Ape #1: Remove the humans! No hairless ape shall sit on the World Council!

Ape #2: Silence! Here I command—–and my command is law!
AFTER HAVING RETURNED FROM HIS JOURNEY INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, CAESAR CONvenes THE SIMIAN COUNCIL TO TELL OF HIS EXPEDITION AND THE MYSTERIES HE FOUND.

I HAVE ASKED YOU TO THIS SPECIAL MEETING OF THE COUNCIL TO REPORT ON MY RECENT EXPEDITION TO THE HUMAN'S CITY...

THE DEADLY RADIATION THAT CAESAR AND HIS SMALL SCOUTING PARTY ENCOUNTERED HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL—AS IS EVIDENT BY THE CONSIDERABLE LOSS OF FACIAL HAIR ON THE APE LEADER.

DOUG MOENCH—SCRIPT
SONNY TRINIDAD
YONG MONTANO
DINO CASTRILLO—ART
Virtually all of the congregated representatives evince concern for their leader's altered aspect and men... but nowhere is there concern more concentrated than in the heart of Caesar's wife, Lisa... she who had begged him not to go to the city... the radiation is still intense...

And all of that area must still be forbidden!

That is, Capt. Macdonald and I... found a danger far worse than radiation...

Injured and perhaps mutated—certainly crazed—humans still inhabit the city!

A murmur of consternation sweeps through all three sections of the audience... but it is from the gorillas that a representative rises to speak. His name, of course, is Aloo...

DID HUMANS FOLLOW YOU...

No, I don't think so! But we have to plan for the time when they do come out of the city... when they do find us!

We should consider building defense, training a militia... and building guns!

As he knew it would Caesar's last word falls on the congregation with disbelief and shock...

Guns...? But Caesar, we have lived in peace for nine years...
WE HAVE BUILT OUR COMMUNITY WITHOUT GUNS, DEVOTING OUR FULL TIME TO RAISING FAMILIES AND FOOD...

AND NOW YOU TELL US WE MUST SACRIFICE ALL THIS TO THE CAUSES OF WAR AND DEATH...

I AGREE CAESAR, AS YOU KNOW ARE GUNS REALLY NECESSARY...? ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT THE HUMANS WILL STAY IN THE CITY AND LEAVE US IN PEACE...

LISA, I WISH I COULD TELL YOU IT AS POSSIBLE BUT...

WELL, VIRGIL WAS THERE. PERHAPS HE CAN TELL YOU HIS EXPERIENCE...

THE HUMANS IN THE CITY ARE... STILL INSANE LISA! THEY DON'T GIVE US A CHANCE TO TALK WITH THEM!

THEY JUST ATTACKED US AND...

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!!

LET US IN...

NO!!

NO HUMANS IN COUNCIL!!

RELEASE THEM!!
They are here because I set them adrift. Now that we know the danger in the city we need their help. Their counsel!

No, no, nooo!

And in the face of the frenzied uproar, Caesar silently rises...

No, no, nooo!

Yes!

Silence fills the chamber.

Two of the three sections nod in that silence. Clearly they support Caesar's decision... and more importantly, his authority...

While the leader of the third faction realizes he has been defeated... at least temporarily...

...and voices his contempt.

You, no ape! Hair gone!

You more human now--!
AND WE NOT LISTEN TO OTHER HUMANS. THIS COUNCIL FOR US NO MORE!

THUS, AS ALDO AND GORILLAS LEAVE THE COUNCIL CHAMBER FOR THE LAST TIME...

...A NEW GROUP ENTERS... FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THANK YOU, CAESAR!

WELCOME, MACDONALD!

NOW THAT THE GORILLAS HAVE VACATED THEIR POSITIONS IN THE COUNCIL, YOU MAKE TAKE THEIR SEATS!

NOW, LET US REASON TOGETHER... AND MAKE PLANS...

AMEN--AND WE CERTAINLY DON'T NEED THE GORILLAS FOR THAT!
The control room of the old command post: where a twisted breck relieves profound memories... and menz is, works to connect the cables which will restore those memories to life...

Good, Menz--excellent. You've restored the electricity to my control room--the power, Menz, the power!!

We were the ones who used the nuclear weapons when the war started... and the war wouldn't have started if the ruling aces didn't been disloyal to their masters!

They weakened us, Menz--invited our attack...

What do you want, captain--I do not like being interrupted.

But we found it, governor-sir. A valley... a green place... a real green place.

Why didn't you say so? Give me your report then are there more of them--?

Yes, governor-sir... lots more...
HUNDREDS
OF THEM! BIG
ONES AND BABY
ONES! IT'S
GROWING OUT
THERE. THEIR
CITY!

AND THEIR
GREEN
THINGS. THEIR
ORCHARDS
AND FIELDS,
ARE COVERING
THE HILLS!
I'M SMART
AND I
KNOW...

THEY'LL BE
COMING FOR
US ONE DAY,
YOU BET!

NO...
BECAUSE
WE'RE GOING
FOR THEM
NOW...

MENDEZ,
YOU'LL BE IN
CHARGE OF
LOGISTICS. HOW
MANY MEN CAN WE
TRANSPORT TO--

MENDEZ...
WHAT'S
WRONG...

GOVERNOR,
COULDN'T WE JUST
DEFEND THE CITY...?
THE WAR WAS SO...
TERRIBLE...

SO MANY
DIED. WE
CAN'T START
THAT AGAIN.
CAN WE...

BUT THEN,
SOMETHING
FORCES HIM TO
RECONSIDER...
AND TO REACH
A FURTHER
DECISION...

ALL RIGHT,
MENDEZ, YOU
MAY REMAIN
HERE!

BUT THERE'S
STILL A JOB FOR
YOU HERE!
FOLLOW ME!

FOR A MOMENT, BRECK'S RAGE
threatens to explode...
AN APPRECIATION

Dear Marvel,

I just had to write again to congratulate all of you at Marvel for putting your fantastic POTA together. The story of the Psychedrome, by Doug Moench, is really fantastic. I only hope he keeps up the good work and that 'Terror on the POTA' goes on forever.

I must also congratulate Tom Sutton for his superb artwork. I was wondering whether it will ever be possible to print a book 'Terror on the POTA' in the future, not only for POTA readers but for the fools who don't buy it. It would give them a chance to read the great type of stories it contains.

I also enjoy Man Thing, he is superb. I noticed whilst out last weekend, a Marvel all-colour book of "2001" at 75p. Unfortunately I hadn't enough money to buy it, so this weekend I'm not taking any chances and I'm taking enough money out with me.

Francis Wilson QNS, 18 Crag Grove, St. Helens, Merseyside.

We can assure you, Frank, that your warm words of praise haven't fallen on stony ground. The entire Batty Bullpen appreciated 'em. We haven't any current plans for producing a "Terror on POTA" book, but that's not to say it couldn't happen. Almost every week we find ourselves doing something we never intended to do!

IT'S THAT BARBARIAN...

Dear Marvel,

Here are two excerpts from the introductions of two Conan books. The first is part of D'Camp's description of Conan's life, and it comes from "Conan of Cimmeria". The second is the last paragraphs of Carter's introduction in "Conan the Buccaneer".

"Alright...let's go.

"Conan was a gigantic barbarian adventurer who roistered, brawled and battled his way across half the prehistoric world, to rise at last to the throne of a mighty realm. The son of a blacksmith in the bleak, backward northern country of Cimmeria, Conan was born on a battlefield in that land of rugged hills and sombre skies. As a youth, he took part in the sack of the Aquilonian frontier settlement Venarium."

Now onto our second excerpt. To explain a little, after Conan the Buccaneer he has only one book to write, and the end is near:

"Not the end of Conan himself, of course. He will go on for many years to come. These books will no doubt continue in print for years...perhaps longer than seems likely right now."

"Besides mere books, Conan has now become a comic-book hero with a magazine all of his own (see your news-stand for Marvel's Conan the Barbarian)

"And from time to time it looks as if Hollywood might discover the rugged and durable Cimmerian. We were in negotiation with one producer for a solid year there for a time. Other nibbles come from the movie folk. More doubtless lurk in the unseen corridors of the future."

"And the readers are clamouring for more..."

Well, if that bit about you guys didn't make your day I don't know what's wrong with you. AH! I've got it! You read it before.

Teddy Jameson, 8 Buskin Way, Coleraine, Co. Londonderry, N. Ireland.

"Fear not, Ted--you made our day, with plenty of power to spare. When we picked Conan for Marvel, would you say we knew what we were doing...?"

APEPHILIA

Dear Marvel,

I have written to inform you of a few things.

For fans of Roddy McDowall there is a paperback, "The Films of Roddy McDowall" available from Barden Cassell Williams Ltd., Hapgood House, Station Road, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, at 70p; and to add to the 8 paperbacks (from "Monkey Planet" to "Pota 3") there is "Return to the POTA 1 and 2" (Ballantine Books) based on that ludicrous cartoon serial.

N. Haysom, England.

Our thanks to you, O faithful one, for rendering that service to the ever-growing number of Apeophiles in Marvel-land's Merry ranks. And we'd hazard the guess that Barden Williams Ltd., would include you among their favourite people, too!
CORNELIUS' AND ZIRA'S ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THE ASTRONAUT BREN'T AND HIS PRIMITIVE COMPANION NOVA UNDER THE PRETENSE OF NEEDING THEM FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH HAS BACKFIRED--WITH APPARENTLY LETHAL CONSEQUENCES...

REVELATION!

STRUGGLE AS MUCH AS YOU WANT, HUMANS! IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE SINCE IT'S THE TARGET PRACTICE RANGE FOR THE TWO OF YOU ANYWAY!

DOUG MOENCH, WRITER
ALFRED ALCALA, ARTIST
EASY ZIRA...WE TRIED OUR BEST AND IF WE PRESS THE ISSUE ANY MORE...OUR LIVES WILL BE FORFEIT ALONG WITH BRENT'S AND NOVA'S.

I KNOW THAT CORNELIUS.

BUT I'VE GOT ONE LAST IDEA THAT JUST MIGHT WORK.

ZIRA-- DON'T BE A FOOL...

DRIVER...!

WHAT IS IT?

YOU DIDN'T SECURE THE CAGE WELL ENOUGH.

YOU'LL BETTER LET ME DOUBLE-LOCK IT.

VERY WELL... BUT HURRY UP.

QUIET...
Whoa!!

Look...!!

Humans -- making an escape!!!

After them!!

Nova, I don't know if you've ever heard of Teddy Roosevelt...

But get set for some hellishly rough riding... -- cause we've got some pretty mangy monsters breathing down our necks!
But after an hour's breakneck ride, it appears the cavalry squad of gorillas has been outdistanced.

Guess we can slow down now, Nova.

Not that these boulders would allow us to gallop through if we wanted to.

Looks like some sort of cave down there...

Might as well check it out. It might lead somewhere.

And at least it's bound to throw those gorillas off our trail.

Captain Odo... isn't this the region where the scouts vanished?

It is.

Then the humans... what will they find in that cave?

"Nothing... but death."

Come on, Nova... there's light ahead... looks like this corridor opens into some kind of chamber...
There is light ahead. Dim light which fills a vast subterranean chamber... but when Brent steps into that chamber--

Oh... my... God...

His mind reels.

Ancient signs droop in tattered exhaustion. Metal rails barely reflect the meager light... and tangible horror fills the vast chamber.

Slivers of gray light filter through the split ceiling. Corroded steel beams stand amongst stalactites, in the distance a hypnotic dripping echoes mockingly.

A New York subway station... after 2000 years of ravaging time... desolate and destroyed.

The tangible horror grows. As astronaut Brent realizes... fully realizes... that he has returned...

... home!

The Nuclear Messiah!