DRILL HARDER!
HARDER! WE MUST BE COMBAT-READY--

--WHEN WE BATTLE THE HUMANS!
BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!

In a field beyond the treehouse city, a group of apes enacts a bizarre series of combat maneuvers.

All of the apes, significantly, are gorillas. Their leader is Aldo...

We need guns!

PART IV: THE WAR MACHINE!

Script by Doug Moench  Art by Sonny Trinidad & Virgil Redondo.
As a commander, Allo is somewhat single-minded.

We need guns!

And his single obsession is one which has possessed many commanders throughout the annals of organized warfare...

We need guns—!!

...to mold his troops into an unstoppable wedge of offensive assault.

However, at a different location on the city's outskirts, Caesar—the leader of the entire city (now excluding the gorillas)—is more concerned with erecting a system of defense...

That's right—weave the branches together tightly!!

Use vines to bind them if you must!

How is it progressing, Virgil--?

Well enough, Caesar! Any mutant who gets foot around here will be in for a surprise...

Good! Just make certain you camouflage every one of these pits perfectly...

If they notice just one of them, they'll suspect others!!

Right—we want to stop this thing without a fight...
NIGHT...

I CARE ABOUT YOU...!

YOU, CAESAR--
AND CORNELIUS!
THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT...

AND I DON'T WANT YOU RISKING YOUR LIFE ANYMORE FOR ABSTRACTIONS--!

BUT I DON'T CARE ABOUT HISTORY!

LISA, THE FUTURE ISN'T AN ABSTRACTION!

I'M WORKING TO MAKE OUR CITY--OUR WORLD--A SAFE PLACE FOR CORNELIUS TO GROW UP IN!

BUT WHY ISN'T THE WORLD SAFE NOW, DADDY?

GO TO BED, CORNELIUS, AND STOP ASKING QUESTIONS! IT'S LATE!

OH, ALL RIGHT... I'LL GO TO BED...

NO FUN OUT HERE...
CORNELIUS...

GOOD NIGHT, DEAR!

'NIGHT!

EVER SINCE YOU'VE COME BACK FROM THAT CITY, YOU'VE BEEN TIRED!

YES... MOTHER...?

PLEASE, CAESAR, YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME REST!

LET ALDO TAKE CARE OF DEFENDING OUR CITY FROM THE HUMANS! HE LIKES THAT SORT OF THING!

LISA, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND...?
LISA, EVERYONE CAN SEE THE THREAT FROM THE CRAZED HUMANS IN THE CITY...

BUT THE TAPE-- THE VOICES OF MY PARENTS-- WARNED ME OF WHAT I COULDN'T SEE!

ALDO AND HIS KIN CAN CAUSE EVERYTHING WE FOUGHT AND WORKED FOR TO COME TO NOTHING-- TO TOTAL DESTRUCTION!

BUT CAESAR, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO--

OH, WHAT'S THE USE...?
Uh oh... don't want to be caught out this late...

Better hide....

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!
DRAC - COME BACK
Dear Stan and Fellow Companions,
First, I think POTA & DL is nearly fantastic, but, alas, where has Drac gone?
Secondly, what’s two POTA stories doing in the mag? And put in some colour posters (pull-outs from the middle) of Dracula, Apes, Ka-zar, Frankenstein, Man-Thing and Werewolf. I think a lot of Marvel fans would appreciate it.
Thirdly, the art is brilliant, but you could make it more horrific, Mike. Okay? Here are the marks out of ten for your art: POTA - 9, Ka-zar - 8, Man-Thing - 10 (because of the swamp, which is very hard, and Man-Thing itself.)
So please put Dracula back in the mag, then the mag would be excellent.
Paul Caswell
102 Highgate Rd., Woody, Nr. Reading, Berks.

Paul - you’re one of a whole band of Dracula devotees who’ve been bemoaning his absence from the pages of POTA & DL. Maybe it’ll make you feel a little happier if we tell you that here in the Bullpen we regard the lack of the Count as a temporary affair. And maybe you’ll feel happier still if we tell you that we’re gonna try and have him back. And we’re also with you on the question of posters. We’ll have ‘em in whenever we can.

BEETTER LATE THAN NEVER
Dear Marvel,
I am writing this letter to you because I, my friends and thousands more would like to thank you for keeping up all the good work in your comic, week after week, month after month and so on.
The best stories so far, I think, are The Planet of the Apes stories based on the film, and all of the Ka-zar stories.
If this letter gets printed in issue 104 your magazine would have been going for exactly two years, and I can surely say, on behalf of the POTA readers, that you could keep us happy for at least another two years.
Mark Reade
137 Repton Rd., Westbridgeford, Notts.

First the bad news. Ish 104 is now well past. But here’s the good news. We’d like to delight you with POTA as far ahead as we can contemplate – and that’s a whole lot longer than just another two years!
SEARCHING FOR THE ASTRONAUT TAYLOR, LOST DURING A PREVIOUS SPACE LAUNCH AND EXPEDITION, SHIP'S MEDIC BRENT HAS INSTEAD FOUND THE CRUMBLING REMNANTS OF MADNESS...

GOD ALMIGHTY--!
THIS WAS MY HOME!!

I LIVED AND WORKED HERE ONCE-- WHAT HAPPENED??
DID WE FINALLY DO IT?? DID WE FINALLY REALLY DO IT?!

WHAT DOES A MAN DO...
WHEN HE COMES HOME--
AND THERE IS NO HOME??

QUEENSBOROUGH PLAZA

WRITER: DOUG MOENCH
ARTIST: ALFREDO ALCALA
IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE!

THE TEMPLE IN THE CITY OF THE APES...

O GOD, WE PRAY YOU BLESS OUR GREAT ARMY AND ITS SUPREME COMMANDER ON THE EVE OF A HOLY WAR UNDERTAKEN FOR YOUR SAKE...

... AND GRANT-- IN THE NAME OF YOUR PROPHET, OUR GREAT LAWGIVER--

-- THAT WE, YOUR CHOSEN SERVANTS CREATED AND BORN IN YOUR DIVINE IMAGE--

-- MAY ASPIRE MORE PERFECTLY TO THAT SPIRITUAL GODLINESS AND BODILY BEAUTY WHICH YOU, IN YOUR INFINITE MERCY HAVE THOUGHT FIT TO DENY TO OUR BRUTISH--

-- ENEMIES.

SO BE IT.
PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

Can't say much for the mattress.

PLIK... PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

I wonder... are you what we were before we learned to talk and made fools of ourselves...?

DID ANY GOOD EVER COME OF TALKING... ROUND ALL THOSE VAST TABLES...?

PLIK... PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

Did apes make war when they were still dumb?

DID MEN...?

WHAT AM I...? A PHILOSOPHER ALL OF A SUDDEN...?

But even philosophers are curious about the weather. Wonder if the prevailing conditions are still inclement outside...

-- AND I SAY THE SERGEANT'S GONE CRAZY--NO ONE'S EVER GONE IN THERE TO COME OUT AND TELL ABOUT IT...

... AND NOW HE WANTS US TO GO INSIDE AND PUT OUR LIVES IN JEOPARDY JUST TO CHASE TWO HUMANS WHO ARE ALREADY DEAD!
NOVA--WAKE UP.

THEY MIGHT COME IN HERE AFTER US--

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING...

COME ON... DOWN YOU GO...

NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS WHAT'S AT THE OTHER END OF THIS TUNNEL...

WAIT A MINUTE... THAT FAINT HUM...

YOU HEAR IT, TOO... COME ON--DEEPER INTO THE TUNNEL...

IT'S GETTING LOUDER... YES--WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT...

WE'LL USE IT AS A THREAD--A SONIC THREAD TO LEAD US OUT OF HERE... OR AT LEAST TO THE BIGGEST BUMBLEBEE ON RECORD!
THAT HUM'S AS LOUD AS A DYNAMO NOW... AND LOOK AT THAT VENT, NOVA... IT'S PRECISION-BUILT...

WHOEVER-- OR WHATEVER-- BUILT IT... IS GUIDING US TO THIS PLACE...

AND SINCE THE WIND IS BEING SUCKED INTO THE VENT...

... AT LEAST WE KNOW THEY BREATHE AIR ANYWAY...

SO LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE THIS CRAZY...

SHOCKING SILENCE...

SILENCE.
NO. IT'S TOO LATE TO BACK AWAY, NOVA...

WE'VE GOT TO GO ON.

THERE'S A HIGH INTELLIGENCE AT WORK IN THIS PLACE--GOOD OR BAD. THAT SOUND WE HEARD WAS EITHER A WARNING-- OR SOME KIND OF DIRECTIONAL DEVICE. I DON'T KNOW WHICH, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER... BECAUSE EITHER WAY--

-- THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE... Still DETERMINED eh...? ALL RIGHT...

... I'LL GO FIRST.

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF...

IT'S EMPTY, COME ON.
SORT OF LIKE A WHITE WONDERLAND...

...OR A SCARY, STERILE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

CAN'T SAY THAT WHITE DOT IS EXACTLY BECKONING...

...BUT IN THIS CASE, IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE ROAD LEADING TO ROME.

DID I SAY ROME...?

NOVA, BITE MY TONGUE IF I FORGET TO...

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!
CUT OUT CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS INSIDE

FOLD BACK TAPES TO MAKE ROCKS STAND UP