TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES

DEEP IN A CAVERN, JUST OUTSIDE THE BIZARRE MOUNTAIN-CONTAINED DREADNOUGHT, THE GENOCIDAL DISOBSERVANT MIGHT HAVE FOUND THE SHAPE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL DREAM...

WE'VE FOUND IT, WARCHIEF! WE'LL HUNGER AND SIFU! WE'VE FOUND EVERYTHING WE NEED TO DESTROY EVERY WRETCHED HUMAN ON THE FACE OF THIS WORLD!!

THE HUMAN FEMALE MALAGUZA KNOWS THE CODE TO THE SLOTS OR NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON...

GILBERT... I DON'T THINK I LIKE THIS...

...therefore, she speaks in sinister statement...

...while the singularly menacing forms of Brutus' dreams loom above her, like twin terrors of doom...

M-350 LASER
U.S. ORDIN
711-A

Still, she does suspect that one Scylla's dreams... may wring grace to be mankind's nightmare, and she's right.

AG-212  Story: Doug Moench  Art: Tom Sutton
Who, indeed? Well, the chimpanzee ALEX is at the controls of the car... Is it moving, Jason? But I don't think I know how to stop it!

...but it seems no one's really controlling the berserk vehicle. I lost all control, I'm a mindless zombie who endlessly repeats the Keepers grumbled litany of abject and submissison.
WELL, SOMETHING STOPPED US--
AND NOW THE DOORS ARE SLIDING OPEN--BY THEMSELVES....

YEAH? WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT, JASE.

A GOOD PERSON LIKES EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS

OH, SHUT UP, LIGHTSMITH!

HEY, ALEX--

COOK!

WOW.

WHAT--WHAT ARE THEY JASE.... ?

BIG.

DO YOU THINK THEY'RE FROM THE PAST--
FROM THE TIME BEFORE THE GREAT DEATH FROM
THE GAMES--? OR DO YOU THINK THEY BELONG TO THE
KEEPERS--BACK IN THE PSYCHEDRONE--?

A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS YES...

MAYBE THESE THINGS ARE FROM THE PAST--FROM THE TIME OF
THE GREAT PROGRESS AND ENLIGHTENMENT THAT LIGHTSMITH WAS ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT,
BEFORE HE LOST HIS MIND, ANYWAY...

BUT MAYBE THEY NOW BELONG TO THE KEEPERS.

AFTER ALL, WE'RE STILL PRETTY CLOSE TO THE
PSYCHEDRONE...

HUH--? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JASE?

MAYBE THE ANSWER TO BOTH YOUR QUESTIONS IS YES...

MMH... I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS IS A LITTLE TOO COMPLICATED FOR US...

IT'S THEM, COMMANDER BEULIAS--THE HUMAN
JASON--AND HIS TRAITOROUS APE FRIEND....

S JASON!! YOWCH!! FILTHY ANIMAL BIT ME--!

RUN, JASON--IT'S A TRAP!!

YEAH, WARKO, I CAN SEE THAT IT'S--

MALAGUENA!! MALAGUENA'S VOICE--!!
INDEED! IT IS MALAGUENA--SHE WHOM I'VE KEPT ALIVE ONLY SO SHE COULD LEAD ME TO YOU, JASON...

BRUTUS...

BRUTUS!! THEN I WAS RIGHT! I KNEW TO FIND YOU HERE, YOU DIRTY STINKING MURDERER!!

Uh, not so fast, Jace...

WHAT--?

NO--NOT AGAIN--?!

I THINK THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED.

COME ON, ALEX--LET'S GET HIM--EVERYONE--AND FOR ALL!!

RUN... RUN!!

YES, HUMAN--I'VE GOT YOU AGAIN... AND THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ESCAPE! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO PAY--PAY FOR MURDERING MY WIFE ZENA!

YOU LIAR! YOU MURDERED ZENA YOURSELF!!

SHUT UP, JASON! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE--AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP IT!!

A GOOD PERSON NEVER STOPS DOING ANYTHING...

WHAT THE--?

WHO'S THAT?!

KEEP TALKING, LIGHTSITH...

A GOOD PERSON LIKES EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS...

WHO'S HE?--

HE'S CRAZY

IT IS GOOD TO BE A GOOD PERSON!!

GOOD PERSON--? WHAT ABOUT A GOOD APE?

IT IS GOOD TO BE A GOOD PERSON... WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM--?

While Above--

--THE WRECKED MONKEY DEMONS CONTINUE TO WATCH, HUNGRY AT THE END OF THEIR WAIT.
SHUT THE IDIOT UP.
KILL HIM.

A GOOD PERSON NEVER DOES ANYTHING...

YES, COMMANDER BRUTUS!
A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS YES...

WARRIOR'S RIFLE SPITS A DRY RATCHETING SOUND, READY TO FIRE...

CHUK!

UHHN!!

-- THE WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS RIOT LIKE ENRAGED BERSEKERS!

ALEX-- THERE'S MORE OF THEM!! SHOOT THEM!!

I SEE THEM, JASON!!

NOW WE'VE GOTTA FIGHT BRUTUS, GORILLAS AND THE MONKEY-DEMONS!!

ERAK AK AK AK!! KILL THEM!

WHAT ARE THEY?!!

MAYBE NOT, ALEX-- MAYBE WE CAN JUST LET THEM FIGHT EACH OTHER-- AND ESCAPE IN THE CONFUSION!

COME ON, LIGHTSMITH!!

A GOOD PERSON SAYS GODDAMN!!

HURRY!, MALAGUEÑA-- WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!!

COME ON, LIGHTSMITH!!

IN A MOMENT, JASON...

GILBERT THE SIRION, FORMERLY LIGHTSMITH, PARTNER IN PROGRESS IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE A TERROR AND HIS MOUTH IS COVERED WITH BLOOD, FOR OTHER THINGS.

... AS SOON AS GILBERT UNITS ME!

GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS...

WHAT DOES A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAY? CAN'T REMEMBER...
They're too busy fighting each other to notice.

Up there—That stairway! It must lead somewhere—perhaps out of here, if we're lucky...

But what if it doesn't lead out of...

It's still better than nothing. Malaguena!

You said it, Jane—And it's better than staying here!

They almost look like apes—Apes with wings...

Brutus is acting true to form—As usual...

Slaughtering everything in sight.

Yes...

I remember now—a good person always says yes... I think...

With the clowns of battle still exploding behind them, they crest the top of the stone stairwell...

To find themselves in another cavern tunnel...

I don't know where this tunnel leads, Jason. But somehow I'm not frightened anymore...

Now that we're back together...

Yeah... I'm glad you're all right, Malaguena. I was worried that you might have been...

Malaguena crushes Jason in her arms...

A good person probably allows the keepers to think for him...

And wonders what has happened to the once strong man, who once was an instrument of enlightenment and intelligence.
Far, far away, near the great water which stretches as far as the eye can see, the city breaks under a hot sun...

One can almost grasp the sickness hanging in the air...

How...? How as he...?

Not well at all, Scribe Xirniius. I am reluctant to say...

Indeed, I fear the Lawgiver may not live to see the next moon...

I am old...

That bad...?

Come...

...see for yourself.

Oh, my, my... he looks... bad...

Can you not heal him?...

We are trying to heal him, Scribe Xirniius—but we are merely simple physicians...

...not workers of miracles.

But surely there must be something you can do to save the Lawgiver—some way to heal him?...

Perhaps... but nothing within our powers...

There are tales—stories—which claim that the knowledge required to perform medical miracles is stored somewhere in the forbidden zone... but that knowledge is certainly denied to us...

...who would dare to brave the forbidden zone again... after what happened the last time, when the Lawgiver himself ventured therein?...

Hearing these words, all the royal retainers, even the attendant nearly drops his tray. His eyes have grown red from tears. For the Lawgiver has been... almost a god to him...

...and he has been unable to visualize the death of that god.
True, even as the grieving Oransian youth quietly departs from this chamber of grave sickness... Yes, I suppose you are right—no one would be mad enough to enter the Forbidden Zone...

--HE KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO.

Well, that takes care of those stupid...

--BRAZIANT OBSERVATION! MUTANT-DRONE EGGS...

Wait! Where's the mutant Jason—and the others?

DAMN THEIR SCREWS! THEY'VE ESCAPED—AGAIN!!

The railcar is still here, Commander Brutus, so they did not depart by the same means they arrived.

It took her almost two days to fully assess Brutus's nature...

BAAH! FORGET ABOUT THE STUPID HUMAN WHelp--!!

WWW... IF ONLY I Knew WHAT TO DO WITH THESE THINGS...

...HOW TO MAKE THEM WORK...

Mutant-drone bees have been unusually quiet since his second day under Brutus's command.

WHAT DOES ONE PUNY HUMAN MATTER, ANYWAY—WHEN I'VE GOT THE MEANS TO DESTROY EVERY LAST HUMAN ALIVE--!?!

Clearly, Bee disapproves of the Giant's nature...

Relief and jovous laughter, it seems, never last for very long...

...When uncertainty still lies ahead...

Boy, this sub is a LONG TUNNEL...

It IS GOOD TO BE A GOOD PERSON...

IT MUST BE...

The Keeper's machine told me so...

Why couldn't it just be an opening made by the wind—so we could see whatever's on the other side...

AND NOT HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT WHO MADE THE DOOR--?

Why does it have to BE A DOOR--?!

It's a door, jake—a lousy door!!

Why couldn't it just be an opening made by the wind—so we could see what's on the other side...

--AND NOT HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT WHO MADE THE DOOR--?

Gotta find out where the door leads...

I was afraid...

--YOU'D SAY THAT.
Over within the desolate Forbidden Zone, in the caverns of the Inheritors, mutant-drone EM reports to the Supreme Gestalt Commanders (two of whom are newly-recruited replacements).

"Yes, EMT? You may now deliver your report.

"Okay. I've got a point here, pe-7-en-3. Remember what happened da' last time? We sent drogo to get his hands on nuclear warheads."

"Yeah, that's why we're stuck here in these ridiculous nutrient-broth brs- grossly exaggerated brains without the benefit of luxury of bodies. Nyuk, nyuk!"

"I fully concur, pe-7-en-3 and pe-gx. There is only one course of action we may take. All other options would be sorely remiss."

"At once, Supreme Be-One!"

Five confused fugitives have just opened a doorway into shock...

"Yeah, I was afraid of this, too..."

"Psuedo, stay back or you'll fall!"

"The Psychedrome... we're back in the Psychedrome...!!"
WELL, WE CAN'T GO BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL—BRUTUS AND HIS GORILLAS ARE STILL BACK THERE WAITING FOR US AND THE MONKEY-DEMONS, TOO.

HOW ABOUT THIS SKYCRRAFT, JACE? IT'S LIKE THE ONE THE KEEPER USED TO TAKE US TO THE HABITAT!

I WATCHED HIM AT THE CONTROLS—MAYBE I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO FLY IT!

THERE'S NO ONE INSIDE IT—COME ON, GILBERT, GET IN!

HURRY UP, ALEX—if we're gonna find a way out of here, it's gotta be from the inside—i can see where else in this crazy Psyche-Drome...

A GOOD PERSON IS ALWAYS A CRAZY PSYCHE-DROME...

ALL RIGHT, JACE... HERE GOES NOTHING...

And miraculously—

ALEX HITS THE CORRECT LEVER ON THE FIRST TRY!

THE BIZARRE ALIEN SKYRACHT SWEEPS THROUGH THE TECHNOLOGICAL JUNGLE OF THE PSYCHE-DROME—JUST AS THE MULTI-FACETED ARTIFICIAL SUN LOCATED AT THE VERY CENTER OF THE JUNGLE-

WHOO-THAT BUTTON I HIT—it turned on some lights--this thing's got lights on it—!

YIKES! IT'S DARK—I CAN'T SEE!!

WELL, SHUT THEM OFF,

WHAAT—?!

This may be the first break we've gotten, ALEX—the darkness will cover us...

ALL RIGHT—IF YOU SAY SO. A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS SO...

While, back in Brutus' dream...

YES COMMAND CONTROL IS THAT YOU, DRONE EM?

 HAVE THE SUPREME BESSTAL COMMANDERS DECIDED ON A COURSE OF ACTION—?

Yes, Drone bee—this is Drone EM.

Supreme be—one has decided that the nuclear warheads must be destroyed to prevent the gorilla Brutus from precipitating another Holocaust.

The warheads will do little damage in their present form, so at the first opportunity—

The warheads will do little damage in their present form, so at the first opportunity—

YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO DESTROY THEM WHERE THEY STAND.

...must sacrifice your lives, but we are confident you will understand.

Of course, EM, Over and Out.

Mutant-drone bee knows the true meaning of loyalty.

Of course, this means that you and your fellow mutant-drone bee in Brutus' company—

Poor guy.