WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES!

PLANET OF THE APES
AND DRACULA LIVES

SLAY THE HALF-FACE MEN! LET NONE ESCAPE!

HAVE THE APES FINALLY BECOME THE NEW RULERS OF EARTH? DON'T MISS THE STARTLING ANSWER IN: THE WAR MACHINES!
CONFRONTATION OF BLOOD!

THE MUTANTS ARE PLANNING AN ATTACK AGAINST THE APE CIVILISATION UNDER THE COMMAND OF THEIR DERANGED LEADER--THE 'MAN' CALLED BRECK.

DEEP WITHIN THEIR COMMAND POST HE IS BARKING OUT ORDERS TO HIS MAKESHIFT ARMY...

WE'RE READY TO MOVE OUT, MENDEZ! KEEP THIS EMERGENCY CHANNEL OPEN AT ALL TIMES!

AND REMEMBER--IF WE SHOULD FAIL IN OUR EFFORTS TO DESTROY THE APES AND THE HUMAN TRAITORS...

YES...? IF YOU SHOULD FAIL...

DOUG MOENCH--WRITER
SONNY TRINIDAD--ARTISTS
VIRGIL REDONDO--EDITOR
ARCHIE GODWIN--EDITOR
I'll notify you--

And you'll launch the bomb!
Do you understand? You are to--

Fire... the bomb!

It is too precious to waste!

But wait for my signal! The bomb must not be launched until I give order...
By noon, the sun beats mercilessly upon the bizarre convoy of antiquated, defective vehicles. Progress is slow...

The end-product of a technology nearly obliterated by its own progress...

Attrition on the other hand is high... and many vehicles are abandoned left to steam under the glaring sun...

This too, is the end-product of the horror once called man's superior achievement...

It is not pretty, etched as it is in the radiation scarred face of man gone mad...

Where is he---?
Where in hell is that---?

Scout!

Told you even humans have scouts... like us---but not as good!
YOU
RIGHT...
HUMAN...
NO GOOD...
BAD...

HEY--WE
KILL.

YEAAH--
KILL NOW!

HEY! NO FOOLS--
WAIT--WAIT FOR
ALDO BEFORE WE
KILL--!

NOT WAIT--
NOT FOR KILL
SO EASY--!

WHAT
TH--?!

HAGH-K--!
HAHA!!!
MINES!!
I DID THAT...
I KILL-- YOU SEE--?

BRING THAT
CANNON AROUND
HERE--FAST!

I GOOD--
GOOD KILL--
HUMANS
WEAK!

NOT LOOK
GOOD--
LOOK BAD...

FIRE!!
TOLD THEM TO WAIT... TOLD THEM TO WAIT FOR ALDO...

NOW ALDO BE MAD...
REAL MAD!

TOWARD DUCK IN THE TREEHOUSE CITY'S COUNCIL CHAMBER...

VIRGIL... I OVER HERE...
HELLO, MACDONALD...

VIRGIL, HOW IS CORNELIUS DO YOU KNOW?

NO, CAESAR, LISA, AND THE DOCTOR ARE ALL STILL BESIDE HIM! IT WAS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT...

BUT... BUT WHO WOULD HURT CORNELIUS...

ORDER--!

I'M NOT SO SURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, VIRGIL!

THE END OF THAT TREE LIMB LOOKED AS IF IT HAD BEEN CUT!

ORDER HERE-- YOU LISTEN TO ME-- TO ALDO!

ALDO TALK NOW!!

LOOK AT THOSE STAIRS AS IF OUR POSITION HERE WEREN'T PRECARIOUS ENOUGH WITHOUT ALDO STIRRING THINGS UP...

SCOUT TELL ME HUMANS ATTACK-- KILL FOUR APES!!

WHERE DID THIS HAPPEN?

WE SCOUT ROAD TO CITY SEE ARMY! THEY SNIPER KILL ALL BUT ME!

I COME-- WARN ALDO! HE GREAT LEADER!
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THEM TO GET HERE?

NOT KNOW-- BUT SOON! ALDO SAY... PREPARE NOW!

YES-- NOW! TAKE ALL HUMANS OUT--!

LOCK ALL HUMANS UP! GET THEM--

ALDO, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THESE HUMANS ARE OUR FRIENDS--!

YOU NOT TALK! HUMANS NO FRIEND TO APES!!

ALDO SAY SO!!

BUT YOU ARE ACTING AGAINST CAESAR'S ORDERS--!

CAESAR NOT HERE, ORANGUTAN...

ONLY ALDO IS HERE!

ONLY ALDO GIVE ORDERS... FROM NOW ON!

NEXT ISSUE: ASSAULT ON PARADISE!
MIND WAR!

After entering the forbidden zone, Brent and Nova have stumbled upon a hidden civilization—a group of people who worship the ultimate bomb—the doomsday machine.

Oh, great and mighty one...

Doug Moench—Writer
Alfredo Alcala—Artist
Archie Goodwin—Editor
I COME TO YOU ON BENT KNEES...

CATHEDRAL...

I COME TO YOU, AND I REVEAL MY INMOST SELF UNTO YOU WHO ART MY GOD.

HIS... GOD...

WORSHIPPING... THE BOMB...?

HEY...
WHAT THE
DEVIL IS
GOING ON
AROUND
HERE--?

WHAT
DO YOU
SAY?

WHAT D'YOU
MEAN THERE'S
NO POINT IN
WORRYING
ABOUT HER?

WILL SHE BE
HARMED?

YEAH? WELL, MAYBE
NOT PHYSICALLY--
BUT YOU CAN HURT
UP HERE.

I'VE
ALREADY
FELT IT.
YES, THE PAIN'S GONE NOW, BUT OUTSIDE--

WAIT A MINUTE--

YOUR LIPS AREN'T MOVING...

YOUR LIPS DON'T MOVE, BUT I CAN HEAR--

NO, NOT HEAR... I KNOW--I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--

I SAW NOTHING! YOU WERE IN SHADOWS UP THERE--!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THIS WAS A CHURCH AT FIRST--

WHAT--?!

WHO--?!
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. I'M COMING.

AND I WON'T STRUGGLE....

RING-A-RING O'NEUTRONS, A ROCKETFUL OF
POSITRUNS. A FISSION, A FISSION!

...WE ALL FALL DOWN.
ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT. SO YOU CAN KILL ME WITH THE SLIGHTEST THOUGHT. I DON'T DOUBT IT...

...BUT I'LL BE DAMNED TO THAT HELLISH BOMB-GOD OF YOURS IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU PICK MY BRAIN!!

NEXT ISSUE: The UNHOLY INQUISITION!