

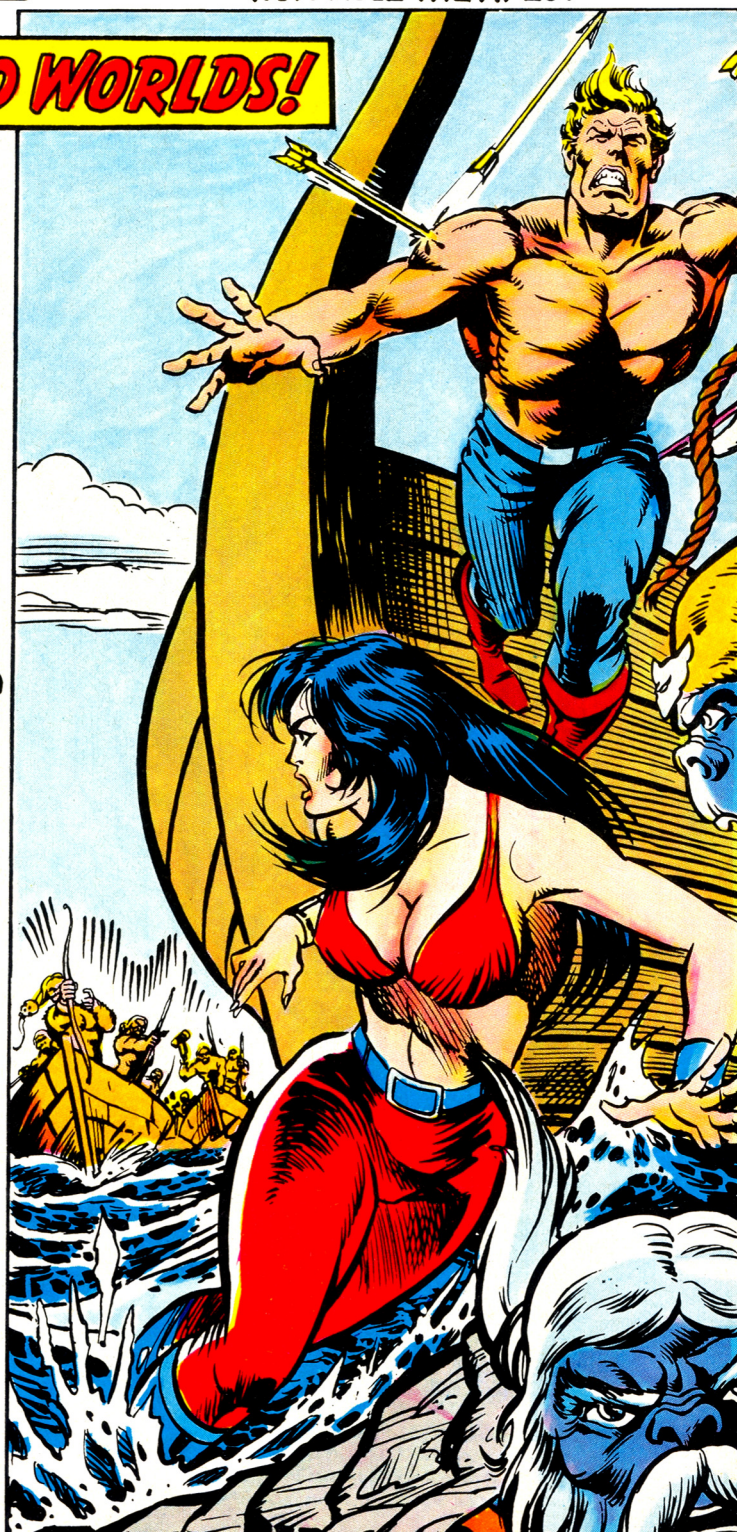
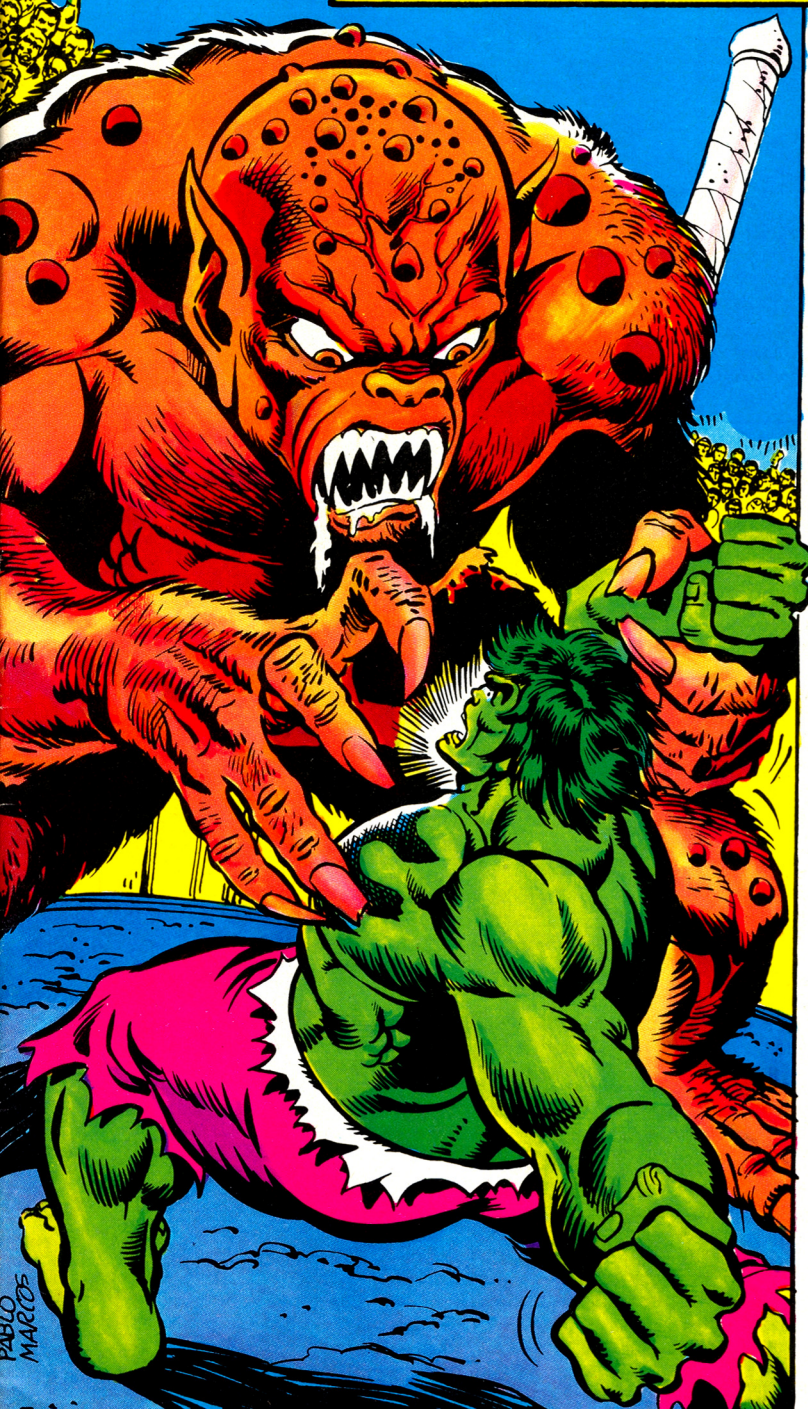


MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

NO. 241
WEEK ENDING
MAY 11, 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 TWO WORLDS!



TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!

APES OF IRON!

CRUEL FACES MOVING THROUGH A PEACEFUL FOREST: THE GORILLA *BRUTUS* AND HIS MUTANT-DRONE 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, WARKO! 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 SPOKEN, ANNOUNCING THAT THE TIME OF WATCHING AND WAITING HAS PASSED...



AND SO THEY STRIKE-- DROPPING AND LURCHING FROM THE SHADOWS WITHOUT WARNING, SMASHING EVERYTHING 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...

ZABOR

A METAL FINGER IS RAISED AND POINTED --A SIZZLING BURST OF LASER ENERGY SPURTS FROM ITS TIP --AND MUTANT-DRONE ZEE'S HEART IS CHARRED 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 **BERSEKERS** OF SYNTHESIZED METAL AND FLESH **SWARM** OVER BRUTUS' PARTY WITH **INCREDIBLE** SPEED AND FURY.

EACH **BERSEKER** 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 **INHERITORS** DEEP WITHIN THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE**, THE URGENT TRANSMISSION IS **MONITORED**...

TAKE ALL APES! KILL ALL OTHERS!

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...

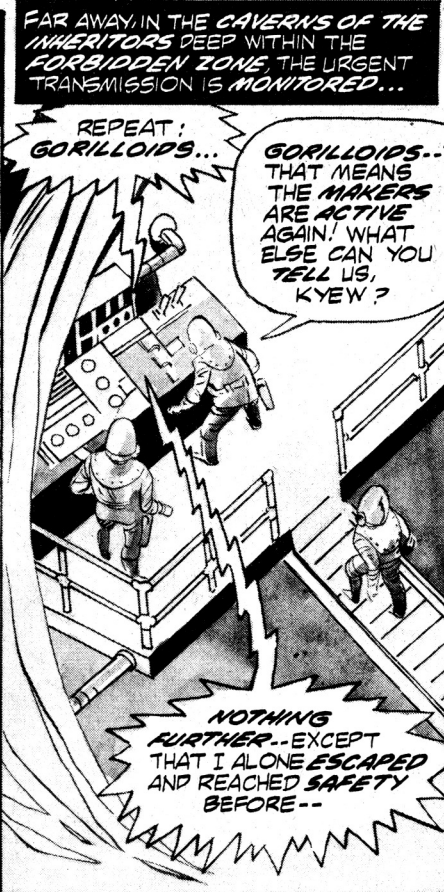
REPEAT:
GORILLOIDS...

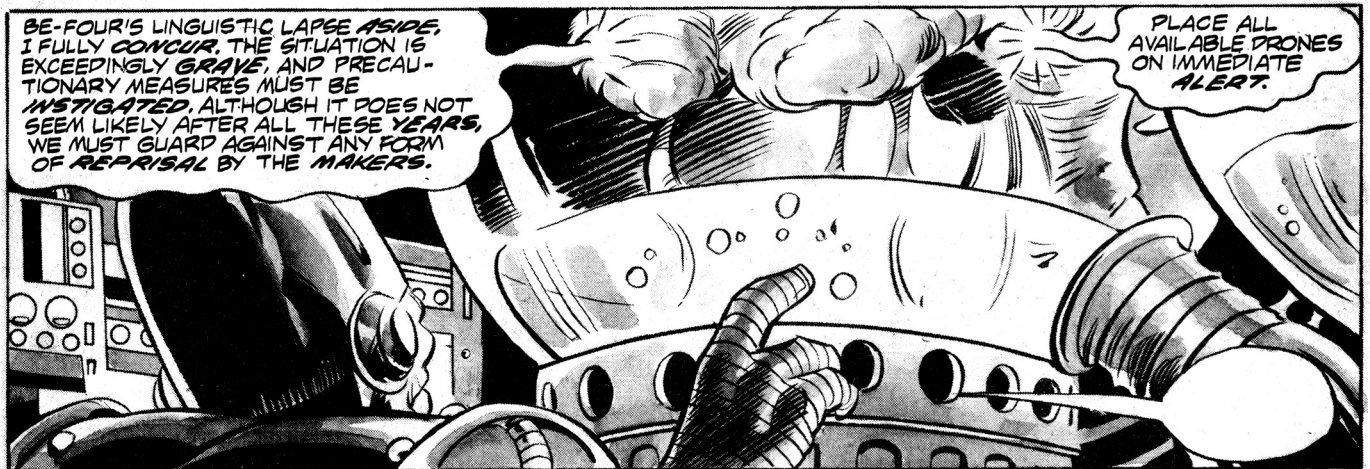
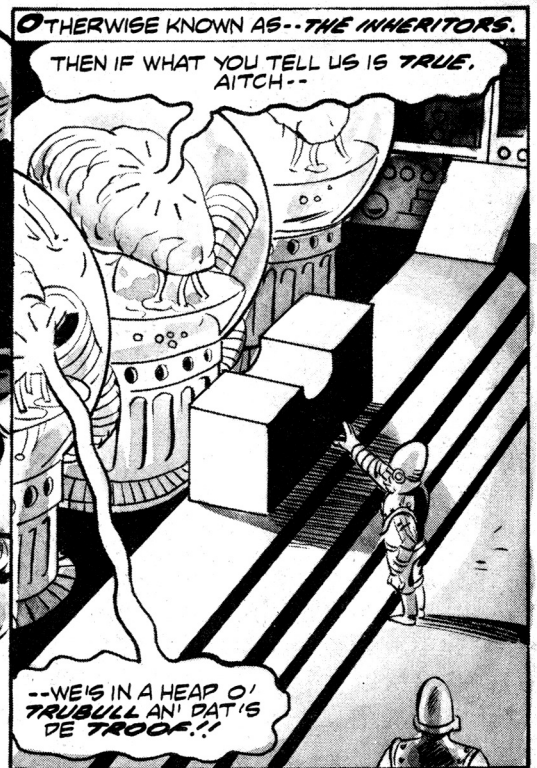
GORILLOIDS...?! THAT MEANS THE MAKERS ARE ACTIVE AGAIN! WHAT ELSE CAN YOU TELL US, KYEW?

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



MUTANT-DRONE KYEW IS AN "OTHER." BITS OF HIS BLOODY SKULL MINGLE WITH THE FLYING FRAGMENTS OF HIS STEEL HELMET.







--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-PROME**.

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

I JUST WISH I COULD'VE 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 SIGHS...

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 **GIBSON**, HE SIMPLY JUMPS UP AND DOWN, POINTING AND WAVING LIKE A **PANICKED WINDMILL**.



WHAT IS 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**.

THET WEIRDFANGLED BOAT IS **FOLLERIN'** US, JULIUS, JEST LIKE YUH **FIGGERED**...

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



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

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



GUNPOWDER JULIUS AND STEELY DAN!! HOW ARE YOU? HOW HAVE YOU BEEN--?

OH, PURTY GOOP, JASON-LAD-- LIKE TWO GRINNIN' POLECATS IN A FIELD O' CRIPPLED LAMBS. JEST A'REAPIN' OUR SHARE O' THE GOOD LIFE.

HOWDY, ALEX-- SEE YUH STILL GOT THET DARK-EYED GYPSY GAL WITH YUH-- BUT CAN'T SAY AS I RECKONIZE YORE OTHER TWO FRENS...



LIGHTSMITH AND GILBERT THE GIBBON, MEET GUNPOWDER JULIUS STEELY DAN.

BUT WHAT'RE YOU TWO DOING AROUND HERE, JULIUS--?

WELP, SEEMS THE ASSISIMIANS ARE ON THE WARPATH IN THESE HERE PARTS, JASON, SO ME 'N DAN ARE USIN' THE RIVERBOAT SIMIAN TUH TRANSPORT SUPPLIES AN' WEAPONS TUH TH' STOCKADE DOWNRIVER--AN' I RECKON YOU-ALL'D BETTER COME WITH US. GETTIN' PURTY DARK.



SURE, IF YOU SAY SO, JULIUS-- BESIDES, IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TELL EACH OTHER WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING.

YEP, AN' IF'N IT WARN'T FER THEM CONARNED COWFLOP-EATIN' ASSISIMIANS, WE CUD HAVE US A REAL WHOOP-DE-DOO!



WHAT MADE THESE ASSISIMIANS SO MAD, JULIUS? IS IT BECAUSE THEIR LEADER WAS KILLED IN THE PSYCHEDROME EXPLOSION?

IT'S CUZ O' MAGUANUS, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE WARN'T KILLED BY NO 'SPLOSION--TWAS A LONE GORILLA IN LEATHER GEAR WHUT CROACKED 'IM, AN' I HEAR TELL HE WAS A MEAN OLE CUSS, SORTA LIKE --



BRUTUS--!!

IT HAD TO BE BRUTUS! THEN HE'S ALIVE-- BRUTUS IS STILL ALIVE!!

INDEED.



FAR AWAY, IN THE CITY WHERE JASON AND ALEX GREW UP (AND WHERE BRUTUS WAS ONCE THE PEACE OFFICER, BEFORE HIS HOODED TERRORISTS MURDERED JASON'S MOTHER AND FATHER)...

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS, ZILENUS?

WHAT NEWS? ABOUT THE LAWGIVER'S CONDITION?

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



HE SELECTS THE CRUMBLING 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.

AND SO HE IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE THIS WORTHLESS PLACE--

--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 INTRIGUING 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, DERANGED PRE-HOLOCAUST RESEARCHERS IN BIONICS AND CYBERNETICS WHO HAVE NOW TURNED TO SOMEWHAT BIZARRE PURSUITS...

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



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...

hmmm...

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...

HALLO --! IT'S
GUNPOUNDER 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
JOY 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 CONSERVED ASSISIMIAN'S,
ALL RIGHT, AN' THEM CANDES ARE
POINTED THIS AWAY-- NOT TUH
MENTION TH' FACK 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...

