WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES!

HUMAN--YOU WERE RAISED AS A GLADIATOR ONLY TO PROVIDE AMUSEMENT FOR APES...

BY DYING!
Memories: The general is dying, and his short-breathed sputterings speak of ApeSlayer’s past...

...A past where his mother ran from the conquering apes in hope of surviving...ran to a small island where she was befriended by Doctor Carver...leader of a human resistance group.

And now, the memories continue...
"Your mother and Dr. Carver went outside... determined to hide no longer, now that the issue was forced..."

"But no ape appeared..."

"Humans! We're saved, Maureen... the simians must have been driven back!"

"Can you believe it? We're saved!"

"I--is it true, Anne? Is it true?"

"Look for yourself, Ms. Dozer. You and your children don't need to be afraid anymore!"

"We've been here two weeks..."

"What's happened outside? How did you--?"

"Kill them..."

"But be careful not to harm the children."
TWO DOWN, GENERAL RAKER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH THIS PUNK?

I JUST NEED THE OLDER BOY. THE APES WANT HIM.

I TOLD YOU, SAUNDERS--HE'S NO CONCERN OF MINE.

THE MASTERS WANT YOUTHS TO TRAIN--NOT BABIES TO COPPLE.

WAIT A MINUTE! DROPPIN' THOSE TWO BROADS IS ONE THING, GENERAL.

BUT, THIS IS JUST A KID!

COME ALONG, SON.

YOU'VE A WHOLE NEW WORLD TO DISCOVER--AND NEW THINGS TO LEARN.

NOW DO YOU REMEMBER, APEGLANER? THAT'S HOW I FOUND YOU, ONE BITTER DAWN...

IT'S HOW YOUR MOTHER DIED... AND YOUR BROTHER... AND THE WOMAN CALLED DR. CARVER.

I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN, OLD MAN.

THAT... OR THE OTHER THINGS...

LIKE THE DAY YOU BROUGHT ME BEFORE THE SIMIAN MASTER...

AND LEFT ME TO BE TOLD WHAT MY LIFE WOULD BE.

GLADIATORS... THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.

YOU'LL BE TRAINED TO FIGHT, TO KILL... FOR THE PLEASURES OF YOUR MASTERS.

THE TRAINING BEGINS NOW.

"I HARDLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT THEY WERE TELLING ME--BUT I QUICKLY LEARNED. WE ALL DID."
"They taught us all the ancient arts -- swordplay, karate, savate, wrestling -- at first, we thought it a game --

---A game with deadly results--

"Then they pitted us against their own champions..."

"And I took pleasure in battling them."

"All that training -- finally I had to put it to use."

"Skeeeeee! Attempted escape in Block 4-D... Trainee J. Dozer attacking... Skeeeeee!"

"quiet, monkeys. They can patch you back together -- I'm a little more difficult."

"But work it I did, and spent the next twelve months foraging for food in the area that was once called Queens. There were wild dogs -- cats -- occasionally a rabbit in one of the parks..."

"And all the while, studying the old books and information tapes, learning about life before the apes took control."

"Somehow, I managed my escape. I've always wondered how I worked it, when the others who tried -- failed."

"I was given a name -- at first it was said mockingly, but I cherished it --

APE -- SLAYER!"
"IT WASN'T EASY, OLD MAN-- THE SIMIANS AND THEIR HUMAN SLAVES WERE EVERYWHERE, COLLECTING THE REMAINING FREEMEN FOR THEIR GAMES-- AND THEIR STOCKYARDS.

"THEY'D CREATED SOME SORT OF SIREN-- WOMEN WHO COULD CALL MEN TO THEIR DOOM--"

"I LEARNED NEVER TO LOOK AT THEM-- FOR FEAR OF FALLING PREY TO THEIR SPELL.

"THERE WERE OTHERS, OF COURSE.

"I CAME ACROSS A GROUP OF THEM IN BROOKLYN HEIGHTS..."

"...AND DIDN'T LIKE WHAT I SAW.

THAT'S ENOUGH, APE! IF THE WOMAN DOESN'T WANT YOU TOUCHING HER--

--THEN YOU DON'T TOUCH!

I'D BEEN TRAINED FOR AN ARENA-- NOT FOR A STREET-SIDE BRAWL. I HADN'T BEEN AWARE OF MY SKILL-- UNTIL THEN.

HE'S DEAD, NO LOSS.

YOU CAN'T SLAY APES WITHOUT TROUBLE!

I LEFT THAT EVENING BUILDING A MAKESHIFT RAFT AND HEADING ACROSS THE BAY...

...TO THE ISLAND MEN ONCE CALLED STATEN."
"I STAYED WITH THE FREEMEN I MET THERE... SIX YEARS, OLD MAN, BY THE END OF THAT TIME, I WAS THEIR LEADER..."

"...AND ONE NIGHT--A YEAR AGO--WE STOLE ABOARD ONE OF THE ANCIENT FERRIES THAT PLED THE WATERS BETWEEN STATEN AND MANHATTAN ISLANDS--CARRYING ITS CARGO OF HUMAN SLAVES--UNTIL WE ARRIVED.

"HE WAS STARTLED, I SUPPOSE HE WAS SECURE IN HIS MARTIAN-TRAINED GUARDS.

"ALMOST NEW YEAR'S EVE, IF THOSE CALENDARS WERE RIGHT.

BLASTED APE FILTH!

YOU SEE HIM IN THERE?

"SHALL WE WISH HIM CHEER?"

"THAT WAS A MISTAKE.

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON, MAYOR--DID YOU KNOW IT'S THE NEW YEAR?

WHAT DOES HE CARE, APESLAYER?

THE APESLAVES HAVEN'T TOLD THEIR PUPPET WHAT DAY IT IS--SO HOW CAN HE KNOW?

WHAT'S WRONG, MAYOR?

AREN'T YOU ENTERTAINED?"
WE PUT THE FEAR OF APESLAYER IN HIM, OLD MAN-- AND THAT'S WHEN I CHAINED MY FIRST TRUE RECOGNITION-- LARGE ENOUGH TO HELP ME ADD TO MY BAND OF MEN, SOON AFTER THE APES ATTACKED ME ON THE PUBLIC MONITORS!

AND YOU'VE SEEN ME; APESLAYER... AND RELEASED ME AT LAST!

RELEASED YOU, OLD MAN?

THEY CONTROLLED ME, KILL RAVEN... AGAINST MY WILL.

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST...

... EVEN... WHEN I CHOSE YOU!

CHOOSE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU'LL LEARN, MY SON... YOU'RE SPECIAL.

I KNEW YOU WOULD BE READY-- ON THE DAY YOU WERE ABLE TO BREAK OUR DEFENSES AND KILL ME!

YOU CAN DESTROY THEM...

... YOU HAVE THE POWER!

DEAD.

WHAT DID HE MEAN-- "THE POWER"? I'M A MAN...

AS SOON AS WE GET ENOUGH MEN TOGETHER--

-- THERE'S A MAN I WANT TO SEE: THE GENERAL.

JUST A MAN.

CRAZY OLD FOOL.
It comes quickly, violence in this new world --

-- Sudden and unexpected, as now -- swift for both attacker and attacked.

-- His trained muscles jump in reflex --

-- He swings like a jungle beast --

-- And before two seconds have passed --

Snap! Sorry, Ape -- but I've had my fill of fighting today. I want this over -- now!

But such hopes seemed doomed.

... as a new sound draws the Freeman's attention.

... and by the time he realizes whom he's turned to face...

... it's already far too late!

Human Mutant's eyes -- no! No!!

Next: The Sirens of 7th Avenue!
Dear Stan,

"Planet of The Apes" is the best mag I've ever read, it is so packed with stories and features. In connection with Paul Donnachie's letter in issue 12, about giving Planet of The Apes its own mag and putting Kazar, Gollivar Jones and Doctor Doom in another mag. I'm sure this would settle all the arguments about them. In issue 12 of Planet of The Apes the features were fantastic, and I was very interested.

Steve Rodgers,
33 Hillborough Road, Luton, Beds.

Since Paul Donnachie penned that letter to us a lot of water has flowed beneath the bridges and a lot of words have passed through this old typewriter. And to prove it, there are two new Marvel mags for the faithful. They may not contain the line-ups suggested in your letter. But it does prove we're trying!

Dear Stan,

You've done it! You've finally created the most fantastic comic ever. Planet of The Apes is tops!

But you've made two flaws. 1. The covers are dreadful. They let down the whole comic. 2. Why, oh why have you made up your "Apes" story? Why not make comic strip versions of all the "Apes" films?

Paul Rodriguez,
21 Mellbury Ave., Parkstone, Poole, Dorset.

Dear Stan and Co.,

I have Planet of The Apes from issue 1, and I hope to collect them all. Now, it's a pity the only way to get a No-prize is to point out mistakes in your work, but on the cover of Planet of The Apes issue 10, one of you made a mistake by spelling Zaius wrong in Taylor's speech.

Before I sign off I would like a question answered. When people write to you in Spiderman and the Avengers, they put things like RFO, KOF, gns, TTB, PMM and FFF after their names. What do all these stand for?

Colin McLean,
40 Brandon Parade, Belfast, N. Ireland.

Welcome, Colin. And we say that because we have the feeling that your acquaintance with Marvel is not yet one of long standing. And if you're wondering how we worked that out let's assure you it was done entirely without the use of a crystal ball! It's just that if you'd been with us a little longer you'd have known that pointing out mistakes, far from being the only way to gain a No-prize, is not even a guarantee of winning one. No-Prizes are awarded to Marvelites who contribute something 'special' to Marveldom — and if it's a mistake they're drawing our attention to then it has to be something more major than an extra flog on Spidey's spider emblem, or a simple spelling mistake. Get our drift, Tiger? Yep—that's right. We're trying to break it to you that we're sorry, but there'll be no No-Prize winging its way in your direction. But then, if you're a true Marvelite, you wouldn't want No-Prizes to be too easy to win, would you? As for those letters you mention—they're all ranks of Marveldom. We're not going to go into it all here and now because every so often we publish 'em as a refresher course. So-o-o-o, pay attention each week and eventually all shall be revealed. We'll repent this far, though. From now on You, Colin McLean, are a QNS. Because all who have a letter published in any of our merry mags are granted the life-title of 'Quite 'Nuff Sayer'. To you, QNS!

apes forum
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