



**MARVEL**  
COMICS  
GROUP

NO. 235  
WEEK ENDING  
MAR. 30, 1977

THE MIGHTY WORLD OF  
**MARVEL**™

10!

FEATURING  
**THE INCREDIBLE**  
**HULK**®

**AND**  
**PLANET**  
**OF THE APES**™

WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME  
--NOW RULE THE APES!





# TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES

DREAMS COME IN  
MANY SHAPES...

# MESSIAH OF MONKEY DEMONS

DEEP IN A CAVERN, JUST OUTSIDE  
THE BIZARRE MOUNTAIN-CONTAINED  
PSYCHEDROME, THE GORILLA  
BRUTUS HAS JUST FOUND THE  
SHAPE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL  
DREAM...

WE'VE FOUND IT, WARKO!  
DO YOU HEAR ME--?! WE'VE  
FOUND EVERYTHING WE NEED  
TO DESTROY EVERY WRETCHED  
HUMAN ON THE FACE OF  
THIS WORLD!!

THE HUMAN FEMALE  
MALAGUENA KNOWS  
NOTHING ABOUT MISSILE  
SILOS OR NUCLEAR  
ARMAGEDDON...

GILBERT, I... I  
DON'T THINK I  
LIKE THIS...

THEREFORE,  
SHE SPEAKS  
IN UNDER-  
STATEMENT...

...WHILE THE SINGULARLY  
MENACING SHAPES OF  
BRUTUS' DREAMS LOOM  
ABOVE HER, LIKE SEN-  
TINELS OF DOOM...

STILL, SHE DOES  
SUSPECT THAT ONE  
GORILLA'S DREAMS...  
MAY WELL PROVE TO  
BE MANKIND'S  
NIGHTMARE.  
AND SHE'S RIGHT.

M-350 LASER  
U.S. ORDINANCE  
711-A

AGE  
M.O.



MONKEY-DEMONS CANNOT SPEAK.

THEY MERELY WATCH  
AND WAIT...

...EVER SERVING TO PROTECT THE LOATHSOME KEEPERS OF  
THE PSYCHEDROME.

AND RIGHT NOW, CLUTCHING THEIR SWORDS LIKE  
PIECES OF **PLEASURE**, THEY WATCH **BRUTUS**,  
AMIDST HIS **DREAMS**...

THESE TRACKS,  
COMMANDER BRUTUS--  
THEY MUST BE PART  
OF A RAILCAR  
SYSTEM...

WHAT--?! MUTANT-DRONE  
ZEE-- IS ESS CORRECT--?

• THE  
PROBABILITY  
IS 98.3  
PER CENT  
**AFFIRMATIVE,**  
COMMANDER  
BRUTUS--

--INASMUCH  
AS LIGHTS  
ARE NOW  
VISIBLE DOWN  
THE TRACKS,  
RAPIDLY  
APPROACHING  
IN COMPLETE  
CONCORDANCE  
WITH THE  
INCREASE IN  
SOUND-  
VOLUME!

VERY *WELL*-- GET INTO  
PLACES OF *HIDING*--  
*FAST--!*

-- UNTIL WE LEARN  
WHO IS **CONTROLLING**  
THIS "RAILCAR"!

...MUCH LIKE  
THE **TRANSPORT**  
NETWORK WHICH CONNECTS  
OUR OWN CAVERNS OF  
THE INHERITORS--!

WHO, INDEED? WELL, THE CHIMPANZEE ALEX IS AT THE CONTROLS OF THE CAR...

I GOT IT *MOVING*, JASON--  
BUT I DON'T THINK I KNOW  
HOW TO *STOP* IT!!

A GOOD PERSON NEVER STOPS ANYTHING.

...BUT IT SEEMS  
NO ONE IS REALLY  
CONTROLLING  
THE BERSERK VEHICLE.  
LEAST OF ALL LIGHT-  
SMITH, FORMER  
HARBINGER OF  
KNOWLEDGE  
AND PROGRESS...

...AND NOW A MINDLESS ZOMBIE WHO  
ENDLESSLY RECITES THE KEEPERS' PRO-  
GRAMMED LITANY OF APATHY AND SUB-  
MISSION.

OH, I REALLY  
WISH I COULD  
**READ** THESE  
ANCIENT **SIGNS!**  
MAYBE THEY--

НУН?!

NING

WHAT  
WAS  
THAT  
DING--??

**STAY  
BACK.**

KEEP OUT OF  
*SIGHT!*

IT'S DINGING  
LIKE **CRAZY**  
NOW, JASE--!

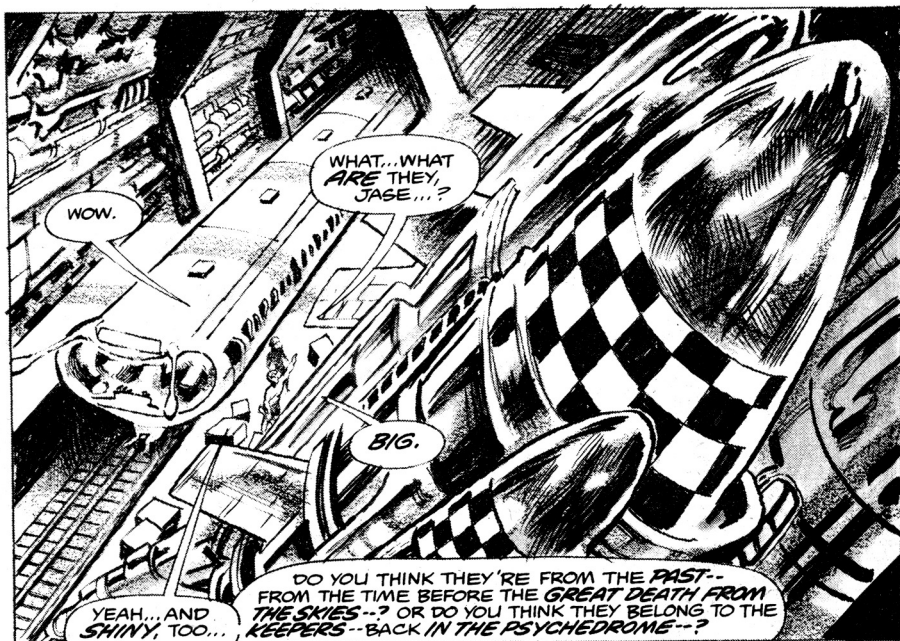
**DING!**  
**DING!**

YEAH--AND IT'S **SLOWING DOWN.** YOU MUST'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO **STOP** IT, ALEX--!

BUT I DIDN'T  
DO A *THING*!

HEH  
HEH  
HEH...





















FAR, FAR AWAY, NEAR THE GREAT WATER WHICH STRETCHES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, THE CITY BASKS UNDER A HOT SUN...

ONE CAN ALMOST GRASP THE SADNESS HANGING IN THE AIR...

HOW IS HE--?



NOT WELL AT ALL, SCRIBE XIRINIUS, I AM RELUCTANT TO SAY...

INDEED, I FEAR THE LAWGIVER MAY NOT LIVE TO SEE THE NEXT MOON...

THAT BAD--?

COME...



...SEE FOR YOURSELF.

OH, MY, MY, MY... HE DOES LOOK BAD...

CAN YOU NOT HEAL HIM--?

WE ARE TRYING TO HEAL HIM, SCRIBE XIRINIUS--BUT WE ARE MERELY SIMPLE PHYSICIANS...

...NOT WORKERS OF MIRACLES.



BUT SURELY THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO SAVE THE LAWGIVER--SOME WAY TO HEAL HIM...?

PERHAPS--BUT NOTHING WITHIN OUR POWERS...

THERE ARE TALES--LEGENDS--WHICH CLAIM THAT THE KNOWLEDGE REQUIRED TO PERFORM MEDICAL MIRACLES IS STORED SOMEWHERE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE... BUT THAT KNOWLEDGE IS CERTAINLY DENIED TO US...



...WHO WOULD DARE TO BRAVE THE FORBIDDEN ZONE AGAIN--AFTER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME, WHEN THE LAWGIVER HIMSELF VENTURED THEREIN--?

HEARING THESE WORDS, A YOUNG ORANGUTAN ATTENDANT NEARLY DROPS HIS TRAY. HIS EYES ARE SWOLLEN FROM TEARS, FOR THE LAWGIVER HAS BEEN ALMOST A GOD TO HIM...

...AND HE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO VISUALIZE THE DEATH OF THAT GOD.













WELL, WE CAN'T GO BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL--BRUTUS AND HIS GORILLAS ARE STILL BACK THERE WAITING FOR US-- AND THE MONKEY-DEMONS, TOO...!

HOW ABOUT THIS SKYCRAFT, JASE? IT'S LIKE THE ONE THE KEEPER USED TO TAKE US TO THE RAILCAR!

I WATCHED HIM AT THE CONTROLS-- MAYBE I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO FLY IT!

THERE'S NO ONE INSIDE IT-- COME ON, GILBERT, GET IN...!



HURRY UP, ALEX-- IF WE'RE GONNA FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE, IT'S GOTTA BE FROM THE INSIDE-- FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THIS CRAZY PSYCHE-DRONE...!

A GOOD PERSON IS ALWAYS A CRAZY PSYCHEDROME...

ALL RIGHT, JASE... HERE GOES NOTHING...

AND MIRACULOUSLY--



THE BIZARRE ALIEN SKYCRAFT SNOOPS THROUGH THE TECHNOLOGICAL JUNGLE OF THE PSYCHEDROME... JUST AS THE MULTI-FACETED ARTIFICIAL SUN LOCATED AT THE VERY CENTER OF THE JUNGLE--

--GOES OUT...

YIKES! IT DARK-- I CAN'T SEE!!



...AND NIGHT CRASHES IN THE PSYCHEDROME.

WAIT-- THAT BUTTON I HIT-- IT TURNED ON SOME LIGHTS-- THIS THING'S GOT LIGHTS ON IT...!

WELL, SHUT THEM OFF.

WHAAAAAT--??

THIS MAY BE THE FIRST BREAK WE'VE GOTTEN, ALEX-- THE DARKNESS WILL COVER US...

ALL RIGHT-- IF YOU SAY SO.

A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS SO...



WHILE, BACK IN BRUTUS' DREAM...

YES, COMMAND-CONTROL-- IS THAT YOU, DRONE EM?

HAVE THE SUPREME GESTALT COMMANDERS DECIDED ON A COURSE OF ACTION--?



YES, DRONE BEE-- THIS IS DRONE EM.

SUPREME BE-ONE HAS DECIDED THAT THE NUCLEAR WARHEADS MUST BE DESTROYED TO PREVENT THE GORILLA BRUTUS FROM PRECIPITATING ANOTHER HOLOCAUST.

THE WEAPONS WILL DO LITTLE DAMAGE IN THEIR PRESENT LOCATION, SO AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY--

--YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO DETONATE THEM WHERE THEY STAND.

OF COURSE, THIS MEANS THAT YOU AND YOUR FELLOW MUTANT-DRONES IN BRUTUS' COMPANY--



-- MUST SACRIFICE YOUR LIVES, BUT WE ARE CONFIDENT YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.

OF COURSE, EM. OVER AND OUT.

MUTANT-DRONE BEE KNOWS THE TRUE MEANING OF LOYALTY.

POOR GUY.