RUN, YOU FOOLS, RUN... IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!

THE END IS NEAR... FOR THE APES; FOR THE MUTANTS; FOR THE HUMANS, THE END IS AT HAND AND IT SEEMS THE FATE OF THE WORLD WAS PRE-ORDAINED--AND NOTHING TAYLOR OR BRENT CAN DO COULD CHANGE IT!

WRITER: DOUG MOENCH
ARTIST: ALFREDO ALCALA
While elsewhere in the subterranean matrix of corridors, different squadrons of the ape army come to the vast complex... ever marching in convergent directions... and hoping to no avail that they will encounter their unseen enemy...

Dr. Zaulus, however, has just received his first hint of the enemies' identity. It does not please him...

They're...

...obscene...!

SKRASH!

All of them-- the image of humans, false idols--!

All obscene!!
ZAIUS' FRENZY OF BASE HAS SWEEP 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.

MENDEZ XXXVI

-- OBSCENE!

SKRASH!

THAT SCREAM CAME FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR, SERGEANT... COME ON!
BRATCH! A HUMAN—!

SHE'S DEAD.

WUNK!

WUNK!
The ape army has converged...

...and penetrated the heart of the mysterious city...

Forward!

A human--!

Soldiers, arrest that creature... and bring it to me.
THE INSTRUMENT OF MY GOD SHALL NOW RISE BEFORE YOU.

HE CAN SPEAK--!

A HUMAN WHO CAN SPEAK--!

YOUR GOD, HUMAN?

YOUR GOD DIDN'T SAVE YOU, DID HE--?

KILL HIM.

NO--!

MY GOD--!

I MUST ACTIVATE MY--

HAAH! SO MUCH FOR THE TALKING HUMAN--!

BLOW!
URSUS---! STOP, YOU FOOL!

ZAUS: WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

THAT'S A WEAPON BUILT BY MAN. YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT DOWN WITH A CLIP OF BULLETS---!

"AND NOW WE'LL SEE ABOUT HIS GOD---!"

PUT DOWN YOUR GUN, URSUS!

BEFORE YOU KILL US ALL---!

YOUR COWARDICE WILL KILL US ALL, ZAUS---

-- NOT MY GUN---!

BRAY-AH-AH! AK-AK-AR!

SPAN-PANG PANG PANG
IF WE CAN'T SHOOT IT DOWN, WE'LL HAUL IT DOWN.

GET THE ROPE AND TACKLE!

SILENCE, ZAIUS! ANOTHER WORD AND I'LL PLACE YOU UNDER MILITARY ARREST!

URSUS, YOU'RE MAD. WE CAN'T FIGHT THAT WEAPON. WE MUST LEAVE THIS...

I'LL TAKE THE LEFT Aisle, Taylor. You try to make it up the right...

THAT'S IT -- PULL! HARDER --!

JUST WATCH US, ZAIUS! PULL, GORILLAS... PULL!

EVEN HARDER -- BRING IT DOWN!
THAT'S IT -- HARDER! IT'S COMING --!

YOU'RE DOING IT -- HEAVE! HEAVE!

BEHIND THE PILLAR --!

BRAH- AK- AK!

AGHKKK!!

HE'S NOT DEAD, URSUS--!
RAWRRR

DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER, ZAIUS...!

-- OR IT'S DOOMSDAY, THE END OF THE WORLD, ZAIUS --

-- AND YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
ONE TINY BUTTON, ZAIUS--THAT'S ALL IT TAKES. ALL I DO IS PRESS IT, AND IT'S OVER--FOR GOOD!
SO FOR GOD'S SAKE, HELP ME, ZAIUS. HELP ME STOP ALL THIS--!

WHY SHOULD I?
YOU DAMNED DIRTY ANIMAL--!
DONT TOUCH THE BUTTON, TAYLOR--!

THEN HELP ME. LET BRENT GO. CONVince LURBS TO LET ME DISMANTLE THE BOMB--PERMANENTLY. HELP ME, ZAIUS--YOU MUST.

YOU ASK ME TO HELP YOU. BUT MAN IS EVIL--CAPABLE OF NOTHING BUT DESTRUCTION. SHOULD I, THEN, HELP YOU TO DESTROY?

YOU... STINKING... SANCTIMONIOUS... BEAST--!!

NO, TAYLOR--YOU ARE THE BEAST. YOU ARE THE DESTROYER.
BUT THE DESTROYER HIMSELF MUST INEVITABLY BE DESTROYED.

SO HELP ME, ZAIUS--I'LL DO IT. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME--I WANT TO DO IT. SO YOU'D BETTER STOP ME, ZAIUS--YOU'D DAMN WELL BETTER STOP ME!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR--?

SHOOT THE HUMAN-- SHOOT HIM--!!

WEAKLING!!

URUS I....I....

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

DAMN YOU, ZAUS... DAMN YOU...
...You could have stopped him... could have--

B-l-am!

What's wrong with him? How can he go on? I hit him five times--!

He should be--
We must now record the final event of this story. 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.