Planet of the Apes Film Adaptation, Chapter One

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*Artists:* George Tuska and Mike Esposito

Published in:

- *Planet of the Apes: The Official Adaptation of the Classic Science Fiction Film*  
  (trade paperback, Malibu Graphics—1990)
We call them beasts—but the world is theirs! For they are the Apes, and Earth will never be the same!

From one of the most popular motion pictures of all time—from the television series which is electrifying all of Britain—the world-famous Marvel Comics Group now brings you THE PLANET OF THE APES, possibly the most dramatic comics weekly ever published!

In this sensational series you will journey beyond the farthest reaches of your imagination, from the wonders of the world of today to the mysteries of a dark and hidden future! You'll see the human race facing the deadliest threat of all! You'll see man against beast—but, which is truly the beast?

Once again Marvel Comics has done the impossible! Once again we bring you the greatest adventures in all the world! We give you THE PLANET OF THE APES—and this we do pledge—the excitement shall never end!

Excelsior!

Stan
PLANET OF THE APES!

BEGINNING: MARVEL COMICS 6-PART ADAPTATION OF TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S SCIENCE-FICTION MASTERPIECE...

STARS GLITTER LIKE FLOATING GEMS AGAINST THE BLACK VELVET BACKDROP OF SPACE. THE SHIMMERING BELT OF THE CONSTELLATION ORION SWEEPS ACROSS THE VOID WITH COLD MAJESTY.

AND AN INSIGNIFICANT SPECK OF LIGHT GUIDES SILENTLY THROUGH THE STYGIAN NOTHINGNESS. THE SPECK IS A SHIP... AND AS SUCH REPRESENTS MAN'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT TO DATE...

... A FLIGHT TO THE STARS!

THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN SPEAKS:

... FOR, WITHIN THE HOUR, WE SHALL COMPLETE THE SIXTH MONTH OF OUR FLIGHT FROM CAPE KENNEDY...

BY OUR TIME, THAT IS...

... SO ENDS MY LAST SIGNAL UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION. WE ARE NOW ON AUTOMATIC DRIVE, A MERE ONE-HUNDRED FIVE LIGHT YEARS FROM OUR BASE... AND, AT THE MERCY OF EMOTIONLESS COMPUTERS, I'VE TUCKED IN MY CREW FOR THE LONG SLEEP. I'LL JOIN THEM PRESENTLY...
Dr. Hasslein's theory may be correct. But this much is certain: The men who sent us on this journey have long since mouldered in forever ten graves...

...and those, if any, who will receive this message are of a different breed, hopefully, a better one.

But according to Dr. Hasslein's theory of time in a vehicle traveling at close to the speed of light, Old Mother Earth has aged a few hundred years since our departure...while we have scarcely aged at all!

As for me, I leave the twentieth century with no regret. I think it was Marshall who said, 'Modern man is the missing link between the ape...and the human being.'

Light that one up and smoke it.

One final, personal thought—seen from up here, everything looks...different. Time bends and space is boundless. It crushes a man's ego until he feels like nothing more than an irritating mote in the eye of eternity, and he begins to wonder...

What if anything, will greet us at the end of man's first journey to a star?

Do we have the right to be so vain that we can look at these thousands of galaxies, these millions of stars...and actually believe that only one planet—the speck of solar dust we call Earth—has been gifted, or cursed...with human life?

'I doubt it.'

That's about all, I guess...except I can't help wondering if man—that glorious paradox of the universe who has sent me into the unknown—still wages war against his brother...and lets his neighbor's children starve!
WELL THEN, EARTHCN MEN... A MISSING LINK SALUTES YOU.

BLESS YOU... MY DESCENDANTS.

WELL, THAT WASN'T TOO BAD... MY FIVE-MINUTE TRANSMISSION ONLY TOOK TWO YEARS TO TAPE!

EARTH - TIME

WONDER IF THE BEATLES EVER GOT BACK TOGETHER...

EITHER WAY, MY THREE SLUMBERING CONPATRIOTS, IT'S BEEN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A HARD DAY'S NIGHT--

---AND TIME TO JOIN YOU IN HITTING THE GLASS SACK!

SO PLEASANT DREAMS, DODGE... LANDON...

THE ALARM'LL GO OFF WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION...

...AND OF COURSE, STEWART.
WARNING:
SHIP HAS ENTERED FIELD OF GRAVITATIONAL PULL;
COMPENSATE WITH TRAJECTORY REALIGNMENT...
DANGER: CAPTAIN, PULL GRAVITATIONAL SHIP FIELD FACTORING DECREASING.

REPEAT: ACTIVATE RETROJETS, DESCENT RATE ACCELERATING, DISASTER IMMINENT.

DANGER: EXTREME RETROJETS.

REPEAT: DANGER DANGER DANGER
SOME ALARM CLOCK! WE GOT ON THIS SHIP!

YOU ALL RIGHT?

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YOU ALL RIGHT?
THE SHIP HAS LANDED ON THIS STRANGE "NEW" WORLD. THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP HAS AWAKENED.

THAT IS... ALL BUT ONE!

OH... MY... GOD---!!

SCRIPT: DOUG MOENCH
PENCILS: GEORGE TUSKA
INKS: MIKE ESPOSITO
THAT SETTLES IT—THREE ADAMS AND NO EVE...

THAT'S A HELL OF A THING TO SAY AT A--

THERE GOES OUR PRIMARY POWER... WE'RE ON AUXILIARY NOW.

WATER...

THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED, LANDON. WE BETTER CHECK THE FORTHOLE...

WE'RE IN THE SOUP ALL RIGHT... AND SINKING FAST.

DOODGE—TAKE A READING ON THE ATMOSPHERE! IT'S A CINCH WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY IN HERB AND BREATHE THE WATER.

IT'S BREATHABLE, TAYLOR.

OKAY THEN! BLOW THE HATCH BEFORE WE LOSE AUXILIARY POWER...
OKAY THEN! BLOW THE HATCH BEFORE WE LOSE AUXILIARY POWER...

...AND LET'S GET OUT OF THIS FLOATING COFFIN BEFORE IT STOPS FLOATING!

WATCH!

WHAT THE DEVIL'S TAYLOR DOING DOWN THERE?!

HATCH OPEN!

OKAY, DODGE! PASS THE INFLATABLE RAFT UP TO LANDON--AND GRAB THREE OF THOSE LIFE-KITS!

TAYLOR--ARE YOU COMING?

THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME, MAN.

YEAH, I'M COMING, DODGE...

...BUT YOU'RE WRONG...

THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME.
DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE EVER COMING, TAYLOR.

JUST SAYING GOODBYE TO THE SHIP, LANDON. AFTER ALL, WE HAVE HER TO THANK FOR GETTING US HERE...

THE WATER'S BRINY—25 PERCENT SALINITY, NEAR THE SATURATION POINT.

SOLD TO THE THREE EARTH-MEN—ONE PLANET, HOPEFULLY SLIGHTLY USED, BECAUSE IF IT ISN'T, PALS, WE'RE ALL ALONE—

--AND WE'RE HERE TO STAY!

NEVER THE MARCH OF TWENTY CENTURIES!
Three American astronauts, trapped on a mysterious planet somewhere in space by the crash of their starship while they slept helplessly in a state of suspended animation! Now, with the craft, which brought them to this strange and god-forsaken world, sinking into a dark and lifeless sea, they set forth for land!

Stan Lee Presents: Planet of the Apes!

Where are they, they wonder? And how far, both in miles and years, from their mother-planet Earth? Is there life on this barren sphere? And if so, will it be friendly or hostile?

SOLD TO THE THREE EARTH MEN—ONE PLANET, HOPEFULLY SLIGHTLY USED! BECAUSE IF IT ISN'T, PALS, WE'RE ALL ALONE—AND WE'RE HERE TO STAY!

"The Men of 20 Centuries!"
Yeah, but where's here? You got any notions at all, Skipper?

We're some three-hundred-twenty light years from Earth on an unnamed planet in orbit around a star in the constellation Orion...

That could be Bellatrix up there!

You didn't have time to check the tapes--so you don't really know where we are, do you?

What went wrong?

We weren't programmed to land in water--so we're not where we're supposed to be.

The question, Landon, is not so much where we are as when we are.

Now what's that supposed to mean?

Too red for Bellatrix!

It means we've had our rip van winkle snooze...

...and now it's time to start earning our back pay.

Why don't you take a tip from Dodge? He's already busy taking soil samples.
WELL, AS FOR OUR INVENTORY... WE'VE GOT ONE PISTOL, TWENTY-FOUR ROUNDS OF AMMO, TWO MEDICAL KITS, ONE CAMERA, ONE TXS...

... AND ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER FOR THREE DAYS.

GOOD QUESTION, DOOD.

LANDON-- SNAP OUT OF IT AND CHECK YOUR COMMUNICATIONS KIT.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG IS A DAY?

I WAS THINKING ABOUT... STEWART, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED?

AIR LEAK, DIED IN HER SLEEP...

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY CUT UP ABOUT IT!

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR MOURNING -- SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEARLY A YEAR.

THEN... WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

IN FACT, YOUR HAIR'S GONE GRAY, LANDON...

... BUT APART FROM THAT, YOU LOOK PRETTY CHUBBER FOR A MAN WHO'S TWO-THOUSAND-THIRTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

TWO-THOUSAND...
That's right. I read the clocks before we abandoned ship. They bear out Hagelstein's hypothesis. We've been away from Earth for two thousand years... one or take a decade.

And you still can't accept it, can you, Landon?

You can't accept that time has wiped out everyone and everything you ever cared for—turned them into dust.

You can't prove it— if we can't get back, it's still just a theory!

It's a fact, Landon. Buy it. You'll sleep better.

Nothing'll grow here! There's only a trace of hydrocarbons, and most of the nitrogen is locked into nitrates.

Okay, if there's no life here, we've got just seventy-two hours to find some elsewhere.

Any detection of dangerous ionization?

No, we're okay on that score!

That's when the groceries run out.

Any particular reason for heading in this direction?

None at all!

Wait a minute!

Aha... ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Well, looks like everybody's in reasonably good shape!

Water check, Dodge?

Eight ounces left, Taylor. Eight ounces to get us through this crazy hell masquerading as a planet!

It just doesn't add up—there's a mantle of dust around this planet and yet it's as humid as a jungle, thunder and lightning and yet no rain, cloud cover every night and that weird luminosity... and yet no moon.

If only we could get a fix on the stars...

What would you learn? I've told you where you are and when you are.

Why? Because he's more than three hundred light years from his precious little home-planets? Because his loved ones have been dead and forgotten for twenty centuries?

All right already, Taylor—

Taylor... quit riding him.

All right nothing, you pitiful fool. There's only one reality left. We're here and it's now. You get a hold on that and quit feeling sorry for yourself, or you might as well be dead.

I'm prepared to die!
OH, HE'S PREPARED TO DIE, ISN'T THAT NOBLE AND COURAGEOUS?!
CHALK UP ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE HUMAN SPIRIT!

SURE, BUT BEFORE I GET OFF FOR GOOD, JUST CLEAR UP ONE QUESTION--
WHY DO YOU COME ALONG AT ALL? YOU VOLUNTEERED, WHY?

I'LL TELL YOU--THEY Nominated YOU FOR THE BIG ONE AND YOU COULDN'T TURN IT DOWN WITHOUT LOSING YOUR ALL-AMERICAN STANDING.

GET OFF MY BACK, TAYLOR.

AND THE GLORY--DON'T FORGET THAT. THERE'S A LIFE-SIZED Bronze STATUE OF YOU SOMEWHERE, LANDON. OH, IT'S PROBABLY TURNED GREEN BY NOW AND NOBODY CAN READ THE NAME-PLATE...

BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID WE FORGET OUR HEROES.

ARE YOU FINISHED, TAYLOR?

ONE LAST ITEM--IMMORTALITY. YOU WANTED TO GO ON FOREVER, AND YOU'VE DAMN NEAR MADE IT. EXCEPT FOR DODGE AND ME, YOU'VE LIVED LONGER THAN ANYBODY!

YOU'VE SAID WHAT YOU WANTED, KID, HOW'S IT TASTE?

OKAY, YOU READ ME WELL ENOUGH--WHY CAN'T I READ YOU?

I MEAN, DODGE I CAN UNDERSTAND. HE MAKES SENSE. HE WALKS THROUGH A VOLCANO NAKED IF HE THOUGHT HE COULD LEARN SOMETHING NO OTHER MAN KNEW, BUT YOU... TAYLOR--YOU'RE NO SEEKER, YOU'RE NEGATIVE.

BUT I'M NOT "PREPARED TO DIE."

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT! YOU THOUGHT LIFE ON EARTH WAS MEANING-LESS! YOU DESPISED PEOPLE--YOU RAN AWAY FROM THEM!
NOT QUITE, LANDON. I'M A BIT OF A SEEKER MYSELF, BUT MY DREAMS ARE A LOT EMPTIER THAN YOURS...

...CAUSE, Y'SEE, I CAN'T GET RID OF THE IDEA THAT SOMEBODY IN THIS UNIVERSE... THERE MUST BE A CREATURE SUPERIOR TO MAN.

HEY! TAYLOR... LANDON... COME HERE!

OVER HERE...!

AND WHERE THERE'S ONE, THERE'S ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...

LIFE.

WELL, COME ON THEN-- LET'S FIND 'EM ALL!

WE'RE DOWN TO TWO OUNCES OF WATER...

WATER'S GONE, TAYLOR. WE'LL FIND SOME SOON... I FEEL IT IN MY BONES, DODGE.

NEXT: FACE TO FACE?!!
HAVING TRAVERSED FOR DAYS THE BARREN PLANET ON WHICH THEY CRASH-LANDED, THE THREE ASTRONAUTS ARE OUT OF WATER AND NEAR THE POINT OF GIVING UP WHEN, SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY DISCOVER A FIRST SIGN OF LIFE! BUT IN THEIR JOY, THEY ARE OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT EYES ARE UPON THEM, EYES WHICH WILL LEAD THE EARTH MEN TO BECOME NO MORE THAN...

PREY OF THE APES!

Stan Lee presents:
PLANET OF THE APES!

LOOK... JUST AHEAD! SOMETHING SMALL... AND GREEN!

IT LOOKS LIKE... SOME KIND OF PLANT!

IT IS! AND WHERE THERE'S PLANT LIFE -- WATER MUST BE NEARBY!

THERE'S PROBABLY A SPRING OR FALL UP THERE IN THOSE ROCKS!

COME ON! IF IT'S THERE -- NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP US FROM REACHING IT!
IT'S A STREAM-BED. NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT... BUT BONE-DRY...

LOOK--!

SCARE-CROWS?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

THEY ARE SCARE-CROWS... SEEM TO FORM A BOUNDARY... OR MAYBE THEY'RE SOME SORT OF WARNING...

WATER--!

NEVER MIND THE SCARE-CROWS... CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT RUSHING SOUND--?!
WATER!

OH MY GOD, WATER!!

HURRY, DODGE, HURRY—for God's sake!

IT'S LOADED WITH MINERALS...

...but safe!

Then what on earth—or wherever we are--

**Are we waiting for?!

Feels good to wash off two-thousand years of sweat, eh, Dodge?

Yeah... but where's Landon? He must be just as sweaty...

Hey, Taylor—Dodge! You'd better come over here and take a look at what I've found!

Probably afraid if he washes off his sweat he'll find nothing left underneath...
WHAT IS IT?

THIS.

IT WAS MADE BY A HUMAN... OR SOMETHING CLOSE TO IT.

LOOK!

LOOKS LIKE EARTH FASHIONS ARE AT A PREMIUM HERE...

QUIET, DODGE!

WE DON'T KNOW WHO-- OR WHAT-- THEY ARE YET...

BUT WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH OF OUR UNIFORMS.

TAYLOR-- LOOK... OVER THERE...

ONE OF OUR THIEVES... MAKING A GETAWAY.
WELL... LET'S STOP YIM!

WELL, I'LL BE -- MY GOD, THEY... THEY LOOK ALMOST --

--- HUMAN.

THEY... THERE'S A BLOODY HERD OF THEM!

SO LET'S SHOW 'EM WE'RE FRIENDLY.

GREETINGS! WE COME TO YOU IN PEACE!

NO CIGAR WITH THAT TACTIC.

TRY TELLING THEM OUR NAMES.

LANDON, KINDLY KEEP YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS TO YOURSELF, HUH?

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SCARED THEM OFF!

SHALL WE FOLLOW THEM?

HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE, NOW DO WE?
Well, at least they haven't tried to bite us!

Blessed are the vegetarians.

And they seem to have a number of other good points as well. That female over there is gorgeous.

But stupid—they're all stupid, like animals. We got off at the wrong stop!

Look at the bright side, Landon. If this is the best there is around here, in six months we'll be running this planet.

Taylor, look at them. They're agitated all of a sudden... there's absolute terror etched on their faces...

What the devil are they running from—??

I don't know, but whatever it is—

Listen...!

That rumble... it's like hoofbeats... horses... galloping...
APES! APES ON HORSEBACK!

KRAK

RIFLES-- THEY'VE GOT RIFLES!

NO KIDDIN'!!

WHAT'LL WE DO?!

RUN LIKE HELL, YOU BLOODY FOOL!
MY GOD-- THEY'VE GOT BEATERS! IT'S LIKE THE AFRICAN BUSH. WE'RE BEING HUNTED FOR GOD'S SAKE!

Yeah... and now I know what it feels like...

We can't just stay here...

Krak!

We've gotta make a break for it!

Landon... stop, you damn fool!

Yaaaahh!

You fool! Stupid fool...

Blam! Ummm!

Dodge...!
This is crazy... I won't run any more...!

It's lunacy... humans hunted by apes!

Do you hear me?! It's crazy! I tell you...!

It's cra... KRAK!

You know, for just a moment there... I almost thought I heard one of the humans speak, but of course that's absurd.

Of course, let's just finish rounding up this wild herd of creatures...

...And take them to the pens!

Next: The City of the Apes
NEXT ISSUE:

Jason and Alexander—fugitives on the world where beasts reign supreme—are forced to go where no man or ape dares venture!

The Forbidden Zone of Forgotten Terror

Plus:

The second part of our epic adaptation of the original "Planet of the Apes" movie!

Plus: The senses-shattering secret behind our once-in-a-lifetime centerfold title page!

Plus: The sensational story behind The City of the Apes!

Plus: More photos, features, and furry fellows than any other magazine on Earth!

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