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PLANET
OF THE APES
DEC. № 15

NOW ONLY
75¢

WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES



"DOOM IN THE
EMERALD DEPTHS!"

APE AND HUMAN
UNITED AGAINST
MUTATED MONSTERS!

STAN LEE presents

PLANET OF THE APES

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DREAMER IN EMERALD SILENCE

By *Doug Moench &
Tom Sutton*

Ape and
Human war in
a mutated wonder-
world beneath
the sea.

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IN THE CRADLE OF A FATHER'S SINS

By *Doug Moench &
Rico Rival*

Zira and Cornelius
wage a battle of wits
with ruthless
minions from
the C.I.A.

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PROLOGUE:

TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE A CITY OF NOMADS ROSE IN BRIGHT FLAME TO SINK IN DARK SEAS... AND THE AWESOME CITY-SHIP HYDROMEDA IS NOW NO MORE THAN A MEMORY TO BE LOATHED. ONE MAN ALONE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HYDROMEDA'S ACTUAL, AS WELL AS SYMBOLIC DESTRUCTION. THEN, HE WAS KNOWN SECRETLY AS SLINKER. NOW HE TAKES THE PROUD NAME ALARIC...

BUT EVEN IF HE HAS LEFT THE SHADOWS TO WALK UNDER THE SUN, HE IS STILL A CURIOUS MAN... FOR IT IS A MAN'S FEELINGS, AND NOT THE MAN HIMSELF, WHICH MUST NOW HIDE.

I LIKE IT NOT, ALARIC.

IT GOES AGAINST EVERYTHING I FEEL IN MY GUT--!

AND ANY MAN WHO STANDS FOR IT IS--

--WISE, STARKOR... WISE.

I BELIEVE THAT IS THE WORD YOU SEARCH FOR.

I HOPE IT IS THE WORD YOU MEANT.

LOOK BELOW US, STARKOR, AND SEE HOW THE WORK PROGRESSES. IS IT NOT THE WORK OF MEN SERVING PATIENCE... AND WISDOM...

RATHER THAN PRIDE?

BUT WHEN YOU FREED US FROM THE HYDROMEDA'S OARS, ALARIC, YOU FREED US FROM THIS WHOLE SITUATION--! YOU SAID WE'D NEVER AGAIN TOLERATE THESE RULES...

BUT NOW IT'S JUST THE SAME. WE'RE WORKING FOR THEM AGAIN--!

AND I LIKE IT NOT, ALARIC. I LIKE IT NOT AT ALL.

IT IS THE ONLY WAY, FRIEND STARKOR. YOU KNOW THAT.

BESIDES, WE ARE NOT WORKING FOR THEM--WE ARE WORKING WITH THEM.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR LIVES--

FUTURE HISTORY CHRONICLES II
**DREAMER
IN
EMERALD
SILENCE**

--WE ARE
COOPERATING
WITH THEM...

...AND LIVING WITH
THEM-- HUMANS
AND APES -- AS
EQUALS.

CEQUALS. BUT FOR HOW LONG?
HOW LONG BEFORE HATRED
OVERWHELMS MUTUAL NEED?
BEFORE DESPERATE PLEAS FOR
PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING BE-
COME ECHOES LOST IN
BLOOD...?

SEND SOME HUMANS
ABAFT-- AND TELL
THEM TO BE QUICK
ABOUT IT!

TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE HYDROMEDA DOUSED
HER CONFLAGRATION UNDER TURBULENT WAVES...
TWO YEARS OF LABORIOUS GESTATION, IN WHICH THE
FREEDOM REAVER HAS SLOWLY TAKEN FORM. SHE
IS NOT AS LARGE AS HYDROMEDA OR ANY OF THE
OTHER SPRAWLING CITY-SHIPS, BUT SHE HAS BEEN
DESIGNED TO PROVIDE GREATER SPEED... AND TO
POSE A GREATER THREAT.

CHIEF ARCHITECT GRAYMALKYN ISSUES ORDERS IN A VOICE WHICH HE HOPES IS FIRM BUT NOT TYRANNICAL. THE RECIPIENTS OF HIS ORDERS ARE HUMANS, WHILE HE IS NOT. THUS, LIKE ALARIC, HE TOO MUST HIDE HIS FEELINGS...

TIGHTER ON THOSE ROPES BEFORE YOU WEDGE THE MAST! IT'S LEANING A FULL TEN DEGREES LEeward--!

THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL COOPERATION, ALARIC-- WORKING WITH THE APES?

OUR FELLOW HUMANS DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK, WHILE GRAYMALKYN AND HIS APES STAND AROUND ISSUING ORDERS--!

ALL RIGHT-- THAT'S ENOUGH! LOCK THE WINCH-- AND WEDGE THE MAST SECURE!

ONLY THE APES POSSESS ANY KNOWLEDGE OF SHIPBUILDING AND NAVIGATION, STARKOR. THEREFORE, THEY MUST GIVE THE ORDERS... FOR NOW, ANYWAY.

HOW DOES THE WORK PROGRESS, FRIEND GRAYMALKYN?

WELL ENOUGH... FRIEND... ALARIC.

(WHAT DOES THIS GRAYMALKYN THINK-- THIS STRANGE COMBINATION OF GENIUS AND BESTIALITY? WHAT DOES HE FEEL? WHY DOES HE REFUSE TO BARE HIS FEELINGS?)

(AGAIN HE HOLDS BACK. GUARDS HIMSELF, AGAINST WHAT? FEAR OF HUMANS? OR FEAR OF THE REACTION FROM HIS FELLOW APES, SHOULD HE SHARE HIS FEELINGS WITH A HUMAN...?)

THE SECOND MAST IS BEING SECURED NOW. ALL THAT REMAINS, THEN, IS THE RIGGING...

...AND A NUMBER OF MINOR CONCLUDING DETAILS WHICH AMOUNT TO LITTLE MORE THAN FURBISHMENT.

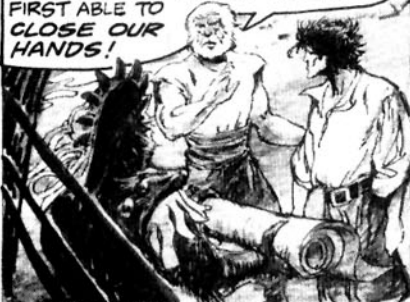
YES, WE SHOULD BE READY TO SAIL WITHIN THE WEEK-- THANKS TO THE HELP OF YOU AND YOUR FREEMEN.

I SEE, EXCELLENT, FRIEND GRAYMALKYN.

HELP--?!!

YOU CALL IT **HELP**--? WE HUMANS DID **EVERYTHING**--WHILE YOU APES STOOD AROUND AND **SHOUTED** AT US! MAYBE IT WAS **NECESSARY** THAT YOU GIVE THE ORDERS, BECAUSE YOU ALONE POSSESS THE **KNOWLEDGE**--!

BUT THE ONLY REASON HUMANS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT SAILING IS BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN LOCKED **BELOW DECK**-- SLAVES TO THE **OARS** SINCE THE DAY WE WERE FIRST ABLE TO **CLOSE OUR HANDS**!



BUT FOR **THIS GROUP** OF HUMANS, THAT'S ALL **CHANGED NOW**! WE'VE **WON OUR FREEDOM**--AND WE **OUTNUMBER** YOU ON THIS ISLAND! SO DON'T FORGET THAT THE **FREEDOM REAVER** IS A **HUMAN SHIP**--!



AND DON'T FORGET WHO **BUILT HER**--AND WHO **DID NOTHING**!

(A LEADER CANNOT TAKE SIDES. THE CONFRONTATION MUST RUN ITS OWN COURSE.)



NOTHING STARKOR--? IN TRUTH WE'VE DONE WHAT WAS **REQUIRED** OF US, ALONE, MY GROUP OF APES WAS TOO **SMALL** TO DO THE **ACTUAL SHIP-BUILDING**...

SO WE WERE **STRANDED** FOR YEARS,

BUT FOR ALL YOUR **NUMBERS**, YOU'D **STILL** BE **STRANDED**--WITHOUT THE **BENEFIT** OF OUR **KNOWLEDGE**.

WE MUST FACE THE **FACT** THAT WE **NEED** EACH OTHER--AT LEAST UNTIL YOU SET US **ASHORE** ON OUR **HOMELAND**, AT WHICH TIME THE **SHIP** WILL BE YOURS TO **SERVE** WHATEVER **ENDS** YOU **WISH**.

AND NO, WE ARE **NOT** TOO BLIND TO CORRECTLY GUESS THE **PURPOSE** OF THE **BATTERING RAM** YOU REQUESTED.

BUT AGAIN, IF YOU WISH TO STAY IN THE **HULL** OF EVERY APE CITY--SHIP ON THE **SEA**, THAT IS YOUR **BUSINESS**...

IN THE **MEANTIME**...



...AFTER WE ARE **TRANSPORTED HOME**.



...THERE IS NO **LOVE LOST** BETWEEN US.

(IT IS ENDED. BUT THE END IS JUST THE **BEGINNING**...)

IF THAT **GORILLA** IS WHAT YOU CALL A **FRIEND**, **ALARIC**--

--THEN MAYBE YOU'D BETTER THINK **TWICE** ABOUT CALLING ME THE **SAME**!



(...AND THE **BEGINNING** IS MORE **OMINOUS** THAN I **FEARED**.)



ALARIC IS LEFT ALONE. HIS THOUGHTS LIKE QUICKSILVER... BUT HIS MOOD SLUGGISH, AND PERHAPS TINGED WITH FEAR...



(THE BATTERING RAM. WHY MUST IT BE NEEDED? WHY CAN'T THE FREEDOM REAVER SAIL TO TRUE FREEDOM? CARRYING HUMANS AS WELL AS APES TO A HOME ON LAND? BUT HUMANS HAVE NO HOME... ONLY OARS. AND A LUST FOR VENGEANCE...)



(...A NEED TO FREE OTHER HUMANS AND TO SLAY EVERY--)

ALARIC... MUST YOU DWELL ON IT?

REENA...

YES, I HEARD IT ALL. STARKOR SPEAKING HIS INDIGNATION...

...AND GRAYMALKYN SPEAKING OF HIS PRIDE. AND OF HIS DEFENSE...



BUT IF THE TRUTH BE KNOWN, ALARIC...

I CAME HERE TO HEAR ONLY YOU... SPEAKING OF ME.

BUT ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU ARE DOING WHAT IS RIGHT...?



I AM DOING WHAT I CAN, REENA.



(HOPING IT IS RIGHT.)

(HOPING FOR PEACE.)

(OF A CERTAIN KIND...)



IT IS MORNING, ONE WEEK LATER...

HARDER--!!

GRAYMALKYN'S VOICE IS STRONG THIS MORNING.

THE BAPTISM OF A SHIP IS NO TIME TO HIDE ONE'S FEELINGS...



THREE NIGHTS LATER, PLYING A WESTERLY COURSE, THE FREEDOM REAVER IS SEEN AS MOONLIGHT CAUGHT IN CANVAS SAILS... SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS...

...SAVE FOR THE RHYTHMIC SUSURRUS OF OARS TREADING WATER, ALL IS STILL. THERE ARE TWO PEOPLE AT THE PROW...

IT IS CHILL.

WILL YOU ROVE THE SEAS FOREVER, ALARIC, TAKING REVENGE ON EVERY APE CITY-SHIP YOU FIND...?

OR WILL WE SETTLE ON LAND SOMEDAY... IN A HOME WHICH DOES NOT SWELL WITH THE OCEAN'S EVERY BREATH...?

YES... BUT WHEN?

THINK OF IT... IN TIME, WE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO HAVE A--

WE WILL SETTLE ON LAND, REENA... SOMEDAY.

SHIP AHEAD, ALARIC--!!

WHAT IN THE...?!

IT'S BIGGER THAN THE HYDROMEDA, ALARIC--! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND APES LIVING ON THAT CITY...!

AND PROBABLY FIVE-THOUSAND HUMAN SLAVES!!

(HE'S RIGHT. BUT WHY NOW--? NOW, OF ALL TIMES--!)



FASTER ON THE OARS! WE CAN OVERTAKE IT BY DAWN!



BUT YOU WON'T OVERTAKE IT BY DAWN--NOR AT ANY TIME AT ALL WHILE WE'RE STILL ABOARD THIS SHIP!

GO TO HELL, YOU STINKING GORILLA.



WAIT, STARKOR. HE'S RIGHT-- WE MADE AN AGREEMENT WITH THE APES. WE SHALL KEEP THAT AGREEMENT.

YOU'RE INSANE, ALARIC! THAT SHIP MIGHT BE THE DYNAMAXION--THE ONES WHO CAPTURED US IN THE FIRST PLACE AND SOLD US TO HYDROMEDA!

WE MIGHT STILL HAVE FRIENDS IN THAT HOLD--SLAVING AT THE OARS!!



IS THAT WHY YOU WISH TO STAVE IN THE SHIP'S HULL? TO DROWN YOUR FRIENDS AT THE OARS--?



SHUT UP, YOU DIRTY FILTHY ANIMAL!!

(THE POINT OF NO RETURN, APPROACHED FROM THE BEGINNING.)

(IT HAD TO COME.)

(IT MUST BE STOPPED.)



STARKOR--I GRAYMALKYN!! AS CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, I COMMAND YOU TO HALT!

NO, ALARIC--LET THEM KILL THEMSELVES IF THEY WANT TO--!

LEAVE VIOLENCE WHERE IT IS, ALARIC!!



STOP IT!

I TOLD YOU TO--



(PAIN FOOL! REENA WAS RIGHT. SHOULD HAVE LET THEM MURDER EACH OTHER! SHOULD NOT HAVE INTERFERED!!)

(SHOULD NOT HAVE --:(<)

UHHN--!



ALARIC--! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU DAMNED IDIOTS!! SAVE HIM--!

SAVE HIM BEFORE I THROW BOTH YOUR WORTHLESS HIDES INTO THE SEA!!



SLUICING WILD SPRAYS,
THE JAWS OPEN...



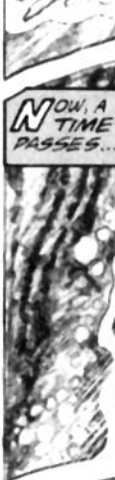
...AND THE JAWS CLOSE.



THE
HOR-
RIBLE
THING
SINKS,
THEN, INTO
THE UN-
SEEN DEEP.

...AND LOSING
ALL LIGHT, ALA-
RIC'S MIND
DWELLS ONLY IN
DARKNESS.

NOW, A
TIME
PASSES...



(WH-
WHERE?)



(WHO?)



A TIME
IN WHICH
LIGHT
RETURNS.



I AM
YOUR
CAPTOR...



I AM...
AMBROSIA.



(AMBROSIA
WHAT KIND
OF NAME IS
THAT...?)



(WHAT
KIND OF
...APE?)



(THE FLOOR--WARM
PULSING AND THE
SEA... BEYOND THAT
WINDOW! WHAT KIND
OF PLACE COULD
THIS--)



WHERE
ARE WE...?



YOU ARE
SAFE HERE,
IN MY
STUDY...

...WITHIN
DWELLERON.



(TOO MANY SHADOWS HERE, CUT BY LIGHT-POOLS OF SHIMMERING DEEP BLUE AND GREEN-- THE SEA, STRAINING TO PUSH IN, TO ENTER THIS PLACE AND CRUSH LIFE. EVEN ABOVE-- THE SEA IS ABOVE, COMPLETELY SURROUNDING THIS PLACE... THIS TRAP...)

WHAT IS... DWELLERON?

MY HOME, MY SHIP... MY CREATION.

IT IS HERE, WITHIN THE VERY CENTER OF LIFE, THAT I FIND THE ONLY TRUE PEACE...

"YOU SEE, DWELLERON IS THE SUCCESSFUL RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS IN THE LOST ART OF BIO-MECHANICS... OF CALCULATED MUTATION AND MANIPULATION OF HER GENES. COMPLETELY SELF-SUSTAINED, BOTH MY WORLD AND MY VEHICLE, DWELLERON PROVIDES FOR HER OWN NEEDS AND FOR MINE AS WELL.

"THUS IN CERTAIN WAYS I AM A PARASITE, BUT ONE WHICH CONTROLS ITS HOST-ORGANISM...

"BY PROBING THE APPROPRIATE NERVE-GANGLIA, MUCH LIKE PRESSING BUTTONS, I CAN FORCE DWELLERON TO PERFORM MY WILL... TO JOURNEY IN MY CHOSEN DIRECTION...

AND EVEN AS HER CILIA PROPEL US, THEY SNARE FOOD AND FUEL FOR HER CONSUMPTION AND FOR MINE. THUS, DWELLERON IS MY DREAM... DWELLERON... IS ME."



(SUCH STRANGE WORDS, SO LITTLE OF IT UNDERSTOOD... BUT WHY THE SPEECH? SURELY IT CANNOT BE TRUE...)

WE DIDN'T SPEAK BECAUSE WE THOUGHT IT SHOULD BE YOUR DECISION, ALARIC

I SEE NO HARM IN ANSWERING, GRAYMALKYN...

THE NAME OF OUR SHIP IS THE FREEDOM REAVER.

NOW, SINCE YOUR TWO COMPANIONS REFUSED TO SPEAK WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS, PERHAPS YOU WILL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS.

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE SHIP FROM WHICH YOU FELL... THE SHIP I HAVE FOLLOWED FOR TWO DAYS...?



AND ITS PURPOSE...?

TO FREE HUMAN SLAVES FROM THE CITY-SHIPS OF THE APES.

AND HOW DOES YOUR FREEDOM REAVER PLAN TO ACCOMPLISH SUCH ENDS?



BY RAMMING THE CITY-SHIPS AND DESTROYING THEM.

GOOD. I SHALL ALLOW YOUR SHIP TO SURVIVE THEN... AT LEAST FOR A TIME, UNTIL ITS USE TO ME HAS EXPIRED AND IT BECOMES A THREAT IN ITSELF.

NOW, IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME...?

DINNER IS ABOUT TO BE SERVED.



(MUCH BETTER THAN THE FOOD SERVED TO HUMAN SLAVES ABOARD THE CITY-SHIPS... AND BETTER EVEN, THAN THAT CAUGHT FROM THE REAVER...)

(PERHAPS THIS IS A REMARKABLE PLACE... BUT CAN THE WALLS--THE FLOOR AND CEILING--ACTUALLY BE LIVING FLESH?)

BUT WHY DID YOU CREATE DWELLERON?

TO DRIVE THE CITY-SHIPS OFF THE SEAS--TO CHASE WAR AND FILTH BACK ONTO LAND, WHERE IT BELONGS!

NEITHER I NOR DWELLERON SHALL REST UNTIL EVERY LAST CITY-SHIP IS GONE.

THE SEA IS TRANQUIL, RICH WITH LIFE. IT HAS NO PLACE FOR THOSE WHO CARELESSLY JETTISON WASTE INTO ITS DEPTHS... THOSE WHOSE WARS SOW DEATH AND FOULNESS UPON THE WAVES.

BUT YOU CAN'T DESTROY EVERYONE IN THOSE CITIES. THERE ARE HUMANS IN THE HOLDS--KEPT AS SLAVES, CHAINED TO THE OARS. YOU CAN'T KILL THEM--!

ON THE CONTRARY, THEY SHOULD BE THE FIRST TO DIE. IT WAS THE HUMANS WHO FIRST WAGED WAR--WHO INVENTED WAR--AND WHO FIRST FILLED THE SEA WITH THEIR FILTH.

THEN WHY HAVEN'T YOU KILLED US--AT LEAST STARKOR AND I, IF NOT GRAYMALKYN--?

IT IS NOT INDIVIDUALS I HATE. I MERELY DESPISE THAT WHICH OCCURS WHEN INDIVIDUALS MASS TOGETHER. QUITE SIMPLY, I HATE WAR AND FILTH.

(HE SEEMS SO CASUAL ABOUT IT... ABOUT MURDER...)

WERE I FORCED TO SEE THE FACES OF THOSE I CONDEMN I COULD NEVER DESTROY THE CITY-SHIPS.

ONLY THINKING OF THEM AS A HIDEOUS MASS OF CORRUPTORS CAN I PERFORM MY WORK.

AND WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO WITH US--?

KEEP YOU--FOR A TIME. I ENJOY CONVERSING WITH THOSE WHOSE MINDS I DON'T YET KNOW. BUT I WILL SOON GROW BORED, NO DOUBT.

...AND PERHAPS RETURN YOU TO YOUR SHIP. FOR NOW, THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE...

AS WE ARE PRESENTLY ON A FIXED COURSE... PURSUING PREY.

A CITY-SHIP...? THE DYMATION!! I-IT'S THEM YOU'RE AFTER!?

BUT NOT UNTIL IT MERGES WITH THREE MORE CITY-SHIPS... THEN, DWELLERON SHALL EXPEND THE LEAST EFFORT TOWARD THE MOST DESTRUCTION.

"AND NOW, MY CHARMING GUESTS, WHILE DWELLERON'S CILIA KEEP SILENT PACE WITH THE DYMATION ABOVE, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE SOME REST. YOUR QUARTERS, I TRUST, WILL PROVE COMFORTABLE."

(HE'S MAD--UTTERLY MAD...)

AMBROSIA'S GUARDS HAVE CONDUCTED THEM TO THEIR QUARTERS, AND DEPARTED. THEY ARE ALONE NOW... BUT UNWILLING TO REST...

HE'S MAD, ALARIC-- COMPLETELY MAD. WE MUST FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE.

SO I HAVE BEEN THINKING, GRAYMALKYN... AND WHILE I STILL AGREE WE MUST ESCAPE, PERHAPS WE'RE WRONG ABOUT HIS MADNESS...

WRONG...? HE BELIEVES HE'S LIVING IN THE BELLY OF SOME MONSTER FISH...

PERHAPS DELUDED IN THAT BELIEF, STARKOR... BUT IT IS HIS LIFE'S PURPOSE WHICH HAS MOST DISTURBED ME-- HIS USE OF MURDER TO END MURDER...

AND NOW I AM NOT SO CERTAIN THAT HIS REASONING IS ALTOGETHER FOUL AND CORRUPT...

...AND YOU DON'T THINK HE'S MAD...?

FOR HIS METHODS SEEM TO DIFFER ONLY SLIGHTLY FROM THOSE WE HAVE DEVISED ABOARD THE FREEDOM REAVER.

DAY HIGH ABOVE DWELLERON, ANOTHER VESSEL KEEPS PACE WITH THE AWESOME CITY-SHIP DYMATION...

...AND IN THE SMALLER SHIP'S MAIN CABIN-- IN ALARIC'S CABIN-- MEANINGS GROW BLURRED...

REENA...? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

PERHAPS WIDIA. I DO NOT KNOW...

ARE THERE ANY SIGNS OF ALARIC OUTSIDE...?



NONE, REENA... AND THE MEN HAVE DECIDED SIGNS ARE NOT WORTH WAITING FOR. THEY HAVE SET A COURSE TO FOLLOW THE DYMATION-- TO RAM IT...

YES... OF COURSE THEY HAVE... AND NO DOUBT THEY ARE PROCLAIMING IT IS FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANS...

AND YET, THEY'D RATHER KILL A THOUSAND APES...

...THAN TRY TO SAVE A SINGLE HUMAN LIFE.

NOT MAD, ALARIC, MERELY PRACTICAL... CHECK.

IS IT PRACTICAL, AMBROSIA, TO MURDER BECAUSE YOU DESPISE MURDER?

I EVADE YOUR CHECK.

WHEN THE VICTIM OF MY MURDER IS HIMSELF A MURDERER -- THEN YES, HIS ELIMINATION IS HIGHLY PRACTICAL.

BUT YOU WOULD SLAY THOUSANDS, YOURSELF. WHY IS IT THAT YOU ALONE HAVE THE RIGHT TO MAKE SUCH JUDGEMENTS?

BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE POSSESSES MY KNOWLEDGE... MY WISDOM TO ASSESS THE PAST AND THEREBY PREDICT THE FUTURE...

NO ONE ELSE HAS MY FORESIGHT... MY POWER... OR MY SKILL.

CHECK, ALARIC.

AYE, AMBROSIA... AND MATE. I CONCEDE THE GAME.

BUT TELL ME...

...JUST HOW DO YOU DESTROY THE CITY-SHIPS?

(WAS IT CASUAL ENOUGH? DOES HE REALIZE ANOTHER GAME IS STILL BEING PLAYED...?)

I DESTROY THEM WITH THE GHOSTS OF WARS PAST...

...WARS WAGED BY YOUR KIND, ALARIC -- BY HUMANS.

I DESTROY THE FILTHY CITY-SHIPS WITH THIS, ALARIC -- ADHESIVE SUBSTANCES CALLED EXPLOSIVES. EFFECTIVE EVEN UNDERWATER...

DWELLERON NEED TAKE ONLY A TINY BIT IN HER CILIA...

THEN REACH UP AND AFFIX IT TO A SUBMERGED HULL...

...AND UPON FORCEFUL IMPACT OR THE APPLICATION OF HEAT, THE SUBSTANCE DETONATES.

THE SIGHT IS BEAUTIFUL, ALARIC -- THE SEA ROARS WITH SOUND -- THE CITY-SHIP LIFTS FROM THE WATER, SUNDERED INTO FRAGMENTS, AND CLUTTERS THE SEA FOR A LAST TIME... WITH HER FINAL WASTES!

THEN THE REAL GAME HAS NOT BEEN LOST. HIS MADNESS -- HIS OBSESSION -- HAS REVEALED THE NEEDED INFORMATION...

NOW COME, ALARIC. THE DYMAXION IS BY CHANCE PASSING ONE OF MY ISLANDS. SINCE DWELLERON CAN EASILY OVERTAKE THE DYMAXION, WE SHALL STOP TO VISIT THE ISLAND AND REPLENISH OUR SUPPLIES WITH CERTAIN DELICACIES FOUND ONLY ON LAND.



THERE, ALARIC -- THE INSIDE OF DWELLERON'S MOUTH, AND OUR PORTAL... THE HATCH THROUGH WHICH YOU ENTERED MY WORLD...

YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TUTORED IN THE USE OF MY AIRSUITS. YOU MAY WATCH ME...

I STILL DON'T LIKE IT, GRAYMALKYN...



WHAT IF THESE DIRTY SHELLS DON'T ALLOW US TO BREATHE---

WE SHALL DROWN, I SUPPOSE.



NOW, MY GUESTS, YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE A PRIVILEGE GRANTED TO VERY FEW OUTSIDERS. YOU ARE ABOUT TO IMMERSE YOURSELVES IN A REALM OF UNFETTERED BEAUTY... THE SLOWLY SWAYING TRANQUILITY OF UTTER SILENCE...

THE EMERALD SILENCE OF THE SEA.

PROBE THE NERVE-CENTER, GARNYA.



AYE, GOOD AMBROSIA.

THE THING CALLED DWELLERON TWITCHES IN RESPONSE TO THE AGITATED NERVE-GANGLIA...



AND SINCE THE PROBED NERVE-ENDINGS ARE THOSE WHICH GOVERN ITS MOUTH, DWELLERON EXHALES.

THUS, TINY CREATURES BORN OF LAND ARE BREATHED INTO THE ALIEN SEA...





(THE BEAUTY--THERE IS NO OTHER WORD--
RUSHES FROM ALL SIDES BELOW AND ABOVE,
LIFE EVERYWHERE, BRILLIANTLY COLORED
AND FILLED WITH A GRACE THE LAND
CAN NEVER KNOW...!)

(THERE IS COMFORT
HERE BEYOND THE
TERROR...)

(AND THERE IS SECURITY, BEYOND THE ISOLATION,
A SOFT AND EMERALD COOL LONELINESS IN WHICH
ONE CAN NEVER BE ALONE...)

(AMBROSIA'S FACE REFLECTS
THIS SILENT WORLD...)

(HE IS FILLED WITH
ECSTASY, WITH
BLISS... MOST OF
ALL WITH PEACE...)

(HE WAS NEVER MEANT
TO DWELL ON LAND...)

(HIS RIDERS HAVE PRO-
CURED WHAT SEA
FOOD THEY DESIRE...
AND FLASH FORWARD
NOW, AS ESCORTS,
TOWARD A TUNNEL...)

(THAT IS THE ANSWER--
PEACE--THIS LAZY WORLD
UNDER THE SEA IS PEACE
--ITS VERY NATURE PRE-
VENTS THE VIOLENT MOTIONS
OF WAR. THIS HAS BECOME
PART OF HIM: THE SEA
AND THE PEACE.)



(THE TUNNEL TURNS
UPWARD NOW...)

(...LEADS TO
AIR...)

(A POOL
SURROUNDED
BY THE
ISLAND--

(--WHICH IS IN TURN SURROUNDED BY
AMBROSIA'S BELOVED SEA.)

(HE LEADS THE CLIMB
ONTO LAND... STILL
SILENT, AND PERHAPS
STILL DREAMING...)

(IS HE UNCONCERNED
WITH THE POSSIBILITY
OF ESCAPE ATTEMPTS
...ARROGANT?)

THE GARDEN HAS
FLOURISHED SINCE
LAST I CULTIVATED IT...

(OR IS HE MERELY
PREOCCUPIED...?)

DELICIOUSLY SUGGULENT
--ALMOST WORTHY OF
THE SEA...!

(HIS APES -- READING,
HARVESTING, SAMP-
LING -- ENGROSSED,
ABSORBED IN THEIR
WORK, IN THEIR
DREAMS BEARING
CLEAN FRUIT --
AMBROSIA'S FOLLOW-
ERS, HIS ACOLYTES,
ALL WORKING WITHIN
HIS IDEAS, ALL
MODELS OF HIS
IDEAL...)

(ALL PRE-OCCUPIED.)

NOW, ALARIC -- WE'LL
FIND NO BETTER TIME...

AYE, GRAYMALKYN, AND QUICKLY --
BEFORE ONE OF THEM LIFTS
HIS HEAD AND --

NO! -- STOP --
COME BACK!!

AMBROSIA --
THEY'RE
ESCAPING --!!

ALARIC -- DON'T
BE A FOOL!!

LISTEN TO ME --
THEY'LL KILL
YOU -- COME
BACK!!

IT'S NO USE --
THEY WON'T
LISTEN --!
INTO YOUR
SUITS -- AT
ONCE!

QUICKLY -- ALL OF YOU --!
WE MUST RETURN TO
DWELLERON BEFORE
THEY DISTURB THE
ISLANDERS --!

(AMBROSIA'S VOICE -- FADING,
DYING ON THE WIND...)

(IN SPLASHES...?)

THIS SHOULD BE FAR
ENOUGH -- TO STOP
AND GET OUR
BEARINGS...


AYE, STARKOR, WE'VE LEFT
AMBROSIA FAR ENOUGH BE-
HIND -- BUT HIS WORDS
REFUSE TO LEAVE ME, AND
I LIKE THEM NOT...

HIS SHOUTS WARNED OF
SOMEONE... KILLING US...

DON'T BE A FOOL,
GRAYMALKYN. THIS
ISLAND IS WILD --
UNTAMED. WHO
COULD BE
LIVING --


CHOK!
THOK!

-- HERE?




SAVAGES--HURLING BRIGHT
TERROR IN EVERY VICIOUS
SNARL, DEATH IN EVERY
CRUDE WEAPON...

HEATHEN APES--THE OUTRAGED
DENIZENS OF THIS ISLAND,
WHOSE HOME HAS BEEN TRES-
PASSED...WHOSE LAND
HAS BEEN RAPED.



QUICKLY--
WE HAVE NO
CHOICE BUT
TO FLEE!

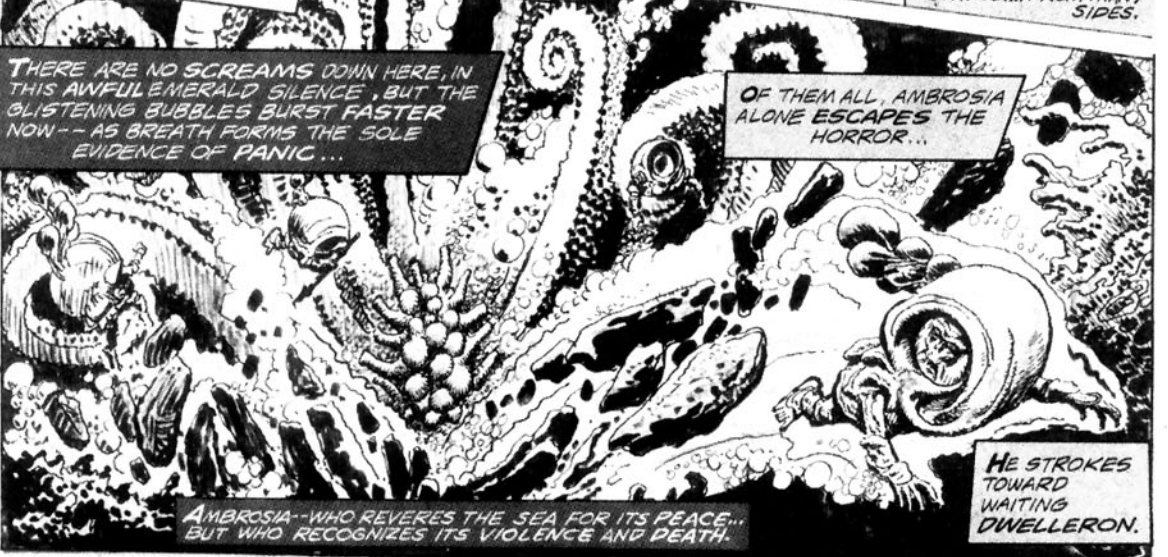


IN THE SEA, THERE
ARE THOSE WHO
HAVE ALREADY
FLED...



...AND WHO NOW FIND THEIR
ESCAPE BLOCKED BY A FAR
MORE HIDEOUS DANGER THAN
INSPIRED THEIR FLIGHT...

THE NIGHTMARE STRIKES
SWIFTLY... FROM MANY
SIDES.



THERE ARE NO SCREAMS DOWN HERE, IN
THIS AWFUL EMERALD SILENCE, BUT THE
GLISTENING BUBBLES BURST FASTER
NOW--AS BREATH FORMS THE SOLE
EVIDENCE OF PANIC...

OF THEM ALL, AMBROSIA
ALONE ESCAPES THE
HORROR...

AMBROSIA--WHO REVERES THE SEA FOR ITS PEACE...
BUT WHO RECOGNIZES ITS VIOLENCE AND DEATH.

HE STROKES
TOWARD
WAITING
DWELLERON.

EASY ENOUGH TO
SAY WE SHOULD
FLEE, ALARIC...

...BUT THERE ARE
THOSE WITH OTHER
IDEAS--!

--AND FLEE AS
THOUGH YOUR
LEGS WERE
BURNING--!!

IT SUCCEEDS FOR A
WHILE, THE WILD RUN
THROUGH WILDER
FOLIAGE, BUT THEN THE
ISLAND RUNS OUT
UNDER THEIR FEET...

WE'RE TRAPPED,
ALARIC--!

TRAPPED BY
THE DAMNED
SEA!!

THEN CONVINCE THEM
THAT OUR IDEA
IS BEST--

EYES LIKE WELCOMING BEACONS
CUTTING THE DARKNESS, GUIDING
THE PATH HOME, DWELLERON
RECEIVES HER MASTER...

AND ONCE WITH-
IN WARM DWELL-
ERON, AMBROSIA
ACTIVATES
NERVE IM-
PULSES, SQUEE-
ZING RESPONSE
FROM HIS OBE-
DIENT CREATION...

...GUIDING
HER
UPWARD...

TRAPPED OR NOT,
WE MUST TRY
TO ESCAPE--!

DWELLERON RISES IN FLAMING SPRAY, VESSEL OF
AMBROSIA'S WILL -- RISES TO GREET THOSE
WHO HAVE ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE FROM HER,
AND ARE NOW IRONICALLY RESCUED BY HER...

BETTER TO DROWN,
THAN LET THOSE
SAVAGES TAKE US--!

ALARIC--
LOOK AHEAD,
MAN--!!

IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE NOW--!
ENTER THE HIDEOUS
THING--BEFORE THOSE
SPEARS FIND US!!

THEN, AS THE THREE FUGITIVES WILLINGLY SWIM INTO DWELLERON'S MOUTH, A CLAMOR ARISES ON THE BEACH. THE ISLANDERS HAVE WITNESSED THEIR MEAL DEVoured BY A MONSTER... AND IT IS A SIGHT THEY WILL NOT SOON FORGET.



HUNGER WILL MAKE THEM HOWL FOR HOURS.

A LONG TIME HAS PASSED SINCE DWELLERON RESUMED HER INTERRUPTED COURSE. ALARIC AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAVE BEEN UNDER HEAVY GUARD SINCE THEN.

(A LOSS OF TRUST NOW. PLANS WILL NEED TO BE CHANGED, AND FORCE WILL BE NECESSARY...)

THE DYMAXION WILL SOON MERGE WITH THE OTHER THREE CITY-SHIPS, TO CONDUCT THEIR FILTHY COMMERCE...

PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE SEA...



AND DWELLERON CLOSES ON ITS MANY-CARED PREY...



WE HAVE LOST MUCH OF THE CREW TO THE SEA-BEAST FROM WHICH I ESCAPED. AND TOO, OUR CAPTIVES PREVENT ME FROM SPARING THREE GUARDS...

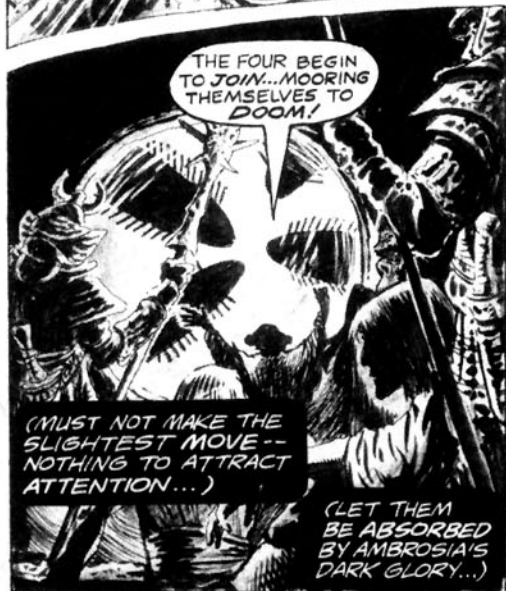
THEREFORE, YOU TWO MUST PERFORM THE DEMOLITION PROCEDURE ALONE. THIS WILL NECESSITATE RETURNING FOR NEW EXPLOSIVES AFTER EACH SHIP IS DESTROYED.



(GOOD... PERHAPS IT WILL STILL SUCCEED... BUT ONLY AT THE COST OF DESTRUCTION TO AT LEAST ONE CITY-SHIP -- AND THE HUMAN SLAVES AT ITS OARS...)



THE FOUR BEGIN TO JOIN... MOORING THEMSELVES TO DOOM!



(MUST NOT MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MOVE -- NOTHING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION...)

(LET THEM BE ABSORBED BY AMBROSIA'S DARK GLORY...)

THEY HAVE MERGED.

TAKE THE EXPLOSIVE AND PREPARE TO LEAVE DWELLERON...



...NOW.

ONCE AGAIN DWELLERON EXHALES...



...AND THE TWO ORANGUTAN DIVERS ARE EXPELLED TO THEIR TASK.

THE FIRST DIVER
FIRES A LINED
HARPOON TO
DYMATION'S
HULL...



...THEN ANCHORS
THE LINE AS THE
SECOND DIVER
HAULS HIMSELF
UPWARD...



...TO APPLY THE
GELATINOUS
EXPLOSIVE TO
ITS TARGET.



HE THEN ALLOWS
HIMSELF TO FLOAT
DOWN TOWARD HIS
WAITING COMPANION...



...THERE TO MOVE
HIS ARM IN A
SILENT SIGNAL
WHICH
SCREAMS--



NOW!



TAKE THEIR WEAPONS
BEFORE THEY HAVE
A CHANCE TO
THINK--!!



WH-WHAT--?!!

THE SECOND
HARPOON
STREAKS
UPWARD...



ALARIC-- KEEP AWAY FROM
DON'T BE THOSE
A FOOL! EXPLOSIVES--!




SHUT UP,
APE--THIS
HELLISH SHIP
HAS A NEW
MASTER
NOW!

THE EXPLOSIVE SUB-
STANCE AFFIXED TO
THE HULL OF THE
DYMATION HAS BEEN DE-
SIGNATED TO DETONATE
UPON APPLICATION OF HEAT
OR FORCEFUL IMPACT.



THE HARPOON
APPROACHES
IT FORCEFULLY...



...AND UPON IMPACT, AN
ENTIRE CITY-SHIP IN THE
PROCESS OF TRADE-
POLLINATION--

--DIES.

...UP.

DIES HORRENDOUSLY.

DIES... FROM
THE BOTTOM...



YOUR MAD DREAM IS DEAD, AMBROSIA! LISTEN TO THE REALITY I OFFER IN ITS PLACE---

AND LISTEN WELL, APE -- IF YOUR LIFE MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.



ABANDON YOUR CAMPAIGN OF DESTRUCTION-- JETTISON YOUR STORE OF EXPLOSIVES -- OR I WILL TOUCH THIS FLAME TO THEM AND DESTROY US ALL... AS WELL AS YOUR BELOVED DWELLERON... FROM INSIDE OUT.

AND I WANT YOUR ANSWER NOW-- BEFORE YOUR TWO DIVERS RETURN...

YOU'RE MAD...

YOU CAN'T MEAN IT-- YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'D SACRIFICE YOUR OWN LIVES... JUST TO SAVE THOSE CITY-SHIPS...?

NOT THE SHIPS, AMBROSIA-- THE LIVES THEY CONTAIN... THE HUMAN SLAVES -- AND YES, THE APES AS WELL.

BUT... BUT WHAT YOU PROPOSE TO DO IS NOBLE... CAN'T BE... THERE IS NO NOBILITY... NO LOYALTY... NOTHING BUT TREACHERY AND GREED, FILTH AND WAR...

(HOW CLOSE BEFORE THE HEAT DETONATES IT-- CLOSER. THE ONLY WAY. DO IT... DO IT!)

N-NO-- MOVE THE FLAME AWAY!

I AGREE TO YOUR DEMANDS -- I SHALL JETTISON THE EXPLOSIVES...

YOU HAVE SHOWN ME NOBILITY OUTSIDE OF MYSELF...

MY DREAM... IS DEAD...



(CLOSER...)



IT IS NOT EASY FOR A WOMAN LIKE REENA TO CRY. STILL, SHE HAS LOST ALL HER TEARS NOW...

...SPENT THEM INTO THE SEA, MORE TEARS THAN ALL THE REST OF HER LIFE HAS EVER KNOWN...

...AND IT HAS NOT BROUGHT ALARIC BACK. SHE WILL WEEP NO MORE...

LOOK!! THERE IS MORE THAN ONE -- YOUR EYES SAW TRUE, ZADNEK!

AYE-- THREE OF THEM...

AND IT LOOKS LIKE A FOURTH HAS JUST SUNK--!

THEN IT WAS NOT THUNDER WE HEARD...





I SAY WE RAM ALL THREE OF THEM-- TO THE MEMORY OF ALARIC!

FOOLS... STUPID FOOLS...



ALARIC WANTED YOU TO LEAVE THE CITY-SHIPS ALONE... AND NOW YOU --

WAIT -- STARBOARD -- THE SEA...IT BEGINS TO BUBBLE...!



WHAT...? NO...OH NO...

NOOO!!

THE MONSTER--THE SAME MONSTER WHICH DEVoured ALARIC, STOLE HER LOVER...

HAS IT RETURNED TO DEVOUR HER TOO--? OR TO HAUNT HER FOR ALL TIME WITH THE MEMORY OF HER LOSS...?



NO. IT HAS RETURNED FOR NEITHER PURPOSE.

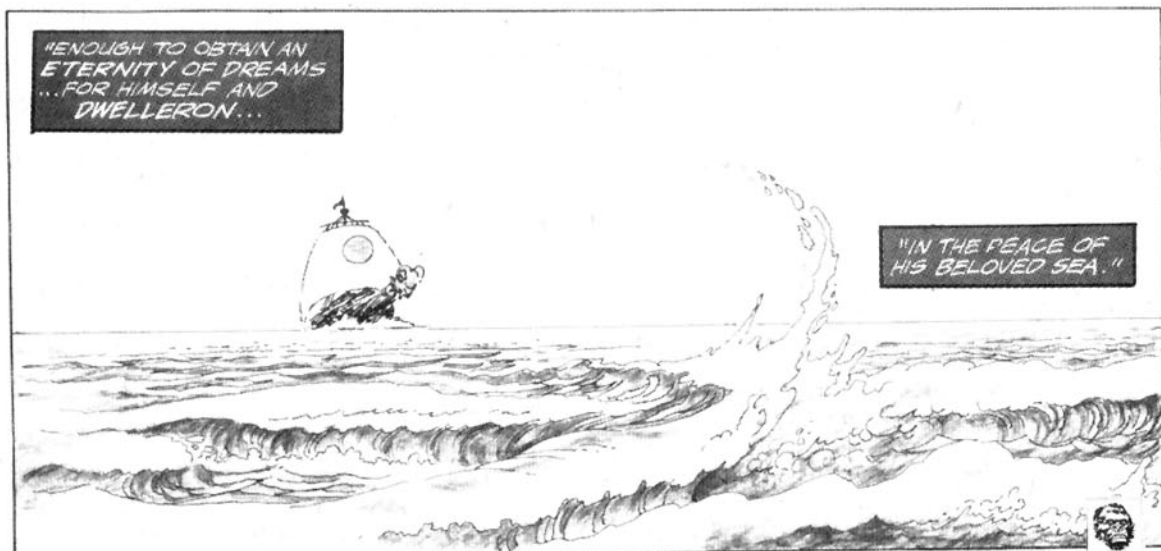
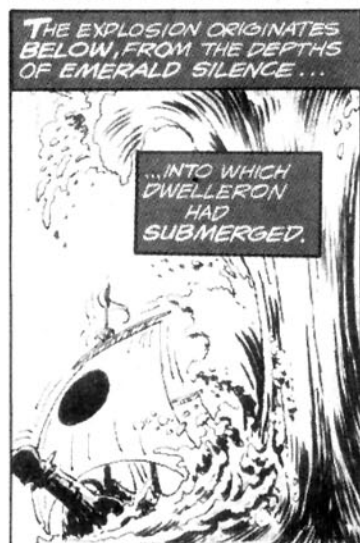
A MIRACLE -- THE MONSTER SPITS THEM OUT -- RETURNS THEM TO US ALIVE --!



REENA HAD LONG KNOWN THAT HER LOVER RARELY WASTES WORDS... BUT NOW, IN THE MIDST OF LIVING A MIRACLE --?

AS YOUR CAPTAIN, I COMMAND YOU TO REVERSE THE FREEDOM REAVER'S COURSE! INSTEAD, WE SHALL HONOR OUR PROMISE TO GRAYMALKYN AND HIS APES--

AND THIS TIME NOT EVEN STARKOR -- I'VE LEARNED THE WILL PROTEST -- APE IS ALMOST HUMAN.



ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES PART 4

IN THE CRADLE



AG-151

OF A FATHER'S SINS





...WHERE THEY WILL
BE HELD IN DR.
DIXON'S CARE FOR
INTERROGATION
BY THE C.I. A....



...UNDER THE
GUIDANCE AND
SUPERVISION OF
**DR. OTTO
HASSELEIN...**



THREE: UPON COMPLETION OF
THE INTERROGATION, THE COMMISSION WILL
RECONVENE TO DISCUSS ITS FINDINGS
AND TO MAKE SUCH **FURTHER**
RECOMMENDATIONS AS MAY BE DEEMED
JUST AND/OR **EXPEDIENT...**



I FIND THAT
"AND/OR" SOMEWHAT
SINISTER,
HASSELEIN...

JUST **TECHNICAL**
PHRASEOLOGY, MR.
PRESIDENT... I
ASSURE YOU...

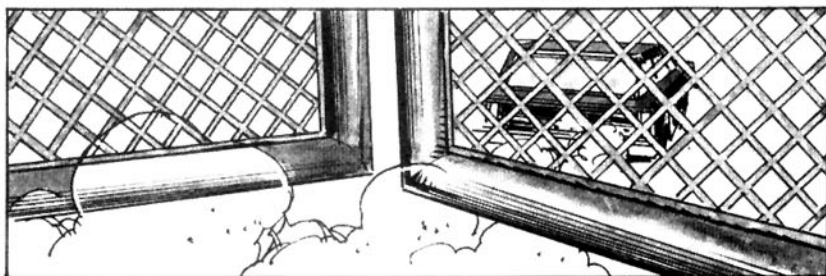
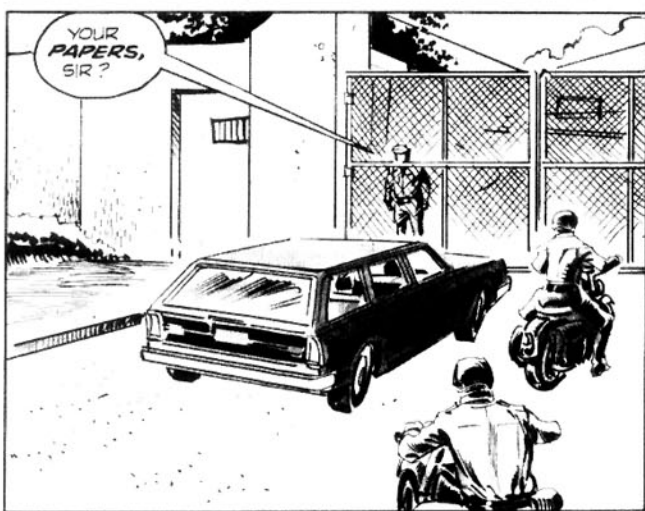


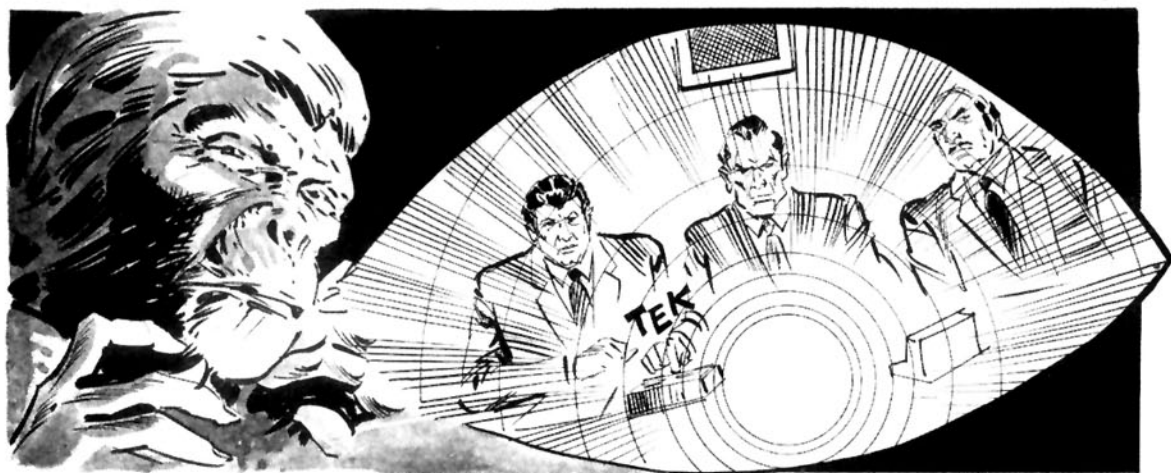
I WISH I KNEW HOW
TO **ADVISE** YOU! I
SUPPOSE THEY'LL TRY
TO MAKE YOU **ANGRY...**



...BUT DON'T **LET** THEM,
OR YOU'LL BE TRAPPED
INTO GIVING THE WRONG
ANSWERS...

JUST TRY TO
STAY **POLITE...**
WHATEVER
HAPPENS!







BECAUSE
DR. HASSELEIN
MADE ME
DRUNK--!



WHY DID YOU TELL SOMETHING
TO DR. HASSELEIN WHEN **DRUNK**
WHICH YOU NEVER TOLD TO THE
COMMISSION WHEN
SOBER?

BECAUSE YOU AND
YOUR HUSBAND FEARED
FOR YOUR **SAFETY**...AND
THAT OF YOUR UNBORN
CHILD...



I WITHHELD
NOTHING!

NOBODY
ASKED
ME!

AND IF
SOMEBODY
HAD--?



I WOULD HAVE SAID THAT
THAT CHIMPANZEES HAD **NO**
PART IN THE DESTRUCTION
OF EARTH, ONLY THE
GORILLAS AND
ORANGUTANS!

WHAT'S THE **DIFFERENCE?**
YOU'RE ALL **MONKEYS!**



PLEASE DO NOT
USE THE WORD
"MONKEY!"
WE FIND IT
OFFENSIVE!

AS AN **ARCHEOLOGIST**, I HAD
ACCESS TO HISTORY SCROLLS
KEPT **SECRET** FROM THE MASSES--
AND I SUSPECT THAT THE WEAPON
WHICH DESTROYED EARTH WAS
MAN'S INVENTION!



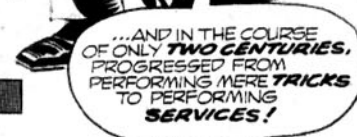
AND I KNOW THAT ONE REASON
FOR MAN'S **ORIGINAL DOWN-
FALL** WAS YOUR PECULIAR
HABIT OF **MURDERING** ONE
ANOTHER. **MAN DESTROYS**
MAN...

APES DO NOT
DESTROY APES!



CORNELIUS, THIS IS A SEARCH
FOR **FACTS**, NOT AN **INTER-
RACIAL DEBATE!** WE ADMIT
THE POSSIBILITY OF MAN'S
DECLINE AND **FALL...**

BUT WHAT ALL OF
US HERE WANT TO
KNOW... IS HOW
APES MANAGED
TO **RISE!**





THEY BECAME ALERT TO THE CONCEPT OF SLAVERY AND--AS THEIR NUMBERS **GREW--** TO SLAVERY'S **ANTIPODE**, WHICH IS **UNITY!**

THEY BEGAN TO ASSEMBLE IN SMALL **BANDS!** THEY LEARNED THE ART OF **CORPORATE** AND **MILITANT** ACTION...



IN SHORT, THEY LEARNED TO **REFUSE!**



AT FIRST THEY **BARKED** THEIR REFUSAL! AND THEN, ON A HISTORIC DAY COMMEMORATED BY MY SPECIES AND FULLY **DOCUMENTED** IN THE **SECRET SCROLLS**, THERE CAME AN APE CALLED **ALDO**, WHO **DIDN'T BARK!**

HE **ARTICULATED!** HE SPOKE A WORD WHICH HAD BEEN SPOKEN TO HIM TIME WITHOUT **NUMBER**, BY HUMANS...



HE SAID **"NO!"**



I SEE!

SO THAT'S HOW IT ALL **STARTED...**

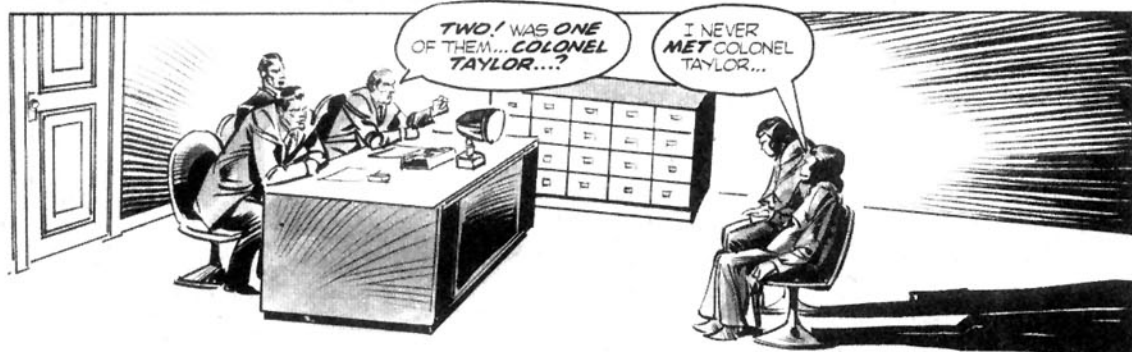


WHERE **WE** CAME FROM, APES **TALK** AND **HUMANS** ARE DUMB!

YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR HUSBAND'S WORDS TO THE **COMMISSION?**



YES.





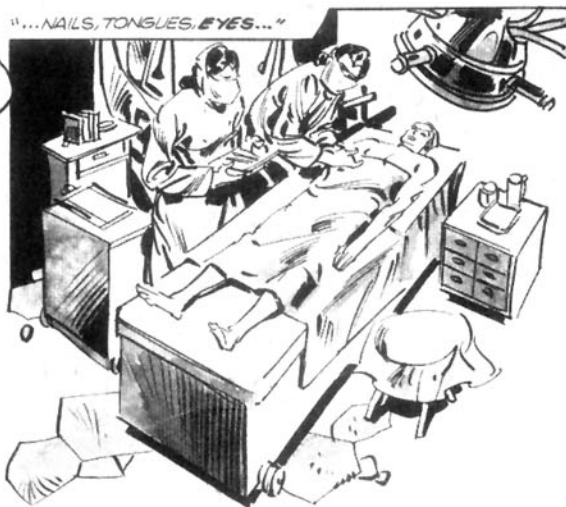
















...UNTIL...
(MM, GETTING SLEEPY)
...WE CAME **HERE**...
WE'D NEVER **SEEN**
THAT BEFORE...



WHEN YOU **LEFT**
WAS COLONEL TAYLOR
STILL **ALIVE**?

WE LOVED
TAYLOR--!



"WE DID ALL
WE COULD TO
HELP HIM,
CORNELIUS
AND I..."



CORNELIUS....!



WHERE
IS HE?

WHERE'S
CORNELIUS--?!
WHERE'S MY
HUSBAND--?!



EASY,
ZIRA...
RELAX...



I CAN NOW ANNOUNCE THAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS RATIFIED THE FOLLOWING **FINAL RECOMMENDATIONS** MADE BY THIS COMMISSION IN LIGHT OF THE **C.I.A. TAPE RECORDINGS** DELIVERED TO US BY **DR. HASSLEIN...**



ONE: BY A MAJORITY VOTE THE COMMISSION FINDS NO INTRANSIGENT EVIDENCE FOR HOSTILITY BY EITHER APE TOWARDS THE HUMAN RACE AS AT PRESENT CONSTITUTED IN THIS YEAR OF OUR LORD, NINETEEN-SEVENTY-FIVE...



BY WHOSE **DEFINITION OF HOSTILITY--?** IF **DISSECTION** ISN'T HOSTILITY, THEN **BY GOD** I WANT TO KNOW WHAT--

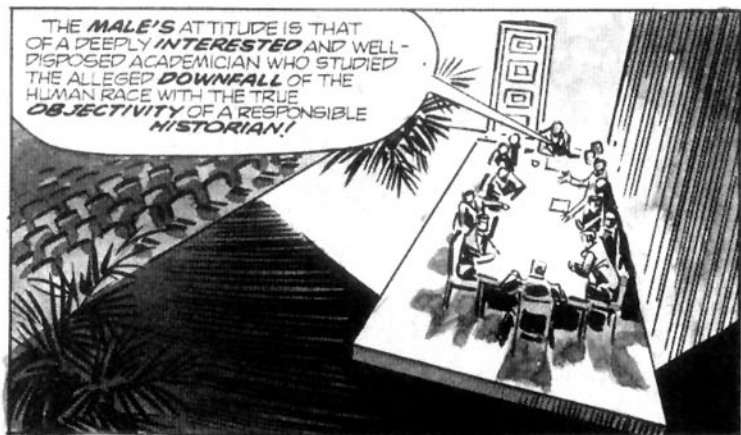


THESE FINDINGS ARE THE RESULT OF A **MAJORITY VOTE!**

THE **DISSIDENTING MINORITY** WILL KINDLY REMAIN **SILENT** UNTIL THEY HAVE BEEN **READ!**



THE **MALE'S** ATTITUDE IS THAT OF A DEEPLY **INTERESTED** AND WELL-DISPOSED **ACADEMICIAN** WHO STUDIED THE ALLEGED **DOWNFALL** OF THE HUMAN RACE WITH THE TRUE **OBJECTIVITY** OF A RESPONSIBLE **HISTORIAN!**



THE **FEMALE'S** CASE, HOWEVER, IS **DIFFERENT...**

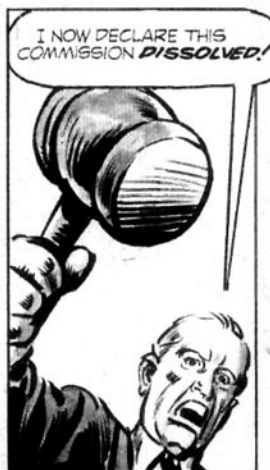




THIS IS A RISK WE PARE NOT **IGNORE!** THEREFORE--

TWO: THE COMMISSION **UNANIMOUSLY** RECOMMENDS THAT THE **BIRTH** OF THE FEMALE APE'S UNBORN CHILD SHOULD BE **PREVENTED...**

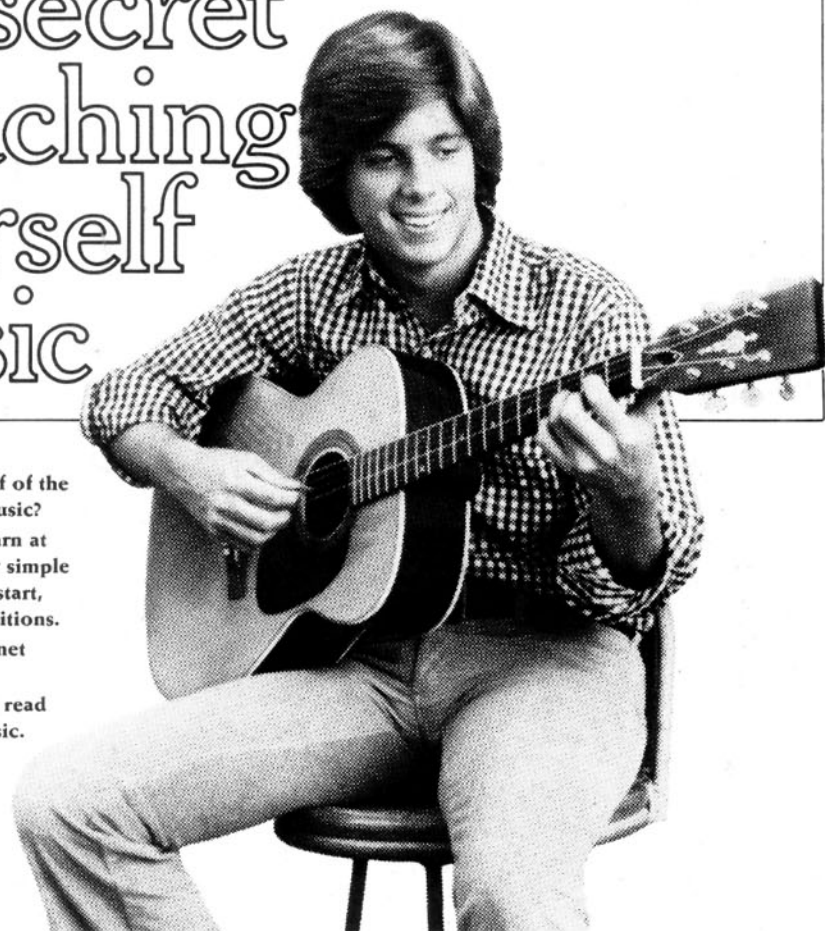
...AND THAT, AFTER ITS **PRENATAL REMOVAL**, BOTH THE MALE AND THE FEMALE SHOULD BE **HUMANELY RENDERED INCAPABLE** OF BEGETTING OR BEARING **ANOTHER!**



NEXT ISSUE: WHEN THE CALLIOPE CRIES DEATH!

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