVED LONGER THAN ANYBODY!

YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, KID. HOW DOES IT TASTE?



OKAY. YOU READ ME WELL ENOUGH. WHY CAN'T I READ YOU?

I MEAN, DODGE I CAN UNDERSTAND. HE MAKES SENSE. HE'D WALK THROUGH A VOLCANO NAKED IF HE THOUGHT HE COULD LEARN SOMETHING NO OTHER MAN KNEW. BUT YOU, TAYLOR-- YOU'RE NO SEEKER. YOU'RE NEGATIVE.



BUT I'M NOT "PREPARED TO DIE."

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT! YOU THOUGHT LIFE ON EARTH WAS MEANINGLESS! YOU DESPISED PEOPLE-- YOU RAN AWAY FROM THEM!



NOT QUITE, LONDON.
I'M A BIT OF A SEEKER
MYSELF. BUT MY
DREAMS ARE A
LOT EMPTIER
THAN YOURS...

...CAUSE, Y'SEE, I CAN'T
GET RID OF THE IDEA
THAT SOMEWHERE IN
THIS UNIVERSE... THERE
MUST BE A CREATURE
SUPERIOR TO MAN.

HEY!
TAYLOR--
LONDON--!
COME
HERE!



OVER
HERE--!



LIFE.



AND WHERE
THERE'S ONE,
THERE'S ANOTHER...
AND ANOTHER...
AND ANOTHER...



WELL, COME ON
THEN-- LET'S
FIND 'EM
ALL!



WE'RE
DOWN TO
TWO
OUNCES
OF
WATER...



WATER'S
GONE,
TAYLOR.

WE'LL
FIND SOME
SOON... I
FEEL IT IN MY
BONES,
DODGE.







