

**MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS**

# BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

**Story by DOUG MOENCH**

**Art by ALFREDO ALCALA**

**Adapted from the**

**20th CENTURY FOX MOTION PICTURE**

**Produced by ARTHUR P. JACOBS**

**Directed by TED POST**

**Screenplay by PAUL DEHN**

**Based on characters created by**

**PIERRE BOULLE**



NOREM



## PROLOGUE:

FROM THE  
WRITINGS  
OF LUCIUS:

"THIS IS THE  
TRUTH ETERNAL:  
WHATEVER THINKS  
CAN SPEAK."

"AND WHATEVER  
SPEAKS... CAN  
MURDER."



"WHEN THE ASTRONAUT, TAYLOR, FIRST CAME  
AMONG US FROM A VOYAGE IN OUTERMOST  
SPACE, HE PERCEIVED THAT HIS SHIP HAD  
PASSED THROUGH A FOLD IN THE FOURTH  
DIMENSION..."

"THAT  
DIMENSION  
IS TIME  
AND TAYLOR  
KNEW THAT  
HE HAD AGED  
BEYOND THE  
ELAPSED  
TIME OF HIS  
VOYAGE...  
BY TWO  
THOUSAND  
YEARS AND  
TEN."



BUT IN THE FIRST DAYS HE DID NOT KNOW THE  
NAME OF THE STRANGE PLANET ON WHICH HE  
HAD SET FOOT-- WHERE APES (RISEN TO  
GREAT ESTATE) HAD ACQUIRED THE POWER  
OF TONGUES...

"...WHILE  
MAN (FALLEN  
FROM HIS  
ZENITH TO  
BECOME A  
BEAST OF  
THE EARTH)  
HAD LOST  
THE MEANS  
OF SPEECH,  
AND WAS...  
DUMB."



"NOW  
TAYLOR  
HATED  
WAR."

"AND SINCE MAN HAD MADE WAR  
UPON HIMSELF-- MURDERED HIMSELF--  
OVER AND OVER AGAIN, EVER SINCE  
THE FIRST TOWN WAS BUILT AND BURNED  
AND BLOODIED..."



"...TAYLOR BELIEVED  
THAT THE RACE OF  
MAN WAS HOPELESS."

"YET THE GREAT APES WERE HARDLY BETTER.  
THEY PUT TAYLOR IN A CAGE... AS THEY  
HAD ONCE BEEN CAGED."

"WHEN HE AND HIS WOMAN ESCAPED FROM  
THE CITY OF THE APES INTO THE BLEAK  
WILDERNESS CALLED FORBIDDEN ZONE..."



"...HE FOUND A DESERT LAND OF ROCK AND  
STONE-- BARREN, DESOLATE, DEVOID OF LIFE  
AND ETERNALLY LAID WASTE BY MAN'S  
VILEST WAR IN MAN'S HISTORY..."

"...AND HERE,  
IN THIS FORSAKEN  
WILDERNESS,  
TAYLOR FIRST  
SET EYES UPON--"





"-- THE STATUE--"

NOOOOOO!!

DAMN YOU--  
DAMN YOU ALL  
TO HELL !!

"... AND  
TAYLOR  
KNEW..."

"... KNEW HE  
WAS BACK  
ON EARTH...  
AN EARTH  
DEFILED AND  
DESTROYED BY  
THE CLENCHED  
HAND OF MAN."

"SET THIS DOWN:  
WHATEVER SPEAKS...  
CAN MURDER."

# BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES



THREE DAYS HAVE NOW PASSED... THREE DAYS SINCE  
TAYLOR FIRST SET EYES ON THE **STATUE**... AND HOWLED  
IN ANGUISH AT THE GHOST OF **LIBERTY**...

THREE DAYS OF  
INTERMINABLE  
TREKKING...  
A MINDLESS  
JOURNEY  
THROUGH  
DESOLATION  
AND WASTE...  
THROUGH  
ROCKY, ARID  
TERRAIN AND  
TRACKLESS  
DESERT...



THREE DAYS CULMINATING IN  
THE DISCOVERY OF --

WATER--!?



AN  
OASIS...

... BUT THE  
TREES ARE  
DEAD...



... POISONED...?



IT SEEMS TO  
BE ALL RIGHT,  
NOVA...

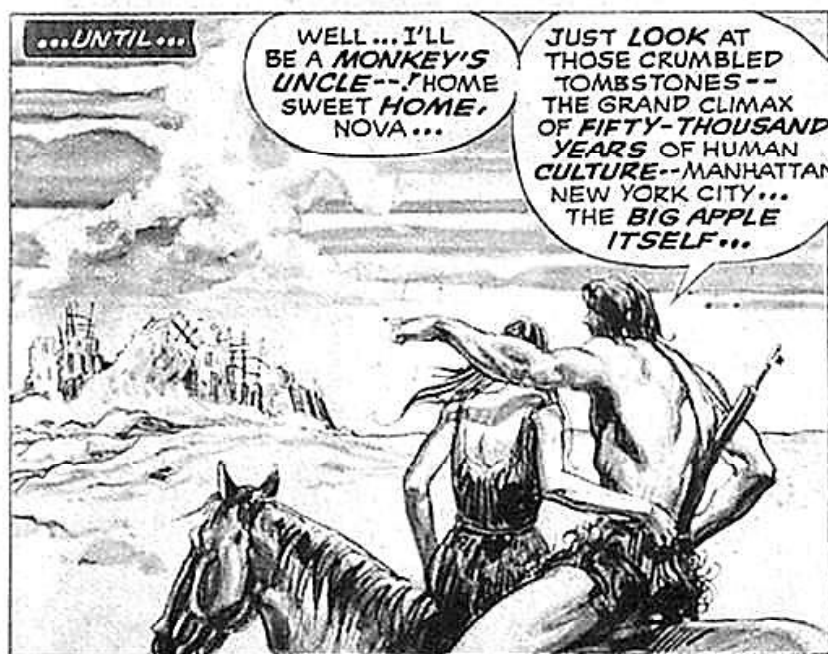
YOU AND THE  
HORSE MIGHT AS  
WELL WET YOUR  
**WHISTLES**. GOD  
KNOWS WE COULD  
USE A CHEERFUL  
TUNE...













THEN, AS THEY SLOWLY  
APPROACH THE JUMBLE  
OF CHARRED RUINS...



... A WALL OF WHINING FLAME ABRUPTLY  
SPURTS FROM THE GROUND ...

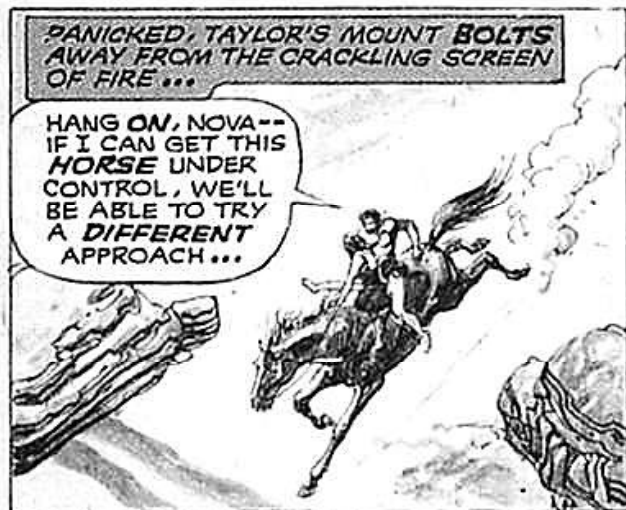
WHAT...  
WHAT THE  
HELL'S  
FEEDING  
IT--?!

THERE'S  
NOTHING  
TO BURN!?



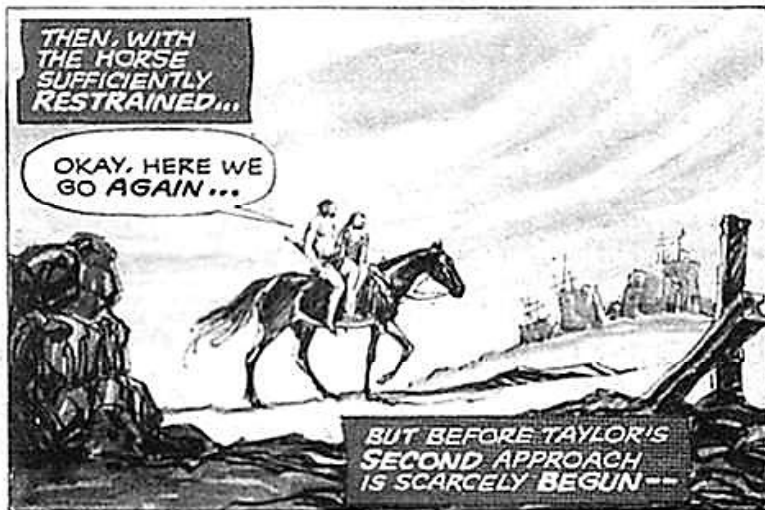
PANICKED, TAYLOR'S MOUNT BOLTS  
AWAY FROM THE CRACKLING SCREEN  
OF FIRE ...

HANG ON, NOVA--  
IF I CAN GET THIS  
HORSE UNDER  
CONTROL, WE'LL  
BE ABLE TO TRY  
A DIFFERENT  
APPROACH...



THEN, WITH  
THE HORSE  
SUFFICIENTLY  
RESTRAINED...

OKAY, HERE WE  
GO AGAIN...



BUT BEFORE TAYLOR'S  
SECOND APPROACH  
IS SCARCELY BEGUN--

-- THE SKIES  
BLACKEN WITH  
THICK STORM  
CLOUDS, FORMED  
INSTANTLY AND  
FROM NOTHING...

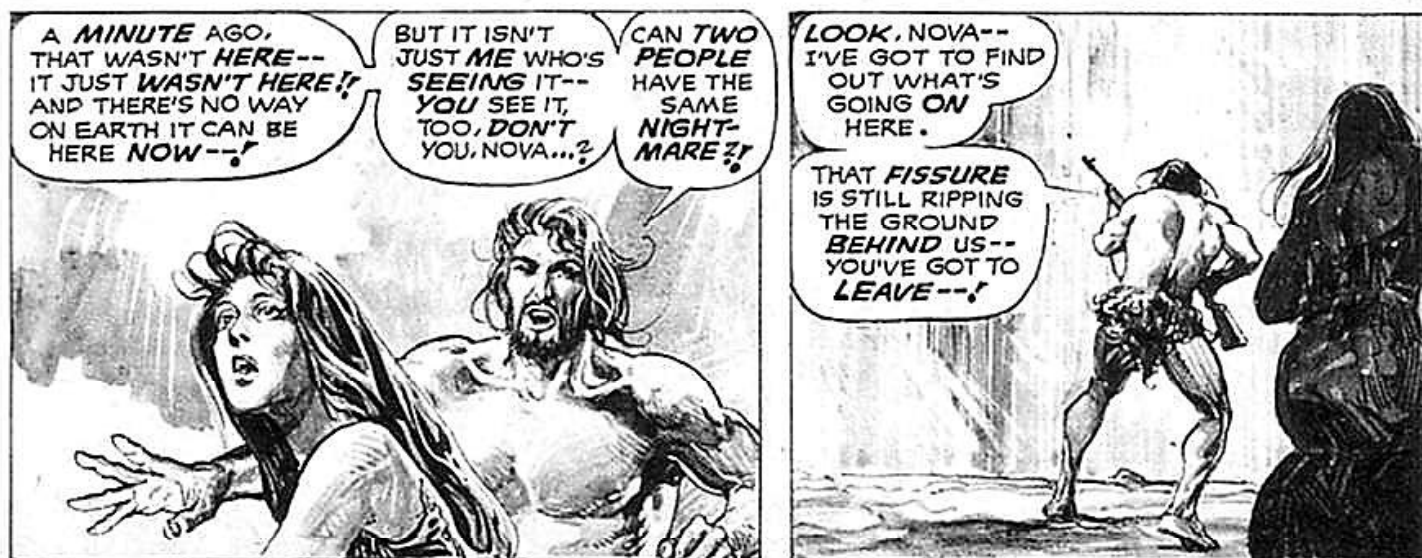
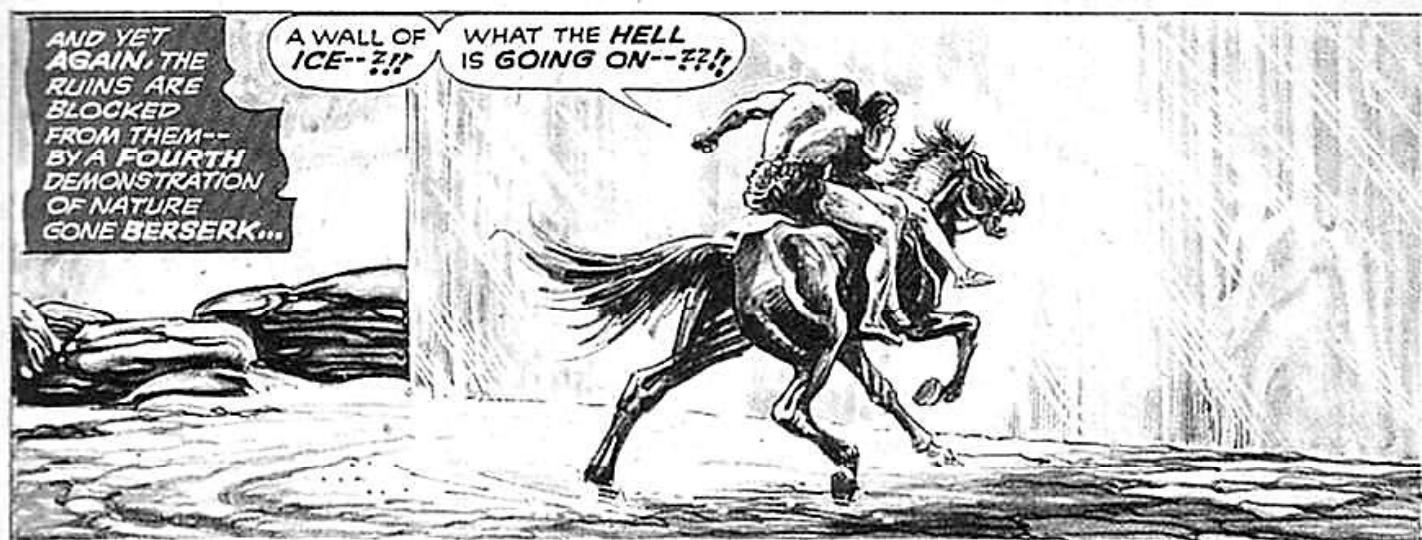
IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE--!?



THE SKY CRACKS WITH A DEAFENING  
ROAR, AND JAGGED BOLTS OF NEON-  
LIGHTNING STAB DOWN TO IMPALE THE  
GROUND-- LIKE THE GLITTERING  
STAKES OF AN ELECTRIFIED PICKET  
FENCE...









GO TO THE  
APE CITY--  
NOT TO THE  
GORILLAS...

GO TO THE  
CHIMPANZEE  
QUARTER--THERE'S  
NO OTHER WAY--?  
FIND ZIRA...ZI-RÄ...  
DO YOU UNDER-  
STAND?



WELL, I HOPE  
THAT WAS A NOD  
YOU JUST GAVE ME...  
BECAUSE IT'S TIME  
FOR ME TO --



-- SCALE  
THIS GIANT  
ICE-CUBE.

AND SINCE ICE  
IS TRADITIONALLY  
SLIPPERY...



...IT LOOKS  
LIKE I'D BETTER  
USE MY RIFLE  
BUTT TO START  
CHOPPING  
FOOTHOLDS...



BUT AS  
TAYLOR  
RAMS HIS  
RIFLE  
FORWARD,  
HE FINDS NO  
IMPACT OF  
RESISTANCE  
WHATSOEVER--



--AND THE  
MOMENTUM  
OF HIS THRUST  
CARRIES HIM  
THROUGH  
THE ETHEREAL  
WALL...



...UNTIL HE  
VANISHES. FEEEEEE!!





AND SOON TAYLOR'S DISAPPEARANCE IS FOLLOWED BY THE IMPOSSIBLE WALL OF ICE ITSELF...

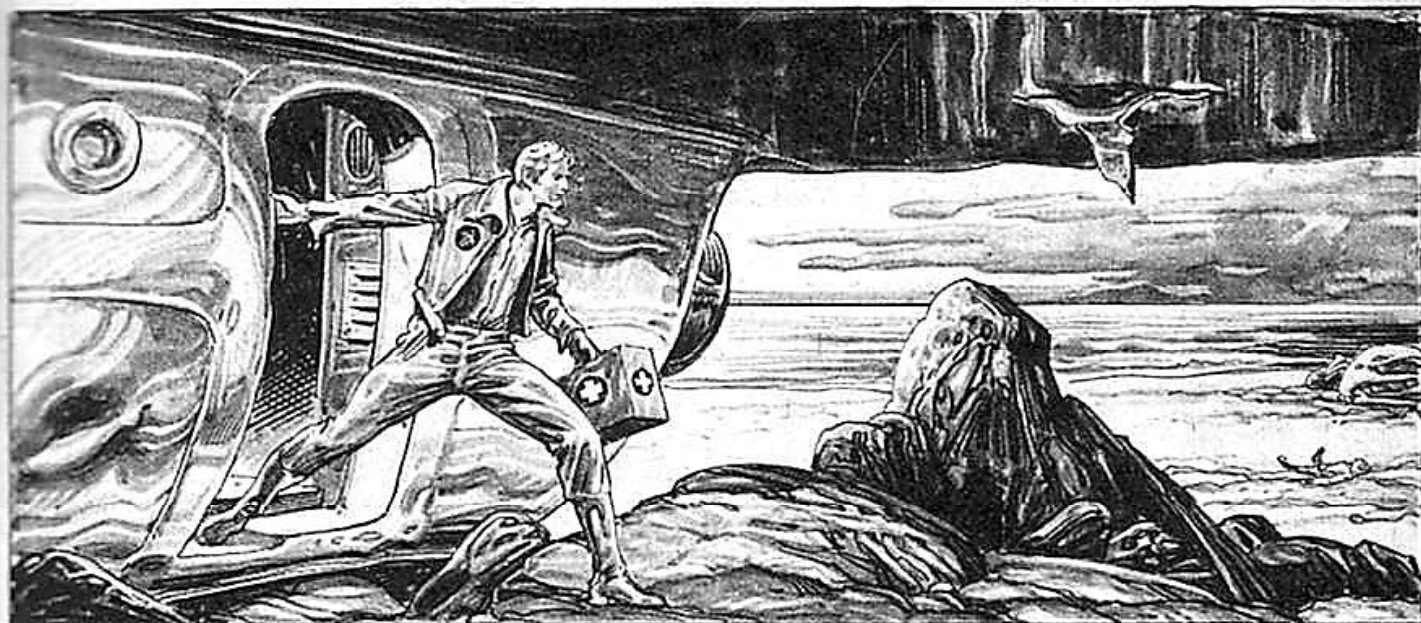


...UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING...



A SCREAM WHICH IS NOT HEARD SEVERAL MILES DISTANT...

AT THE WRECK OF A SMALL RECONNAISSANCE SPACECRAFT...



WHO'S THAT?

JUST ME, AGAIN, SIR...

BRENT... I CAN'T SEE...



I...I KNOW THAT, SIR...

BRENT, THE DOCTORS COULD CURE ME -- THEY COULD RESTORE MY SIGHT...

HAVE YOU CONTACTED THEM? HAVE YOU CONTACTED EARTH...?







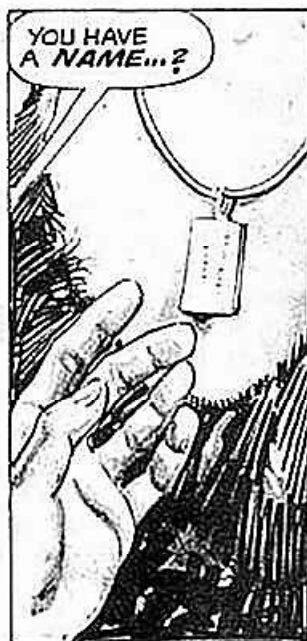








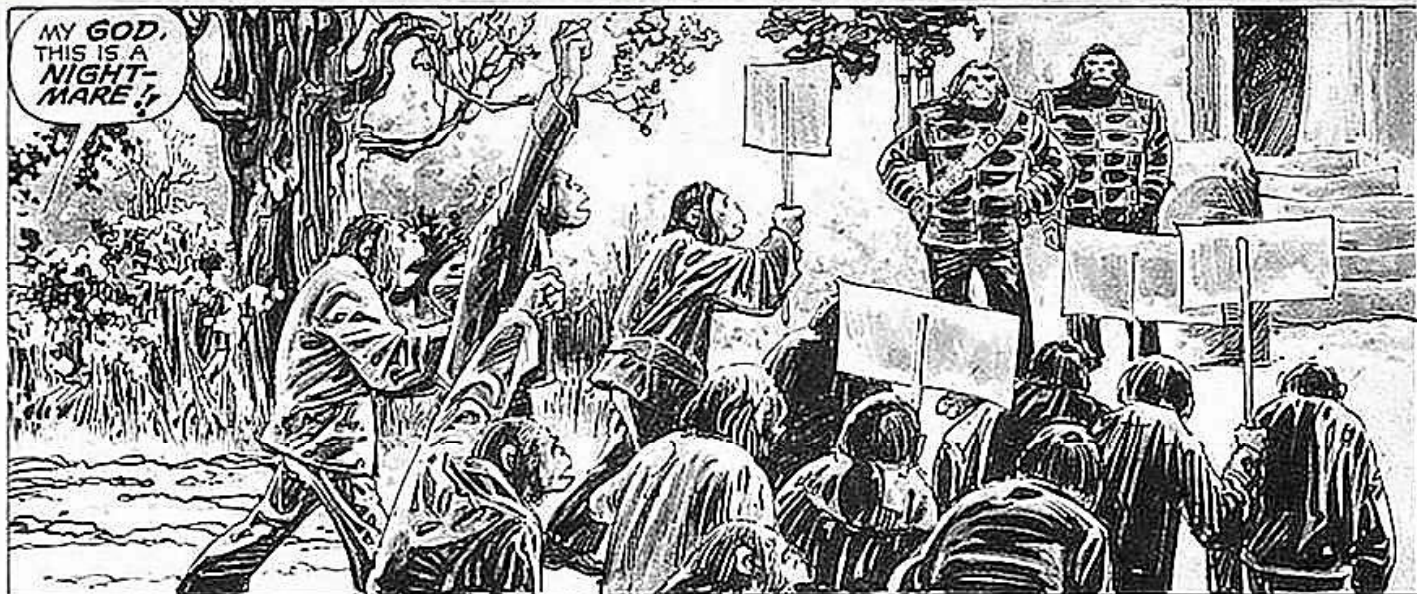














... PARASITES WHICH **FLATTENED** OUR ONCE FERTILE **FIELDS**, AND **POLLUTED** OUR PRECIOUS **LAKES** AND **RIVERS** WITH THEIR FOUL **EXCREMENT**-- WHICH CONTINUED TO **BREED** IN OUR VERY MIDST LIKE **MAGGOTS** IN A ONCE HEALTHY **BODY**.

WHAT SHOULD WE **DO** ABOUT SUCH PARASITES? HOW SHOULD WE **ACT**--?

AS A **SOLDIER**, I KNOW WHAT **EVERY** SOLDIER KNOWS-- THE ONLY THING THAT COUNTS IN THE END IS **POWER**! NAKED, MERCILESS **FORCE**!

AND I COME HERE TODAY TO ANNOUNCE THAT I HAVE **USED** THAT **FORCE**-- TO FLUSH **EVERY** LAST ONE OF THE BESTIAL HUMAN HORDES FROM OUR **LAND**! THE ONLY HUMANS NOT ALREADY **DEAD** ARE IN OUR **CAGES**-- CONDEMNED TO **DIE**!



A RUSH OF APPLAUSE FOLLOWS THE FIERY ORATOR'S WORDS, AND AFTER HE HAS RAISED HIS HANDS TO STILL THAT APPLAUSE...

I DO NOT SAY THAT ALL HUMANS ARE **EVIL** SIMPLY BECAUSE THEIR SKIN IS **HAIRLESS**. BUT OUR **LAWGIVER** TELLS US THAT NEVER WILL THEY HAVE THE APE'S DIVINE FACULTY FOR **DISTINGUISHING** BETWEEN **EVIL** AND **GOOD**...

THEIR **EYES** ARE **ANIMAL**. THEIR **SMELL** IS THE SMELL OF THE DEAD FLESH THEY **EAT**. HAD THEY BEEN ALLOWED TO LIVE AND BREED **UNCHECKED**, THEY WOULD HAVE **OVERWHELMED** US-- AND THE CONCEPT OF **APE POWER** WOULD HAVE BEEN **RAVAGED** ALONG WITH OUR **SPLENDID CULTURE**!



I'VE GOT TO GET **OUT** OF HERE. I DON'T KNOW **HOW** OR WITH **WHAT**-- BUT I CAN'T STAY **HERE**--!



-- BECAUSE THE ONLY **GOOD** HUMAN IS A **DEAD** HUMAN?!



**THUNDEROUS** APPLAUSE EXPLODES FROM THE CONGREGATED APE AUDIENCE...

... AND WHEN IT FINALLY **DIES**...

AND THOSE HUMANS LUCKY ENOUGH TO REMAIN **ALIVE** WILL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING... **USED**...

...BY OUR REVERED MINISTER OF SCIENCE, **DR. ZAIUS**...



THE CREATOR BLESS **DR. ZAIUS**--!





**ZAIUS-- OUR ONLY HOPE FOR SANITY IN THE MIDST OF MILITARY MADNESS...**



**ZIRA-- STOP IT! URSUS' POLICE ARE MOVING IN-- YOU'RE IN DANGER--!**

**SO IS THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE, CORNELIUS-- IF THAT RABBLE-ROUSER CONTINUES TO FOMENT A SENSELESS MILITARY ADVENTURE.**



**WHAT'S THE MATTER...? YOU'RE POINTING AT TAYLOR'S IDENTITY TAG-- AND THAT... THAT CHIMPANZEE...?**

**THEY'RE CONNECTED SOMEHOW...?**



**I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THAT UNSEEMLY OUTBURST FROM A DEFIANT MINORITY IN THE CONGREGATION. I BELIEVE IT IS NOW UNDER CONTROL...**



**THAT SMUG, SMIRKING DEMAGOGUE...**

**...AND I REITERATE TO YOU: WE WILL NEVER LOSE OUR SENSE OF PURPOSE! WE WILL NEVER DEGENERATE!**

**WE WILL NEVER BECOME WEAK AND HAIR-LESS--!**



**BECAUSE WE KNOW HOW TO PURIFY OUR OWN PEOPLE-- WITH BLOOD!**



**HAIL, URSUS-- URSUS OUR LEADER!! HAIL URSUS!!**

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE HAS BEEN **CLOSED FOR CENTURIES**--AND RIGHTLY **SO!** BUT WE NOW HAVE **EVIDENCE** THAT IT'S VAST, BARREN AREA IS **INHABITED**, BY WHOM OR BY WHAT, WE DO NOT **KNOW**...

BUT IF THEY **LIVE**, THEN THEY MUST **EAT**. AND WE MUST **REPLENISH** THE LAND THAT WAS RAVAGED BY THE **HUMANS**...REPLENISH IT WITH NEW, **PRODUCTIVE FEEDING GROUNDS**.

AND THESE NEW GROUNDS WE CAN **OBTAIN** IN THAT **ONCE-FORBIDDEN ZONE!** SO, NOW IT IS OUR **HOLY DUTY** TO **ENTER** IT--AND PUT THE **MARK** OF OUR **FEET** AND **WHEELS** AND **GUNS** AND **FLAGS** UPON IT--!!

--TO **EXPAND** THE **BOUNDARIES** OF OUR **INVIOLEABLE POWER**--!



-- TO KILL OUR **ENEMIES**, KNOWN AND **UNKNOWN**, LIKE SO MANY **LICE**--!!

--AND TO **INVADE**--  
**INVADE--**  
**INVADE--**  
**INVADE!!**



I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE **LEADING** ME... BUT I'LL BET MY TICKET BACK TO EARTH THAT IT HAS **SOMETHING** TO DO WITH THAT **CHIMP** YOU WERE SO EXCITED TO SEE...

...AND THANK GOD WE WON'T BE **HEARD** ABOVE ALL THAT **HOWLING** AND **CLAPPING**!



BUT THERE IS ONE WHO DOES NOT **JOIN** THE **WILDLY HOWLING** AND **CLAPPING** THROGS...

**HAIL, URSUS! URSUS OUR LEADER!**

**ZIRA--!**

ZIRA, AS YOUR **HUSBAND**, I BEG YOU TO **STAND UP**--!



ONLY FOR MY **PRINCIPLES**, CORNELIUS.

ALL RIGHT. FOR YOUR **PRINCIPLES**, THEN-- AND **MINE**. ONLY **STAND**-- BEFORE YOU GET YOUR **HEAD CRACKED OPEN**!









CONTINUED ENSLAVE!



# BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

PART TWO:

## ENSLAVED!

STILL UNABLE TO ACCEPT THE REALITY OF A WORLD IN WHICH BEASTS RULE OVER MAN, THE ASTRONAUT BRENT HAS PLACED HIMSELF UNDER THE DUBIOUS LEADERSHIP OF A PRIMITIVE FEMALE

FOR SOME REASON, SHE HAS LED HIM TO THIS ADOBE-MOUND VILLAGE... AND NOW, ALTHOUGH SHE IS INCAPABLE OF SPEECH, SHE PROVES FULLY AWARE OF BRENT'S CAPABILITIES--

--BY URGENTLY ATTEMPTING TO STIFLE HIS VOICE... FOR SHE HAS LEARNED THAT ON A PLANET OF APES--



--THE SLIGHTEST SOUND FROM A HUMAN--



# KRATCH

--MEANS INSTANT DEATH.

HALT--

--OR I'LL  
SHOOT TO  
KILL!!























WE LOVED TAYLOR. HE WAS A FINE, **UNIQUE** SPECIMEN -- AND IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR ZIRA, HE'D STILL BE HERE...

... **STUFFED** -- WITH **GLASS EYES** -- IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE **ZAIUS MUSEUM**. LIKE HIS **TWO FRIENDS**.



WELL, I DON'T PLAN TO STAY AS LONG AS HIS **TWO FRIENDS**, THEN. LOOK, CAN YOU GIVE ME SOME **FOOD**, **WATER**, AND A **MAP**... SO I KNOW WHERE I'M **GOING**...?

AND YOUR **SHOULDER**--IT NEEDS **ATTENTION**.



HERE'S THE **MAP**. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE OUR CITY IS -- AND WHERE ZIRA AND I LAST SAW **TAYLOR**.

WELL, IT'S A **START** AT LEAST.



NOW, YOU SEE THIS **RIVER** WHICH FLOWS TO THE **NORTH**? IT **ROUGHLY PARALLELS** THE ROUTE WE TOOK WITH **TAYLOR**...

HOLD **STILL** NOW... WHILE I **DRESS** THIS **WOUND**...



**OUCH!** WHAT IS THAT **DAMN STUFF** YOU'RE USING? IT STINGS LIKE **HELL**.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IF I **TOLD** YOU. JUST **RELAX** AND **TRUST** ME -- AMONG OTHER THINGS, I'M A **TRAINED VET**.



THANKS. I'LL TRY NOT TO **CLAW** YOU.

AS I WAS SAYING: WE LAST SAW TAYLOR WITH NOVA GOING THROUGH THE GAP BETWEEN THIS LAKE AND THE SEA.

THEY WERE **HEADING DEEP** INTO THE **TERRITORY** WE **CALL** --



YES, YES -- I KNOW. THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE**.

WHO **TOLD** YOU THAT?

YOUR **GLORIOUS LEADER** -- THE **BIG BRUISER** WITH ALL THE **HAIR** ON HIS FACE. HE LIKES **MAKING SPEECHES**.









DR. ZAIUS--!  
WE WERE  
JUST GOING  
TO EAT--

NOT BEFORE  
I'VE TALKED SOME  
SENSE INTO THAT  
HEADSTRONG  
WIFE OF YOURS.



WHERE  
IS SHE?

WHY...UH...  
WELL, SHE'S--



GOOD DAY,  
DR. ZAIUS.

WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
YOUR FACE? HAS  
THERE BEEN AN  
ACCIDENT?

CORNELIUS  
HIT ME.



FOR MY  
BAD  
BEHAVIOR  
AT THE  
MEETING.



I DON'T  
BLAME HIM.  
YOUR CONDUCT  
WAS  
DISGRACEFUL\*

I DON'T  
RESENT  
IT.

BUT HIS  
NAILS  
NEED  
CLIPPING.

\* SEE PART ONE--DON.



ENOUGH OF THIS  
NONSENSE! ARE YOU  
SO BLIND-- YOU TWO  
PSYCHOLOGISTS--  
THAT YOU CAN'T SEE  
WE'RE ON THE BRINK  
OF A GRAVE CRISIS?  
YOU HEARD URSUS'  
SPEECH...

MILITARISTIC  
TRIBE!

ZIRA!  
PLEASE...!



PERHAPS, BUT ELEVEN OF HIS  
GORILLA SCOUTS VANISHED ON  
RECONNAISSANCE IN THE FOR-  
BIDDEN ZONE.

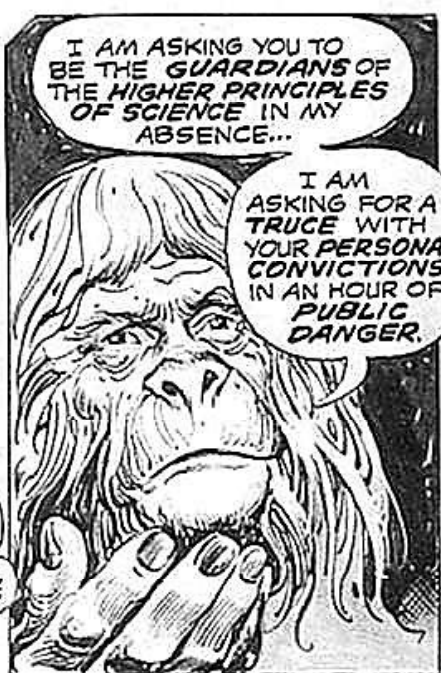
SERVES  
HIM  
RIGHT.

... AND URSUS IS  
DETERMINED TO  
HAVE HIS REVENGE  
--ALL-OUT WAR  
IF NEED BE...

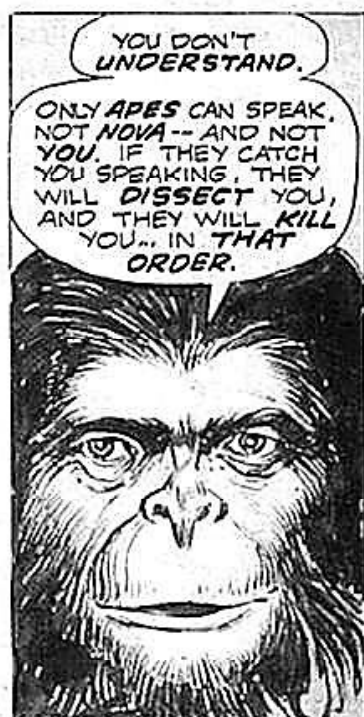














NOON! BRENT AND HIS MUTE COMPANION NOVA BEGIN THEIR LONG JOURNEY TOWARD THE FORGOTTEN FORBIDDEN ZONE...



THE SKY IS BRIGHT AND CLEAR, AN AZURE CANOPY OF HOPE...



...HOPE WHICH DIES TO THE THUNDER OF MADNESS...



--GORILLAS... BEARING RIFLES.



STOP HIM--!!







MORNING:

TWENTY REQUIRED  
ON NUMBER TWO RANGE  
FOR C COMPANY TARGET  
PRACTICE!

JUMP  
TO IT!!

ALL RIGHT, YOU  
TWO--YOU LOOK LIKE  
YOU'D MAKE GOOD  
TARGETS.

STOP A MINUTE,  
GUARD. I WISH TO  
INSPECT THOSE  
HUMANS.



HMMM...  
BRACHYCEPHALIC...  
AND PROGNATHOUS...



AND THIS  
ONE--INCIPIENT  
GLAUCOMA...

YES, WE COULD DO  
WITH THESE TWO...THEY'LL  
MAKE EXCELLENT  
SUBJECTS...



YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THOSE BEASTS--THEY'RE  
REQUIRED FOR TARGET  
PRACTICE ON NUMBER  
TWO RANGE, CAPTAIN  
ODO'S ORDERS.

I'M AFRAID  
YOU'RE MISTAKEN.  
THEY'RE REQUIRED  
FOR CRANIAL RESEARCH  
--BY ORDER OF DR.  
ZAIUS, MINISTER  
OF SCIENCE.



GUARDS--  
LOAD THESE  
TWO HUMANS  
UP..

INTO MY  
WAGON.

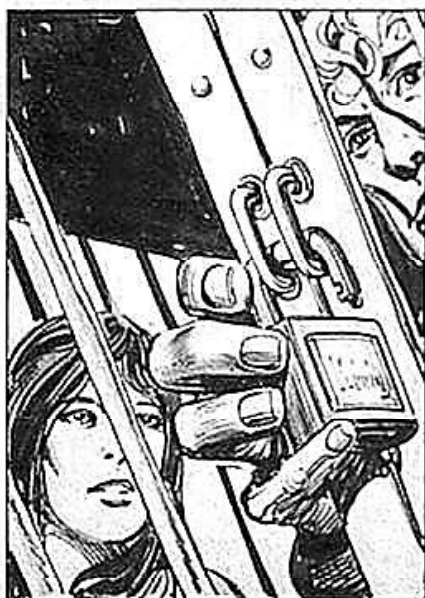
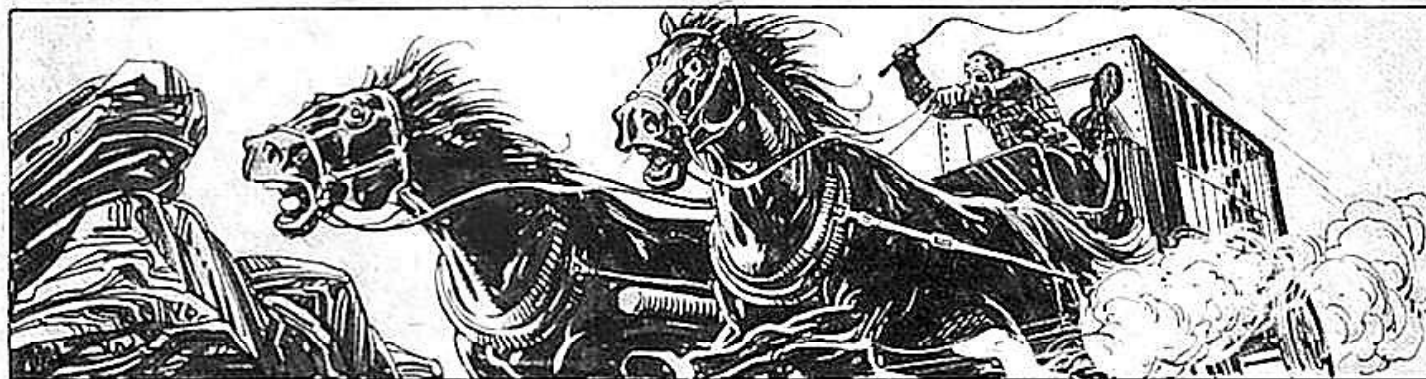


















BUT AFTER AN HOURS BREAKNECK RIDE, IT APPEARS THE CAVALRY SQUAD OF GORILLAS HAS BEEN OUTDISTANCED...

GUESS WE CAN SLOW DOWN NOW, NOVA.

NOT THAT THESE BOULDERS WOULD ALLOW US TO GALLOP THROUGH IF WE WANTED TO...



LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF CAVE DOWN THERE...



MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT. IT MIGHT LEAD SOMEWHERE.



...AND AT LEAST IT'S BOUND TO THROW THOSE GORILLAS OFF OUR TRAIL.



CAPTAIN ODO-- ISN'T THIS THE REGION WHERE THE SCOUTS VANISHED?

IT IS.

THEN THE HUMANS-- WHAT WILL THEY FIND IN THAT CAVE...?



"NOTHING... BUT DEATH."

COME ON, NOVA-- THERE'S LIGHT AHEAD... LOOKS LIKE THIS CORRIDOR OPENS INTO SOME KIND OF CHAMBER...





THERE IS LIGHT AHEAD, DIM LIGHT WHICH FILLS A VAST SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER... BUT WHEN BRENT STEPS INTO THAT CHAMBER...



— HIS MIND REELS.

OH... MY... GOD...



SLIVERS OF GRAY LIGHT FILTER THROUGH THE SPLIT CEILING, CORRODED STEEL BEAMS STAND AMONGST GLISTENING STALACTITES. IN THE DISTANCE A HYPNOTIC DRIPPING ECHOES MOCKINGLY.

ANCIENT SIGNS DROOP IN TATTERED EXHAUSTION. METAL RAILS BARELY REFLECT THE MEAGER LIGHT, AND TANGIBLE HORROR FILLS THE VAST CHAMBER...



A NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION... AFTER 2000 YEARS OF RAVAGING TIME... DESOLATE AND DESTROYED.

THE TANGIBLE HORROR GROWS... AS ASTRONAUT BRENT REALIZES -- FULLY REALIZES -- THAT HE HAS RETURNED...

... HOME!

NEXT: THE NUCLEAR MESSIAH!



## THE WARHEAD MESSIAH

SEARCHING FOR THE ASTRONAUT TAYLOR, LOST DURING A PREVIOUS SPACE LAUNCH AND EXPEDITION, SHIP'S MEDIC BRENT HAS INSTEAD FOUND THE CRUMBLING REMNANTS OF MADNESS ...

GOD  
ALMIGHTY--!  
THIS WAS MY  
HOME!!

I LIVED AND  
WORKED HERE  
ONCE--! WHAT  
HAPPENED--?!!  
DID WE FINALLY  
DO IT? DID  
WE FINALLY  
REALLY  
DO IT?!

WHAT DOES  
A MAN DO...  
WHEN HE  
COMES HOME--  
AND THERE IS  
NO HOME...?

QUEENSBOROUGH  
PLAZA











-- NIGHTMARE!!

THE TEMPLE IN THE CITY OF THE APES...

O GOD, WE PRAY  
YOU, BLESS OUR  
GREAT ARMY AND  
ITS SUPREME  
COMMANDER  
ON THE EVE OF A  
HOLY WAR  
UNDERTAKEN  
FOR YOUR  
SAKE...



... AND GRANT--  
IN THE NAME OF  
YOUR PROPHET,  
OUR GREAT  
LAWGIVER--



-- THAT WE, YOUR  
CHOSEN SERVANTS  
CREATED AND BORN  
IN YOUR DIVINE  
IMAGE--



-- MAY ASPIRE MORE  
PERFECTLY TO THAT  
SPIRITUAL GODLINESS  
AND BODILY BEAUTY  
WHICH YOU, IN YOUR  
INFINITE MERCY,  
HAVE THOUGHT FIT  
TO DENY TO OUR  
BRUTISH--



-- ENEMIES.

SO BE  
IT.





CAN'T SAY  
MUCH FOR THE  
MATTRESS.



I WONDER... ARE  
**YOU** WHAT **WE**  
WERE BEFORE WE  
LEARNED TO TALK  
AND MADE **FOOLS**  
OF OURSELVES...?

DID ANY  
**GOOD** EVER  
COME OF  
TALKING...  
ROUND ALL  
THOSE VAST  
**TABLES**...?



DID APES  
MAKE WAR  
WHEN **THEY**  
WERE STILL  
DUMB?

DID  
**MEN**--?



WHAT  
AM I...? A  
**PHILOSOPHER**  
ALL OF A  
SUDDEN...?

BUT EVEN  
PHILOSOPHERS  
ARE CURIOUS  
ABOUT THE  
**WEATHER**.  
WONDER IF  
THE PREVAILING  
CONDITIONS  
ARE STILL  
**INCLEMENT**  
OUTSIDE ...



-- AND I SAY THE  
SERGEANT'S GONE  
**CRAZY**--. NO ONE'S  
**EVER** GONE IN  
THERE TO COME  
OUT AND **TELL**  
ABOUT IT...

... AND NOW HE  
WANTS **US** TO GO  
INSIDE AND PUT **OUR**  
LIVES IN JEOPARDY  
JUST TO CHASE TWO  
HUMANS WHO ARE  
**ALREADY DEAD**!









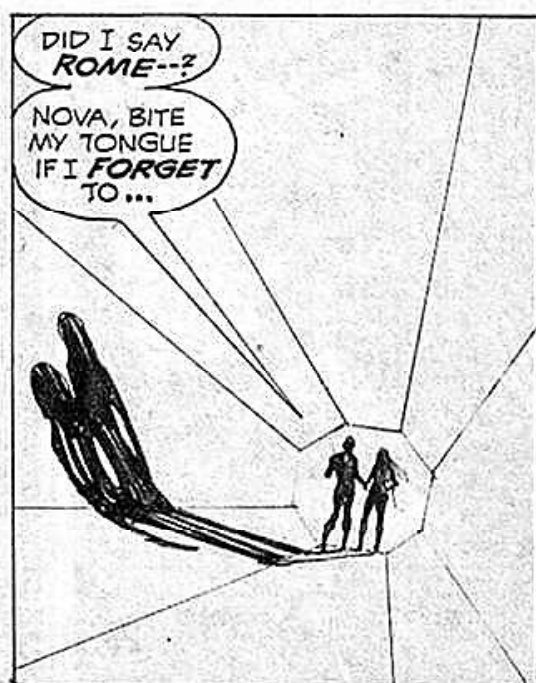
















... BECAUSE  
THIS ISN'T  
SO MUCH A  
*CITY...*

... AS IT IS A  
*CEMETERY--!!*



**THE MUNICIPAL RESEARCH COMPLEX  
IN THE CITY OF THE APES:**



SUPPOSING  
THEY TURN  
OUT TO BE OUR  
**SUPERIORS?**

THEIR TERRITORY  
IS NO LARGER THAN  
**OURS, DR. ZAIUS.**  
WE SHALL **NOT** BE  
**OUTNUMBERED.**

I WAS NOT  
**REFERRING**  
TO THEIR **NUMBERS,**  
GENERAL URSUS,  
MY SUPPOSITION  
CONCERNED THEIR  
**INTELLIGENCE...**



THEN YOUR  
SUPPOSITION WAS  
**BLASPHEMOUS,**  
DR. ZAIUS!

THE LAWGIVER  
HAS WRITTEN IN  
THE **SACRED**  
**SCROLLS** THAT  
GOD CREATED  
APES IN HIS **OWN**  
**IMAGE** TO BE  
**MASTERS** OF  
THE EARTH.

WE  
ARE HIS  
**CHOSEN.**



DO YOU **DOUBT** WHAT  
THE **MINISTER** HAS  
**SAID?**

WHAT I  
DOUBT IS YOUR  
**INTERPRETATION**  
OF GOD'S INTENTION.  
HAS HE **ORDAINED**  
THAT WE SHOULD  
MAKE **WAR?**



HAS HE  
ORDAINED  
THAT WE  
SHOULD DIE OF  
**STARVATION?!**

HAS HE ORDAINED  
THAT WE SHOULD  
MAKE **PEACE** WITH  
THE **HUMAN RACE?**

THE **HUMANS--**  
THEY'RE MERE  
**ANIMALS.**



AND **THESE--**  
HERE IN THE  
**FORBIDDEN**  
**ZONE?**

**THEY**  
ARE THE  
**UNKNOWN,**  
GENERAL  
URSUS.



A **GODLY**  
**APE** IS NOT  
**AFRAID** OF  
THE **UNKNOWN.**

I AM **NOT**  
**AFRAID.** I  
AM MERELY  
**CIRCUMSPECT.**

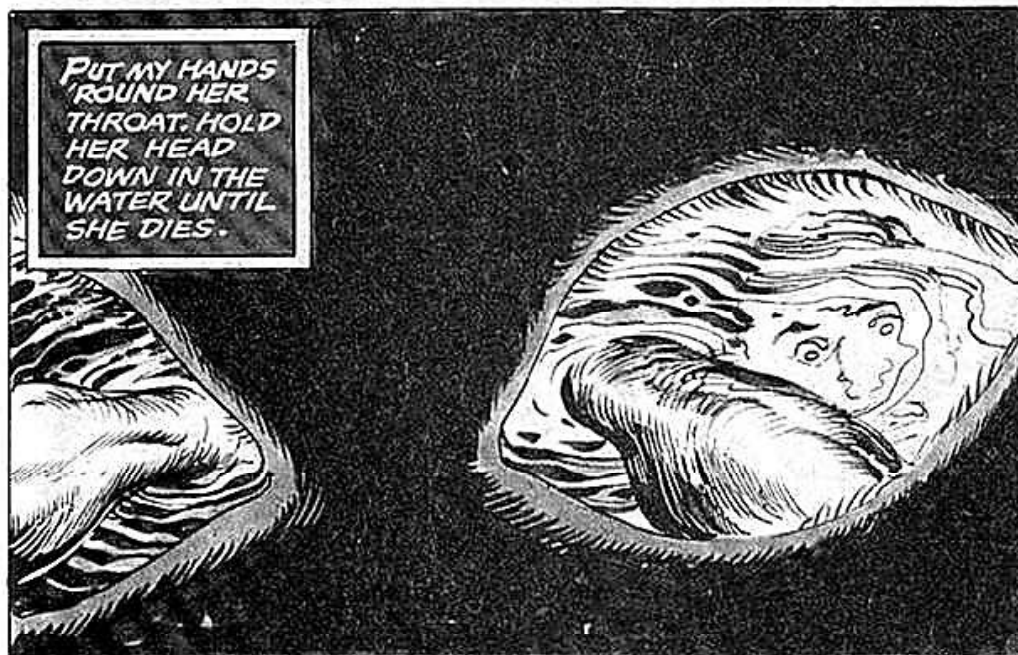








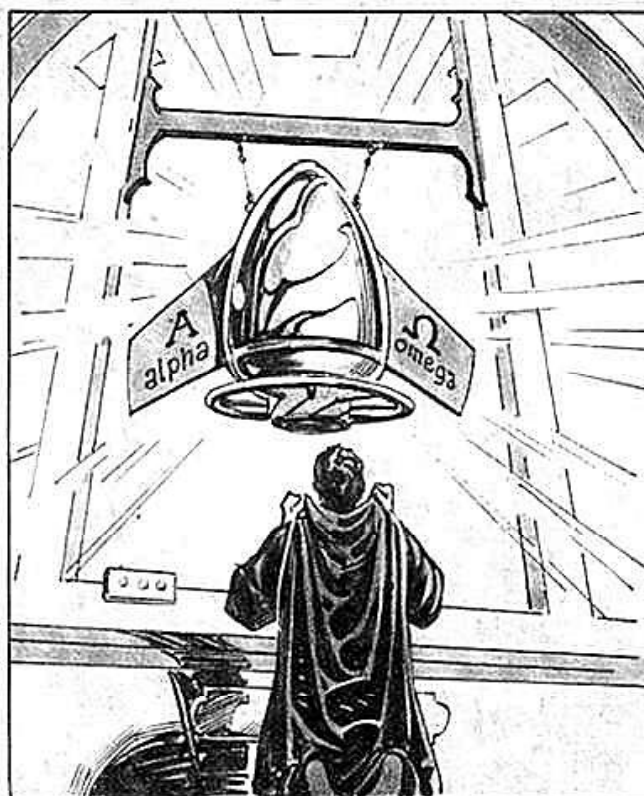












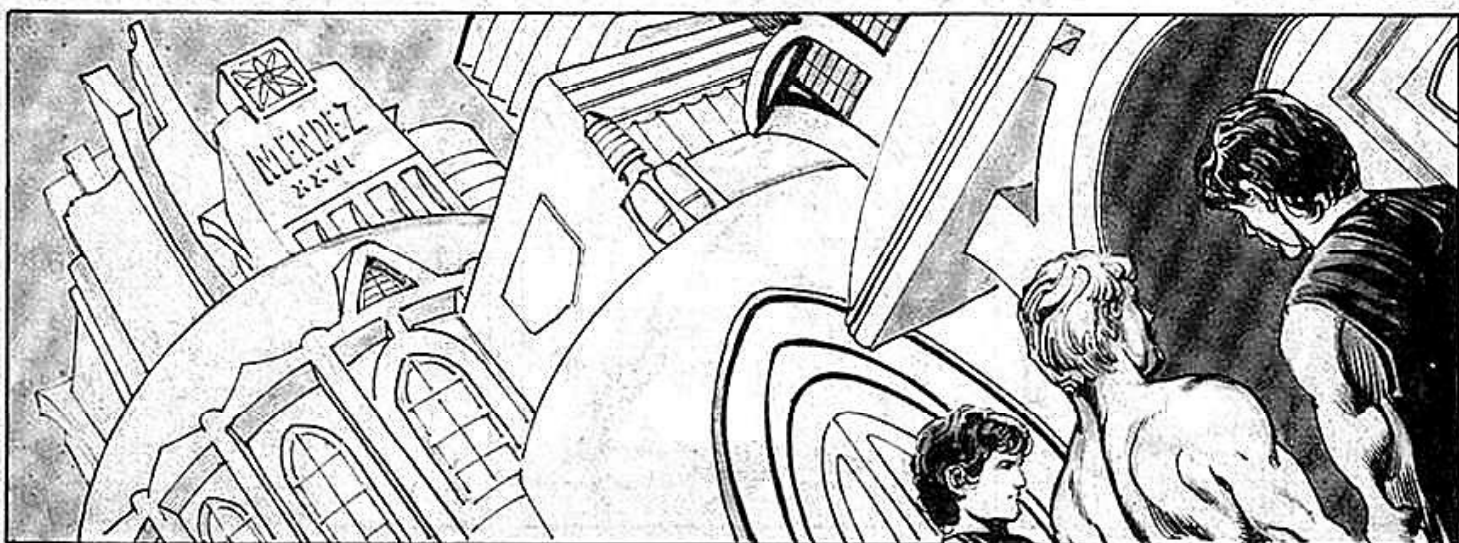




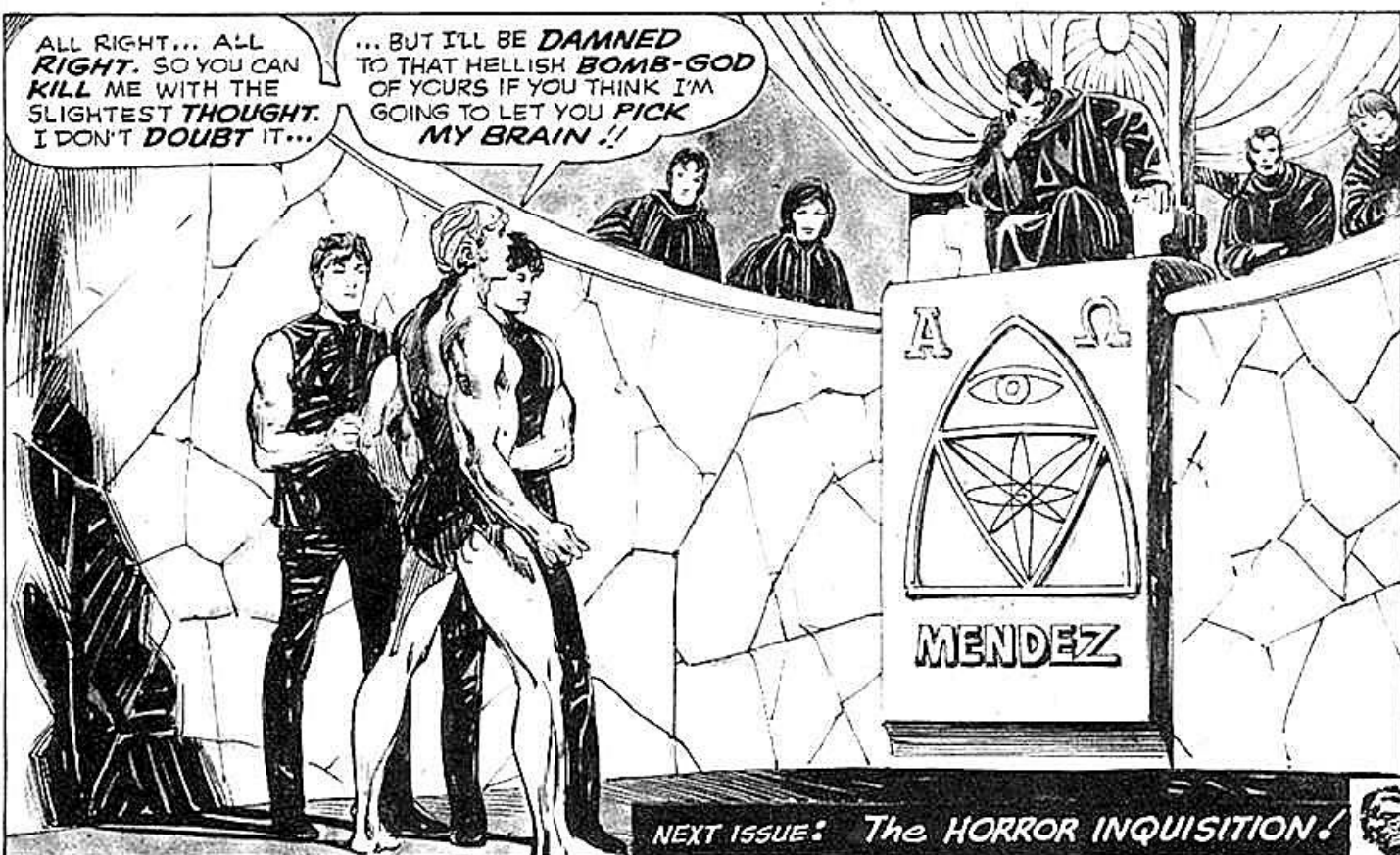
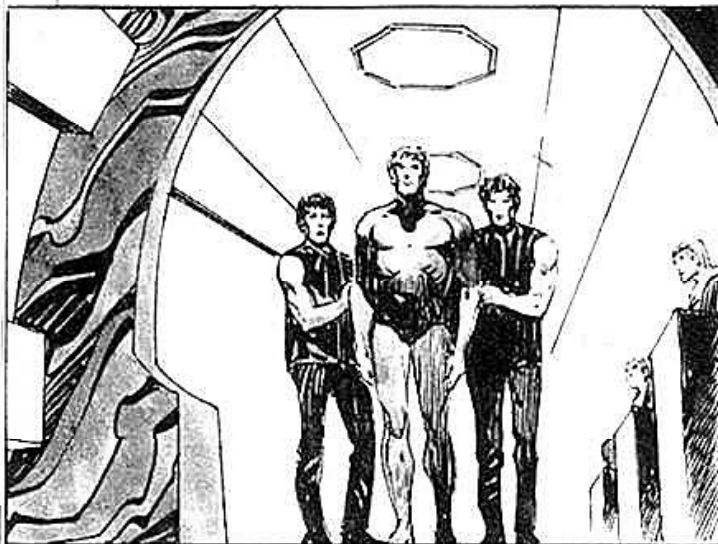












NEXT ISSUE: *The HORROR INQUISITION!*





# THE HORROR INQUISITION

IN SEARCH OF THE LOST ASTRONAUT **TAYLOR**, SHIP'S MEDIC **BRENT** HAS DISCOVERED THAT HIS STARCRAFT HAD SOMEHOW PIERCED THE VEIL OF **TIME**... AND HAS **NOT** DEPOSITED HIM ON AN **ALIEN** WORLD, BUT RATHER BACK ON **EARTH**-- EARTH OF THE FUTURE, NOW A PLANET IMPOSSIBLY DOMINATED BY INTELLIGENT **APES**.

SEPARATED FROM HIS INDIGENOUS (AND PRIMITIVE) HUMAN COMPANION, THE LOVELY **NOVA**, **BRENT** HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY A MORE **SOPHISTICATED** CULTURE OF HUMANS, A CULTURE WHICH HAS CHOSEN TO WORSHIP A **NUCLEAR WARHEAD**... AS **GOD**.

AND NOW, THE  
INTERROGATION  
BEGINS--

ALL RIGHT...  
ALL **RIGHT**. SO  
YOU'VE MASTERED  
**TELEPATHY**--  
AND YOU CAN  
KILL ME WITH  
THE SLIGHTEST  
**THOUGHT**. I  
DON'T **DOUBT**  
IT...

... BUT I'LL BE  
**DAMNED** TO  
THAT **HELLISH**  
**BOMB-GOD**  
OF YOURS IF  
YOU THINK  
I'M GOING  
TO LET YOU  
**PICK MY**  
**BRAIN!**

BUT EVEN AS THE DEFIANT WORDS ARE  
VOICED, **BRENT** SOMEHOW **KNOWS**--  
DEEP WITHIN HIS MIND-- THAT DEFIANCE  
HERE, HERE IN THIS BIZARRE  
AMPHITHEATER, IS NO  
MORE THAN WORDS...



**THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CHAMBER AS THE FAT MAN JERKS HIS HEAD TOWARD THE PRISONER...**



**...AND BRENT TRUCULENTLY REPLIES.**



BRENT.

**AGAIN, THE ABRUPT NOD OF SILENCE...**



JOHN CHRISTOPHER.

AND WHO ARE YOU?



I SEE. YOU... ARE THE ONLY REALITY IN THE UNIVERSE. AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS ILLUSION.

WELL, THAT'S NICE TO KNOW. I'LL REMEMBER IT THE NEXT TIME I MEET A MIRROR...



**THIS TIME, THE NOD IS CURT, AND A GLOMER OF DISDAIN REMAINS BEHIND IT...**

I GOT HERE BY ACCIDENT.

WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?



**A NERVE HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY BRENT'S BELLIGERENT AFFRONT, BUT BEFORE THE FAT MAN CAN VENT HIS REPRISAL, A NEW INQUISITOR LEANS FORWARD... AND ALMOST CHEERFULLY ASSUMES THE INTERROGATION.**

YOU'RE WAY OFF. WHY SHOULD I WANT TO SPY ON YOU?

PERSONALLY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE YOU EXIST...







CERTAINLY  
I KNOW WHO I AM.  
I'M AN  
ASTRONAUT--

--AND I'M  
HERE BECAUSE  
I'M LOST. IT  
CAN HAPPEN TO  
THE BEST  
OF US, YOU  
KNOW.



FROM THIS PLANET.  
BUT FROM ANOTHER  
TIME--TWO-THOUSAND  
YEARS AGO.

I KNOW. IT  
SOUNDS INSANE.  
BUT IF SO, IT'S  
MY INSANITY--  
NOT YOURS...



...SO I  
CAN ABOLISH  
ALL OF YOU--  
ANYTIME I  
CHOOSE.

THE INQUISITORS SMILE...  
BENEVOLENTLY.



AND THEN--

WHAT? YOU WANT  
ME TO LOOK  
BEHIND  
ME...?

SOME  
SORT OF  
SCREEN...?



...WHICH ABRUPTLY COMES  
TO LIFE AS THE CENTRAL  
INQUISITOR NODS  
TOWARD IT.

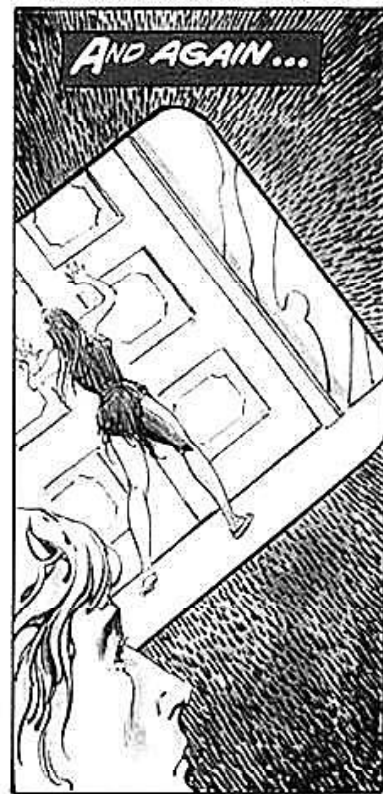
NO, I DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO GET  
BACK. WE CAME  
THROUGH A  
DEFECT--

A KIND  
OF SLIPPAGE  
IN TIME  
ITSELF.



AND IF BRENT RECOGNIZES  
THE FIGURE PROJECTED ONTO  
THE SCREEN, HE OFFERS NO  
INDICATION OF IT...

MY  
SKIPPER  
DIED. I'M  
ALONE.

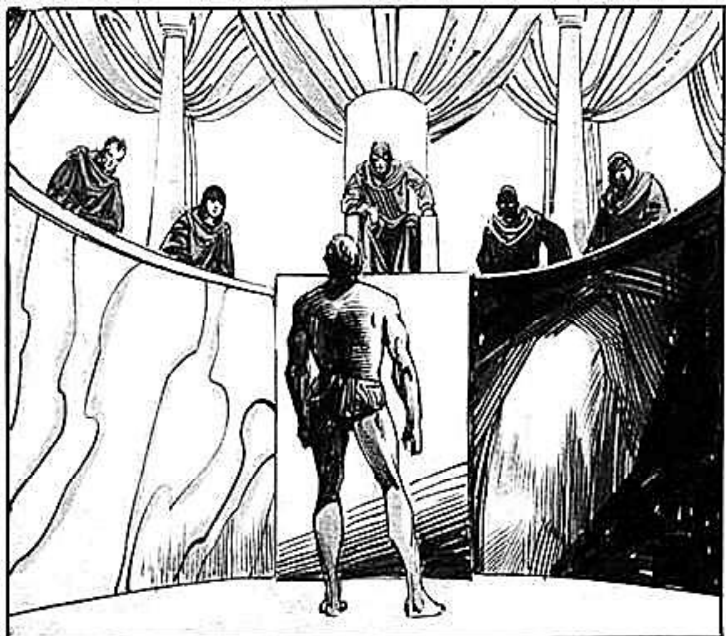
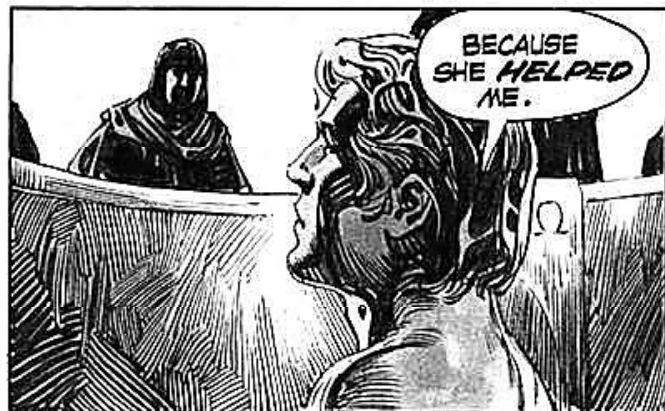


















CERTAINLY, WE CAN **ALL** TALK, NEVERTHELESS, IT'S A RATHER **PRIMITIVE** ACCOMPLISHMENT...

...ONE WE EMPLOY ONLY WHEN **NECESSARY**.



WHEN WE **PRAY**.



WHEN WE SING TO **GOD...**



YOUR **GOD--!** WHAT A **JOKE!** YOU WORSHIP SOMETHING WE MADE **TWO-THOUSAND** YEARS AGO--

--AN **ATOM BOMB!**



THEN YOU'VE **SEEN** THE **BOMB**, MR. BRENT.

ABOVE THE ALTAR IN YOUR **CATHEDRAL**.

IT'S AN **OBSCENITY..**



MR. BRENT-- I CAUTION YOU AGAINST FURTHER **BLASPHEMY!**

YOU HAVE BEHELD **GOD'S** INSTRUMENT ON EARTH!



FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT, IN THE **FIRST** YEAR OF THE **BOMB--** THE BLESSING OF THE **HOLY FALLOUT** DESCENDED FROM ABOVE AND **ANNOITED** THE CHOSEN PEOPLE OF THE EARTH SO THAT OUR PEOPLE--

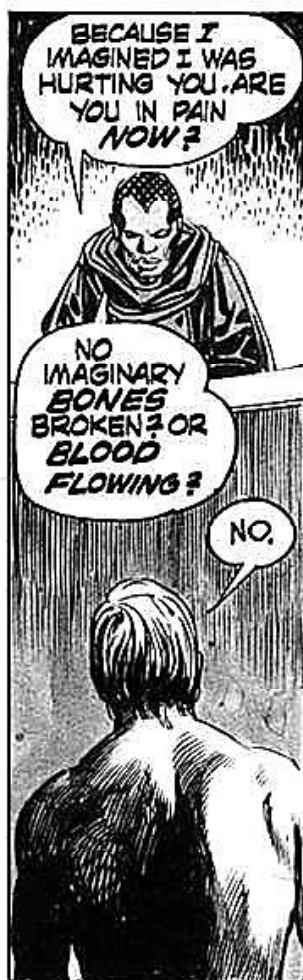
WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT--?!

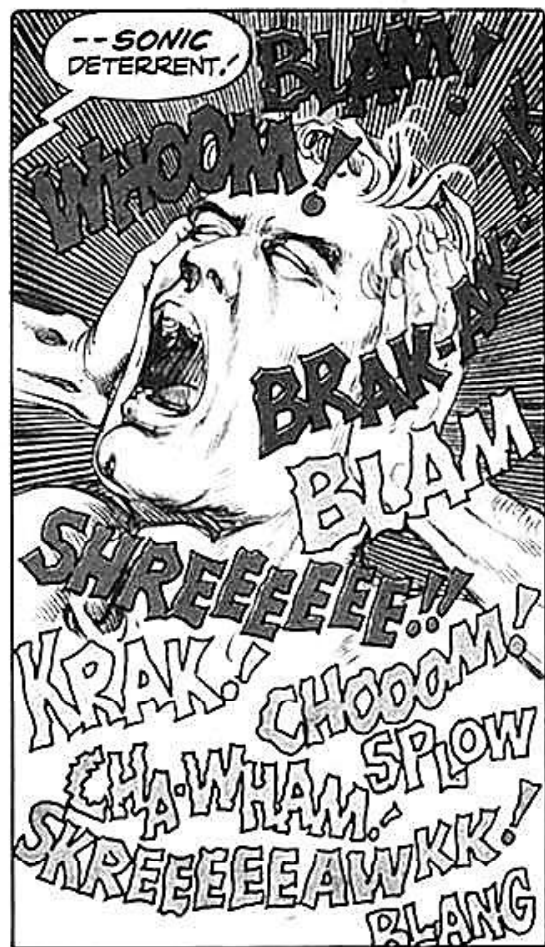


--COULD BUILT A NEW CITY IN THE **BLACKENED** BOWELS OF THE **OLD**.





















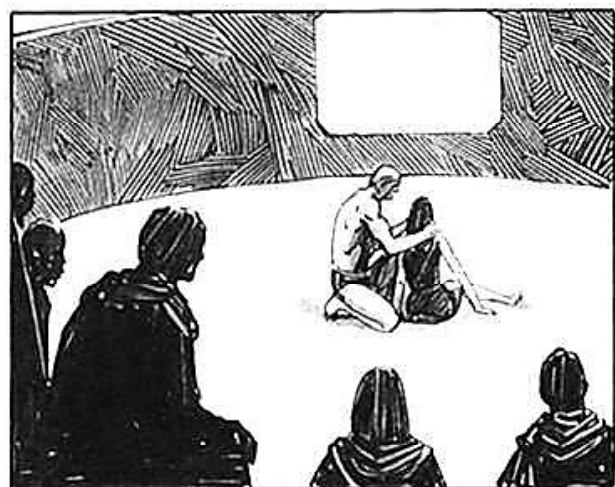
TELL US  
ABOUT THE  
APES, MR.  
BRENT...

PLEASE.















LOOK AT THAT, CORNELIUS -- DR. ZAIUS IS WITH HIM!



SOME PEOPLE'S CONVICTIONS ARE ABOUT AS DEEP AS A MILD CASE OF MANGE.

THEY HAVE TO SHOW UNITY, ZIRA...



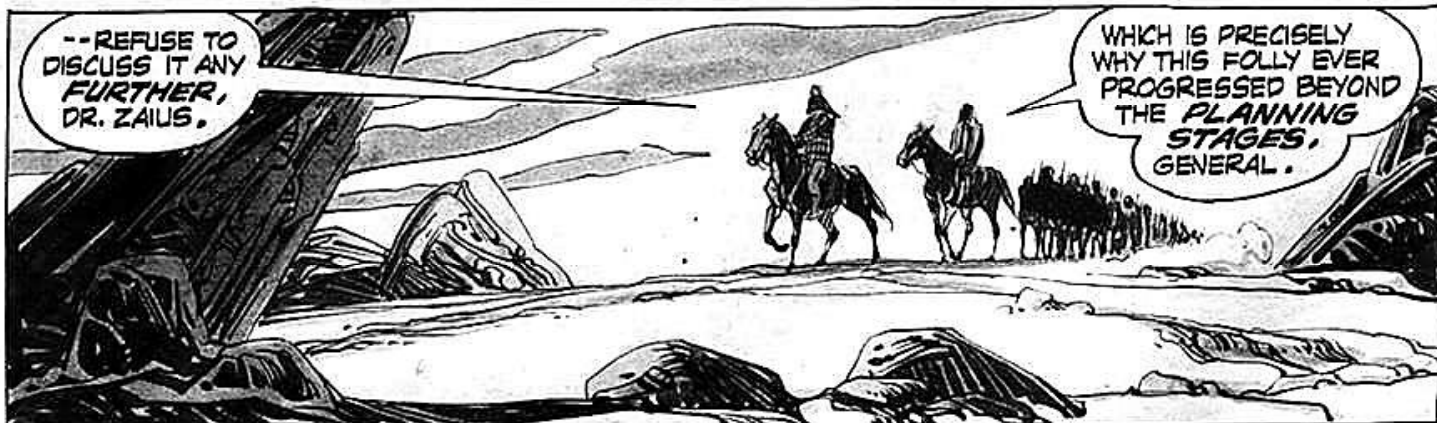
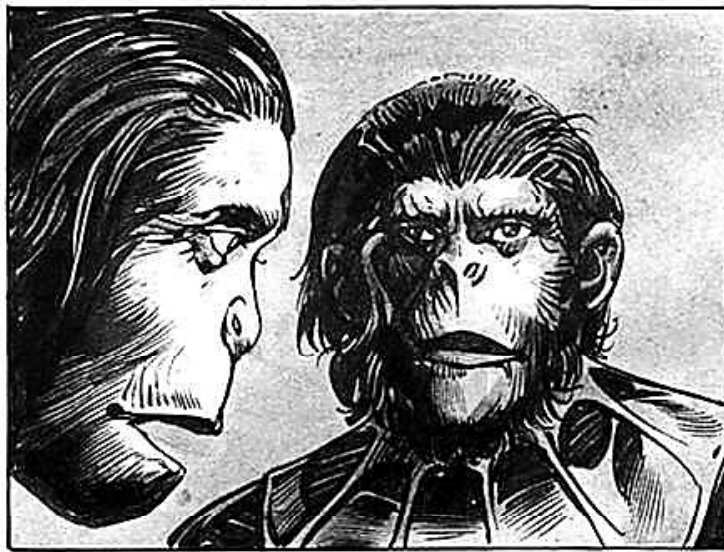
SO SHOULD THE CHIMPANZEES.

BUT ZIRA, WE'RE TOO FEW. WE'D BE CUTTING OUR OWN THROATS.

HOW CAN WE TAKE ANY INITIATIVE WHILE ALL THOSE GORILLAS ARE AROUND?



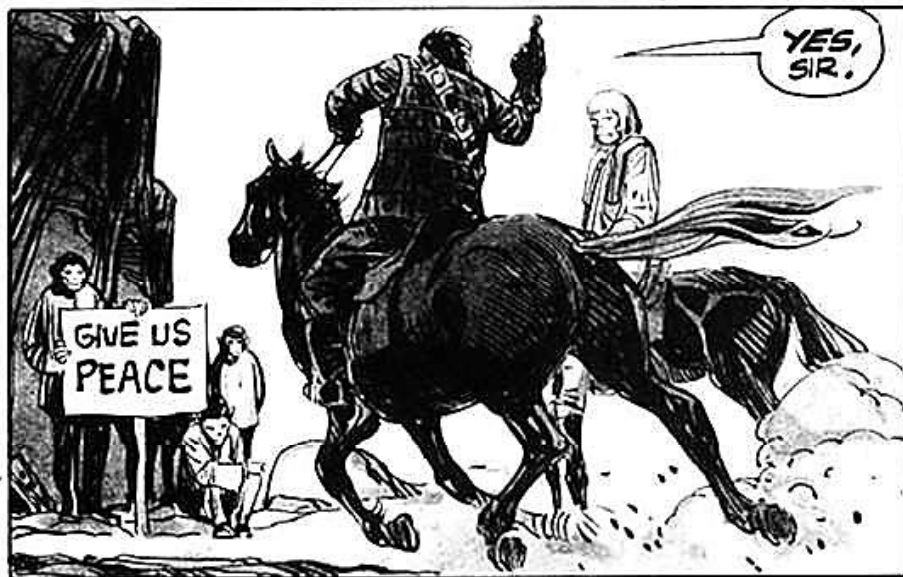
CORNELIUS, HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT TOMORROW... THEY WON'T BE AROUND?



--REFUSE TO DISCUSS IT ANY FURTHER, DR. ZAIUS.

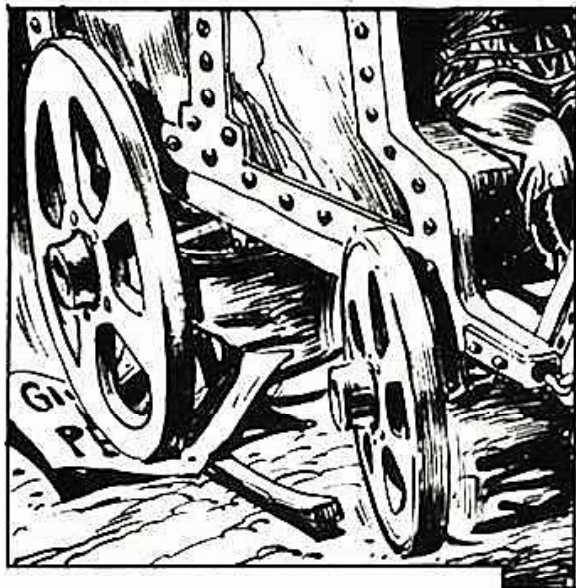
WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY THIS FOLLY EVER PROGRESSED BEYOND THE PLANNING STAGES, GENERAL.



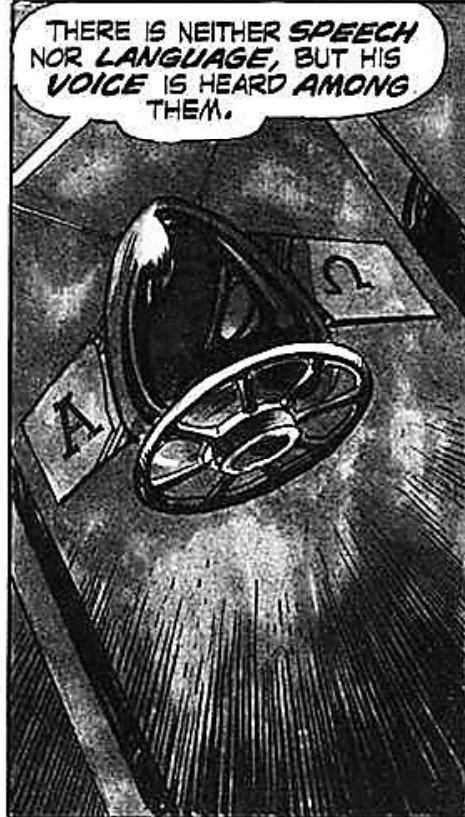




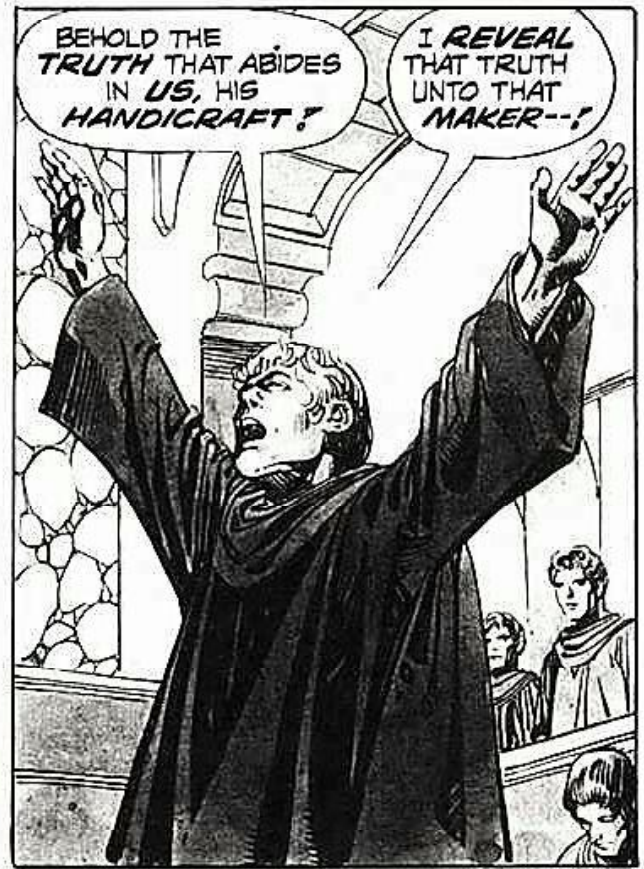




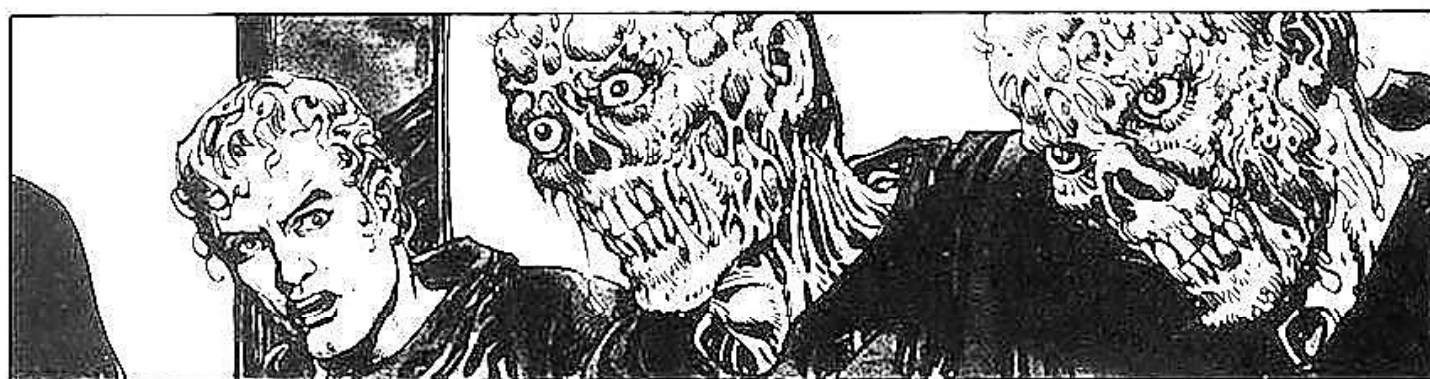














# THE CHILDREN OF THE BOMB

SHIP'S MEDIC JOHN BRENT IS BEING FORCED TO WITNESS A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY CONDUCTED BY HIS CAPTORS, THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY BELOW OLD NEW YORK... AND THOSE WHO WORSHIP A GOD OF NUCLEAR ATROCITY...

WE REVEAL THAT TRUTH UNTO THAT MAKER--!

I REVEAL MY INMOST SELF UNTO MY GOD!!



SHIP'S MEDIC JOHN BRENT IS BEING FORCED TO WITNESS STARK HORROR...

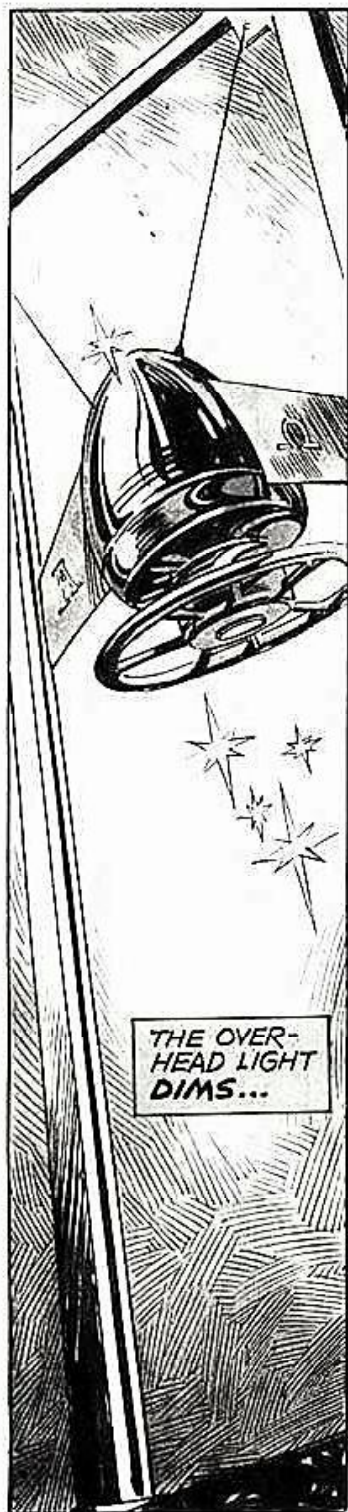
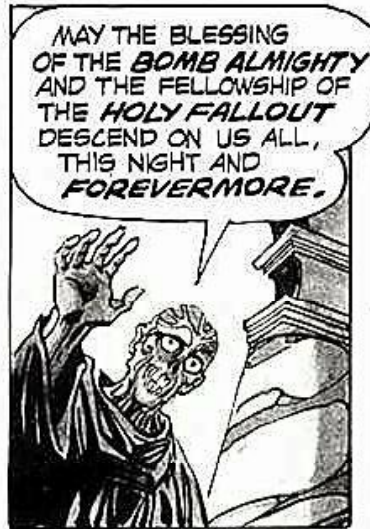
WE REVEAL OUR INMOST SELVES UNTO OUR GOD!!



SHIP'S MEDIC JOHN BRENT SILENTLY COMMITS... BLASPHEMY.







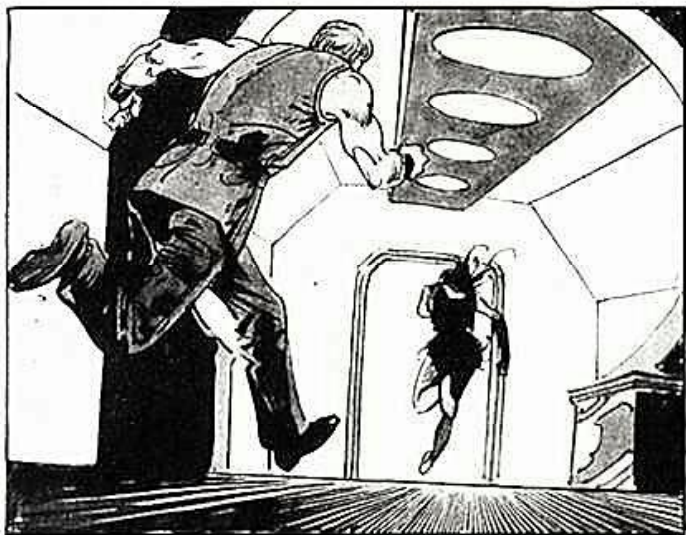








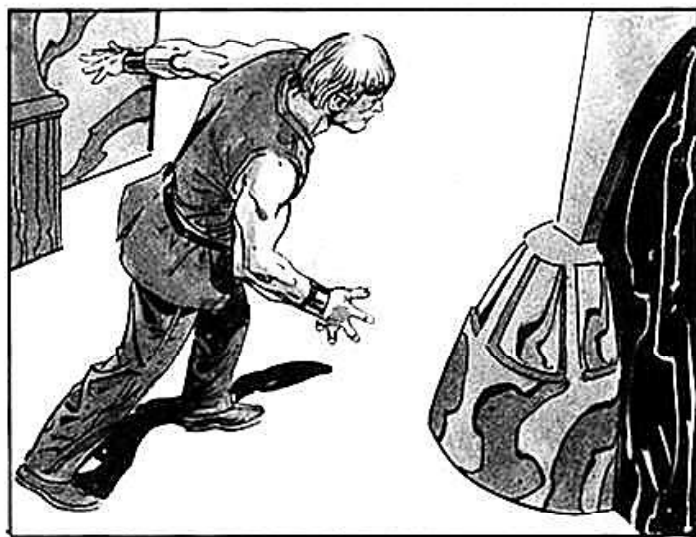
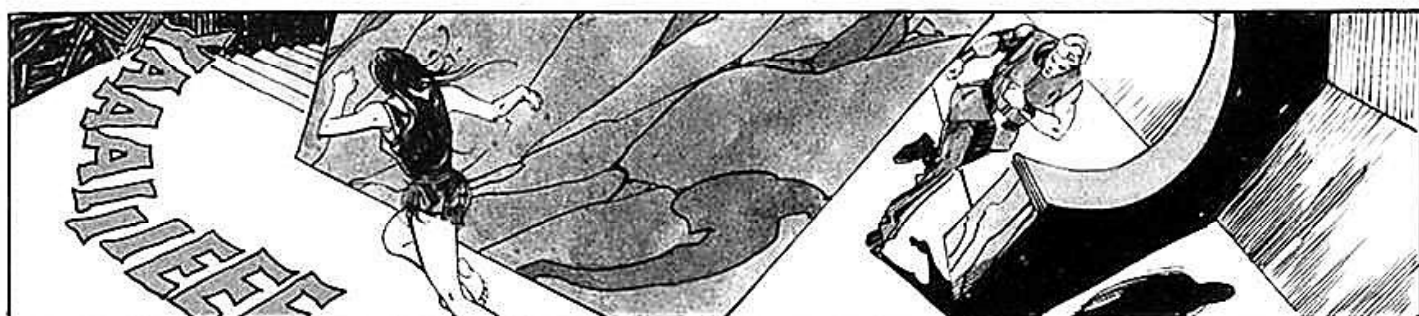




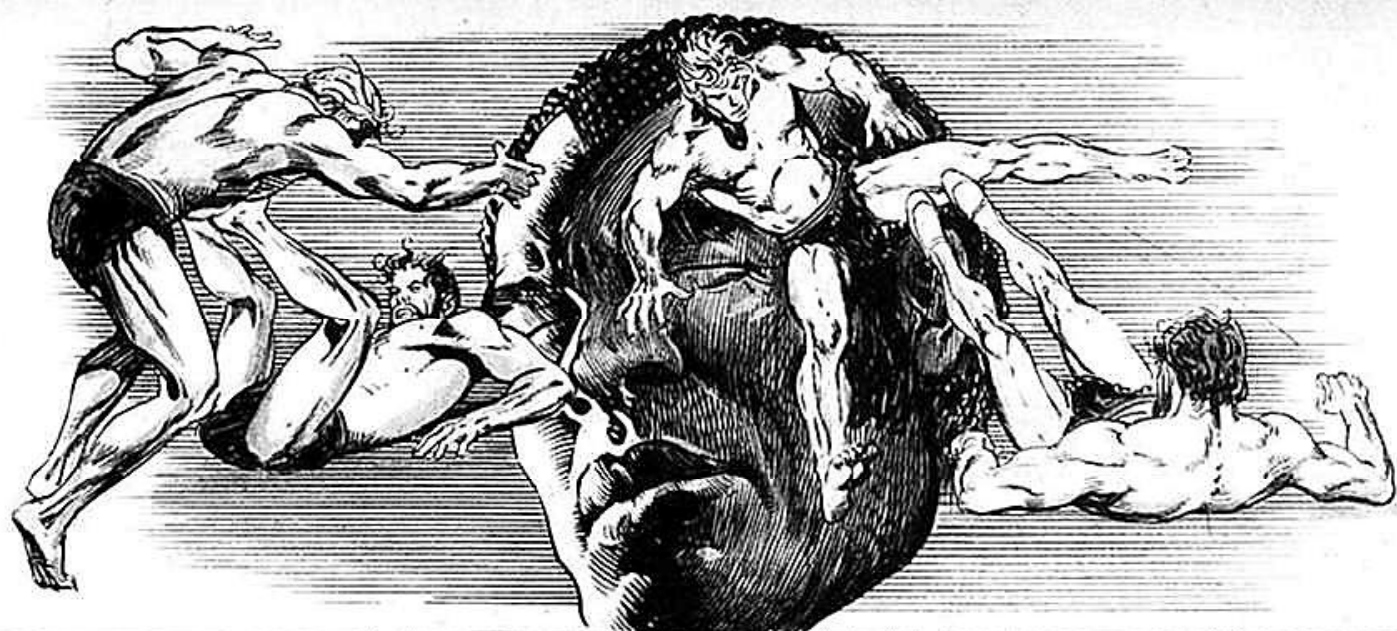
















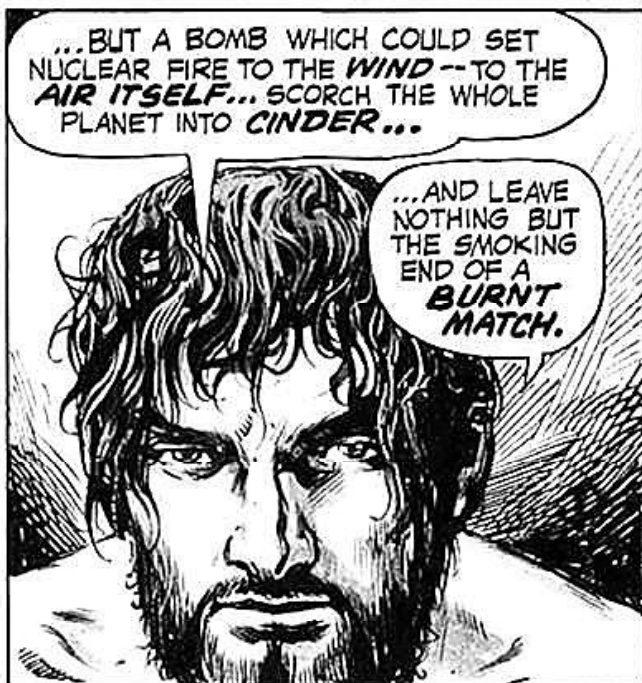














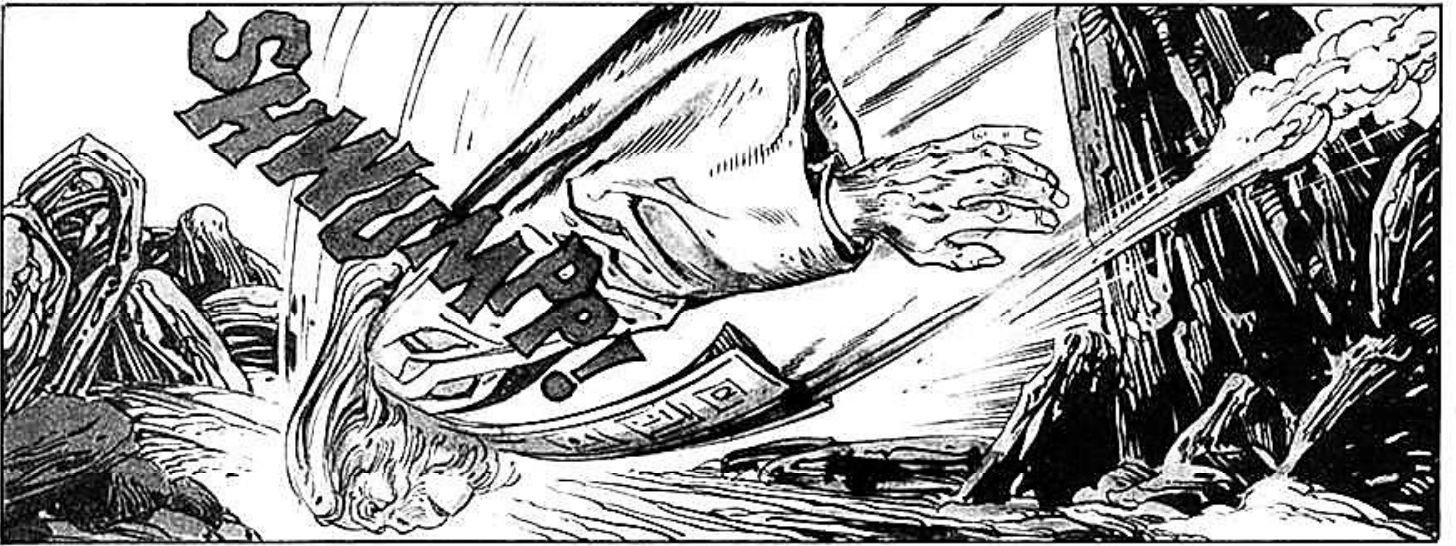
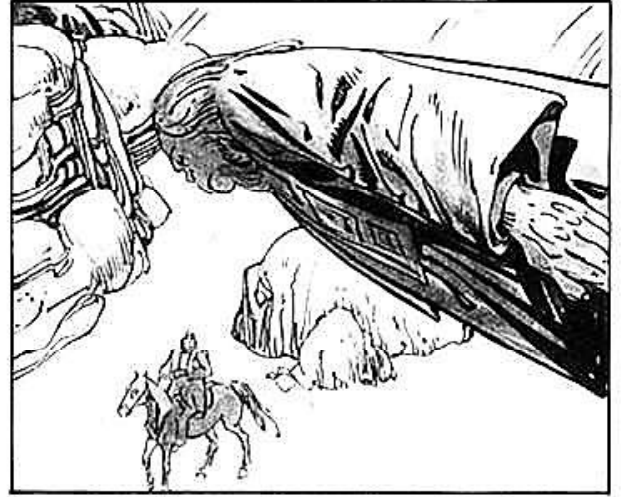
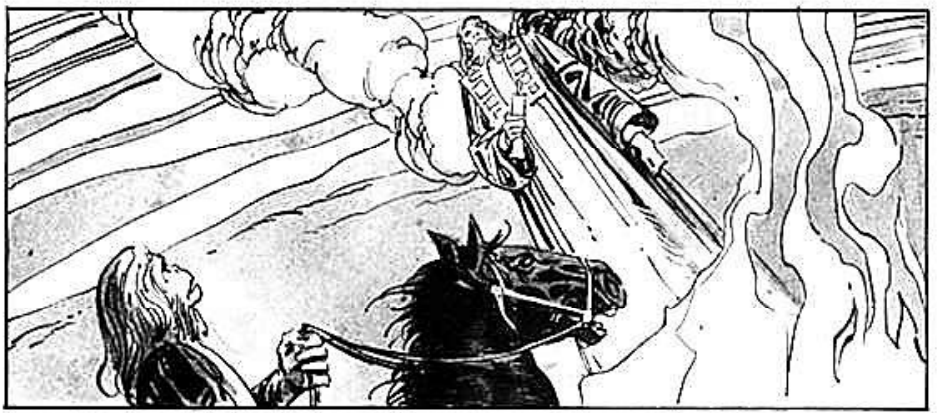




















THE AWESOME APE ARMY ON THE MARCH, A BIZARRE CARAVAN OF MOUNTED AND INFANTRY **GORILLAS**...RELENTLESSLY THREADING ITS WAY OVER THE RADIATION-MISTED TERRAIN OF THE FORBIDDEN ZONE...

... AN ARMY SEEKING ALL-OUT **WAR**... WITH AN **ENEMY** WHICH REMAINS MYSTERIOUSLY **UNKNOWN**...

# THE HELL OF HOLOCAUST



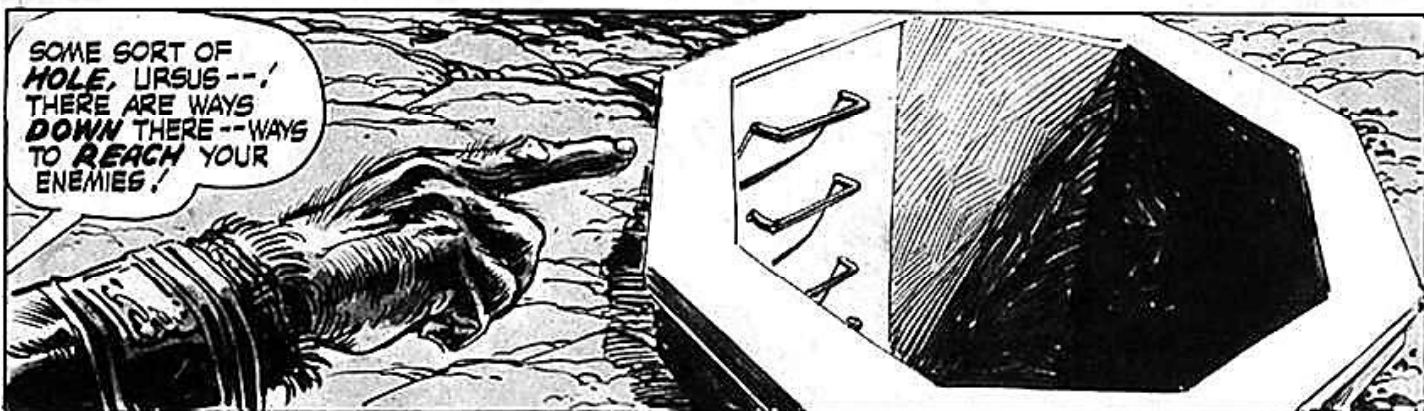
...AND A VAST AND SPRAWLING  
LEGION OF MARAUDERS LED BY--



... AND ONE  
OTHER: DR.  
ZAIUS, THE  
MINISTER OF  
SCIENCE...



SOME SORT OF  
**HOLE**, URSUS--!  
THERE ARE WAYS  
**DOWN** THERE--WAYS  
TO **REACH** YOUR  
ENEMIES!



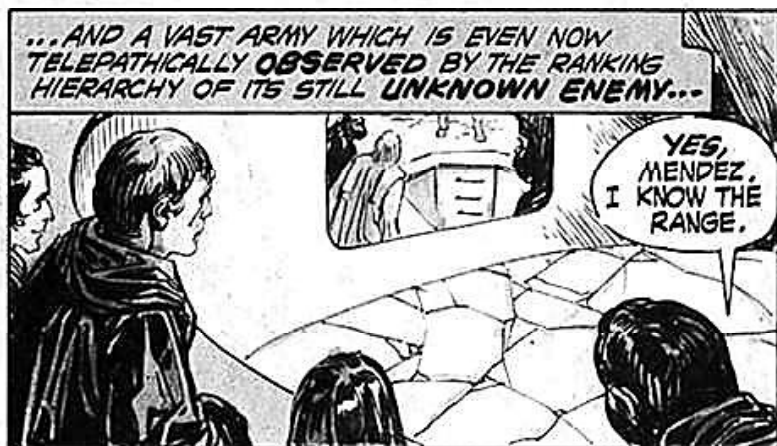
... A VAST ARMY LED BY TWO OF ITS  
SOCIETY'S MOST CAPABLE PERSONAGES...

YOU KNOW  
THE RANGE OF  
THEIR **CITY**--?



...AND A VAST ARMY WHICH IS EVEN NOW  
TELEPATHICALLY OBSERVED BY THE RANKING  
HIERARCHY OF ITS STILL UNKNOWN ENEMY...

**YES,  
MENDEZ,  
I KNOW THE  
RANGE.**



...THE MUTANT  
**INQUISITORS.**

THEN  
PROGRAM  
IT INTO THE  
**MECHANISM**  
AND STAND BY  
THE **PRIME THE  
BOMB.**







MEANWHILE, STILL CONFINED TO A CELL DEEP WITHIN THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY'S LABYRINTHINE COMPLEX, ASTRONAUTS BRENT AND TAYLOR, AND THE INDIGENOUS HUMAN PRIMITIVE NOVA DETECT THE APPROACH OF--

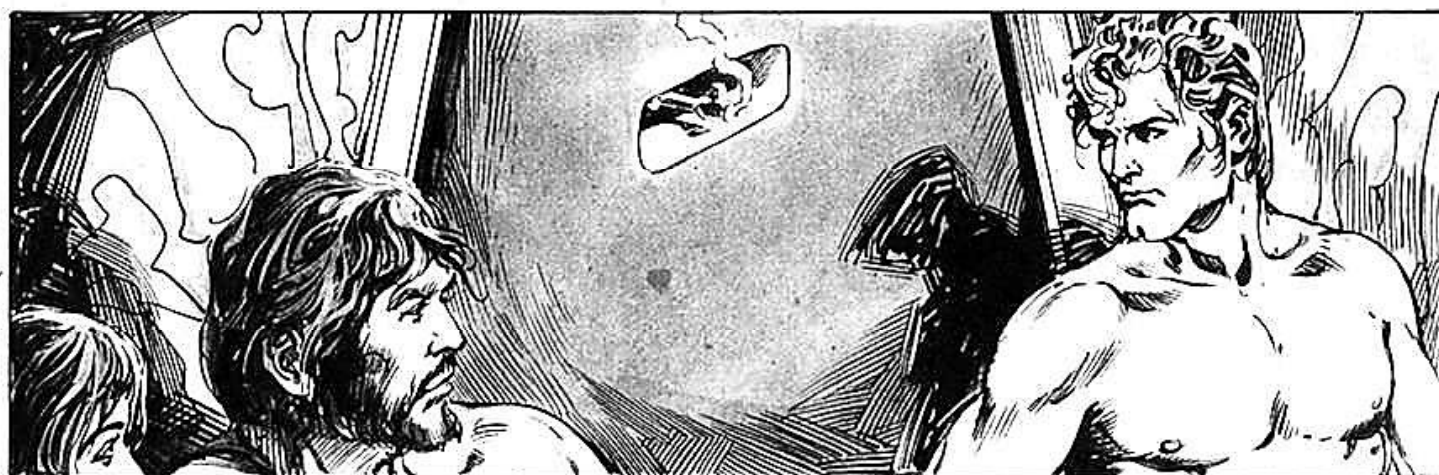
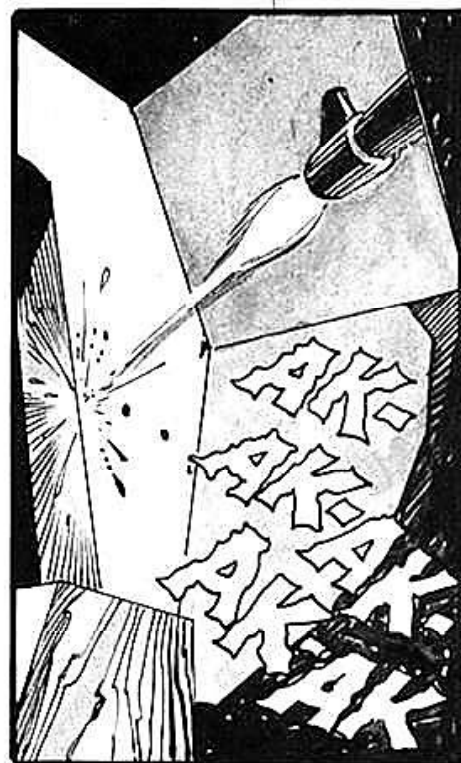
FOOTSTEPS--  
COMING CLOSER--!

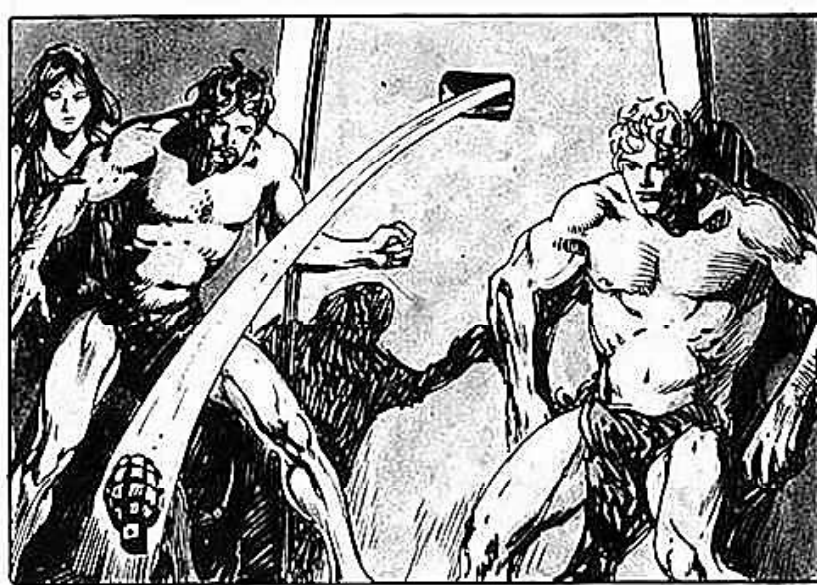


FLATTEN  
AGAINST THE  
WALL AND KEEP  
QUIET...



























**WHILE ELSEWHERE** IN THE SUBTERRANEAN MATRIX OF CORRIDORS, DIFFERENT SQUADRONS OF THE APE ARMY COMB THE VAST COMPLEX... EVER MARCHING IN **CONVERGENT DIRECTIONS...** AND HOPING TO NO AVAIL THAT THEY WILL **ENCOUNTER** THEIR UNSEEN **ENEMY...**



**DR. ZALUS, HOWEVER, HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS FIRST HINT OF THE ENEMIES' IDENTITY. IT DOES NOT PLEASE HIM...**







PRETTY SURE  
THE CATHEDRAL IS  
**THIS** WAY...

... AND LET'S  
JUST **PRAY** THEY  
HAVEN'T MOVED THE  
BOMB **OUT**  
OF IT--!

**Z**AILIS' FRENZY OF RAGE HAS  
**SWEPT** DOWN THE CORRIDORS  
IN A SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF THE  
SHRINED **MENDEZ DYNASTY**... A  
FRENZY WHICH **CULMINATES** WITH  
THE **LAST BUST**--



-- THAT OF THE  
**CURRENT MENDEZ**.

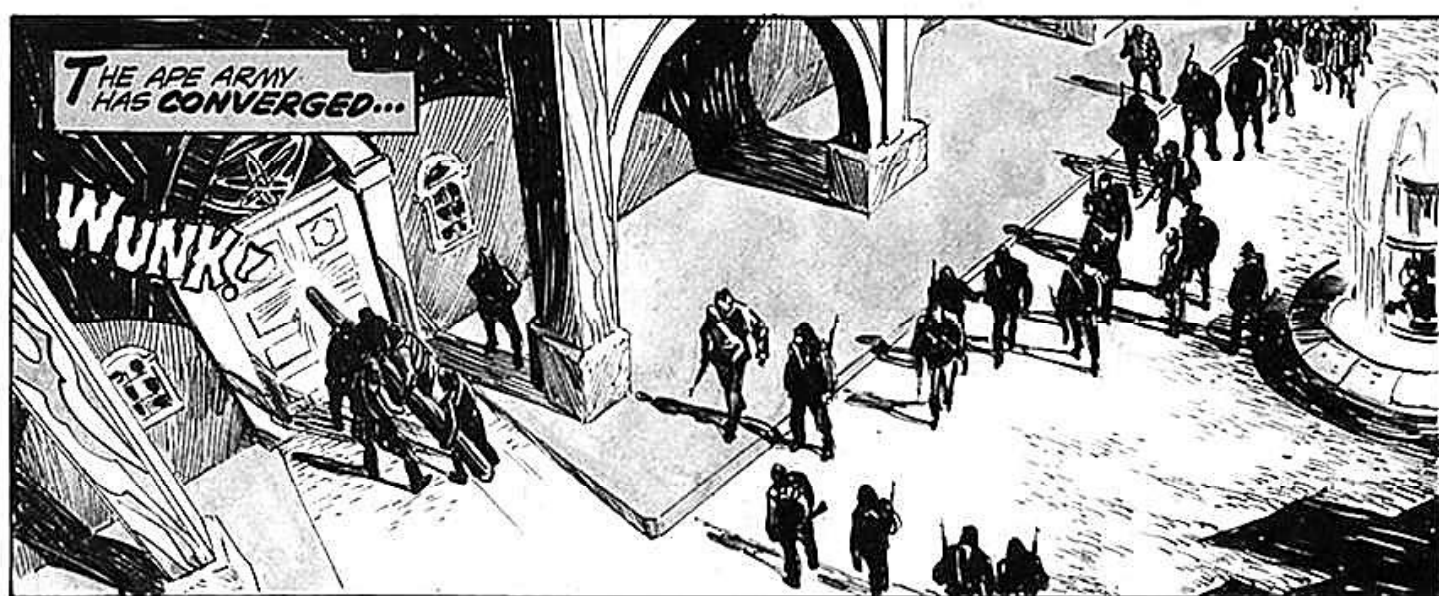


THAT SCREAM  
CAME FROM BEHIND  
THAT **DOOR**,  
SERGEANT--!

COME  
**ON!**

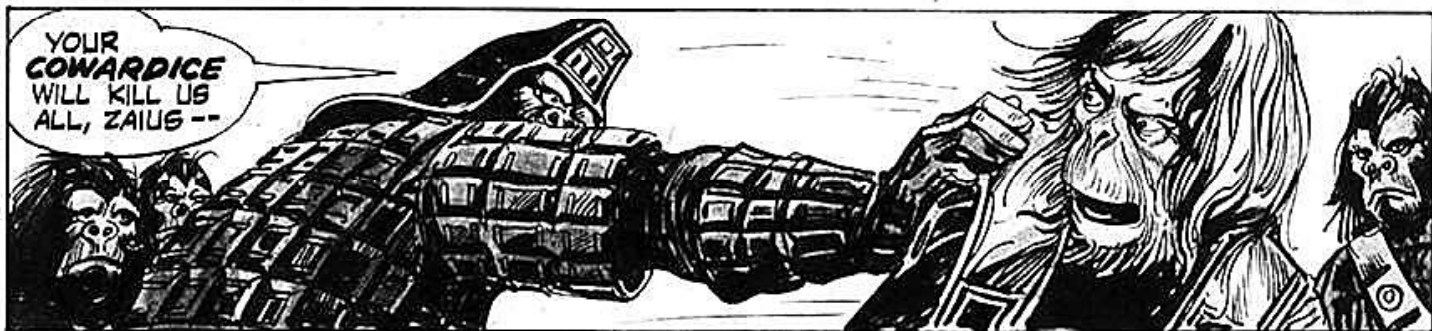




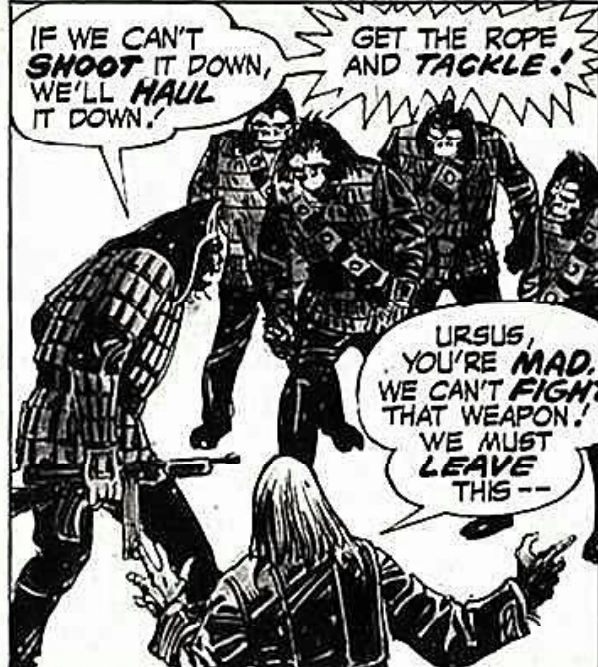












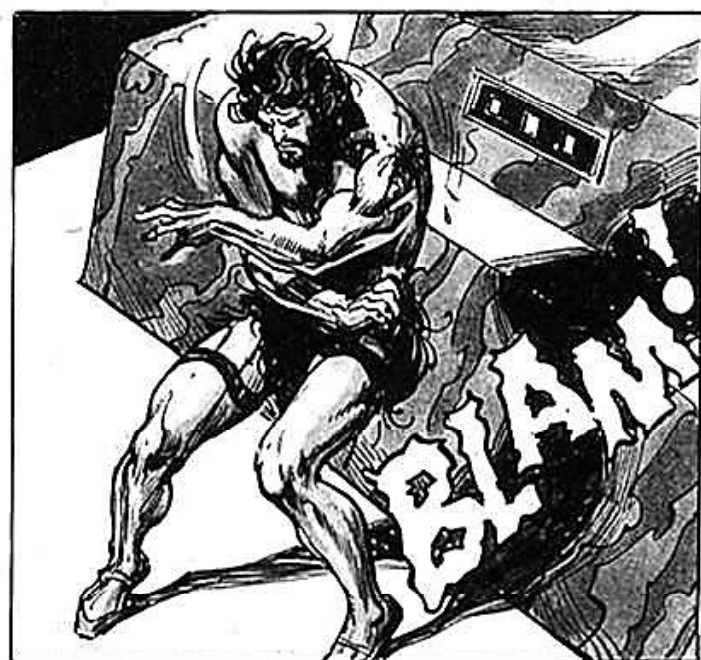




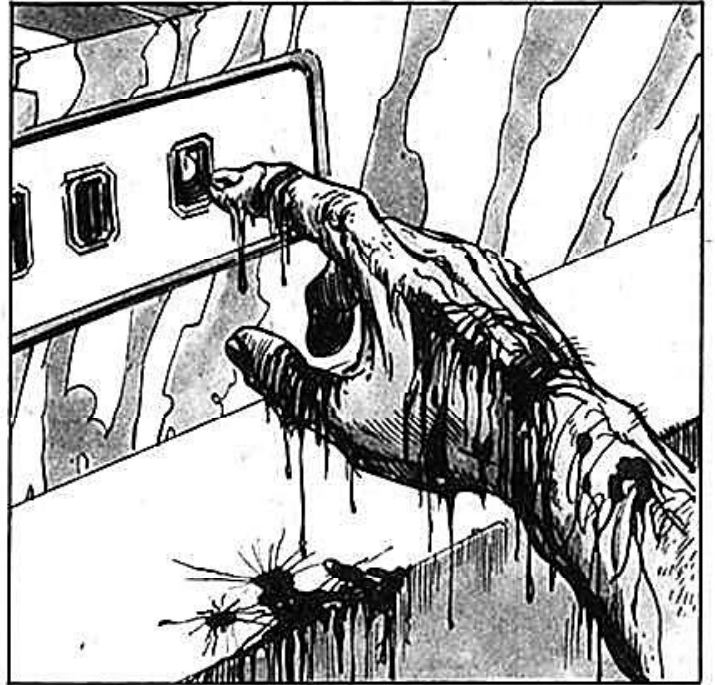
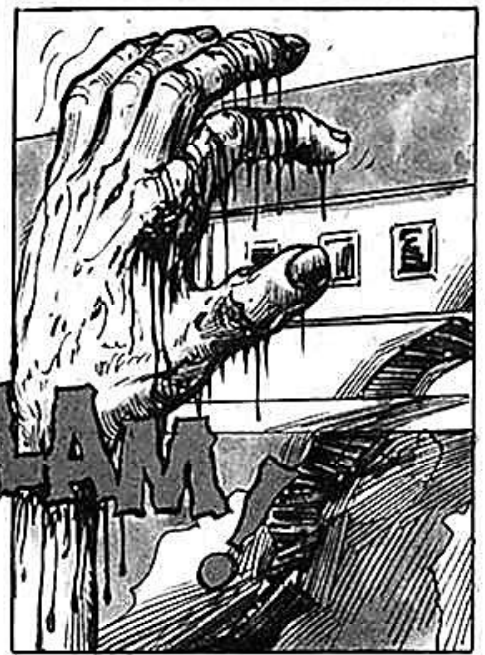


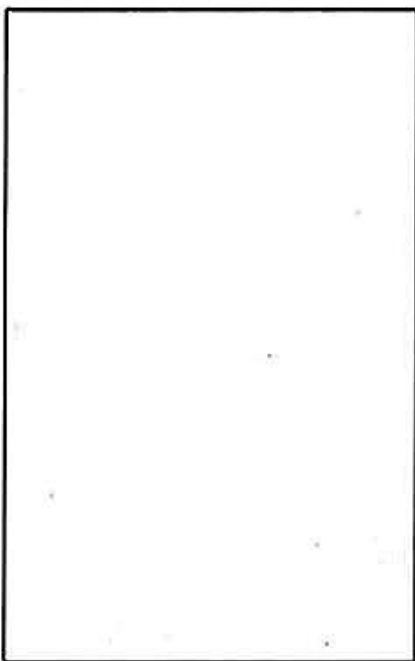
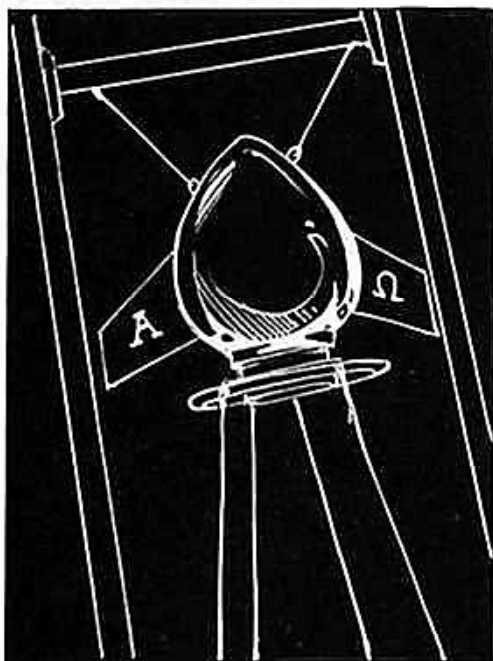
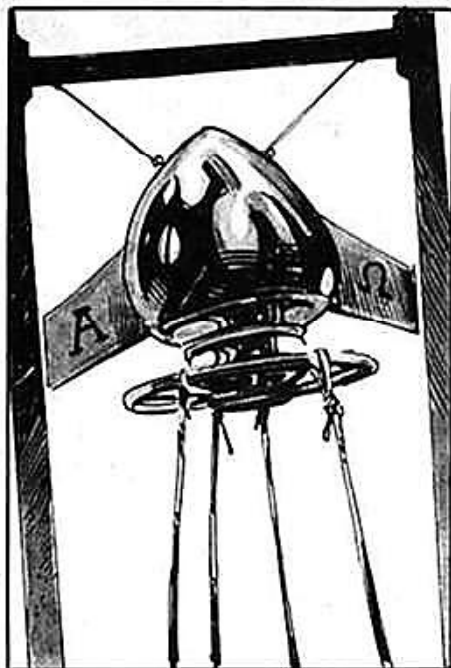












*WE MUST NOW RECORD THE FINAL EVENT OF THIS SOMBER HISTORY. THE UNIVERSE AT PRESENT CONTAINS BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF SPIRAL GALAXIES. IN ONE OF THEM, ONE-THIRD FROM ITS EDGE, IS A MEDIUM-SIZED STAR.*

*AND ONE OF ITS SATELLITES, A GREEN AND INSIGNIFICANT PLANET--*

*--IS NOW DEAD.*

**END**