TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES
PHASE TWO!

HIGH ON A TORTUOUS MOUNTAIN PASS, THE CARAVAN OF DOOM HAS HALTED.

ITS APPEARANCE BIZARRE, ITS MEMBERS MANY AND GROTESQUE, THE CARAVAN CONSISTS OF BRUTUS AND HIS GORILLA TERRORISTS, MUTANT-DRONES IN THE SERVICE OF THE INNERDORS, AND AWESOME STEEL JUGGERNAUTS CALLED WAR-MACHINES. ALL HAVE RUMBLED AND CLATTERED TO A HALT...

STIFF FROM DAYS OF ARDOUNG RIDING, ONE OF THE GORILLAS DISMOUNTS. HIS NAME IS WARKO; HE IS BRUTUS' FIRST LIEUTENANT; AND HE POINTS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN... AS HE SPEAKS--

THERE, BRUTUS-- DOWN BELOW.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT WE ARE SEEKING...

AND WHAT THE CRUEL-FACED BRUTUS SEEKS IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE MEANS TO ANNIHILATE EVERY HUMAN ON THE RAVAGED FACE OF THE EARTH.

Script: DOUG MOENCH    Art: MIKE PLOOG & TOM SUTTON
DON'T BE A FOOL, WARKO--THAT CAMP IS FAR TOO PRIMITIVE TO BE WHAT WE WANT!

WE ARE SEARCHING FOR ENGINES OF GREAT DESTRUCTION, ARTIFACTS FROM THE TIME BEFORE THE DEATH FROM THE SKIES.

I AGREE. PERHAPS THEY CAN ASSIST US...

YOU WILL RIDE WITH ME, WARKO, TO INTERROGATE THEM.

THE REST OF YOU WILL STAY HERE--

BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND THESE ARTIFACTS, BRUTUS--AND EVEN IF THESE APES ARE PRIMITIVE, THEY MUST BE FAMILIAR WITH THIS REGION...

...BUT DOWN BELOW, IN FRONT OF BRUTUS AND HIS LIEUTENANT, THERE IS ONE WHO VICIOUSLY PROTESTS. HE IS MAGUANUS, CHIEFTAIN OF THE SAVAGE ASSISIMANS.

THE MAGICK-MAN'S FALSE MAGIC HAS HURT MANY ASSISIMANS! IT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN--NO MORE ASSISIMANS HURT!

WE WILL GO NOW--AND WE WILL BE BRAVE KILLERS--AND WE WILL KILL!

KILL MAGICK-MAN--AND THE OTHERS WHO HELPED HIM!

YOU HEAR MAGUANUS??? YOU WILL BE BRAVE--OR I WILL KILL YOU!! KILL ALL OF--

MAGUANUS--!!! ENEMIES....

ENEMIES COME--!!

MAGUANUS SEE THEM LONG BEFORE YOU!

MAGUANUS SEE THEM--MAGUANUS HAS SIGHT OF EAGLE!

I'LL DO THE TALKING, WARKO....

AND MAGUANUS WILL KILL THEM!!

GO BACK, ENEMIES--OR MAGUANUS WILL SLAY YOU!!

SLAY YOU FOREVER!!
PEACE, BROTHER APES! I AM BRUTUS AND WE MEAN YOU NO HARM—ALTHOUGH WE COULD HAVE MURDERED EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU WITHOUT MOVING FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

I WISH TO ENGAGE YOUR HELP. WE ARE JOURNEYING TO A SECRET PLACE SOMEWHERE TO THE EAST— IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS. THERE WAS A MAP, BUT WE HAVE LOST IT...

CAN YOU GUIDE US TO THIS PLACE?

NO! MAGIANUS HAS HIS OWN WARRIORS TO LEAD— IT'S NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!

WE ALSO GO TO THE EAST—

---TO KILL THE MAGICK-MAN AND HIS FRIENDS!

WHAT... FRIENDS?

THEY GO THAT WAY— EAST! TWO OTHER HUMANS BEHIND MAGICK-MAN— A HE AND A SHE— AND A SMALL APE IN STRANGE CLOTHES LIKE YOU!

TWO HUMANS AND A SMALL APE— PROBABLY A CHIMPANZEE, BRUTUS. SOUNDS LIKE IT COULD BE...

YES, YOU FOOL... IT IS HIM.

IT MUST BE HIM. IT COULDN'T BE ANYONE BUT THAT STINKING HUMAN—

"--JASON."

YEAH...

...THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.

BUT WHY WOULD THIS ENEMY OF YOURS— THIS BRUTUS— WANT TO GO DOWN THERE, JASON?

WELL, IT'S RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS, ALL RIGHT— JUST LIKE ON THAT MAP YOU FOUND...
I DON'T KNOW, LIGHTSMITH, BUT HIS MAP MARKED THE SPOT—SO THIS MUST BE THE PLACE. BEIDES, WE SAW BRUTUS THROUGH YOUR LONG-DISTANCE-VIEWER AND HE WAS HEADED THIS WAY...

ALL RIGHT, JASON-BOY, GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY DETERMINED...

HEY, GILBERT—ALEX—MALAGUENA—WAKE UP IN THERE WE'VE REACHED OUR DESTINATION... SUCH AS IT IS...

...WITH A BUNCH OF THE INHERITORS' MUSH-FACED MUTANT-DRONES—SO HE CAN'T BE UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

AND WHEN THE STRANGE, PROGRESS-BEARING WONDER WAGON HAS LURCHED TO A HALT, THE REST OF LIGHTSMITH'S UNSEEMLY PARTY EMERGE TO CONFRONT AN INTRICATE SYSTEM OF ADOBE STRUCTURES BUILT RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF A CLIFF. IT APPEARS DESERTED...

HALLOOOA---!!
ANYBODY HOME---?
WE'RE FRIENDS---
PEACEFUL....!

WE MAY COME OUT...
OUR SHAMAN HAS DECIDED THEY COME IN PEACE.

GREETINGS ARE SLOWLY CONDUCTED IN A MIXTURE OF CURiosity AND FEAR...WITH THE LATTER GRADUALLY WAINING...
SO YOU'RE THE SHAMAN HERE, ARE YOU? GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE INTEGRATED HERE—BOTH HUMAN AND APES—SHOWS THAT YOU'RE AN ENLIGHTENED LEADER...

WE WISH ONLY TO LIVE OUR LIVES—AND HARM NO ONE.

AMEN.
MAYBE SO—but your lives won't be worth anything with Brutus around.

Is he here—a big gorilla with a war-party, machines and guns—?

I have said we are all peaceful...

Then I'll just wait here until Brutus arrives.

You are determined, Jason.

How about you, two—Alex, Malaguena...

Guess we'll stay with Jase, Lightsmith.

Suit yourselves. Gilbert and me have searched for the Psychedrome on our own for a long time now—we can do it alone again. Guess we'll spend the night here and take up the search at dawn...

Several miles west, the caravan of doom has again halted...

Maybe I was wrong about these stupid savages, Brutus—they're no good as guides...

They'll just leave us as soon as they find what they're after...

Silence, Warlo. They're leading us in the correct general direction, and as long as they do so we might as well follow...

Besides, even if they do find Jason before we reach our destination, so much the better, or have you never heard of revenge, Warlo?

Mutant-Drone see, what are the chances that Jason may have actually gone to the same destination we seek...

The probability of such a congruency to goals is slightly less than 43.883 per cent.

Haaah... the magic-man's witch-tracks—here!!

We can follow again!!
I don't know what a 'per cent' is... but even if there's only the slightest chance of finding and killing Jason...

---I'll follow those ape savages straight to hell.

Administer the sacred eyes of the gods--that we may commune with the spirits of the wind and sand--that we may experience external visions of our inner peace and tranquility...

What is it?

Buttons, Jason--from their holy cactus plants...

They say the stuff makes you have beautiful dreams...if you're beautiful inside.

But the ancients were divided about its use. Some loved it, thought it was fun...some considered it a religious experience...and some were scared to death of it!

World must've been just as mixed-up then as it is now...guess I'll decide for myself.

In honor of our guests who come only in peace, let the rites of divine communion begin...

Solemnly, a procession of females files toward the circle, each bearing jars filled with the holy sacrament...

How is it, Jase...?

Kind of dry...bitter...

Oh, it's not so bad, Jason--much like the roots Mama Lena used in her potions.

Says you, Malaguena.
YOU'RE NOT HAVING ANY, LIGHTSMITH...?

NOPE. ME AND GILBERT WANT TO BE FRESH IN THE MORNING.

SOONER WE FIND THE PSYCHEDROME, THE BETTER WE'LL FEEL.

OH... WELL, WHAT DO THE REST OF US DO NOW?

JUST LAY BACK, I SUPPOSE, WAIT FOR WHATEVER’S GOING TO HAPPEN... TO HAPPEN.

ALL RIGHT... GUESS WE’LL JUST LAY BACK, THEN...

SAY, SHAMAN, SINCE YOU AND ME AREN’T PARTAKING OF THIS PARTICULAR EXPERIENCE, I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD TAKE A LITTLE WALK AND HAVE A LITTLE TALK...

VERY WELL, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH.

YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE GLORIES AND WONDERS OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE AND PROGRESS, SHAMAN?

I DO NOT BELIEVE SO.

WELL, ALL THE WONDERS OF THE PAST ARE STORED IN THIS PLACE CALLED THE PSYCHEDROME...

IT’S A SORT OF STOREHOUSE FROM THE PAST—BUILT BY THE ANCIENTS.

WE HAVE SUCH A PLACE HERE—BUILT BY THE ANCIENTS WHO DWELLED HERE LONG BEFORE US...

DO YOU, UH, THINK YOU COULD TAKE ME TO THIS PLACE—SHOW IT TO ME...

IT IS AGAINST THE RULES OF OUR SOCIETY, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH, BUT IF YOU COULD GIVE US SOMETHING FOR OUR CEREMONIES...?

IT’S YOURS, SHAMAN—THERE’S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM...

GOT A TON OF AMULETS BACK IN THE WONDER WAGON—AND ALL WITH STICK-PINS, TOO...

NOW JUST SHOW ME THE WAY TO THE PSYCHEDROME...

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!
BEGINNING: MARVEL COMICS' ADAPTATION OF TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S SCIENCE-FICTION MASTERPIECE...

STARS GLITTER LIKE FLOATING GEMS AGAINST THE BLACK VELVET BACKDROP OF SPACE. THE SHIMMERING BELT OF THE CONSTELLATION ORION SHEEPS ACROSS THE VOID WITH COLD MAJESTY.

AND AN INSIGNIFICANT SPECK OF LIGHT GLIDES SILENTLY THROUGH THE STYGIAN NOTHINGNESS. THE SPECK IS A SHIP... AND AS SUCH REPRESENTS MAN'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT TO DATE...

...A FLIGHT TO THE STARS!

THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN SPEAKS:

"SO ENDS MY LAST SIGNAL UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION. WE ARE NOW ON AUTOMATIC DRIVE, A MERE ONE-HUNDRED-FIVE LIGHT YEARS FROM OUR BASE... AND AT THE MERCY OF EMOTIONLESS COMPUTERS, I'VE TUCKED IN MY CREW FOR THE LONG SLEEP. I'LL JOIN THEM PRESENTLY..."
DR. HASSLEIN'S THEORY MAY BE CORRECT, BUT THIS MUCH IS CERTAIN: THE MEN WHO SENT US ON THIS JOURNEY HAVE LONG SINCE MOURNED IN FORGOTTEN GRAVES...

...AND THOSE IF ANY, WHO WILL RECEIVE THIS MESSAGE ARE OF A DIFFERENT SPEED, HOPEFULLY, A BETTER ONE.

...BUT ACCORDING TO DR. HASSLEIN'S THEORY OF TIME IN A VEHICLE TRAVELING AT CLOSE TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT, O.D. MOTHER EARTH HAS AGED A FEW HUNDRED YEARS SINCE OUR DEPARTURE WHILE WE HAVE SCARCELY AGED AT ALL!

EITHER WAY, MY THREE SLUMBERING COMPATRIOTS, IT'S BEEN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A HARD DAY'S NIGHT...

--AND TIME TO JOIN YOU IN HITTING THE GLASS SACK!

SO PLEASANT DREAMS, DODGE... LANDON... ...AND, OF COURSE, STEWART.

THE ALARM'LL GO OFF WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION...
AAPPROACHING MASS
OF CONSIDERABLE
GRAVITATIONAL PULL.
ADJUST TRAJECTORY
PATTERN...

WARNING:
SHIP HAS ENTERED FIELD
OF GRAVITATIONAL PULL;
COMPENSATE WITH
TRAJECTORY REALIGN-
MENT...
OH... MY... GOD...

WHAT IS IT, TAYLOR? WHAT'S WRONG--??!

SOME ALARM CLOCK, WE GOT ON THIS SHIP!

YOU ALL RIGHT?

HECK... BUT STEWART'S CAPSULE HASN'T OPENED!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!