

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

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PLANET OF THE APES AND DRACULA LIVES



PLUS:
MORE ACTION
AND MYSTERY WITH
KA-ZAR
AND THE
MAN-THING!

REVEALED AT LAST! THE APES'
SINISTER **SECRET** OF
THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!

THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

**PART
II**

A VIEW FROM ABOVE, AS NIGHT DISSOLVES TO DAWN...

THE RIDGE *SPLITS* THE LAND, DIVIDING IT INTO SEPARATE DOMAINS OF THE *LIVING* AND THE *DEAD*. TO *ONE* SIDE, THE EARTH IS MANTLED IN LUSH TEXTURES OF *GREEN*, WHERE RICH SWARDS OF SWAYING *GRASS* RIPPLE INTO HUDDLING COPSES OF GNARLED *TREES*, AND WHERE AN ARBOREAL CITY OF *TREEHOUSES* AWAITS THE COMING OF *DAY*...

BUT ON THE *HARSH* SIDE OF THE RIDGE, THE EARTH IS BLEAK AND *BARREN*, WHERE ALL LIFE HAS BEEN *SEARED* FROM THE SCORCHED PLAIN... AND WHERE *DESOLATION* EXTENDS UNBROKEN TO THE *HORIZON*...

ON THE *CREST* OF THE RIDGE, DIVIDING THE LAND OF THE LIVING FROM THE LAND OF THE DEAD, THERE IS AN *OUTPOST*... STAFFED BY A CONTINGENT OF *GORILLA SOLDIERS*, IT IS THEIR DUTY TO *GUARD* THE TREEHOUSE CITY FROM *ATTACK*-- BUT AS *SENTRIES* THEY HAVE GROWN *INDOLENT* AND *COMPLACENT*... FOR WHO WOULD FEAR *ATTACK* FROM *DEATH*?

THUS, THEY DO NOT *NOTICE* THE THREE SMALL FORMS WHO NOW *DEPART* FROM THE DOMAIN OF *LIFE*... AND SLOWLY PICK THEIR WAY DOWN TOWARD THE VALLEY OF *DEATH*.

THE DOOMSDAY SPAWN

IT IS A *SMALL* EXPEDITION, BUT NONE THE LESS A COMPLEX AND *MOMENTOUS* ONE. THESE THREE ARE THE FIRST TO ATTEMPT A *CROSSING* OF THIS PLAIN SINCE THE *WHITE HEAT* AND THE *GREAT DESTRUCTION* BLASTED ALL LIFE FROM ITS *FACE*.

THEIR INDIVIDUAL *MOTIVATIONS*, PERHAPS, ARE *DIFFERENT*. BUT EACH HOLDS HIS MOTIVATION WITHIN HIS *SOUL*...



FIRST THERE IS *CAESAR*, THE FOUNDER AND *LEADER* OF THE COMFORTABLE CITY. THEY NOW LEAVE *BEHIND*. AS HE *BEGINS* THIS LONG JOURNEY, DOES HE THINK OF THE *CITY* AND ITS *FUTURE*... OR OF HIS WIFE *LISA*, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF A FUTURE *WITHOUT* HER...?



CAESAR, WHY MUST YOU GO TO THE HUMAN CITY--? IT IS *DEAD*! WE *LEFT* IT TO COME *HERE* -- TO FIND LIFE AND PEACE AND *SAFETY*! AND WE HAVE *FOUND* IT!

WHY CAN'T YOU LET IT BE *CAESAR*?

BECAUSE OUR PEACE AND OUR SAFETY MAY BE *THREATENED*. *LISA*, I CANNOT LET *THAT* BE... IF THERE IS ANY WAY TO *STOP* IT!



THUS, *CAESAR* LEADS THIS OMINOUS TREK INTO THE UNKNOWN, THINKING OF HIS CITY...

... THINKING OF *LISA*... AND THE LOSS OF *BOTH*.



AND THEN THERE IS *MACDONALD*, THE *HUMAN*. THE MAN WHO HAS SEEN HIS ONCE MIGHTY CIVILIZATION EXPLODE AND CRUMBLE INTO BITTER SHARDS OF *RUIN*.

DOES HE NOW RETURN TO THOSE RUINS TO ASSURE THAT THEY *REMAIN* *DEAD*... OR IN THE HOPES OF *RESTORING* THE CIVILIZATION WHICH COMMITTED *SUICIDE*?



BETTER BE *CAREFUL*, *MACDONALD*! IT MUST BE *HELL* IN THAT CITY-- EVEN *WITHOUT* THE *RADIATION*...

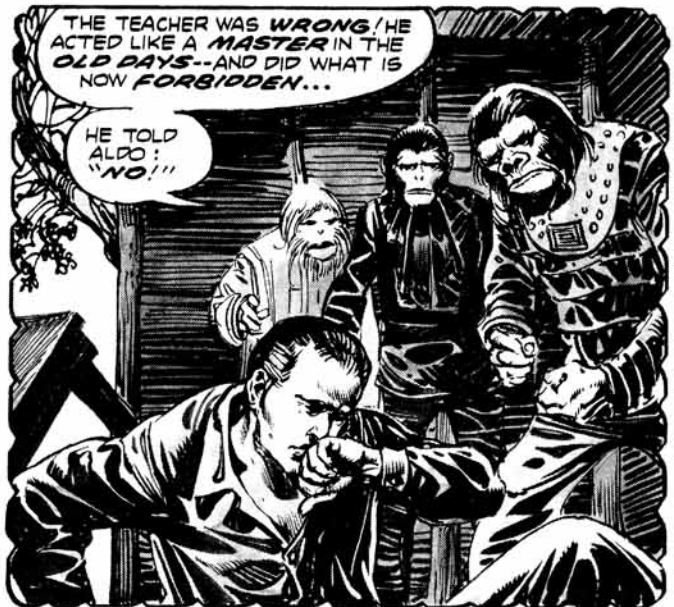
MAYBE IT *IS* *HELL*, *ED*, AND MAYBE I'M PLAYING THE SERPENT IN *PARADISE*... BUT WE'RE *ALWAYS* BEGINNING AGAIN...

CAESAR MAY *FEEL* AS AN APE FEELS-- BUT HE *THINKS* LIKE A *MAN*! I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM BACK TO THE *CITY*-- AND GIVE HIM *MAN'S* *KNOWLEDGE*... BEFORE IT'S *TOO* *LATE*!



AND THE THIRD, *VIRGIL*--THE YOUNG ORANGUTAN WHOSE INTELLIGENCE IS OFTEN OVERRULED BY SHARP *EMOTION*. DOES HE SHARE *CAESAR'S* MOTIVATIONS...OR *MACDONALD'S*...?

OR DOES HE LOOK *BEYOND* THE PAST AND THE PRESENT... TO A FUTURE DIFFERENT FROM *BOTH*...?

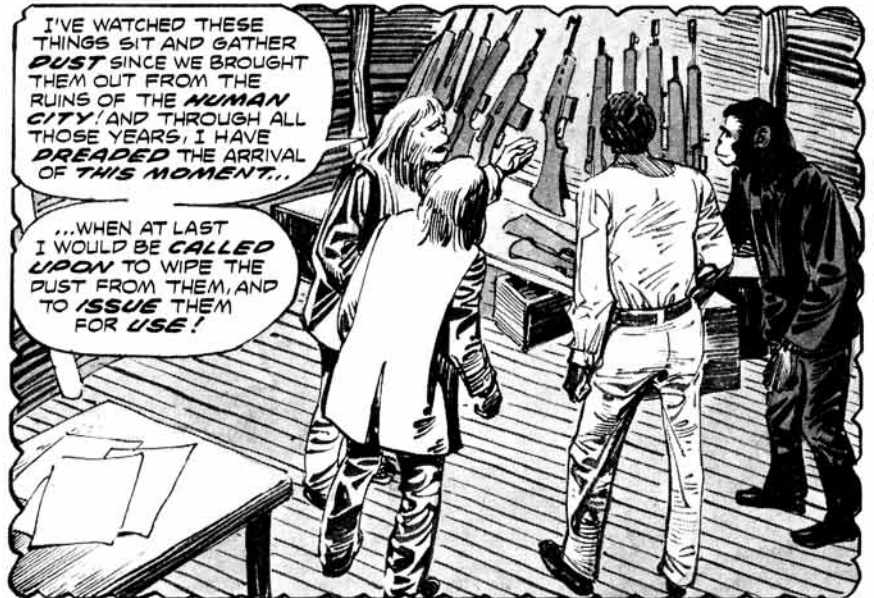


AND THE LAST MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION, SILENT, WITHOUT MOTIVATION... PAWNS TO BE USED OR ABUSED IN THE DEADLY GAME OF FATE...



I'VE WATCHED THESE THINGS SIT AND GATHER *DUST* SINCE WE BROUGHT THEM OUT FROM THE RUINS OF THE *HUMAN CITY*; AND THROUGH ALL THOSE YEARS, I HAVE *DREADED* THE ARRIVAL OF *THIS* MOMENT...

...WHEN AT LAST I WOULD BE *CALLED UPON* TO WIPE THE *DUST* FROM THEM, AND TO *ISSUE* THEM FOR *USE*!



IN SILENCE, AND EACH IN *PRIVATE THOUGHT*, THEY RIDE THE *DESOLATION* TO *NOON*, WATCHING THE *LAND* GROW EVEN *MORE* WITHERED WITH EACH *PASSING* MOMENT...



...UNTIL THEY ENTER *TWILIGHT*...

...AND BEGIN TO MOUNT A *COLLAPSED* SUMMIT OF *RUBBLE*...

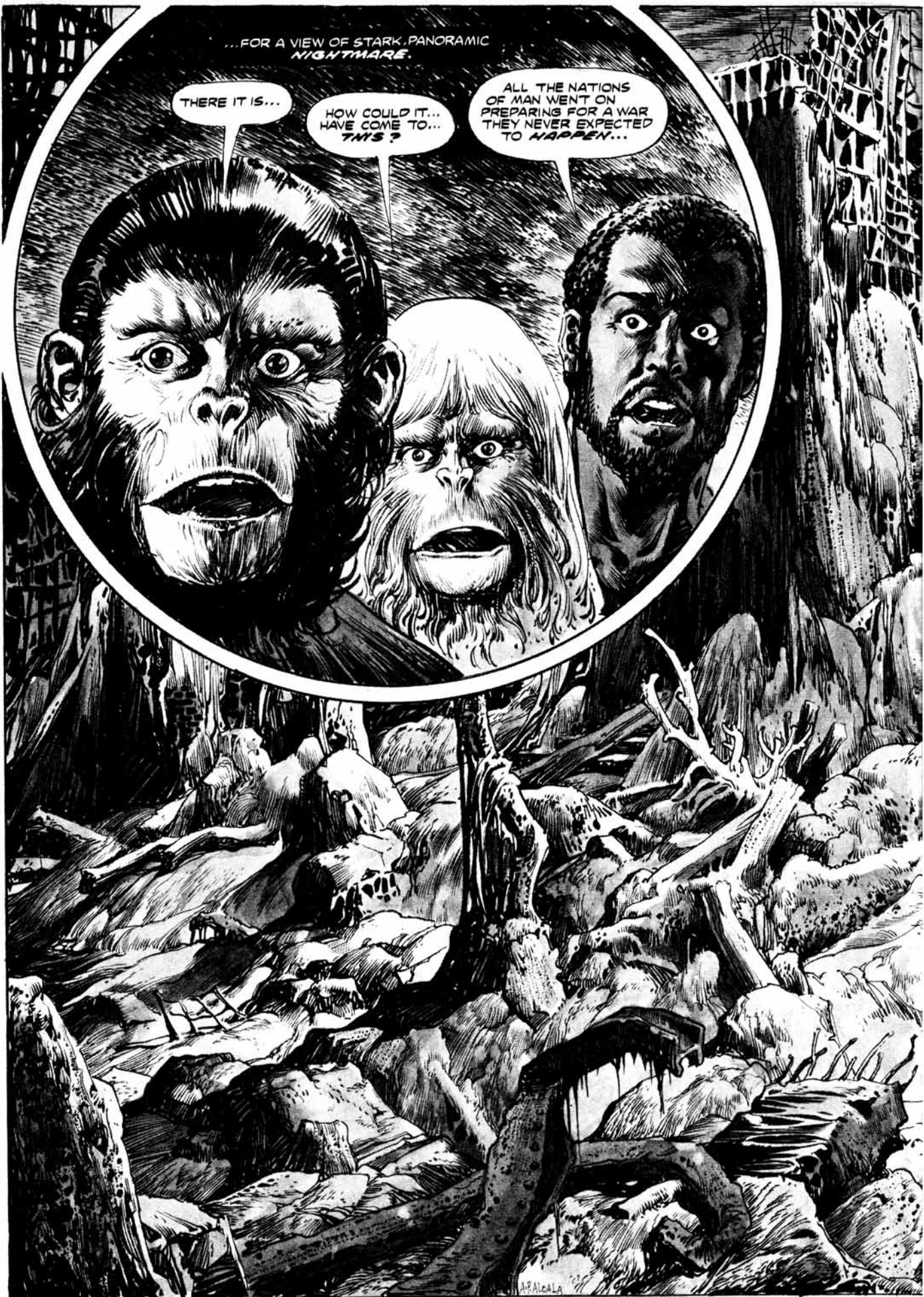


...FOR A VIEW OF STARK, PANORAMIC
NIGHTMARE.

THERE IT IS...

HOW COULD IT...
HAVE COME TO...
THIS?

ALL THE NATIONS
OF MAN WENT ON
PREPARING FOR A WAR
THEY NEVER EXPECTED
TO HAPPEN...





...AND THE
VERY **PLANNING**
FOR THAT IMPOSSIBLE
WAR BECAME...

AN
ITCH!

YES...AND WHEN
THE APE REVOLUTION
STARTED...IN **RAGE**,
AND IN **CONFUSION**,
MAN **SCRATCHED**
THAT ITCH...



I'LL SAY HE SCRATCHED...

...RIGHT DOWN TO THE BONE!

THE APPROACH IS A SLOW ONE, WITH CAREFUL STRIDES MEASURED IN AWE...



...AND AS THEY ENTER THE LURID EMISSIONS OF THE RADIATION SHROUD-- A SICKLY GREEN GLOW ENVELOPING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF DESTRUCTION-- EVEN THEIR VOICES SHOW AWE, AND FALL TO HOARSE WHISPERS.

THE WHOLE CITY... MELTED?... FUSED TOGETHER INTO A SINGLE MASS OF WASTE...

AND IT MUST BE THE SAME ALL OVER THE WORLD... LONDON, ROME, RIO, MOSCOW... ALL REDUCED TO SLAGHEAPS...



AND ALL OF IT CAUSED BY HUMANS, MACDONALD...



I WONDER WHAT APES WILL LEARN FROM IT!



EVERYWHERE IT IS THE SAME. STREETS STUFFED WITH THE LEGACY OF BRIGHT HORROR BURNING DEEP INTO THE MINDS OF THREE WHO WITNESS IT, WHO MOVE THROUGH IT, AND WHO ARE TERRIFIED BY ITS IMMENSITY...



CRUMPLED BUILDINGS FLOWING INTO THE PETRIFIED OOZE OF OTHER BUILDINGS ROOTED IN THE MIRE OF SOLID CONCRETE FLASH- SEARED IN A SINGLE BLINDING MOMENT OF NUCLEAR DOOM NOW SWEEPED BY SWIRLING DUST- DEVILS GREEN AND INCANDESCENT GLOWING AS THEY SHIMMER AND LAUGHING AS THEY GLOW... HAUNTING THE DEAD NOW BURIED IN MOLTEN OFFICES AND SUBWAYS AND CARS AND STREETS.

EVERYWHERE IT IS THE SAME BUT MORE IN A DOOMSDAY VISION HATCHED SOMEWHERE NEAR THE END.

A COLD *INFERNO* SEETHING WITH THE EDDIES AND SWIRLS ALL GHASTLY *GREEN* LIGHT SNOWFALLS RIPPED FROM THE GUTS OF A BLASTED BOMB BIGGER THAN NEVER AND BLACKER THAN THE CHAMBERS OF ETERNITY WELCOMING ALL AT ONCE WITH A SLY GRIN PAINTED WET *RED*.



MACDONALD LOOKS IT. HE WANTS TO *RUN*. OR *GET SICK*. BUT INSTEAD HE SAYS:



THIS... IS THE *HELL* THEY USED TO *PREACH* ABOUT... *WARNED* US ABOUT... AND THEY *CREATED* IT THEMSELVES...

THEY... WERE ALL... *INSANE*...



AND WE'RE *JUST* AS *INSANE* FOR *COMING* HERE...



THIS *BACKGROUND* RADIATION ALONE WILL SUBJECT US TO *THREE HUNDRED* ROETGENS AN *HOUR!*

WHICH *MEANS*...?



THAT IF WE'RE NOT *OUT* OF HERE WITHIN *TWO* HOURS, WE MIGHT AS WELL *STAY* FOREVER!



COME ON, THEN! WHY ARE WE *WASTING* TIME..?



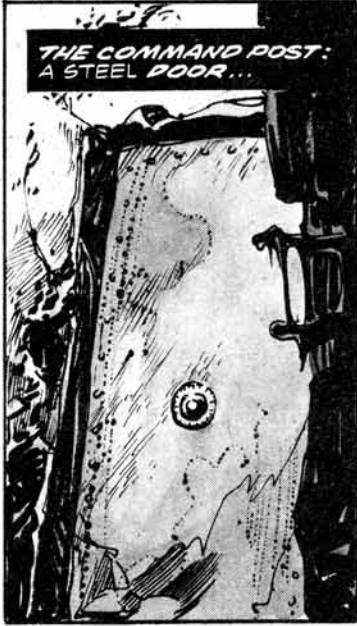
THEY MOVE FORWARD AGAIN, THROUGH MORE OF THE SAME. MACDONALD IN THE LEAD, PAUSING NOW AND THEN IN THE MIDST OF THE NIGHTMARE TO GET HIS BEARINGS... TO CHART HIS PLOT THROUGH HELL, BASED ON MEMORIES OF A FALSE PARADISE...



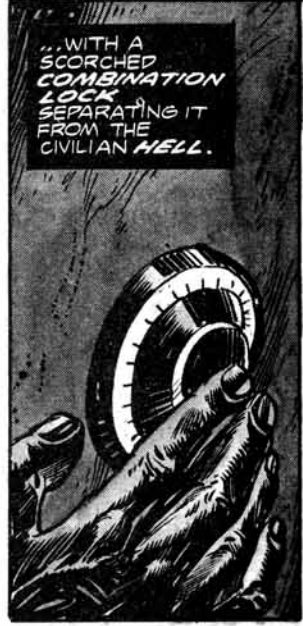
UNTIL--

THERE IT IS--!

I TOLD YOU BRECK'S COMMAND POST WOULD BE INTACT...! IT WAS DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND A BLAST OF TEN MEGATONS!



THE COMMAND POST: A STEEL DOOR...



...WITH A SCORCHED COMBINATION LOCK SEPARATING IT FROM THE CIVILIAN HELL.



FORGOTTEN HOW MANY TIMES I'VE DIALED THIS COMBINATION... WHEN THE CITY WAS ALIVE, AT LEAST...

AND EXISTING ON OUR LABOR!



THEY PAID FOR IT, CAESAR-- THEY ALL PAID!



SHANK

STAN LEE PRESENTS PLANET OF THE APES!

HERE ENDED THE FIRST JOURNEY OF THE ASTRONAUT TAYLOR...

IT WAS HERE UPON THE PLANET OF THE APES THAT HE FIRST SAW THE STATUE...

NOOOOOO!!

YOU FOOLS!
YOU BLOODY FOOLS!!

IT WAS HERE THAT HE FIRST KNEW...

... KNEW HE WAS BACK ON EARTH... AN EARTH DEFILED AND DESTROYED BY THE CLENCHED HAND OF MAN.

HERE THE FIRST JOURNEY ENDED... HERE THE SECOND BEGINS...

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BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

THREE DAYS HAVE NOW PASSED... THREE DAYS SINCE TAYLOR FIRST SET EYES ON THE STATUE... AND HOWLED IN ANGUISH AT THE GHOST OF LIBERTY...

THREE DAYS OF INTERMINABLE TREKKING... A MINDLESS JOURNEY THROUGH DESOLATION AND WASTE... THROUGH ROCKY, ARID TERRAIN AND TRACKLESS DESERT...



THREE DAYS CULMINATING IN THE DISCOVERY OF --

WATER...!?



AN OASIS...

... BUT THE TREES ARE DEAD...



... POISONED...?



IT SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT, NOVA...

YOU AND THE HORSE MIGHT AS WELL WET YOUR WHISTLES. GOD KNOWS WE COULD USE A CHEERFUL TUNE...





SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM **HERE**...?

OR DO WE JUST **STOP OFF** AND FOUND A NEW **HUMAN COLONY**? PLAY **HOUSE** TOGETHER LIKE **ADAM AND EVE**?

AT LEAST THE **KIDS** WOULD LEARN TO **TALK**... HAVE BETTER **SENSE** THAN THE **APES**...



...WHICH **REMINDS** ME-- TIME TO PLAY **ME TARZAN**, YOU **JANE** AGAIN.

TRY TO SAY THE **NAME** I GAVE YOU-- **NOVA**.



NO-VA...
NO-VA...
NO-VA...



ALL RIGHT... LET'S TRY IT **THIS WAY**... I'M **TAYLOR**.

TAY-LOR...
TAY-LOR...
TAY-LOR...



NO **DICE**, HUH? OKAY, LOOK AT THIS **LITTLE METAL THING**. IT'S AN **IDENTITY TAG**-- SORT OF LIKE A **DOG-TAG**, EXCEPT THEY GIVE IT TO **ASTRONAUTS** SO THEY WON'T FORGET WHO THEY **ARE**.

IT SAYS **TAYLOR** ON IT. THAT'S **ME**...

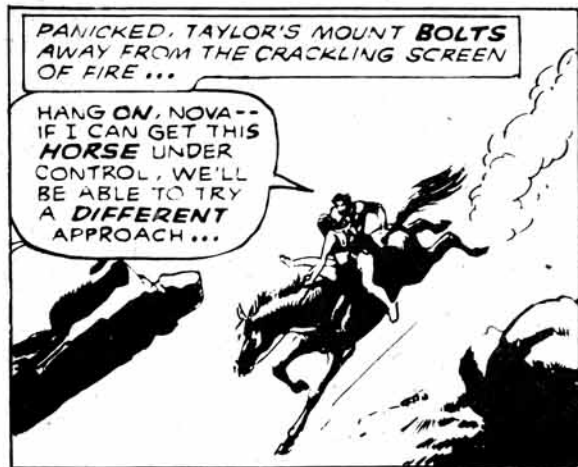


HERE--LET ME PUT IT AROUND YOUR **NECK**. IT MEANS WE'RE GOING **STEADY** NOW...

NOW WHAT DOES THE TAG **SAY**? WHO ARE YOU GOING **STEADY** WITH?

TAYLOR, THAT'S WHO. SAY IT-- SAY MY **NAME**... **TAY-LOR**...









GO TO THE APE CITY-- NOT TO THE GORILLAS...

GO TO THE CHIMPANZEE QUARTER-- THERE'S NO OTHER WAY--! FIND ZIRA--ZI-RÁ... DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



WELL, I HOPE THAT WAS A NOD YOU JUST GAVE ME... BECAUSE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO --



-- SCALE THIS GIANT ICE-CUBE. AND SINCE ICE IS TRADITIONALLY SLIPPERY...



... IT LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER USE MY RIFLE BUTT TO START CHOPPING Footholds...



BUT AS TAYLOR RAMS HIS RIFLE FORWARD, HE FINDS NO IMPACT OF RESISTANCE WHATSOEVER--



-- AND THE MOMENTUM OF HIS THRUST CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE ETHEREAL WALL ...



... UNTIL HE VANISHES. EEEEE!!

- NEXT WEEK! - REVELATIONS!!