

THE OFFICIAL MOVIE NOVELIZATION

WAR FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

GREG COX

BASED ON THE SCREENPLAY

WRITTEN BY MARK BOMBACK & MATT REEVES

BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY RICK JAFFA & AMANDA SILVER

ARMED FORCES BRIEFING REPORT — CLASSIFIED

TO: COMMAND

FROM: [REDACTED]

TOPIC: HISTORY OF APE CRISIS

Fifteen years ago, a scientific experiment gone wrong gave *rise* to a species of intelligent apes... and a virus that nearly destroyed the human race. The SIMIAN FLU, as it came to be known, brought humanity to the brink of destruction. The survivors—the few who were immune to the crisis—came to envy the dead, while the apes continued to thrive in the safety of the woods north of SAN FRANCISCO.

With the *dawn* of their burgeoning civilization, the apes flourished in the absence of human contact, until they were discovered by a small band of desperate survivors striving to establish a colony of their own. The colonists and apes struggled to coexist, but their fragile peace was shattered by KOBAN, an insurgent ape who sought revenge on his former captors. CAESAR, the reputed leader of the apes, attempted to restore order.

But there was no turning back from the brutal fighting that had already begun.

The embattled colonists sent out frantic distress calls for help, unsure if anyone was even out there to hear them. The signal was received 800 miles north at JOINT BASE LEWIS-McCHORD, where hundreds of soldiers had taken refuge after the viral apocalypse. These men and women were all that remained of the U.S. ARMED FORCES. Responding to the call, a hardened fighting division, led by [REDACTED], a decorated colonel of the Special Forces, was sent down to join the battle. Caesar and his apes retreated to the woods, but the human forces pursued, determined to destroy the apes once and for all. For two years, the soldiers have been searching in vain for Caesar, who is rumored to be commanding his apes from a base hidden somewhere deep in the woods.

And the *war* rages on...

1

The vast redwood forest had survived the end of the world. Civilization may have collapsed, but the woods endured, unchanged by the plagues and riots and upheaval that had brought humanity to the brink of extinction. Towering trees, rising as much as three hundred feet above the shady forest floor, seemed to mock mankind's precipitous fall, while the primeval scenery was just as it must have been twelve years ago, before everything went to hell, or fifty years or a hundred or five hundred. Sunlight filtered through the dense green canopy overhead, which was filled with birdsong along with the ceaseless chattering of squirrels. A brisk winter wind rustled leaves and branches and ferns. A damp misty haze chilled the air.

Nature endured. Whether humanity would was another question.

Footsteps, moving stealthily through the woods, intruded on the sylvan domain. Fallen twigs and leaves crunched beneath the tread of multiple army boots as a platoon of human soldiers made their way up a steep, thickly wooded hill as quietly as they could manage amidst the profuse vegetation. The soldiers moved

without speaking, even their breathing hushed. Grim-faced men and women clutched rifles or military-grade crossbows tensely. Wary eyes scanned the murky forest, on guard against any lurking hostiles. Worn, threadbare camo fatigues, badly in need of replacement, testified to a long, grueling campaign. Dark camouflage paint obscured their features, masking their individuality. Battered Kevlar helmets bore a variety of scrawled labels and slogans:

MONKEY KILLER
BEDTIME FOR BONZO
ENDANGERED SPECIES
MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DIE

Uniting the troop was a common insignia, ΑΩ. Some wore the Greek letters hand-drawn on their clothing, others had tattooed them onto their bare arms and skin, but they all bore the emblem proudly. To do otherwise would have been traitorous, not just to their own unit, but to the entire human race. The insignia was a constant reminder of just how much was at stake—and the unthinkable consequences of failure.

An advance scout, taking point, halted abruptly. He whispered urgently to his commander, who was only a few paces behind him.

“Captain—!”

Captain Rod Wilson, late of the U.S. Army, held up his hand, signaling the rest of the unit to stop. He was a rugged combat veteran who had never expected his tour of duty to extend beyond the end of the world. Wondering what the scout had spotted, he hurried forward to join the soldier, who pointed up the slope straight ahead. Wilson raised his M16 assault rifle to peer through its gunsight and was rewarded with a glimpse of the enemy.

Three apes—chimpanzees, to be exact—occupied a ridge roughly one hundred yards away. Two of the

chimps stood guard, while the third watered their horses at a trickling stream. One of the guards clutched a stone-tipped wooden spear, the other toted a Remington semi-automatic rifle.

Wilson scowled. By now, the sight of apes employing firearms and horses no longer provoked shock, but Wilson still found it disturbing nonetheless. He was old enough to remember when apes were just *animals*, confined to circuses and zoos and laboratories. Caged like the beasts they were. Before everything changed, before the virus...

Apes were not native to North America. There had been a time when *Homo sapiens* had been the only primate living free on the continent, when no chimps or orangutans or bonobos or gorillas had inhabited these woods. Bile rose at the back of Wilson's throat as he contemplated the unnatural creatures on the ridge.

They didn't belong here. They were *wrong*.

And they couldn't be allowed to exist.

He lined up the gun-toting ape in the crosshairs of his gunsight. His finger tensed on the trigger. The humans had the advantage of surprise only until the first gunshot, so he intended to make that shot count.

Say your prayers, monkey, he thought. *If monkeys pray.*

A hand fell on his shoulder before he could squeeze the trigger.

A furry, thickly knuckled hand.

The hand of an ape.

Momentarily startled, Wilson turned to see a large male gorilla looming directly behind him. The ape's army helmet matched those of the human soldiers, marking him as part of the captain's unit. A heavy rucksack, stuffed with weapons and gear, hung upon the ape's hairy back. Wilson recognized this particular ape, which went by the

name of “Red” because his thick black fur had a slightly reddish tinge. Red was an ugly bastard, but clever enough to know his place—and to come in handy sometimes.

What? Wilson asked silently, interrogating the gorilla with his eyes.

Red pointed up.

Craning his neck back, Wilson peered at the verdant canopy overhead, where another helmeted ape crouched furtively in the branches, looking very much at home high above the ground. Not for the first time, Wilson envied the apes’ natural gift for climbing, and resented them for it.

Evolution made humans soft. We’re paying for that now.

He made eye contact with the chimp in the tree, who pointed at the ridge where the three apes were loitering. Looking back at the ridge, Wilson wasn’t sure at first what the chimp was seeing from his elevated vantage point. Just the three hostiles they had already spotted, or something else?

What am I not seeing?

It took him a moment but then he spotted it: a long, low trench wall made up of heavy logs and stones, artfully concealed by overlapping layers of leaves and branches that put the soldiers’ own crude attempts at camouflage to shame. The leafy cover blended smoothly with the surrounding wilderness, hiding the wall from view unless you were actively looking for it.

Well, I’ll be damned, Wilson thought. *Those sneaky kongs.*

Heaven only knew how many more hostiles might be hiding behind the concealed fortifications. The sharp-eyed chimp in the tree had definitely earned his rations for the day; Wilson and his soldiers had practically walked right up to the wall without seeing it. That could have been a fatal mistake.

Good thing our own monkeys were on the ball.

Wilson nodded at Red, acknowledging the timely alert, before deciding that he ought to notify the Colonel of their discovery. A wireless communications headset was affixed to the captain's helmet; he clicked it on and whispered into the mike.

"Echo two-six to command. Colonel, we have eyes on three kongs in the north woods. A couple of our donkeys think there are others here, too." He kept his voice cool and controlled, despite his growing excitement. "Maybe this is it, maybe the base is near."

Two years, he thought. Two years we've been sloggng through the woods, trying to track these damn dirty apes to their lair. Have we finally got a bead on them?

The Colonel's voice replied via the headset, speaking too softly to be heard by anyone else, including Red, who remained close at hand. Wilson listened attentively.

"Yes, sir," he responded. "Copy that. Over."

Clicking off, he waved up more soldiers from the rear. They reacted with admirable speed and efficiency, fishing additional arms and ammo from the bulging rucksacks carried by Red and two other apes, who obediently accepted their role as pack mules. Chimpanzees were known to be seven times stronger than the average human, which made them useful as porters as well as scouts.

Too bad they stink like hell, Wilson thought.

"You!" he said to one of the apes in a low voice. "Over here."

The chimp loped over to the captain on all fours, walking on his knuckles as well as his bare feet. Wilson frankly preferred to see apes moving like quadrupeds instead of walking on two legs like humans; they were less creepy that way. He extracted an M79 grenade launcher from the ape's pack. The "bloop gun" resembled a stubby,

sawed-off shotgun. He swept his gaze over the troops under his command, picking out one of his best marksmen.

“Preacher,” he said.

A young soldier crept forward to join the captain, tightly gripping a loaded military crossbow. Preacher was a fresh-faced Latino youth still in his teens; Wilson wondered how much Preacher even remembered of what life used to be like, back when humanity ruled supreme over the planet. Like so many young men and women these days, he had come of age in a world turned upside-down. In a reality that still worked the way it was supposed to, he’d be worrying about prom and graduation now, not hunting upstart monkeys who thought the future belonged to them. The apes—and the Flu—had robbed Preacher of the life he should have lived. And not only him, but an entire generation of men and women.

Time for payback. Wilson indicated the three apes on the ridge. “The one with the gun,” he specified.

Preacher nodded and readied his weapon. The captain did the same, aiming the loaded grenade launcher at the hidden trench wall. Behind them, the rest of the unit prepared themselves for combat. Gleaming bayonet blades, thirsty for simian blood, were affixed to rifles. Safeties were unlocked.

Wilson steeled his features, betraying no sign of fear or trepidation. His jaw was set in determination, the better to inspire the brave men and women under his command. All eyes were on the captain as he silently counted down with his fingers.

Three... two... one!

Preacher fired his crossbow. A twenty-inch carbon bolt struck the armed chimpanzee in the chest, killing him instantly. He toppled over into the trench behind the wall, much to the shock of his two companions, who barely had

time to react before Wilson fired his own weapon. A pair of 40 mm grenades screamed across the woods and slammed into the apes' fortifications, exploding on contact.

A fiery orange and yellow detonation blew the wall apart, sending chunks of rock and timber flying, along with the bodies of the closest apes. Scores of stunned and injured apes also spilled from the open trench behind the breached wall. Gorillas, orangutans, bonobos, and chimpanzees, many of them bleeding and broken, tumbled down the slope onto the smoking rubble, while losing their grip on their weapons. Guns, spears, bows, and arrows were strewn about like fallen leaves and branches, of little use to the embattled apes. Crackling flames and acrid white fumes added to the chaos. The echoes of the explosions rang in Wilson's ears. Wounded apes screamed in fear and agony.

You had it coming, the captain thought.

The other soldiers opened fire on the apes before the animals had a chance to regroup or retaliate. A deadly hail of bullets tore into hairy hides. Arrows struck home in target after target. A fat-faced male orangutan, his shaggy orange coat now streaked with bright wet splashes of red, staggered to his feet, only to be brought down by another bolt from Preacher's crossbow. More grenades arced through the air and into the exposed trench. Deafening explosions rocked the hillside, and frantic birds and small animals fled in terror. The wind carried the unmistakable odor of war back toward Wilson and his troops. He breathed it in deeply.

You smell that, monkeys? That's the smell of mankind taking back our future.

Further up the ridge, above the trench, the two surviving chimps overcame their shock. They leaped back onto their horses and wheeled them about, attempting to escape up

the wooded slope behind them, but a sniper nailed one of them in the head. The ape, which had been watering the horses only moments ago, fell from his horse and crashed to the ground, leaving only a single chimp on horseback: the sentry with the spear. Digging his heels into his mount's side, he galloped up the hillside, screeching in warning. Rising smoke aided his escape as he disappeared into the trees and the distance. Wilson frowned, but consoled himself that one lone chimp didn't matter in the long run.

Let him run, he thought. The rest of these monkeys won't be so lucky.

"Come on!" he shouted to his troops over the din of battle. After slinking covertly through the woods for hours, afraid to even breathe too loudly, it felt good to give voice to their righteous fury at last. Eager to press their advantage, he led the charge up the hill toward the stricken enemy. Whooping and shooting, his soldiers chased after him, hyped up on adrenaline and the promise of victory. They fired at will at the shell-shocked apes. Caught off-guard and off-balance, the besieged animals didn't stand a chance.

Serves them right, Wilson thought, for thinking these woods belong to them.

"Let 'em have it!" he shouted. "No prisoners!"

2

Spear was not just the chimpanzee's weapon of choice; it was his name. Even as a child, almost as soon as he could climb, he had fearlessly hurled himself through the air from branch to branch and tree to tree, so the name "Spear" had found him as surely as a javelin striking its target. Now he wished he could truly fly like a spear instead of merely pushing his horse to gallop more swiftly than it ever had before.

Faster, he urged the horse. Faster!

The horse raced through the woods, its hooves pounding against the forest floor and tearing up great clods of earth in its headlong flight from the screams and gunshots and explosions behind them. It wove expertly between the trees and leapt over rotting logs and brambles. Riding bareback, holding on tightly to the horse's reins, Spear spurred his steed on although this was hardly necessary; the horse wanted to escape the slaughter just as much as its rider did. Spear screeched at the top of his lungs, desperate to sound a warning. He couldn't believe how quickly the humans had come upon them. One minute he had been standing guard with his companions, not truly anticipating any danger; the

next, his friends were dead, the wall was breached, and all was blood and flame and smoke and death.

The tribe needed to be warned. *Caesar* needed to be warned.

More gunshots echoed through the forest behind him. Spear prayed that his fellow apes had rallied and were returning fire at least. It seemed to him that the noise of the battle was following him instead of receding as he galloped away from the fighting; could that mean that a retreat was underway, with any surviving apes shooting back at the humans' relentless onslaught as they attempted to escape?

Spear wanted to think so.

His frantic screeches warred with the pounding of the horse's hooves. Spear feared that none would hear him in time, but then his desperate shrieks were answered by a rising chorus of simian screeches and hoots coming from up ahead and growing louder by the moment.

Yes!

Hope flared in his chest. Pulling back on the reins, he brought his horse to a sudden stop. Lather dripped down the horse's heaving sides. It strained at its bit, desperate to keep running from the massacre and rearing up on its hind legs. Spear tightened his grip on the reins and clung to the horse with his legs to avoid being thrown.

No, he thought. *Wait... wait!*

He peered through the trees ahead. His spirits soared as, heralded by the thunder of hooves, an entire company of mounted ape soldiers came riding toward him, armed for combat. The charging cavalry was composed of every species of great ape, united to defend their endangered colony, and seemed almost as numerous as the trees they rode out of. Spear was impressed at how quickly the cavalry had mobilized in response to his cries. *Caesar* had trained his forces well.

And with good reason.

Spear grinned at the reinforcements. Thick black hairs bristled along his back and shoulders in an aggressive display, making him appear even bigger and more intimidating than he actually was. He bared his canines. *No more retreating*, he vowed. *No more running from the humans*. The teachings of Caesar filled him with pride and courage.

Apes together strong.

Screeching in fury, he turned his horse back the way it had come. He raised his spear high and pointed it toward those he had left behind to face the guns and malice of the enemy. More apes on horseback poured out of the hills and joined in behind him, charging down the wooded slope toward their implacable foes.

Humans had begun this attack, but apes would end it.

The battle of the hill raged on as Preacher fought alongside his unit against the retreating apes, who were not going down as easily as he had hoped. Preacher had seen combat before, but nothing this fierce. Enemy fire targeted the humans as they chased after the apes, intent on wiping out every last one of the monkeys despite the bullets and spears and arrows flying every which way. Bodies, both human and simian, littered the forest floor, while the moans and whimpers of the wounded were disturbingly hard to tell apart. Panic nibbled at Preacher's resolve, but he was no deserter. Taking shelter behind the trunk of a massive redwood, he fired shot after shot from his crossbow, drawing fresh bolts from the quiver at his hip. His shots hit more often than they missed, bringing down one ape after another. Frantically reaching for another bolt, he was dismayed to find his quiver empty.

How had he gone through his supply so fast?

His eyes searched anxiously for Red, who, along with the other donkeys, had fallen back to keep out of the line of fire. Preacher shouted at the gorilla.

“Reload!”

Red hurried toward him on all fours, bearing his heavy pack of gear. Preacher hurriedly retrieved a fully loaded quiver from the rucksack and discarded the empty one. Grateful for the gorilla’s prompt response, he nodded at Red, only to see that the ape was looking past him at the front lines of battle, where the retreating apes were being cut down by the soldiers’ guns and arrows. Gorillas just like Red were dead and dying upon the hillside, bleeding out onto the greenery. Red watched the slaughter with cold brown eyes and a stony expression that offered no hint of what was going through that clever monkey brain of his.

How does he feel about this? Preacher wondered. Guilty about betraying his own kind? Or is he just glad to be on the winning side?

If the bloodshed troubled Red, his face held no evidence of it.

Preacher strapped on the fresh quiver and cautiously stepped out from behind the tree trunk, ready to rejoin the fray. Red tagged along with him, but they only got a few steps before a startling sight drew their gazes upward.

Two—no, three—trails of spiraling white smoke hissed through the air high above their heads. The vaporous streamers arced through the cold gray sky before smacking to earth and rolling across the ground toward Preacher and his comrades, spewing thick, billowing fumes everywhere. The young soldier gasped out loud, uncertain what was happening but knowing already that it wasn’t anything good. He shared a confused look with Red, who appeared to be just as surprised and disoriented by the smoke.

What the hell?

His crossbow armed and ready, Preacher looked around fearfully, but dense, opaque smoke had hidden his sight lines, taking away his targets. He couldn't fire his weapon for fear of hitting a human instead of an ape.

And then he heard it: the thunderous pounding of hooves. Many, many hooves.

Oh crap. Preacher's mouth suddenly went as dry as the Mojave as he remembered the chimp that had gotten away on horseback earlier.

That's not just one monkey on a horse.

The ape cavalry thundered down the slope, charging from the woods above the breached fortifications. Riders with slings hurled another volley of crude smoke bombs over the heads of the retreating apes, causing a second wave of fuming missiles to smack down amidst the human invaders, fomenting confusion. At the forefront of the cavalry, Spear relished the soldiers' obvious surprise and disarray. It was not enough to make up for all the death and carnage the humans had brought to the forest, but it was a good start. The faces of his murdered friends were still fresh in Spear's memory and his hackles bristled in rage.

We've only begun to make them pay, he thought. *If they thought they feared apes before...*

The riders met the tide of fleeing apes, who were in woeful shape. Spear was shocked and angered by how severely the survivors' ranks had been thinned, and by the number and extent of their injuries. Maimed and bleeding apes, many who would bear the scars of the humans' sneak attack for the rest of their days, scrambled madly away from the massacre. A wounded chimpanzee clung to the back of a limping gorilla, who sported ugly burns and cuts of his own. Another ape cradled a broken arm against

his chest as he was forced to flee on only three limbs, and an orangutan winced in pain with a crossbow bolt wedged in his side; one of his bulging cheek flaps was shredded to ribbons. More able-bodied apes took to the trees, firing back at the humans with guns and bows. Spear admired their valor, even as he thanked providence that he and the cavalry had arrived before it was too late.

We will save our brothers, he thought, and avenge the fallen!

He screeched loudly to break through the clamor. Raising his spear high, he watched with pride as the panicked apes halted their retreat. Fear faded from their faces as they spied the cavalry and realized that they were no longer outnumbered. Panic gave way to fury as all that were able turned back toward the humans and bared their teeth. Simian war cries rose in savage chorus.

Spear's heart swelled. Lowering his spear, he spurred his steed forward, leading the charge. Enraged apes ran back toward the smoke-filled battlefield, alongside the charging cavalry.

The humans would wish they had stayed far away from these hills.

We're screwed, Preacher thought. Big time.

Along with the rest of his unit, he stumbled blindly through the smoke, unable to see more than a foot in front of him. The harsh fumes stung his eyes and invaded his throat and lungs, leaving him coughing and gasping for breath. Clutching his crossbow, he turned in circles, unsure from which direction danger might be coming. Watery eyes searched in vain for targets to shoot at. Angry shouts and curses filled the woods as he heard the other soldiers raging against the smoke, bumping into trees and each other. Red

and the other donkeys screeched and jabbered in alarm. Preacher wondered if they regretted switching sides.

I would if I were them.

The thunder of hooves grew louder and more frightening. A sudden whistling noise drew his gaze upward in time to see a torrent of wooden spears and arrows raining down on them. Screams erupted all around him. Dimly glimpsed figures, barely more than vague silhouettes in the smoke, hit the ground and didn't get back up again. And still the lethal missiles kept plummeting from the sky, claiming new victims. A stone-tipped spear struck the earth right at his feet, causing him to jump backwards into the hard, unyielding tree. The back of his helmet smacked into the trunk hard enough to hurt, but Preacher barely noticed the impact. He felt like he was trapped in some hellish limbo where death struck at random and without warning. He couldn't believe how quickly the tide of battle had turned against them.

We were winning, damn it! We had them on the run...!

Another scream came from only a few yards away. An agonized voice cried out hoarsely.

“RETREAT!”

Preacher had no idea who had issued the order, but he didn't have to be told twice. Ducking low to present a smaller target, and half-expecting to be skewered at any moment, he ran for his life. A moss-covered log blocked his escape and he dived over it, seeking cover, only to find himself tumbling headfirst down a steep slope into a ditch. He landed hard, the breath knocked out of him, blurry eyes peering up at the trees towering high above him. Part of him wanted to just keep lying there, to close his eyes and hope the battle moved on without him, but the terrifying prospect of being left behind in the ape-infested woods was enough to convince him that he needed to keep

moving. He lifted his head to orient himself.

Dead eyes looked back at him.

Preacher bit back a scream as he found himself face to face with the captain's lifeless body, just one of several dead soldiers lying in the ditch, which now resembled a mass grave. Preacher recognized all of the corpses: Ward, Chambers, Chavez, Robbins, Shimoda. An arrow pierced the captain's throat. Glassy eyes stared blankly into oblivion.

The apes had killed him. The apes had killed all of them.

Preacher feared that he was as good as dead, too. Down in the grave with his fallen comrades, he could hear the apes drawing nearer. They screeched and hooted at each other like the animals they were. Agitated horses neighed and whinnied. Gunshots sounded far too close by, a sign that the battle was still underway, or were the apes simply picking off the last few humans? Preacher wondered briefly if Red and the other "good" apes had gotten away, then wondered why he cared.

For all Preacher knew, he was the only human soldier left.

He groped about for his crossbow, which he'd lost rolling down the hill, but couldn't find it. Most of the bolts had fallen out of the quiver as well, leaving him more or less unarmed. He didn't want to die like this, alone in the woods with no one but the dead to share his final moments. Fear threatened to override his training, but he tried to hold himself together even though he was shaking like a leaf. He reached out trembling hands and pried the captain's headset from the corpse, which was still warm to the touch. The dead man's blood stained his fingers.

Sorry, Captain, he thought. *I need this more than you do now.*

He hoped to God that the equipment was still working.

Grimacing, he put on the headset and powered it up.

“Colonel? Colonel, do you copy?”

Static crackled in his ears, crushing his hopes. An endless, excruciating moment passed before a calm, authoritative voice responded. Preacher gasped in relief as he recognized the familiar cadences of his commanding officer.

“*Who is this?*” the Colonel asked.

Preacher’s mouth was dry. He somehow worked up enough spit to speak.

“Preacher... it’s Preacher, sir.”

He had no idea if the Colonel knew him by name. He was nobody important, just another grunt in the war.

“*Where are you, soldier? I need your position.*”

“I don’t know!”

The Colonel’s voice remained steady, reassuring. “*What do you see?*”

Preacher wasn’t about to lift his head out of the ditch just to report that he saw some trees and bushes. His own voice quavered, nearly cracking under the pressure. What if the apes heard him, too?

“I can’t see anything! We lost a lot of men, sir. The captain is dead!”

The Colonel seemed to take a moment to process that intel. “*You’re in command now.*”

“Command, sir?” Preacher tried to make the Colonel understand. “I think it’s just me by myself now!”

The apes were definitely closer. He could hear them stomping through the brush toward him. Preacher peered up, waiting tensely for an ape to come into view. He knew his time was almost done.

“Sir, I don’t think I’m gonna make it.” His throat tightened, overcome with emotion. Bad enough to die young fighting a winning battle, but to go down in defeat at the hands of an ape, without even accomplishing the

mission... "I'm sorry, sir. I'm so sorry!"

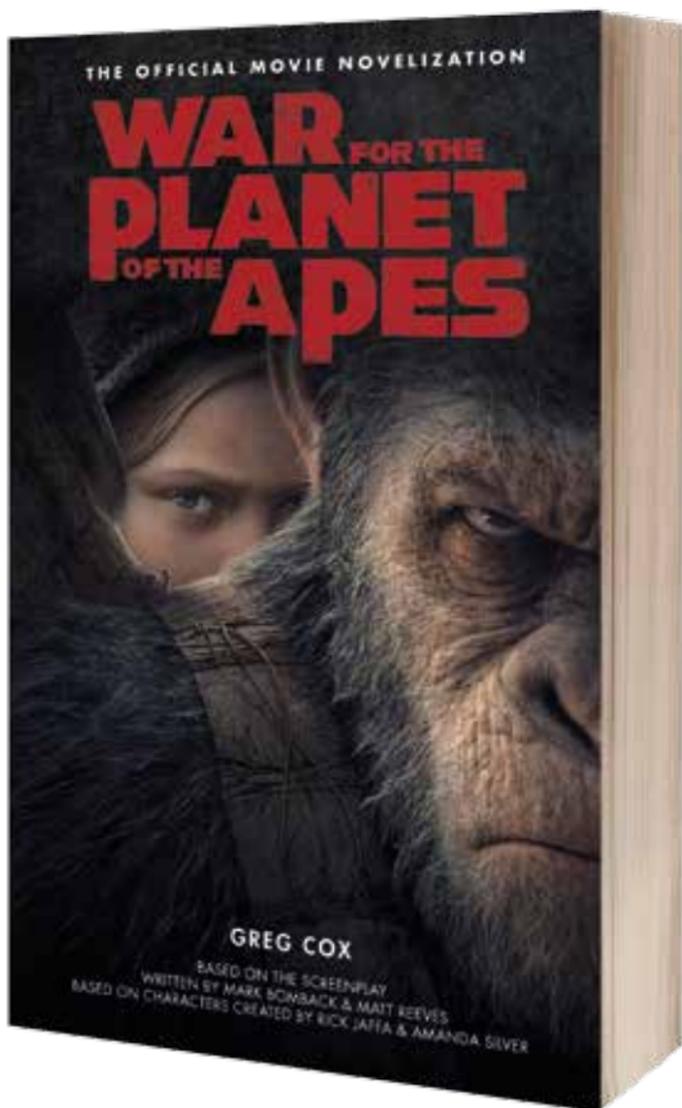
The Colonel answered gravely:

"I understand, soldier. Just kill as many of them as you can."

But it was already too late for that. Searching fruitlessly for his crossbow amidst the dead bodies, Preacher heard a hostile grunt from above. He froze as he looked up to see several apes glaring down at him with murder in their eyes. Spears and rifles were aimed at him, even though any one of the apes could probably tear him limb from limb with its bare hands. No mercy showed on their simian features, nor did Preacher expect it to. Humans and apes had been mortal enemies for most of his life, which was apparently now at its end. Preacher swallowed hard and braced himself for whatever came next. He was already in a grave. The rest was just a formality.

Go ahead, he thought. Get it over with.

YOU HAVE JUST READ
AN EXTRACT FROM



TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT
ORDER YOUR COPY [HERE](#)

WAR FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES™ & © 2017
Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved.