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PLANET
OF THE APES
DEC. No 27

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WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES



TRAPPED
IN THE
FLAMES
OF
BATTLE!

ALL
NEW!

"CONQUEST OF BLOOD!"



TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!

APES OF IRON!

CRUEL FACES MOVING THROUGH A PEACEFUL FOREST: THE GORILLA BRUTUS AND HIS MUTANT-PRONE ALLIES ARE ON THE MARCH.

BUT AS CRUEL AS THEY ARE, THERE ARE FAR MORE MENACING FORMS IN THESE SERENE WOODS, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS ABOVE, WATCHING... AND WAITING...

I TELL YOU IT'S ALL JASON'S FAULT. WARKO-- THAT HUMAN WHELP HAS INTERFERED WITH MY PLANS TIME AND AGAIN.

BUT HE WON'T STOP ME AGAIN, WARKO! DO YOU HEAR--?

YES, COMMANDER BRUTUS--I FULLY AGREE.



YOU FULLY AGREE--?! IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT DISEASE-RIPPEN HUMAN HAS DONE?! HE HAS COMPLETELY THWARTED MY ULTIMATE GOAL!



HE DESTROYED THE STUFF OF MY DREAMS, MARKO! THE METAL THINGS IN THAT CAVERN COULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED EVERY PIECE OF HUMAN SCUM ON THE FACE OF THIS WORLD!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?! JASON DESTROYED MY... MY METAL THINGS... OR WHATEVER THEY WERE!



WHAT DID YOU CALL THOSE THINGS AGAIN, DRONE ZEE?

THEY WERE NUCLEAR MISSILES, BRUTUS.

NOW.

FROM THE SHADOWS, ONE OF THE MENACING FORMS HAS BROKEN, ANNOUNCING THAT THE TIME OF WATCHING AND WAITING HAS PASSED...



AND SO THEY STRIKE...DROPPING AND LURCHING FROM THE SHADOWS WITHOUT WARNING, SMASHING EVERY-THING IN THE PATH OF THEIR SINGLE-MINDED GOAL.

TAKE ALL APES! KILL ALL OTHERS!

WHAT IN THE--? WH-WHAT ARE THEY--?

THEY ARE GORILLAS, AND THEY ARE ANDROIDS, BUT MOST OF ALL, THEY ARE BIZARRE.



THE AMBUSH BEGINS WITH INSTANT VIOLENCE. BRUTUS' MOUNT IS SLAIN BY A SINGLE PUNCH...

ZAP

A METAL FINGER IS RAISED AND POINTED --A SIZZLING BURST OF LASER ENERGY SPURTS FROM ITS TIP --AND MUTANT-PRONE ZEE'S HEART IS CHARGED TO WET ASH.

AND NOW THE CHAOS EXPLODES IN **FULL FORCE**, AMIDST SCREAMING, SHOUTING, AND ALL THE OTHER SOUNDS OF VIOLENT ASSAULT AND **DEATH**--AS HORRIFIC **BERSERKERS** OF SYNTHESIZED METAL AND FLESH SWARM OVER BRUTUS' PARTY WITH **INCREDIBLE SPEED** AND FURY.

EACH **BERSERKER** POSSESSES THE STRENGTH OF **TWENTY NORMAL GORILLAS**--AND EACH EXPLOITS THAT STRENGTH TO **FULL** AND **AWESOME EFFECT**.

BRUTUS' GORILLAS ARE INSTANTLY **SUBDUED**--



--AND THE **MUTANT DRONES** ARE MURDERED WITH **SAVAGE CALLOUSNESS**...

...WITH THE EXCEPTION OF **ONE**--**DRONE KYEW**--WHO MANAGES TO CRAWL INTO THE SURROUNDING **BRUSH**; HE ACTIVATES HIS **CHEST TRANSMITTER**, AND--

FAR AWAY, IN THE **CAVERNS** OF THE **INNER TORS** DEEP WITHIN THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE** THE URGENT TRANSMISSION IS **MONITORED**...

CALLING **CAVERN CONTROL**--**DRONE KYEW** CALLING **CAVERN CONTROL**...

LIFE FUNCTIONS OF ALL **DRONES** IN SERVICE OF THE **GORILLA BRUTUS** ARE PRESENTLY BEING **TERMINATED**...BY **GORILLOIDS**...

REPEAT: **GORILLOIDS**...

GORILLOIDS...?! THAT MEANS THE **MAKERS** ARE **ACTIVE** AGAIN! WHAT ELSE CAN YOU TELL US, **KYEW**?

NOTHING FURTHER--EXCEPT THAT I ALONE **ESCAPED** AND REACHED **SAFETY** BEFORE--

TAKE ALL **APES**! KILL ALL **OTHERS**!



MUTANT DRONE KYEW IS AN **'OTHER'**! BITS OF HIS **BLOODY SKULL** MINGLE WITH THE **FLYING FRAGMENTS** OF HIS **STEEL HELMET**.



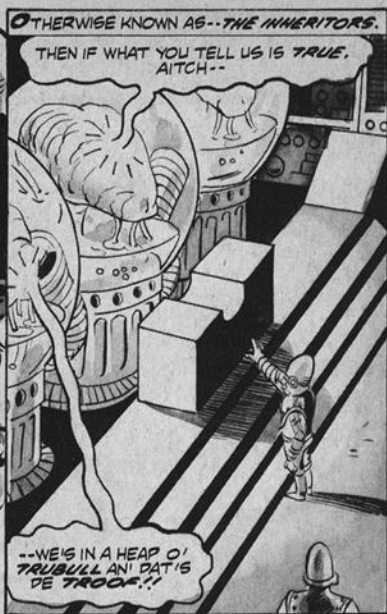
THE FINAL
LIFE-SUPPORT
MONITOR HAS GONE
BLANK.

THEN
KYEVU HAS
ALSO BEEN
TERMINATED!

WE'VE LOST
EVERY ONE OF
THE DRONES
ASSIGNED TO
BRUTUS!

PRECISELY.
DRONE AITCH-- AND THEY
HAVE ALL BEEN TERMINATED
BY THE **MAKERS'**
CREATIONS...

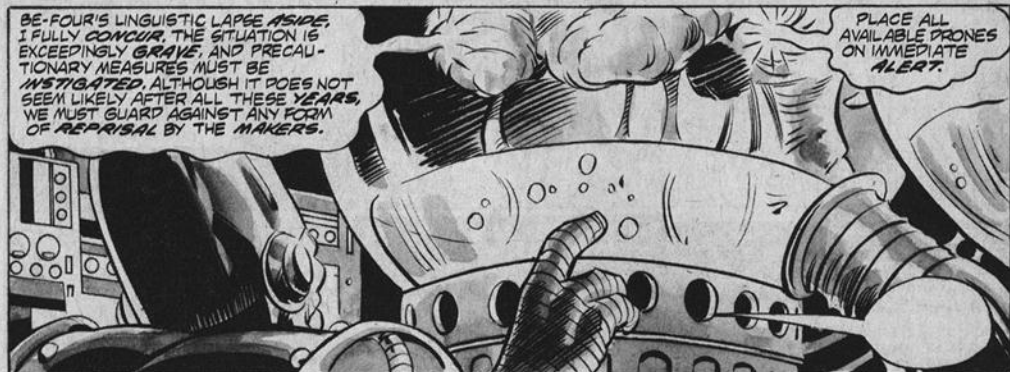
...WHICH IS WHY
YOU MUST MAKE AN
IMMEDIATE REPORT TO
THE **SUPREME**
GESTALT
COMMANDERS.



OTHERWISE KNOWN AS--THE INHERITORS.

THEN IF WHAT YOU TELL US IS **TRUE,**
AITCH--

--WE'VE IN A HEAP O'
TRUBULL AN' DAT'S
DE TROOF!!



BE-FOUR'S LINGUISTIC LAPSE **ASIDE,**
I FULLY **CONCUR.** THE SITUATION IS
EXCEEDINGLY **GRAVE,** AND PRECAU-
TIONARY MEASURES MUST BE
INSTIGATED, ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT
SEEM LIKELY AFTER ALL THESE **YEARS,**
WE MUST GUARD AGAINST ANY FORM
OF **REPRISAL** BY THE **MAKERS.**

PLACE ALL
AVAILABLE DRONES
ON IMMEDIATE
ALERT.



ELSEWHERE... A
CLEAR, INTELLIGENT
VOICE TOO LONG
PULLED BY THE
EFFECTS OF
BRANNWASH
SOUNDS FROM THE
PROW OF A
NORTHLANDS
SHIP...

WELL, NOW THAT I KNOW
THE **PSYCHEDROME** IS NOT
THE **ANSWER,** I GUESS I'D
BETTER START **RETHINKING**
MY **LIFE'S PRIORITIES...**

BUT AT LEAST I'M SURE
OF **ONE** THING NOW-- THE
KEEPERS OF THE
PSYCHEDROME WERE THE
ANCIENTS, AND IT WAS **THEY**
WHO BROUGHT THE **GREAT**
DESTRUCTION OF
PROGRESS.

BUT I THOUGHT OUR
FATHERS' FATHERS
WERE THE **ANCIENTS,** AND
BROUGHT THE **GREAT**
DESTRUCTION DOWN
UPON **THEMSELVES.**

SO DID I, JASON. BUT IT'S NOW
CLEAR TO ME THAT THE **REAL** **ANCIENTS**
CAME DOWN FROM THE **FAR STARS** AND
GRANTED OUR ANCESTORS THE **GLORIOUS**
WONDERS OF PROGRESS AND ILLUMINATION--



--AND THEN FOR SOME REASON **DESTROYED** OUR ANCESTORS, ALONG WITH ALL THE PROGRESS THEY HAD GRANTED THEM... PERHAPS BECAUSE OUR ANCESTORS **MISUSED** THE GIFT OF PROGRESS.

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THAT **BRUTUS** IS FINALLY DEAD-- KILLED IN THAT **EXPLOSION** WHICH DESTROYED THE **PSYCHE-BROME**.

I CAN'T MAKE ANY GENSE OUT OF A **SINGLE WORD** YOU JUST SAID, **LIGHTSMITH**. AND I COULDN'T CARE LESS.

I JUST WISH I COULDN'T TORN THE FILTHY APE APART WITH MY OWN HANDS.

THE SPEAKER IS **LIGHTSMITH**, A WORSHIPPER OF KNOWLEDGE. HIS PONTIFICATIONS ARE **WRONG**, OF COURSE. BUT WHAT HE **DOESN'T** KNOW WON'T HURT HIM.

AT THE RAIL, MALAGUENA SIGNS...

JASON WORRIES ME, ALEX. HE'S SO... **OBSESSED**.

EVEN AFTER **BRUTUS'** DEATH HE'S STILL FILLED WITH **HATRED** IF HE DOESN'T OVERCOME IT... **SOON**-- I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO... **BREAK HIM**.

...AND ALEX GRAVELY **NODS**.

AS FOR **GILBERT** THE MUTE **GIBBON**, HE SIMPLY JUMPS UP AND DOWN, POINTING AND WAVYING LIKE A **PANICKED WINDMILL**.



WHAT'S IT, **GILBERT**? WHAT DO YOU SEE--?

GILBERT'S NOT SAYING-- BUT IF NOT FOR THE **ABSENCE** OF SOUND, HE'D BE SCREAMING HIS FOOL HEAD OFF.

AND THE **OBJECT** OF HIS EXCITEMENT? JUST A **RIVERBOAT** NAMED **SIMIAN**.

THAT WEIRDFOANGLED BOAT IS **FOLLERIN'** US, **JULIUS**. JEST LIKE YUH **FIGGERED**...

YEP, DAN-- AN! IT'S TIME FOR US TUH GIVE 'EM A CHARGE FASTER'N **RIVER LIGHTNIN'** ON A--



JULIUS-- DAN--! IS THAT YOU--?

WHOOOPS-- RECKON WE'D BETTER **SHORE UP**, DAN. CUZ LESS'N MUH EARS'RE FILLED WITH **RIVERSLUG-SLIME**. THET THAR'S YOUNG **JASON'S** VOICE!



NO, BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO **INQUIRE** ABOUT THE LAW-GIVER RIGHT NOW, AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO **ACCOMPANY** ME IF YOU WISH...



THE NEWS TO WHICH I WAS **REFERRING** CONCERNS THE SELECTION OF A NEW **PEACE OFFICER** FOR THE CITY.

AND IT'S **ABOUT TIME**-- WE'VE BEEN WITHOUT A PEACE OFFICER SINCE **BRUTUS** WAS BANISHED, AND WITH THE **LAW-GIVER** TOO ILL TO RISE FROM HIS **PALLET**, THERE'S BEEN **NO ONE** TO KEEP MATTERS UNDER CONTROL.

YES, I BELIEVE I **DID** HEAR SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW CANDIDATE--HIS NAME IS **MORAVIUS**, ISN'T IT?



YES--ANOTHER **GORILLA**, OF COURSE. HE'LL BE INSTALLED IN OFFICE **TOMORROW**.

WELL, HERE'S THE **LAWGIVER'S LODGE**--LET'S SEE IF THE **PHYSICIANS** HAVE ANY **MORE** NEWS.

HAS THERE BEEN ANY **CHANGE**, PHYSICIAN?



NONE, ZILENUS, AND IF SOMETHING IS NOT DONE TO **ARREST** THE **LAWGIVER'S** CON-DITION, WE CAN ONLY EXPECT... THE **WORST**.



THAPDEUS! BRING THE TRAY OF **MENDICANTS!**

THAPDEUS--?



OH, WHERE IS THAT YOUTH **ANYWAY**? HE KNOWS HOW GRAVE THE **LAWGIVER'S** SITUATION IS--WHY IS HE NOT AROUND TO HELP WHEN I **NEED** HIM?

BECAUSE YOUNG **THAPDEUS**, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD AND FILLED WITH TERRIBLE **FEAR** FOR THE **LAWGIVER'S** LIFE, HAS ENTERED THE DREAD **FORBIDDEN ZONE**...



...BECAUSE YOUNG **THAPDEUS** **WORSHIPS** THE **LAWGIVER**, AND INDEED **DOES** REALIZE HOW SERIOUSLY THE BELOVED **PATRIARCH'S** LIFE IS IMPERILLED...

...AND BECAUSE YOUNG **THAPDEUS** IS **CON-VINCED** THAT THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE** CONTAINS THE ONLY KNOWLEDGE WHICH MIGHT POSSIBLY **SAVE** THE **LAWGIVER'S** LIFE...

THIS, THEN--THIS VILE, PURPLE MIST-SHROUDED PLACE OF RUINS--THIS DESPERATE MISSION INTO THE HAUNTED REGION OF DANGER--THIS IS WHY YOUNG THARPEUS HAS ABANDONED HIS NORMAL DUTIES...



HE SELECTS THE CRUMBLED BUILDING WITH THE STRANGE STATUE IN FRONT--IT IMPRESSES HIM FOR SOME REASON.



PERHAPS HERE HE WILL FIND THE NECESSARY KNOWLEDGE...

BUT ONCE INSIDE, HE FEELS OVERWHELMING DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT DUST AND MANY STIFF-COVERED THINGS WITH SHEAFs OF PARCHMENT INSIDE...



SURELY THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE HERE.

--WHEN HE HEARS STRANGE SOUNDS, FROM BELOW...



WHIRRING... AND HUMMING.

HE DECIDES TO FOLLOW THE SOUNDS...

...TO A DOOR, SET INTO THE VERY FOUNDATION OF THE RUINS.



HE LIFTS IT, AND THE SOUNDS BECOME LOUDER, MORE INTERESTING AS A SERIES OF STEPS IS REVEALED, HE KNOWS HE WILL DESCEND THESE STEPS...

...BUT HE HAS HAD NO IDEA OF WHAT AWAITS HIM AT THEIR BOTTOM.



THUS, HE IS SHOCKED BY HIS FIRST SIGHT OF THESE BEINGS WHOSE EXISTENCE HE HAS NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED.



THE MAKERS--GROTESQUE HUMAN MUTANTS, PERANGED PRE-HOLOCAUST RESEARCHERS IN BIONICS AND CYBERNETICS WHO HAVE NOW TURNED TO SOMEWHAT BIZARRE PURSUITS...

...AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THEIR CURRENT PRODUCT: THE GORILLOIDS.

THADDEUS WOULD PROBABLY **GASP** WERE HE NOT **SPEECH-LESS**.

THIS IS THE
LAST BATCH OF
**HAIRY-HAIRY
ONES**. WHAT ARE
WE GONNA **DO**
ONCE WE PUT THIS
FINAL **ARM-
ARM** ON?

RIGHT-RIGHT-- US MAKERS'LL HAVE NOTHING
TO **MAKE-MAKE**. BUT THERE'S A PARTY OF
CATCHERS OUT RIGHT NOW-NOW.

THEY SHOULD
BRING BACK MORE **HAIRY-
HAIRY SPECIMENS SOON**.
FACT, SHOULD'A BEEN BACK
LONG AGO.

WHERE
OH **WHERE**
CAN THEY
BE-BE?

WITH **BRUTUS**
OF COURSE.

ALL RIGHT--
WHAT'S **GOMG**
ON HERE?

YOU KILLED
EVERY ONE OF THE
MUTANT--DRONES--
BUT YOU HAVEN'T HURT
ANY OF **US...**

NOT **ONE**
GORILLA HAS
SUFFERED A
SERIOUS
INJURY.

JUST **WHO ARE**
YOU-- AND WHAT
DO YOU WANT?!

WE **GORILLOIDS**. WANT YOU WANT
ALL APES. NEED MORE OF **US**.

MAKERS SAY GOTTA
TAKE YOU **BACK** SO
MAKERS CAN MAKE **MORE**
OF **US**.

MAKERS
MAKE **YOU**
LIKE MAKERS
MAKE **US**.

BUT WHY DO YOU
SERVE THESE "MAKERS"...?
WHO ARE THEY? DO YOU
LIKE THEM...?

WYE GORILLOIDS!
GORILLOIDS HATE
MAKERS! MAKERS HURT
US! MAKERS RIP OFF ARMS
--PARTS OF HEADS--
OTHER THINGS WE NEED!
STICK METAL IN US
INSTEAD!

MUCH PAIN! BUT MAKERS
MAKE US -- WE OBEY
MAKERS.

THERE IS ALREADY A MAD GLINT IN
BRUTUS' EYE. HE SEES HIS
OPENING, AND PLUNGES THROUGH.

THEN MAYBE MY DREAM OF
SLAUGHTERING HUMANS IS
NOT DESTROYED. IF YOU
GORILLOIDS WOULD JOIN
ME...

OF COURSE--
THAT'S IT!
YOU'VE GOT
TO JOIN ME!

AS FELLOW APES-- FELLOW
GORILLAS-- YOU'VE GOT TO
JOIN ME! START THINKING FOR
YOURSELVES! DON'T YOU WANT
TO GET REVENGE ON YOUR
HATED HUMAN MAKERS...?!

JUST THINK
OF IT...! WITH
YOUR STRENGTH AND
MY WAR MACHINES...

hmmmm...

THE DUMB GORILLOIDS IT SEEMS,
ARE BEGINNING TO TAKE BRUTUS'
BLUFF PROPOSAL SERIOUSLY...

...AS THE NORTH-
LANDS SHIP
AND A RIVERBOAT NAMED
SIMIAN REACH A
FRONTIER STOCKADE
AT TWILIGHT...

MALLO--! IT'S
GUNPOWDER JULIUS--
THE MEANEST, BAR-WRASSLIN',
POLECAT-GRINNIN', IRON-
BACKBONED, TWICE-CUSSED
RIVERBOAT ROLLER IN
ALL THESE HERE PARTS
AND BACK AGIN'!

WE COME TUH
PERFECK
YUH!

YOU TELL
'EM, JULIUS--I'M
ALL OUTTA BREATH
FROM POLIN'.

WELL, GILBERT, IT
CERTAINLY IS A GOOD
FEELING TO HAVE MY OLD
CLEAR-HEADED
ENLIGHTENED MIND
BACK AGAIN.

IT'S A WONPROUS
JO! JUST TO THINK
AND PONDER AGAIN
IF YOU KNOW WHAT
I MEAN.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER,
AFTER THE SUPPLIES AND
WEAPONS HAVE BEEN
CARRIED INTO THE
STOCKADE COMPOUND--



**--A HAIL OF BRIGHTLY FEATHERED
ARROWS CROSSES THE RIVER IN HUMS...**

REMINDS ME
OF THE FLYIN'
WOODCHIPS WHEN
JULIUS SETS TUH
CHOPPIN' DOWN
A TREE.

HEAD FER THE
STOCKADE--!

OWW! THAT ONE
SCRATCHED ME!!



NO TIME TUH WORRY 'BOUT
SCRATCHES, JASE-BOY--!

YUH KIN START HOLLERIN'
WHEN YUH BIN SKEWERED! IN
THE MEANTIME JEST BE THANK-
FUL WE MANAGED TUH GIT TH'
POWDER AN BALLS INTO TH'
STOCKADE ALREADY!

AWRIGHT, YOU POINTED-POLE DWELLERS
--YUH BIN HIDIN' IN THIS HERE PORT LONG
ENOUGH! NOW IT'S TIME TUH FIGHT
BACK!!

IT'S THE CONARNED ASSISIMIAN'S,
ALL RIGHT, AN' THEM CANDLES
ARE POINTED THIS AWAY-- NOT TUH
MENTION TH' FACT THAT THEY'S
HOWLIN' FER OUR RED JUICES!

HOLD STILL,
JASON--OR I'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO
STOP THE
BLEEDING.



WHY BOTHER,
MALAGUENA...? THEY'RE
ONLY GOING TO MAKE US
ALL BLEED IN A FEW MORE
MOMENTS...



INDEED, JASON'S DEFEATIST COMMENT SEEMS HIGHLY PROPHETIC...

MAGUANUS DEAD! NOW ALL YOU DIE!!

...FOR THE ASSISIANS ARE MAD-- AND THEY'VE GOT LADDERS.



WAIT TILL THE TOP ONE REACHES YER KNEE-- JOINT-- THEN KICK!

THAT WAY, YUH TAKE OUT THREE OR FOUR OF 'EM-- 'STEAD O' JEST ONE!



ATTA GAL, GYPSY-EYES!

GIVE 'EM WHAT YER AN' SHOW JASON HOW TUH DO IT!

MALAGUEÑA-- BEHIND YOU!!



NICE AIM, JASE-BOY-- PARTED HIS HAIR RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE!

IFN HE DON'T LEARN A LESSON FROM THAT, HE'S HOPELESS!

AND THUS ARE THE RAMPARTS DEFENDED...

...UNTIL THE SAVAGE ASSISIMIANs TAKE THE **WINT** AND FALL BACK FOR A GENERAL **REGROUPING**.

THE **SECOND** WAVE OF ATTACK WILL NOT BE LONG IN **COMING**, HOWEVER.

THIS IS AN UNENLIGHTENED **SHAME**. THOSE SAVAGES DON'T **KNOW** ANY BETTER-- BUT IT'S NOT **THEIR** FAULT, REALLY.

YEAH--IT'S STINKING **BRUTUS** WHO CAUSED ALL THIS...

HUP--
I THINK YOU TWO FELLERS HAVE JUST GIVEN ME A **LIGHTNIN'-CRAZED SCENE**.

HEY, YOU **SAVAGES** OUT THERE--THIS IS **GUNPOWDER JULIUS** HO-LERIN' TUH **AYOUB BLOODSHED**! HOW BOUT OUR BEST TWO AGIN' **YOURS**--? IFN WE **LOSE** YUH KIN BURN DOWN TH' **FORT**-- BUT IFN WE **WIN**, YUH GOTTA LET US **BE IN PEACE**--

--'AN WE'LL HELP YUH FIND TH' **MURDERER O' MAGUANUS!!**

NOW TUH SEE IFN THEY TAKE THE **DAPBLASTED S47**, PAN...

NO, YOU'RE **NOT**, PAN.

I'M RIGHT **BEHIND** YUH, **JULIUS**.

WOK

UHN--!!

SORRY I HAVE TO **DO** THIS TO YOU--

--BUT **THIS** FIGHT IS **MIINE!**

JASON--?!
WHUT'RE YOU **DOIN'**, YUH CONSUMED MISBEGOTTEN OFFSPRING OF A **POLECAT-MATED RIVERRAT--??!**

MAKING SURE WE HAVE SOME **HELP** IN TRACKING DOWN **BRUTUS**, IF WE CAN **CONVINCE** THE ASSISIMIANs THAT **BRUTUS** KILLED--



--OOOFF!!

THE BAIT HAS BEEN SWALLOWED AND THE FIGHT IS ON!

WHOA NOW--! YOU DADGUMMED SAGES DON'T GIVE A FELLER MUCH WARMIN', DO YUH--?

TAKEN BY SURPRISE JASON NEVERTHELESS BOUNCES BACK--

--LUNGING INTO THE FRAY WITH A STUNNING RIGHT CROSS...

FWOOT

...WHICH MAKES A LOT OF NOISE BUT HAS ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT.

AND SO, HARDHEADED JULIUS TAKES HIS TURN--A FLYING BUTT TO THE GUT...

CAREFUL, JULIUS--THEY'RE MIGHTY BIG, AND TOO STUPID TO FEEL PAIN!

SKUMP

MAGUANUS DEAD!!

...A FLYING BUTT WHICH PRODUCES A DIFFERENT SOUND BUT THE SAME EFFECT.

NONE.

WHOO...THEY SHORE WEREN'T JOSHIN' WHEN THEY PICKED THEIR TWO BEST SCRAPPERS...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAFTUH USE TEAMWORK TUH WHUP THESE TWO BIG 'UNS, JASE-BOY.

NOW YOU DIE!!

WELL COME ON, JULIUS! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME SOME OF THAT TEAMWORK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT--?!!

NOW!!

CHUD

SWUMP

IT'S ABOUT TIME, JULIUS--AFTER ALL, HE WAS ONLY POUNDING MY FACE INTO MUSH! WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF I LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE MUTANT-DRONES.

AND IT'S NOT.

THAT'S IT, JASE! GOOD MOVE!!

H-HUH--? WHU... AIT... ME...?

WAL, YUH WOK, JASE-BOY...

WHATCHA AIM TUH DO NOW--KEEP ON HATIN' 'EM JEST CUZ YUH HATE BRUTUS?

I...

...I... NO, NO, JULIUS--I'M NOT GONNA HATE THEM.

WITH THE FAILURE OF HIS COLLEAGUE, THE REMAINING ASSISIMIAN SWARLS IN REPUBLIC RAGE AND DETERMINATION...

MAGUANUS DEAD! SWIMCHOT DOWN! NOW YOU REALLY DIE!!

KEEP A COOL HAND NOW, JASE-BOY--YOU HIT 'IM LOW FROM THE FRONT...

...WHILE I CIRCLE TO HIS BACK.

CONFUSIN' TH' DUMB CUSS SHOULDN'T BE HARD.

AN' STAY DOWN, YOU BIG BALOOT!

FWAK

ASSISIMIAN-- LET THERE BE PEACE BETWEEN US NOW!

COME ON! JOIN US INSIDE THE STOCKADE FOR--



"--A FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP!"

IT IS A FEAST WHICH LASTS LONG INTO THE NIGHT, UNTIL ONE OF THE STOCKADE-DWELLERS CASUALLY ASKS JASON...

SO WHERE ARE YOU FOLKS HEADED FROM HERE?

BACK TO THE CITY.



AND SO THE FEAST ENDS RATHER ABRUPTLY... AT LEAST FOR A CERTAIN FIVE ERTSWHILE PARTICIPANTS...

COME ON-- THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! MAYBE YOU CAN SAVE THE LAWGIVER WITH YOUR ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE, LIGHTSMITH.

YEAH, BUT I SURE WISH I STILL HAD MY WONDER WAGON--NO TELLIN' WHAT'S IN THERE THAT MIGHT COME IN HANDY.



...BUT RIGHT NOW, JASON, ALEX, MALAGUENA, LIGHTSMITH AND GILBERT FRANTICALLY PILE INTO THE NORTHLANDS SHIP--





...AND NO ONE IS MORE AWARE OF THAT FACT THAT THE YOUNG ORANGUTAN NAMED THADDEUS.

WHAT'S TAKING THE CATCHERS SO LONG-LONG?

YEAH, WE NEED MORE HAIRY-HAIRY SPECIMENS--CUZ WE GOTTA STRIKE AT THE INHERITORS SOON-SOON.

THOSE BIG BRAIN-BRAINS GOTTA PAY FOR WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME!



AND AFTER THE INHERITORS, WE GOTTA TAKE THE CITY OF APES AND NON-MUTATED HUMAN-HUMANS!

THE NEWS IS TOO MUCH FOR THADDEUS. HE GASPS--AND SLIPS ON THE STONE STAIRWELL.



HUH-HUH? WHO'S THAT-THAT?!



YES, WHO ARE YOU-YOU? MAYBE THE ONE WHO PERVERT-ED THE MINDS OF OUR CATCHERS AND TURNED 'EM AGAINST US--US--? MAYBE THE ONE WHO MUST PAY-PAY?

N-NO-- I... I SWEAR--!

YOUNG THADDEUS IS TERRIFIED.



MEANWHILE, THE ONE WHO ACTUALLY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR "PERVERTING THE MINDS" OF THE GORILLOIDS NOW GLOATS WITH THE LUSTY CONFIDENCE OF AN IRON-FISTED CONQUEROR...

YOU SEE, WARKO? I TOLD YOU I COULD DO IT. AND NOW THAT OUR FRIENDS THE GORILLOIDS SEE THINGS MY WAY--

--NOTHING CAN STOP US FROM SMASHING THE CITY!

YES, COMMANDER BRUTUS, AND IT'S ONLY A SHORT MARCH UNTIL WE ACTUALLY REACH--



"--THE CITY."

DAWN AND THE **GREAT SQUARE** BEGINS TO FILL WITH THROGS OF CURIOUS **CITIZENS**. THE CEREMONIAL INSTALLATION OF A NEW **PEACE OFFICER** IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE...

...AND GOSSIP RIPPLES THROUGH THE CROWD.

I GUESS **BRUTUS** REALLY ~~HAS~~ BEEN BANISHED FOREVER, AS THE **LAWGIVER** CLAIMED.

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD--THERE'S A RUMOR THAT HE'S DYING--BUT I'LL WAGER HE'S ALREADY DEAD.

WHY ELSE THE RUSH TO INSTALL **MORAVIUS**-- AFTER ALL THIS TIME?



THE **RIVERSBANK** ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



COME ON--
HURRY!!

MADLY, THEY RACE TOWARD THE JUMBLED COMPLEX OF **ADOBE-SCULPTED** STRUCTURES...

...ARRIVING AT THE **GREAT SQUARE** IN THE MIDST OF THE **SOLEMN CEREMONY**.

OH NO! ARE WE TOO LATE--? ARE THEY SAYING THE **LAWGIVER'S** DEATH-RITES--?



NO, YOU FOOL-- THEY'RE INSTALLING THE NEW **PEACE OFFICER** INTO SERVICE.

NOW BE QUIET!!



--DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR, TO THE BEST OF MY SOUND JUDGEMENT AND CAPABLE ABILITY.

AND DO YOU, MORAVIUS, ALSO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO UPHOLD ALL MORAL, ETHICAL, AND CIVIL RIGHTS OF BOTH APES AND HUMANS AS DECREED BY OUR REVERED PATRIARCH, HE WHO IS THE GREAT LAWSGIVER -- ?

I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR, TO THE BEST OF MY SOUND JUDGEMENT AND --

IT FIGURES -- ANOTHER GORILLA! JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO SEE A HUMAN GET APPOINTED TO AN IMPORTANT OFFICE!



NO TIME FOR GRUMBLING NOW, JASE.

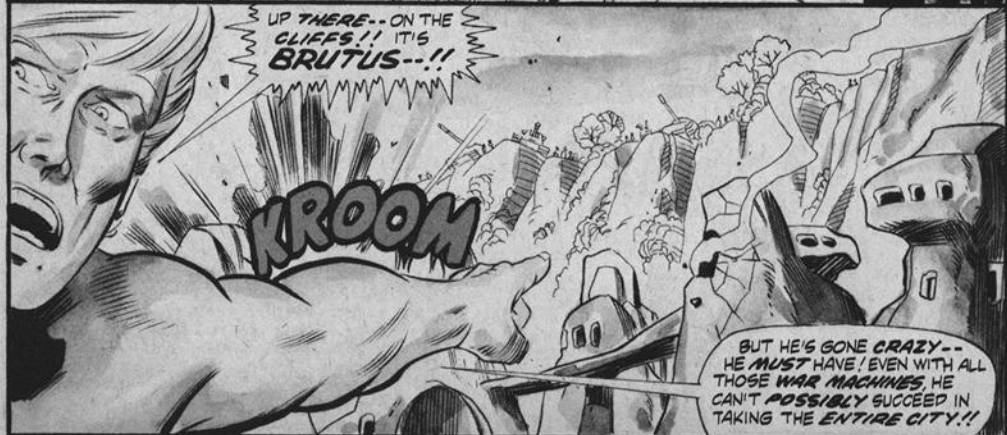
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, ALEX-- THE FASTER WE REACH THE LAWSGIVER, THE BETTER.

BUT THAT CROWD DOESN'T SEEM TO MUCH CARE WHETHER THE LAWSGIVER LIVES OR --



SKRUMP

WHAT IN THE...?!



UP THERE-- ON THE CLIFFS!! IT'S BRUTUS--!!

KROOM

BUT HE'S GONE CRAZY-- HE MUST HAVE! EVEN WITH ALL THOSE WAR MACHINES, HE CAN'T POSSIBLY SUCCEED IN TAKING THE ENTIRE CITY!!

UP ON THE CLIFFS, CRUEL-
FACED BRUTUS OF COURSE,
HAS A DIFFERENT VIEW
OF THE SITUATION...

WITH ALL THESE
GORILLOIDS, WARKO, WE
CAN'T POSSIBLY FAIL TO
TAKE THAT PITIFUL
CITY!

AND ONCE WE DO
TAKE THE CITY... AND KILL
THE CURSED **LAWGIVER**
WE'LL HAVE A BASE TO
OPERATE FROM. THEN WE
CAN ENTER THE **FORBIDDEN**
ZONE AND TAKE CARE OF
THE **GORILLOIDS'** HUMAN
"MAKERS"...

...AS WELL AS
SETTLE AN OLD
DEBT WITH THE
INHERITORS.

BUT RIGHT NOW...
FIRE
AGAIN !!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!... IN AN INCREDIBLE
SAGA OF **BERSERK APES** AND **BLAZING**
ACTION WHEN JASON AND ALEX ARE PLUNGED
INTO THE MIDST OF THE --
REVOLT OF THE GORILLOIDS!

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!

THE BATTLE, CONCEIVED IN INSANITY, WAGED WITH BRUTALITY, AND MEASURED IN BLOOD, HAS **BEGUN**. THE CORPSES OF GENERAL ALDO'S **GORILLA SENTRY**S LIE SCATTERED OVER THE RIDGE, BLEEDING INTO THE **EARTH**, BAKING UNDER THE **SUN**.

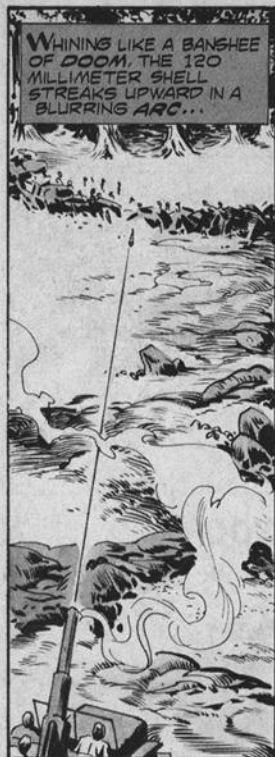
THE INVADERS FROM THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE**-- MUTATED **MADMEN** ARMED WITH WEAPONS OF THE PAST WAR WHICH **CREATED** THEM-- WAIT ON THE HILLSIDE, SURVEYING THE **CITY OF THE APES** BELOW THEM...

THEIR LEADER-- THE FORMER GOVERNOR **BRECK**-- SNARLS AN ORDER...



CONQUEST of BLOOD!





...THEN PASSES ITS APEX, AND BEGINS THE SCREAMING DOWNWARD PLUMMET TO ITS TARGETS...



THE EXPLOSION'S ECHO STILL SEEMS TO LINGER, IF NOT IN THE SMOKE-HAZED AIR, THEN AT LEAST IN THE MINDS OF CHIMPS AND ORANGUTANS Huddled for safety behind the BARRICADE...

CAESAR AND VIRGIL ARE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN IN THEIR PLACES... LIES A HEAP OF DEBRIS FROM THE PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED BARRIER...



AND THEN--

VIRGIL...?



VIRGIL--!!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT--?! ANSWER ME, VIRGIL! ARE YOU--



...CAESAR RISES FROM THE SHATTERED WRECKAGE, CROAKING A SINGLE WORD IN PAIN... THINKING NOT OF HIMSELF BUT ONLY OF HIS FRIEND...



YEAH...

...I'M ALL RIGHT, CAESAR!



BUT THAT SURE WAS CLOSE...



...AND HERE THEY COME...

...FOR ANOTHER TRY...

YES, VIRGIL... AND ANOTHER AFTER THAT...











IN THIS SINGLE INSTANT, THE FULL FORCE OF THE BRUTAL BLOODY NIGHTMARE OF LIFE AND DEATH CRUSHES UPON VIRGIL'S MIND. HIS THOUGHTS FREEZE, FILLED WITH A WASH OF BLOOD AND FEAR...

HIS WORLD IS BEING **TORN APART** AROUND HIM, WITH THE DEATH OF HIS FRIENDS ON EVERY SIDE... **MOCKING HIM**... DEMONSTRATING THE FRAILTY OF HIS OWN LIFE IN VIVIDLY ETCHED SCENES OF HORROR...



VIRGIL FLEES.

BUT DON'T CONDEMN HIM...FOR HE IS NOT A COWARD. HE IS MERELY... ALONE.



ELSEWHERE, IN A REGION OF THE CITY THUS FAR UNTOUCHED BY THE CARNAGE OF RAGING BATTLE, A PIERCING SHRIEK OF ANGUISH AND REMORSE ISSUES FROM ONE MANY ARBOREAL DWELLINGS...

NOOOOO!!

THIS PARTICULAR DWELLING IS THE HOME OF CAESAR...



...AND OF HIS WIFE, LISA... FOR WHOM THE WORLD HAS JUST TURNED FILTHY AND GRAY...

WHY--?!

WHYYY !!

YOUNG CORNELIUS TOO, ONCE LIVED HERE...



...BUT THAT WAS BEFORE ALDO SENT HIM CRASHING THROUGH THE TREES, AND SNEERED AT HIS SMALL BODY LYING CRUMPLED ON THE GROUND...

EASY, LISA... THERE IS NOTHING...

...NOTHING WE CAN DO...



THAT WAS BEFORE... CORNELIUS DIED.

EARLIER IN THIS DREAD DAY OF BLOOD, GENERAL ALDO HAD ESCAPED THE MUTANT'S FIRST ASSAULT ON THE RIDGE.

HE HAD FLED, EVEN AS THE LAST OF HIS GORILLA SOLDIERS HAD BEEN CUT DOWN BY THE FIRST IMPLACABLE SALVO OF ANCIENT WAR-WEAPONS.

BUT IN THE INTERVAL, EVEN AS CORNELIUS WAS DYING-- AND HIS FATHER WAS BEING FLUNG FROM THE BARRICADE BY THE EXPLOSION OF A 220 MILLIMETER SHELL--

--ALDO HAS RALLIED A SECOND FORCE OF HIS GORILLA SOLDIERS...

...AND NOW, AS THE REINFORCEMENTS CLUSTER AT HIS SIDE, GRUNTING AND SNARLING, ALDO IMAGINES THE TASTE OF BLOOD THICK AND HOT IN HIS THROAT.

NOW...

NOW--!!
NOW WE KILL!!

THEY THUNDER DOWN THE RIDGE, RIFLES GUTTING THE CRISP AIR, THESE GORILLAS WHO PERHAPS FIND THEIR PAWNING INTELLIGENCE TOO FOREIGN-- TOO COMPLEX-- AND WHO THEREFORE REJECT IT.

KRAK
BLAM
KRAK
K-CHOW
BLAM
BLAM

...REVERTING TO THE PRIMAL SAVAGERY THEY HAVE KNOWN FOR MILLENIA...

OR PERHAPS--IN A SUBLIMINAL, GUT-LEVEL MANNER-- THEY SIMPLY EMULATE THEIR HUMAN-- LIKE INTELLIGENCE TOO RAPIDLY ADOPTING THE BEHAVIOR PATTERNS OF "INTELLIGENCE"... WHILE LACKING THE HUMAN SUBTLETY OF APPLICATION...

BLAM
BLAM
KRAK
BLAM
BLAM
IN ANY CASE, THEY CUT THE MUTANT CARAVAN IN HALF.

SURPRISED, THE MUTANTS WILL HAVE MORE OF A CHANCE IN **HELL...** THAN IN FACING THE RUTHLESS ONSLAUGHT OF **ALDO'S** FORCES...

INDEED, THE MUTANTS SCARCELY HAVE A CHANCE TO EMPLOY THEIR **WEAPONS--**



-- BEFORE THE TWO BIZARRE FRACTIONS **CLASH...** APES BESTOWED WITH GROWING **INTELLIGENCE**, ON THE **RISE...**

...AND HUMANS RAVAGED BY RADIATION-SPAWNED **INSANITY**, DEFINITELY ON THE DECLINING ROAD TO **EXTINCTION...**



ALDO WAS THE **FIRST** TO CAST ASIDE HIS RIFLE AND DRAW HIS **SWORD**. HE **PREFERS** THIS CLOSE, HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT-- WHERE HE CAN **FEEL** THE DEATH OF HIS ENEMY SHUDDERING UP HIS **ARM**, AS HIS BLADE SLICES FLESH AND SHATTERS **BONE...**

ALL THE GORILLAS PREFER IT THIS WAY, AND MANY **CONTINUE** SLASHING AND HACKING LONG AFTER THEIR OPPONENTS' SCREAMS HAVE **DIED**.



BACK-- THEY **BOT** US BACK THERE-- US **DYING!**

LET THE FOOLS **DIE**, I'M THEIR **LEADER!**

IF THEY CAN'T **FOLLOW** ME, THEY **DESERVE** TO **DIE!**



FOR SOME **FIVE MINUTES**, **CAESAR** HAS LAIN WITH HIS FACE IN THE **DIRT...**

...HIS BODY UNMOVING, **LIFELESS.**



YOU CAN STOP **COUNTING** NOW.

WH-WHAT...?

VIRGIL...? LISA...? IS CORNELIUS... **BETTER**... NOW...?



YOU....!





YES... ME, CAESAR...



BRECK--
YOUR FORMER MASTER...

...YOUR CURRENT
TORMENTOR...
AND FUTURE
EXECUTIONER!



FOR SOME FIVE MINUTES, CAESAR HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS. A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN FIVE MINUTES...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN MEASURED IN DESTRUCTION.



YOU'VE DONE BAD THINGS, CAESAR... YOU KNOW THAT...

YOU'RE NOT A DEPENDABLE UNIT-- NO LONGER A FAITHFUL SLAVE...



WE HAVE TO RECONDITION YOU, CAESAR... YOU MUST LEARN AGAIN WHAT IT IS TO HAVE AND SERVE A MASTER... POLITELY, HUMBLLY...

...WHINING AS YOU GO SO... FEARING THE PAIN WHICH WILL BURN YOU IF YOU DISOBEY...



NO, CAESAR-- YOU CAN'T GET UP...OR YOU'LL BURN...

YOU MUST STAY DOWN, CAESAR... LIKE A GOOD LITTLE PET... LIKE A GOOD LITTLE SLAVE...

THE HARSH CLANGOR OF DISTANT BATTLE IS DROWNED OUT NOW, WASHED AWAY BY BRECK'S EVENLY CALM, TERRIBLY TAUNTING VOICE...

THAT'S RIGHT, CAESAR-- CRAWL-- CRAWL THROUGH THE STREETS OF "YOUR CITY"...

CRAWL IN FEAR, CAESAR... CRAWL IN TERROR... WITH YOUR YELLOW BELLY DRAGGING IN THE DIRT...

WHOOF

CRAWL ON ALL FOURS... JUST LIKE THE PITIFUL MONKEY-BEAST YOU ARE AND ALWAYS WERE...

CRAWL, CAESAR-WORM... AND LISTEN TO ME THROUGH YOUR FEAR...

WHOOSH

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU CRAWL FROM ONE END OF THIS BURNING CITY TO THE OTHER...

WHOOF

...SO ALL YOUR "PEOPLE" CAN SEE YOU THE WAY YOU REALLY ARE, CAESAR...

...BEFORE I KILL THEM, THAT IS...

AND THEN, CAESAR-- AND THEN, MONKEY-- AT THE FAR END OF YOUR TINKLE-TOY TREE-HOUSE VILLAGE...

WHOOF

...I'M GOING TO BURN EVERY FILTHY, LICE-RIDDEN HAIR OFF YOUR SKINNY MONKEY BODY!

WON'T THAT BE FUN, CAESAR...?

WHOOSH



MY GOD...
OH MY GOD,
LISA...

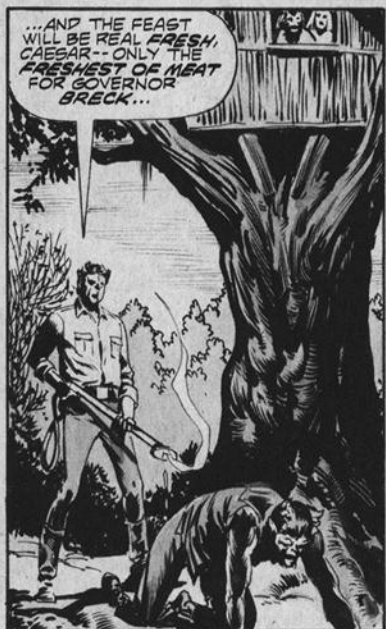


AND AFTER
THAT, CAESAR,
I'M GOING TO SIT
DOWN TO A
SUMPTUOUS
FEAST OF
ROAST
CHIMPANZEE...



WH-WHAT...
IS...IT...?

LISA...
MAYBE
YOU'D
BETTER NOT
...LOOK...



...AND THE FEAST
WILL BE REAL FRESH,
CAESAR-- ONLY THE
FRESHEST OF MEAT
FOR GOVERNOR
BRECK...



CAESAR...
OH, CAESAR...

NO, CAESAR...
DON'T LET IT...
HAPPEN... TO
YOU...

GOVERNOR BRECK,
FORMERLY OF
CALIFORNIA-- BEFORE
POLITICS TURNED IT INTO
A RADIATION-SMOTHERED
FORGOTTEN ZONE-- IS
MAD.

AND DO YOU KNOW
WHY THIS FEAST IS
GOING TO BE SO
FRESH, CAESAR--?

WELL, I'LL TELL
YOU, BECAUSE THE
CHIMPANZEE IS
GOING TO BE
ROASTED ALIVE!

QUITE MAD.



AS IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW:

YOU'RE LEARNING.
AREN'T YOU, CAESAR?
CLEVER APE-- YOU ALWAYS
WERE CLEVER! I REMEMBER
THE PAY YOU CHOSE YOUR
NAME-- BUT THEN EVERY
CAESAR HAS HIS
BRUTUS...

STILL, BRECK DOESN'T KNOW HE'S MAD, BUT
IT DOESN'T EXCUSE HIM ONE... DAMN... BIT.



NO, IT'S NO USE...
THEY TOLD ME YOU
WERE INTELLIGENT,
BUT YOU'RE NOT!
YOU'RE NOT
INTELLIGENT,
CAESAR...

YOU'LL
NEVER LEARN--
YOU'RE TOO
STUPID--
YOU'RE JUST A
BEAST...

IT'S BEEN BUILDING--THE PAIN
AND HUMILIATION, THE SHAME
AND DEGRADATION, THE
PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL
ABUSE...

JUST AN
IGNORANT,
STUPID,
SAVAGE
BEAST!

THAT'S ALL
YOU ARE,
MONKEY--AND
THAT'S ALL YOU
EVER WERE!



IT'S BEEN BUILDING TOO LONG--
TOO MUCH, TOO FAST--REACHING
ITS PEAK...AND THAT PEAK IS
UNENPURABLE...

EVEN AS IT HAS BEEN BURNED AND
BEATEN OUT OF HIM, CAESAR HAS
BEEN GATHERING HIS STRENGTH--
THE INDOMITABLE STRENGTH
WHICH HAS MADE OF HIM A
LEADER...

THAT'S WHY YOU'LL
HAVE TO BE DESTROYED,
CAESAR--BURNED IN TO
A ROTTING PILE OF
BLACKENED ASH...



AND NOW, WITH HIS DEATH
PRESSING CLOSE UPON HIM--
BREATHING HOTLY DOWN HIS
NECK...



NO, BRECK--
NOOOO!!

...LISA SHRIEKS...

--AND CAESAR
LUNGES
FORWARD--

HUH--?!!



--CRAMMING ALL THE PAIN
AND HUMILIATION AND ABUSE
RIGHT DOWN BRECK'S
STINKING THROAT.

FWOOOSH

SWOKK







AND NOW, WITH EVEN DEFENSE
DENIED THEM, SOME MUTANTS
ATTEMPT TO FLEE...



BUT--



IT SEEMS ALDO CAN
DO NO WRONG.



CAESAR IS SICKENED--DISGUSTED WITH
HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH SPURTING FROM
THE DEVICE IN HIS HANDS. THE BODIES
FALLING LIKE WHEAT BEFORE HIS EYES...

BUT WHAT
ELSE CAN HE
DO--? THERE
IS NO CHOICE.



THERE IS NOTHING BUT
SOUND AND *FURY*...
KILLING AND *DEATH*...

CAESAR IS AT THE *CENTER* OF IT, STRANGELY CALM IN
THE MIST OF SUCH CHAOS, LIKE THE EYE OF A BRUTAL
HURRICANE... AND YET *CONTROLLING* THE AWESOME
STORM, *INSTIGATING* IT... AND HOLDING IT *TOGETHER*.

HE KILLS, PERHAPS, MORE
THAN *ANYONE*, HE *DIES*,
MOST CERTAINLY, A
THOUSAND TIMES...



THEY'RE
RUNNING,
CAESAR---!!

THEY'RE
RUNNING--WE
BEAT THEM!!



YES...

WE BEAT
THEM...





NEXT: THE SENSE-SHATTERING CONCLUSION! TREMOR OF DOOM!