



## Apeslayer Saga, Parts 1-4

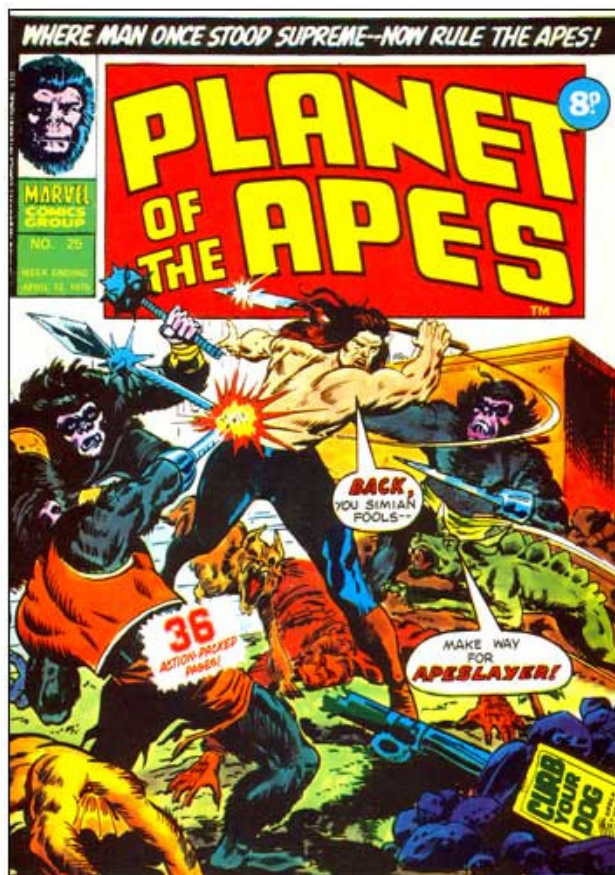
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Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**<sup>TM</sup>  
**PROLOGUE: FUTURE**

**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 UMPTEN 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 TRANS-  
FORMED BY A WAR  
THEY WILL NEVER  
UNDERSTAND.

**STEEL UPON STEEL:**  
THE WAR-CRY OF ONE  
SPECIAL MAN, A  
CRIMSON-HAIRED DEMON  
NAMED APESLAYER...!

PLT & CONCEPT:  
ROY THOMAS  
SCRIPT:  
GERRY CONWAY  
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FRANK MONTE  
EDITOR:  
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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.



*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 YES, APESLAYER KNOWS, ANOTHER WORLD.

COME OUT, GENERAL! I'M WAITING FOR YOU!

Kodak



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!

AAAAARRRRRRR

WUWUWU



UNNNH!!  
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?







EXCELLENT, PACK-RAT...  
ACCORDING TO MY SENSORS,  
YOU USED THE LAST OF  
YOUR WEAPON'S ENERGY  
ON THAT BLAST.

**BRACE!**

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



I DON'T NEED  
A GUN TO  
DESTROY YOU,  
GENERAL.

ONLY  
"APE STOOGES"  
NEED TOYS.



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

BUT YOU DON'T  
REALISE HOW THINGS  
HAVE CHANGED!



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?



APESLAYER...  
TH-THANK YOU...



YOU'RE...  
STILL  
ALIVE?

AND--  
YOU'RE  
THANKING  
ME?



I'LL DO MORE THAN  
THAT, LAD... IF YOU'LL  
JUST... BEND  
CLOSER...

WHY, OLD MAN? I  
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOUR VOICE--  
SOMEHOW, IT'S  
DIFFERENT NOW--

A GREAT *MANY*  
THINGS ARE DIFFER-  
ENT, APESLAYER.

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 APES...

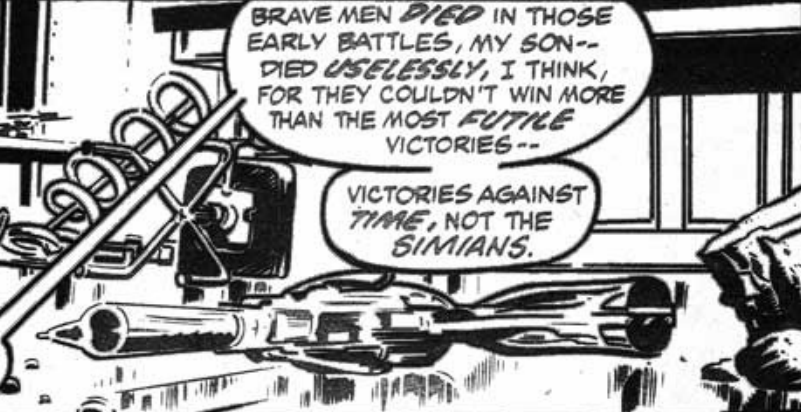
WE *FOUGHT*, APESLAYER.  
DON'T THINK MAN  
SURRENDERS SO  
EASILY.



BUT, ALMOST FROM THE  
*BEGINNING*-- WE FOUGHT  
WITHOUT *HOPE*.

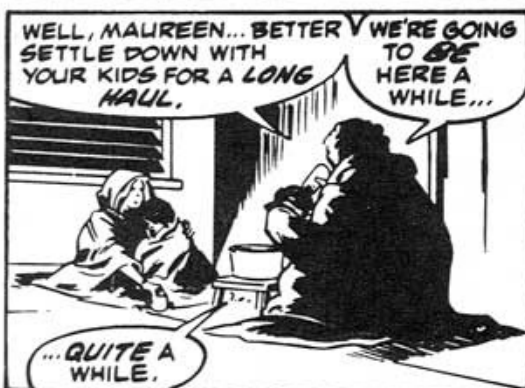
BRAVE MEN *DIED* IN THOSE  
EARLY BATTLES, MY SON--  
*DIED USELESSLY*, I THINK,  
FOR THEY COULDN'T WIN MORE  
THAN THE MOST *FUTILE*  
VICTORIES--

VICTORIES AGAINST  
*TIME*, NOT THE  
*SIMIANS*.











Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**<sup>TM</sup>

# THE **BIRTH** OF **APESLAYER!**

PLOT & CONCEPT:  
**ROY THOMAS**

SCRIPT:  
**GERRY CONWAY**

HOWIE CHAYKIN, ARTIST  
FRANK MONTE, INKER

EDITED BY:  
**MARY WOLFMAN**



**MEMORIES:** THE GENERAL IS DYING,  
AND HIS SHORT-BREATHED SPUTTER-  
INGS SPEAK OF APESLAYER'S PAST...



... A PAST WHERE HIS MOTHER RAN FROM  
THE CONQUERING APES IN HOPE OF SUR-  
VIVING... 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--



IF AN APE STICKS HIS HEAD THROUGH THAT DOOR--

-- I'LL BURN IT OFF SO FAST HE'LL SPIN!



"BUT NO APE APPEARED--

"-- WE DID."

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

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? WE'RE SAVED!

I-- IS IT TRUE, ANNE? IS IT TRUE?

LOOK FOR YOURSELF, MS. JOZER.

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.







"THEY TAUGHT US ALL THE ANCIENT **ARTS**-- SWORD-PLAY, KARATE, SAVATE, WRESTLING-- AT FIRST, WE THOUGHT IT A **GAME**--



--A GAME WITH DEADLY RESULTS--

"THEN THEY PITTED US AGAINST THEIR OWN **CHAMPIONS**...



--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**.

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



QUIET, MONKEYS. THEY CAN PATCH YOU BACK TOGETHER--

I'M A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT.

**SPARK!**



"SOMEHOW, I MANAGED MY ESCAPE. I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW I WORKED IT, WHEN THE OTHERS WHO TRIED-- FAILED--

"BUT WORK IT I DID, AND SPENT THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS FORAGING FOR **FOOD** IN THE AREA THAT WAS ONCE CALLED **QUEENS**. THERE WERE WILD DOGS-- CATS-- OCCASIONALLY A **RABBIT** IN ONE OF THE PARKS--



**THANG!**

"--AND ALL THE WHILE, **STUDYING** THE OLD BOOKS AND INFORMATION TAPES, LEARNING ABOUT LIFE BEFORE THE APES TOOK CONTROL.





"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!

PLAK!



"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.

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

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



BLASTED APE  
FILTH!

-- YOU SEE HIM  
IN THERE?

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  
ENTER-  
TAINED?



"WE PUT THE FEAR OF APESLAYER IN HIM, OLD MAN-- AND THAT'S WHEN I GAINED 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!"



LISTEN TO HIM, DAGGER. "A CUT-THROAT AND THIEF!"

I THINK HE MISSED THE POINT.

I WANT REVENGE, NOT MONEY.



AS SOON AS WE GET ENOUGH MEN TOGETHER--

-- THERE'S A MAN I WANT TO SEE: THE GENERAL.



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!



CHOOSE? 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.





Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**™

# THE SIRENS of

# 7<sup>TH</sup> 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 MAN-  
KIND IS ONE GLADIATOR--**

--A MAN OTHER MEN CALL--  
**APESLAYER!**

GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER  
HOWARD CHAYKIN, ARTIST  
FRANK McLAUGHLIN, INKER

**SIRENS!**

IT SEEMS I'VE  
FOUND MY  
HERITAGE ONLY  
TO LOSE IT  
AGAIN--

--BY THE HANDS OF  
THREE MUTANT WITCHES!













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!



DID THE  
**KEEPER**  
TELL YOU  
THIS, MY  
GENERAL!

THAT AND  
**OTHER THINGS--**  
BEFORE HE DIED!



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

RISE, BROTHERS--  
RIDE!

WE'VE SOMETHING TO  
LIVE FOR AT LAST--

--THE DEATH  
OF THOSE WHO  
MAKE US  
SLAVES!



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



BREEE  
WHUNT!

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--



--AND IT'S TIME  
WE SAW THE  
LIGHT!

LATER, APESLAYER.  
NOW WE MUST RIDE--

--BEFORE WE WAKE OTHER  
BEASTS WITH OUR SHOUTING!

PROPHETIC  
WORDS, EAGLE--



--FOR EVEN AS YOU SPUR  
YOUR STEED ONWARD--

--ANOTHER CREATURE  
RISES FROM THE RUBBLE  
BEHIND YOU--

GODS OF  
MANHATTAN!  
EVERYWHERE WE  
TURN ON THIS  
BLASTED ISLAND--

MUTANTS--

--DIRECTLY  
IN  
APESLAYER'S  
PATH!



--AS THOUGH THEY  
WERE THE ONLY  
BEINGS LEFT!

YOU'RE NOT, BEAST! OTHERS LIVE--  
OTHERS LIKE APESLAYER, WHO WAS TAUGHT  
THE ART OF THE SILVER STARS WHEN HE WAS STILL  
A CHILD--



--AND KNOWS HOW TO  
USE THOSE RAZOR  
STEEL WEAPONS  
WELL--

--TO  
PIERCE  
YOUR  
SLIMEY  
HIDE!

AAARROAR!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
BEAST--  
ATTACK ME!

BELLOW YOUR  
ANGER--BUT  
ATTACK ME,  
BEAST!

FOLLOW ME  
BETWEEN THE  
LEGS OF THIS  
GREAT BLIND  
MACHINE--

AAARROAR!

--FOLLOW  
ME--







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  
LOOMING INTO VIEW,  
WHEN--

APESLAYER!

WHAT IS IT,  
ARROW? TROUBLE  
WITH THE CREW?



IT'S SOMETHING A  
LITTLE MORE  
DANGEROUS,  
APESLAYER!

LOOK!



LIKE  
SOME  
GREAT  
SUBMARINE  
MONSTER--

--IT  
RISES  
FROM  
NEW YORK  
BAY--



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

--THE  
TRIPOD  
ATTACKS!



IT'S  
AFTER  
US, ALL  
RIGHT.

EAGLE...  
MALA...  
GET A MAN  
DOWN TO  
THE ENGINE  
ROOM...  
HURRY!



SKREE--  
BOOM



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



SKREEE



--I WANT  
THEM TO  
REVERSE  
ENGINES--





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!



ELSEWHERE IN THE AREA, ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING WHAT WAS ONCE THE NEW JERSEY PALISADES-- A STRAINED VOICE CRIES OUT IN VEXATION AS A MULTI-COLORED MONITOR SCREEN GOES SUDDENLY--

DEAD!



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!

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**<sup>TM</sup>

THE SCIENTIST MADE HIS WAY INTO THE GRAND APE CHAMBER. SILENTLY, HE LISTENS AS HIS CHIEFTAN SPEAKS...

OFTEN, YOUR LOYALTY IS TO YOUR **WORK**-- AND NOT TO YOUR SO-CALLED **FELLOW MAN**.

WE OF THE APE RACE FIND THIS TRAIT **ADMIRABLE**.

IT IS ONE OF THE **FEW** THINGS ABOUT YOU HUMANS THAT WE **UNDERSTAND**.

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?

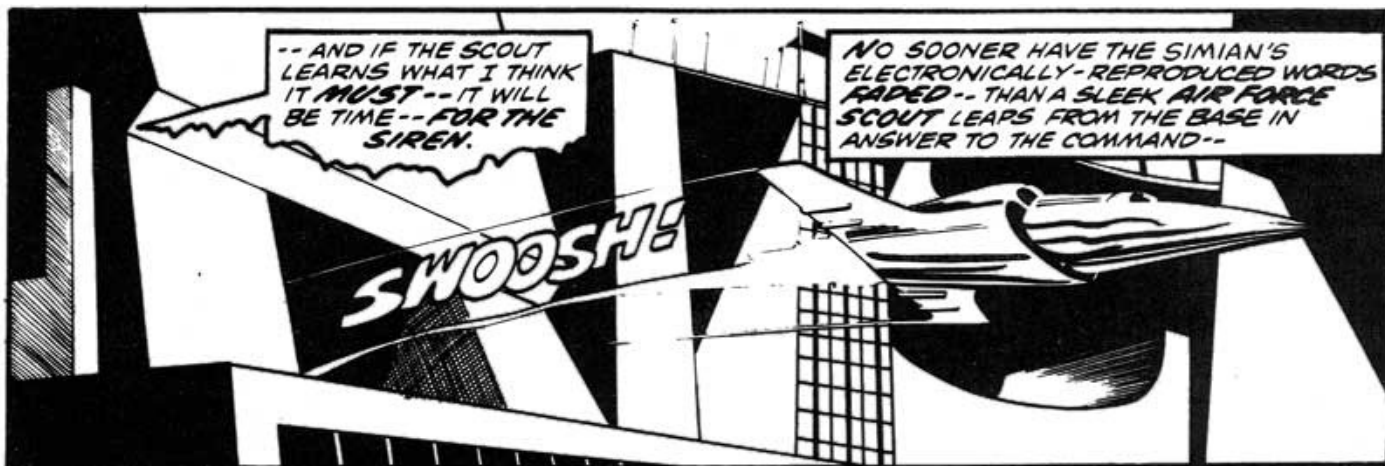
THAT SHOULD BE **OBVIOUS**, KEMPLETON. SEND OUT A SCOUT FLYER AT ONCE.

WE MUST LEARN **MORE** ABOUT THESE-- "**REBELS**"--

GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER    HOWARD CHAYKIN, ARTIST    FRANK McLAUGHLIN, INKER

## **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  
**RAIDED**-- THAN A SLEEK AIR FORCE  
SCOUT LEAPS FROM THE BASE IN  
ANSWER TO THE COMMAND--

**SWOOSH!**



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

**THE  
FERRY!**

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



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.

WE HAVE  
ALREADY  
NOTIFIED  
THE  
**SIREN**--

FROM **THIS** MOMENT--  
IT IS **HER** ASSIGNMENT.



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

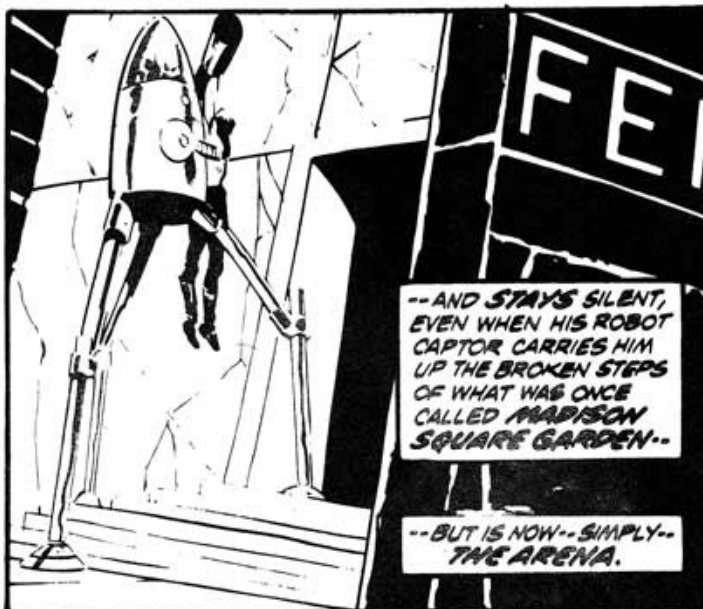
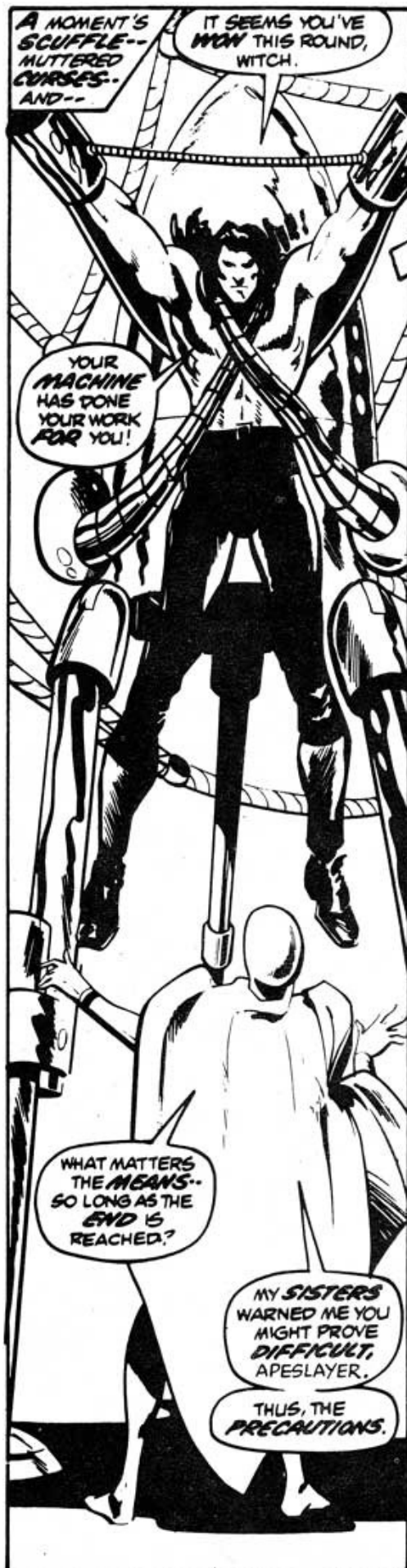
MINUTES PASS,  
AND **THEN**--

**ALL  
CLEAR.**  
THE  
SCOUT'S  
**GONE.**

IT'S TIME WE  
RETURNED  
TO **CAMP.**







...THE OBSCENELY QUIVERING  
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...

ARRRRRRR

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!

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**!





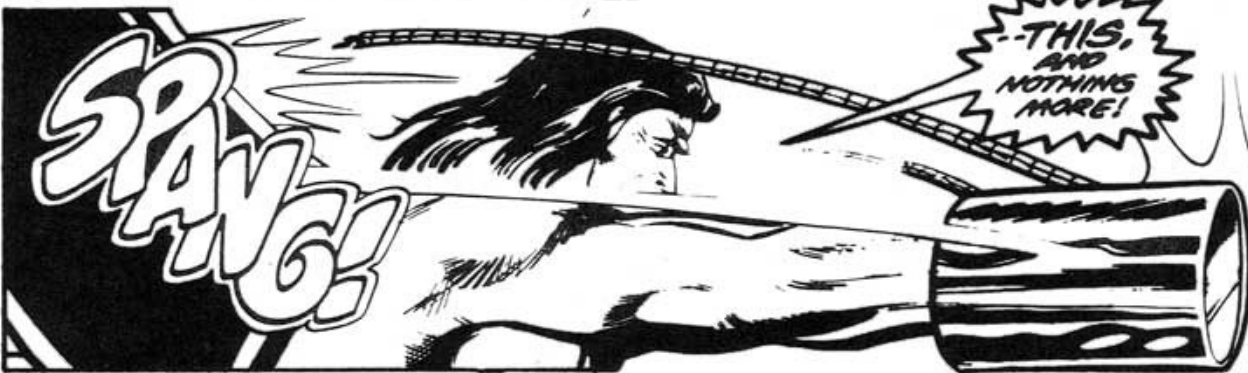
IT MAY BE,  
APE-MASTER --

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



-- IF I DID  
NOT TRY --

-- FOR THIS  
IS WHAT A MAN  
IS --





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!





