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

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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WEEK ENDING
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PLANET OF THE APES

YOU MUST NOT MISS:
SHIP OF DEATH!

THE APE-WORLD AT WAR!
CITY OF NOMADS PART III

CRY "REBEL!"

It is an awesome sight of carnage, gorillas versus chimpanzees in a grim and bitter war...

...a war, like many of misunderstandings and manipulations, primarily instigated by the mysterious hooded slinker who watches silently from above.

But the bloody spectacle ends swiftly, the rebels swarm over their retreating foes, pressing them back into the orangutans elite sector.

Doug Moench // Tom Sutton
writer // artist
The sleeper's grappling hook whistles through the fading din...

He empties it, nom from the roost...

...snags on the vantage roost.

...and matches it's blurring against down N'Yordida's main mast.

There is oil in slinker's shoulder-sling pouch...

(Good. The cannon was turned around in the battle.)

...looted from the rebel's store of supplies.

(No need to point it in the proper direction.)
The slinger lights a crossbow quarrel from a steely held torch...

...and fires.

The vantage roof ignites, painting the stormy sky with yellow glare.

And flames rip down the path of cozying oil...

...to the base of the main mast.

(The oil burns its best.)

The torch is extracted from its steel grasp...

(Move--fast--before being crushed...)
The burning mast slams down, crushing a splintered swath through the deserted rebel stronghold.

Immediately, the flames begin to lead to the shettodwellings on either side... and from there, to race outward through the entire sector.

(Hope the endgame is worth it all.)

Hydromeda offers itself as a city-scoping pyre to the heavens... its routed side put to the torch by the conquering rebels...

...and the rebels' side sculpted to conflagration by the slinker.

Even demolition row burns... between the two... and for the second time.

(This way... a well remembered path... a stinking, hated path...)

(Faster, damn it--!) (Safe.)

(Faster!!)
The slinker has entered a large abandoned structure on the rebel side of Hydro-Meda. It is a deserted structure for even the gorilla guards have gone to fight in the battle of vengeance...

...a gateway to hardship, exhaustion, misery.

A doorway to the new workers of this awesome city-ship...

To those who measure life by the back-breaking strokes of rough-hewn oars... to those who are not apes...

And it is an empty structure, for its supplies have been jettisoned.

(Yes -- a well remembered path)

Thus there is nothing to recommend this barren structure... save a trap-door...

...but who are human -- like himself.

Rise, up brothers...!

We are free!!

The slinker is dead... for he has vomed there shall be no more slinking on this night.
CHeERS...HOARSE, BUT FILLED WITH JOY -- SWELL FROM THE RANKS OF EMACIATED HUMANS, AS A SINGLE ARMY STROKES SWORDS, THE FIRST OF MANY SHACKLES...

ALARIC...WE THOUGHT YOU DEAD FOR DAYS -- SINCE YOU FIRST ESCAPED FROM THIS VILE HELLHOLE...!

I'VE BEEN BUSY FOR DAYS FRIEND -- WITH MOST FOUL WORK IT COMES NOW, TO AN END!

STARKOR...MY FRIEND... LISTEN WELL TO ME, I'VE TAPESTRIED WITH THEIR NAVIGATION CHARTS. EVEN NOW, WE NEAR THE LAND THEM SO DESIRE. I TRUST YOU TO SAE GUARD MY WOMAN REENA FOR MEWHILE I GO ABOVE TO KEEP WATCH.

TAKE THIS REBEL CUB ASS TO CUT THE CHAINS, AND THE REST OF YOU... AS YOU'RE FREE, FETCH MORE BLADES TO FREE YOUR BROTHERS!

Aye, friend, Alaric... I'll be... work to relish.

AND ALARIC--THE FREEMAN-- CLIMBS ABOVE TO EMBRACE FROM THE BASILICA'S STRUC TURE... TO WATCH... AND TO WAIT...

(HOW LONG?)

(HOW LONG BEFORE THEY RETURN???)

(AND IN THAT TIME... HOW MANY SHACKLES WILL "CUT"?)

WHO?! WHO HAS SET THE TORCH ALIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE CITY?!

THE REBELS HAVE RETURNED... IN RAGE...

THERE... A HUMAN--!

A HUMAN ESCAPED FROM THE HOLD!!

(YES...ESCAPED FROM HELL-- YOU DIRTY STINKING APE!!!)

(BUT HAS IT BEEN QUICKER TO DEATH??)
Starkor, rise up with whatever weapons you have. They return! And remember — guard Reena well!

— As you damn well know.

Then come on, woman — speak your words in blood!

Tonight we fight for more than our lives —

We fight for our freedom!!

Humans set the torch to our city — weak humans!!

And as our city burns, so will the humans burn!!

Slay them!!
GET BACK, REENA!
LET ME TAKE--

UNGH--!!

CLANG!

THE GORILLA IS STRONG--TOO STRONG--PAIN FROM THE MERE CLASH--!

HOW DOES IT FEEL, HUMAN, TO LOOK DEATH IN THE FACE?

(BLADE PRESSING BACK--FARTHER--CLOSER--DEATH SOON--AN END TO IT ALL--)

ARRRGH!!

BARBARUS--!

(UNLESS--)

NO!!

TO THE RAILS--FIGHT YOUR WAY TO THE RAILS!

They plunge into the sea, their suspension lines parted by Death slashed by hasty cutlass...

"LIFEBOATS"

...hack your way to the...

Some even survive the mad descents.
AND OCCUPYING ONE OF THE SURVIVING BOATS IS ALARIC—A MAN OBSESSED...

ROW—ROW FOR YOURSELVES THIS TIME!!

AND NOW THEY DO, AMIDST A THICK HAIL OF CROSSBOW SHAFTS... AND THROUGH THE TEMPEST BRIDGING HELL AND FREEDOM.

BEHIND THEM, A CITY BURNS... A CITY SIGHTS, AND CREAKS, AND GROANS... A CITY LISTS TO PORT...

BARBARUS—THE HUMANS HAVE STOLEN ALL THE BOATS... AND WE'RE TAKING WATER...

BE STILL, SWARTHOS—AND BE NOT A FOOL, DON'T YOU SEE...? IT WAS NEVER THE ORANGUTANS, IT WAS THE HUMANS, SWARTHOS—ALL ALONG, IT WAS THE HUMANS...

AND A CITY BEGINNING TO SINK.

THE WEAK, FLUNY HUMANS DID THIS TO US... DESTROYED US, DESTROYED HYDROMEDA...

AND NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT OUR BODIES TO DIE IN SHAME.
He still remembers the long-ago day of great blood, when the vast city was split and divided in two. It was the day humans lost their identities... and took the places of rebels who could bear their places no more.

"(And awaits, though many have died...)

(T here's were those who starved at the lake, those who fell in the final battle... and those whose lifeboats capsized in panic...)

(And too, those who languish in the cataclysm which devours an island-city...)

(But at least the dead shall never again serve as slaves... and the rest of us... we are free...)

(...for my work has ended... my work is done.)

And well he should be outraged, well he should be proud.
Dear Marvel,

In “Forum” there was a girl saying she was possibly the first female to fall in love with Galen. Well, I think I am the second, I, too, am in love with him, from the bottom of my heart.

I am just writing to say “Thank-you”, because when “Planet of The Apes” finished on TV, your dear little mag mended my broken heart, keeping me well-informed about news, stories, etc. And I am deeply grateful to you.

Just one more thing I would like to know if there is an Apes fan club I could join. If so, please tell me where it is.

Another very devoted follower of GALEN Hertfordshire.

And we’d say, a very SHY devoted follower of Galen. You didn’t even reveal your name! What are you gonna do when you write to the Apes fan-club — still keep your identity a close secret? Here’s the address you’re seeking (and, by the bye, we’re indebted to Marvelite Jackie Dunham for providing it). Bill Woodruff (Planet of The Apes Fan Club), 141 Urban Avenue, North Providence, Rhode Island 02904, U.S.A.

Dear Marvellous Monkey Man,

I think your mags are not particularly brilliant efforts. In spite of this I do like APESLAYER, THE MUTANT and APES FORUM. (I like to read the different rubbish people send in). So I ask myself, why do I buy Planet of The Apes each week? The answer I find is that I am full of hope that you may put in one of those fabulous posters of Roddy McDowall, alias Galen or Cornelius. So I am pleading with you to keep up the good work by publishing as many pictures as possible of that lovable chimp.

Patricia Mitchell, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Dear Ape Gang,

After reading issue 31 of Planet of The Apes I want to congratulate you on making a terrific start to your new story called Kingdom on an Island of The Apes. If you carry on as you have started it could be one of your many best stories.

I think your interviews are fantastic and I hope you will print more of them.

Keep up the good work, lads and lasses.

Joanna Blackburn, Halifax, W. Yorks.

Joanna, we humbly have to admit that we’re a fortunate bunch of people. Not only do we completely enjoy what we do, we also receive letters like yours! What an enviable way of life! So you can be surer than sure that we’ll forever do all that we can to keep everything the way it is!

Dear Stan and Apes,

I thought you might like to know that I have just completed volume 1 of a 58-page scrap book called PLANET OF THE APES.

I would like to thank you for giving me all the information, posters, etc., that is in my scrapbook. Other TV ape fans might be interested to learn that I wrote to ITV and they said that the American TV Company were not going to make any more of the popular series. But they are going to show a repeat of the last series in the not-so-distant future.

N. French, Holbeach, Spalding, Lincs.

That’s what we call industry! And we’re not just talking about the scrapbook. The really important point in your letter was that titbit of Ape information you prised out of ITV. Other Ape-fans might be interested to learn about it, you say. Take it from us — they’ll be agog!

MARVEL COMICS LTD Room 106 52 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON WC1V 6RZ
STARTING NEXT WEEK IN PLANET OF THE APES
AN EXCITING NEW STORY...

"ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY NOW!!