SCREAM APESLAYER!

IT'LL FEEL SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU LET YOUR 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!
Here, come Socrates, Mr. Apeslayer.

Don't you worry none!

You never had the moment, Warlord!

No! Not now! I won't let you take this moment from me.

A.S., you just take it nice and easy. We wouldn't wanna disturb your beauty treatments!

Socrates don't like it when people try to hurt Mr. Apeslayer.

Besides, we'll entertain your playmates!

He truly don't!

Come on, you dumb savage, let's get out of here. The warlord isn't the only one that's got attack squads in this place!

I don't know who you are, Siren or Xiken, but Apeslayer doesn't need any female to tell him his place.

Red canal units, 'A' Prime and 'B' Prime, emergency breakout in micro-surgery full battle regalia attack!

So that's why you're always lost!
I HAD THE FORESIGHT TO MAKE A FEW STOPS ALONG THE WAY--

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE MUCH USE TO US WITHOUT YOUR WEAPONS--INCLUDING YOUR GIANT LITTLE STARS!

THEY'RE CALLED SILVER STARS--AND THERE'S AN ART TO USING THEM THAT CAN CUT MOST ANY KILL, ANY HIDE TO RIBBONS!

BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MASTERS THAT TAUGHT US HOW TO USE--

APESLAYER--MOVE!!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE--APESLAYER MOVES AT HIS OWN COMMAND!

BUT PERHAPS, THIS ONCE, I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION!

THEY'LL BE NO MORE TOYING WITH YOU OR YOUR MEN!

I'LL UNLEASH EVERY ARMAMENT, EVERY SLAVE AND GUARD IN THIS PLACE--

--AND THEY'LL ALL HAVE ONE OBJECTIVE: TO KILL YOU!

I'VE GROWN WEARY DOGGING OR GETTING HIT BY THAT ARM OF YOURS--

--YOU NEED A NEW ACT IF YOU'RE GOING TO SURVIVE THIS CONFLICT!

GIRL, IF YOU KNOW A WAY OUT OF HERE, NOW MIGHT BE THE TIME TO SHOW IT!

GO, MY FREEMEN, WE'LL SEE THE DAY'S SKY BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!
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'VE EVER ATTEMPTED!

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--

YANKEE STADIUM. THIS WAS 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 PERVERSE THE AMPHITHEATER. 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.

---

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 greensward.

---

And it appears a much easier escape than I'd hoped for!

---

Mala, keep the rest back until---

Apeslayer wonders about the deadly spikes that emerged from the wound of earth.

---

---

But he only has a moment to consider them.

---

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.

---

---

I make sure.

---

What damned thing is this?
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!

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

APESLAYER HEARS THE
AGONIZED MOAN BEHIND
HIM--

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

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

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

APESLAYER HEARS THE
AGONIZED MOAN BEHIND
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BUT MALA AND THE OTHER FREEMEN ARE
BROUGHT UP SHOFT AS THE DARK ENTRANCE
GIVES UP MORE OF ITS BROOD--

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

SOCRATES DON'T
BELIEVE THIS, HE
REALLY DON'T!
AH, 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, RALLING MEN AND WOMEN ABOUT YOU...

ALL THAT ENDS NOW!

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

AND HE STANDS FIRM, RELEASING THE TENSION ON HIS CROSSBOW!

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

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

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

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

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

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

ZOM! THE RED HAIR! ONE NEEDS HELP!

GO TO HIM! HURT THE CREATURE, ZOM, HURT IT!
A look passes between Tom 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 Grog limping over the grass!

And Grog does as San Simian asks. He hurts the creature.

Watch yourself, friend--

That creature's life essence lies shrouded 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.

The warlord hurtles 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--

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

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

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

APESLAYER PLEASE...

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 INFlicting 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!
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.

We should be able to hide here until the manhunt dies down.

And, for one, I would like to hear exactly why you released me and my men, San Simian.

I had my reasons, Ape Slayer.

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 saviress can aid him—

—and perhaps I can forget all this senseless waste about us!

Socrates can see sumthin's botherin' Mr. Ape Slayer.

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.

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Next:

Beginning an all new Apes Block Buster...

"Kingdom on an Island of the Apes"
Dear Stan and Co.,

I have collected all your apes comics so far and I think they’re great. The other day I went to see the films Planet Of The Apes and Escape From Planet Of The Apes. When I saw Planet Of The Apes the words were near enough the same as in the comic, and you had got every little detail right, even to the point of where Landon planted the small flag in the ground at the beginning. It was a very good film, but I found Escape From The Planet Of The Apes more amusing, and I thought that Kim Hunter’s portrayal of Zira was magnificent and so was Conclusus. Pity they ended up six feet under, isn’t it? It would be nice if you could write the story and illustrate it in the comic, as you did Planet Of The Apes magnificently.

Karen, Lynne, Chalk and Wendy, West Heath, Birmingham.

There’s no doubt about it — those Apes films gave a lot of pleasure to a lot of people. And we’re proud and happy that our efforts in our weekly mag have added to that pleasure.

And you can bet your sweet lives that we’re gonna continue in the tradition that we began. ‘Cause if you four fans want a little top secret information — the next film adaptation we are going to illustrate is the “Beneath The Planet Of Apes,” film story. So, as they say at the movies, it’s COMING SOON!

Dear Stan,

I would like to congratulate you on your comic “Planet Of The Apes”. I order my comic every week and I enjoy reading it. Some people say these sort of books are just for boys, but I think different. I say if girls enjoy reading these Apes books then they should buy them, read them and enjoy them.

Jacqueline Doodly, Tipton, W. Midlands.

We don’t know who began the rumour that Marvel Mags are for male eyes only, but there’s certainly no truth in it. And if we needed to prove the point we could muster a small army of female fans to do so! You’ve got the right slant on life, Jacqueline. Hang on to it!

Dear Stan and Co.,

Hi! A word about your superior, Nathaniel Nobbloonese, from New Apetown.

He must live in a, shall we say, uncivilised part of our world. Where I come from in Humans certainly do understand the rudiments of the wheel.

Also, even though I am an ape I do not understand how two certain friends of mine manage to get hold of a MARVELous magazine such as Planet Of The Apes.

Galen.

Well, well. Now isn’t that nice! A letter from none other than Galen. (Grrr! What did he mean about the rudiments of the wheel? We never could understand that kind of jazz.)

Dear Stan,

I read your comic “Planet Of The Apes” every week and think it’s great. I think it’s very exciting and in issue 15, at the end of the Apes story, you certainly had me in fits. I just couldn’t wait to see what happened. I am a girl reader, but I can’t stand any of those pop mags. I much prefer Planet Of The Apes to any pop mag. Keep up the good work.

J. Sadler, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Know something? WE, too, prefer Planet Of The Apes to any pop mag. So put it right there and shake hard.

Dear Stan,

About three Planet of the Apes issues ago I bought number 12 of your illustrous mag, Planet Of The Apes, and read with relish your interview with a Mr. R. Seling. In it, he cleverly disclosed the shock-type ending of Pierre Bouille’s novel “Monkey Planet” which inspired the first Apes film. And now, three weeks later, I buy the novel. How’s that for timing, fellows?

With that over, may I now go on to something else? Reading the novel, I noticed how different the main story is from the film, and thought that in, how about you guys adapting the novel? It would be fantastic in comic-strip form with you Marvel mob at the helm, and would also earn Mr. Bouille, a penniless author of ill-acclaim, a little bit of royalties. Also, something which has been troubling me. “Terror on . . . .” your latest Planet of the Apes strip. I understand that the first story, with Taylor, Landon, etc., has the astronauts landing on the Planet in the year 2375, Right? In the film sequel, “Beneath . . . the planet is captured by a rather emotionally-distressed Mr. Taylor . . . . in the same year. So how come the Planet is still triggering in “Terror on . . . .” which is quite a few years (understatement) after Taylor’s arrival? Am I to take it that “Beneath . . . .” and the other film sequels have been thrown out?

Nevertheless, I still think Planet of the Apes is a great mag in true Marvel fashion, and I wish you could bring myself to cut out the pin-ups on the back (and elsewhere) of this mags.


With your permission, John, we’re not gonna even try to answer your letter sentence by sentence or paragraph by paragraph. Because we figure that all that you’ve thrown at us boils down to this one big question. “Why do we handle the story-lines of our Planet Of The Apes adventures the way we do?” Yes? Well, the answer is (and, by the way, we’ve given it before on these pages, which could mean that someone wasn’t paying attention!) that we never did promise to script or set out to use the film stories. And if we jump around in time, it’s because we’re more concerned with having our artists draw what we consider to be stories worth drawing than we are with any other factors. All this doesn’t mean to say that Pierre Bouille’s story-lines will never appear in Planet Of The Apes, but at this moment in time we just don’t know. And what could be more honest than that?

apes forum MARVEL COMICS LTD Room 106 52 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON WC1V 6RZ