Apeslayer Saga, Parts 1-4

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**Prologue: Future IMPERFECT!**

**Steel upon Steel**: A sound thought long done away with. When Apes took weapons away from humans.

**Steel upon Steel**: A sound relatively new beneath these battle-scarred city streets.

**Steel upon Steel**: For unteen hundred years, a sound unfamiliar to the average fighting man.

**Steel upon Steel**: Now the war-cry of a new breed of men—men whose lives have been shattered, even as the city around them has been shattered—men whose lives have been transformed by a war, they will never understand.

**Steel upon Steel**: The war-cry of one special man, a crimson-haired demon named Apeslaver....
NOW, SCRAPPY—

LET ME PASS... OR I'LL FINISH YOU, TOO.

YOU'RE A GOOD TALKER, APESLAYER!

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE CAUSED US GRIEF... AND FOR THAT YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!

THAT'S THE LAST OF YOUR MEN BETWEEN US.

SORRY, SCRAPPY. I HAVE A MESSAGE TO DELIVER TO YOUR GENERALS! --AND I MEAN TO GIVE IT TO HIM--

APESLAYER: LEADER OF A GROUP OF FREEMEN, ONE OF THE FEW SUCH GROUPS THAT OPPOSE THE RULE OF THE "GENERALS."

APESLAYER: A MAN WITH A MISSION, A MAN OBSESSED.

I'M COMING, GENERAL -- AND THIS TIME, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FACE ME ALONE!
Soft footsteps resound in the eerie silence; already, the sounds of battle are distant, phantom-like... forgotten.

Like a city cat, ApeSlayer slips forward through the blue shadows... his mind filled with memories, not all of them centred on the man hiding in the bunker before him.

Once, this place teemed with men and women-- once, this grand central station was more than an ill-lit tomb--

--but that was years ago, in another time-- and yet, ApeSlayer knows, another world.

Come out, General! I'm waiting for you!

Cheers, ARRRRRRR!

Mutants! More of the General's pets-- he must be getting desperate to risk his precious specimens.

Too bad it won't do him any good!
"UHHHNN? NEVER EXPECTED THIS ONE TO BE SO STRONG!"

"YOU'RE NOT PLAYING, ARE YOU, MUTANT?"

"THAT'S GOOD."

"NEITHER AM I!"

"GENERAL! CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE?"

"IT'S APESLAYER, GENERAL. YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU?"

"I'VE COME TO SETTLE WITH YOU, GENERAL. FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME, FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY BROTHER."

"DO YOU COME OUT... OR DO I COME IN?"

"YOU'LL HAVE TO FORCE YOUR WAY IN, PACK-RAT."

"AND I ASSURE YOU-- MY DEFENSES ARE QUITE SATISFACTORY."

"ARE THEY, GENERAL?"

"BLUMP!"
EXCELLENT, PACK-RAT... ACCORDING TO MY SENSORS, YOU USED THE CUST OF YOUR WEAPON’S ENERGY ON THAT BLAST.

I DON’T NEED A GUN TO DESTROY YOU, GENERAL... ONLYAPE STOOGES NEED TOYS.

YOU USE THE WORD LIKE A CURSE, PACK-RAT.

BUT YOU DON’T REALISE HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED!

MY OWN WEAPONS, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE STILL TOTALLY CHARGED.

PERHAPS, GENERAL.

IF SO, IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO...

A LONG, LONG TIME AGO!

CHUNK!

APESLAYER! A MAN OBSESSED, A MAN WITH A MISSION.

NOW, THAT MISSION IS OVER.

WHY IS IT, THEN, THAT HE FEELS SO... EMPTY?
A great many things are different, Ape Slayer.

I'm free... free to speak, at last!

Then, speak, General. I'm listening.

Who knows how long it's been since man was ruler of his own destiny?!

Who knows, unfortunately... very little indeed.

But for the past century, man has come to revolt against the Ape...!

We fought, Ape Slayer. Don't think man surrenders so easily.

Brave men died in those early battles, my son... died uselessly, I think, for they couldn't win more than the most futile victories...

Victories against time, not the simians.

But, almost from the beginning -- we fought without hope.
"People ran from the urban centres, fleeing to the countryside. In New York City, they crossed the bridges."

"But as the humans learned so did the apes. They began building weapons, machines..."

"Machines which they sent against man."

"Within days, Manhattan, Boston, San Francisco— all were in flames."

"They seemed to seek out the suffering refugees—"

"Like simian machines from the sea, they rose out of the East River—"

"And they attacked, again and again— and again."

"Once the apes had been backwards— they ignored science."

"Jonathan— quickly— into the drop shaft."

"We don't have much time!"

"Skree..."

"Harry, Jonathan!"

"— and, as you dropped to the island below, the bridge above was destroyed!"

"They call this place Welfare Island, Jonathan."

"We'll all be safe here— until— it's over."

"I just pray it's over so, Jonathan!"
YOU NEARLY LOST YOUR HEAD, THAT TIME!

THOSE SICK ONES ARE DANGEROUS WHEN THEY'VE BEEN STARVED A DAY OR TWO.

WHAT--?

ONE OF THE INMATES FROM THE HOSPITAL WERE...

AFTER THE FIRST ATTACK, THEY FLEW THEMSELVES SOMEWHERE.

I'VE BEEN HIDING FROM THEM FOR THE PAST WEEK.

I USED TO BE A DOCTOR HERE. THE NAME'S CARVER-- ANN CARVER.

I HEARD THE DROP SHAFT-- KNEW SOMEONE'D BE IN TROUBLE.

I'VE GOT A PLACE-- YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY, IF YOU WANT.

WE'LL STAY...

WHAT'S YOUR NAME SISTER?

DOZER, MAUREEN, DOZER!

WELL, MAUREEN... BETTER SETTLE DOWN WITH YOUR LITTLE FOR A LONG MILE.

...QUITE A WHILE.

"THEY REMAINED THERE TWO WEEKS, OCCASIONALLY RAIDING THE HOSPITAL FOR FOOD-- AND THEN, SHORTLY AFTER DAWN OF THE FIFTEENTH DAY--"

A CHOPPER! SOMEONE'S COMING!

16-16 IT THE APES?

CAN'T TELL, TOO FAR AWAY.

THE BIRTH OF APESLAYER!
Memories: The General is dying, and his short-breathed stutterings 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--

"I'LL BURN
IT OFF SO FAST
HE'LL SLOW!

"BUT NO APE
APPEARED--"

"...WE DID."

"HUMANS! WE'RE
SAVED, MAUREEN--
THE SIMIANS MUST
HAVE BEEN DRIVEN
BACK!"

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.

SKREEEEE...
Two down, General Raker.

What do you want us to do with this punk?

That's up to you, Saunders.

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 coddle.

Come along, son.

You've a whole new world to discover—and new things to learn.

Now do you remember, Apeslayer? That's how I found you, one bitter dawn...

It's how your mother died... and your brother... and the woman called Dr. Garver.

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 fate 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 DEARING RESULTS--"

"AND I TOOK PLEASURE IN BATTLING THEM."

"I WAS GIVEN A NAME -- AT FIRST IT WAS SAID MOCKINGLY, BUT I CHERISHED IT -- "APE SLAYER!"

"ALL THAT TRAINING -- FINALLY, I HAD TO PUT IT TO USE."

"SKREEEEF! ATTEMPTED ESCAPE IN BLOCK 4-D... TRAINEE J. DOZER ATTACKING... SKREEEEF!!"

"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 QUERIES. 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."
"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 PLIED THE WATERS BETWEEN
STATEN AND MANHATTAN ISLANDS
-- CARRYING ITS CARGO OF HUMAN
SLAVES--UNTIL WE ARRIVED.

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

BLASTED APE FILTH!

--- YOU SEE HIM IN THERE?

THEY'RE RIGHT,
APESLAYER--
OR CLOSE
ENOUGH.

THERE--
AHEAD--
THE PUPPET HUMAN--
MAJOR'S PALACE.

SHALL WE WISH
HIM CHEER?

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

"THAT WAS A
MISTAKE."

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

WHAT DOES
HE CARE,
APESLAYER?

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

WHAT'S
WRONG,
MAYOR?

AREN'T YOU
ENTERTAINED?
"HE PUT THE FEAR OF APESLAYER IN HIM, OLD MAN-- AND THAT'S WHEN I CRIED 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!

CHOSE? 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 BREACH OUR DEFENSES... AND KILL ME!

YOU CAN DESTROY THEM...

... YOU... HAVE THE POWER!!

DEAD.

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

... JUST A MAN.

CRAZY OLD FOOL.

AS SOON AS WE GET ENOUGH MEN TOGETHER--

-- THERE'S A MAN I WANT TO SEE: THE GENERAL.
IT COMES QUICKLY, VIOLENCE IN THIS NEW WORLD...

-- SADDEN AND EXPECTED, 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--

SORRY, APE -- BUT I'VE HAD MY FULL OF FIGHTING TODAY.

I WANT THIS OVER-- NOW!

...AS A NEW SOUND DRAWS THE FRESHMAN'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!
Stan Lee PRESENTS: PLANET OF THE APES!

THE SIRENS OF 7TH AVE

The future: untold years after Earth has lost her final war.

Apes rule the green hills of Terra... and all that stands between alien invader and conquered mankind is one gladiator...

--A man other men call--
APESLAYER!

It seems I've found my heritage only to lose it again--

--by the hands of three mutant witches.

GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER
HOWARD CHAYKIN, ARTIST
FRANK MCLAUGHLIN, INKER
YOU FLATTER US, APESLAYER.

WE ARE NEITHER MUTANTS NOR WITCHES.

BUT WE ARE, SIRENS...

AND EVEN NOW, WE BREAK YOU TO OUR WILL...

AG WE HAVE BROKEN THE WILL OF COUNTLESS OTHER MEN LIKE YOU...

MEN WHO DARE DEFY OUR SIMIAN MASTERS!

MEN WHO...

...WHO...

**Surprised, Wench? No more than I.**

It seems the power which hides me from the ape scanners keeps me safe from your miles, too!

--I think I'll merely be grateful for the gift--

--And give you ladies a gift of my own--

No violence, APESLAYER!

If you want to struggle--seek it behind you!

You are a witch, if you try to trick me with games--

--eh?

There'll be time enough to understand it later...

--But for now--
TOO LATE, KILLRaven remembers what he's left behind him in the ravaged remains of the once-great Grand Central Station.

TOO LATE, HE REMEMBERS THE Keeper's Bunker--and what that scientist's headquarters had concealed--the twisted forms of things no longer human, things now better named--Apes!

Is this what you witches wish to serve?

What's wrong, ladies--no stomach for fighting?

Run, then hide.

It doesn't matter. In time--you'll pay for what's been done to the men and women of Earth--

If so--take them!

You deserve to wallow with the beasts!

--As will your simian masters!
NOW, THAT'S A FAMILIAR VOICE, ISN'T IT, MALA?
I THOUGHT WE'D LOST HIM FOR A WHILE THERE--

TRUE, MALA. VERY TRUE.

SINCE APESLAYER TOOK COMMAND OF OUR GROUP, THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT BATTLE, EAGLE.

WE OWE HIM FOR THAT MUCH, AT LEAST!

BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN THAT LUCKY!

THESE BEASTS ARE QUICK WORK, APESLAYER.

I THINK THAT'S ONE QUESTION WHICH HAS BEEN ANSWERED FOR US, FRIENDS. DON'T YOU AGREE?

EAGLE! MALA!

GIVE ME A HAND, YOU PUIT-CRAWLERS--OR I SWEAR WHEN I'M DONE, I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!

AYE, WHAT SHALL WE DO AFTER THESE APES ARE DONE FOR?

KLUMP!
ONE OF THE DEMON MACHINES!

YOU'VE BROUGHT THE APE SOLDIERS ON OUR TAIL, APESLAYER!

NO, DEMON, MALA--IT'S SIMPLY A MACHINE.

IT'S A WAR MACHINE--THE APES USE TO CONTROL HUMANS...

TO HERD US TO THEIR EXTERMINATION CENTERS!

THAT AND OTHER THINGS--BEFORE HE DIED.

RIDE, BROTHERS--RIDE!

WE'VE SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR AT LAST--

THE DEATH OF THOSE WHO MAKE US SLAVES.

THERE'S NO TIME FOR FURTHER CONVERSATION--
ONLY TIME FOR FLIGHT.

REACHING THEIR HORSES IN THE ABANDONED CHURCH WHERE THEY'VE LEFT THEM, APESLAYER AND HIS TWO COMRADES QUICKLY MOUNT--EVEN AS THE MACHINE RAIDS AN ATTACK UPON THEM FROM WITHOUT!

HE DOESN'T LIKE REBELLION, APESLAYER!

YOU CALL THAT THING 'HE'?

THERE'S MUCH YOU HAVE TO LEARN, BROTHER MALA!

WE'VE LIVED IN DARKNESS TOO LONG--
WE ATTACK!

LEAVE THE ROBOTS... THEY AREN'T PROGRAMMED FOR THE UNEXPECTED!

IT'S THE APE SCUM WE HAVE TO KILL--

--OR BE KILLED WHEN THE ANIMALS TURN!

IT'S THE PACK RAT... URRK!!

STANG! KUNNGE!

THE ONLY ONES WHO CALL ME PACK-RAT, APE--

ARE THOSE WHO WANT TO DIE!

SPAK!

AS FOR YOU, HUMAN-TRAITOR-- I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A TALK, DON'T YOU?

WHAT-- WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

I PICKED UP SOME OTHER THINGS THEN-- CHIEFLY, A NAMED SHARP FOR APES-- AND TRAITORS!

Perhaps that love tap will teach you manners, boat-rat!

THE NAME'S APESLAYER, CAPTAIN.

I GOT THAT NAME WHEN THE GENERALS WERE TRYING TO MAKE ME A GLADIATOR FOR THE APES AMUSEMENT.

--AND A PRETTY FANCY WAY WITH A SWORD-- UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN?

WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NOW, CAPTAIN--
DON'T BE THICK.

I WANT YOUR SHIP.

WITHIN MOMENTS,
THE FERRY HAS
BEGUN ITS JOURNEY
TO THE STRONGHOLD
OF FREEMEN
ACROSS THE BAY--
THE ISLE OF STATEN--

--WHICH IS ALREADY
LOOKING INTO VIEW,
WHEN--

IT'S SOMETHING A
LITTLE MORE
DANGEROUS,
APESLAYER!

LOOK!

APESLAYER!

WHAT IS IT,
ARROW? TROUBLE
WITH THE CREW?

LIKE SOME
GREAT
SUBMARINE
MONSTER--

--IT RISES
FROM NEW YORK BAY--

--AND BEFORE
ANYONE ABOARD
THE COMMANDEERED
FERRY CAN ACT--

--THE TRIPPOD
ATTACKS! --

SKREE--BOOM!

TELL THE CREW
DOWN THERE--
THAT ON MY ORDER--

SKREE--

--I WANT THEM TO
REVERSE ENGINES--
Now!

That's how to cut it, "Captain." The demon never knew what hit him.

Didn't I tell you -- there's no 'he'?

This is a war we're fighting, Mala against machines.

-- and against our ape conquerors.

Listen closely, friend, and I'll explain.

It's time you both understand!

That's the second tripod to be knocked out in six hours!

Apparently this rebel is more trouble than we'd assumed him to be.

The generals must be informed.

-- they do so dislike being left in the dark.

One must protect one's own interests, after all.

-- and if I'm ever to complete that project on ribo nucleic acid...

Well -- I'll just have to keep on cooperating, won't I?

Next: Death in the Ape Pit!
THE SCIENTIST MADE HIS WAY INTO THE GRAND APE CHAMBER. SILENTLY, HE LISTENS AS HIS CHIEFTAN SPEAKS...

YOU SCIENTISTS ARE IMPORTANT TO US, HUMAN...

TELL ME, KEMPLETON: WHAT IS IT YOU SCURRY HERE TO REPORT?

THE GENERALS, MASTER TWELVE... THEY APPEAR TO BE ENGAGED IN SABOTAGE.

TWO OF THE DRONE TRIPODS WERE DESTROYED, AND A CARGO OF ARENA SLAVES HAS BEEN ABDUCTED!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, MASTER TWELVE?

THAT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, KEMPLETON: SEND OUT A SCOUT FLYER AT ONCE.

WE MUST LEARN MORE ABOUT THESE... "REBELS"...

DEATH IN THE APE-PIT!
--AND IF THE SCOUT LEARNS WHAT I THINK IT MUST-- IT WILL BE TIME-- FOR THE SIREN.

NO SOONER HAVE THE SIMIAN'S ELECTRONICALLY-REPRODUCED WORDS FADED-- THAN A SLEEK AIR FORCE SCOUT LEAVES FROM THE BASE IN ANSWER TO THE COMMAND--

SWOOSH!

--AND SWOOPS THROUGH THE TWILIGHT SKY OVER THE SMOKING REMAINS OF--

THE FERRY!

LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEY BURNED IT.

MUST HAVE FIGURED WE'D BE AFTER THEM-- DIDN'T WANT US TO GET THE FERRY BACK!

ORDERS, SIR?

PROCEED BACK TO THE NEW JERSEY BASE, SCOUT.

IT'S ON FIRE OFF THE STATEN ISLAND SWORE, SIR--

WE HAVE ALREADY NOTIFIED THE SIREN-- FROM THIS MOMENT-- IT IS HER ASSIGNMENT.

THE ROAR OF TURBO JETS DIE IN THE STILL AUTUMN AIR.

MINUTES PASS, AND THEN--

ALL CLEAR. THE SCOUT'S GONE. IT'S TIME WE RETURNED TO CAMP.
Soon, back at the camp of the Free Men...

It seems our raid on the Generals Bunker was a success.

With the information we now have, we can...

Wait.

The sentries--why aren't they at their posts?

Amala? Arrow? Why don't you answer me, blast you?

I asked.

They have not heard you, Free Man, Ape Slayer!

Nor will they ever hear you--again!

What type of trickery--?

No tricks, Ape Slayer.

I simply use the powers which are my genetic heritage.

Your men are in a deep trance--

Perhaps so, woman...but as you must have guessed...

...your mutant charms have no hold over me.

Demons of the bay!

...all of your men, 'Free Man,' Ape Slayer.

And if you wonder who am I to wield such power--

--know, Ape Slayer.

I am Scarlet, Queen of the Sirens!

I have a heritage of my own--one given me by a Keeper traitorous to your Master's choice--a heritage which defends me against--

NO!
A moment's scuffle...\text{muttered curses...}

...IT SEEMS YOU'VE WON THIS ROUND, WITCH.

...THE GENERALS WANT YOU ALIVE, APESLAYER.

...THEY WANT A LIVING REBEL -- FOR THE GAMES!

...APESLAYER DOESN'T ANSWER -- BUT HIS EYES SPEAK MOST ELOQUENTLY.

...THROUGHOUT THE CROSSING OF THE BAY, HE REMAINS SILENT --

...AND STAYS SILENT, EVEN WHEN HIS ROBOT CAPTORS CARRIES HIM UP THE BROKEN STEPS OF WHAT WAS ONCE CALLED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN --

...BUT IS NOW SIMPLY THE ARENA.

WHAT MATTERS THE MEANS -- SO LONG AS THE END IS REACHED?

MY SISTERS WARNED ME YOU MIGHT PROVE DIFFICULT, APESLAYER.

...THUS, THE PRECAUTIONS.

FOR MANY LONG MINUTES, HE KEEPS WITHIN HIMSELF.

THEN, SLOWLY, HE BEGINS TO STIR, HIS EYES GLITTERING WITH RAGE...

...RAGE WHICH MELTS INTO SORROW, AS HE SEES...
...THE OBSCENE NYLON FORMS OF THEIR SO-CALLED SIMIAN OVERLORDS.

WELCOME, APESLAYER. I BELIEVE THAT IS YOUR NAME?

YOU APPEAR SOMEWHAT STARTLED TO DISCOVER YOURSELF HERE-- WITH ONE OF OUR GLADIATORS-- ONE OF OUR GREATEST WARRIORS...

ARRRRRR!

YOUR DEATH WILL BE IN PLACE OF THOSE SLAVES YOU FREED-- YOU WILL DIE FOR OUR AMUSEMENT, AS THEY WOULD HAVE.

I WOULD SUGGEST YOU ATTEMPT TO DEFEND YOURSELF-- THOUGH I FEAR THE ATTEMPT-- IS FUTILE!

IN CASE YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS CONCERNING THE PURPOSE OF THIS ENCOUNTER-- KNOW THAT SLASHER HAS BEEN ORDERED TO KILL YOU.

SLASHER, FIRST OF MANY PROSTHETIC PERFORMED ON APES!
IT MAY BE,
APE-MASTER --

--BUT I COULD
NOT CALL MYSELF
A MAN--

--IF I DID
NOT TRY--

--FOR THIS
IS WHAT A MAN
AS--

THIS, AND
NOTHING
MORE!

ONLY THIS
DOES
APESLAYER
CRY.

NOTHING
MORE IS
NEEDED.
Brutally, he fights in the arena in which he was trained as a child.

One difference exists between that Apeslayer and this--

This Apeslayer is a man--and men fight for themselves and their ideals--

--not for Ape Masters...never for them!

And if those men have no ideals, but the ideal of daily survival--

--they'll find one, when they need it!

Apeslayer! Over here!

Mala! Then the witch captured you, too?

She'll pay for all this--I swear it!
Quickly, the fire-haired rebel leaps to free his friends, and when this is done—
The master escapes, Apeslayer... scurrying back to his fellows, I'll wager!

And it seems he's given us a parting gift—

Duck!

SKEEEE!

No, Mala! No more ducking!

FOOM!

From this day—let us fight like men!

And let it be the Apes who hide!

Through the ceiling, friends—!

What's wrong, Apeslayer? I've known you three years, since you came to join our raider band—

I've never seen you so angry.

You really believe these Apes are that bad?

The sky's up there—

Up there—there's room for a man to breathe!

Believe?
YES, MALA.
I BELIEVE.

I BELIEVE MANKIND HAS HAD HIS HERITAGE STOLEN FROM HIM--BY CREATURES WHO SEE HIM AS NOT SEE CATTLE, OR DOGS--OR INSECTS.

I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT I LEARNED FROM THE GENERAL. ONCE THIS WAS OUR WORLD--A WORLD MEN HAD BEGUN TO BECOME A PART OF--

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF SENSELESS RAIDING--OF LIVING FROM HOUR TO HOUR.

A MAN NEEDS A GOAL. HE CAN FIGHT FOR. ARE YOU WITH ME?

YOU KNOW WE ARE, APESLAYER.

FOR AN INSTANT, APESLAYER PAUSES--HIS LIFE SEEMS TO RUSH UPON HIM--AND HE KNOWS THAT IT'S BEEN FOR THIS MOMENT THAT HE LIVES, SINCE HE FIRST HEARD THE GENERAL'S STORY!

HE INHALES--AND LOOKS ONCE MORE TOWARD THE SKY.

ONE DAY WE'LL FIGHT THOSE MONSTERS ON THEIR OWN GROUND--

--BUT UNTIL THAT DAY--WE'LL BATTLE THEM HERE, THE PLANET THEY'VE DESPOILED--

--WE'LL GIVE THEM A STRUGGLE SO GREAT THEY'LL BE GLAD TO LEAVE OUR LANDS... BUT WE WON'T LET THEM.

THEY BEGAN--BUT MAN WILL END--

...THE WAR OF THE APES!

NEXT! BATTLE OF THE APES!